

THE AENEID

by Virgil

Translated by John Dryden

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BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Aeolus raises at the request of Juno. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Aeneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Aeneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms, and the man I sing, who,
forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan
shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land,
he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he
won
The Latian realm, and built the
destin'd town;
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites
divine,
And settled sure succession in his
line,
From whence the race of Alban
fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic
Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes
relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and
whence her hate;
For what offence the Queen of
Heav'n began

To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless
cares,

Expos'd to wants, and hurried into
wars!

Can heav'nly minds such high
resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far
away,

An ancient town was seated on the
sea;

A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of
their trade:

Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno
more

Than her own Argos, or the Samian
shore.

Here stood her chariot; here, if
Heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she
design'd.

Yet she had heard an ancient rumour
fly,

(Long cited by the people of the sky,)

That times to come should see the
Trojan race

Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs
deface;

Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of
sov'reign sway

Should on the necks of all the nations
lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in
fate;

Nor could forget the war she wag'd of
late

For conqu'ring Greece against the
Trojan state.

Besides, long causes working in her

mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
Deep graven in her heart the doom
remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form
disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd
Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all
combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty
mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian
coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan
host;
And sev'n long years th' unhappy
wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd
thro' the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the
Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a
frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with
sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian
shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the
wat'ry reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the
main;
When, lab'ring still with endless
discontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her
fury vent:

"Then am I vanquish'd? must I
yield?" said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his

force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy
course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful
spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown
the men?
She, for the fault of one offending
foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to
throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she
toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the
deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling
game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her
father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and with a
burning wound
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she
bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife
of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force
employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd
Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r
will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars
lay?"

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with
fury fraught.
The restless regions of the storms she
sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living
stone,
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy

throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the
struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark
prisons binds.
This way and that th' impatient
captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the
mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted
monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage
commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted
sway
Would sweep the world before them
in their way;
Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space
would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the
driving soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark
abodes,
And lock'd 'em safe within,
oppress'd with mountain loads;
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force
allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her
pray'rs address'd,
And thus the tenor of her suit
express'd:

“O Aeolus! for to thee the King of
Heav'n
The pow'r of tempests and of winds
has giv'n;
Thy force alone their fury can
restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the
troubled main.

A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd
by me,
With prosp'rous passage cut the
Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they
steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design
new temples there.
Raise all thy winds; with night
involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters
of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my
train:
Succeed my wish, and second my
design;
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy
line."

To this the god: "'Tis yours, O
queen, to will
The work which duty binds me to
fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide
command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous
hand:
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and,
as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or
subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from
you."

He said, and hurl'd against the
mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god
applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the
hollow wound,

And dance aloft in air, and skim along
the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges
sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose
the deep.
South, East, and West with mix'd
confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the
shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful
cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the
skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from
their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles
ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light
renew;
The face of things a frightful image
bears,
And present death in various forms
appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan
chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes
relief;
And, "Thrice and four times happy
those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their
parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be
slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody
fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the
shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands

The trembling pilot, from his rudder
torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the
ship was toss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep
was lost;
And here and there above the waves
were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and
floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave
way,
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the
rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and
bold,
Endur'd not less; their ships, with
gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny
streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard
the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the
ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry
reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the
main,
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas,
and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd,
distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n
oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy
knew,
And what her aims and what her arts
pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the western

blast,
And first an angry glance on both he
cast;
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious
winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel
insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme
command?
To raise such mountains on the
troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows
to restrain;
And then you shall be taught
obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate
bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of
air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of
the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is
confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailer of the
wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing
subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty
hall."
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he
smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd
the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green
train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters
of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with
their hands:

The god himself with ready trident
stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the
moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals.
Where'er he guides
His finny coursers and in triumph
rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea
subsides.
As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble
crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their
tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling
volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can
supply:
If then some grave and pious man
appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a
list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their
angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of
blood:
So, when the Father of the Flood
appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident
rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid
plains,
High on his chariot, and, with
loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful
peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd
oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan
shores.

Within a long recess there lies a
bay:

An island shades it from the rolling
sea,

And forms a port secure for ships to
ride;

Broke by the jutting land, on either
side,

In double streams the briny waters
glide.

Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan
scene

Appears above, and groves for ever
green:

A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy
seats,

To rest the Nereids, and exclude the
heats.

Down thro' the crannies of the living
walls

The crystal streams descend in
murm'ring falls:

No haulsers need to bind the vessels
here,

Nor bearded anchors; for no storms
they fear.

Sev'n ships within this happy harbour
meet,

The thin remainders of the scatter'd
fleet.

The Trojans, worn with toils, and
spent with woes,

Leap on the welcome land, and seek
their wish'd repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated
strokes

Of clashing flints, their hidden fire
provokes:

Short flame succeeds; a bed of
wither'd leaves

The dying sparkles in their fall

receives:

Caught into life, in fiery fumes they
rise,

And, fed with stronger food, invade
the skies.

The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand
around

The cheerful blaze, or lie along the
ground:

Some dry their corn, infected with the
brine,

Then grind with marbles, and prepare
to dine.

Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy
brow,

And takes a prospect of the seas
below,

If Capys thence, or Antheus he could
spy,

Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
No vessels were in view; but, on the
plain,

Three beamy stags command a lordly
train

Of branching heads: the more ignoble
throng

Attend their stately steps, and slowly
graze along.

He stood; and, while secure they fed
below,

He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar
pierc'd;

Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady
plain

Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood
distain.

For the sev'n ships he made an equal
share,

And to the port return'd, triumphant

from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes'
gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy
left)
He set abroach, and for the feast
prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son
shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious
chief
With cheerful words allay'd the
common grief:
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon
dispose
To future good our past and present
woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have
tried;
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den
defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you
bear?
Resume your courage and dismiss
your care,
An hour will come, with pleasure to
relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of
Fate.
Thro' various hazards and events, we
move
To Latium and the realms
foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the
skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again
may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present
state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for
better fate."

These words he spoke, but spoke
not from his heart;
His outward smiles conceal'd his
inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous
dinner haste.
Some strip the skin; some portion out
the spoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the
caldrons boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails
broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease
they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and
cheer their souls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care
attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent
friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds
possess,
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in
distress.
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the
fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain
state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
The day, but not their sorrows, ended
thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove
surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable
seas,
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd
his eyes:
Whom, pond'ring thus on human
miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly

look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire
bespoke:

“O King of Gods and Men! whose
awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and
land,

Disposing all with absolute
command;

How could my pious son thy pow'r
incense?

Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's
offence?

Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests
toss'd,

But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd
from ev'ry coast.

You promis'd once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan
line,

In after times should hold the world
in awe,

And to the land and ocean give the
law.

How is your doom revers'd, which
eas'd my care

When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel
war?

Then fates to fates I could oppose; but
now,

When Fortune still pursues her
former blow,

What can I hope? What worse can
still succeed?

What end of labours has your will
decreed?

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian
hosts,

Could pass secure, and pierce th'
Illyrian coasts,

Where, rolling down the steep,
Timavus raves
And thro' nine channels disembogues
his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy
seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there
renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd
with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred
line,
Entitled to your heav'n and rites
divine,
Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath
of one,
Remov'd from Latium and the
promis'd throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due
rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted
faith regards?"

To whom the Father of th'
immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent
face,
With which he drives the clouds and
clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus
replies:

"Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to
thy desire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand
entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd
Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate
Aeneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime,
to me:

No councils have revers'd my firm
decree.

And, lest new fears disturb thy happy
state,

Know, I have search'd the mystic
rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season
far)

In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the
bloody field,
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities
build,

Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race
shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius
then,

Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his
reign.

He thirty rolling years the crown shall
wear,

Then from Lavinium shall the seat
transfer,

And, with hard labour, Alba Longa
build.

The throne with his succession shall
be fill'd

Three hundred circuits more: then
shall be seen

Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with
kindly throes,

Shall at a birth two goodly boys
disclose.

The royal babes a tawny wolf shall
drain:

Then Romulus his grandsire's throne
shall gain,

Of martial tow'rs the founder shall
become,

The Trojans pities, and protects their
cause.

Meantime, in shades of night
Aeneas lies:
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep
forsook his eyes.
But, when the sun restor'd the
cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to
survey,

Anxious and eager to discover more.
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
But, whether humankind, or beasts
alone

Possess'd the new-found region, was
unknown.

Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he
hides:

Tall trees surround the mountain's
shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat
provides.

Arm'd with two pointed darts, he
leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother
stood:

A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a
queen.

Bare were her knees, and knots her
garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in
the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver
hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan
blood:

With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd

the rapid flood.
“Ho, strangers! have you lately seen,”
she said,
“One of my sisters, like myself
array’d,
Who cross’d the lawn, or in the forest
stray’d?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx’s hide she
wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky
boar.”

Thus Venus: thus her son replied
again:

“None of your sisters have we heard
or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you
bear

Above that style; O more than mortal
fair!

Your voice and mien celestial birth
betray!

If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana’s train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in
vain;

But tell a stranger, long in tempests
toss’d,

What earth we tread, and who
commands the coast?

Then on your name shall wretched
mortals call,

And offer’d victims at your altars
fall.”

“I dare not,” she replied, “assume the
name

Of goddess, or celestial honours
claim:

For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers
bear,

And purple buskins o’er their ankles

wear.

Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands
you are:

A people rude in peace, and rough in
war.

The rising city, which from far you
see,

Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phoenician Dido rules the growing
state,

Who fled from Tyre, to shun her
brother's hate.

Great were her wrongs, her story full
of fate;

Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus,
known

For wealth, and brother to the Punic
throne,

Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either
heart

At once was wounded with an equal
dart.

Her father gave her, yet a spotless
maid;

Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter
sway'd:

One who condemn'd divine and
human laws.

Then strife ensued, and cursed gold
the cause.

The monarch, blinded with desire of
wealth,

With steel invades his brother's life
by stealth;

Before the sacred altar made him
bleed,

And long from her conceal'd the cruel
deed.

Some tale, some new pretence, he
daily coin'd,

To soothe his sister, and delude her

At length, in dead of night, the ghost
appears

And, with erected eyes, his bloody
bosom bares.

Then warns the widow, with her
household gods,

Last, to support her in so long a way,

Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with
mortal fright,

They meet, and all combine to leave
the state,

They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd
they find;

The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds; a woman

driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by

your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage

which Byrsa call'd,

From the bull's hide, they first
inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country
claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our
Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming
from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son
replies:

"Could you with patience hear, or I
relate,

O nymph, the tedious annals of our
fate!

Thro' such a train of woes if I should
run,

The day would sooner than the tale be
done!

From ancient Troy, by force expell'd,
we came,

If you by chance have heard the
Trojan name.

On various seas by various tempests
toss'd,

At length we landed on your Libyan
coast.

The good Aeneas am I call'd, a name,
While Fortune favour'd, not
unknown to fame.

My household gods, companions of
my woes,

With pious care I rescued from our
foes.

To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heav'n is my
descent.

With twice ten sail I cross'd the
Phrygian sea;

Fate and my mother goddess led my
way.

Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of

my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your
harbour meet.
Myself distress'd, an exile, and
unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia
thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."

His tender parent could no longer
bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his
care.

"Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by
Heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships
are driv'n:
Have courage: to the gods permit the
rest,
And to the queen expose your just
request.

Now take this earnest of success, for
more:

Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the
shore;

The winds are chang'd, your friends
from danger free;

Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous
order move,

And stoop with closing pinions from
above;

Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n
along,

And thro' the clouds pursued the
scatt'ring throng:

Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the
quiet stream.

As they, with joy returning, clap their
wings,

And ride the circuit of the skies in

rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry
friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift
sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in
view."

Thus having said, she turn'd, and
made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd
hair,

Which, flowing from her shoulders,
reach'd the ground.
And widely spread ambrosial scents
around:

In length of train descends her
sweeping gown;
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen
of Love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah! whither
do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace
to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus
unknown;

And still to speak in accents not your
own."

Against the goddess these complaints
he made,
But took the path, and her commands
obey'd.

They march, obscure; for Venus
kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and
involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none
might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their

way.

This part perform'd, the goddess flies
sublime

To visit Paphos and her native clime;
Where garlands, ever green and ever
fair,

With vows are offer'd, and with
solemn pray'r:

A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r
invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and,
looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the
town.

The prince with wonder sees the
stately tow'rs,
Which late were huts and shepherds'
homely bow'rs,
The gates and streets; and hears, from
ev'ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the
mart.

The toiling Tyrians on each other call
To ply their labour: some extend the
wall;

Some build the citadel; the brawny
throng

Or dig, or push unwieldly stones
along.

Some for their dwellings choose a
spot of ground,

Which, first design'd, with ditches
they surround.

Some laws ordain; and some attend
the choice

Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while
others there

Lay deep foundations for a theatre;
From marble quarries mighty

columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future
view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy
pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce
begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the
sun;
Some lead their youth abroad, while
some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells
dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to
receive
The golden burthen, and their friends
relieve;
All with united force, combine to
drive
The lazy drones from the laborious
hive:
With envy stung, they view each
other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence
proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls
already rise!"
Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted
eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then, ent'ring at
the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to
relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy
throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen
along.

Full in the centre of the town there
stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable

He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:

The wars that fame around the world
had _____ blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader
known.

There Agamemnon, Priam here, he
spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings
defies.

He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O
friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes
appear!

Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign
lands:

See there, where old unhappy Priam
stands!

Ev'n the mute walls relate the
warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity
claim."

He said, his tears a ready passage
find,

Devouring what he saw so well
design'd,

And with an empty picture fed his
mind:

For there he saw the fainting Grecians
yield,

And here the trembling Trojans quit
the field,

Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the
plain,

On his high chariot driving o'er the
slain.

The tents of Rhesus next, his grief
renew,

By their white sails betray'd to
nightly view;

And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel
sword

The sentries slew, nor spar'd their

slumb'ring lord,
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the
 food
 Of Troy they taste, or drink the
 Xanthian flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where Troilus
 defied
 Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
 Then, where the boy disarm'd, with
 loosen'd reins,
 Was by his horses hurried o'er the
 plains,
 Hung by the neck and hair, and
 dragg'd around:
 The hostile spear, yet sticking in his
 wound,
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the
 dusty ground.
 Meantime the Trojan dames,
 oppress'd with woe,
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
 In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly
 foe.
 They weep, they beat their breasts,
 they rend their hair,
 And rich embroider'd vests for
 presents bear;
 But the stern goddess stands unmov'd
 with pray'r.
 Thrice round the Trojan walls
 Achilles drew
 The corpse of Hector, whom in fight
 he slew.
 Here Priam sues; and there, for sums
 of gold,
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.
 So sad an object, and so well
 express'd,
 Drew sighs and groans from the
 griev'd hero's breast,
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend.

She walks majestic, and she looks

their queen;
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent
breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming
state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely
great.
Their labour to her future sway she
speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance
proceeds;
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd
before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming
people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses
laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private
cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she
divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots
decides.
Another way by chance Aeneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his
friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus
strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan
throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows
toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another
coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with
wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join
their hands;
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he
stays,

And from the hollow cloud his friends
surveys,
Impatient till they told their present
state,
And where they left their ships, and
what their fate,
And why they came, and what was
their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by
the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly
men,
And gain admission to the gracious
queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the
holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus
began:

“O Queen! indulg'd by favour of
the gods
To found an empire in these new
abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to
restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy
reign,
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry
shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency
implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to
deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to
grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious
race!
We come not with design of wasteful
prey,
To drive the country, force the swains
away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our

desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such
thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of
old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are
bold
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by
common fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's
name.
To that sweet region was our voyage
bent,
When winds and ev'ry warring
element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from
sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving
sand:
The sea came on; the South, with
mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon
the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm,
and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck
here.
What men, what monsters, what
inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs
of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning
men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion
draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human
laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge
our cause.
Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,

Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn."
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.

The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
"Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled

state,
Force me to guard my coast from
foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your
woes,
The name and fortune of your native
place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian
race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of
sense,
Nor so remote from Phoebus'
influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course
is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first
intent,
You seek the good Acestes'
government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet
repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for
your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your
friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian
tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are
yours.
And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you
felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your
wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command,
explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding
shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady
woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a
guest."

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero
stood,
And long'd to break from out his
ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his
way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this
long delay?
What more can you desire, your
welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends
secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in
vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in
the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
The rest agrees with what your
mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud
gave way,
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd
in day.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open
sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands
divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and
made his temples shine,
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling
grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his
face;
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to
behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in
gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud
he broke,

radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with
shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall
never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has
assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my
mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with
pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends
embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was
grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his
breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas
press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd
upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd
with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd
the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus
began:

"What fate, O goddess-born; what
angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our
barren shores?
Are you the great Aeneas, known to
fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage
claim?

The same Aeneas whom fair
Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean
shore?
It calls into my mind, tho' then a

child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis
exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be
restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and
sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region
bare,
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the
successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I
understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your
illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour
prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans
rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall
find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been
distress'd,
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of
rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her
guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd
a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent
friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she
sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred
lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky
dams;
And jars of gen'rous wine and

spacious bowls
She gives, to cheer the sailors'
drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the
palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in
splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought,
they dine;
With loads of massy plate the
sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold
emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides
were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious
men,
From their first founder to the present
queen.

The good Aeneas, whose paternal
care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in
haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to
bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy
Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden
wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich
attire,
From Argos by the fam'd aduress
brought,
With golden flow'rs and winding
foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present, when she
came
To ruin Troy and set the world on

flame;
The scepter Priam's eldest daughter
bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown
she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold,
One order set with gems, and one
with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates
goes,
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's
affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs
prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape
and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly
grace;
Should bring the presents, in her
nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison
shed:
For much she fear'd the Tyrians,
double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care
belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden
slumbers broke,
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love
she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty
pow'r alone
Controls the Thund'rer on his awful
throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother
flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith
relies.
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's
revengeful wife,

By force and fraud, attempts thy
brother's life;
And often hast thou mourn'd with me
his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment
detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno
reigns.
For this 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud
Phoenician's heart:
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can
cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take
my mind:
Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from
the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the
court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing
sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to
keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent
the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg
the grace
But only for a night's revolving
space:
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's
dissembled face;
That when, amidst the fervour of the
feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on
her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms
constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her

veins.”

The God of Love obeys, and sets
aside

His bow and quiver, and his plummy
pride;

He walks Iulus in his mother’s sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes
delight.

The goddess then to young
Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his
eyes:

Lull’d in her lap, amidst a train of
Loves,

She gently bears him to her blissful
groves,

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns
his head,

And softly lays him on a flow’ry bed.

Cupid meantime assum’d his form
and face,

Foll’wing Achates with a shorter
pace,

And brought the gifts. The queen
already sate

Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining
state,

High on a golden bed: her princely
guest

Was next her side; in order sate the
rest.

Then canisters with bread are heap’d
on high;

Th’ attendants water for their hands
supply,

And, having wash’d, with silken
towels dry.

Next fifty handmaids in long order
bore

The censers, and with fumes the gods
adore:

Then youths, and virgins twice as
many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the
wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the
feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches
rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder
gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with
more amaze,
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant
eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all
the god's disguise;
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil
divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich
flow'rs entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal
dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous
flame,)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous
joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the
boy.
The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false
embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him
to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd
his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what
guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her
breast;
But he, not mindless of his mother's
pray'r,

Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots
her former care.
The dead is to the living love
resign'd;
And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was
appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest
was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling
wine are crown'd,
And thro' the palace cheerful cries
resound.

From gilded roofs depending lamps
display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the
day.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems
divine,

The queen commanded to be crown'd
with wine:

The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the
Tyrian line.

Then, silence thro' the hall
proclaim'd, she spoke:

"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name
and pow'r;

Bless to both nations this auspicious
hour!

So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day
combine.

Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and
friendly cheer,

And gracious Juno, both be present
here!

And you, my lords of Tyre, your
vows address

To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the

peace.”

The goblet then she took, with nectar
crown’d

(Sprinkling the first libations on the
ground,)

And rais’d it to her mouth with sober
grace;

Then, sipping, offer’d to the next in
place.

’Twas Bitias whom she call’d, a
thirsty soul;

He took the challenge, and embrac’d
the bowl,

With pleasure swill’d the gold, nor
ceas’d to draw,

Till he the bottom of the brimmer
saw.

The goblet goes around: Iopas
brought

His golden lyre, and sung what
ancient Atlas taught:

The various labours of the wand’ring
moon,

And whence proceed th’ eclipses of
the sun;

Th’ original of men and beasts; and
whence

The rains arise, and fires their warmth
dispense,

And fix’d and erring stars dispose
their influence;

What shakes the solid earth; what
cause delays

The summer nights and shortens
winter days.

With peals of shouts the Tyrians
praise the song:

Those peals are echo’d by the Trojan
throng.

Th’ unhappy queen with talk
prolong’d the night,

And drank large draughts of love with
vast delight;
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector
more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy
Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan
shore;
The steeds of Diomede varied the
discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his
matchless force;
At length, as fate and her ill stars
requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.
"Relate at large, my godlike guest,"
she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town
betray'd:
The fatal issue of so long a war,
Your flight, your wand'rings, and
your woes, declare;
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry
coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your
navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic
view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring
renew'd."

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on

his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All were attentive to the godlike
man,
When from his lofty couch he thus
began:
“Great queen, what you command me
to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our
fate:
An empire from its old foundations
rent,
And ev’ry woe the Trojans
underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I
was:
Not ev’n the hardest of our foes could
hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting
night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
But, since you take such int’rest in
our woe,
And Troy’s disastrous end desire to
know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly
tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.
“By destiny compell’d, and in
despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious
war,
And by Minerva’s aid a fabric rear’d,

Which like a steed of monstrous
height appear'd:
The sides were plank'd with pine;
they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they
paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow
side
Selected numbers of their soldiers
hide:
With inward arms the dire machine
they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's
empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a
faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and
weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd. We
thought, for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears
release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their
walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a
throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight
survey
The camp deserted, where the
Grecians lay:
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they
show'd;
Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made
abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy
rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes
employ:
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.

Thymoetes first ('tis doubtful
whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be
broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the
town.

But Capys, and the rest of sounder
mind,

The fatal present to the flames
designed,

Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds
explore.

The giddy vulgar, as their fancies
guide,

With noise say nothing, and in parts
divide.

Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous
crowd,

Ran from the fort, and cried, from far,
aloud:

'O wretched countrymen! what fury
reigns?

What more than madness has
possess'd your brains?

Think you the Grecians from your
coasts are gone?

And are Ulysses' arts no better
known?

This hollow fabric either must
inclose,

Within its blind recess, our secret
foes;

Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the
town,

T' o'erlook the walls, and then to
batter down.

Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud
or force:

Trust not their presents, nor admit the

horse.'

Thus having said, against the steed he
threw

His forceful spear, which, hissing as
it flew,
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of
jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly
stood.

The sides, transpierc'd, return a
rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come
issuing thro' the wound
And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy
design'd,

Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t'inspire a
better mind.

Then had our lances pierc'd the
treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire
stood.

Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan
shepherds bring

A captive Greek, in bands, before the
king;

Taken to take; who made himself
their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy
betray;

Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans
flow;

All press to see, and some insult the
foe.

Now hear how well the Greeks their
wiles disguis'd;

Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood,
unarm'd and bound;

He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes
around,

Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains,
what sea

Is open to receive unhappy me?

What fate a wretched fugitive attends,

Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by
my friends?'

He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful
eye:

Our pity kindles, and our passions
die.

We cheer the youth to make his own
defence,

And freely tell us what he was, and
whence:

What news he could impart, we long
to know,

And what to credit from a captive foe.

"His fear at length dismiss'd, he
said: 'Whate'er

My fate ordains, my words shall be
sincere:

I neither can nor dare my birth
disclaim;

Greece is my country, Sinon is my
name.

Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in
misery,

'Tis not in Fortune's pow'r to make
me lie.

If any chance has hither brought the
name

Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the

times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended

crimes,
Because these fatal wars he would

prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too

late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and
bare
Of other means, committed to his
care,
His kinsman and companion in the
war.
While Fortune favour'd, while his
arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of
the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my
name
Obscure, nor I without my share of
fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious
arts,
Had made impression in the people's
hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's
name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by
fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without
support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left
the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd
the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my
woes.
'Twas told again; and hence my ruin
rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once
more
Would land me safely on my native
shore,
His death with double vengeance to
restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate; and

soon ensued
 Th' effects of malice from a man so
 proud.
 Ambiguous rumours thro' the camp
 he spread,
 And sought, by treason, my devoted
 head;
 New crimes invented; left unturn'd
 no stone,
 To make my guilt appear, and hide his
 own;
 Till Calchas was by force and
 threat'ning wrought:
 But why—why dwell I on that
 anxious thought?
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,
 And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a
 Greek;
 Already you my name and country
 know;
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and
 strike the blow:
 My death will both the kingly
 brothers please,
 And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
 This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken
 starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing
 hearts:
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian
 arts.
 His former trembling once again
 renew'd,
 With acted fear, the villain thus
 pursued:
 “‘Long had the Grecians (tir'd
 with fruitless care,
 And wearied with an unsuccessful
 war)
 Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave
 the town:

And, had the gods permitted, they had
gone;
But oft the wintry seas and southern
winds
Withstood their passage home, and
chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls
amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile
was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air,
were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky
serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire
event,
Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was
sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer
brought:

“O Grecians, when the Trojan
shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood
was bought:
So must your safe return be bought
again,
And Grecian blood once more atone
the main.”
The spreading rumour round the
people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself
the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their
fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open
sight:
Then bade him name the wretch,
ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the
state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,

And saw what sacrifice Ulysses
meant.

For twice five days the good old seer
withstood

Th' intended treason, and was dumb
to blood,

Till, tir'd, with endless clamours and
pursuit

Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that

I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to
die.

All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the
storm should fall

On one alone, whose fury threaten'd
all.

The dismal day was come; the priests
prepare

Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for
my hair.

I follow'd nature's laws, and must
avow

I broke my bonds and fled the fatal
blow.

Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd
away.

But now what further hopes for me
remain,

To see my friends, or native soil,
again;

My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death
require;

Will perpetrate on them their first
design,

And take the forfeit of their heads for
mine?

Which, O! if pity mortal minds can
move,

If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim
desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch
avert.'

"False tears true pity move; the
king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his
hands:

Then adds these friendly words:
'Dismiss thy fears;
Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou
wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the
pile?'

Thus said the king. He, full of
fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth
imparts:

'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and
lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable
sky!

Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this
head!

Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I
fled!

Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful
Greeks betray,

Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!

But you, O king, preserve the faith
you gave,

If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th'
attempts they made,

Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious

Diomedes,
And false Ulysses, that inventive
head,
Her fatal image from the temple
drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle
slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody
hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy
bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left
their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd
before:
Their courage languish'd, as their
hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her
aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully
declare
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the
ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes
around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and
seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny
sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd,
was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her
horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight
And hope no conquest from the
tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with
pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens
brought.

And now their navy plows the wat'ry
main,
Yet soon expect it on your shores
again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did
ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd
maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r
betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended
name
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous
frame,
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden
gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes
are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium
boast;
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands
profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames
shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Grecia
turn!)

But if it climb, with your assisting
hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city
stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae
burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'

“With such deceits he gain'd their
easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious
arts.
What Diomedes, nor Thetis' greater
son,

A thousand ships, nor ten years'
siege, had done:
False tears and fawning words the
city won.

“A greater omen, and of worse
portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear
torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune’s priest by lot that
year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific’d a
steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea
we spied
Two serpents, rank’d abreast, the seas
divide,
And smoothly sweep along the
swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves
they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas
below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer
their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying
billows force.
And now the strand, and now the
plain they held;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks
were fill’d;
Their nimble tongues they brandish’d
as they came,
And lick’d their hissing jaws, that
sputter’d flame.
We fled amaz’d; their destin’d way
they take,
And to Laocoon and his children
make;
And first around the tender boys they
wind,

Then with their sharpen'd fangs their
limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their
aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next
invade;
Twice round his waist their winding
volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat
they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their
crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph
ride.
With both his hands he labours at the
knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air
around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing
wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar
flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the
yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents
quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their
way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected
there
By her large buckler and protended
spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to
die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had
withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows
be paid

And incense offer'd to th' offended
maid.

A spacious breach is made; the town
lies bare;

Some hoisting levers, some the
wheels prepare

And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy
beast.

Each on his fellow for assistance
calls;

At length the fatal fabric mounts the
walls,

Big with destruction. Boys with
chaplets crown'd,

And choirs of virgins, sing and dance
around.

Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending
down,

It enters o'er our heads, and threats
the town.

O sacred city, built by hands divine!

O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!

Four times he struck: as oft the
clashing sound

Of arms was heard, and inward
groans rebound.

Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with
our fate,

We haul along the horse in solemn
state;

Then place the dire portent within the
tow'r.

Cassandra cried, and curs'd th'
unhappy hour;

Foretold our fate; but, by the god's
decree,

All heard, and none believ'd the
prophecy.

With branches we the fanes adorn,
and waste,

In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.

Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;

Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.

The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light;

When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;

Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.

Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,

And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:

Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;

Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.

A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join

T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.

Those few they find awake first meet their fate;

Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

“’Twas in the dead of night, when
sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds
with cares,
When Hector’s ghost before my sight
appears:
A bloody shroud he seem’d, and
bath’d in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides
slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg’d him o’er
the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the
thongs were thrust
Thro’ the bor’d holes; his body black
with dust;
Unlike that Hector who return’d from
toils
Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian
spoils,
Or him who made the fainting Greeks
retire,
And launch’d against their navy
Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen’d
with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country
bore
Now stream’d afresh, and with new
purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus
began:
‘O light of Trojans, and support of
Troy,
Thy father’s champion, and thy
country’s joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from
whence
Art thou so late return’d for our
defence?

Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labours, and with toils
of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining
town?
But say, what wounds are these?
What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy
face?'

"To this the spectre no reply did
frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which
he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his
breast,
This warning in these mournful
words express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely
flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal
night.
The foes already have possess'd the
wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to
her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal
name,
More than enough to duty and to
fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine
alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her
future state,
And gives her gods companions of
thy fate:
From their assistance walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou
shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their

clear'd,
And Grecian frauds in open light
appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his
friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are
bright
With splendour not their own, and
shine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangours
now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with
fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th'
alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in
arms,
But first to gather friends, with them
t' oppose
If fortune favour'd, and repel the
foes;
Spurr'd by my courage, by my
country fir'd,
With sense of honour and revenge
inspir'd.

“Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a
sacred name,
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and
pass'd the flame:
With relics loaden, to my doors he
fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson
led.
'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can
we run?
Where make a stand? and what may
yet be done?’
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus,
with a groan:
'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a

town!

The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is
come,

When wrathful Jove's irrevocable
doom

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian
hands.

The fire consumes the town, the foe
commands;

And armed hosts, an unexpected
force,

Break from the bowels of the fatal
horse.

Within the gates, proud Sinon throws
about

The flames; and foes for entrance
press without,

With thousand others, whom I fear to
name,

More than from Argos or Mycenae
came.

To sev'ral posts their parties they
divide;

Some block the narrow streets, some
scour the wide:

The bold they kill, th' unwary they
surprise;

Who fights finds death, and death
finds him who flies.

The warders of the gate but scarce
maintain

Th' unequal combat, and resist in
vain.'

"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-
born souls inspires,

Prompts me thro' lifted swords and
rising fires

To run where clashing arms and
clamour calls,

And rush undaunted to defend the
walls.

Ripheus and Iph'itas by my side
engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for
age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight
knew
My motions and my mien, and to my
party drew;
With young Coroebus, who by love
was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra's
bed,
And lately brought his troops to
Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic
maid.
Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to
fall,
And that one spirit animated all:
'Brave souls!' said I, 'but brave, alas!
in vain:
Come, finish what our cruel fates
ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our
affairs,
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are
deaf to pray'rs.
The passive gods behold the Greeks
defile
Their temples, and abandon to the
spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few,
conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in
fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our
foes:
Despair of life the means of living
shows.'
So bold a speech encourag'd their

desire

Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

“As hungry wolves, with raging
appetite,

Scour thro’ the fields, nor fear the
stormy night;

Their whelps at home expect the
promis’d food,

And long to temper their dry chaps in
blood:

So rush’d we forth at once; resolv’d
to die,

Resolv’d, in death, the last extremes
to try.

We leave the narrow lanes behind,
and dare

Th’ unequal combat in the public
square:

Night was our friend; our leader was
despair.

What tongue can tell the slaughter of
that night?

What eyes can weep the sorrows and
affright?

An ancient and imperial city falls:
The streets are fill’d with frequent
funerals;

Houses and holy temples float in
blood,

And hostile nations make a common
flood.

Not only Trojans fall; but, in their
turn,

The vanquish’d triumph, and the
victors mourn.

Ours take new courage from despair
and night:

Confus’d the fortune is, confus’d the
fight.

All parts resound with tumults,
plaints, and fears;

And grisly Death in sundry shapes
appears.

Androgeos fell among us, with his
band,

Who thought us Grecians newly
come to land.

'From whence,' said he, 'my friends,
this long delay?

You loiter, while the spoils are borne
away:

Our ships are laden with the Trojan
store;

And you, like truants, come too late
ashore.'

He said, but soon corrected his
mistake,

Found, by the doubtful answers
which we make:

Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th'
unequal fight;

But we, more num'rous, intercept his
flight.

As when some peasant, in a bushy
brake,

Has with unwary footing press'd a
snake;

He starts aside, astonish'd, when he
spies

His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling
eyes;

So from our arms surpris'd
Androgeos flies.

In vain; for him and his we compass'd
round,

Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the
ground,

And of their lives an easy conquest
found.

Thus Fortune on our first endeavor
smil'd.

Coroebus then, with youthful hopes

beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and a daring
mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune
shows the way,
'Tis fit we should th' auspicious
guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms
bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans'
good?
Then change we shields, and their
devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in
war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself
he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper
vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy
crest.
Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan
train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip
the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill
presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our
greedy rage;
Unknown, assaulting whom we
blindly meet,
And strew with Grecian carcasses the
street.
Thus while their straggling parties we
defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships
retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more
ignoble fear,

Remount the hollow horse, and pant
in secret there.

“But, ah! what use of valour can
be made,
When heav’n’s propitious pow’rs
refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg’d by her dishevel’d
hair,
Whom not Minerva’s shrine, nor
sacred bands,
In safety could protect from
sacrilegious hands:
On heav’n she cast her eyes, she
sigh’d, she cried,
(’Twas all she could) her tender arms
were tied.
So sad a sight Coroebus could not
bear;
But, fir’d with rage, distracted with
despair,
Amid the barb’rous ravishers he flew:
Our leader’s rash example we pursue.
But storms of stones, from the proud
temple’s height,
Pour down, and on our batter’d helms
alight:
We from our friends receiv’d this
fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we
seem’d in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from
high;
And ours beneath the pond’rous ruin
lie.
Then, mov’d with anger and disdain,
to see
Their troops dispers’d, the royal
virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their pow’rs
unite,

With fury charge us, and renew the
fight.

The brother kings with Ajax join their
force,

And the whole squadron of
Thessalian horse.

“Thus, when the rival winds their
quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the
sky,

South, east, and west, on airy coursers
borne;

The whirlwind gathers, and the
woods are torn:

Then Nereus strikes the deep; the
billows rise,

And, mix'd with ooze and sand,
pollute the skies.

The troops we squander'd first again
appear

From several quarters, and enclose
the rear.

They first observe, and to the rest
betray,

Our different speech; our borrow'd
arms survey.

Oppress'd with odds, we fall;
Coroebus first,

At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.

Then Ripheus follow'd, in th'
unequal fight;

Just of his word, observant of the
right:

Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their
fate attends,

With Hypanis, mistaken by their
friends.

Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy mitre, nor the
bands

Of awful Phoebus, sav'd from
impious hands.

Ye Trojan flames, your testimony
bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd
there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my
fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I
sought.
But, when I could not fight, and
would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing
tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without
defence.
New clamours from th' invested
palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult
rose,
While ours defend, and while the
Greeks oppose
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow
space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only
there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the
foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders;
some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and
pillars hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers
in th' ascent,
While with their right they seize the
battlement.

From their demolish'd tow'rs the
Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling,
crush the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the
sides
(Such arms their last necessity
provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling
from on high,
The marks of state and ancient
royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass,
attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate
defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd
breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our
death,
To clear the palace from the foe,
succeed
The weary living, and revenge the
dead.

“A postern door, yet unobserv'd
and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led: a way well
known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held
the throne,
Thro' which she brought Astyanax,
unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his
grandsire's queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the
tow'r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans
make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft
descried

The Grecian camp, and saw their
navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with
swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th'
assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns
meet,
We push them headlong with our
arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than
the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd
wall:
Down goes the top at once; the
Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into
death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death
are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they
below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus,
threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in
the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the
crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny
brake,
And, casting off his slough when
spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory
burns;
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his
ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires
he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls
along,
And brandishes by fits his forky

tongue.

Proud Periphas, and fierce
Automedon,

His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd
passage free.

Ent'ring the court, with shouts the
skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs
ascend.

Himself, among the foremost, deals
his blows,
And with his ax repeated strokes
bestows

On the strong doors; then all their
shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges
fly.

He hews apace; the double bars at
length

Yield to his ax and unresisted
strength.

A mighty breach is made: the rooms
conceal'd

Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
The halls of audience, and of public
state,

And where the lonely queen in secret
sate.

Arm'd soldiers now by trembling
maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space,
between.

The house is fill'd with loud laments
and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the
vaulted skies;
The fearful matrons run from place to
place,

And kiss the thresholds, and the posts

embrace.

The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus
plies,

And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his
force sustain:

The bars are broken, and the guards
are slain.

In rush the Greeks, and all the
apartments fill;

Those few defendants whom they
find, they kill.

Not with so fierce a rage the foaming
flood

Roars, when he finds his rapid course
withstood;

Bears down the dams with unresisted
sway,

And sweeps the cattle and the cots
away.

These eyes beheld him when he
march'd between

The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy
queen,

The hundred wives, and where old
Priam stood,

To stain his hallow'd altar with his
brood.

The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had
he,

So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung

with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's

toils.

Where'er the raging fire had left a
space,

The Grecians enter and possess the
place.

“Perhaps you may of Priam's fate
enquire.

He, when he saw his regal town on
fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring
foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs,
decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and
useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the
weight sustain;
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along
with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to
be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood
in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel
grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs
encompass round
The household gods, and shade the
holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless
train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but
sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the
sky,
Their images they hug, and to their
altars fly.
The Queen, when she beheld her
trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy
sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my
husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use
design'd?
These times want other aids! Were
Hector here,

Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam,
would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou
shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be
join'd.'
She said, and with a last salute
embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel
plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety
runs.
Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and
hurt, he flies
Thro' empty courts and open
galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance,
pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts
renews.
The youth, transfix'd, with
lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parent's
eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam
saw,
The fear of death gave place to
nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than
with age,
'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy
brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they
must,
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods
be just:
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent
delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's
sight.

Not he, whom thou and lying fame
conspire
To call thee his; not he, thy vaunted
sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods
he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations
heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums
of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector
sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his
tent.'

"This said, his feeble hand a
javelin threw,
Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as
it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it
held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen
shield.

"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou
from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds
relate.
Now die!' With that he dragg'd the
trembling sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotted blood and
holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son
had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated
shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal
victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody
falchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart

he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing
thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the
sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one
common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd
state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia
sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves
obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th'
abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless
thing.

“Then, not before, I felt my
curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with
horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious
mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune
find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's
abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself
alone,
Deserted at my need! My friends
were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with
despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights;
the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without
a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I
spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd

alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she
could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze
around,
That common bane of Greece and
Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan
sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her
injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her
abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I
regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due
reward:
'Shall she triumphant sail before the
wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy
behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends
review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam
falls,
And Grecian fires consume the
Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and
Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were
drunk with blood?
'Tis true, a soldier can small honour
gain,
And boast no conquest, from a
woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without
applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
The punish'd crime shall set my soul
at ease,

And murm'ring manes of my friends
appease.'

Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing
light

Spread o'er the place; and, shining
heav'nly bright,

My mother stood reveal'd before my
sight

Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so
clear:

Great in her charms, as when on gods
above

She looks, and breathes herself into
their love.

She held my hand, the destin'd blow
to break;

Then from her rosy lips began to
speak:

'My son, from whence this madness,
this neglect

Of my commands, and those whom I
protect?

Why this unmanly rage? Recall to
mind

Whom you forsake, what pledges
leave behind.

Look if your helpless father yet
survive,

Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.
Around your house the greedy

Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly

war,
But for my presence and protecting

care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in
fault;

But by the gods was this destruction
brought.

Now cast your eyes around, while I

dissolve

The mists and films that mortal eyes
involve,

Purge from your sight the dross, and
make you see

The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands
fulfil,

Nor fear obedience to your mother's
will.

Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin
lies,

Stones rent from stones; where clouds
of dust arise,

Amid that smother Neptune holds his
place,

Below the wall's foundation drives
his mace,

And heaves the building from the
solid base.

Look where, in arms, imperial Juno
stands

Full in the Scaean gate, with loud
commands,

Urging on shore the tardy Grecian
bands.

See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler
proud,

Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro'
the cloud:

See! Jove new courage to the foe
supplies,

And arms against the town the partial
deities.

Haste hence, my son; this fruitless
labour end:

Haste, where your trembling spouse
and sire attend:

Haste; and a mother's care your
passage shall befriend.'

She said, and swiftly vanish'd from

my sight,
Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades
of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I
hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods
appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could
prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations
rent;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd
the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of
lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-
repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high; the nodding
crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the
leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, tho'
late,
And mourns with mortal groans th'
approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load
sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin
thro' the plain.

“Descending thence, I scape thro’
foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames
retire.
Arriv’d at home, he, for whose only
sake,
Or most for his, such toils I
undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely
flight,
I purpos’d to secure on Ida’s height,

Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
And add his fun'erals to the fate of
Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in
ev'ry vein.
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life
enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy
Troy.
'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much,
for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium
overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor
remaining crew,
And give this useless corpse a long
adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop
my breath;
At least the pitying foes will aid my
death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body
bare:
As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take
care.
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a
ling'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I
expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's
avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to
die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful
cry.
'What, will he still persist, on death
resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve!'

He still persists his reasons to
maintain;

Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud
laments, are vain.

“Urg'd by despair, again I go to
try

The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to
die:

‘What hope remains, but what my
death must give?

Can I, without so dear a father, live?

You term it prudence, what I baseness
call:

Could such a word from such a parent
fall?

If Fortune please, and so the gods
ordain,

That nothing should of ruin'd Troy
remain,

And you conspire with Fortune to be
slain,

The way to death is wide, th'
approaches near:

For soon relentless Pyrrhus will
appear,

Reeking with Priam's blood: the
wretch who slew

The son (inhuman) in the father's
view,

And then the sire himself to the dire
altar drew.

O goddess mother, give me back to
Fate;

Your gift was undesir'd, and came
too late!

Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Thro' foes and fires, to see my house

a prey?

Shall I my father, wife, and son
behold,

Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms

infoldd?

Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and
overcome:

'Tis the last summons to receive our
doom.

I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my
fall.

Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the
night.'

Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring
sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my
weighty shield,
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd
field.

I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my
way,

And cross the threshold in my
passage lay,

Embrac'd my knees, and, when I
would have gone,

Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender
son:

'If death be your design, at least,' said
she,

'Take us along to share your destiny.

If any farther hopes in arms remain,

This place, these pledges of your
love, maintain.

To whom do you expose your father's
life,

Your son's, and mine, your now
forgotten wife!'

While thus she fills the house with
clam'rous cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:

For, while I held my son, in the short
space

Betwixt our kisses and our last

embrace;
Strange to relate, from young Iulus'
head
A lambent flame arose, which gently
spread
Around his brows, and on his temples
fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we
prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake
his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens,
rear'd
His hands to heav'n, and this request
preferr'd:
'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will; if piety can pray'rs
commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou
art pleas'd to send.'
Scarce had he said, when, on our left,
we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the
sky,
Which on the winged lightning
seem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to
move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idaean
grove.
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a
guide,
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur
died.

"The good old man with suppliant
hands implor'd
The gods' protection, and their star
ador'd.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no
more delay!

I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews
the way.
Keep, O my country gods, our
dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan
race,
This tender child! These omens are
your own,
And you can yet restore the ruin'd
town.
At least accomplish what your signs
foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to
go.'

"He said. The crackling flames
appear on high.
And driving sparkles dance along the
sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds
conspire,
And near our palace roll the flood of
fire.
'Haste, my dear father, ('tis no time
to wait,)
And load my shoulders with a willing
freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be
my care;
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will
share.
My hand shall lead our little son; and
you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps
pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my
strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple
stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress
nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high,

By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger

past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we
hear.
My father, looking thro' the shades,
with fear,
Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the
foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armour I
descrie.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown
offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better
sense;
For, while thro' winding ways I took
my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy
night,
Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with
affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted
seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only
she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and
wretched me.

“What mad expressions did my
tongue refuse!
Whom did I not, of gods or men,
accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd
me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy
before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with
despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope

bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods I
left.
In shining armour once again I
sheathe
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor
fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I
run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to
shun.
I tread my former tracks; thro' night
explore
Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd
before.
All things were full of horror and
affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the
night.
Then to my father's house I make
repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to
find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with foes, with
flames beset.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole
sheets of fire,
Thro' air transported, to the roofs
aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I
resort,
And search the citadel and desert
court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's
church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd
the porch;
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the
prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy

convey:

The spoils which they from ransack'd
houses brought,

And golden bowls from burning
altars caught,

The tables of the gods, the purple
vests,

The people's treasure, and the pomp
of priests.

A rank of wretched youths, with
pinion'd hands,

And captive matrons, in long order
stands.

Then, with ungovern'd madness, I
proclaim,

Thro' all the silent street, Creusa's
name:

Creusa still I call; at length she hears,
And sudden thro' the shades of night
appears.

Appears, no more Creusa, nor my
wife,

But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb
with fear,

I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd
hair.

Then thus the ghost began to soothe
my grief

'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the
dead relief.

Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t'
indulge your pain;

You bear no more than what the gods
ordain.

My fates permit me not from hence to
fly;

Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the
pow'rs decree;

On land hard labours, and a length of

sea.

Then, after many painful years are
past,

On Latium's happy shore you shall be
cast,

Where gentle Tiber from his bed
beholds

The flow'ry meadows, and the
feeding folds.

There end your toils; and there your
fates provide

A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:

There fortune shall the Trojan line
restore,

And you for lost Creusa weep no
more.

Fear not that I shall watch, with
servile shame,

Th' imperious looks of some proud
Grecian dame;

Or, stooping to the victor's lust,
disgrace

My goddess mother, or my royal race.

And now, farewell! The parent of the
gods

Restrains my fleeting soul in her
abodes:

I trust our common issue to your
care.'

She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in
air.

I strove to speak: but horror tied my
tongue;

And thrice about her neck my arms I
flung,

And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain
embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of
day,

Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd
away.

"Thus having pass'd the night in
 fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again,
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to
 behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young
 and old;
 A wretched exil'd crew together
 brought,
 With arms appointed, and with
 treasure fraught,
 Resolv'd, and willing, under my
 command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and
 land.
 The Morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led
 the day:
 Before the gates the Grecians took
 their post,
 And all pretence of late relief was
 lost.
 I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
 And, loaded, up the hill convey my
 sire."

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

W hen Heav'n had overturn'd

the Trojan state
And Priam's throne, by too severe a
fate;

When ruin'd Troy became the
Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;
Warn'd by celestial omens, we
retreat,

To seek in foreign lands a happier
seat.

Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we
cut,

And build our fleet; uncertain yet to
find

What place the gods for our repose
assign'd.

Friends daily flock; and scarce the
kindly spring

Began to clothe the ground, and birds
to sing,

When old Anchises summon'd all to
sea:

The crew my father and the Fates
obey.

With sighs and tears I leave my native
shore,

And empty fields, where Ilium stood
before.

My sire, my son, our less and greater
gods,

All sail at once, and cleave the briny
floods.

“Against our coast appears a
spacious land,

Which once the fierce Lycurgus did
command,

Thracia the name; the people bold in
war;
Vast are their fields, and tillage is
their care,
A hospitable realm while Fate was
kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion
join'd.
I land; with luckless omens, then
adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the
shore;
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Aenos, nam'd from me, the city
call.
To Dionaean Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow'rs that rising labours
aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles on the sides, and
cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the sylvan
scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy
greens,
I pull'd a plant; with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange and full of fate.
The rooted fibers rose, and from the
wound
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the
ground.
Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror
stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and
congeal'd my blood.
Mann'd once again, another plant I
try:
That other gush'd with the same
sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence

unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I
atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and
most
The God of Arms, who rules the
Thracian coast,
That they, or he, these omens would
avert,
Release our fears, and better signs
impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd
at length
To learn the cause, I tugged with all
my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground;
once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the
womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the
tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost,
renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful
words ensued:
'Why dost thou thus my buried body
rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy
friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with
blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded
wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree
contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan
veins.
O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am
Polydore!

Here loads of lances, in my blood
embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood
renew'd.'

"My falt'ring tongue and
shiv'ring limbs declare
My horror, and in bristles rose my
hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was
closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia
sent:

Loaded with gold, he sent his darling,
far

From noise and tumults, and
destructive war,
Committed to the faithless tyrant's
care;

Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy
decline,

Forsook the weaker, with the strong
to join;
Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of
truth,

And murder'd, for his wealth, the
royal youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre
hold?

Now, when my soul had shaken off
her fears,

I call my father and the Trojan peers;
Relate the prodigies of Heav'n,
require

What he commands, and their advice
desire.

All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites
prepare,

Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars
rear.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk
the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets
crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair
unbound.

Then bowls of tepid milk and blood
we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of
Polydore.

“Now, when the raging storms no
longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the
main,
We launch our vessels, with a
prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores
behind.

“An island in th' Aegaeon main
appears;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it
theirs.

It floated once, till Phoebus fix'd the
sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the
tides.

Here, borne by friendly winds, we
come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs
restore,
And the Sun's temple and his town
adore.

“Anius, the priest and king, with
laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets
bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore
ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet

his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands
they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows
present:
'Give, O Thymbraeus, give a resting
place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race;
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our
labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate
attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer
find;
But in clear auguries unveil thy
mind.'
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy
ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripos rush'd a
bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the
present god,
Who gave this answer from his dark
abode:
'Undaunted youths, go, seek that
mother earth
From which your ancestors derive
their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her
ancient race
In her old bosom shall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' Aeneian
house shall reign,
And children's children shall the
crown sustain.'
Thus Phoebus did our future fates

disclose:

A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy,
arose.

“All are concern'd to know what
place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our
abode.

My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan
kind,

Thus answer'd their demands: ‘Ye
princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune, and dispel
your fear.

The fruitful isle of Crete, well known
to fame,

Sacred of old to Jove's imperial
name,

In the mid ocean lies, with large
command,

And on its plains a hundred cities
stand.

Another Ida rises there, and we
From thence derive our Trojan
ancestry.

From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by
certain fame,

To the Rhoetean shores old Teucus
came;

There fix'd, and there the seat of
empire chose,

Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose.

In humble vales they built their soft
abodes,

Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th'
Idaeon woods,

She secret rites and ceremonies
taught,

And to the yoke the savage lions
brought.

Let us the land which Heav'n
appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the
Gnossian shore.
If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers
Crete.'

Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid
On smoking altars, to the gods he
paid:

A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew;
A milk-white ewe, the western winds
to please,
And one coal-black, to calm the
stormy seas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been
spread

That fierce Idomeneus from Crete
was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was
free

From foreign or domestic enemy.

"We leave the Delian ports, and
put to sea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make
our way;
Then green Donysa pass; and sail in
sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries
white.

We pass the scatter'd isles of
Cyclades,

That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to
stud the seas.
The shouts of sailors double near the
shores;

They stretch their canvas, and they
ply their oars.
'All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!'
they cry,

And swiftly thro' the foamy billows
fly.

Full on the promis'd land at length we
bore,

With joy descending on the Cretan
shore.

With eager haste a rising town I
frame,

Which from the Trojan Pergamus I
name:

The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a
fort.

Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow
strand;

The youth begin to till the labour'd
land;

And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws, and dwellings I divide by
lot;

When rising vapours choke the
wholesome air,

And blasts of noisome winds corrupt
the year;

The trees devouring caterpillars burn;

Parch'd was the grass, and blighted
was the corn:

Nor 'scape the beasts; for Sirius, from
on high,

With pestilential heat infects the sky:

My men, some fall, the rest in fevers
fry.

Again my father bids me seek the
shore

Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,

To learn what end of woes we might
expect,

And to what clime our weary course
direct.

“'Twas night, when ev'ry
creature, void of cares,

The common gift of balmy slumber
shares:

The statues of my gods (for such they
seem'd),

Those gods whom I from flaming
Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood, majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phoebe's ent'ring
light.

Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my
troubled mind:
'What from the Delian god thou go'st
to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to
relate.

Those pow'rs are we, companions of
thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee
were brought,
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety
wrought.

Thro' seas and lands as we thy steps
attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race
befriend.

An ample realm for thee thy fates
ordain,

A town that o'er the conquer'd world
shall reign.

Thou, mighty walls for mighty
nations build;

Nor let thy weary mind to labours
yield:

But change thy seat; for not the
Delian god,

Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our
abode.

A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the natives
bold.

Th' Oenotrians held it once, by later

fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's
name.
Jasius there and Dardanus were born;
From thence we came, and thither
must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad
tidings greet.
Search Italy; for Jove denies thee
Crete.'

"Astonish'd at their voices and
their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of
the night;
I saw, I knew their faces, and
descried,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets
tied;)
I started from my couch; a clammy
sweat
On all my limbs and shiv'ring body
sate.
To heav'n I lift my hands with pious
haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I
cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours
done,
More cheerful, to my good old sire I
run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little
space
He found his error of the double race;
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd
from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful
seat:
Then said: 'O son, turmoil'd in
Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did
relate.

This day revives within my mind
what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands; but who could then
have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should
be brought,
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra
taught?
Now let us go where Phoebus leads
the way.'

"He said; and we with glad
consent obey,
Forsake the seat, and, leaving few
behind,
We spread our sails before the willing
wind.

Now from the sight of land our
galleys move,
With only seas around and skies
above;

When o'er our heads descends a burst
of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves
the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows
raise;

The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral
ways;

The face of heav'n is ravish'd from
our eyes,
And in redoubled peals the roaring
thunder flies.

Cast from our course, we wander in
the dark.

No stars to guide, no point of land to
mark.

Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
Betwixt the night and day; such
darkness reign'd around.
Three starless nights the doubtful

stray'd.

With weapons we the welcome prey
invade,

Then call the gods for partners of our
feast,

And Jove himself, the chief invited
guest.

We spread the tables on the
greensward ground;

We feed with hunger, and the bowls
go round;

When from the mountain-tops, with
hideous cry,

And clatt'ring wings, the hungry
Harpies fly;

They snatch the meat, defiling all
they find,

And, parting, leave a loathsome
stench behind.

Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds
refit,

Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing
shade,

Where tufted trees a native arbour
made.

Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the rav'nous birds
return,

Or from the dark recesses where they
lie,

Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal
repeat,

And mix their loathsome ordures with
their meat.

I bid my friends for vengeance then
prepare,

And with the hellish nation wage the
war.

They, as commanded, for the fight

provide,
And in the grass their glitt'ring
weapons hide;
Then, when along the crooked shore
we hear
Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the
foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th'
alarm,
And our strong hands with swords
and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force, the monsters to
destroy.
In vain, the fated skin is proof to
wounds;
And from their plumes the shining
sword rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their
mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the
skies display.
Yet one remain'd, the messenger of
Fate:
High on a craggy cliff Celaeno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
'What! not contented with our oxen
slain,
Dare you with Heav'n an impious war
maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their
native reign?
Heed therefore what I say; and keep
in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phoebus has
design'd,
And I, the Furies' queen, from both
relate:
You seek th' Italian shores,
foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to

find,
And a safe passage to the port
assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd
walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this
misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which
you feed.'
She said, and to the neighb'ring forest
flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears
renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we
fall,
And on th' offended Harpies humbly
call,
And whether gods or birds obscene
they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace
prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to heav'n his hands and
eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: 'Avert,' said
he,
'These omens; render vain this
prophecy,
And from th' impending curse a pious
people free!'
"Thus having said, he bids us put
to sea;
We loose from shore our haulsers,
and obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue
the wat'ry way.
Amidst our course, Zacynthian
woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,

And curse the land which dire
Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top
appears,
And the Sun's temple, which the
sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from
labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow
we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our
vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our
way.
The customs of our country we
pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores
renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear
with oil,
And exercise the wrastlers' noble toil;
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before
the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns
behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual
course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his
force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd
Abas bore;
The verse beneath my name and
action speaks:
'These arms Aeneas took from
conqu'ring Greeks.'
Then I command to weigh; the
seamen ply
Their sweeping oars; the smoking
billows fly.

The sight of high Phaeacia soon we
lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky
coast.

“Then to Chaonia's port our
course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights
ascend.

Here wondrous things were loudly
blaz'd fame:
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan
name,

And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's
captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and
throne;

And fair Andromache, restor'd by
fate,

Once more was happy in a Trojan
mate.

I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian
court.

By chance, the mournful queen,
before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former
husband's fate.

Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts
she crown'd,

And sacred priests in order stand
around,

And thrice the name of hapless
Hector sound.

The grove itself resembles Ida's
wood;

And Simois seem'd the well-
dissembled flood.

But when at nearer distance she
beheld

My shining armour and my Trojan
shield,

Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs; her veins no
longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce
recov'ring strength,
Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she
speaks at length:

“‘Are you alive, O goddess-born?’
she said,
‘Or if a ghost, then where is Hector’s
shade?’

At this, she cast a loud and frightful
cry.

With broken words I made this brief
reply:

‘All of me that remains appears in
sight;

I live, if living be to loathe the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched
life,

My fate resembling that of Hector’s
wife.

What have you suffer’d since you lost
your lord?

By what strange blessing are you now
restor’d?

Still are you Hector’s? or is Hector
fled,

And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus’
bed?’

With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause she thus begun:

“‘O only happy maid of Priam’s
race,

Whom death deliver’d from the foes’
embrace!

Commanded on Achilles’ tomb to
die,

Not forc’d, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master’s arms to lie.

In Grecian ships unhappy we were

borne,
Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd
the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a
bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook
my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought
to wed;
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage
join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep
despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd
fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the
ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we
regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus
remain'd.
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia
calls,
And names from Pergamus his rising
walls.
But you, what fates have landed on
our coast?
What gods have sent you, or what
storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health
enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy
Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loss he
bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his
blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face
appears?'

O say; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous
end;
And ev'ry power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
But only dire Celaeno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils vanquish, and what course
to run.'

“The prophet first with sacrifice
adores
The greater gods; their pardon then
implores;
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phoebus, next, my trembling steps
he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful
dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before
the shrine,
These words proceeded from his
mouth divine:
'O goddess-born, (for Heav'n's
appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy
course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself
protects,)
Of many things some few I shall
explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the
main,
And how at length the promis'd shore
to gain.
The rest the fates from Helenus
conceal,
And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to
tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that

seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes
fly;
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes
from Italy:
For you must cruise along Sicilian
shores,
And stem the currents with your
struggling oars;
Then round th' Italian coast your
navy steer;
And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
And, last, before your new
foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view
the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease
and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy
breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the
ground,
With thirty sucking young
encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring white as
falling snow:
These on thy city shall their name
bestow,
And there shall end thy labours and
thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright
thy mind,
For Phoebus will assist, and Fate the
way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be
bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian
continent:
Those parts are all by Grecian foes

possess'd;
The salvage Locrians here the shores
infest;
There fierce Idomeneus his city
builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian
fields;
And on the mountain's brow Petilia
stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops
commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the
shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods
adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your
eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest
commend,
That to your pious race they may
descend.

‘When, parted hence, the wind,
that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider
way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to
sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th'
Italian shore
And fair Sicilia's coast were one,
before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the
roaring tides
The passage broke that land from land
divides;
And where the lands retir'd, the
rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either
hand,

Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields: so much can time
invade

The mould'ring work that beauteous
Nature made.

Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla
hides:

Charybdis roaring on the left
presides,

And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the
tides;

Then spouts them from below: with
fury driv'n,

The waves mount up and wash the
face of heav'n.

But Scylla from her den, with open
jaws,

The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks. A human
face,

And virgin bosom, hides her tail's
disgrace:

Her parts obscene below the waves
descend,

With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin
end.

'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, tho' with more
delay,

Than once to view misshapen Scylla
near,

And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to
hear.

““Besides, if faith to Helenus be
due,

And if prophetic Phoebus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend
forget,

Which therefore more than once I
must repeat:

Above the rest, great Juno's name

adore;
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen
design'd,
And mollify with pray'rs her haughty
mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall
be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumae, when you view the
flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding
wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall
find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the fates, and, in her frantic
fits,
The notes and names, inscrib'd, to
leafs commits.
What she commits to leafs, in order
laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are
display'd:
Unmov'd they lie; but, if a blast of
wind
Without, or vapours issue from
behind,
The leafs are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her
museful care,
Nor gathers from the rocks her
scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds
disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most
upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic
shade.

“Think it not loss of time a while
to stay,
Tho’ thy companions chide thy long
delay;
Tho’ summon’d to the seas, tho’
pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy
swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write
thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will
show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future
woe,
And what thou may’st avoid, and
what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course, instruct
thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores
to find.
This is what Heav’n allows me to
relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better
fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the
Trojan state.’

“This when the priest with
friendly voice declar’d,
He gave me license, and rich gifts
prepar’d:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied
my want
With heavy gold, and polish’d
elephant;
Then Dodonaean caldrons put on
board,
And ev’ry ship with sums of silver
stor’d.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain’d with gold, for use and

ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
That flourish'd with a plume and
waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my
friends;
And large recruits he to my navy
sends:
Men, horses, captains, arms, and
warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new
sweeping oars.
Meantime, my sire commands to
hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first
auspicious gales.

“The prophet bless'd the parting
crew, and last,
With words like these, his ancient
friend embrac'd:
'Old happy man, the care of gods
above,
Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with
her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life, when
Troy was lost,
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian
coast:
There land; but take a larger compass
round,
For that before is all forbidden
ground.
The shore that Phoebus has design'd
for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd
from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new
abodes,
Blest in a son, and favour'd by the
gods:
For I with useless words prolong your

You have no shores to search, no seas
to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding visions, and a vain
embrace!)

You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another
Troy,

With better auspice than her ancient
tow'rs,

And less obnoxious to the Grecian
pow'rs.

If e'er the gods, whom I with vows
adore,

Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy
shore;

If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own;
As both of us our birth from Troy
derive,

So let our kindred lines in concord
live,

And both in acts of equal friendship
strive.

Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be
the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in
name;

That what we now begin may never
end,

But long to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our
course we bore;
The shortest passage to th' Italian
shore.

Now had the sun withdrawn his
radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of
night:

We land, and, on the bosom of the
ground,

A safe retreat and a bare lodging
found.

Close by the shore we lay; the sailors
keep

Their watches, and the rest securely
sleep.

The night, proceeding on with silent
pace,

Stood in her noon, and view'd with
equal face

Her steepy rise and her declining
race.

Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal
sky;

And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their
sliding course,

The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry
force;

And both the Bears is careful to
behold,

And bright Orion, arm'd with
burnish'd gold.

Then, when he saw no threat'ning
tempest nigh,

But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh; we break
our sleep,

Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow
the deep.

“And now the rising morn with
rosy light

Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to
flight;

When we from far, like bluish mists,
descry

The hills, and then the plains, of Italy.

Achates first pronounc'd the joyful
sound;

Then, ‘Italy!’ the cheerful crew

Scarce landed, the first omens I
beheld

Were four white steeds that cropp'd
the flow'ry field.
'War, war is threaten'd from this
foreign ground,'
My father cried, 'where warlike
steeds are found.
Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they
submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and
champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war.' Our way
we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce Virago
pray,
Whose temple was the landmark of
our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd
his head,
And all commands of Helenus
obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our
sails, and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
"From hence Tarentum's bay
appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be
true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacaeon
strands,
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Aetna
thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which
cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly
sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their
groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding

strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with
sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience
old:
“’Tis that Charybdis which the seer
foretold,
And those the promis’d rocks! Bear
off to sea!’
With haste the frightened mariners
obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer’d;
Then all the fleet by his example
steer’d.
To heav’n aloft on ridgy waves we
ride,
Then down to hell descend, when
they divide;
And thrice our galleys knock’d the
stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return’d
the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that
stood with dewes around.
The flagging winds forsook us, with
the sun;
And, wearied, on Cyclopien shores
we run.
The port capacious, and secure from
wind,
Is to the foot of thund’ring Aetna
join’d.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on
high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails
fly,
And flakes of mounting flames, that
lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are
thrown,
And, shiver’d by the force, come

piecemeal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur
flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil
below.

Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by
Jove,
With blasted limbs came tumbling
from above;
And, where he fell, th' avenging
father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body
threw.

As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke
the heavens hides.
In shady woods we pass the tedious
night,

Where bellowing sounds and groans
our souls affright,
Of which no cause is offer'd to the
sight;

For not one star was kindled in the
sky,

Nor could the moon her borrow'd
light supply;

For misty clouds involv'd the
firmament,

The stars were muffled, and the moon
was pent.

“Scarce had the rising sun the day
reveal'd,

Scarce had his heat the pearly dew
dispell'd,

When from the woods there bolts,
before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a
sprite,

So thin, so ghastly meager, and so
wan,

So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled

This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from
far t'implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the
shore.

His clothes were tagg'd with thorns,
and filth his limbs besmear'd;
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he
was.

Whom soon for Trojans and for foes
he knew;

Stood still, and paus'd; then all at
once began

To stretch his limbs, and trembled as
he ran.

Soon as approach'd, upon his knees
he falls,

And thus with tears and sighs for pity
calls:

‘Now, by the pow’rs above, and what
we share

From Nature's common gift, this vital
air,

O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;

But bear me far from this unhappy shore.

'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther
own,

Among your foes besieg'd th'
imperial town.

For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue;

This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid

main:

Since nothing more than death my
crime demands,
I die content, to die by human hands.'
He said, and on his knees my knees
embrac'd:

I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
His present state, his lineage, and his
name,

Th' occasion of his fears, and whence
he came.

The good Anchises rais'd him with
his hand;

Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our
demand:

'From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achaemenides my
name.

Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(O had I stay'd, with poverty
content!)

But, fearful for themselves, my
countrymen

Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, tho' large, was dark; the
dismal floor

Was pav'd with mangled limbs and
putrid gore.

Our monstrous host, of more than
human size,

Erects his head, and stares within the
skies;

Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his
hue.

Ye gods, remove this plague from
mortal view!

The joints of slaughter'd wretches are
his food;

And for his wine he quaffs the
streaming blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his
spacious hand

He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian
band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd
against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their
crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple
pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the
trembling limbs.

“Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore
their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy
state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with
human wine
While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his
maw
His indigested foam, and morsels
raw;
We pray; we cast the lots, and then
surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along
the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends
a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming
brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his
eye;
For only one did the vast frame
supply;
But that a globe so large, his front it
fill'd,
Like the sun's disk or like a Grecian
shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the
pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our
slaughter'd friends.

But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to
fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars
rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme
appears,
A hundred more this hated island
bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their
woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of
mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they
stalk from steep to steep
And now three moons their sharpen'd
horns renew,
Since thus, in woods and wilds,
obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal
fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by
night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect
see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking
tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice
resound,
And trampling feet that shake the
solid ground.
Cornels and salvage berries of the
wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my
meager food.
While all around my longing eyes I
cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I
run;
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun;

What other death you please,
yourselves bestow.'

"Scarce had he said, when on the
mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk
before

His following flock, and leading to
the shore:

A monstrous bulk, deform'd,
depriv'd of sight;

His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his
steps aright.

His pond'rous whistle from his neck
descends;

His woolly care their pensive lord
attends:

This only solace his hard fortune
sends.

Soon as he reach'd the shore and
touch'd the waves,

From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring
blood he laves:

He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd;
thro' seas he strides,

And scarce the topmost billows
touch'd his sides.

"Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run
to sea,

The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger

entertain;

Then, buckling to the work, our oars
divide the main.

The giant harken'd to the dashing
sound:

But, when our vessels out of reach he
found,

He strided onward, and in vain
essay'd

Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther
wade.

With that he roar'd aloud: the
dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the
billows fly
Before the bellowing noise to distant
Italy.
The neighb'ring Aetna trembling all
around,
The winding caverns echo to the
sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling
roar,
And, rushing down the mountains,
crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks,
from far,
And one-eyed glance, that vainly
threaten'd war:
A dreadful council, with their heads
on high;
(The misty clouds about their
foreheads fly;)
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of
Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds
assail;
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up
ev'ry sail,
And take th' advantage of the friendly
gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to
shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla
run.
An equal fate on either side appears:
We, tacking to the left, are free from
fears;
For, from Pelorus' point, the North
arose,
And drove us back where swift

Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass, and make
our way
By Thapsus and Megara's winding
bay.

This passage Achaemenides had
shown,
Tracing the course which he before
had run.

“Right o'er against
Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,
There lies an isle once call'd th'
Ortygian land.
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has
found

From Greece a secret passage under
ground,

By love to beauteous Arethusa led;
And, mingling here, they roll in the
same sacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the
shore.

With prosp'rous gales we pass the
quiet sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful
bounds.

Then, doubling Cape Pachynus, we
survey

The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we
see,

And fenny lake, undrain'd by fate's
decree.

In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty
Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits
crown'd,

Long for the race of warlike steeds
renown'd.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Aeneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus' consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Aeneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter despatches Mercury to Aeneas, to warn him from Carthage. Aeneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd

the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame
unseen;

The hero's valour, acts, and birth
inspire

Her soul with love, and fan the secret
fire.

His words, his looks, imprinted in her
heart,

Improve the passion, and increase the
smart.

Now, when the purple morn had
chas'd away

The dewy shadows, and restor'd the
day,

Her sister first with early care she
sought,

And thus in mournful accents eas'd
her thought:

“My dearest Anna, what new
dreams affright

My lab'ring soul! what visions of the
night

Disturb my quiet, and distract my
breast

With strange ideas of our Trojan

guest!

His worth, his actions, and majestic
air,

A man descended from the gods
declare.

Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate
betray'd!

What brave attempts for falling Troy
he made!

Such were his looks, so gracefully he
spoke,

That, were I not resolv'd against the
yoke

Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
With second love, so fatal was my
first,

To this one error I might yield again;
For, since Sichaeus was untimely
slain,

This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn
heart.

And, to confess my frailty, to my
shame,

Somewhat I find within, if not the
same,

Too like the sparkles of my former
flame.

But first let yawning earth a passage
rend,

And let me thro' the dark abyss
descend;

First let avenging Jove, with flames
from high,

Drive down this body to the nether
sky,

Condemn'd with ghosts in endless
night to lie,

Before I break the plighted faith I

gave!

No! he who had my vows shall ever
have;

For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship
in the grave."

She said: the tears ran gushing
from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister
thus replies:

"O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years
bequeath,

Condemn'd to waste in woes your
lonely life,

Without the joys of mother or of
wife?

Think you these tears, this pompous
train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts
below?

I grant that, while your sorrows yet
were green,

It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to
neglect,

To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty
name;

But will you fight against a pleasing
flame!

This little spot of land, which Heav'n
bestows,

On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike
foes;

Gaetulian cities here are spread
around,

And fierce Numidians there your
frontiers bound;

Here lies a barren waste of thirsty
land,

And there the Syrtes raise the moving

sand;
Barcaean troops besiege the narrow
shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion
threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious
Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful
aid:
How will your empire spread, your
city rise,
From such a union, and with such
allies?
Implore the favour of the pow'rs
above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to
love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their
stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall
cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their
shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend
and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her
fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they
pursue;
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two years old they
pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of
Day;
Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
The nuptial knot and makes the
marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar
stands,

And holds the golden goblet in her hands.

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,

And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;

And, while the priests with pray'r the gods

She feeds their altars with Sabaeen smoke,

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.

What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,

What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!

A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,

Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she

From street to street the raving Dido roves.

So when the watchful shepherd, from the

Wounds with a random shaft the careless

Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,

Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent

With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart

Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.

And now she leads the Trojan chief along

The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;

Displays her Tyrian wealth, and
rising town,
Which love, without his labour,
makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her
wand'ring guest;
Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak
the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew
the night,
Still on his face she feeds her
famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince
relate
His own adventures and the Trojan
fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in
vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth
depends,
And thus the tragic story never ends.
Then, when they part, when
Phoebe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep
invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is
gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs
alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and
hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius
bears,
And seeks the father's image in the
child,
If love by likeness might be so
beguil'd.

Meantime the rising tow'rs are at
a stand;
No labours exercise the youthful

band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they
know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls,
neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd heighth, that
seem'd to threat the sky,

But when imperial Juno, from
above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of
love,
Hot with the venom which her veins
inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be
reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she
begun:
"High praises, endless honours, you
have won,
And mighty trophies, with your
worthy son!
Two gods a silly woman have
undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands
erect:
But shall celestial discord never
cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul
desir'd:
Poor Dido with consuming love is
fir'd.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us
join;
So Dido shall be yours, Aeneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united
line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r

convey.”

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud
descried,

Which would the scepter of the world
misguide

To Libyan shores, thus artfully
replied:

“Who, but a fool, would wars with
Juno choose,

And such alliance and such gifts
refuse,

If Fortune with our joint desires
comply?

The doubt is all from Jove and
destiny;

Lest he forbid, with absolute
command,

To mix the people in one common
land.

Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting leagues and sure succession
join?

But you, the partner of his bed and
throne,

May move his mind; my wishes are
your own.”

“Mine,” said imperial Juno, “be
the care;

Time urges, now, to perfect this
affair:

Attend my counsel, and the secret
share.

When next the Sun his rising light
displays,

And gilds the world below with
purple rays,

The queen, Aeneas, and the Tyrian
court

Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan
game, resort.

There, while the huntsmen pitch their

Who his majestic rider seems to
know,
Proud of his purple trappings, paws
the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and
spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears; on either
hand
The brawny guards in martial order
stand.
A flow'r'd simar with golden fringe
she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore;
Her flowing hair a golden caul
restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe
sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a
sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the
chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Aeneas, the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the
frost
Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian
coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the
sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with
Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their
hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees
below
The merry madness of the sacred
show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of
hair inclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;

His quiver sounds: not less the prince
is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills,
and storm'd the seat
Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last
retreat.

The cry pursues the mountain goats:
they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the
craggy ground;
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling
train,

In herds unsingled, scour the dusty
plain,
And a long chase in open view
maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser
guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and these and
those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd
to feel
The clanking lash, and goading of the
steel.

Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross
his way,
And rather would the tusky boar
attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward
bend.

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds
obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning
flies;

The rattling thunders roll; and Juno
pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding
show'rs.

The company, dispers'd, to converts

ride,
And seek the homely cots, or
mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the
hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping
rills.
The queen and prince, as love or
fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom
hides.
Then first the trembling earth the
signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the
cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from
above,
And howling nymphs, were
conscious of their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour in time
arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding
woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour
could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that
specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the
shame.

The loud report thro' Libyan cities
goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small
beginnings grows:
Swift from the first; and ev'ry
moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new
pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic
size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the

skies.
Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful
Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian
birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her
winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and
vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty
flight,
So many piercing eyes inlarge her
sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame
belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a
tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the
flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with
cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful
eyes;
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head
she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds
disastrous news;
With court informers haunts, and
royal spies;
Things done relates, not done she
feigns, and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief
delight
To tell of prodigies and cause
affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's
name,
Who, lost to honour and the sense of
shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial
bed

A wand'ring guest, who from his
country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in
delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter
nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her
lust.

The goddess widely spreads the
loud report,
And flies at length to King Hyarba's
court.

When first possess'd with this
unwelcome news
Whom did he not of men and gods
accuse?

This prince, from ravish'd
Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils
adorn,

In Ammon's honour, his celestial
sire;

A hundred altars fed with wakeful
fire;

And, thro' his vast dominions, priests
ordain'd,

Whose watchful care these holy rites
maintain'd.

The gates and columns were with
garlands crown'd,

And blood of victim beasts enrich'd
the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive
could move

The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd
his love,

His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes
with fire,

Mad with despair, impatient with
desire;

Then on the sacred altars pouring
wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire
divine:
"Great Jove! propitious to the
Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with
off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r
divine
With blood of victims, and with
sparkling wine,
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in
vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy
thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky
lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work
of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds, within
our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants
allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to
plow;
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly
led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now this other Paris, with his
train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric
reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks
and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their
Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely
dame;

And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.”

His vows, in haughty terms, he
thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns. The
mighty Thund'rer heard;
Then cast his eyes on Carthage,
where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure
drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of
shame,
And both forgetful of their better
fame.

He calls Cyllenius, and the god
attends,

By whom his menacing command he
sends:

“Go, mount the western winds, and
cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to
Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who
wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, giv’n by
fate.

To him this message from my mouth
relate:

‘Not so fair Venus hop’d, when twice
she won
Thy life with pray’rs, nor promis’d
such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin’d to
command

A martial race, and rule the Latian
land.

Who should his ancient line from
Teucer draw,
And on the conquer'd world impose
the law.'

If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading
pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of
fame,
And grudge the Romans their
immortal name!
What are his vain designs! what
hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile
shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian
coast!
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court
forsake;
With this command the slumb'ring
warrior wake."

Hermes obeys; with golden
pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the
western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he
flies,
With rapid force they bear him down
the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful
hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his
magic wand;
With this he draws the ghosts from
hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the
Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful
sight,
And eyes, tho' clos'd in death,
restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy
race,
And drives the racking clouds along

the liquid space;
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the
starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests
crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy
vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from
beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their
race begin;
A beard of ice on his large breast
depends.
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god
descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the
tow'ring height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated
flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along
the flood.
As waterfowl, who seek their fishy
food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect
show;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive
below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings
he plies,
And near the surface of the water
flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and
cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on
Libyan lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in
homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds
advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan

prince
New ramparts raising for the town's
defence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd
o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist
he wore;
A sword, with glitt'ring gems
diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by
his side.

Then thus, with winged words, the
god began,
Resuming his own shape:
"Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st
thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian
tow'rs to rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful
Jove,
Who sways the world below and
heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe
command:
What means thy ling'ring in the
Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting
pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young
Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and
the state
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by
fate."
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took
his flight,
Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out
of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with
sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright
stood his hair.
Revolving in his mind the stern
command,
He longs to fly, and loathes the
charming land.
What should he say? or how should
he begin?
What course, alas! remains to steer
between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful
queen?
This way and that he turns his anxious
mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can
find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the
means,
After long thought, to this advice he
leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands
them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with
silent care;
Some plausible pretence he bids them
find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours
would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the
news;
And move her tender mind, by slow
degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r
decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what
to say.
They hear with pleasure, and with
haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the
thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous
woman's eyes!)

She was the first to find the secret
fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd
abroad.

Love the first motions of the lover
hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety
fears.

Nor impious Fame was wanting to
report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick
resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian
court.

Frantic with fear, impatient of the
wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the
city round.

Less wild the Bacchanalian dames
appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god
they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake
the wreathy spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious
man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus
began:

"Base and ungrateful! could you hope
to fly,
And undiscover'd scape a lover's
eye?

Nor could my kindness your
compassion move.

Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands
of love?

Or is the death of a despairing queen

Not worth preventing, tho' too well
foreseen?

Ev'n when the wintry winds
command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the
sea.

False as you are, suppose you were
not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts
to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's
happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the
raging main?
See whom you fly! am I the foe you
shun?

Now, by those holy vows, so late
begun,

By this right hand, (since I have
nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave
before;)

I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial
bed;

If ever Dido, when you most were
kind,

Were pleasing in your eyes, or
touch'd your mind;
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may
yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's
hate,

Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian
state;

For you alone I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to
shame.

Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful
guest?

(That only name remains of all the rest!)

What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
A queen that proudly scorn'd his
proffer'd bed?

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty
flight,

And left behind some pledge of our
delight,

Some babe to bless the mother's
mournful sight,

Some young Aeneas, to supply your
place,

Whose features might express his
father's face;

I should not then complain to live
bereft

Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd
he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd
love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at
length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough
repeat

Your boundless favours, or I own my
debt;

Nor can my mind forget Eliza's
name,

While vital breath inspires this mortal
frame.

This only let me speak in my defence:
I never hop'd a secret flight from
hence,

Much less pretended to the lawful
claim

Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's
name.

For, if indulgent Heav'n would leave
me free,
And not submit my life to fate's
decree,
My choice would lead me to the
Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust
adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle
commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian
lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I
steer,
And all my vows are terminated
there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town
adorn,
Why may not we, like you, a foreign
race,
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign
place?
As often as the night obscures the
skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars
arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams
appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul
with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may
complain
Of his defrauded and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods
appear'd:
Waking I saw him, and his message
heard.
From Jove he came commission'd,
heav'nly bright

With radiant beams, and manifest to
sight
(The sender and the sent I both attest)
These walls he enter'd, and those
words express'd.
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods
command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy
land."

Thus while he spoke, already she
began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the
guilty man;
From head to foot survey'd his person
o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats
forebore:
"False as thou art, and, more than
false, forsworn!
Not sprung from noble blood, nor
goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a
rock!
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee
suck!
Why should I fawn? what have I
worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning
ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one
kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful
mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard
to find.
Of man's injustice why should I
complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in
vain
Triumphant treason; yet no thunder
flies,

Nor Juno views my wrongs with
equal eyes;
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the
skies!
Justice is fled, and Truth is now no
more!
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my
shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans
fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and
bed:
Fool that I was—— 'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd
fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he
pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessory to his
deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian
god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from
Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful
state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd
with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro'
the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious
vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false
as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchers
afford
To thy proud vessels, and their
perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's
name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry

flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her
mortal frame;
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly
weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the
deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb
thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment
shall know,
And Fame shall spread the pleasing
news below."

Abruptly here she stops; then
turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight
of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his
mind
What speech to frame, and what
excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting
mistress led,
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Aeneas, tho' he much
desir'd
To give that pity which her grief
requir'd;
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd
with his love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of
Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early
care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea
prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
And well-calk'd galleys in the
harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as
they stood,

Of its green arms despoil'd the
growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is
cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands, that blacken all
the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending
down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden
from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied
ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells
convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow
prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow
tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burthen on
their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the
pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the
lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal
toil sustain.

What pangs the tender breast of
Dido tore,
When, from the tow'r, she saw the
cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from
afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry
war!
All-pow'rful Love! what changes
canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy
laws!
Once more her haughty soul the
tyrant bends:

To pray'rs and mean submissions she
descends.

No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she
died.

“Look, Anna! look! the Trojans
crowd to sea;
They spread their canvas, and their
anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with
garlands bind,
Invoke the sea gods, and invite the
wind.

Could I have thought this threat'ning
blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd
to bear.

But do not you my last request deny;
With yon perfidious man your int'rest
try,

And bring me news, if I must live or
die.

You are his fav'rite; you alone can
find

The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his
heart.

Haste then, and humbly seek my
haughty foe;

Tell him, I did not with the Grecians
go,

Nor did my fleet against his friends
employ,

Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his
father's dust:

Why should he then reject a suit so
just!

Whom does he shun, and whither
would he fly!

Can he this last, this only pray'r deny!
Let him at least his dang'rous flight
delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer
sea.
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no
more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian
shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now;
A pause of grief, an interval from
woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to
sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to
pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his
breast."

This mournful message pious Anna
bears,
And seconds with her own her sister's
tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in
vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd
again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor
threat'nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears
to love.

As, when the winds their airy
quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak
they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his
branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they
spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:

Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury
mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the
rocks;
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on
high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations
lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints
he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on
his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his
inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart
remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by
cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to
hate,
And loathes to live. Then dire
portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul
decrees:
Strange to relate! for when, before the
shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple
wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid
blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts
to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone
reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she
conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the
grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd
love;

That honour'd chapel she had hung
around
With snowy fleeces, and with
garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely
dome,
Strange voices issued from her
husband's tomb;
She thought she heard him summon
her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her
stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding
note
The solitary screech owl strains her
throat,
And, on a chimney's top, or turret's
height,
With songs obscene disturbs the
silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her
fears;
And stern Aeneas in her dreams
appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems,
alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways
unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert
plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in
vain:
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with
his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes,
appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's
ghost
Full in his face infernal torches
toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns

the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with
mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door and
intercept his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of
grief,
From death alone she seeks her last
relief;
The time and means resolv'd within
her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus
address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front
she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes
appears):
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from
above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have
found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts
renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted
care;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful
dragon's fare.
She poppy seeds in honey taught to
steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him
into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit; her
charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the
mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the
channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears

the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her
call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain
ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better
part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent
care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan
vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my
faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be
plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms
embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to
fire;
For so the priestess and her charms
require."

Thus far she said, and farther
speech forbears;
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not
find
The secret fun'ral in these rites
design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd
her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so
well,
She fear'd no worse than when
Sichaeus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they
rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in
air.
The cloven holms and pines are

heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces
lie.

Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose
the wreath,
And ev'ry baleful green denoting
death.

The queen, determin'd to the fatal
deed,

The spoils and sword he left, in order
spread,

And the man's image on the nuptial
bed.

And now (the sacred altars plac'd
around)

The priestess enters, with her hair
unbound,

And thrice invokes the pow'rs below
the ground.

Night, Erebus, and Chaos she
proclaims,

And threefold Hecate, with her
hundred names,

And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles
round

With feign'd Avernian drops the
hallow'd ground;

Culls hoary simples, found by
Phoebe's light,

With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of
night;

Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a newborn

foal,

Robbing the mother's love. The
destin'd queen

Observes, assisting at the rites
obscene;

A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar
stands:

One tender foot was shod, her other
bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose
her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with
her dying breath,
The heav'ns and planets conscious of
her death,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd
love.

“’Twas dead of night, when weary
bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft
repose:
The winds no longer whisper thro’ the
woods,
Nor murm’ring tides disturb the
gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov’d
around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was
brooding on the ground
The flocks and herds, and party-
colour’d fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the
weedy pool,
Stretch’d on the quiet earth, securely
lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature’s common gift
partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen
can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her
mind.
Despair, and rage, and love divide her
heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love
the greater part.

Then thus she said within her
secret mind:
“What shall I do? what succour can I
find?
Become a suppliant to Hyarba’s
pride,
And take my turn, to court and be
denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug’d, and his train
reliev’d;
'Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv’d?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have
place!
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish
crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails
pursue?
What force have I but those whom
scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native
shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit
their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast
invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast
made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc’d my
mind,
Or seconded too well what I design’d.
These dear-bought pleasures had I
never known,
Had I continued free, and still my
own;
Avoiding love, I had not found
despair,
But shar’d with salvage beasts the

common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have
led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd
the dead.”
These thoughts she brooded in her
anxious breast.
On board, the Trojan found more easy
rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the
night;
And order'd all things for his early
flight.

To whom once more the winged
god appears;
His former youthful mien and shape
he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his
ears:
“Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and
canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile
town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the
western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy
sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious
hate,
And thou shalt find the dire effects
too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to
die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast
pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be
cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the
shore.
Prevent her rage, while night
obscures the skies,

And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay
may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful
thing."

Thus Hermes in the dream; then took
his flight
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with
night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial
messenger,

The pious prince arose with hasty
fear;

Then rous'd his drowsy train without
delay:

"Haste to your banks; your crooked
anchors weigh,

And spread your flying sails, and
stand to sea.

A god commands: he stood before my
sight,

And urg'd us once again to speedy
flight.

O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er
thou art,

To thy blest orders I resign my heart.

Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan
bands,

And prosper the design thy will
commands."

He said: and, drawing forth his
flaming sword,

His thund'ring arm divides the many-
twisted cord.

An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into

the main.

With headlong haste they leave the
desert shores,

And brush the liquid seas with
lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron
bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns
o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with
wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy
skies.
She look'd to seaward; but the sea
was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships
descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with
despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and
tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go,"
she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love
betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry
street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd
fleet?
Haste, haul my galleys out! pursue
the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and
swiftly row!
What have I said? where am I? Fury
turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom
burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my
throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more
timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the
vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the
flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the

Phrygian shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal;
strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in
woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and,
from the fire,
Have set the reeking boy before the
sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battles
wait:
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure
of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's
command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan
band;
At once extinguish'd all the faithless
name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my
shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the
fun'ral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the
world below;
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial
vow;
Thou Hecate hearken from thy dark
abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All pow'rs invoc'd with Dido's dying
breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her
death!
If so the Fates ordain, Jove
commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the
Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty
foes,

His peaceful entrance with dire arms
oppose:

Oppress'd with numbers in th'
unequal field,

His men discourag'd, and himself
expell'd,

Let him for succour sue from place to
place,

Torn from his subjects, and his son's
embrace.

First, let him see his friends in battle
slain,

And their untimely fate lament in
vain;

And when, at length, the cruel war
shall cease,

On hard conditions may he buy his
peace:

Nor let him then enjoy supreme
command;

But fall, untimely, by some hostile
hand,

And lie unburied on the barren sand!

These are my pray'rs, and this my
dying will;

And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse
fulfil.

Perpetual hate and mortal wars
proclaim,

Against the prince, the people, and
the name.

These grateful off'rings on my grave
bestow;

Nor league, nor love, the hostile
nations know!

Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future
age,

When rage excites your arms, and
strength supplies the rage

Rise some avenger of our Libyan
blood,

With fire and sword pursue the
perjur'd brood;
Our arms, our seas, our shores,
oppos'd to theirs;
And the same hate descend on all our
heirs!"

This said, within her anxious mind
she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious
days.

Then to Sichaeus' nurse she briefly
said

(For, when she left her country, hers
was dead):

"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her
care

The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning
off'rings bring,

Sprinkling her body from the crystal
spring

With living drops; then let her come,
and thou

With sacred fillets bind thy hoary
brow.

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian
Jove,

And end the cares of my disastrous
love;

Then cast the Trojan image on the
fire,

And, as that burns, my passions shall
expire."

The nurse moves onward, with
officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can
bear.

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts
involv'd,

Shook at the mighty mischief she
resolv'd.

With livid spots distinguish'd was her
face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and
discompos'd her pace;
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew
her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching
death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she
pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with
furious haste;
Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left
behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise
design'd).
But when she view'd the garments
loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the
conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes
embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body
cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke
her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while
Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish
eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts
below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord
appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded
more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd
my shore!"
Then kiss'd the couch; and, "Must I

die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'Tis doubly to be
dead!

Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I
receive:

On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false
Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight
pursue!"

She said, and struck; deep enter'd
in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking
purple dyed:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel
weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming
on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly
stroke,

And with loud cries the sounding
palace shook.
Distracted, from the fatal sight they
fled,

And thro' the town the dismal rumour
spread.

First from the frightened court the yell
began;

Redoubled, thence from house to
house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks,
laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted
skies.

Not less the clamour, than if ancient
Tyre,

Or the new Carthage, set by foes on
fire,

The rolling ruin, with their lov'd
abodes,

Involv'd the blazing temples of their
gods.

Her sister hears; and, furious with
despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her
yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and
breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of woe for this
prepar'd;
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these
altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd,"
said she,
"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in
death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy
friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend,
had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one
common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs
invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself
and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water; bathe the wound; while
I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch
the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with
eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen
embrac'd;
Her temples chaf'd; and her own
garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and

cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her
drooping head,
And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on
the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and
sought the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the
sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless
night.

Then Juno, grieving that she
should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of
pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the
strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her
life.
For since she died, not doom'd by
Heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human
casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in
despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost
hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only
know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades
below.
Downward the various goddess took
her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from
the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's
head,
And said: "I thus devote thee to the
dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I
bear."

Thus while she spoke, she cut the
fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and
life dissolv'd in air.

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan woman to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them: which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Aeneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Meantime the Trojan cuts his
wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling
sea;
Then, casting back his eyes, with dire
amaze,
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting
blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his
presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd;
He knew the stormy souls of
womankind,
What secret springs their eager
passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd

love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans
draw;
Till neither fires nor shining shores
they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect
only bound;
An empty space above, a floating
field around.
But soon the heav'ns with shadows
were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er
their head:
Livid it look'd, the threat'ning of a
storm:
Then night and horror ocean's face
deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud:
"What gusts of weather from that
gath'ring cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the
tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and
stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff
to wind."
The frightened crew perform the task
assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief: "Not
Heav'n," said he,
"Tho' Jove himself should promise
Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging
sea.
Mark how the shifting winds from
west arise,
And what collected night involves the
skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force
their way.

'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate
we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observ'd
aright
The southing of the stars, and polar
light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach with
struggling oars.”
Aeneas then replied: “Too sure I find
We strive in vain against the seas and
wind:
Now shift your sails; what place can
please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian
shore,
Whose hallow'd earth Anchises'
bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage
reigns?”
The course resolv'd, before the
western wind
They scud amain, and make the port
assign'd.
Meantime Acestes, from a lofty
stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the
land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient
race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager
pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he
wore,
And either hand a pointed jav'lin
bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan
blood;
His sire Criniseus, a Sicilian flood.
He welcomes his returning friends

ashore

With plenteous country cates and
homely store.

Now, when the following morn
had chas'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the
day,

Aeneas call'd the Trojan troops
around,

And thus bespoke them from a rising
ground:

“Offspring of heav'n, divine
Dardanian race!

The sun, revolving thro' th' ethereal
space,

The shining circle of the year has
fill'd,

Since first this isle my father's ashes
held:

And now the rising day renews the
year;

A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
This would I celebrate with annual
games,

With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy
flames,

Tho' banish'd to Gaetulia's barren
sands,

Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile
lands:

But since this happy storm our fleet
has driv'n
(Not, as I deem, without the will of
Heav'n)

Upon these friendly shores and
flow'ry plains,

Which hide Anchises and his blest
remains,

Let us with joy perform his honours
due,

And pray for prosp'rous winds, our

voyage to renew;
Pray, that in towns and temples of our
own,
The name of great Anchises may be
known,
And yearly games may spread the
gods' renown.
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan
race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to
grace:
Two steers on ev'ry ship the king
bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your
equal vows.
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy
morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies
adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean
to grace:
Light galleys on the seas shall run a
wat'ry race;
Some shall in swiftness for the goal
contend,
And others try the twanging bow to
bend;
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd,
shall stand
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow
sand.
Let all be present at the games
prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the just
reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands
crown'd."

He said, and first his brows with
myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his

head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a
sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan
race.

Aeneas then advanc'd amidst the
train,
By thousands follow'd thro' the
flow'ry plain,
To great Anchises' tomb; which
when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the
hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk
two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple
gore,
With roses then the sepulcher he
strow'd
And thus his father's ghost bespoke
aloud:
"Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not, that you, with
me,
Should reach the promis'd shores of
Italy,
Or Tiber's flood, what flood soe'er it
be."
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with
speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to
glide;
His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes
roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but
streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to
pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the
grass.

More various colours thro' his body
run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the
sun.
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the
ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls
he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd
the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the
wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he
view'd,
The fun'ral honours with more zeal
renew'd,
Doubtful if this place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulcher.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he
slew;
As many swine, and steers of sable
hue;
New gen'rous wine he from the
goblets pour'd.
And call'd his father's ghost, from
hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order
come,
Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises'
tomb:
Some add more oxen: some divide the
spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy
soil;
Some blow the fires, and offered
entrails broil.
Now came the day desir'd. The
skies were bright
With rosy luster of the rising light:

The bord'ring people, rous'd by
sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes'
name,
The crowded shore with acclamations
fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their
skill.
And first the gifts in public view they
place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm, the
victors' grace:
Within the circle, arms and tripods
lie,
Ingots of gold and silver, heap'd on
high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian
dye.
The trumpet's clangour then the feast
proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed
games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers
bear,
Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the
wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the
Memnian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimaera's bulk
commands,
Which rising, like a tow'ring city
stands;
Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring
oar;
Three banks in three degrees the
sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the
billows roar.
Sergesthus, who began the Sergian
race,

sign;
At once they start, advancing in a
line:
With shouts the sailors rend the starry
skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky
billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the
vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they
row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen
prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the
depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a
pace;
Not the fierce driver with more fury
lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke
descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body
bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and
fears divide,
And aid with eager shouts the
favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a
mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to
hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the
shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung
before:
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued
him fast,
But his o'er-masted galley check'd
his haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush

the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line;
And now the mighty Centaur seems
to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets
ahead;
Now board to board the rival vessels
row,
The billows lave the skies, and ocean
groans below.
They reach'd the mark; proud Gyas
and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the
main;
But, steering round, he charg'd his
pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along
the sand.
"Let others bear to sea!" Menoetes
heard;
But secret shelves too cautiously he
fear'd,
And, fearing, sought the deep; and
still aloof he steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd
again:
"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the
main."
He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern
he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the
shelvings draw.
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla
stood,
And in a closer compass plow'd the
flood.
He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling,
got before:
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly
swore,
Cried out for anger, and his hair he

tore.

Mindless of others' lives (so high was
grown

His rising rage) and careless of his
own,

The trembling dotard to the deck he
drew;

Then hoisted up, and overboard he
threw:

This done, he seiz'd the helm; his
fellows cheer'd,

Turn'd short upon the shelves, and
madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot
rears,

Clogg'd with his clothes, and
cumber'd with his years:

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff
with pain.

The crowd, that saw him fall and float
again,

Shout from the distant shore; and
loudly laugh'd,

To see his heaving breast disgorge the
briny draught.

The following Centaur, and the
Dolphin's crew,

Their vanish'd hopes of victory
renew;

While Gyas lags, they kindle in the
race,

To reach the mark. Sergesthus takes
the place;

Mnestheus pursues; and while around
they wind,

Comes up, not half his galley's length
behind;

Then, on the deck, amidst his mates
appear'd,

And thus their drooping courages he
cheer'd:

“My friends, and Hector’s followers
heretofore,

Exert your vigour; tug the lab’ring
oar;

Stretch to your strokes, my still
unconquer’d crew,

Whom from the flaming walls of
Troy I drew.

In this, our common int’rest, let me
find

That strength of hand, that courage of
the mind,

As when you stemm’d the strong
Malean flood,

And o’er the Syrtes’ broken billows
row’d.

I seek not now the foremost palm to
gain;

Tho’ yet——But, ah! that haughty
wish is vain!

Let those enjoy it whom the gods
ordain.

But to be last, the lags of all the race!
Redeem yourselves and me from that
disgrace.”

Now, one and all, they tug amain;
they row

At the full stretch, and shake the
brazen prow.

The sea beneath ’em sinks; their
lab’ring sides

Are swell’d, and sweat runs gutt’ring
down in tides.

Chance aids their daring with
unhop’d success;

Sergesthus, eager with his beak to
press

Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up th’ unwieldly Centaur in the
lock.

The vessel struck; and, with the

dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head
she broke.
The trembling rowers from their
banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves,
renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the
shores,
And gather from the sea their floating
oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated
minds,
Urge their success, and call the
willing winds;
Then ply their oars, and cut their
liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea.
As, when the dove her rocky hold
forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding
wings she shakes;
The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out
she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and
cleaves the skies:
At first she flutters; but at length she
springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon
her wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the
sea;
And, flying with a force, that force
assists his way.
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he
pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and
sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries
implores,
And practices to row with shatter'd

oars.

Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and
outflies:

The ship, without a pilot, yields the
prize.

Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone
remains;

Her he pursues, and all his vigour
strains.

Shouts from the fav'ring multitude
arise;

Applauding Echo to the shouts
replies;

Shouts, wishes, and applause run
rattling thro' the skies.

These clamours with disdain the
Scylla heard,

Much grudg'd the praise, but more
the robb'd reward:

Resolv'd to hold their own, they
mend their pace,

All obstinate to die, or gain the race.

Rais'd with success, the Dolphin
swiftly ran;

For they can conquer, who believe
they can.

Both urge their oars, and fortune both
supplies,

And both perhaps had shar'd an equal
prize;

When to the seas Cloanthus holds his
hands,

And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs
demands:

"Gods of the liquid realms, on which
I row!

If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my
brow,

Assist to make me guilty of my vow!

A snow-white bull shall on your shore
be slain;

His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets
thrown,

Your grateful gift and my return shall
own."

The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus,
from below,

With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of
hand,

Push'd on, and sped the galley to the
land.

Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she
flies,

And, darting to the port, obtains the
prize.

The herald summons all, and then
proclaims

Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval
games.

The prince with laurel crowns the
victor's head,

And three fat steers are to his vessel
led,

The ship's reward; with gen'rous
wine beside,

And sums of silver, which the crew
divide.

The leaders are distinguish'd from the
rest;

The victor honour'd with a nobler
vest,

Where gold and purple strive in equal
rows,

And needlework its happy cost
bestows.

There Ganymede is wrought with
living art,

Chasing thro' Ida's groves the
trembling hart:

Breathless he seems, yet eager to

And two brass caldrons from Dodona
brought.

Thus all, rewarded by the hero's
hands,
Their conqu'ring temples bound with
purple bands;
And now Sergestus, clearing from
the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd
with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding
oar,
And, houted by the vulgar, made to
shore.
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the
road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the
load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal
wound
Her belly bruise'd, and trodden to the
ground:
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she
crawls along;
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her
tongue;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with
her scales;
But, groveling in the dust, her parts
unsound she trails:
So slowly to the port the Centaur
tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails
amends.
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful
prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to
recompense.
Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his
care,

Beauteous herself, with lovely twins
as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan
hero bent
Into the neighb'ring plain, with
mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with
surrounding wood.
Full in the midst of this fair valley
stood

A native theatre, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the
ground below.
High on a sylvan throne the leader
sate;

A num'rous train attend in solemn
state.

Here those that in the rapid course
delight,

Desire of honour and the prize invite.
The rival runners without order stand;
The Trojans mix'd with the Sicilian
band.

First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears;
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty
crown'd;

Nisus, for friendship to the youth
renown'd.

Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius joined with Patron, took
their place;
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Arcanian
earth;

Then two Sicilian youths, the names
of these,
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes:
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest
bred,

And owning old Acestes for their

head;
With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to
fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts
explain'd,
In words which gen'ral approbation
gain'd:

“One common largess is for all
design'd,

The vanquish'd and the victor shall be
join'd,

Two darts of polish'd steel and
Gnosian wood,

A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive

wreaths decreed:

The first of these obtains a stately
steed,

Adorn'd with trappings; and the next
in fame,

The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well
supplied:

A golden belt shall gird his manly
side,

Which with a sparkling diamond shall
be tied.

The third this Grecian helmet shall
content.”

He said. To their appointed base they
went;

With beating hearts th' expected sign
receive,

And, starting all at once, the barrier
leave.

Spread out, as on the winged winds,
they flew,

And seiz'd the distant goal with
greedy view.

Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all

o'erpass'd;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half
his haste.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far
disjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores
plied,
Step after step, and almost side by
side,
His shoulders pressing; and, in longer
space,
Had won, or left at least a dubious
race.

Now, spent, the goal they almost
reach at last,
When eager Nisus, hapless in his
haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon
the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly
slain.
The careless victor had not mark'd his
way;
But, treading where the treach'rous
puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the grassy
floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy
gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate rival's hope
to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he
rose.
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out, the prize to
gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding
peals attend

The victor to the goal, who
vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in
fame.

But Salius enters, and, exclaiming
loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the
crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be
heard;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully
conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender
tears,
Had brib'd the judges for the
promis'd prize.
Besides, Diores fills the court with
cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be
conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes
arise:
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the
prize.
But fortune's errors give me leave to
mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said, and, from among the spoils,
he draws
(Pond'rous with shaggy mane and
golden paws)
A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives.
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and
grieves.
"If such rewards to vanquish'd men
are due."
He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your

bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and
fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried;
Would fortune for my fall so well
provide!”
With this he pointed to his face, and
show’d
His hand and all his habit smear’d
with blood.
Th’ indulgent father of the people
smil’d,
And caus’d to be produc’d an ample
shield,
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon
wrought,
Long since from Neptune’s bars in
triumph brought.
This giv’n to Nisus, he divides the
rest,
And equal justice in his gifts
express’d.

The race thus ended, and rewards
bestow’d,
Once more the prince bespeaks th’
attentive crowd:
“If there be here, whose dauntless
courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body
bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the
games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus
divide:
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets
tied,
Shall be the portion of the conqu’ring
chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the
loser’s grief.”

Then haughty Dares in the lists
appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected
bears:
His nervous arms the weighty
gauntlet wield,
And loud applauses echo thro' the
field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris, hand to
hand;
The same, at Hector's fun'rals,
undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless
hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the
yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode
along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing
throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he
shows,
His lifted arms around his head he
throws,
And deals in whistling air his empty
blows.
His match is sought; but, thro' the
trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud
demand.
Presuming of his force, with
sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd
prize.
He claims the bull with awless
insolence,
And having seiz'd his horns, accosts
the prince:
"If none my matchless valour dares

oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard
foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without
delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.”
The crowd assents, and with
redoubled cries
For the proud challenger demands the
prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to
see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate
beside,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the
Trojan's pride:
“Once, but in vain, a champion of
renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd
crown,
A prize in triumph borne before your
sight,
And shun, for fear, the danger of the
fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted
name,
The god who taught your thund'ring
arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour?
Where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that
fill'd our isle?”
Entellus, thus: “My soul is still the
same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with
martial fame;
But my chill blood is curdled in my
veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man
remains.

O could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime of which this boaster is so
vain,
The brave, who this decrepid age
defies,
Should feel my force, without the
promis'd prize."

He said; and, rising at the word, he
threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down in
open view;
Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to
wield,
And sheathe his hands with in the
listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the
crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with sev'n
distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the space within
is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy
lead:
Dares himself was daunted at the
sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd
to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero
stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in
his hands.
"What had your wonder," said
Entellus, "been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides
seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this
unhappy green!
These which I bear your brother Eryx
bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and
mingled gore.

With these he long sustain'd th'
Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood
was warm,
This languish'd frame while better
spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time
o'ersnow'd my head.
But if the challenger these arms
refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or
dare not use;
If great Aeneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I
resign;
Let us with equal arms perform the
fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I
resign my right."

This said, Entellus for the strife
prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body
bares;
Compos'd of mighty bones and
brawn he stands,
A goodly tow'ring object on the
sands.
Then just Aeneas equal arms
supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their
wrists they tied.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly
bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they
bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke
the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs
relies;
One on his sinews and his giant size.

The last is stiff with age, his motion
slow;
He heaves for breath, he staggers to
and fro,
And clouds of issuing smoke his
nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in success, they ward, they
strike;
Their ways are different, but their art
alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt;
around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps
resound.
A storm of strokes, well meant, with
fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears,
and eyes.
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet
draws
A sweeping stroke along the
crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his
ground,
But with his warping body wards the
wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even
pace;
While Dares traverses and shifts his
place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers
round
Some strong-built castle on a rising
ground,
Views all th' approaches with
observing eyes:
This and that other part in vain he
tries,
And more on industry than force
relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threatens

the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from
below,
And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the
long descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the
wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke
design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell; his ample
breast
And weighty limbs his ancient
mother press'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had
stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus'
wood,
Torn from the roots. The diff'ring
nations rise,
And shouts and mingled murmurs
rend the skies,
Acestus runs with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n companion of his youthful
days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight
return'd;
With shame his glowing cheeks, his
eyes with fury burn'd.
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his
breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he
press'd.
He lays on load with either hand,
amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er
the plain;
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor
breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about
his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of

blows.

But now the prince, who saw the wild
increase

Of wounds, commands the
combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids
the peace.

First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he
came,

And sooth'd his sorrow for the
suffer'd shame.

"What fury seiz'd my friend? The
gods," said he,

"To him propitious, and averse to
thee,

Have giv'n his arm superior force to
thine.

'Tis madness to contend with strength
divine."

The gauntlet fight thus ended, from
the shore

His faithful friends unhappy Dares
bore:

His mouth and nostrils pour'd a
purple flood,

And pounded teeth came rushing with
his blood.

Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing
throng,

And hung his head, and trail'd his
legs along.

The sword and casque are carried by
his train;

But with his foe the palm and ox
remain.

The champion, then, before
Aeneas came,

Proud of his prize, but prouder of his
fame:

"O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian
host,

Mark with attention, and forgive my
boast;
Learn what I was, by what remains;
and know
From what impending fate you sav'd
my foe."
Sternly he spoke, and then confronts
the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming
full,
The deadly stroke, descending,
pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a
second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and
spurns the ground.
Then, thus: "In Dares' stead I offer
this.
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice;
Take the last gift my wither'd arms
can yield:
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here
renounce the field."

This done, Aeneas orders, for the
close,
The strife of archers with contending
bows.
The mast Sergesthus' shatter'd galley
bore
With his own hands he raises on the
shore.
A flutt'ring dove upon the top they
tie,
The living mark at which their arrows
fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from
chance.
A helmet holds their names; the lots
are drawn:
On the first scroll was read

Hippocoon.

The people shout. Upon the next was
found

Young Mnestheus, late with naval
honours crown'd.

The third contain'd Eurytion's noble
name,

Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in
fame,

Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to
confound,

And send among the Greeks a
feather'd wound.

Acestes in the bottom last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful

sports restrain'd.

Soon all with vigour bend their trusty
bows,

And from the quiver each his arrow
chose.

Hippocoon's was the first: with
forceful sway

It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid
way.

Fix'd in the mast the feather'd
weapon stands:

The fearful pigeon flutters in her
bands,

And the tree trembled, and the
shouting cries

Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted
skies.

Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow
drove,

With lifted eyes, and took his aim
above,

But made a glancing shot, and missed
the dove;

Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the
cord

Which fasten'd by the foot the flitting

The captive thus releas'd, away she
flies,

His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invok'd his brother
god,

The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:

And renders back the weapon in the wound.

Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft,
to show

The feather'd arrow gave a dire
portent,

And latter augurs judge from this event.

Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it
flew,

A trail of following flames ascending drew:

Kindling they mount, and mark the
shiny way;

Across the skies as falling meteors
play,

And vanish into wind, or in a blaze
decay.

The Trojans and Sicilians wildly
stare,

And, trembling, turn their wonder
into pray'r.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling

face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close
embrace;
Then, hon'ring him with gifts above
the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears
confess'd.
"The gods," said he, "this miracle
have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the
lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd
gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire
of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly
give."
He said, and, with the trumpets'
cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with
laurel-crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envied him the
prize,
Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the
skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts
was grac'd;
The third was his whose arrow
pierc'd the mast.

The chief, before the games were
wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: "With speed
Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready
join'd,
On horseback let him grace his
grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just
array."

The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian
breed.

The pleas'd spectators peals of
shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children
view;
Their make, their motions, and their
sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their
face.

The second signal sounds, the troop
divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three
distinguish'd guides
Again they close, and once again
disjoin;

They meet; they wheel; they throw
their darts afar
With harmless rage and well-
dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies
run:

Flying they follow, and pursuing
shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying,
they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they
join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways and many a
winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without
redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike
play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a
different way.
Thus dolphins in the deep each other
chase
In circles, when they swim around the
wat'ry race.
This game, these carousels, Ascanius
taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins
brought;
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin
sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful
art;
From these imperial Rome receiv'd
the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan
troop, they name.

Thus far the sacred sports they
celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient
hate;
For, while they pay the dead his
annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno

Thus chang'd, amidst the crying
crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these
words began:
"O wretched we, whom not the
Grecian pow'r,
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's
unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are
wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we
began;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores,
from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile thro' the stormy
sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred
land,
What should our rest and rising walls
withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd
band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in
vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls
renew,
Or streams of some dissembled
Simois view!
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet
consume!
Cassandra bids; and I declare her
doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supplied my
hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with
flaming brands:

‘With these,’ said she, ‘these
wand’ring ships destroy:
These are your fatal seats, and this
your Troy.’
Time calls you now; the precious
hour employ:
Slack not the good presage, while
Heav’n inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the
ready fires.
See! Neptune’s altars minister their
brands:
The god is pleas’d; the god supplies
our hands.”
Then from the pile a flaming fire she
drew,
And, toss’d in air, amidst the galleys
threw.

Wrapp’d in amaze, the matrons
wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc’d for her hoary
hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam’s num’rous
race:
“No Beroe this, tho’ she belies her
face!
What terrors from her frowning front
arise!
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heav’nly face
are seen!
Mark her majestic voice, and more
than mortal mien!
Beroe but now I left, whom, pin’d
with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites
detain,”
She said. The matrons, seiz’d with
new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the
navy gaze.

They fear, and hope, and neither part
obey:

They hope the fated land, but fear the
fatal way.

The goddess, having done her task
below,

Mounts up on equal wings, and bends
her painted bow.

Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with
rage divine,

The matrons prosecute their mad
design:

They shriek aloud; they snatch, with
impious hands,

The food of altars; fires and flaming
brands.

Green boughs and saplings, mingled
in their haste,

And smoking torches, on the ships
they cast.

The flame, unstopp'd at first, more
fury gains,

And Vulcan rides at large with
loosen'd reins:

Triumphant to the painted sterns he
soars,

And seizes, in this way, the banks and
crackling oars.

Eumelus was the first the news to
bear,

While yet they crowd the rural
theatre.

Then, what they hear, is witness'd by
their eyes:

A storm of sparkles and of flames
arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he
led

His early warriors on his prancing
steed,

And, spurring on, his equals soon

o'erpass'd;
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim
his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in
view,
He sent his voice before him as he
flew:
"What madness moves you, matrons,
to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy!
Not hostile fleets, but your own
hopes, you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury
turn.
Behold your own Ascanius!" While
he said,
He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his
head,
In which the youths to sportful arms
he led.
By this, Aeneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with
shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take
their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the
light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their
error find,
And shake the goddess from their
alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury
cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with
seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the
smould'ring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion
slow.
The silent plague thro' the green
timber eats,

And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the
sails,
The fire descends, or mounts, but still
prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of
human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and
throws
To heav'n his hands, and with his
hands his vows.
"O Jove," he cried, "if pray'rs can yet
have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan
race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invoc'd in
vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan
train!
Yet from the flames our burning
vessels free,
Or let thy fury fall alone on me!
At this devoted head thy thunder
throw,
And send the willing sacrifice
below!"

Scarce had he said, when southern
storms arise:
From pole to pole the forky lightning
flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains
and the plain;
Heav'n bellies downward, and
descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the
clouds are sent,
Which, hissing thro' the planks, the
flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships

alone

Burn to the waist, and for the fleet
atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's
heart divide;
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates, or tempt the
main,

In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom
alone

The will of Heav'n by Pallas was
foreshown;

Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and
inspir'd

To tell events, and what the fates
requir'd;

Thus while he stood, to neither part
inclin'd,

With cheerful words reliev'd his
lab'ring mind:

"O goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry
state,

With patience bear, with prudence
push your fate.

By suff'ring well, our Fortune we
subdue;

Fly when she frowns, and, when she
calls, pursue.

Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
To him disclose the secrets of your
mind:

Trust in his hands your old and
useless train;

Too num'rous for the ships which yet
remain:

The feeble, old, indulgent of their
ease,

The dames who dread the dangers of
the seas,

With all the dastard crew, who dare

not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by
land.

Here you may build a common town
for all,
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta
call."

The reasons, with his friend's
experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd
his mind.

'Twas dead of night; when to his
slumb'ring eyes
His father's shade descended from
the skies,
And thus he spoke: "O more than
vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n
after death;
O son, in various toils and troubles
toss'd,

The King of Heav'n employs my
careful ghost
On his commands: the god, who
sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your
just desire.

The wholesome counsel of your
friend receive,
And here the coward train and woman
leave:

The chosen youth, and those who
nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the
war.

The stern Italians will their courage
try;
Rough are their manners, and their
minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you shall
go,

And seek my shade among the blest
below:

For not with impious ghosts my soul
remains,

Nor suffers with the damn'd
perpetual pains,

But breathes the living air of soft
Elysian plains.

The chaste Sibylla shall your steps
convey,

And blood of offer'd victims free the
way.

There shall you know what realms the
gods assign,

And learn the fates and fortunes of
your line.

But now, farewell! I vanish with the
night,

And feel the blast of heav'n's
approaching light."

He said, and mix'd with shades, and
took his airy flight.

"Whither so fast?" the filial duty
cried;

"And why, ah why, the wish'd
embrace denied?"

He said, and rose; as holy zeal
inspires,

He rakes hot embers, and renews the
fires;

His country gods and Vesta then
adores

With cakes and incense, and their aid
implores.

Next, for his friends and royal host he
sent,

Reveal'd his vision, and the gods'
intent,

With his own purpose. All, without
delay,

The will of Jove, and his desires obey.

They list with women each
degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life for future
fame.

These they cashier: the brave
remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half
consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the
plow;

The lots their sev'ral tenements
allow.

This part is nam'd from Ilium, that
from Troy,
And the new king ascends the throne
with joy;
A chosen senate from the people
draws;

Appoints the judges, and ordains the
laws.

Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts
bestow'd,

And groves are planted round his
blest abode.

Nine days they pass in feasts, their
temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes
abound.

Then from the south arose a gentle
breeze

That curl'd the smoothness of the
glassy seas;
The rising winds a ruffling gale
afford,

And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the
shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces

bound.

The trembling women, the degenerate
train,

Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of
the main,

Ev'n those desire to sail, and take
their share

Of the rough passage and the
promis'd war:

Whom good Aeneas cheers, and
recommends

To their new master's care his fearful
friends.

On Eryx's altars three fat calves he
lays;

A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his haulsers, and his
anchors weighs.

High on the deck the godlike hero
stands,

With olive crown'd, a charger in his
hands;

Then cast the reeking entrails in the
brine,

And pour'd the sacrifice of purple
wine.

Fresh gales arise; with equal strokes
they vie,

And brush the buxom seas, and o'er
the billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess,
full of fears,

To Neptune thus address'd, with
tender tears:

"The pride of Jove's imperious
queen, the rage,

The malice which no suff'rings can
assuage,

Compel me to these pray'rs; since
neither fate,

Nor time, nor pity, can remove her

hate:

Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty
wife;

Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews
the strife.

As if 'twere little to consume the
town

Which aw'd the world, and wore th'
imperial crown,

She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with
pains,

And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last
remains.

Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too
well.

You saw the storm she rais'd on
Libyan floods,

That mix'd the mounting billows with
the clouds;

When, bribing Aeolus, she shook the
main,

And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry
reign.

With fury she possess'd the Dardan
dames,

To burn their fleet with execrable
flames,

And forc'd Aeneas, when his ships
were lost,

To leave his foll'wers on a foreign
coast.

For what remains, your godhead I
implore,

And trust my son to your protecting
pow'r.

If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree
withstand,

Secure his passage to the Latian
land."

Then thus the mighty Ruler of the
Main:

“What may not Venus hope from
Neptune’s reign?
My kingdom claims your birth; my
late defence
Of your indanger’d fleet may claim
your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds
declare

How much your lov’d Aeneas is my
care.

Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I
attest.

Your Trojan troops when proud
Achilles press’d,
And drove before him headlong on
the plain,
And dash’d against the walls the
trembling train;

When floods were fill’d with bodies
of the slain;

When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of
his way,

Stood up on ridges to behold the sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and
chok’d his way;

When your Aeneas fought, but fought
with odds

Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor’s
sight,

Sustain’d the vanquish’d, and secur’d
his flight;

Ev’n then secur’d him, when I sought
with joy

The vow’d destruction of ungrateful
Troy.

My will’s the same: fair goddess, fear
no more,

Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian

shore;
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd
head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes
atone."

Thus having arm'd with hopes her
anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune
join'd,

Then adds the foamy bridle to their
jaws,

And to the loosen'd reins permits the
laws.

High on the waves his azure car he
guides;

Its axles thunder, and the sea
subsides,

And the smooth ocean rolls her silent
tides.

The tempests fly before their father's
face,

Trains of inferior gods his triumph
grace,

And monster whales before their
master play,

And choirs of Tritons crowd the
wat'ry way.

The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops
divide

To right and left; the gods his better
side

Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs
and Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet
vicissitude,

Within the hero's mind his joys
renew'd.

He calls to raise the masts, the sheets
display;

The cheerful crew with diligence
obey;

They scud before the wind, and sail in
open sea.

Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy
veers.

The steeds of Night had travel'd half
the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches
lie,

When the soft God of Sleep, with
easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of
light.

Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he
bears;

And, lighting on thy prow, the form
of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his
tale:

"The winds, my friend, inspire a
pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely
sail.

Now steal an hour of sweet repose;
and I
Will take the rudder and thy room
supply."

To whom the yawning pilot, half
asleep:

"Me dost thou bid to trust the
treach'rous deep,
The harlot smiles of her dissembling
face,

And to her faith commit the Trojan
race?

Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the
monster main?"

He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder

keep,
And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel
invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples
threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk
with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r
divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and
lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at
their length,
The god, insulting with superior
strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the
sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore
away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in
the main,
Cried out for helping hands, but cried
in vain.
The victor daemon mounts obscure in
air,
While the ship sails without the
pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet
relies;
But what the man forsook, the god
supplies,
And o'er the dang'rous deep secure
the navy flies;
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy
coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors
lost,
And white with bones. Th' impetuous
ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the
sounding shores.

The watchful hero felt the knocks,
 and found
 The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly
 ground.
 Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes
 himself
 The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns
 the shelf.
 Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from
 the breast,
 Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain
 express'd:
 "For faith repos'd on seas, and on the
 flatt'ring sky,
 Thy naked corpse is doom'd on
 shores unknown to lie."

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Aeneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries, of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept; then spread
 his sails before
 The winds, and reach'd at length the
 Cumaeon shore:
 Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the
 vessels moor.
 They turn their heads to sea, their
 sterns to land,
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian
 strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their

fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled
flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell
the woods,
Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd
floods.
Thus, while their sev'ral charges they
fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred
hill
Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks
the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable
maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes
abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the
god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and
now behold,
And enter now, the temple roof'd
with gold.
When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan
shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions
bore,
(The first who sail'd in air,) 'tis sung
by Fame,
To the Cumaeon coast at length he
came,
And here alighting, built this costly
frame.
Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on
high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the
sky:
Then o'er the lofty gate his art
emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his
ghost;

Sev'n youths from Athens yearly
sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful
Crete.

And next to those the dreadful urn
was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots
were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in
tears,

And rising Crete against their shore
appears.

There too, in living sculpture, might
be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan
queen;

Then how she cheats her bellowing
lover's eye;
The rushing leap, the doubtful
progeny,

The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.

Not far from thence he grav'd the
wondrous maze,

A thousand doors, a thousand
winding ways:

Here dwells the monster, hid from
human view,

Not to be found, but by the faithful
clue;

Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious
grief,

Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
And all those erring paths describ'd

so well
That Theseus conquer'd and the
monster fell.

Here hapless Icarus had found his
part,

Had not the father's grief restrain'd
his art.

He twice assay'd to cast his son in
gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the
forming mould.

All this with wond'ring eyes
Aeneas view'd;
Each varying object his delight
renew'd:

Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining
dame,

The priestess of the god, Deiphobe
her name.

"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed
your eyes

With empty pleasures; haste the
sacrifice.

Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for
Phoebus choose,

And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."

This said, the servants urge the sacred
rites,

While to the temple she the prince
invites.

A spacious cave, within its farmost
part,

Was hew'd and fashion'd by
laborious art

Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before
the place,

A hundred doors a hundred entries
grace;

As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sybil's words as many times
rebound.

Now to the mouth they come. Aloud
she cries:

"This is the time; enquire your
destinies.

He comes; behold the god!" Thus
while she said,

(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry
stay'd,)

Her colour chang'd; her face was not
the same,

And hollow groans from her deep
spirit came.

Her hair stood up; convulsive rage
possess'd

Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her
lab'ring breast.

Greater than humankind she seem'd
to look,

And with an accent more than mortal
spoke.

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury
roll;

When all the god came rushing on her
soul.

Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as
she spoke:

"Why this delay?" she cried; "the
pow'rs invoke!

Thy pray'rs alone can open this
abode;

Else vain are my demands, and dumb
the god."

She said no more. The trembling
Trojans hear,

O'erspread with a damp sweat and
holy fear.

The prince himself, with awful dread
possess'd,

His vows to great Apollo thus
address'd:

"Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to
Troy,

Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
Directed by whose hand the Dardan

dart

Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only
mortal part:

Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy
commands,

Thro' ambient seas and thro'
devouring sands,

Our exil'd crew has sought th'
Ausonian ground;

And now, at length, the flying coast is
found.

Thus far the fate of Troy, from place
to place,

With fury has pursued her wand'ring
race.

Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your
vengeance end:

Troy is no more, and can no more
offend.

And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to
see

Th' event of things in dark futurity;
Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to

my fate,

To conquer and command the Latian
state;

To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a
place

For the long exiles of the Trojan race.

Then shall my grateful hands a temple
rear

To the twin gods, with vows and
solemn pray'r;

And annual rites, and festivals, and
games,

Shall be perform'd to their auspicious
names.

Nor shalt thou want thy honours in
my land;

For there thy faithful oracles shall
stand,

Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred
lay,

Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall

convey:

All shall be treasur'd by a chosen
train

Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.

But O! commit not thy prophetic
mind

To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry
wind,

Lest they disperse in air our empty
fate;

Write not, but, what the pow'rs
ordain, relate."

Struggling in vain, impatient of
her load,

And lab'ring underneath the
pond'rous god,

The more she strove to shake him
from her breast,

With more and far superior force he
press'd;

Commands his entrance, and, without
control,

Usurps her organs and inspires her
soul.

Now, with a furious blast, the
hundred doors

Ope of themselves; a rushing
whirlwind roars

Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice
restores:

"Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry
reign,

Yet more and greater ills by land
remain.

The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt
th' event),

Thy troops shall reach, but, having
reach'd, repent.

Wars, horrid wars, I view; a field of
blood,

And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.

Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting
there:

A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce
Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy
fate.

To what strange nations shalt not thou
resort,

Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
The cause the same which Ilium once
oppress'd;

A foreign mistress, and a foreign
guest.

But thou, secure of soul, unbent with
woes,

The more thy fortune frowns, the
more oppose.

The dawnings of thy safety shall be
shown

From whence thou least shalt hope, a
Grecian town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the
Sibyl spoke,

And the resisting air the thunder
broke;

The cave rebellow'd, and the temple
shook.

Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her
lab'ring breast,

In these mysterious words his mind
express'd;

Some truths reveal'd, in terms
involv'd the rest.

At length her fury fell, her foaming
ceas'd,

And, ebbing in her soul, the god
decreas'd.

Then thus the chief: "No terror to my
view,

No frightful face of danger can be

new.

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be
without my care.
This let me crave, since near your
grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode
Which Acheron surrounds, th'
innavigable flood;
Conduct me thro' the regions void of
light,
And lead me longing to my father's
sight.

For him, a thousand dangers I have
sought,
And, rushing where the thickest
Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burthen
brought.

He, for my sake, the raging ocean
tried,
And wrath of Heav'n, my still
auspicious guide,
And bore beyond the strength
decrepid age supplied.
Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead
of night
His reverend image stood before my
sight;

Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy
shade;

Conducted there by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are
won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.
Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in
vain

Has made you priestess of her nightly
reign.

If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting
lyre,

The ruthless king with pity could
inspire,
And from the shades below redeem
his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily
go
By turns aloft, by turns descend
below:
Why name I Theseus, or his greater
friend,
Who trod the downward path, and
upward could ascend?
Not less than theirs from Jove my
lineage came;
My mother greater, my descent the
same.”
So pray’d the Trojan prince, and,
while he pray’d,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus replied the prophetess
divine:
“O goddess-born of great Anchises’
line,
The gates of hell are open night and
day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the
way:
But to return, and view the cheerful
skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this
grace,
And those of shining worth and
heav’nly race.
Betwixt those regions and our upper
light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th’ infernal
bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves,

surrounds.

But if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling
shades;

If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the
neighb'ring grove

There stands a tree; the queen of
Stygian Jove

Claims it her own; thick woods and
gloomy night

Conceal the happy plant from human
sight.

One bough it bears; but wondrous to
behold!

The ductile rind and leaves of radiant
gold:

This from the vulgar branches must
be torn,

And to fair Proserpine the present
borne,

Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether
skies.

The first thus rent a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room
supplies.

Look round the wood, with lifted
eyes, to see

The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:

Then rend it off, as holy rites
command;

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if favour'd by
thy fate,

Thou art foredoom'd to view the
Stygian state:

If not, no labour can the tree
constrain;

And strength of stubborn arms and
steel are vain.

Besides, you know not, while you
here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy
friend:

Breathless he lies; and his unburied
ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes
your host.
Pay first his pious dues; and, for the
dead,

Two sable sheep around his hearse be
led;

Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd
way,

To find the regions destitute of day."

She said, and held her peace.
Aeneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of
discontent,
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl
meant.

Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal
cares oppress'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly
divin'd

What friend the priestess by those
words design'd.

But soon they found an object to
deplore:

Misenus lay extended on the shore;
Son of the God of Winds: none so
renown'd

The warrior trumpet in the field to
sound;

With breathing brass to kindle fierce
alarms,

And rouse to dare their fate in
honourable arms.

He serv'd great Hector, and was ever

near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his
spear.
But by Pelides' arms when Hector
fell,
He chose Aeneas; and he chose as
well.
Swoln with applause, and aiming still
at more,
He now provokes the sea gods from
the shore;
With envy Triton heard the martial
sound,
And the bold champion, for his
challenge, drown'd;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the
strand:
The gazing crowd around the body
stand.
All weep; but most Aeneas mourns
his fate,
And hastens to perform the funeral
state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top
advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work
design'd,
(The shady covert of the salvage
kind,)
The Trojans found: the sounding ax is
plied;
Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the
tow'ring pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the
stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the
steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin
down.

Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince
appears,

And by his pious labour urges theirs.

Thus while he wrought, revolving
in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish
design'd,

He cast his eyes upon the gloomy
grove,

And then with vows implor'd the
Queen of Love:

"O may thy pow'r, propitious still to
me,

Conduct my steps to find the fatal
tree,

In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's
breath

Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus'
death."

Scarce had he said, when, full before
his sight,

Two doves, descending from their
airy flight,

Secure upon the grassy plain alight.

He knew his mother's birds; and thus
he pray'd:

"Be you my guides, with your
auspicious aid,

And lead my footsteps, till the branch
be found,

Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the
sacred ground.

And thou, great parent, with celestial
care,

In this distress be present to my
pray'r!"

Thus having said, he stopp'd with
watchful sight,

Observing still the motions of their
flight,

What course they took, what happy

signs they shew.
They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees
withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in
view:
Hopping and flying, thus they led him
on
To the slow lake, whose baleful
stench to shun
They wing'd their flight aloft; then,
stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree that bears
the golden bough.
Thro' the green leafs the glitt'ring
shadows glow;
As, on the sacred oak, the wintry
mistletoe,
Where the proud mother views her
precious brood,
And happier branches, which she
never sow'd.
Such was the glitt'ring; such the
ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in
the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with
gripping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the
ling'ring gold;
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the
prize.
Meantime the Trojan troops, with
weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First, from the ground a lofty pile they
rear,
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and
unctuous fir:
The fabric's front with cypress twigs
they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of

baleful yew.
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms
adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen
caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by
joint,
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs
anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they
deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd
o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd,
they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd
away:
Such reverend rites their fathers us'd
to pay.
Pure oil and incense on the fire they
throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends
bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust
devour;
Then on the living coals red wine they
pour;
And, last, the relics by themselves
dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests
inclose.
Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the
crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy
dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and
thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed
the crowd.
But good Aeneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet

bore,
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's
oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd; and
deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his
name.
These rites perform'd, the prince,
without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his
destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and, downward as
it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough
descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove
defends,
And there th' unnavigable lake
extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of
light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy
flight;
Such deadly stench from the depths
arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the
skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their
legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the
lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke
untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt
their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first
oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair:
A pow'rful name in hell and upper
air.

The sacred priests with ready knives
bereave

The beasts of life, and in full bowls
receive

The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell
and Night

(The sable wool without a streak of
white)

Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;
Sev'n brawny bulls with his own
hand he kills;
Then on the broiling entrails oil he
pours;

Which, ointed thus, the raging flame
devours.

Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended till the next returning sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to
dance,

And howling dogs in glimm'ring
light advance,
Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls
profane!"

The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove
abstain!

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates
afford;

Assume thy courage, and unsheathe
thy sword."

She said, and pass'd along the
gloomy space;

The prince pursued her steps with
equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to
human sight,

Ye gods who rule the regions of the
night,

Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate

The mystic wonders of your silent
state!

Obscure they went thro' dreary
shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the
dead.

Thus wander travelers in woods by
night,

By the moon's doubtful and
malignant light,

When Jove in dusky clouds involves
the skies,

And the faint crescent shoots by fits
before their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of
hell,

Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows
dwell,

And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted
rage;

Here Toils, and Death, and Death's
half-brother, Sleep,

Forms terrible to view, their sentry
keep;

With anxious Pleasures of a guilty
mind,

Deep Frauds before, and open Force
behind;

The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that
shakes

Her hissing tresses and unfolds her
snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms
abroad:

The God of Sleep there hides his
heavy head,

And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are
spread.

Of various forms unnumber'd

spectres more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege
the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra
stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred
hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple
frame;
And vain Chimaera vomits empty
flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining
steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force
the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at
their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager
pace,
And told him what those empty
phantoms were:
Forms without bodies, and impassive
air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take
their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with
ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the
dreary coast:
A sordid god: down from his hoary
chin
A length of beard descends,
uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his
obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole
he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his
thin bottom bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years
were seen
A youthful vigour and autumnal
green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he
stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal
flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and
unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic
shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their
fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and
feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow
the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake
the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier
lands;
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army
stands,
And press for passage with extended
hands.
Now these, now those, the surly
boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the
shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring
eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks,
laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude
concourse meant;
Why to the shore the thronging
people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts
were us'd;

Why some were ferried o'er, and
some refus'd.

"Son of Anchises, offspring of the
gods,"

The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian
floods,

The sacred stream which heav'n's
imperial state

Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.

The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy
crew

Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral
due:

The boatman, Charon; those, the
buried host,

He ferries over to the farther coast;

Nor dares his transport vessel cross
the waves

With such whose bones are not
compos'd in graves.

A hundred years they wander on the
shore;

At length, their penance done, are
wafted o'er."

The Trojan chief his forward pace
repress'd,

Revolving anxious thoughts within
his breast,

He saw his friends, who, whelm'd
beneath the waves,

Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and
ask'd their quiet graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he
knew,

And the brave leader of the Lycian
crew,

Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the
tempests met;

The sailors master'd, and the ship
o'erset.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus
press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted
guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the
stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian
shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd
his view,
And scarcely thro' the gloom the
sullen shadow knew.
Then thus the prince: "What envious
pow'r, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this
disastrous end?
For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone my faith
betray'd.
The god foretold you should not die,
before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th'
Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost
replied;
"Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his
answers lied;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the
deep:
But, while the stars and course of
heav'n I keep,
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with
fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm
constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe
retain'd.
Now by the winds and raging waves I
swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was
then my care;

Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder
lost,
Your ship should run against the
rocky coast.
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the
southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave my head I
bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to
the shore.
Panting, but past the danger, now I
seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd
members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping
clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th'
unhospitable coast;
And now, by winds and waves, my
lifeless limbs are toss'd:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
Which I have lost for this eternal
night!
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living
son,
Redeem from this reproach my
wand'ring ghost;
Or with your navy seek the Velin
coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse
compose;
Or, if a nearer way your mother
shows,
Without whose aid you durst not
undertake
This frightful passage o'er the
Stygian lake,
Lend to this wretch your hand, and

waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden
shore."

Scarce had he said, the prophetess
began:

"What hopes delude thee, miserable
man?

Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to
cross the floods,
To view the Furies and infernal gods,
And visit, without leave, the dark
abodes?

Attend the term of long revolving
years;

Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf
to tears.

This comfort of thy dire misfortune
take:

The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy
sake,

With vengeance shall pursue th'
inhuman coast,

Till they propitiate thy offended
ghost,

And raise a tomb, with vows and
solemn pray'r;

And Palinurus' name the place shall
bear."

This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with
his future fame,

And pleas'd to hear his propagated
name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake
they draw:

Whom, from the shore, the surly
boatman saw;

Observ'd their passage thro' the
shady wood,

And mark'd their near approaches to
the flood.

Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd

with wrath:
 “Mortal, whate’er, who this forbidden
 path
 In arms presum’st to tread, I charge
 thee, stand,
 And tell thy name, and bus’ness in the
 land.
 Know this, the realm of night; the
 Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies
 o’er;
 Nor was I pleas’d great Theseus once
 to bear,
 Who forc’d a passage with his
 pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty
 fame,
 And from th’ immortal gods their
 lineage came.
 In fetters one the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his
 sov’reign’s side:
 Two sought by force to seize his
 beauteous bride.”
 To whom the Sibyl thus: “Compose
 thy mind;
 Nor frauds are here contriv’d, nor
 force design’d.
 Still may the dog the wand’ring
 troops constrain
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty
 train,
 And with her grisly lord his lovely
 queen remain.
 The Trojan chief, whose lineage is
 from Jove,
 Much fam’d for arms, and more for
 filial love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian
 grove.
 If neither piety, nor Heav’n’s

command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian
strand,
This fatal present shall prevail at
least.”
Then shew’d the shining bough,
conceal’d within her vest.
No more was needful: for the gloomy
god
Stood mute with awe, to see the
golden rod;
Admir’d the destin’d off’ring to his
queen;
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas’d, he puts to
land;
The ghosts forsake their seats at his
command:
He clears the deck, receives the
mighty freight;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the
weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems
the tides;
The pressing water pours within her
sides.
His passengers at length are wafted
o’er,
Expos’d, in muddy weeds, upon the
miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they
found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to
rear
His crested snakes, and arm’d his
bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before
prepar’d
A sop, in honey steep’d, to charm the
guard;

Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs,
she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to
roar.

With three enormous mouths he
gapes; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the
pleasing bait.

Long draughts of sleep his monstrous
limbs enslave;

He reels, and, falling, fills the
spacious cave.

The keeper charm'd, the chief
without delay

Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable
way.

Before the gates, the cries of babes
new born,

Whom fate had from their tender
mothers torn,

Assault his ears: then those, whom
form of laws

Condemn'd to die, when traitors
judg'd their cause.

Nor want they lots, nor judges to
review

The wrongful sentence, and award a
new.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his
assessors, hears.

Round in his urn the blended balls he
rolls,

Absolves the just, and dooms the
guilty souls.

The next, in place and punishment,
are they

Who prodigally throw their souls
away;

Fools, who, repining at their wretched
state,

And loathing anxious life, suborn'd
their fate.
With late repentance now they would
retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to
live;
Their pains and poverty desire to
bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and
breathe the vital air:
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods
oppose,
And with circling streams the captive
souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the Mournful
Fields appear
So call'd from lovers that inhabit
there.
The souls whom that unhappy flame
invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining
with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd
fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with
the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae
there,
With Phaedra's ghost, a foul
incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne,
moves,
Unhappy both, but loyal in their
loves:
Caeneus, a woman once, and once a
man,
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phoenician Dido
stood,

Fresh from her wound, her bosom
bath'd in blood;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly
knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a
doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky
night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's
uncertain light,)
With tears he first approach'd the
sullen shade;
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he
said:
"Unhappy queen! then is the common
breath
Of rumour true, in your reported
death,
And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I
vow,
And all the pow'rs that rule the
realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly
state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd
by fate.
Those gods, that fate, whose
unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of
light,
Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd
with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire
relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my
vows:
'Tis the last interview that fate
allows!"
In vain he thus attempts her mind to
move

With tears, and pray'rs, and late-
repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning
round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the
ground,
And what he says and swears, regards
no more
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud
billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful
sight,
Hid in the forest and the shades of
night;
Then sought Sicheus thro' the shady
grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and
equal'd all her love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero
paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting
shade,
Then took the forward way, by fate
ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields
attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the
warrior souls remain'd.
Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers'
grace;
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly
face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a
num'rous train,
All much lamented, all in battle slain;
Glaucus and Medon, high above the
rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred
priest.
And proud Idaeus, Priam's

charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims
his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling
troops, attend
And with unwearied eyes behold their
friend;
Delight to hover near, and long to
know
What bus'ness brought him to the
realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's
train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro'
the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with
wonted fear,
As when his thund'ring sword and
pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and
glean'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with
trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their
gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he
found,
Whose face and limbs were one
continued wound:
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the
youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of
his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to
disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be
known;
And therefore first began: "O
Teucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus
deface?

What heart could wish, what hand
inflict, this dire disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal
night
Your single prowess long sustain'd
the fight,
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate
you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd
foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a
deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honours I
decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the
Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name
retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I
found,
Design'd for burial in your native
ground."

The ghost replied: "Your piety has
paid
All needful rites, to rest my
wand'ring shade;
But cruel fate, and my more cruel
wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my
sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's
love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I
bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we
pass'd
The night that was by Heav'n decreed
our last:
For, when the fatal horse, descending
down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th'

unhappy town
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my
bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the
dances led
Then, waving high her torch, the
signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their
ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares
oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,
And heavy sleep my weary limbs
possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms
misaid,
And from beneath my head my sword
convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with
repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my
walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she
plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem
the past.
What need I more? Into the room they
ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless
man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the
way.
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I
pray,
That fortune be their own another
day!
But answer you; and in your turn
relate,
What brought you, living, to the
Stygian state:
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the

sea,
Or did you Heav'n's superior doom
obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts
your way,
To view with mortal eyes our dark
retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal
seats."

While thus in talk the flying hours
they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half
his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears
had spent
The little time of stay which Heav'n
had lent;
But thus the Sibyl chides their long
delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong
drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way
divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace
guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus
descends;
The seat of night profound, and
punish'd fiends."
Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred
maid,
Forbear to chide, and be your will
obey'd!
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years
expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with
glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have
found."

He said; and, while he said, his steps
he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence
mourn'd.

The hero, looking on the left,
espied
A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry
side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon
surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire
bounds;
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the
bellowing noise resounds
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd
on high
With adamantine columns, threatens the
sky.

Vain is the force of man, and
Heav'n's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile
sustain.

Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is
rear'd;

And dire Tisiphone there keeps the
ward,

Girt in her sanguine gown, by night
and day,

Observant of the souls that pass the
downward way.

From hence are heard the groans of
ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes and of dragging
chains.

The Trojan stood astonish'd at their
cries,

And ask'd his guide from whence
those yells arise;

And what the crimes, and what the
tortures were,

And loud laments that rent the liquid
air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and
holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the
woods,

Then led me trembling thro' these
dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th'
avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting
fate;

And awful Rhadamanthus rules the
state.

He hears and judges each committed
crime;

Enquires into the manner, place, and
time.

The conscious wretch must all his
acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital
breath,

To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the
Fury shakes

The sounding whip and brandishes
her snakes,

And the pale sinner, with her sisters,
takes.

Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal
door;

With dreadful sounds the brazen
hinges roar.

You see, before the gate, what
stalking ghost

Commands the guard, what sentries
keep the post.

More formidable Hydra stands
within,

Whose jaws with iron teeth severely
grin.

The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant
from the skies.

The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll
within th' unfathom'd space.
Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them
both,)

Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to
defy,

Affect his heav'n, and force him from
the sky.

Salmones, suff'ring cruel pains, I
found,

For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring
blaze

Of pointed lightnings, and their forked
rays.

Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he
flew;

Th' audacious wretch four fiery
coursers drew:

He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly
vain,

Sought godlike worship from a
servile train.

Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to
pass

O'er hollow arches of resounding
brass,

To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure
on high,

Bar'd his red arm, and, launching
from the sky

His writhen bolt, not shaking empty

smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming
felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his
birth
From heav'n, his nursing from the
foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large
embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd
side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons
tried;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his
breast;
The growing liver still supplied the
feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their
pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th'
immortal food remains.
Ixion and Perithous I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of
mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mould'ring
rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at
ev'ry blast.
They lie below, on golden beds
display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are
made.
The Queen of Furies by their sides is
set,
And snatches from their mouths th'
untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing
snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in
their ears.

Then they, who brothers' better claim
disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the
throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre
sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to
lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting
friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less
the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry
slain:
Hosts of deserters, who their honour
sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes
of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth
remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting
pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek
to know
Their process, or the forms of law
below.
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid
along,
And bound with burning wires, on
spokes of wheels are hung
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever
there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
And wretched Phlegyas warns the
world with cries
(Could warning make the world more
just or wise):
'Learn righteousness, and dread th'
avenging deities.'
To tyrants others have their country

sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign
gold;
Some have old laws repeal'd, new
statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they
paid;
With incest some their daughters' bed
profan'd:
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what
they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred
tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with
iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes
repeat,
Nor half the punishments those
crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in
view;
The gate, and iron arch above it,
stands
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops'
hands.
Before our farther way the Fates
allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden
bough."

She said, and thro' the gloomy
shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at
last,
The prince with living water
sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd
the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front
above
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by

Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took
their way
Where long extended plains of
pleasure lay:
The verdant fields with those of
heav'n may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls
below.
Stars of their own, and their own
suns, they know;
Their airy limbs in sports they
exercise,
And on the green contend the
wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
Others in artful measures led the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the
rest,
There stands conspicuous in his
flowing vest;
His flying fingers, and harmonious
quill,
Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and
sev'n at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic
race,
Born better times and happier years to
grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who
founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from
afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers
train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their
steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the
flow'ry ground.

The love of horses which they had,
alive,

And care of chariots, after death
survive.

Some cheerful souls were feasting on
the plain;

Some did the song, and some the
choir maintain,

Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty
Po

Mounts up to woods above, and hides
his head below.

Here patriots live, who, for their
country's good,

In fighting fields, were prodigal of
blood:

Priests of unblemish'd lives here
make abode,

And poets worthy their inspiring god;

And searching wits, of more
mechanic parts,

Who grac'd their age with new-
invented arts:

Those who to worth their bounty did
extend,

And those who knew that bounty to
commend.

The heads of these with holy fillets
bound,

And all their temples were with
garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech
address'd,

And first to him surrounded by the
rest

Tow'ring his height, and ample was
his breast;

"Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus,
say,

Where lives Anchises, and where lies
our way

To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and
cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls
reside.

In groves we live, and lie on mossy
beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur thro'
the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence
descend;
The path conducts you to your
journey's end."
This said, he led them up the
mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields
below.

They wind the hill, and thro' the
blissful meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry
vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took
the tale:
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd
by fate,
For future beings and new bodies
wait.

With studious thought observ'd th'
illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along:
Their names, their fates, their
conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates and successful
war.

He, when Aeneas on the plain
appears,
Meets him with open arms, and
falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods'
undoubted race!

O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold
your face!
The love and pious duty which you
pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a
way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now
believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are
my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans
have you pass'd;
What storms sustain'd, and on what
shores been cast?
How have I fear'd your fate! but
fear'd it most,
When love assail'd you, on the
Libyan coast."
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost before my
sleeping eyes
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful
enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene
sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, O parent shade,
nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing
son!"
He said; and falling tears his face
bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms
he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd
away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly
the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan
sees

A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle
breeze

Plays with a passing breath, and
whispers thro' the trees;
And, just before the confines of the
wood,

The gliding Lethe leads her silent
flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt
the golden dew;
In summer's heat on tops of lilies
feed,

And creep within their bells, to suck
the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the fields
around;

The rivers and the rocks remurmur to
the sound.

Aeneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd
the cause

Which to the stream the crowding
people draws.

Then thus the sire: "The souls that
throng the flood
Are those to whom, by fate, are other
bodies ow'd:

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion
taste,

Of future life secure, forgetful of the
past.

Long has my soul desir'd this time
and place,

To set before your sight your glorious
race,

That this presaging joy may fire your
mind

To seek the shores by destiny
design'd."

"O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,

And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd
by death,
Can covet lazy limbs and mortal
breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus
begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike
son:

"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's
compact frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry
flame,

And both the radiant lights, one
common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the
whole.

This active mind, infus'd thro' all the
space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty
mass.

Hence men and beasts the breath of
life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the
main.

Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And every soul is fill'd with equal
flame;

As much as earthy limbs, and gross
allay

Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and
edge of day.

From this coarse mixture of terrestrial
parts,

Desire and fear by turns possess their
hearts,

And grief, and joy; nor can the
groveling mind,

In the dark dungeon of the limbs
confin'd,

Assert the native skies, or own its

heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their
stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the
soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they
wear,
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face
appear.
For this are various penances
enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon
the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others
purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all
the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those
manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes
repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft
Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length
of time
The scurf is worn away of each
committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual
stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years
are past,
(So long their punishments and
penance last,)
Whole droves of minds are, by the
driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeon
flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the
cares
Of their past labours, and their

A second Silvius after these appears;
Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he
bears;
For arms and justice equally
renown'd,
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be
crown'd.
How great they look! how vig'rously
they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the
shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken
wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena
rear;
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia,
found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky
ground.
All these shall then be towns of
mighty fame,
Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands
without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to
restore
The crown that once his injur'd
grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of your blood
shall bear,
And like his sire in arms he shall
appear.
Two rising crests, his royal head
adorn;
Born from a god, himself to godhead
born:
His sire already signs him for the
skies,
And marks the seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to
come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial

Rome.

Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall
heav'n invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her
shade;

High as the Mother of the Gods in
place,

And proud, like her, of an immortal
race.

Then, when in pomp she makes the
Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples
crown'd;

A hundred gods her sweeping train
supply;

Her offspring all, and all command
the sky.

“Now fix your sight, and stand
intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian
progeny.

The mighty Caesar waits his vital
hour,

Impatient for the world, and grasps
his promis'd pow'r.
But next behold the youth of form
divine,

Caesar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long
foretold,

Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of
old;

Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the
starry way,

Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns
around,

And his broad shoulders with their
lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already
quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian
lake:
Their seers behold the tempest from
afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the
war.
Nile hears him knocking at his
sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and
fears his nephew's fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours
knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he
slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming
boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean
gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian
war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the
plains,
With curling vines around his purple
reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to
pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in
view?
But what's the man, who from afar
appears?
His head with olive crown'd, his hand
a censer bears,
His hoary beard and holy vestments
bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman
king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws
ordain,

Call'd from his mean abode a scepter
to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial
deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields
prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the
war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall
increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of
peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning
air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th'
avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome
restor'd.
He first renews the rods and ax
severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to
wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to
sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open
sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting
public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious
laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's
cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is
understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's
good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the
blood.

Behold Torquatus the same track
pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii
view:
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded
home
With standards well redeem'd, and
foreign foes o'ercome
The pair you see in equal armour
shine,
Now, friends below, in close
embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady
realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your
upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall
pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what
slaughter shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first
descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain
attends:
His daughter's husband arms his
eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons, be foes no
more;
Nor stain your country with her
children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy
lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the
Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph
ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with
Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike
toils,

On Argos shall impose the Roman
laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan
cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean
race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors'
disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity
renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with
laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who
declare
The Scipios' worth, those
thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who
can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t'
admire
The plowman consul in his coarse
attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii
claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy
name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking
state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running
mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing
brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the
skies,
And when the stars descend, and
when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with

How like the former, and almost the same!

Observe the crowds that compass him around;

All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:

But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,

And night, with sable shades, involves his head."

"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,

"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.

This youth (the blissful vision of a day)

Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.

The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,

Were but their gifts as permanent as great.

What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!

How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!

What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,

When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,

No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;

The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,

Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!

Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!

Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!

No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting

field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with
sword and shield;
Much less in arms oppose thy
matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy
foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's
severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the
spring;
Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body
strow;
This gift which parents to their
children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may
bestow!"

Thus having said, he led the hero
round
The confines of the blest Elysian
ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had
shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the
promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by
fate;
The strength and customs of the
Latian state;
The prince, and people; and forearms
his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to
bear.

Two gates the silent house of
Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of
transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn
arise;

Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding
lies.
Of various things discoursing as he
pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at
last.
Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he
dismiss'd
His valiant offspring and divining
guest.
Straight to the ships Aeneas took his
way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd
along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's
bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys
moor;
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their
sterns to shore.

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Aeneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal
fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy
name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from
thee,
The nurse of great Aeneas' infancy.

Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's
plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have)
remains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral
rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with
sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by
night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon
was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver
light.

Now near the shelves of Circe's
shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the
Sun,)

A dang'rous coast: the goddess
wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound
her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends
the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's
light.

From hence were heard, rebelling
to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the
chain,

The grunts of bristled boars, and
groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that
stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close
of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and
affright.

Darkling they mourn their fate, whom
 Circe's pow'r,
 (That watch'd the moon and

planetary hour,) With words and wicked herbs from humankind Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd. Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast, Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night With rising gales that sped their happy flight. Supplied with these, they skim the sounding shore, And hear the swelling surges vainly roar. Now, when the rosy morn began to rise, And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies; When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own, And from her face the breathing winds were blown, A sudden silence sate upon the sea, And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way. The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood, Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood: Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course, With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force, That drove the sand along, he took his way, And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. About him, and above, and round the

wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his
flood,
That bath'd within, or basked upon
his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats
applied.
The captain gives command; the
joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and
leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind
inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial
fire!
Relate what Latium was; her ancient
kings;
Declare the past and present state of
things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia
sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how
they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war
began,
And how concluded by the godlike
man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and
rage,
Which princes and their people did
engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with
mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found
their fate;
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with
loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is
weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long
possess'd
The Latin scepter, and his people
blest:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her
name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus
drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be
true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third
degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as
Heav'n decreed,
Was blest with no male issue to
succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were
snatch'd by fate;
One only daughter heir'd the royal
state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition
led,
The neighb'ring princes court her
nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the
rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid
address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful
mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian
queen;
With him she strove to join Lavinia's
hand,
But dire portents the purpos'd match
withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long
growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;

Where rites divine were paid; whose
holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious
care.

This plant Latinus, when his town he
wall'd,

Then found, and from the tree
Laurentum call'd;

And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's
god.

It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid
sky,

Unknown from whence they took
their airy flight,
Upon the topmost branch in clouds
alight;

There with their clasping feet
together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel
hung.

An ancient augur prophesied from
hence:

“Behold on Latian shores a foreign
prince!

From the same parts of heav'n his
navy stands,
To the same parts on earth; his army
lands;

The town he conquers, and the tow'r
commands.”

Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed
the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her
sire,

Strange to relate, the flames, involv'd
in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar
broke,

Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich

attire;
Her crown and jewels crackled in the
fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to
spread
And lambent glories danc'd about her
head.
This new portent the seer with
wonder views,
Then pausing, thus his prophecy
renews:
"The nymph, who scatters flaming
fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself
be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and
change the state."

Latinus, frightened with this dire
ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for
prophecy
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous
fountain lie.
To these the Latian and the Sabine
land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief
demand.
The priest on skins of off'rings takes
his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber
sees;
A swarm of thin aerial shapes
appears,
And, flutt'ring round his temples,
deafs his ears:
These he consults, the future fates to
know,
From pow'rs above, and from the
fiends below.

Here, for the gods' advice, Latinus
flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for
sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites
requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest
retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber
bound,
When, from above, a more than
mortal sound
Invades his ears; and thus the vision
spoke:
"Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands
to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods
provoke.
A foreign son upon thy shore
descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole
extends.
His race, in arms and arts of peace
renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe
bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys
around."
These answers, in the silent night
receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land
believ'd:
The fame thro' all the neighb'ring
nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in
view.

Beneath a shady tree, the hero
spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of
bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits

he fed.
They sate; and, (not without the god's
command,) Their homely fare dispatch'd, the
hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon
devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes
of flour.
Ascanius this observ'd, and smiling
said:
"See, we devour the plates on which
we fed."
The speech had omen, that the Trojan
race
Should find repose, and this the time
and place.
Aeneas took the word, and thus
replies,
Confessing fate with wonder in his
eyes:
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my
household gods!
Behold the destin'd place of your
abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
And this our fatal place of rest
foretold:
'When, on a foreign shore, instead of
meat,
By famine forc'd, your trenchers you
shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will
attend,
And the long labours of your voyage
end.
Remember on that happy coast to
build,
And with a trench inclose the fruitful
field.'
This was that famine, this the fatal

place
Which ends the wand'ring of our
exil'd race.
Then, on tomorrow's dawn, your care
employ,
To search the land, and where the
cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day
to joy.
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is
blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial
feast:
Crown high the goblets with a
cheerful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the
future thought."

Thus having said, the hero bound
his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd
his vows;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the
heav'nly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet
unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild
her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idaean Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother
queen above.
Then heav'n's high monarch
thunder'd thrice aloud,
And thrice he shook aloft a golden
cloud.
Soon thro' the joyful camp a rumour
flew,
The time was come their city to
renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green
is crown'd,

The feasts are doubled, and the bowls
go round.

When next the rosy morn
disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their
way,

To learn the natives' names, their
towns explore,
The coasts and trendings of the
crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus
stands;

Here warlike Latins hold the happy
lands.

The pious chief, who sought by
peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to
raise,

A hundred youths from all his train
selects,

And to the Latian court their course
directs,

(The spacious palace where their
prince resides,)

And all their heads with wreaths of
olive hides.

They go commission'd to require a
peace,

And carry presents to procure access.

Thus while they speed their pace, the
prince designs

His new-elected seat, and draws the
lines.

The Trojans round the place a rampire
cast,

And palisades about the trenches
plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on
their way,

From far the town and lofty tow'rs
survey;

At length approach the walls. Without
the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth
debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the
coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for
victory,
And some with darts their active
sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd
from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged
prince,
That foreign men of mighty stature
came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown
their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and
ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his
friends.

The palace built by Picus, vast and
proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round incompass'd with a rising
wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and
drew the sight;
Surpris'd at once with reverence and
delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of
sov'reign pow'r;
In state the monarchs march'd; the
lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of
pray'r,
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,

A ram their off'ring, and a ram their
meat.

Above the portal, carv'd in cedar
wood,

Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike
grandsires stood;

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe,
on high;

And Italus, that led the colony;

And ancient Janus, with his double
face,

And bunch of keys, the porter of the
place.

There good Sabinus, planter of the
vines,

On a short pruning hook his head
reclines,

And studiously surveys his gen'rous
wines;

Then warlike kings, who for their
country fought,

And honourable wounds from battle
brought.

Around the posts hung helmets, darts,
and spears,

And captive chariots, axes, shields,
and bars,

And broken beaks of ships, the
trophies of their wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the
band,

Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his
hand;

His other wav'd a long divining
wand.

Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his
fate:

For Circe long had lov'd the youth in
vain,

Till love, refus'd, converted to

disdain:

Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with
magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not
change his heart;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made
him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a
chatt'ring pie.

In this high temple, on a chair of
state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus
sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan
train;
And thus with pleasing accents he
began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name
you own,
Nor is your course upon our coasts
unknown;
Say what you seek, and whither were
you bound:
Were you by stress of weather cast
aground?
Such dangers as on seas are often
seen,
And oft befall to miserable men,
Or come, your shipping in our ports
to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you
shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will
inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy
reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has
worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho'

born

On Latian plains, yet sought the
Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd
before.

From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his
birth;

But after, when exempt from mortal
earth,

From thence ascended to his kindred
skies,

A god, and, as a god, augments their
sacrifice."

He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
"O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd
our way,

Nor did the stars our wand'ring
course betray.

Willing we sought your shores; and,
hither bound,

The port, so long desir'd, at length we
found;

From our sweet homes and ancient
realms expell'd;

Great as the greatest that the sun
beheld.

The god began our line, who rules
above;

And, as our race, our king descends
from Jove:

And hither are we come, by his
command,

To crave admission in your happy
land.

How dire a tempest, from Mycenae
pour'd,

Our plains, our temples, and our town
devour'd;

What was the waste of war, what
fierce alarms

Shook Asia's crown with European
arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such
there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen
sea;
And such as, born beneath the
burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, thro' the
wat'ry waste,
Such length of years, such various
perils past,
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want
may spare:
The common water, and the common
air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and
mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd
gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm
disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude
efface.
Besides, what endless honour you
shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy
train!
Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I
swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force
in war;
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us
requir'd.
Despite not then, that in our hands we
bear
These holy boughs, and sue with
words of pray'r.

Fate and the gods, by their supreme
command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the
Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo
sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither
tends;
Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid
force,
And where Numicus opes his holy
source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his
request,
Some small remains of what his sire
possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from
burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden scepter
bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn
games;
These purple vests were weav'd by
Dardan dames."

Thus while he spoke, Latinus
roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the
ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his
breast;
Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly
vest,
But pond'ring future things of
wondrous weight;
Succession, empire, and his
daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his
thoughtful mind,
And then revolv'd what Faunus had

divin'd.

This was the foreign prince, by fate
decreed

To share his scepter, and Lavinia's
bed;

This was the race that sure portents
foreshew

To sway the world, and land and sea
subdue.

At length he rais'd his cheerful head,
and spoke:

"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs
we both invoke,

To you, and yours, and mine,
propitious be,

And firm our purpose with their
augury!

Have what you ask; your presents I
receive;

Land, where and when you please,
with ample leave;

Partake and use my kingdom as your
own;

All shall be yours, while I command
the crown:

And, if my wish'd alliance please
your king,

Tell him he should not send the peace,
but bring.

Then let him not a friend's embraces
fear;

The peace is made when I behold him
here.

Besides this answer, tell my royal
guest,

I add to his commands my own
request:

One only daughter heirs my crown
and state,

Whom not our oracles, nor Heav'n,
nor fate,

Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from
far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd
in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian
name,
And thro' the conquer'd world
diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates
require,
I firmly judge, and, what I judge,
desire."

He said, and then on each
bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables
fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and
smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the
best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his
command
The steeds caparison'd with purple
stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to
behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the
foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king
decreed
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly
breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd
ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial
sire,
By substituting mares produc'd on
earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than

mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus
sends,
And the rich present to the prince
commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans
borne,
To their expecting lord with peace
return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus'
height,
As she from Argos took her airy
flight,
Beheld with envious eyes this hateful
sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful
train
Descend upon the shore, desert the
main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd
success,
Th' ambassadors return with
promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook
her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus
she said:
"O hated offspring of my Phrygian
foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates
oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the
plain,
But slain revive, and, taken, scape
again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Thro' fires and swords and seas they
forc'd their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain
contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an

end.

Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury
spent?

Or does my glutted spleen at length
relent?

As if 'twere little from their town to
chase,

I thro' the seas pursued their exil'd
race;

Ingag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the
stormy main;

But billows roar'd, and tempests
rag'd in vain.

What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes
done,

When these they overpass, and those
they shun?

On Tiber's shores they land, secure of
fate,

Triumphant o'er the storms and
Juno's hate.

Mars could in mutual blood the
Centaurs bathe,

And Jove himself gave way to
Cynthia's wrath,

Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon;
What great offence had either people
done?

But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful
war,

With various arts and arms in vain
have toil'd,

And by a mortal man at length am
foil'd.

If native pow'r prevail not, shall I
doubt

To seek for needful succour from
without?

If Jove and Heav'n my just desires
deny,

Hell shall the pow'r of Heav'n and
Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by
their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy;
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And with protracted wars the peace
delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be
bought,
And both the people near destruction
brought;
So shall the son-in-law and father
join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either
line.
O fatal maid, thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian
blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's
hand;
Another queen brings forth another
brand,
To burn with foreign fires another
land!
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second
flame."

Thus having said, she sinks
beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the
Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark
retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she
chose;
One who delights in wars and human
woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen
race;

Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster
takes,

So fierce the hissings of her speckled
snakes.

Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her
spite:

“O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to
sustain

My right, and execute my just
disdain.

Let not the Trojans, with a feign’d
pretence

Of proffer’d peace, delude the Latian
prince.

Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

’Tis thine to ruin realms, o’erturn a
state,

Betwixt the dearest friends to raise
debate,

And kindle kindred blood to mutual
hate.

Thy hand o’er towns the fun’ral torch
displays,

And forms a thousand ills ten
thousand ways.

Now shake, out thy fruitful breast, the
seeds

Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish’d, and
prepare

Their souls to hatred, and their hands
to war.”

Smear’d as she was with black
Gorgonian blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian
flood;

And on her wicker wings, sublime
thro’ night,

She to the Latian palace took her
flight:

There sought the queen's apartment,
stood before

The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd
the door.

Restless Amata lay, her swelling
breast

Fir'd with disdain for Turnus
dispossess'd,

And the new nuptials of the Trojan
guest.

From her black bloody locks the Fury
shakes

Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her
snakes;

With her full force she threw the
poisonous dart,

And fix'd it deep within Amata's
heart,

That, thus envenom'd, she might
kindle rage,

And sacrifice to strife her house and
husband's age.

Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent
skims

Betwixt her linen and her naked
limbs;

His baleful breath inspiring, as he
glides,

Now like a chain around her neck he
rides,

Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds

her hairs.

At first the silent venom slid with
ease,

And seiz'd her cooler senses by
degrees;

Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd
too far,

In plaintive accents she began the
war,
And thus bespoke her husband:
“Shall,” she said,
“A wand’ring prince enjoy Lavinia’s
bed?
If nature plead not in a parent’s heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will
come,
You’d in vain, reverse your cruel
doom;
The faithless pirate soon will set to
sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest
before,
In shew of friendship sought the
Spartan shore,
And ravish’d Helen from her husband
bore.
Think on a king’s inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once
plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your
throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a
son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the
god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign
blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger
sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv’d
from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you
retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive
race.”

But when she saw her reasons idly
spent,
And could not move him from his
fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake
possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her
breast;
She raves, she runs with a distracted
pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public
place.
And, as young striplings whip the top
for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty
court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls
about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the
beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they
provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry
stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her
fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she
goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her
malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd
before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with a
throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride
along,
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds,
and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match
delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried

aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin
vow'd.
"Evoe! O Bacchus!" thus began the
song;
And "Evoe!" answer'd all the female
throng.
"O virgin! worthy thee alone!" she
cried;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew
replied.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads
thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreathes
her lance."
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress
known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake
the town:
All, clad in skins of beasts, the jav'lin
bear,
Give to the wanton winds their
flowing hair,
And shrieks and shoutings rend the
suff'ring air.
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage
divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming
pine;
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around
the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the
nuptial song:
"Io, ye Latian dames! if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata,
dear;
If there be here," she said, "who dare
maintain
My right, nor think the name of
mother vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your

flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites
prepare.”

Amata’s breast the Fury thus
invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan
shades;
Then, when she found her venom
spread so far,
The royal house embroil’d in civil
war,
Rais’d on her dusky wings, she
cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young
Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built
of old
By Danae, pregnant with almighty
gold,
Who fled her father’s rage, and, with
a train
Of following Argives, thro’ the
stormy main,
Driv’n by the southern blasts, was
fated here to reign.
’Twas Ardua once; now Ardea’s
name it bears;
Once a fair city, now consum’d with
years.
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and
day,
Secure in sleep. The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new
methods tried
The foulness of th’ infernal form to
hide.
Propp’d on a staff, she takes a
trembling mien:
Her face is furrow’d, and her front
obscene;

Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek
she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are
her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets
bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are
crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred
fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus
began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the
careless man:
"Shall Turnus then such endless toil
sustain
In fighting fields, and conquer towns
in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the
prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and scepter which thy
blood has bought,
The king transfers; and foreign heirs
are sought.
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty
plain.
Repel the Tuscan foes; their city
seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends; I
bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words
you hear.
Haste; arm your Ardeans; issue to the
plain;
With fate to friend, assault the Trojan
train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted
ships, that lie

In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword
destroy.

The Latian king, unless he shall
submit,

Own his old promise, and his new
forget;

Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus
prove,

And learn to fear whom he disdains to
love.

For such is Heav'n's command." The
youthful prince

With scorn replied, and made this
bold defence:

"You tell me, mother, what I knew
before:

The Phrygian fleet is landed on the
shore.

I neither fear nor will provoke the
war;

My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and

vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.

Go; be the temple and the gods your
care;

Permit to men the thought of peace
and war."

These haughty words Alecto's
rage provoke,

And frightened Turnus trembled as she
spoke.

Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with
sulphur burn;

Her hideous looks and hellish form
return;

Her curling snakes with hissings fill
the place,

And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant

eyes,

She cast him backward as he strove to
rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some
new replies.
High on her head she rears two
twisted snakes,
Her chains she rattles, and her whip
she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus
loudly speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to
dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I
bear."

Thus having said, her smould'ring
torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into
his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from
his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his
limbs o'erspread.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword
and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and
mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a
caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom
rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery
way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud
the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen
band
He first commissions to the Latian
land,
In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd

the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan
guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian
shore,
And Italy's indanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he
boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian
hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warn each other to
the war.
His beauty these, and those his
blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame
engage.

While Turnus urges thus his
enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a
steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide
command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful
train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting
match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady
plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff,
they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with
the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose
antlers rise
High o'er his front; his beams invade
the skies.
From this light cause th' infernal
maid prepares

The country churls to mischief, hate,
and wars.

The stately beast the two
Tyrhidae bred,
Snatch'd from his dams, and the tame
youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder
bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian
king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her
care
The little wanton, and did wreaths
prepare
To hang his budding horns, with
ribbons tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his
silken hide,
And bathed his body. Patient of
command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to
hand,
He waited at his master's board for
food;
Then sought his salvage kindred in
the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he
came
To his known lodgings, and his
country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the
woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young
hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek
retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his
heat.
Ascanius young, and eager of his
game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his

aim;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow
guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his
panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the
floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his
known abodes,
His old familiar hearth and household
gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy
groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain
bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and
cries aloud
For succour from the clownish
neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend,
who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their
way.
One with a brand yet burning from
the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another
came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without
their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of
war.
Tyrreus, the foster father of the
beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny
fist,
But held his hand from the
descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven
oak,
To whet their courage and their rage
provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her
impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked
horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds
borne,
Adds all her breath: the rocks and
woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th'
infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and
sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal
of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear
possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to
their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude,
ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud
summons flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on
the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful
chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd
train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd
neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning
brands was tried;
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the
fields
Are bright with flaming swords and
brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal

rays.

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust
begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd
ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows
mount the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full
blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is
thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus'
eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant
war:

Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon
stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his
vital blood
Huge heaps of slain around the body
rise:

Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
A good old man, while peace he
preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of th' unruly
train:

Five herds, five bleating flocks, his
pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen
till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their
fortune stood
The Fury bath'd them in each other's
blood;

Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting
flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the
skies.

To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! It
is done,
The blood already drawn, the war

begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they
cease
The dire debate, nor you command
the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan
brood
Have tasted vengeance and the sweets
of blood;
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this
office more:
The neighbor'ing nations of th'
Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from
afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the
war.”
Then Juno thus: “The grateful work is
done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war
begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd
the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance
join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian
line:
But thou with speed to night and hell
repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will
bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in
upper air.
Leave what remains to me.” Saturnia
said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings
display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought
the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to
fame,
There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the
name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance
hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with
bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling
stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out
his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of
hell.
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees
the lab'ring skies.

Saturnian Juno now, with double
care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd, from battle bear
the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king
complain.
The corps of Almon and the rest are
shown;
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the
frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press
appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments
their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and
disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd
mungril brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic

with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of
Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevel'd
hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war
demand,
(Such was Amata's int'rest in the
land,)
Against the public sanctions of the
peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms
resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the
court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that
braves
The raging tempest and the rising
waves,
Propp'd on himself he stands; his
solid sides
Wash off the seaweeds, and the
sounding tides:
So stood the pious prince, unmov'd,
and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy
throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r
prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel
fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their
offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his
innocence.
"Hurried by fate," he cries, "and
borne before
A furious wind, we have the faithful
shore.
O more than madmen! you

yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious
war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy
fate,
And pray to Heav'n for peace, but
pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings
you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls
confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well
divin'd
Nor with the rising storm would
vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel
drive.

A solemn custom was observ'd of
old,
Which Latium held, and now the
Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields
they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or
declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war;
Or from the boasting Parthians would
regain
Their eagles, lost in Carrhae's bloody
plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars
they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious
fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire
abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious
god,

Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without
the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly
waits.

Then, when the sacred senate votes
the wars,
The Roman consul their decree
declares,

And in his robes the sounding gates
unbars.

The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the
yielding skies.

These rites, of old by sov'reign
princes us'd,

Were the king's office; but the king
refus'd,

Deaf to their cries, nor would the
gates unbar

Of sacred peace, or loose th'
imprison'd war;

But hid his head, and, safe from loud
alarms,

Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of
arms.

Then heav'n's imperious queen shot
down from high:

At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling
bar;

And, like a tempest, issues out the
war.

The peaceful cities of th'
Ausonian shore,

Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd
before,

Are all on fire; and some, with
studious care,

Their restiff steeds in sandy plains
prepare;

Some their soft limbs in painful

marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the
gen'ral cry.
Part scour the rusty shields with
seam; and part
New grind the blunted ax, and point
the dart:
With joy they view the waving
ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangour
pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms: th'
Atinian pow'rs,
Antemnae, Tibur with her lofty
tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian
town:
All these of old were places of
renown.
Some hammer helmets for the
fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support
the shield;
The croslet some, and some the
cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile
gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and
share
Give place to swords and plumes, the
pride of war.
Old falchions are new temper'd in the
fires;
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul
inspires.
The word is giv'n; with eager speed
they lace
The shining headpiece, and the shield
embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariot

tied;

The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labour is
begun

Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th'
Ausonian land,

Their arms, and armies under their
command;

What warriors in our ancient clime
were bred;

What soldiers follow'd, and what
heroes led.

For well you know, and can record
alone,

What fame to future times conveys
but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the
plain:

Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour
disdain,

Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria
lost,

He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled
host.

The charming Lausus, full of youthful
fire,

Rode in the rank, and next his sullen
sire;

To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the
face.

A skilful horseman, and a huntsman
bred,

With fates averse a thousand men he
led:

His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier
throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot
round

The Latian plains, with palms and
laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along
the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample
shield:
A hundred serpents hiss about the
brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems
By his broad shoulders and gigantic
limbs;
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly
blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from
conquer'd Spain
His captive herds; and, thence in
triumph led,
On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks
they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine the son of
Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd
to love.
For arms, his men long piles and
jav'lins bore;
And poles with pointed steel their
foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself his son
appears,
In salvage pomp; a lion's hide he
wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy
skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely
grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely
dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin brothers from fair
Tibur came,
(Which from their brother Tiburs
took the name,) Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of
fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in
the front appear.
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the
mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the
fight;
They rush along; the rattling woods
give way;
The branches bend before their
sweepy sway.

Nor was Praeneste's founder
wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of
Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the
plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he
reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country
swains.
His own Praeneste sends a chosen
band,
With those who plow Saturnia's
Gabine land;
Besides the succour which cold
Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy
fields,
Anagnia fat, and Father Amasene—
A num'rous rout, but all of naked
men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and
bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty
field,

But whirl from leathern slings huge
balls of lead,
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn
their head;
The left foot naked, when they march
to fight,
But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe
the right.
Messapus next, (great Neptune was
his sire,)
Secure of steel, and fated from the
fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour
warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where Lake
Ciminus springs;
And where Feronia's grove and
temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavianian
lands.
All these in order march, and
marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born
king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on
high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave
the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their wat'ry
pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their
notes return.
Not one who heard their music from
afar,
Would think these troops an army
train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the
tempests roar,

With their hoarse gabbling seek the
silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a
num'rous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine
land,
And, in himself alone, an army
brought.

'Twas he, the noble Claudian race
begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times
to come,
To share the greatness of imperial
Rome.

He led the Cures forth, of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing
town,

And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a
band

That follow'd from Velinum's dewy
land,

And Amiternian troops, of mighty
fame,

And mountaineers, that from Severus
came,

And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes
his way,

And where Himella's wanton waters
play.

Casperia sends her arms, with those
that lie

By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next
appear,

And the cold Nursians come to close
the rear,

Mix'd with the natives born of Latine
blood,

Whom Allia washes with her fatal
flood.

Not thicker billows beat the Libyan
main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain;
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus
rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phoebus
burns the skies,
Than stand these troops: their
bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and
shakes the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus
came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy
name:
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus'
aid
A thousand men the youthful hero
led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine
renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly
ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian
shores,
And where with shoaly fords
Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to
wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they
throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall
the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight
they wear;
And on their warding arm light
bucklers bear.

Nor Oebalus, shalt thou be left
unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon

sprung,
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle th' ambitious youth
disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his
ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the
Tyrrhene sea;
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of
her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of
old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen
bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones, when from afar
they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering
thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike
Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that
Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolae his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring
was their trade.
In arms they plow'd, to battle still
prepar'd:
Their soil was barren, and their hearts
were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud
Marrubians led,
By King Archippus sent to Turnus'
aid,
And peaceful olives crown'd his
hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's
rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents
could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful

juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in
pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and
magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the
Dardan dart:
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian
woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine
floods.

The son of fam'd Hippolytus was
there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother,
fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the
marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars
flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his
name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdam sought to share
her bed;
But, when no female arts his mind
could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious
love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy
shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter
bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with
guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death
deplor'd,
With Aesculapian herbs his life
restor'd.
Then Jove, who saw from high, with
just disdain,

The dead inspir'd with vital breath
again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming
dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike
art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate
unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian
grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe
from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her
wood
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their
master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the
flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet
retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he
rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the
leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful
Turnus rode:
A triple of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames
Chimaera burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises
high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing
fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems
to low—
A noble charge! Her keeper by her
side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes
applied;

And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry
god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal
flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the
fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and
clatt'ring shields;
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian
bands,
And those who plow the rich Rutulian
lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacra
yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted
shields,
And those who near Numician
streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests
hide,
Or Circe's hills from the main land
divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly
lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina
stands.

Last, from the Volscians fair
Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior
dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom
unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the
field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago
fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger
sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon
the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the

bearded grain:
 She swept the seas, and, as she
 skimm'd along,
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows
 hung.
 Men, boys, and women, stupid with
 surprise,
 Where'er she passes, fix their
 wond'ring eyes:
 Longing they look, and, gaping at the
 sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast
 delight;
 Her purple habit sits with such a grace
 On her smooth shoulders, and so suits
 her face;
 Her head with ringlets of her hair is
 crown'd,
 And in a golden caul the curls are
 bound.
 She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and,
 behind,
 Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Aeneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Aeneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

When Turnus had assembled
 all his pow'rs,
 His standard planted on Laurentum's
 tow'rs;

When now the sprightly trumpet,
from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching
war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to
scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on
their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth
prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush
to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the
crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who
blasphem'd aloud.
These thro' the country took their
wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather
force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and
inform
The Grecian leader of the growing
storm:
"Aeneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a
baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the
state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and
fate;
What num'rous nations in his quarrel
came,
And how they spread his formidable
name.
What he design'd, what mischief
might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose

equal fears,
And common interest, was involv'd
in theirs."

While Turnus and th' allies thus
urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes
prepare.

This way and that he turns his anxious
mind;

Thinks, and rejects the counsels he
design'd;

Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry
part,

And gives no rest to his distracted
heart.

So, when the sun by day, or moon by
night,

Strike on the polish'd brass their
trembling light,

The glitt'ring species here and there
divide,

And cast their dubious beams from
side to side;

Now on the walls, now on the
pavement play,

And to the ceiling flash the glaring
day.

'Twas night; and weary nature
lull'd asleep

The birds of air, and fishes of the
deep,

And beasts, and mortal men. The
Trojan chief

Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd
with grief,

And found in silent slumber late
relief.

Then, thro' the shadows of the poplar
wood,

Arose the father of the Roman flood;

An azure robe was o'er his body
spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his
head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god
appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his
sorrow cheer'd:
"Undoubted offspring of ethereal
race,
O long expected in this promis'd
place!
Who thro' the foes hast borne thy
banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and
old abodes;
This is thy happy home, the clime
where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan
state.
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting
peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno
cease.
And that this nightly vision may not
seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty
young.
When thirty rolling years have run
their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty
space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting
fame,
Which from this omen shall receive
the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For
what remains,
And how with sure success to crown

thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd
band,
Driv'n with Evander from th'
Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high
their walls;
Their town the founder Pallanteum
calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great-
grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession
claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their
aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my
streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy
pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in
day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion
pay;
With sacrifice the wrathful queen
appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury
cease.
When thou return'st victorious from
the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful
care.
The god am I, whose yellow water
flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it
goes:
Tiber my name; among the rolling
floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among
the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to

come,
My waves shall wash the walls of
mighty Rome.”

He said, and plung'd below.
While yet he spoke,
His dream Aeneas and his sleep
forsook.

He rose, and looking up, beheld the
skies

With purple blushing, and the day
arise.

Then water in his hollow palm he
took

From Tiber's flood, and thus the
pow'rs bespoke:

“Laurentian nymphs, by whom the
streams are fed,
And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Aeneas, and from danger
keep.

Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er
they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the
skies;

Thou, king of horned floods, whose
plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our
woes,

Shalt share my morning song and
ev'ning vows.

But, O be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou
hast made!”

Thus having said, two galleys from
his stores,

With care he chooses, mans, and fits
with oars.

Now on the shore the fatal swine is
found.

Wond'rous to tell!—She lay along
the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders
hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty
young.
Aeneas takes the mother and her
brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The foll'wing night, and the
succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry
way:

He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he
stood,

A gentle swelling, and a peaceful
flood.

The Trojans mount their ships; they
put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip
an oar.

Shouts from the land give omen to
their course,

And the pitch'd vessels glide with
easy force.

The woods and waters wonder at the
gleam

Of shields, and painted ships that
stem the stream.

One summer's night and one whole
day they pass

Betwixt the greenwood shades, and
cut the liquid glass.

The fiery sun had finish'd half his
race,

Look'd back, and doubted in the
middle space,

When they from far beheld the rising
tow'rs,

The tops of sheds, and shepherds'
lowly bow'rs,

Thin as they stood, which, then of
homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman
sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom,
mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships
to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian
states,
The king and prince, without the city
gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred
grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke
involve the skies,
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But, when they saw the ships that
stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the
wood,
They rose with fear, and left th'
unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without
delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his
way;
Then gain'd a rising ground, and
call'd from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence, and
what you are;
Your bus'ness here; and bring you
peace or war?"
High on the stern Aeneas took his
stand,
And held a branch of olive in his
hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians'
arms you see,

Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly
made;

At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: 'The Trojans and
their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's
relief.'

Struck with so great a name, and all
on fire,
The youth replies: "Whatever you
require,

Your fame exacts. Upon our shores
descend.

A welcome guest, and, what you
wish, a friend."

He said, and, downward hasting to the
strand,

Embrac'd the stranger prince, and
join'd his hand.

Conducted to the grove, Aeneas
broke

The silence first, and thus the king
bespoke:

"Best of the Greeks, to whom, by
fate's command,

I bear these peaceful branches in my
hand,

Undaunted I approach you, tho' I
know

Your birth is Grecian, and your land
my foe;

From Atreus tho' your ancient
lineage came,

And both the brother kings your
kindred claim;

Yet, my self-conscious worth, your
high renown,

Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring
nations blown,

Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's

voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than
choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has
sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from
Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry
frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long
before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains
the sky.
Thus from one common source our
streams divide;
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian
side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news
before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your
faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own
ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms
pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to
you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force
can stay
The victor troops from universal
sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r
athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side
command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us
thine;
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd

line:

We want not hearts nor bodies for the
war;
In council cautious, and in fields we
dare.”

He said; and while spoke, with
piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast
surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with
his face:
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal
grace:

“O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father
shine,

How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend,
in thee!

Long tho' it be, 'tis fresh within my
mind,

When Priam to his sister's court
design'd

A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took
his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down
began

To shade my chin, and call me first a
man.

I saw the shining train with vast
delight,

And Priam's goodly person pleas'd
my sight:

But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful
breast.

I long'd to join in friendship's holy
bands

Our mutual hearts, and plight our
mutual hands.

I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus
brought.

He gave me, when at length
constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to
behold,

And two rich bridles, with their bits
of gold,
Which my son's coursers in
obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your
right;

And, when tomorrow's sun reveals
the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent
away.

Now celebrate with us this solemn
day,

Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take
your seat,
With friendly welcome, at a homely
treat."

Thus having said, the bowls remov'd
(for fear)
The youths replac'd, and soon
restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers
round:

A maple throne, rais'd higher from
the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er
the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament
they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters;
the wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites
divine:

Broil'd entrails are their food, and
beef's continued chine.

But when the rage of hunger was
repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal
guest:

"These rites, these altars, and this
feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition
spring,

Or blind devotion, or from blinder
chance,

Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance;
But, sav'd from danger, with a
grateful sense,

The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates
the sky,

About whose feet such heaps of
rubbish lie;

Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in
air!

'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd
around

With living stone, and deep beneath
the ground.

The monster Cacus, more than half a
beast,

This hold, impervious to the sun,
possess'd.

The pavement ever foul with human
gore;

Heads, and their mangled members,
hung the door.

Vulcan this plague begot; and, like
his sire,

Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of
livid fire.

Time, long expected, eas'd us of our
load,

And brought the needful presence of
a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from
Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon
slain:
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd
in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides
drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady
grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and
intent
By force to rob, by fraud to
circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they
stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine
convey'd;
And, lest the printed footsteps might
be seen,
He dragg'd 'em backwards to his
rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from
the cave.

“Meantime the herdsman hero
shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden
grass.
The beasts, who miss’d their mates,
fill’d all around
With bellowings, and the rocks
restor’d the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love
complain,
Roar’d from the cave, and made the
project vain.
Alcides found the fraud; with rage he
shook,

And toss'd about his head his knotted
oak.

Swift as the winds, or Scythian
arrows' flight,

He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial
height.

Then first we saw the monster mend
his pace;

Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his
face,

Confess'd the god's approach.

Trembling he springs,

As terror had increas'd his feet with
wings;

Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the
depth he threw

His body, on his back the door he
drew

(The door, a rib of living rock; with
pains

His father hew'd it out, and bound
with iron chains):

He broke the heavy links, the
mountain clos'd,

And bars and levers to his foe
oppos'd.

The wretch had hardly made his
dungeon fast;

The fierce avenger came with
bounding haste;

Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden
hold,

And here and there his raging eyes he
roll'd.

He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he
compass'd round

With winged speed the circuit of the
ground.

Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd
in vain,

And, panting, thrice desisted from his

pain.

A pointed flinty rock, all bare and
black,

Grew gibbous from behind the
mountain's back;

Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the
night,

Here built their nests, and hither
wing'd their flight.

The leaning head hung threat'ning
o'er the flood,

And nodded to the left. The hero
stood

Adverse, with planted feet, and, from
the right,

Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his
might.

Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of
the rock

Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the
rattling shock.

Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on
either side

The banks leap backward, and the
streams divide;

The sky shrunk upward with unusual
dread,

And trembling Tiber div'd beneath
his bed.

The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to
sight;

The cavern glares with new-admitted
light.

So the pent vapours, with a rumbling
sound,

Heave from below, and rend the
hollow ground;

A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from
on high,

The gods with hate beheld the nether
sky:

The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and
sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in
open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and
fills
His hollow palace with unmanly
yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and
distant war.
He, from his nostrils huge mouth,
expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his
father's fires,
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast,
the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring
sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from
above,
And, where in thickest waves the
sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' fumes,
and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps
his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless
flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his
neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members
bound;
Then from their sockets tore his
burning eyes:
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless
robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the
rushing day,

And thoro' lights disclose the
ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air
again.
Next, by the feet, they drag him from
his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with
glad surprise,
Behold his shagged breast, his giant
size,
His mouth that flames no more, and
his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites
divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual
vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian
house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred
shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever
shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue
shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with
garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling
flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our
common god."

This said, a double wreath
Evander twin'd,
And poplars black and white his
temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like
design
The rest invoke the gods, with
sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the
skies,

And the bright evening star began to
rise.

And now the priests, Potitius at their
head,

In skins of beasts involv'd, the long
procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their
hands,

As custom had prescrib'd their holy
bands;

Then with a second course the tables
load,

And with full chargers offer to the
god.

The Salii sing, and cense his altars
round

With Saban smoke, their heads with
poplar bound

One choir of old, another of the
young,

To dance, and bear the burthen of the
song.

The lay records the labours, and the
praise,

And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:

First, how the mighty babe, when
swath'd in bands,

The serpents strangled with his infant
hands;

Then, as in years and matchless force
he grew,

Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan,
overthrew.

Besides, a thousand hazards they
relate,

Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus'
hate:

"Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could
subdue

The cloud-born Centaurs, and the
monster crew:

Nor thy resistless arm the bull
withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at
thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his
mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy
sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could
affright;
Not huge Typhoeus, nor th'
unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in
Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added
grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy
race!
Receive the grateful off'rings which
we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn
day!"

In numbers thus they sung; above the
rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the
feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey
the sound,
The vales to hills, and hills the notes
rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train
retire.

Betwixt young Pallas and his aged
sire,
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey,
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious
way.
The stranger cast around his curious
eyes,

New objects viewing still, with new
surprise;
With greedy joy enquires of various
things,
And acts and monuments of ancient
kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman
tow'rs:
"These woods were first the seat of
sylvan pow'rs,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, and salvage
men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and
stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor
the care
Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd
to spare.
Their exercise the chase; the running
flood
Supplied their thirst, the trees
supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the
pow'r of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd
from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns
he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs
taught,
And Latium call'd the land where
safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his
usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and
plenty came;
And hence the golden times deriv'd
their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd
age

Succeeded this, with avarice and
rage.

Th' Ausonians then, and bold
Sicanians came;

And Saturn's empire often chang'd
the name.

Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the
rest,

With arbitrary sway the land
oppress'd:

For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name
it bore.

I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native
home

By fortune's pow'r, and fate's
resistless doom.

Long toss'd on seas, I sought this
happy land,

Warn'd by my mother nymph, and
call'd by Heav'n's command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and
shew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman
state;

Where stood an altar, sacred to the
name

Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold th' Aenean
race,

Sublime in fame, and Rome's
imperial place:

Then shews the forest, which, in after
times,

Fierce Romulus for perpetrated
crimes

A sacred refuge made; with this, the
shrine

Where Pan below the rock had rites
divine:

Then tells of Argus' death, his

"Mean as it is, this palace, and this
 door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor; accept our homely
 food,
 Which feasted him, and emulate a
 god."
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a
 bed;
 The stuffing leaves, with hides of
 bears o'erspread.
 Now night had shed her silver dew
 around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd
 the ground,
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for
 her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars
 begun,)
 Couch'd with her husband in his
 golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his
 aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his
 mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms
 of love:
 "While cruel fate conspir'd with
 Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan
 tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succour of thy skill
 implore;
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in
 vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,
 Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house,
 and more
 The dangers of Aeneas did deplore.

But now, by Jove's command, and
fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:
With humble suit I beg thy needful
art,
O still propitious pow'r, that rules my
heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her
son.
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and
grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are
combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian
kind,
With fire and sword my people to
destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in
conqu'ring Troy."
She said; and straight her arms, of
snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband
threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
His bones and marrow sudden
warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted
fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder
flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the
skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful
wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret
smiles.
Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to
her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her

arms:

“Why seek you reasons for a cause so
just,

Or your own beauties or my love
distrust?

Long since, had you requir’d my
helpful hand,

Th’ artificer and art you might
command,

To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove,
nor fate,

Confin’d their empire to so short a
date.

And, if you now desire new wars to
wage,

My skill I promise, and my pains
engage.

Whatever melting metals can
conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming
fire,

Is freely yours: your anxious fears
remove,

And think no task is difficult to love.”

Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her
charms,

He snatch’d the willing goddess to his
arms;

Till in her lap infus’d, he lay
possess’d

Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing
rest.

Now when the night her middle race
had rode,

And his first slumber had refresh’d
the god—

The time when early housewives
leave the bed;

When living embers on the hearth
they spread,

Supply the lamp, and call the maids to

rise;—

With yawning mouths, and with half-
open'd eyes,

They ply the distaff by the winking
light,

And to their daily labour add the
night:

Thus frugally they earn their
children's bread,

And uncorrupted keep the nuptial
bed—

Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the
forging pow'r.

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle
there lay,

Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and,

deep below,

In hollow caves the fires of Aetna
glow.

The Cyclops here their heavy
hammers deal;

Loud strokes, and hissings of
tormented steel,

Are heard around; the boiling waters
roar,

And smoky flames thro' fuming
tunnels soar.

Hither the Father of the Fire, by night,
Thro' the brown air precipitates his
flight.

On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows

go round.

A load of pointless thunder now there
lies

Before their hands, to ripen for the
skies:

These darts, for angry Jove, they daily
cast;

Consum'd on mortals with prodigious
waste.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire
three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy
store

As many parts, the dreadful mixture
frame;

And fears are added, and avenging
flame.

Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axletrees and blunted war,
And send him forth again with
furbish'd arms,

To wake the lazy war with trumpets'
loud alarms.

The rest refresh the scaly snakes that
fold

The shield of Pallas, and renew their
gold.

Full on the crest the Gorgon's head
they place,

With eyes that roll in death, and with
distorted face.

"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your
tasks aside;

Your strength and master-skill must
now be tried.

Arms for a hero forge; arms that
require

Your force, your speed, and all your
forming fire."

He said. They set their former work
aside,

And their new toils with eager haste
divide.

A flood of molten silver, brass, and
gold,

And deadly steel, in the large furnace
roll'd;

Of this, their artful hands a shield

prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round
they close:
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows
blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy
drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans
around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal
time;
By turns their hands descend, and
hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with
crooked tongs;
The fiery work proceeds, with rustic
songs.

While, at the Lemnian god's
command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th'
Aeolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's
eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to
rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins
meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his
feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a
panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master
press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks
his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends
his pace,
But meets Aeneas in the middle
space.

Young Pallas did his father's steps
attend,
And true Achates waited on his
friend.
They join their hands; a secret seat
they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk
renews:
"Undaunted prince, I never can
believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you
survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful
friend;
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber
bounds;
That other side the Latian state
surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our
fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare, to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your
just design.
You come, as by your better genius
sent,
And fortune seems to favour your
intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly
town,
Of ancient building, and of high
renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian
race,
Who gave the name of Caere to the
place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd
long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people
strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,

Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary
pow'r.

What words can paint those execrable
times,

The subjects' sufferings, and the
tyrant's crimes!

That blood, those murders, O ye gods,
replace

On his own head, and on his impious
race!

The living and the dead at his
command

Were coupled, face to face, and hand
to hand,

Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd
embraces tied,

The ling'ring wretches pin'd away
and died.

Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating
more—

The people's patience, tir'd, no
longer bore

The raging monster; but with arms
beset

His house, and vengeance and
destruction threat.

They fire his palace: while the flame
ascends,

They force his guards, and execute
his friends.

He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd
by the night,

To Turnus' friendly court directs his
flight.

By just revenge the Tuscans set on
fire,

With arms, their king to punishment
require:

Their num'rous troops, now muster'd
on the strand,

My counsel shall submit to your

command.

Their navy swarms upon the coasts;
they cry
To hoist their anchors, but the gods
deny.

An ancient augur, skill'd in future
fate,

With these foreboding words
restrains their hate:

'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood,
the flow'r

Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all
their pow'r,

Whom just revenge against
Mezentius arms,

To seek your tyrant's death by lawful
arms;

Know this: no native of our land may
lead

This pow'rful people; seek a foreign
head.'

Aw'd with these words, in camps
they still abide,

And wait with longing looks their
promis'd guide.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has
sent

Their crown, and ev'ry regal
ornament:

The people join their own with his
desire;

And all my conduct, as their king,
require.

But the chill blood that creeps within
my veins,

And age, and listless limbs unfit for
pains,

And a soul conscious of its own
decay,

Have forc'd me to refuse imperial
sway.

My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,

And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,

And half a native; but, in you, combine

A manly vigour, and a foreign line. Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,

Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.

The staff of my declining days, my son,

Shall make your good or ill success his own;

In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,

And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view,

And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.

Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;

Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band.

These in my name are listed; and my son

As many more has added in his own."

Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,

With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;

Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,

Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.

But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,

To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice

aloud;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along
the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were
heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they
hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent
arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all
around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield
a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with
awe divine;
Aeneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd,
above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the
Queen of Love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This
prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to
me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th'
expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms
divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent
care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing
war,
This omen gave, when bright
Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian
charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then
foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float
in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith

forsworn;
And corps, and swords, and shields,
on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the
loud alarms;
And, Latian troops, prepare your
perjur'd arms."

He said, and, rising from his
homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping
fires;

Then cheerful to his household gods
retires;

There offers chosen sheep. Th'
Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations
bring.

Next, of his men and ships he makes
review;

Draws out the best and ablest of the
crew.

Down with the falling stream the
refuse run,

To raise with joyful news his
drooping son.

Steeds are prepar'd to mount the
Trojan band,

Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene
land.

A sprightly courser, fairer than the
rest,

The king himself presents his royal
guest:

A lion's hide his back and limbs
infolde,

Precious with studded work, and
paws of gold.

Fame thro' the little city spreads
aloud

Th' intended march, amid the fearful

crowd:

The matrons beat their breasts,
dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their
fears.

The war at hand appears with more
affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.

Then old Evander, with a close
embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and
tears o'erflow his face.
"Would Heav'n," said he, "my
strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Praeneste's
wall;

Then when I made the foremost foes
retire,

And set whole heaps of conquer'd
shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did
endue;

And thrice I sent him to the Stygian
shore,

Till the last ebbing soul return'd no
more—

Such if I stood renew'd, not these
alarms,

Nor death, should rend me from my
Pallas' arms;

Nor proud Mezentius, thus
unpunish'd, boast

His rapes and murders on the Tuscan
coast.

Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity
bring

Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to
see

My son return with peace and victory;

If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's
sight;
If we shall meet again with more
delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me
sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of
pain.
But if your hard decrees—which, O!
I dread—
Have doom'd to death his
undeserving head;
This, O this very moment, let me die!
While hopes and fears in equal
balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his
youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged
arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall
wound!"

He said, and, swooning, sunk upon
the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly
laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely
bed.

The horsemen march; the gates
are open'd wide;
Aeneas at their head, Achates by his
side.
Next these, the Trojan leaders rode
along;
Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian
throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er
the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his
vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant
head

The star by whom the lights of heav'n
are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly
dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day
renews.
The trembling wives the walls and
turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty
cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and
shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and
shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful
array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready
way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard
around;
The neighing coursers answer to the
sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid
ground.

A greenwood shade, for long
religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the
Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills
above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants of Grecian
blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and
fields; and pay
Their due devotions on his annual
day.
Not far from hence, along the river's
side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops

abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising
ground,
Aeneas cast his wond'ring eyes
around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in
sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from
left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan
led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied
horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess,
crown'd with charms,
Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings
the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her
son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd
alone.
She shews her heav'nly form without
disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold," she said, "perform'd in
ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's
labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field
defy."
She said; and, having first her son
embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she
plac'd,
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy
sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast
delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and
admires

The crested helm, that vomits radiant
fires:

His hands the fatal sword and corslet
hold,

One keen with temper'd steel, one
stiff with gold:
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy
bright;

So shines a cloud, when edg'd with
adverse light.

He shakes the pointed spear, and
longs to try
The plated cuishes on his manly
thigh;

But most admires the shield's
mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the
gold:

For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly
smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate
untaught)

The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian
line.

The cave of Mars was dress'd with
mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the
martial twins.

Intrepid on her swelling dugs they
hung;

The foster dam loll'd out her fawning
tongue:

They suck'd secure, while, bending
back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and
form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new Rome
appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine
dames.

The pit resounds with shrieks; a war
succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and
unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops
contend;
The Romans there with arms the prey
defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length
they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms
plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar
stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his
hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjurer's
head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd
between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the
green,
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink
his blood,
And his torn limbs are left the
vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud
Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the
banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant
fights;
The Roman youth assert their native
rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud
surprise.
Their king, half-threat'ning, half-
disdaining stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and

stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the
raging tide,
Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia
for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's
god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you
might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now
roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining
gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd
the state.
She told the Gauls' approach; th'
approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize
the walls.
The gold dissembled well their
yellow hair,
And golden chains on their white
necks they wear.
Gold are their vests; long Alpine
spears they wield,
And their left arm sustains a length of
shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests
advance;
And naked thro' the streets the mad
Luperci dance,
In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd
from heav'n.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters
driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp
appear,
And odorous gums in their chaste
hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats

are seen;
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd
Catiline
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and,
around,
The Furies hissing from the nether
ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he
draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing
laws.

Betwixt the quarters flows a
golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver
play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails
divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the
precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets
engage
Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with
equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed
prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy
billows fries.
Young Caesar, on the stern, in armour
bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods
to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames
afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian
star.
Agrippa seconds him, with
prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foes
assails:
A naval crown, that binds his manly
brows,

Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's
Queen defy:

The dog Anubis barks, but barks in
vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal
train.
Mars in the middle of the shining
shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid
field.
The Dirae souse from heav'n with
swift descent;
And Discord, dyed in blood, with
garments rent,
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona
treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their
heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian
height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose
winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians
yield,
And soft Sabaeans quit the wat'ry
field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken
sails,
And, shrinking from the fight,
invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her
breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future
death.
The god had figur'd her as driv'n
along
By winds and waves, and scudding
thro' the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the
winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and

hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks
express'd,
And Rome, triumphant, with his
presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he
plac'd;
With spoils and altars ev'ry temple
grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three
succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the
streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres
with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd
sacrifice.
Great Caesar sits sublime upon his
throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian
stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for
victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns
on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations
march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in
tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper
place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian
race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the
second row,
With Scythians, expert in the dart and
bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates
humbly glides,
And there the Rhine submits her

began:

“What none of all the gods could
grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day
bestows.

Aeneas, gone to seek th’ Arcadian
prince,

Has left the Trojan camp without
defence;

And, short of succours there, employs
his pains

In parts remote to raise the Tuscan
swains.

Now snatch an hour that favours thy
designs;

Unite thy forces, and attack their
lines.”

This said, on equal wings she pois’d
her weight,

And form’d a radiant rainbow in her
flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands
and eyes,

And thus invokes the goddess as she
flies:

“Iris, the grace of heav’n, what pow’r
divine

Has sent thee down, thro’ dusky
clouds to shine?

See, they divide; immortal day
appears,

And glitt’ring planets dancing in their
spheres!

With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow to the war the god that

leads the way.”

Thus having said, as by the brook he

stood,
He scoop’d the water from the crystal
flood;

Then with his hands the drops to

heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with
offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates
thro' the plain,
Well hors'd, well clad; a rich and
shining train.
Messapus leads the van; and, in the
rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms
appear.

In the main battle, with his flaming
crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the
rest.

Silent they move, majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his
flow.

The Trojans view the dusty cloud
from far,
And the dark menace of the distant
war.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning
thro' the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he
calls:

“What rolling clouds, my friends,
approach the walls?
Arm! arm! and man the works!
prepare your spears
And pointed darts! the Latian host
appears.”

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates;
with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes
attend:

For their wise gen'ral, with
foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the
doubtful war,

Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields
advance,
But close within their lines attend
their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict
command,
And sourly wait in arms the hostile
band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he
press'd;
His helm of massy gold, and crimson
was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his
designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
"Is there," he said, "in arms, who
bravely dare
His leader's honour and his danger
share?"
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart
he threw,
In sign of war: applauding shouts
ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race, that
run
Behind the rampires and the battle
shun,
He rides around the camp, with
rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry
passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the
fold:
Wet with descending show'rs, and
stiff with cold,
He howls for hunger, and he grins for
pain,
(His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in
vain,)
And, impotent of anger, finds no way

In his distended paws to grasp the
prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating
lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the
dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the
plain.
Sharp with desire, and furious with
disdain;
Surveys each passage with a piercing
sight,
To force his foes in equal field to
fight.
Thus while he gazes round, at length
he spies,
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts,
their navy lies,
Close underneath the walls; the
washing tide
Secures from all approach this
weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his
hand
With ready fires, and shakes a
flaming brand.
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is
warm'd,
And ev'ry hand with kindled fires is
arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring
sparkles fly;
Fat vapours, mix'd with flames,
involve the sky.
What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the
flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the
Trojan name?
Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time
obscure,

Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame
endure.

'Tis said that, when the chief
prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount
Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then
approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
"Grant me," she said, "the sole
request I bring,
Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd
you for its king.
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there
stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady
wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred
grove,
Where I was worship'd with religious
love.
Those woods, that holy grove, my
long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his
flight.
Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf
I come;
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves
intomb
The floating forests of the sacred
pine;
But let it be their safety to be mine."
Then thus replied her awful son, who
rolls
The radiant stars, and heav'n and
earth controls:
"How dare you, mother, endless date
demand
For vessels moulded by a mortal
hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Aeneas

ride,
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain
tide?
Yet, what I can, I grant; when, wafted
o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian
shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging
storms,
At my command shall change their
fading forms
To nymphs divine, and plow the
wat'ry way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the
sea."
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he
swore,
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary
shore,
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother
god.
He said; and shook the skies with his
imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd
hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods
was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's
decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn,
there sprung
A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and
shot along;
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with
golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and
Berecynthian choirs;
And, last, a voice, with more than
mortal sounds,

Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with
equal horror wounds:
"O Trojan race, your needless aid
forbear,

And know, my ships are my peculiar
care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian
may,

With hissing brands, attempt to burn
the sea,

Than singe my sacred pines. But you,
my charge,

Loos'd from your crooked anchors,
launch at large,

Exalted each a nymph: forsake the
sand,

And swim the seas, at Cybele's
command."

No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to
speak,

When, lo! th' obedient ships their
haulsers break;

And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in
the main

They plunge their prows, and dive,
and spring again:

As many beauteous maids the billows
sweep,

As rode before tall vessels on the
deep.

The foes, surpris'd with wonder,
stood aghast;

Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's
haste;

Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his
head,

Call'd back his waters to their oozy
bed.

Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the
shock,

And with these words his trembling

bespoke:

"These monsters for the Trojans' fate
are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages
sent.
He takes the cowards' last relief
away;
For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd
to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base
inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure
the coast.
Theirs is no more than that small spot
of ground
Which myriads of our martial men
surround.
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.
'Twas giv'n to Venus they should
cross the seas,
And land secure upon the Latian
plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and
mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
With sword and fire, the faithless race
of Troy.
Shall such affronts as these alone
inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the
Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal
strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for
the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a second
time?
One would have thought they paid
enough before,

To curse the costly sex, and durst
offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble
wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when
Troy, tho' built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their
guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your
valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these
dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end
this war,
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms
prepare.
Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians,
join!
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate
my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the
night,
The robb'd Palladium, the pretended
flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town
betray;
Fires they shall have around, but fires
by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp
appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the
tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the
west,
Give we the silent night to needful
rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms
prepare;

The morn shall end the small remains
of war.”

The post of honour to Messapus
falls,
To keep the nightly guard, to watch
the walls,
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty
ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready
stand,
And twice seven hundred horse these
chiefs command;
All clad in shining arms the works
invest,
Each with a radiant helm and waving
crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press
the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, (the jolly
bowls go round,)
With lights and cheerful fires renew
the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts
and play.

The Trojans, from above, their
foes beheld,
And with arm'd legions all the
rampires fill'd.
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they
first explore;
Join works to works with bridges,
tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defence
abound.

Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk
the round,
Commission'd by their absent prince
to share
The common danger, and divide the
care.

The soldiers draw their lots, and, as
they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the
wall.

Nigh where the foes their utmost
guards advance,
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus'
chance.

His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the
wood,

And sent him to the wars. Well could
he bear

His lance in fight, and dart the flying
spear,

But better skill'd unerring shafts to
send.

Beside him stood Euryalus, his
friend:

Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could
boast.

Scarce had the down to shade his
cheeks begun.

One was their care, and their delight
was one:

One common hazard in the war they
shar'd,

And now were both by choice upon
the guard.

Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods
inspire

This warmth, or make we gods of our
desire?

A gen'rous ardour boils within my
breast,

Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my
mind

To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou see'st the foe secure; how

The thing call'd life, with ease I can
disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase
fame."

Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender
years
Would minister new matter to my
fears.

So may the gods, who view this
friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with
life,

Condemn'd to pay my vows, (as sure
I trust,)

This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance—as many
chances are,
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of
war—

If one should reach my head, there let
it fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish
all.

Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer
date:

Live thou to mourn thy love's
unhappy fate;
To bear my mangled body from the
foe,

Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites
bestow.

Or, if hard fortune shall those dues
deny,

Thou canst at least an empty tomb
supply.

O let not me the widow's tears renew!
Nor let a mother's curse my name
pursue:

Thy pious parent, who, for love of
thee,

Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,

Her age committing to the seas and
wind,

When ev'ry weary matron stay'd
behind."

To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot
gain.

No more delays, but haste!" With
that, he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office
takes.

The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous
couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.

All creatures else forgot their
daily care,
And sleep, the common gift of nature,
share;

Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful
sate

In nightly council for th' indanger'd
state.

They vote a message to their absent
chief,

Shew their distress, and beg a swift
relief.

Amid the camp a silent seat they
chose,

Remote from clamour, and secure
from foes.

On their left arms their ample shields
they bear,

The right reclin'd upon the bending
spear.

Now Nisus and his friend approach
the guard,

And beg admission, eager to be
heard:

Th' affair important, not to be
deferr'd.

Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,

Ord'ring the more experienc'd to
begin.

Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend
your ears;

Nor judge our bold attempt beyond
our years.

The foe, securely drench'd in sleep
and wine,

Neglect their watch; the fires but
thinly shine;

And where the smoke in cloudy
vapours flies,

Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the
skies,

Betwixt two paths, which at the gate
divide,

Close by the sea, a passage we have
spied,

Which will our way to great Aeneas
guide.

Expect each hour to see him safe
again,

Loaded with spoils of foes in battle
slain.

Snatch we the lucky minute while we
may;

Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vale, we both have

seen
The rising turrets, and the stream
between,

And know the winding course, with
ev'ry ford."

He ceas'd; and old Alethes took
the word:

"Our country gods, in whom our trust
we place,

Will yet from ruin save the Trojan
race,

While we behold such dauntless
worth appear

In dawning youth, and souls so void
of fear.”
Then into tears of joy the father
broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he
took;
Panted and paus’d; and thus again he
spoke:
“Ye brave young men, what equal
gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can
receive,
The gods and your own conscious
worth will give.
The rest our grateful gen’ral will
bestow,
And young Ascanius till his manhood
owe.”

“And I, whose welfare in my
father lies,”
Ascanius adds, “by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my
household gods,
By hoary Vesta’s rites and dark
abodes,
Adjure you both, (on you my fortune
stands;
That and my faith I plight into your
hands,)
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only
mourn;
Your common gift shall two large
goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious
imagery,
And high emboss’d, which, when old
Priam reign’d,
My conqu’ring sire at sack’d Arisba
gain’d;

And more, two tripods cast in antique
mould,
With two great talents of the finest
gold;
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with
art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave
her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall
obtain—
Thou saw'st the courser by proud
Turnus press'd:
That, Nisus, and his arms, and
nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt,
shall be thy share:
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve
handmaids young and fair
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with
care;
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful
plains,
And a large portion of the king's
domains.
But thou, whose years are more to
mine allied,
No fate my vow'd affection shall
divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly
mine;
Take full possession; all my soul is
thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall
both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom
friend:
My peace shall be committed to thy
care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in
war.”

Then thus the young Euryalus
replied:

“Whatever fortune, good or bad,
betide,

The same shall be my age, as now my
youth;

No time shall find me wanting to my
truth.

This only from your goodness let me
gain

(And, this ungranted, all rewards are
vain)

Of Priam’s royal race my mother
came—

And sure the best that ever bore the
name—

Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could
hold

From me departing, but, o’erspent
and old,

My fate she follow’d. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting
kiss,

Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life
deceive.

By this right hand and conscious
night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not
bear.

Be you her comfort; fill my vacant
place

(Permit me to presume so great a
grace)

Support her age, forsaken and
distress’d.

That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of
fears.”

He said. The mov’d assistants melt in
tears.

Then thus Ascanius,
wonderstruck to see
That image of his filial piety:
“So great beginnings, in so green an
age,
Exact the faith which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly
claim,
Creusa had, and only want the name.
Whate’er event thy bold attempt shall
have,
’Tis merit to have borne a son so
brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I
swear,
(My father us’d it,) what, returning
here
Crown’d with success, I for thyself
prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov’d
mother share.”

He said, and weeping, while he
spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining
sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory scabbard sheath’d the
blade.
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus
gave his friend
A lion’s hide, his body to defend;
And good Alethes furnish’d him,
beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper
tried.

Thus arm’d they went. The noble
Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the
gate
With prayers and vows. Above the
rest appears

Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their
care,
Which all in winds were lost, and
flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd;
then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd
pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were
slain.

They found the careless host
dispers'd upon the plain,
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine,
supinely snore.
Unharness'd chariots stand along the
shore:

Amidst the wheels and reins, the
goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war, they
lie.

Observing Nisus shew'd his friend
the sight:
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a
fight.

Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the
guard,

And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping
foe."

Softly he spoke; then striding took his
way,

With his drawn sword, where haughty
Rhamnes lay;
His head rais'd high on tapestry
beneath,

And heaving from his breast, he drew
his breath;
A king and prophet, by King Turnus
lov'd:

But fate by prescience cannot be
remov'd.

Him and his sleeping slaves he slew;
then spies

Where Remus, with his rich retinue,
lies.

His armour-bearer first, and next he
kills

His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the
wheels

And his lov'd horses; last invades
their lord;

Full on his neck he drives the fatal
sword:

The gasping head flies off; a purple
flood

Flows from the trunk, that welters in
the blood,

Which, by the spurning heels
dispers'd around,

The bed besprinkles and bedews the
ground.

Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the
strong,

He slew, and then Serranus fair and
young.

From dice and wine the youth retir'd
to rest,

And puff'd the fummy god from out his
breast:

Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and
lucky play—

More lucky, had it lasted till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger
bold,

O'erleaps the fences of the nightly
fold,

And tears the peaceful flocks: with
silent awe

Trembling they lie, and pant beneath
his paw.

Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they
find

A precious load; but these they leave
behind.

Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy
would stay

To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd
Rhamnes lay.

Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails of
burnish'd gold.

This present Caedicus the rich
bestow'd

On Remulus, when friendship first
they vow'd,

And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the
prize;

Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops
oppress'd,

He fell; and they the glorious gift
possess'd.

These glitt'ring spoils (now made the
victor's gain)

He to his body suits, but suits in vain:
Messapus' helm he finds among the
rest,

And laces on, and wears the waving
crest.

Proud of their conquest, prouder of
their prey,

They leave the camp, and take the
ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before
they spied

Three hundred horse, with Volscens
for their guide.

The queen a legion to King Turnus
sent;

But the swift horse the slower foot

prevent,
And now, advancing, sought the
leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, thro' the
doubtful shade,
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full
reflection play'd.
"Tis not for naught," cried Volscens
from the crowd,
"These men go there;" then rais'd his
voice aloud:
"Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And
whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what
errand sent?"
Silent they scud away, and haste their
flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust
themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to
cross their way,
And watch each entrance of the
winding wood.
Black was the forest: thick with beech
it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with
thorn;
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of
beasts, were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy
prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his
way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier
haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the
forest pass'd,
And Alban plains, from Alba's name
so call'd,

Where King Latinus then his oxen
stall'd;

Till, turning at the length, he stood his
ground,

And miss'd his friend, and cast his
eyes around:

"Ah wretch!" he cried, "where have I
left behind

Th' unhappy youth? where shall I
hope to find?

Or what way take?" Again he
ventures back,

And treads the mazes of his former
track.

He winds the wood, and, list'ning,
hears the noise

Of tramping coursers, and the riders'
voice.

The sound approach'd; and suddenly
he view'd

The foes inclosing, and his friend
pursued,

Forelaid and taken, while he strove in
vain

The shelter of the friendly shades to
gain.

What should he next attempt? what
arms employ,

What fruitless force, to free the
captive boy?

Or desperate should he rush and lose
his life,

With odds oppress'd, in such unequal
strife?

Resolv'd at length, his pointed
spear he shook;

And, casting on the moon a mournful
look:

"Guardian of groves, and goddess of
the night,

Fair queen," he said, "direct my dart

aright.

If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars
make,

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan
toils,

And hung thy holy roofs with savage
spoils,

Give me to scatter these." Then from
his ear

He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd
the trembling spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the
grove,

Impetuous on the back of Sulmo
drove;

Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his
vital blood,

And in his body left the broken wood.

He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in
death,

And with short sobs he gasps away
his breath.

All stand amaz'd—a second jav'lin
flies

With equal strength, and quivers thro'
the skies.

This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd
the way,

And in the brainpan warmly buried
lay.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage,
and, gazing round,

Descried not him who gave the fatal
wound,

Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou,"
he cries,

"Shalt pay for both," and at the
pris'ner flies

With his drawn sword. Then, struck
with deep despair,

That cruel sight the lover could not
bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open
view,
And sent his voice before him as he
flew:
"Me! me!" he cried—"turn all your
swords alone
On me—the fact confess'd, the fault
my own.
He neither could nor durst, the
guiltless youth:
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to
the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can
offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy
friend."
Too late he speaks: the sword, which
fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his
tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth: the
yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and
stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his
breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share
oppress'd;
Like a white poppy sinking on the
plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd
with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance
justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile
crowd.
Volscens he seeks; on him alone he
bends:
Borne back and bor'd by his

surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still
in sight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all
his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he
spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his
weazon broke.
Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the
plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his
lover slain;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom
fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so
well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse
can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever
live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman
eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide
the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp
convey.

With wonder, as they went, the troops
were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few
had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they
found:

Vast crowds the dying and the dead
surround;

And the yet reeking blood o'erflows
the ground.

All knew the helmet which Messapus
lost,

But mourn'd a purchase that so dear

had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from
Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies
o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course
withheld,
But added colours to the world
reveal'd:
When early Turnus, wak'ning with
the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to
fight.
His martial men with fierce harangue
he fir'd,
And his own ardour in their souls
inspir'd.
This done—to give new terror to his
foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he
shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a
ghastly sight:
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and
barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where
danger calls;
They line their trenches, and they
man their walls.
In front extended to the left they
stood;
Safe was the right, surrounded by the
flood.
But, casting from their tow'rs a
frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well
they knew,
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and
smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping
putrid gore.

Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city
bears
The mournful message to the
mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs; she
shakes;
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the
web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst
the war,
Nor fears the flying darts; she rends
her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid
air.
"Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus
appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining
years!
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes
I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel,
thus alone?
Not one kind kiss from a departing
son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter
sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing
foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a
prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his
obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying
friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other
ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with
care,

Nor did my daily pains or nightly
labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? what
earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold
remains?

For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds and winter
seas!

If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your
darts;

Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude
my woe,
And send me thunderstruck to shades
below!"

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the
Trojans' ears,
Unman their courage, and augment
their fears;
Nor young Ascanius could the sight
sustain,

Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
But Actor and Idaeus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her
tent.

And now the trumpets terribly,
from far,
With rattling clangour, rouse the
sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the
brazen sounds;
And heav'n, from pole to pole, the
noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon
their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving
shed.

These fill the ditch; those pull the
bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale

the town.
But, where void spaces on the walls
appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces
there.
With poles and missive weapons,
from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught, by their ten years' siege,
defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an
unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the
pond'rous blow,
Which yet the patient Volscians
undergo:
But could not bear th' unequal
combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the
thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields
give way,
And their crush'd heads become an
easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their
rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight
engage;
Contented now to gall them from
below
With darts and slings, and with the
distant bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to
view,
A blazing pine within the trenches
threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's
warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the
trenches won,

And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design,
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war;
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their design;
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague; the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.

The Trojans fled; the fire pursued
amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling
train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the
wall,
Down the defence and the defenders
fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself
resound:
The dead and dying Trojans strew the
ground.
The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen
crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried
whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves
had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only
scape;
Sav'd—how, they know not—from
the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two: by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom to the Lydian king Licymnia
bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the
war
(A privilege which none but freemen
share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and
silver shield:
No marks of honour charg'd its empty
field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth
arose,
And rising, found himself amidst his
foes;
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force
his way.

Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay;

And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds

Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds

Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,

And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:

So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws

His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,

Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war;

Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,

And snatches at the beam he first can find;

Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,

In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.

But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey

(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,

Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind)

"Fool!" said the chief, "tho' fleetest than the wind,

Couldst thou presume to scape, when I pursue?"

He said, and downward by the feet he drew

The trembling dastard; at the tug he falls;

Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.

Thus on some silver swan, or

tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes sousing down from
upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful
prey:

Then out of sight she soars, and wings
her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender
lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward with a
barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat
fly.
The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring
foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets
throw.

Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the
kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so
right,

It crush'd him double underneath the
weight.

Two more young Liger and Asylas
slew:

To bend the bow young Liger better
knew;

Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.
Brave Caeneus laid Ortygius on the
plain;

The victor Caeneus was by Turnus
slain.

By the same hand, Clonius and Itys
fall,

Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus
found:

Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the
wound—

His shield thrown by, to mitigate the
smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the
wounded part:
The second shaft came swift and
unespied,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to
his side,
Transfix'd his breathing lungs and
beating heart:
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd
against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the
rest,
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest,
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring
love,)
Bred by his father in the Martian
grove,
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And send in arms to purchase early
fame.
Him when he spied from far, the
Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the
sling,
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his
head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew;
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his
brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and
spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who,
before this day,
Was wont in woods to shoot the
savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the
twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe—
With this bereft Numanus of his life,

Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,

Vaunting before his troops, and
lengthen'd with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied:

“Twice-conquer'd cowards, now
your shame is shown—
Coop'd up a second time within your town!

Who dare not issue forth in open field,

But hold your walls before you for a shield.

Thus treat you war? thus our alliance force?

What gods, what madness, hither
steer'd your course?

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,

Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,

We bear our newborn infants to the flood;

There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,

With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

They wake before the day to range the wood,

Kill ere they eat, nor taste
unconquer'd food.

No sports, but what belong to war,
they know:

To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.

Our youth, of labour patient, earn

their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet
fed.
From plows and harrows sent to seek
renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the
shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is
free,
No change in age, or difference in
degree.
We plow and till in arms; our oxen
feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed
steel;
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in
the plain.
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet
changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind; nor can
control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the
soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise
the gray:
We live by plunder, and delight in
prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich
purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves;
with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins
are tied.
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus
again!
Go, less than women, in the shapes of
men!
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the
Mother's rites,
Where with unequal sound the flute

invites;
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in
Ida's shade:
Resign the war to men, who know the
martial trade!"

This foul reproach Ascanius could
not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge
forbear.

At the full stretch of both his hands he
drew,

And almost join'd the horns of the
tough yew.

But, first, before the throne of Jove he
stood,

And thus with lifted hands invok'd
the god:

"My first attempt, great Jupiter,
succeed!

An annual off'ring in thy grove shall
bleed;

A snow-white steer, before thy altar
led,

Who, like his mother, bears aloft his
head,

Butts with his threat'ning brows, and
bellowing stands,

And dares the fight, and spurns the
yellow sands."

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a
gracious ear,

And thunder'd on the left, amidst the
clear.

Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly
flies

The feather'd death, and hisses thro'
the skies.

The steel thro' both his temples forc'd
the way:

Extended on the ground, Numanus
lay.

His wrinkled visage, and his hoary
hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he
wears,
And thus salutes the boy, too forward
for his years:
“Suffice it thee, thy father’s worthy
son,
The warlike prize thou hast already
won.
The god of archers gives thy youth a
part
Of his own praise, nor envies equal
art.
Now tempt the war no more.” He
said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish’d from
their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron
know,
And hear the twanging of his
heav’nly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and
Phoebus’ name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond
of fame.
Undaunted, they themselves no
danger shun;
From wall to wall the shouts and
clamours run.
They bend their bows; they whirl
their slings around;
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew
the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling
arms resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm
that flies
From westward, when the show’ry
Kids arise;
Or patt’ring hail comes pouring on

the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd
rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a
stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the
ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts
of war,
Whom Hieras to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height
and size
Like firs that on their mother
mountain rise,
Presuming on their force, the gates
unbar,
And of their own accord invite the
war.

With fates averse, against their king's
command,
Arm'd, on the right and on the left
they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel
they wear,
And waving crests above their heads
appear.

Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks
adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads
unshorn,
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy
load,

Dance to the whistling winds, and at
each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they
see

The gate set open, and the passage
free;

Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus,
rushing on,
Equiculus, that in bright armour

shone,
And Haemon first; but soon repuls'd
they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and
those with rage,
And each on equal terms at length
engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing
on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight
maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter
fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news
was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their
place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in
chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent
their fate,
Runs where the giant brothers guard
the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the
brave,
But base-begotten on a Theban slave,
Sarpedon's son, he slew: the deadly
dart
Found passage thro' his breast, and
pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel
stood,
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital
blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent
eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell
oppress'd

(A dart were lost within that roomy
breast),
But from a knotted lance, large,
heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like thunder as it
whirl'd along:
Not two bull hides th' impetuous
force withhold,
Nor coat of double mail, with scales
of gold.
Down sunk the monster bulk and
press'd the ground;
His arms and clatt'ring shield on the
vast body sound,
Not with less ruin than the Bajan
mole,
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to
control—
At once comes tumbling down the
rocky wall;
Prone to the deep, the stones
disjointed fall
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean
flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and
mingled mud arise:
The frightened billows roll, and seek the
shores;
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia
roars:
Typhoeus, thrown beneath, by Jove's
command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the
land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and,
scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press
lighter on his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops
inspir'd,
New strung their sinews, and their

courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold
affright:
Then black despair precipitates their
flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother
kill'd,
The town with fear and wild
confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands, and adds his
shoulders to the weight
Some happier friends within the walls
inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death
expos'd:
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include
the war!
He thrust amid the crowd, securely
bold,
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they
descry,
And sparkling fires that shot from
either eye,
His mighty members, and his ample
breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson
crest.

Far from that hated face the
Trojans fly,
All but the fool who sought his
destiny.

Mad Pandarus steps forth, with
vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus
aloud:

“These are not Ardea’s walls, nor this
the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia’s crown:

'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left."

To whom, with count'nance calm,
and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: "Then begin, and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."

A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

"But hope not thou," said Turnus,
"when I strike,
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god."
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound:
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam gush from

the gaping wound:
Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen
steel divides,
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal
sides.

The Trojans fly from their
approaching fate;
And, had the victor then secur'd the
gate,

And to his troops without unclos'd
the bars,

One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of
blood,

Push'd on his fury, to pursue the
crowd.

Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges
died;

Then Phalaris is added to his side.
The pointed jav'lines from the dead he
drew,

And their friends' arms against their
fellows threw.

Strong Halys stands in vain; weak
Phlegys flies;

Saturnia, still at hand, new force and
fire supplies.

Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander
fall—

Engag'd against the foes who scal'd
the wall:

But, whom they fear'd without, they
found within.

At last, tho' late, by Lynceus he was
seen.

He calls new succours, and assaults
the prince:

But weak his force, and vain is their
defence.

Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero
drew,

And at one blow the bold aggressor
slew.

He joints the neck; and, with a stroke
so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head
along.

Next him, the huntsman Amycus he
kill'd,

In darts envenom'd and in poison
skill'd.

Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal
spear,

And Creteus, whom the Muses held
so dear:

He fought with courage, and he sung
the fight;

Arms were his bus'ness, verses his
delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with
rage and grief,

Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten
their relief.

Bold Mnestheus rallies first the
broken train,

Whom brave Seresthus and his troop
sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the
dead,

Against one warrior's arms all Troy
they led.

"O, void of sense and courage!"

Mnestheus cried,

"Where can you hope your coward
heads to hide?"

Ah! where beyond these rampires can
you run?

One man, and in your camp inclos'd,
you shun!

Shall then a single sword such
slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a

num'rous host?
Forsaking honour, and renouncing
fame,
Your gods, your country, and your
king you shame!"
This just reproach their virtue does
excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to
the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet
disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back
the field,
And inches to the walls, where
Tiber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the
weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the
more,
And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
They shout: they bear him back; and,
whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppress
with weight.

As, compass'd with a wood of
spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his
ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns
again;
Threats his distended paws, and
shakes his mane;
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to
run:
So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of
flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes
from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he
renews,

he makes.
Plung'd in the flood, and made the
waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burthen
bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd
away the gore;
Then gently wafts him to the farther
coast,
And sends him safe to cheer his
anxious host.

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Aeneas' return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Aeneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

The gates of heav'n unfold: Jove
summons all
The gods to council in the common
hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of
the war,
And all th' inferior world. From first
to last,
The sov'reign senate in degrees are
plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty sire began:
“Ye gods,
Natives or denizens of blest abodes,
From whence these murmurs, and this
change of mind,
This backward fate from what was

first design'd?
Why this protracted war, when my
commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the
Latian lands?
What fear or hope on either part
divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our powers on
diff'rent sides?
A lawful time of war at length will
come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the
doom),
When Carthage shall contend the
world with Rome,
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine
chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on
the plains.
Then is your time for faction and
debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension
cease;
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to
peace."

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the
charge;
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
"O pow'r immense, eternal energy,
(For to what else protection can we
fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how
they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my
care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his
train,
In shining arms, triumphant on the
plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they

contend,
And scarce their walls the Trojan
troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and
o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increasing
moats.
Aeneas, ignorant, and far from
thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without
defence.
This endless outrage shall they still
sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and
fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue
fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be
found;
And I, thy daughter, wait another
wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy
leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid
withdraw.
But, if the gods their sure success
foretell;
If those of heav'n consent with those
of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another
fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the
main,
Of Aeolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy
the fleet?

Now Juno to the Stygian sky
descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the
fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of
Jove!
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage
inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian
dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my
mind;
(Such hopes I had indeed, while
Heav'n was kind;)
Now let my happier foes possess my
place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan
race;
And conquer they, whom you with
conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your
wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives
receive;
(Since haughty Juno will not give you
leave;)
Then, father, (if I still may use that
name,)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the
flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd
the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a
crown.
The father may be cast on coasts
unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save
the son.

Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian
tow'rs:

In those recesses, and those sacred
bow'rs,

Obscurely let him rest; his right
resign

To promis'd empire, and his Julian
line.

Then Carthage may th' Ausonian
towns destroy,

Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.

What profits it my son to scape the
fire,

Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with
his sire;

To pass the perils of the seas and
wind;

Evade the Greeks, and leave the war
behind;

To reach th' Italian shores; if, after
all,

Our second Pergamus is doom'd to
fall?

Much better had he curb'd his high
desires,

And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd
fires.

To Simois' banks the fugitives
restore,

And give them back to war, and all
the woes before."

Deep indignation swell'd
Saturnia's heart:

"And must I own," she said, "my
secret smart—

What with more decency were in
silence kept,

And, but for this unjust reproach, had
slept?

Did god or man your fav'rite son
advise,

With war unhop'd the Latians to
surprise?

By fate, you boast, and by the gods'
decree,

He left his native land for Italy!
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra,
more

Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a
foreign shore!

Did I persuade to trust his second
Troy

To the raw conduct of a beardless
boy,

With walls unfinish'd, which himself
forsakes,

And thro' the waves a wand'ring
voyage takes?

When have I urg'd him meanly to
demand

The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice,
Or made the fool himself the fatal
choice?

You think it hard, the Latians should
destroy

With swords your Trojans, and with
fires your Troy!

Hard and unjust indeed, for men to
draw

Their native air, nor take a foreign
law!

That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess
give!

But yet is just and lawful for your line
To drive their fields, and force with
fraud to join;

Realms, not your own, among your
clans divide,

And from the bridegroom tear the
promis'd bride;

Petition, while you public arms
prepare;

Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a
war!

'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son
to shroud,

To draw the dastard from the fighting
crowd,

And, for a man, obtend an empty
cloud.

From flaming fleets you turn'd the
fire away,

And chang'd the ships to daughters of
the sea.

But is my crime—the Queen of
Heav'n offends,

If she presume to save her suff'ring
friends!

Your son, not knowing what his foes
decree,

You say, is absent: absent let him be.

Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian
tow'rs,

The soft recesses, and the sacred
bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms
prepare,

And thus provoke a people prone to
war?

Did I with fire the Trojan town
deface,

Or hinder from return your exil'd
race?

Was I the cause of mischief, or the
man

Whose lawless lust the fatal war
began?

Think on whose faith th' adult'rous
youth relied;

Who promis'd, who procur'd, the
Spartan bride?

A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.
Yet in the face of danger some there
stood:

The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's
blood,

Asius and Acmon; both th' Assaraci;
Young Haemon, and tho' young,
resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and
Thymoetes join'd;
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian
kind.

From Acmon's hands a rolling stone
there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's
name:

Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and
big of bone;
His brother Mnestheus could not
more have done,
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights
of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with
stones defend.

Amid the press appears the
beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of
Troy.

His lovely face unarm'd, his head was
bare;

In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his
hair.

His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he
shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry
set,

Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the
war,

Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd—in
Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat
fields adorn;
Where proud Pactolus floats the
fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden
sands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan
name,
And there was Mnestheus too,
increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast
with shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on
either side.
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly
tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he
went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and
Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the
chief;
His name and country told, and ask'd
relief;
Propos'd the terms; his own small
strength declar'd;
What vengeance proud Mezentius
had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent,
design'd;
Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of
humankind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to
beware,
And to his wholesome counsel added
pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty
signs,

And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan
joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the
fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign
hand.

Aeneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida
bear—

Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Aeneas
sate,

Revolving war's events, and various
fate.

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his
side,

And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the
tide;

Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry
way;

And what he suffer'd both by land
and sea.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your
spring!

The Tuscan leaders, and their army
sing,

Which follow'd great Aeneas to the
war:

Their arms, their numbers, and their
names declare.

A thousand youths brave
Massicus obey,

Borne in the Tiger thro' the foaming
sea;

From Asium brought, and Cosa, by
his care:

For arms, light quivers, bows and
shafts, they bear.

Fierce Abas next: his men bright
armour wore;

His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.

Six hundred Populonia sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and
strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva
joins,

An isle renown'd for steel, and
unexhausted mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heav'n interprets, and the
wand'ring stars;

From offer'd entrails prodigies
expounds,

And peals of thunder, with presaging
sounds.

A thousand spears in warlike order
stand,

Sent by the Pisans under his
command.

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry
field,

Proud of his manag'd horse and
painted shield.

Gravisca, noisome from the
neighb'ring fen,

And his own Caere, sent three
hundred men;

With those which Minio's fields and
Pyrgi gave,

All bred in arms, unanimous, and
brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras
renew,

And brave Cupavo follow'd but by
few;

Whose helm confess'd the lineage of
the man,

And bore, with wings display'd, a
silver swan.

Love was the fault of his fam'd
ancestry,

Whose forms and fortunes in his

ensigns fly.
For Cynus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves,
alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to soothe
his grief.
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd
his relief,
And chang'd to snowy plumes his
hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft
in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny
flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur
stood,
Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning
still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas
below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable
sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed
his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his
native train
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry
plain:
The son of Manto by the Tuscan
stream,
From whence the Mantuan town
derives the name—
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three sev'ral tribes compose the
government;
Four towns are under each; but all
obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the
Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five
hundred more,

Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus
bore:

Mincius, with wreaths of reeds his
forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Auletes leads: a hundred
sweep

With stretching oars at once the
glassy deep.
Him and his martial train the Triton
bears;

High on his poop the sea-green god
appears:

Frowning he seems his crooked shell
to sound,
And at the blast the billows dance
around.

A hairy man above the waist he
shows;

A porpoise tail beneath his belly
grows;

And ends a fish: his breast the waves
divides,

And froth and foam augment the
murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the
chosen train
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny
main.

Now was the world forsaken by
the sun,
And Phoebe half her nightly race had
run.

The careful chief, who never clos'd
his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails
supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the
flood,

Once his own galleys, hewn from
Ida's wood;

But now, as many nymphs, the sea

they sweep,
As rode, before, tall vessels on the
deep.
They know him from afar; and in a
ring
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan
king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the
rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy
breast;
Her right hand stops the stern; her left
divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the
tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus
began
With pleasing words to warn th'
unknowing man:
"Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-
born, awake!
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry
track,
And haste your course. Your navy
once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the
sea;
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we
stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his
fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's
chain),
And since have sought you thro' the
Tuscan main.
The mighty Mother chang'd our
forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp
distress'd,

By your insulting foes is hardly
press'd.

Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian
host,

Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief
designs,

Before their troops can reach the
Trojan lines.

Thou, when the rosy morn restores
the light,

First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing
fight:

Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan
wield,

And bear aloft th' impenetrable
shield.

Tomorrow's sun, unless my skill be
vain,

Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle
slain."

Parting, she spoke; and with immortal
force

Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry
course;

For well she knew the way. Impell'd
behind,

The ship flew forward, and
outstripp'd the wind.

The rest make up. Unknowing of the
cause,

The chief admires their speed, and
happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on
heav'n his eyes:

"Hear thou, great Mother of the
deities.

With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy
hill

Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey
thy will.)

Firm thy own omens; lead us on to
fight;
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy
right.”

He said no more. And now
renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night
away.

He charg'd the soldiers, with
preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms
prepare;

Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade
'em hope the war.
Now, his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp incompass'd, and th'
inclosing foe.

His blazing shield, imbrac'd, he held
on high;

The camp receive the sign, and with
loud shouts reply.

Hope arms their courage: from their
tow'rs they throw

Their darts with double force, and
drive the foe.

Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes
arise

Before the stormy south, and blacken
all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight
renew'd,

Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he
view'd,

The seas with swelling canvas
cover'd o'er,

And the swift ships descending on the
shore.

The Latians saw from far, with
dazzled eyes,

The radiant crest that seem'd in
flames to rise,

And dart diffusive fires around the
field,

And the keen glitt'ring of the golden
shield.

Thus threat'ning comets, when by
night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden
all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister
lights,

Pale humankind with plagues and
with dry famine fright:

Yet Turnus with undaunted mind
is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their
descent,

And thus awakes the courage of his
friends:

“What you so long have wish'd, kind
Fortune sends;
In ardent arms to meet th' invading
foe:

You find, and find him at advantage
now.

Yours is the day: you need but only
dare;

Your swords will make you masters
of the war.

Your sires, your sons, your houses,
and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your
hands.

Be mindful of the race from whence
you came,
And emulate in arms your fathers'
fame.

Now take the time, while stagg'ring
yet they stand
With feet unfirm, and prepossess the
strand:

Fortune befriends the bold.” Nor

more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and
whom to lead;
Then these elects, the landing to
prevent;
And those he leaves, to keep the city
pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his
troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by
bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the
strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-
land.
Tarchon observes the coast with
careful eyes,
And, where no ford he finds, no water
fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmurs
roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell
the shore,
That course he steer'd, and thus he
gave command:
"Here ply your oars, and at all hazard
land:
Force on the vessel, that her keel may
wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile
ground.
Let me securely land—I ask no more;
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the
shore."

This fiery speech inflames his
fearful friends:
They tug at ev'ry oar, and ev'ry
stretcher bends;
They run their ships aground; the
vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore,) and tremble

with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, that
stranded stood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the
flood:

She breaks her back; the loosen'd
sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the
sea.

Their broken oars and floating planks
withstand

Their passage, while they labour to
the land,
And ebbing tides bear back upon th'
uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops
without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Aeneas first
assail'd

The clowns new-rais'd and raw, and
soon prevail'd.

Great Theron fell, an omen of the
fight;

Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant
height.

He first in open field defied the
prince:

But armour scal'd with gold was no
defence

Against the fated sword, which
open'd wide

His plated shield, and pierc'd his
naked side.

Next, Lichas fell, who, not like others
born,

Was from his wretched mother ripp'd
and torn;

Sacred, O Phoebus, from his birth to
thee;

For his beginning life from biting

steel was free.
Not far from him was Gyas laid
along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus
fierce and strong:
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the
chief assail'd,
Nor valour nor Herculean arms
avail'd,
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to
go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd
below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his
death:
Aeneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd
his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd
his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless
bloom,
And sought with lust obscene
polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had curd his love of
boys,
Had not his sev'n bold brethren
stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champions, with united
force.
Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and
some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his
helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him; but his
mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in
air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to
supply
The spears that knew the way to
victory—

“Those fatal weapons, which, inur’d
to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in
vain

Against our foes, on this contended
plain.”

He said; then seiz’d a mighty spear,
and threw;
Which, wing’d with fate, thro’
Maeon’s buckler flew,
Pierc’d all the brazen plates, and
reach’d his heart:
He stagger’d with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach’d, but reach’d
in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to
sustain.

A second spear, which kept the
former course,
From the same hand, and sent with
equal force,
His right arm pierc’d, and holding on,
bereft

His use of both, and pinion’d down
his left.
Then Numitor from his dead brother
drew

Th’ ill-omen’d spear, and at the
Trojan threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance
awry,
Which, glancing, only mark’d
Achates’ thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine
Clausus came,
And, from afar, at Dryops took his
aim.

The spear flew hissing thro’ the
middle space,
And pierc’d his throat, directed at his

face;
It stopp'd at once the passage of his
wind,
And the free soul to flitting air
resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck
the ground;
Lifeblood and life rush'd mingled
thro' the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean
race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their
native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of
Thrace.
Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads:
The son of Neptune to his aid
succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse. On either
hand,
These fight to keep, and those to win,
the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil
is dyed,
While on its borders each their claim
decide.
As wintry winds, contending in the
sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles
try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful
rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide
undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to
yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the
field.
Both armies thus perform what
courage can;

Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse

With ill success engage the Latin force:

For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,

Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,

They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight

On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.

Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd

His foes pursuing, and his friends pursued,

Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource,

With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force

"Which way, companions? whether would you run?

By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,

By my great sire, by his establish'd name,

And early promise of my future fame;

By my youth, emulous of equal right

To share his honours—shun ignoble flight!

Trust not your feet: your hands must hew way

Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:

'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come;

There lies our way, and that our passage home.

Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies

below

Oppress our arms: with equal strength
we go,
With mortal hands to meet a mortal
foe.

See on what foot we stand: a scanty
shore,

The sea behind, our enemies before;
No passage left, unless we swim the
main;

Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches
gain.”

This said, he strode with eager haste
along,

And bore amidst the thickest of the
throng.

Lagus, the first he met, with fate to
foe,

Had heav’d a stone of mighty weight,
to throw:

Stooping, the spear descended on his
chine,

Just where the bone distinguished
either loin:

It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,
That scarce the victor forc’d the steel
away.

Hisbon came on: but, while he mov’d
too slow

To wish’d revenge, the prince
prevents his blow;

For, warding his at once, at once he
press’d,

And plung’d the fatal weapon in his
breast.

Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in
dust,

Who stain’d his stepdam’s bed with
impious lust.

And, after him, the Daucian twins
were slain,

Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian
plain;
So wondrous like in feature, shape,
and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents'
eyes—
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword
decides
The nice distinction, and their fate
divides:
For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and
Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on
the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the falchion
strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke
in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th'
Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest
shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their
minds inflame.
Then, with a casual blow was
Rhoeteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to
cross the plain:
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
But Rhoeteus happen'd on a death
unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyres while
he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him
dead:
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal
wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the
ground.
As when, in summer, welcome winds
arise,

The watchful shepherd to the forest
flies,
And fires the midmost plants;
contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the
neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious
blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the
waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire
victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets
ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd
strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their
prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire
of blood;
But first collected in his arms he
stood:
Advancing then, he plied the spear so
well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell.
Around his head he toss'd his
glitt'ring brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his
better hand,
Held up to guard his throat; then
hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd
the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either
eye;
And blood, and mingled brains,
together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus'
sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves

retire:

But, when the father's mortal race
was run,
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war, to find,
beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable
death.

Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he
throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his
vows:

"O sacred stream, direct my flying
dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus'
heart!
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall
bear."

Pleas'd with the bribe, the god
receiv'd his pray'r:
For, while his shield protects a friend
distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd
his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of
the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a
knight;
But by his own example cheers the
fight.

Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the
stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the
day.

The Phrygian troops escap'd the
Greeks in vain:
They, and their mix'd allies, now load
the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies
came;

Their leaders equal, and their strength
the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they
could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the
field.

Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus
there:

Of equal youth and beauty both
appear,

But both by fate forbid to breathe
their native air.

Their congress in the field great Jove
withstands:

Both doom'd to fall, but fall by
greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the
Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift
relief.

With his driv'n chariot he divides the
crowd,

And, making to his friends, thus calls
aloud:

"Let none presume his needless aid to
join;

Retire, and clear the field; the fight is
mine:

To this right hand is Pallas only due;
O were his father here, my just
revenge to view!"

From the forbidden space his men
retir'd.

Pallas their awe, and his stern words,
admir'd;

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with
wond'ring sight,

Struck with his haughty mien, and
tow'ring height.

Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts
forbear;

Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear;
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name;
Jove is impartial, and to both the
same.”

He said, and to the void advanc'd his
pace:

Pale horror sate on each Arcadian
face.

Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping
light,

Address'd himself on foot to single
fight.

And, as a lion—when he spies from
far

A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back
the sand—

Runs roaring downward from his
hilly stand:

Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the
chief advance

Within due distance of his flying
lance,

Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd
to try

If fortune would his want of force
supply;

And thus to Heav'n and Hercules
address'd:

“Alcides, once on earth Evander's
guest,

His son adjures you by those holy
rites,

That hospitable board, those genial
nights;

Assist my great attempt to gain this
prize,

And let proud Turnus view, with
dying eyes,

His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the
vain request;
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs
within his breast.
Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus
began:

"Short bounds of life are set to mortal
man.

'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the
narrow span.

So many sons of gods, in bloody
fight,

Around the walls of Troy, have lost
the light:

My own Sarpedon fell beneath his
foe;

Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the
blow.

Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his
breath,

And stands already on the verge of
death."

This said, the god permits the fatal
fight,

But from the Latian fields averts his
sight.

Now with full force his spear
young Pallas threw,

And, having thrown, his shining
falchion drew

The steel just graz'd along the
shoulder joint,

And mark'd it slightly with the
glancing point,

Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance
drew,

And pois'd his pointed spear, before
he threw:

Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd
along,

"See now," said he, "whose arm is

Depriv'd their bridegrooms of
returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse
he wore.
O mortals, blind in fate, who never
know
To bear high fortune, or endure the
low!
The time shall come, when Turnus,
but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of
the slain;
Shall wish the fatal belt were far
away,
And curse the dire remembrance of
the day.

The sad Arcadians, from th'
unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a
shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once
restor'd,
With praises, to thy sire, at once
deplor'd!
One day first sent thee to the fighting
field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle
kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne
upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain
fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin
stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious
hand.
He whirls his sword around, without
delay,
And hews thro' adverse foes an ample

Turnus broke
All rules of war by one relentless
stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor
deems alone
My father's shadow, but my living
son."
Thus having said, of kind remorse
bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him
with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his
neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion
sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Emonides, was
near;
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amidst
the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple,
proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro'
the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to
yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and,
at one blow,
Sent him an off'ring to the shades
below.
His arms Seresthus on his shoulders
bears,
Design'd a trophy to the God of Wars.

Vulcanian Caeculus renews the
fight,
And Umbro, born upon the
mountains' height.
The champion cheers his troops t'
encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other
foes.

At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at
the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground
together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic
charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable
arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and,
from the spheres,
Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of
years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph
trod;
A nymph his mother, his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the
prince:
With his protended lance he makes
defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then,
pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him
down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and,
as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to
pray,
Mows off his head: the trunk a
moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand
in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the
slain:
"Lie there, proud man, unpitied, on
the plain;
Lie there, inglorious, and without a
tomb,
Far from thy mother and thy native
home,
Exposed to savage beasts, and birds
of prey,

Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.”

On Lycas and Antaeus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong;
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young.
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.
And, as Aegaeon, when with heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defied the forky lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;
And soon the fields with falling corps were strow'd,
When once his falchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew

Against Niphaeus, whom four
coursers drew.
They, when they see the fiery chief
advance,
And pushing at their chests his
pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad
with fear,
They threw their master headlong
from the chair.
They stare, they start, nor stop their
course, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the
shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the
plains,
With two white steeds; but Liger
holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains:
Bold brethren both. The former
wav'd in air
His flaming sword: Aeneas couch'd
his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to
fear.
Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is
vain
To scape from hence, as from the
Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomedes
bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles
rode;
Nor Venus' veil is here, near
Neptune's shield;
Thy fatal hour is come, and this the
field."
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan
peer
Return'd his answer with his flying
spear.

As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot
protends,
Prepar'd for fight; the fatal dart
arrives,
And thro' the borders of his buckler
drives;
Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin: the
deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on
the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with
scornful spite:
"Blame not the slowness of your
steeds in flight;
Vain shadows did not force their swift
retreat;
But you yourself forsake your empty
seat."
He said, and seiz'd at once the
loosen'd rein;
For Liger lay already on the plain,
By the same shock: then, stretching
out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life
demands:
"Now, by thyself, O more than mortal
man!
By her and him from whom thy
breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg
thee, spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy
suppliant's pray'r."
Thus much he spoke, and more he
would have said;
But the stern hero turn'd aside his
head,
And cut him short: "I hear another
man;
You talk'd not thus before the fight

began.

Now take your turn; and, as a brother
should,

Attend your brother to the Stygian
flood.”

Then thro’ his breast his fatal sword
he sent,

And the soul issued at the gaping
vent.

As storms the skies, and torrents
tear the ground,

Thus rag’d the prince, and scatter’d
deaths around.

At length Ascanius and the Trojan
train

Broke from the camp, so long
besieg’d in vain.

Meantime the King of Gods and
Mortal Man

Held conference with his queen, and
thus began:

“My sister goddess, and well-
pleasing wife,

Still think you Venus’ aid supports
the strife—

Sustains her Trojans—or themselves,
alone,

With inborn valour force their fortune
on?

How fierce in fight, with courage
undecay’d!

Judge if such warriors want immortal
aid.”

To whom the goddess with the
charming eyes,

Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
“Why, O my sov’ reign lord, whose

frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern’d, your anger

bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if

I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your
will,
From your almighty pow'r your
pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning
Turnus' life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal
fight,
And give him to his aged father's
sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it
good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious
blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his
name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god
Pylumus came;
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your
shrine."

Then shortly thus the sov'reign
god replied:
"Since in my pow'r and goodness you
confide,
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring
man,
I grant you leave to take your Turnus
hence
From instant fate, and can so far
dispense.
But, if some secret meaning lies
beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from
destin'd death,
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your
hopes in vain."
To whom the goddess thus, with

weeping eyes:
“And what if that request, your
tongue denies,
Your heart should grant; and not a
short reprieve,
But length of certain life, to Turnus
give?
Now speedy death attends the
guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with
truth;
Which, O! I wish, might err thro’
causeless fears,
And you (for you have pow’r)
prolong his years!”

Thus having said, involv’d in
clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her thro’
the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the
plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight
maintain.
Of air condens’d a spectre soon she
made;
And, what Aeneas was, such seem’d
the shade.
Adorn’d with Dardan arms, the
phantom bore
His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore;
This hand appear’d a shining sword to
wield,
And that sustain’d an imitated shield.
With manly mien he stalk’d along the
ground,
Nor wanted voice belied, nor
vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to
waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by
night.)

The spectre seems the Daunian chief
to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in
air.

At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his
spear:

The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to
fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan
fled,

And with vain hopes his haughty
fancy fed.

“Whether, O coward?” (thus he calls
aloud,

Nor found he spoke to wind, and
chas'd a cloud,)

“Why thus forsake your bride!
Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by
sea.”

He said, and, brandishing at once his
blade,

With eager pace pursued the flying
shade.

By chance a ship was fasten'd to the
shore,

Which from old Clusium King
Osinius bore:

The plank was ready laid for safe
ascent;

For shelter there the trembling
shadow bent,

And skipp't and skulk'd, and under
hatches went.

Exulting Turnus, with regardless
haste,

Ascends the plank, and to the galley
pass'd.

Scarce had he reach'd the prow:
Saturnia's hand

The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship

from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel plows
the sea,
And measures back with speed her
former way.
Meantime Aeneas seeks his absent
foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to
shades below.

The guileful phantom now
forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a
cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion
found,
Far on the sea, still making from the
ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by
shame,
With sense of honour stung, and
forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had
pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heav'n
he cast;
"O Jove!" he cried, "for what offence
have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whether am
I borne?
How, and with what reproach, shall I
return?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs
again?
What will they say of their deserting
chief
The war was mine: I fly from their
relief;
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter
leave;

And ev'n from hence their dying
groans receive.
Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps
they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the fields,
ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me
down alive!
Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch
relieve!
On sands or shelves the splitting
vessel drive;
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert
shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me
more,
Unknown to friends, or foes, or
conscious Fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight
proclaim."

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various
fates revolv'd:
The choice was doubtful, but the
death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea
took place,
That to revenge, and this to purge
disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the
stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to
gain.
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and
thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both
withstood.
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong
gales supplied,
And push'd the vessel o'er the
swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native

shores,
And to his father's longing arms
restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse,
Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour
warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their
shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the
fight.

Against their king the Tuscan troops
conspire;
Such is their hate, and such their
fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him
alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their
darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves
oppos'd,
From his proud summit looking
down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd
remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty
Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
His face was flatted, and his helmet
rung.

But Palmus from behind receives his
wound;
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on
the ground:
His crest and armour, from his body
torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head
adorn.

Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he

slew.
Mimas his birth from fair Theano
drew,
Born on that fatal night, when, big
with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to
his sire:
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was
slain,
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian
plain.

And, as a savage boar, on
mountains bred,
With forest mast and fatt'ning
marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils
inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds
oppos'd,
He whets his tusks, and turns, and
dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from
afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout
around;
But none presumes to give a nearer
wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled
hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his
side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate
inspir'd,
And just revenge against the tyrant
fir'd,
Their darts with clamour at a distance
drive,
And only keep the languish'd war
alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the
fight,

Who left his spouse betroth'd, and
unconsummate night.
Mezentius sees him thro' the
squadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his
bride.

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about
the folds,
Or beamy stag, that grazes on the
plain—

He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising
mane,

He grins, and opens wide his greedy
jaws;

The prey lies panting underneath his
paws:

He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth
runs o'er

With unchew'd morsels, while he
churns the gore:

So proud Mezentius rushes on his
foes,

And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the
swarthy ground;

The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies
broken in the wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor
view'd

Orodes flying, nor the wretch
pursued,

Nor thought the dastard's back
deserv'd a wound,

But, running, gain'd th' advantage of
the ground:

Then turning short, he met him face
to face,

To give his victory the better grace.

Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his

breast,
And rested lance; and thus aloud he
cries:

“Lo! here the champion of my rebels
lies!”

The fields around with Io Paean! ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the
conqu’ring king.
At this the vanquish’d, with his dying
breath,

Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in
death:

“Nor thou, proud man, unpunish’d
shalt remain:
Like death attends thee on this fatal
plain.”

Then, sourly smiling, thus the king
replied:

“For what belongs to me, let Jove
provide;
But die thou first, whatever chance
ensue.”

He said, and from the wound the
weapon drew.
A hov’ring mist came swimming o’er
his sight,
And seal’d his eyes in everlasting
night.

By Caedicus, Alcathous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain;
Orses the strong to greater strength
must yield;
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo
kill’d.

Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon’s blood his lineage
drew.

But from his headstrong horse his fate
he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a
bound:

The chief, alighting, stuck him to the
ground;
Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot
assails:
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son
prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with
pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defied;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force
o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's
fame.
Salius to death the great Antronus
sent:
But the same fate the victor
underwent,
Slain by Nealcus' hand, well-skill'd
to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-
deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with
equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by
turns advance:
Victors and vanquish'd, in the various
field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly
yield.
The gods from heav'n survey the fatal
strife,
And mourn the miseries of human
life.
Above the rest, two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno
there.
Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate
shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing
snakes.

But, glancing thence, the yet
unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and
betwixt
The side and bowels fam'd Anthores
fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travel'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the
war;
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he
chose,
And in Evander's palace sought
repose.
Now, falling by another's wound, his
eyes
He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks,
and dies.

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin
sent;
The shield gave way; thro' treble
plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull hides which round the
buckler fold.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the
course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its
dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a
crimson flood.
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile
blood,
His falchion drew, to closer fight
address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe
oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd
with grief;
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his
relief.
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I

must

To thy immortal memory be just,
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless
for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by
flight:

Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the
spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his
buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death,
below

The lifted sword springs forth to face
the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the
blow.

Shouts of applause ran ringing thro'
the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father
shield.

All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation,
strive,
And with a storm of darts to distance
drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay
from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the
war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling
in the wind,
The plowman, passenger, and
lab'ring hind
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert
fly,
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns
lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heav'n
above 'em smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils:

Of his own filial love, a sadly
pleasing thought:
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him
up, and said:
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can
be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent
store

Of early worth, and sure presage of
more?

Accept whate'er Aeneas can afford;
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy
sword;

And all that pleas'd thee living, still
remain

Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows
know,

Or have a sense of human things
below.

There to thy fellow ghosts with glory
tell:

"'Twas by the great Aeneas hand I
fell."

With this, his distant friends he
beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents
their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the
ground,

With clotted locks, and blood that
well'd from out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no
father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's
yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and
o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he
leant.

A bough his brazen helmet did
sustain;
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the
plain:
A chosen train of youth around him
stand;
His drooping head was rested on his
hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom
sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless
thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to
prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a
message sent
To warn him from the field—alas! in
vain!
Behold, his mournful followers bear
him slain!
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the
yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the
ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off
divin'd
The dire event, with a foreboding
mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary
head;
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n
he spread;
Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus
he said:
“What joys, alas! could this frail
being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life, a ransom for preserving
mine!
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou

lost?

How much too dear has that
redemption cost!

'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:
This is a wound too deep for time to
heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did
defame;

My blackness blotted thy
unblemish'd name.

Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and
exil'd

For foul misdeeds, were punishments
too mild:

I ow'd my people these, and, from
their hate,

With less resentment could have
borne my fate.

And yet I live, and yet sustain the
sight

Of hated men, and of more hated
light:

But will not long." With that he rais'd
from ground

His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with
his wound;

Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and
unappall'd

With pains or perils, for his courser
call'd

Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom
himself did dress

With daily care, and mounted with
success;

His aid in arms, his ornament in
peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle
stroke,

The steed seem'd sensible, while thus
he spoke:

"O Rhoebus, we have liv'd too long

for me—
If life and long were terms that could
agree!
This day thou either shalt bring back
the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan
dead;
This day thou either shalt revenge my
woe,
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel
foe;
Or, if inexorable fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd
master die:
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan
load endure.”
He said; and straight th' officious
courser kneels,
To take his wonted weight. His hands
he fills
With pointed jav'lines; on his head he
lac'd
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly
was grac'd
With waving horsehair, nodding from
afar;
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed
amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to
madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and
conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul
oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within
his breast.
Then loud he call'd Aeneas thrice by
name:
The loud repeated voice to glad
Aeneas came.

“Great Jove,” he said, “and the far-
shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy
challenge good!”
He spoke no more; but hasten’d, void
of fear,
And threaten’d with his long
protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: “Thy
vaunts are vain.
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He’s lost! thy conquest is already
won;

The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.

Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to
die;

But first receive this parting legacy.”

He said; and straight a whirling dart
he sent;

Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the
field,

And vainly plies th' impenetrable
shield.

Thrice rode he round; and thrice
Aeneas wheel'd,

Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb
withstood

The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.

Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone,
To wrench the darts which in his
buckler light,

Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal
fight;

At length resolv'd, he throws with all
his force

Full at the temples of the warrior

horse.

Just where the stroke was aim'd, th'
unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd thro'
either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd
with fright,
The wounded steed curvets, and,
rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs
behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the
wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from
his height:
His horse came after with unwieldy
weight,
And, flound'ring forward, pitching on
his head,
His lord's encumber'd shoulder
overlaid.

From either host, the mingled
shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the
skies.

Aeneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal
sword
High o'er his head, with this
reproachful word:
"Now; where are now thy vaunts, the
fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty
strain?"

Struggling, and wildly staring on
the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight he thus
replies:
"Why these insulting words, this
waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of
death?"

'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that
design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou
thine.
My dying son contracted no such
band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's
hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due:
Refuse it not; but let my body have
The last retreat of humankind, a
grave.
Too well I know th' insulting
people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after
fate:
This refuge for my poor remains
provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by
my side."
He said, and to the sword his throat
applied.
The crimson stream distain'd his
arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing
thro' the wound.

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council, to propose offers of peace to Aeneas; which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances. In the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself, is killed, and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

Scarce had the rosy Morning
rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry
bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares
attend
For his unburied soldiers and his
friend,
Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a
victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her
boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he
plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe
he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius
worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph
borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from
afar,
A trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless
wood,
Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd
with blood:
His brazen buckler on the left was
seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung
between;
And on the right was placed his
corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his
unavailing sword.

A crowd of chiefs inclose the
godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst,

began:

“Our toils, my friends, are crown’d
with sure success;
The greater part perform’d, achieve
the less.

Now follow cheerful to the trembling
town;

Press but an entrance, and presume it
won.

Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius
lies,

As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the
plain,

And, in this omen, is already slain.
Prepar’d in arms, pursue your happy
chance;

That none unwarn’d may plead his
ignorance,

And I, at Heav’n’s appointed hour,
may find

Your warlike ensigns waving in the
wind.

Meantime the rites and fun’ral pomps
prepare,

Due to your dead companions of the
war:

The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from
contempt below.

That conquer’d earth be theirs, for
which they fought,

And which for us with their own
blood they bought;

But first the corpse of our unhappy
friend

To the sad city of Evander send,
Who, not inglorious, in his age’s
bloom,

Was hurried hence by too severe a
doom.”

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he
took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas
lay.

Acoetes watch'd the corpse; whose
youth deserv'd
The father's trust; and now the son he
serv'd

With equal faith, but less auspicious
care.

Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow
share.

A troop of Trojans mix'd with these
appear,

And mourning matrons with
dishevel'd hair.

Soon as the prince appears, they raise
a cry;

All beat their breasts, and echoes rend
the sky.

They rear his drooping forehead from
the ground;

But, when Aeneas view'd the grisly
wound

Which Pallas in his manly bosom
bore,

And the fair flesh distain'd with
purple gore;

First, melting into tears, the pious
man

Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus
began:

"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave
the rest

Of my full wishes, she refus'd the
best!

She came; but brought not thee along,
to bless

My longing eyes, and share in my
success:

She grudg'd thy safe return, the

triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the public
view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father
lent
Thy needless succour with a sad
consent;
Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian
land,
And sent me to possess a large
command.
He warn'd, and from his own
experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd,
and bold.
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy
return,
Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,
While we, with vain officious pomp,
prepare
To send him back his portion of the
war,
A bloody breathless body, which can
owe
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs
below.
The wretched father, ere his race is
run,
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his
son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian
war,
Fruits of my plighted faith and
boasted care!
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not
see
A son whose death disgrac'd his
ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man,
however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound

receiv'd.

He died no death to make thee wish,
too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his
shameful fate:
But what a champion has th'
Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou,
Ascanius, lost!"

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the
word around,
To raise the breathless body from the
ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the
flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the
funeral,
To bear him back and share
Evander's grief:
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy
bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad
burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is
borne:
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the
bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely
flow'r,
New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress
the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green
stern shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wondrous
work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold
emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero
brought,

Which with her hands Sidonian Dido
wrought.

One vest array'd the corpse; and one
they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd
around his head,
That, when the yellow hair in flame
should fall,
The catching fire might burn the
golden caul.
Besides, the spoils of foes in battle
slain,

When he descended on the Latian
plain;

Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse
are led

In long array—th' achievements of
the dead.

Then, pinion'd with their hands
behind, appear

Th' unhappy captives, marching in
the rear,

Appointed off'rings in the victor's
name,

To sprinkle with their blood the
fun'ral flame.

Inferior trophies by the chiefs are
borne;

Gauntlets and helms their loaded
hands adorn;

And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles
read

Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the
dead.

Acoetes on his pupil's corpse
attends,

With feeble steps, supported by his
friends.

Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow
drown'd,

Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the

ground;
Where grov'ling while he lies in deep
despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his
hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen
to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and
honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Aethon, the steed
of state,
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a
sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling
down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson
crest,
Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd
the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets
hoarsely sound;
The pikes and lances trail along the
ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian
horse
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their
course,
In long procession rank'd, the pious
chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to
grief:
"The public care," he said, "which
war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least
suspends.
Peace with the manes of great Pallas
dwell!
Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"
He said no more, but, inly thro' he
mourn'd,

Restrained his tears, and to the camp
return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum
sent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their
hand;
Obtest his clemency, and from the
plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their
slain.
They plead, that none those common
rites deny
To conquer'd foes that in fair battle
die.
All cause of hate was ended in their
death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of
breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a
king's request,
Whose son he once was call'd, and
once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to
be denied,
The hero grants, and farther thus
replied:
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd
your state,
And arm'd against an unoffending
man,
Who sought your friendship ere the
war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly
give,
Not only for the slain, but those who
live.
I came not hither but by Heav'n's
command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian
land.

Nor wage I wars unjust: your king
denied
My proffer'd friendship, and my
promis'd bride;
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then
should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to
die.
My right and his are in dispute: the
slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to
maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquish, whom his fates
befriend.
This is the way (so tell him) to
possess
The royal virgin, and restore the
peace.
Bear this message back, with ample
leave,
That your slain friends may fun'ral
rites receive."

Thus having said—th'
ambassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other
gaz'd.
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd
in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe
profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike
man,
With graceful action bowing, thus
began:
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty
name,
But yet whose actions far transcend
your fame;
Would I your justice or your force
express,

Thought can but equal; and all words
are less.
Your answer we shall thankfully
relate,
And favours granted to the Latian
state.
If wish'd success our labour shall
attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king
your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your
command,
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates
assign;
We shall be proud in the great work
to join."

Thus Drances; and his words so
well persuade
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce
is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and,
during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer
foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles
prepare
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves
resound;
Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread
the ground;
First fall from high; and some the
trunks receive
In loaden wains; with wedges some
they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame
is blown
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian
town,
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just

before
His triumphs on distended pinions
bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people
stand,
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his
hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with
amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery
blaze,
That cast a sullen splendour on their
friends,
The marching troop which their dead
prince attends.
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful
cry;
The matrons from the walls with
shrieks reply,
And their mix'd mourning rends the
vaulted sky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and
with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach
Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves
the throng;
Falls on the corpse; and groaning
there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his
eyes.
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till
sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and
speaks:
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy
plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the
sword!
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I

knew
What perils youthful ardour would
pursue,
That boiling blood would carry thee
too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to
war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous
doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to
come!
Hard elements of un auspicious war,
Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing
care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my
bed,
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune
fled,
Prescious of ills, and leaving me
behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate
assign'd!
Beyond the goal of nature I have
gone:
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too
soon.
If, for my league against th' Ausonian
state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my
fate,
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had
been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had
mourn'd.
Yet will I not my Trojan friend
upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly
made.
'Twas not his fault, my Pallas fell so
young,
But my own crime, for having liv'd

too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him
to die,
At least he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal
shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd
foes before;
A death too great, too glorious to
deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy
grave,
Content with those the Trojan hero
gave:
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian
friends design'd,
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army
join'd.
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by
thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy
share.
Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy
stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd
the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal
length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal
strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou
detain
These troops, to view the tears thou
shedd'st in vain?
Go, friends, this message to your lord
relate:
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring
on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my
son.

I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we
demand.

Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news
below."

The morn had now dispell'd the
shades of night,
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the
light.

The Trojan king and Tuscan chief
command

To raise the piles along the winding
strand.

Their friends convey the dead fun'ral
fires;

Black smould'ring smoke from the
green wood expires;
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the
new day retires.

Then thrice around the kindled piles
they go
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it
so)

Thrice horse and foot about the fires
are led;

And thrice, with loud laments, they
hail the dead.

Tears, trickling down their breasts,
bedew the ground,

And drums and trumpets mix their
mournful sound.

Amid the blaze, their pious brethren
throw

The spoils, in battle taken from the
foe:

Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of
shining steel;

One casts a target, one a chariot

wheel;
Some to their fellows their own arms
restore:

The falchions which in luckless fight
they bore,
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts
bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the
plain.

Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about
the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep
expire.

Around the piles a careful troop
attends,

To watch the wasting flames, and
weep their burning friends;
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy
night

New decks the face of heav'n with
starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like
pious care,
Piles without number for their dead
prepare.

Part in the places where they fell are
laid;

And part are to the neighb'ring fields
convey'd.

The corps of kings, and captains of
renown,

Borne off in state, are buried in the
town;

The rest, unhonour'd, and without a
name,

Are cast a common heap to feed the
flame.

Trojans and Latians vie with like
desires

To make the field of battle shine with
fires,

And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n
aspires.

Now had the morning thrice
renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of
the night,
When those who round the wasted
fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the
slain.

They rake the yet warm ashes from
below;

These, and the bones unburn'd, in
earth bestow;
These relics with their country rites
they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the
place.

But, in the palace of the king,
appears

A scene more solemn, and a pomp of
tears.

Maids, matrons, widows, mix their
common moans;

Orphans their sires, and sires lament
their sons.

All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy
war:

A broken league, a bride unjustly
sought,

A crown usurp'd, which with their
blood is bought!

These are the crimes with which they
load the name

Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:

"Let him who lords it o'er th'
Ausonian land

Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:

His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;

'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should

deserve.”

This Drances aggravates; and adds,
with spite:

“His foe expects, and dares him to the
fight.”

Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian
court.

His former acts secure his present
fame,

And the queen shades him with her
mighty name.

While thus their factious minds
with fury burn,
The legates from th’ Aetolian prince
return:

Sad news they bring, that, after all the
cost

And care employ’d, their embassy is
lost;

That Diomedes refus’d his aid in war,
Unmov’d with presents, and as deaf
to pray’r.

Some new alliance must elsewhere be
sought,

Or peace with Troy on hard
conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too
late,

A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Aeneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of Heav’n is hov’ring o’er
his head.

The gods, he saw, espous’d the juster
side,

When late their titles in the field were
tried:

Witness the fresh laments, and fun’ral
tears undried.

Thus, full of anxious thought, he
summons all

The Latian senate to the council hall.
The princes come, commanded by
their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace
lead.

Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for
his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst
appears.

Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success
relate.

When Venulus began, the
murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence
reign'd around.
“We have,” said he, “perform'd your
high command,
And pass'd with peril a long tract of
land:

We reach'd the place desir'd; with
wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs
beheld.

Great Diomedes has compass'd round
with walls
The city, which Argyrion he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd. We
touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy
Troy.

When introduc'd, our presents first
we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from
the king.
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we
name,
And tell th' important cause for which
we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we
spoke;

Then, with soft accents, and a
pleasing look,
Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of
old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age
of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds
possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the
sword,
A needless ill your ancestors
abhorr'd?
We—for myself I speak, and all the
name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's
destruction came,
(Omitting those who were in battle
slain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the
main)
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly
bought
The prize of honour which in arms he
sought;
Some doom'd to death, and some in
exile driv'n.
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of
Heav'n;
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a
crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity
view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva
toss'd
In storms; the vengeful Capharean
coast;
Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose
brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men

Have seen Charybdis and the
Cyclops' den.
Why should I name Idomeneus, in
vain
Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd
again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the
foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd
by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life;
Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of
Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envied me the sweets
of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more
lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in
the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost
companions fly:
Hov'ring about the coasts, they make
their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not
their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of
night,
Break my short sleep, and skim
before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those
harms,
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal
arms,
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to
move,
And violate with wounds the Queen
of Love.
Such arms this hand shall never more

employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd
Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or
bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you
bring
To buy my friendship, send the
Trojan king.
We met in fight; I know him, to my
cost:
With what a whirling force his lance
he toss'd!
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his
arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose
at ev'ry blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more his
match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune
of the fight:
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been
return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities
burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people
made,
The war protracted, and the siege
delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's
hand:
Both brave alike, and equal in
command;
Aeneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods
excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid
with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal
war.'

He said no more; but, with this cold
excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a
truce."

Thus Venulus concluded his
report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious
court:

As, when a torrent rolls with rapid
force,

And dashes o'er the stones that stop
the course,

The flood, constrain'd within a scanty
space,

Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats
around;

The rocky shores rebellow to the
sound.

The murmur ceas'd: then from his
lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus
began:

"I wish, ye Latins, what we now
debate

Had been resolv'd before it was too
late.

Much better had it been for you and
me,

Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now
to call

A council, when the foe surrounds the
wall.

O citizens, we wage unequal war,
With men not only Heav'n's peculiar
care,

But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd
in the field,

Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to
yield.

What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay
down:

Our hopes must centre on ourselves
alone.

Yet those how feeble, and, indeed,
how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words
explain.

Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat
by fate;
Factions within, a foe without the
gate!

Not but I grant that all perform'd their
parts

With manly force, and with
undaunted hearts:

With our united strength the war we
wag'd;

With equal numbers, equal arms,
engag'd.

You see th' event.—Now hear what I
propose,

To save our friends, and satisfy our
foes.

A tract of land the Latins have
possess'd

Along the Tiber, stretching to the
west,

Which now Rutulians and Auruncans
till,

And their mix'd cattle graze the
fruitful hill.

Those mountains fill'd with firs, that
lower land,

If you consent, the Trojan shall
command,

Call'd into part of what is ours; and
there,

On terms agreed, the common
country share.

There let them build and settle, if they

please;
Unless they choose once more to
cross the seas,
In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us
free.
Then twice ten galleys let us build
with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they
need.
Materials are at hand; a well-grown
wood
Runs equal with the margin of the
flood:
Let them the number and the form
assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be
mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with
ample pow'rs,
With olive the presents they shall
bear,
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,
And all the marks of sway that Latian
monarchs wear,
And sums of gold. Among yourselves
debate
This great affair, and save the sinking
state."

Then Drances took the word, who
grudg'd, long since,
The rising glories of the Daunian
prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council
board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd
the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant
lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the

throne;
But, what his father's parentage,
unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the
times,
To load young Turnus with invidious
crimes.
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your
words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are
vain;
Nor are your loyal subjects now to
seek
What common needs require, but fear
to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that
haughty man,
Whose pride this un auspicious war
began;
For whose ambition (let me dare to
say,
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my
way)
The plains of Latium run with blood
around.
So many valiant heroes bite the
ground;
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in
tears;
While he, th' undoubted author of our
harms,
The man who menaces the gods with
arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the
fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble
flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose
to send
Such bounteous presents to your

Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the
rest:
Give him the fair Lavinia for his
bride;
With that alliance let the league be
tied,
And for the bleeding land a lasting
peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the
throne;
But, with a father's right, bestow your
own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be
woo'd;
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs
implore,
Your scepter to release, and our just
rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight,
for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian
state,
And send us out to meet our certain
fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus'
hand
Our peace and public safety we
demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief
remain;
If not, the peace, without the pledge,
is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your
friend,
Nor will I much with your belief
contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the

law

In others' realms, but, beaten, to
withdraw.

Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your
sinking fate.

Your interest is, the war should never
cease;

But we have felt enough to wish the
peace:

A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven
plains.

Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of
pow'r,

A beauteous princess, with a crown in
dow'r,

So fire your mind, in arms assert your
right,

And meet your foe, who dares you to
the fight.

Mankind, it seems, is made for you
alone;

We, but the slaves who mount you to
the throne:

A base ignoble crowd, without a
name,

Unwept, unworthy, of the fun'ral
flame,

By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal
wife.

Permit not, mighty man, so mean a
crew

Should share such triumphs, and
detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted
due.

Rather alone your matchless force
employ,

To merit what alone you must enjoy."

These words, so full of malice
mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful
hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of
his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his
wrath express'd:
"You, Drances, never want a stream
of words,
Then, when the public need requires
our swords.
First in the council hall to steer the
state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-
debate,
While our strong walls secure us from
the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches
overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my
name;
Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal
hand
Has cover'd with more corps the
sanguine strand,
And high as mine his tow'ring
trophies stand.
If any doubt remains, who dares the
most,
Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost,
And issue both abreast, where honour
calls—
(Foes are not far to seek without the
walls)
Unless his noisy tongue can only
fight,
And feet were giv'n him but to speed
his flight.
I beaten from the field? I forc'd

Triumphant stands; the Grecians are
o'erthrown;

Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles
lies,

And Diomedes from fierce Aeneas
flies.

Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and
hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank
appears;

For that's as true as thy dissembled
fears

Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity:
Thou, Drances, art below a death
from me.

Let that vile soul in that vile body
rest;

The lodging is well worthy of the
guest.

“Now, royal father, to the present
state

Of our affairs, and of this high debate:
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already
tried;

If one defeat has brought us down so
low,

As never more in fields to meet the
foe;

Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to
treat,

And lie like vassals at the victor's
feet.

But, O! if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers', in our
veins,

That man would I prefer before the
rest,

Who dar'd his death with an
undaunted breast;

Who comely fell, by no dishonest
wound,

To shun that sight, and, dying,
gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in
store,
If our confederates can afford us
more;
If the contended field we bravely
fought,
And not a bloodless victory was
bought;
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for
their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining
plain;
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so
tamelessly yield,
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign
the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the
scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling
down again;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise
again.
If Diomedes refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our
friend:
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is
ours;
Th' Italian chiefs and princes join
their powers:
Nor least in number, nor in name the
last,
Your own brave subjects have your
cause embrac'd
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone,
And heads a squadron, terrible to
sight,
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen

Old feeble men with fainter groans
reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles
in the sky,
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the
floods,
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow
woods.

Turnus th' occasion takes, and
cries aloud:
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the
crowd:

Declaim in praise of peace, when
danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach
the walls."

He said, and, turning short, with
speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and
quits the place:
"Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops
command

To mount; and lead thyself our
Ardean band.
Messapus and Catillus, post your
force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan
horse.

Some guard the passes, others man
the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my
call."

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of
the town,
And with disorder'd haste the
rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too
late,
The gath'ring storm just breaking on
the state,
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,

And own'd his easy temper as his
crime,
Who, forc'd against his reason, had
complied
To break the treaty for the promis'd
bride.

Some help to sink new trenches;
others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the
palisade.

Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm;
around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their
last labour calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons, that attend the mother
queen:

High in her chair she sits, and, at her
side,
With downcast eyes, appears the fatal
bride.

They mount the cliff, where Pallas'
temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents
in their hands,
With censers first they fume the
sacred shrine,
Then in this common supplication
join:

"O patroness of arms, unspotted
maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins
aid!

Break short the pirate's lance;
pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the
gate."

Now Turnus arms for fight. His
back and breast
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass
invest:

The cuishes which his brawny thighs
infold
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er
with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his
side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly
features hide:
But, bare to view, amid surrounding
friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r
descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to
dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with
broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the
plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the
mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden
grounds.
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-
known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his
fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid
plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his
waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his
head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy
waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears
without the gate,
The Volscians, with their virgin
leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a
graceful mien,

Lights from her lofty steed the
warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each
descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus
commends:
“If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests
endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;
Then, I alone, sustain’d by these, will
meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise
their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole
renown:
You, gen’ral, stay behind, and guard
the town.”

Turnus a while stood mute, with
glad surprise,
And on the fierce Virago fix’d his
eyes;
Then thus return’d: “O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I
reply?
Not only words lie lab’ring in my
breast,
But thought itself is by thy praise
oppress’d.
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame,
with thine.
The Trojan, not in stratagem
unskill’d,
Sends his light horse before to scour
the field:
Himself, thro’ steep ascents and
thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm, and I

prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to
dare;
With chosen foot his passage to
forelay,
And place an ambush in the winding
way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the
Tuscan horse;
The brave Messapus shall thy troops
enforce
With those of Tibur, and the Latian
band,
Subjected all to thy supreme
command.”
This said, he warns Messapus to the
war,
Then ev’ry chief exhorts with equal
care.
All thus encourag’d, his own troops
he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep
designs.

Inclos’d with hills, a winding
valley lies,
By nature form’d for fraud, and fitted
for surprise.
A narrow track, by human steps
untrode,
Leads, thro’ perplexing thorns, to this
obscure abode.
High o’er the vale a steepy mountain
stands,
Whence the surveying sight the
nether ground commands.
The top is level, an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe
retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to
press
The foes at hand, or from afar

distress;
To drive 'em headlong downward,
and to pour
On their descending backs a stony
show'r.

Thither young Turnus took the well-
known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind
ambush lay.

Meantime Latonian Phoebe, from
the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with
hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her
aid,

Her most belov'd and ever-trusty
maid;

Then with a sigh began: "Camilla
goes

To meet her death amidst her fatal
foes:

The nymphs I lov'd of all my mortal
train,

Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.

Nor is my kindness for the virgin
new:

'Twas born with her; and with her
years it grew.

Her father Metabus, when forc'd
away

From old Privernum, for tyrannic
sway,

Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his
prevailing foes,

This tender babe, companion of his
woes.

Casmilla was her mother; but he
drown'd

One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods
he flies;

Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant
lies.

His foes in sight, he mends his weary
pace;

With shout and clamours they pursue
the chase.

The banks of Amasene at length he
gains:

The raging flood his farther flight
restrains,

Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual
rains.

Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he
fears,

Not for himself, but for the charge he
bears.

Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks
in haste;

Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at
last.

A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he
bore;

The middle part with cork he cover'd
o'er:

He clos'd the child within the hollow
space;

With twigs of bending osier bound
the case;

Then pois'd the spear, heavy with
human weight,

And thus invok'd my favour for the
freight:

'Accept, great goddess of the woods,'
he said,

'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy
shrine;

And the first weapons that she knows,
are thine.'

He said; and with full force the spear
he threw:

Above the sounding waves Camilla
flew.

Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the
stormy tide,

And gain'd, by stress of arms, the
farther side.

His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out
the ground,

And, victor of his vows, his infant
nymph unbound;

Nor, after that, in towns which walls
inclose,

Would trust his hunted life amidst his
foes;

But, rough, in open air he chose to lie;
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was
the sky.

On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.

A shepherd's solitary life he led;
His daughter with the milk of mares
he fed.

The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage
beast,

He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor
press'd.

The little Amazon could scarcely go:
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;

And, that she might her stagg'ring
steps command,

He with a slender jav'lin fills her
hand.

Her flowing hair no golden fillet
bound;

Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty
ground.

Instead of these, a tiger's hide
o'erspread

Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to
her head.

The flying dart she first attempts to

fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd
the sling;
Then, as her strength with years
increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring
swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the
heron and the crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other
vied,
To bless their rival sons with such a
bride;
But she disdains their love, to share
with me
The sylvan shades and vow'd
virginity.
And, O! I wish, contented with my
cares
Of salvage spoils, she had not sought
the wars!
Then had she been of my celestial
train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her
to be slain.
But since, opposing Heav'n's decree,
she goes
To find her death among forbidden
foes,
Haste with these arms, and take thy
steepy flight.
Where, with the gods, averse, the
Latins fight.
This bow to thee, this quiver I
bequeath,
This chosen arrow, to revenge her
death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be
slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the

plain.

Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will
aid

To bear the breathless body of my
maid:

Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and
unprofan'd

Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her
native land."

She said. The faithful nymph
descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the
sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds
around her body fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan
horse,

Drawn up in squadrons, with united
force,

Approach the walls: the sprightly
coursers bound,

Press forward on their bits, and shift
their ground.

Shields, arms, and spears flash
horribly from far;

And the fields glitter with a waving
war.

Oppos'd to these, come on with
furious force

Messapus, Coras, and the Latian
horse;

These in the body plac'd, on either
hand

Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's
band.

Advancing in a line, they couch their
spears;

And less and less the middle space
appears.

Thick smoke obscures the field; and

scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the
shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop
their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse
to horse.
The face of heav'n their flying
jav'lins hide,
And deaths unseen are dealt on either
side.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of
fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full
career,
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a
mighty shock,
Their horses' heads against each
other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus
cast,
As with an engine's force, or
lightning's blast:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes
his last.
The Latin squadrons take a sudden
fright,
And sling their shields behind, to save
their backs in flight
Spurring at speed to their own walls
they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops
pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the
chase;
Till, seiz'd, with shame, they wheel
about and face,
Receive their foes, and raise a
threat'ning cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear
and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring
roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult
the shore,
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon
the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward, with a swing, they
take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and
seek their mother sea;
With equal hurry quit th' invaded
shore,
And swallow back the sand and
stones they spew'd before.

Twice were the Tuscans masters
of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn,
repell'd.

Asham'd at length, to the third charge
they ran;
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man
to man.
Now dying groans are heard; the
fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk
with blood.
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together
lie:

Confus'd the fight, and more
confus'd the cry.
Orsilochus, who durst not press too
near

Strong Remulus, at distance drove his
spear,
And stuck the steel beneath his
horse's ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the
wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with
a bound,

His helpless lord cast backward on
the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius
threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan
crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head
was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow
hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry
part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for
the flying dart.
Across the shoulders came the
feather'd wound;
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the
ground.
The sands with streaming blood are
sanguine dyed,
And death with honour sought on
either side.

Resistless thro' the war Camilla
rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd
with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted
breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver
press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;
Now with her ax's edge she hews her
way:
Diana's arms upon her shoulder
sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she
quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a
backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either

side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:
Italians all; in peace, their queen's
delight;
In war, the bold companions of the
fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of
old,
When Thermodon with bloody
billows roll'd:
Such troops as these in shining arms
were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their
maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the
Grecians fled;
With such, return'd triumphant from
the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty
car;
They clash with manly force their
moony shields;
With female shouts resound the
Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last,
heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage
laid?
Thy spear, of mountain ash,
Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side
transpierc'd:
A purple stream came spouting from
the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites
the ground.
Liris and Pegasus at once she slew:
The former, as the slacken'd reins he
drew
Of his faint steed; the latter, as he

stretch'd

His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin
reach'd.

By the same weapon, sent from the
same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the
sand.

Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the
plain:

Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury
shun.

Of all her deadly darts, not one she
lost;

Each was attended with a Trojan
ghost.

Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter
steed,

Swift for the chase, and of Apulian
breed.

Him from afar she spied, in arms
unknown:

O'er his broad back an ox's hide was
thrown;

His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws
were spread

A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd
around his head,

He clench'd within his hand an iron
prong,

And tower'd above the rest,
conspicuous in the throng.

Him soon she singled from the flying
train,

And slew with ease; then thus insults
the slain:

"Vain hunter, didst thou think thro'
woods to chase

The savage herd, a vile and trembling
race?

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my
victory:

A woman warrior was too strong for
thee.

Yet, if the ghosts demand the
conqu'ror's name,
Confessing great Camilla, save thy
shame."

Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan
crew;

But Butes breast to breast: the spear
descends

Above the gorget, where his helmet
ends,

And o'er the shield which his left side
defends.

Orsilochus and she their courses ply:
He seems to follow, and she seems to
fly;

But in a narrower ring she makes the
race;

And then he flies, and she pursues the
chase.

Gath'ring at length on her deluded
foe,

She swings her ax, and rises to the
blow

Full on the helm behind, with such a
sway

The weapon falls, the riven steel
gives way:

He groans, he roars, he sues in vain
for grace;

Brains, mingled with his blood,
besmear his face.

Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by
chance,

To see his fall; nor farther dares
advance;

But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,

He stares, and shakes, and finds it
vain to fly;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to
cheat,

(At least while fortune favour'd his
deceit,)

Cries out aloud: "What courage have
you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength,
and not your own?

Forego the vantage of your horse,
alight,

And then on equal terms begin the
fight:

It shall be seen, weak woman, what
you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with
a man,"

He said. She glows with anger and
disdain,

Dismounts with speed to dare him on
the plain,

And leaves her horse at large among
her train;

With her drawn sword defies him to
the field,

And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden
shield.

The youth, who thought his cunning
did succeed,

Reins round his horse, and urges all
his speed;

Adds the remembrance of the spur,
and hides

The goring rowels in his bleeding
sides.

"Vain fool, and coward!" cries the
lofty maid,

"Caught in the train which thou
thyself hast laid!

On others practice thy Ligurian arts;

Thin stratagems and tricks of little
hearts
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe
retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious
sire.”
At this, so fast her flying feet she
sped,
That soon she strain’d beyond his
horse’s head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz’d
the rein,
And laid the boaster grov’ling on the
plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from
above,
Trusses in middle air the trembling
dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong
pounces bound:
The feathers, foul with blood, come
tumbling to the ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his
superior height,
With his broad eye surveys th’
unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with
disdain,
And sends him to redeem th’
abandon’d plain.
Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan
rides,
And these encourages, and those he
chides;
Recalls each leader, by his name,
from flight;
Renews their ardour, and restores the
fight.
“What panic fear has seiz’d your
souls? O shame,
O brand perpetual of th’ Etrurian

name!

Cowards incurable, a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters your
ignoble band!

Now cast away the sword, and quit
the shield!

What use of weapons which you dare
not wield?

Not thus you fly your female foes by
night,

Nor shun the feast, when the full
bowls invite;

When to fat off'rings the glad augur
calls,

And the shrill hornpipe sounds to
bacchanals.

These are your studied cares, your
lewd delight:

Swift to debauch, but slow to manly
fight."

Thus having said, he spurs amid the
foes,

Not managing the life he meant to
lose.

The first he found he seiz'd with
headlong haste,

In his strong gripe, and clasp'd
around the waist;

'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse
he tore,

And, laid athwart his own, in triumph
bore.

Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn
their eyes,

And view th' unusual sight with vast
surprise.

The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the
plains,

Press'd in his arms the pond'rous
prey sustains;

Then, with his shorten'd spear,

explores
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly
wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his
life:
He writhes his body to prolong the
strife,
And, fencing for his naked throat,
exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point
averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on
high,
And bears a speckled serpent thro' the
sky,
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the
prey:
The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid
way;
Resists the royal hawk; and, tho'
oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her
crest:
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry
scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and
whisks her threat'ning tail.
Against the victor, all defence is
weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with
his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he
gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely
soars.
Thus, thro' the midst of circling
enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore
away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk
before, now press

The Latins, and presume the like
success.

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his
arts assay'd,
To murder, unespied, the Volscian
maid:

This way and that his winding course
he bends,
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps
attends.

When she retires victorious from the
chase,

He wheels about with care, and shifts
his place;

When, rushing on, she seeks her foes
in fight,

He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in
sight:

He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry
way,

Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from
far,

Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the
war,

Was by the virgin view'd. The steed
he press'd

Was proud with trappings, and his
brawny chest

With scales of gilded brass was
cover'd o'er;

A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the
distant foe;

Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was
his bow:

A golden helm his front and head
surrounds

A gilded quiver from his shoulder
sounds.

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs

o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious
home."
Apollo heard, and, granting half his
pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd
in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe
return
By southern tempests to the seas is
borne.

Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd
along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their
eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd
the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she
bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey
intent;
Till in her pap the winged weapon
stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple
blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady, drooping on the
plain.
Far from their sight the trembling
Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd
with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his
blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his
expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a
bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's
side,

Conscious of his audacious deed, he
flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between
his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no
more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among
his friends.

She wrench'd the jav'lin with her
dying hands,
But wedg'd within her breast the
weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point
remains;
She staggers in her seat with
agonizing pains:
(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her
cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour
flies:)

Then turns to her, whom of her
female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks
with pain:
"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my
sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his
right.

Bear my last words to Turnus; fly
with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge
succeed,

Repel the Trojans, and the town
relieve:

Farewell! and in this kiss my parting
breath receive."

She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the
plain:

Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the
rein;

Short, and more short, she pants; by

slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body
frees.

She drops her sword; she nods her
plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her
breast:

In the last sigh her struggling soul
expires,

And, murm'ring with disdain, to
Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden
stars, ensued;
Despair and rage the languish'd fight
renew'd.

The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a
line,

Advance to charge; the mix'd
Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated,
from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the
war,

Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the
plain,

Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla
slain,

And, round her corpse, of friends and
foes a fighting train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast,
she drew

A mournful sigh, and these sad words
ensue:

"Too dear a fine, ah, much lamented
maid,

For warring with the Trojans, thou
hast paid!

Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy
strife,

Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not

leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor; with vain
sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name
abhorr'd;
But after ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall
press the plain:
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the
Fates ordain."

High o'er the field there stood a
hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with
oaks around,
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus
lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the
sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her
flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the
height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon
espied,
Swoln with success; and loudly thus
she cried:
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster,
are too late,
Turn like a man, at length, and meet
thy fate.
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla
go,
And say I sent thee to the shades
below,
An honour undeserv'd from
Cynthia's bow."

She said, and from her quiver
chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the
deed;
Then to the stubborn yew her strength

applied,
Till the far distant horns approach'd
on either side.
The bowstring touch'd her breast, so
strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and
sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point
within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs
of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields
bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with
expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress
brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians
quit the field,
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of
Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their
captains fly,
More on their speed than on their
strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each
other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the
town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears
resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their
wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the
lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the
slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling
sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the

rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in
the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and
rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their
lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and
wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and
pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled
multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng
too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke
the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the
wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son
expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates
they close,
But leave their friends excluded with
their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors
loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all
without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce
against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate
their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with
despair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common
danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause
inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example
fir'd.

between.
Both to the city bend. Aeneas sees,
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning
enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in
array,
And hears th' approaching horses
proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle
join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun
declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both
armies lie,
While night with sable wings
involves the sky.

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Aeneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Aeneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

When Turnus saw the Latins
leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their
courage quell'd,
Himself become the mark of public
spite,
His honour question'd for the
promis'd fight;
The more he was with vulgar hate
oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his
breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the last

debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul to meet
his fate.

As, when the swains the Libyan
lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends
his pace;
But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his
side,
The lordly beast returns with double
pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for
pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his
mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash
with fire,
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of
smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the
court he ran,
At length approach'd the king, and
thus began:
"No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to
hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to
take
The same conditions which himself
did make.
Renew the truce; the solemn rites
prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the
fight;
This arm unaided shall assert your
right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the
plain,

To him the crown and beauteous
bride remain.”

To whom the king sedately thus
replied:

“Brave youth, the more your valour
has been tried,
The more becomes it us, with due
respect,

To weigh the chance of war, which
you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive
throne,

Or cities which your arms have made
your own:

My towns and treasures are at your
command,

And stor'd with blooming beauties is
my land;

Laurentum more than one Lavinia
sees,

Unmarried, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with
patience hear,

Things which perhaps may grate a
lover's ear,

But sound advice, proceeding from a
heart

Sincerely yours, and free from
fraudful art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly
shown,

No prince Italian born should heir my
throne:

Oft have our augurs, in prediction
skill'd,

And oft our priests, a foreign son
reveal'd.

Yet, won by worth that cannot be
withstood,

Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred
blood,

Urg'd by my wife, who would not be
denied,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I
took;
All ties of treaties, and of honour,
broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious
war—
With what success, 'tis needless to
declare;
I and my subjects feel, and you have
had your share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody
fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes
alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with
human gore;
The bones of Latians blanch the
neighb'ring shore.
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to
fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can
give,
Why should I not procure it whilst
you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth
betray,
What would my kinsmen, the
Rutulians, say?
And, should you fall in fight, (which
Heav'n defend!)
How curse the cause which hasten'd
to his end
The daughter's lover and the father's
friend?
Weigh in your mind the various
chance of war;

Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."

Such balmy words he pour'd, but
all in vain:
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd
the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the
relief,

With intermitting sobs thus vents his
grief:

"The care, O best of fathers, which
you take
For my concerns, at my desire
forsake.

Permit me not to languish out my
days,

But make the best exchange of life for
praise.

This arm, this lance, can well dispute
the prize;

And the blood follows, where the
weapon flies.

His goddess mother is not near, to
shroud

The flying coward with an empty
cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for
Turnus' life,

And loath'd the hard conditions of the
strife,

Held him by force; and, dying in his
death,

In these sad accents gave her sorrow
breath:

"O Turnus, I adjure thee by these
tears,

And whate'er price Amata's honour
bears

Within thy breast, since thou art all
my hope,

My sickly mind's repose, my sinking

age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian
throne:
Refuse me not this one, this only
pray'r,
To waive the combat, and pursue the
war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal
strife,
Think it includes, in thine, Amata's
life.
I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers or a Trojan
son."

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia
shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face
o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with
white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and
fade away.
Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry
shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of
purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring
rose.

The lover gaz'd, and, burning with
desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed
the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret
spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the
fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent
eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:

And some with combs their flowing
manes divide,
And others stroke their chests and
gently soothe their pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a
temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain
brass.

Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he
tied,

And girt his faithful falchion to his
side.

In his Aetnaean forge, the God of Fire
That falchion labour'd for the hero's
sire;

Immortal keenness on the blade
bestow'd,

And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian
flood.

Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling
bore,

Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor
wore;

Which with such force he brandish'd
in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier
wand:

Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of
Actor slain,

And never yet by Turnus toss'd in
vain,

Fail not this day thy wonted force; but
go,

Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan
foe!

Give me to tear his corslet from his
breast,

And from that eunuch head to rend
the crest;

Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair
to soil,

Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd
with fragrant oil!"

Thus while he raves, from his
wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his
eyes.

So fares the bull in his lov'd female's
sight:

Proudly he bellows, and preludes the
fight;

He tries his goring horns against a
tree,

And meditates his absent enemy;
He pushes at the winds; he digs the
strand

With his black hoofs, and spurns the
yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his
Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage
warms:

He whets his fury, and with joy
prepares

To terminate at once the ling'ring
wars;

To cheer his chiefs and tender son,
relates

What Heav'n had promis'd, and
expounds the fates.

Then to the Latian king he sends, to
cease

The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing, from the
mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with
rosy light;

Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from
the sea,

From out their flaming nostrils
breath'd the day;

When now the Trojan and Rutulian

guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list
prepar'd.
Beneath the walls they measure out
the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of
grass,
Where, with religious rites their
common gods they place.
In purest white the priests their heads
attire;
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and
shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred
vervain wear.

In order issuing from the town
appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed
spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a
line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces
join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing
sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace
prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud
commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in
purple dyed;
Here Mnestheus, author of the
Memmian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed
divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the
listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper
place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they

stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the
sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a
num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and
young,
Swarm the town: by those who rest
behind,
The gates and walls and houses' tops
are lin'd.
Meantime the Queen of Heav'n
beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount
Albano's height
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding
fame,
But then an empty hill, without a
name).
She thence survey'd the field, the
Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine
tow'rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies
bespoke,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of
the lake,
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely
maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove
betray'd:
Compress'd by force, but, by the
grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the
neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes,"
said she,
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd
by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to
record,

The wanton sallies of my wand'ring
lord.

Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove
misled

To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his
embrace,

But gave a part of heav'n, and an
unenvied place.

Now learn from me thy near
approaching grief,

Nor think my wishes want to thy
relief.

While fortune favour'd, nor Heav'n's
King denied

To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking
state:

But now he struggles with unequal
fate,

And goes, with gods averse,
o'ermatch'd in might,

To meet inevitable death in fight;

Nor must I break the truce, nor can
sustain the sight.

Thou, if thou dar'st thy present aid
supply;

It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At this the lovely nymph, with
grief oppress'd,

Thrice tore her hair, and beat her
comely breast.

To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears
are late:

Haste, snatch him, if he can be
snatch'd from fate:

New tumults kindle; violate the truce:

Who knows what changeful fortune
may produce?

'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I
decree;

Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me.”

She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,

Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;

Twelve golden beams around his temples play,

To mark his lineage from the God of Day.

Two snowy coursers Turnus’ chariot yoke,

And in his hand two massy spears he shook:

Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,

Aeneas, author of the Roman line;

And by his side Ascanius took his place,

The second hope of Rome’s immortal race.

Adorn’d in white, a rev’rend priest appears,

And off’rings to the flaming altars bears;

A porket, and a lamb that never suffer’d shears.

Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,

And strews the beasts, design’d for sacrifice,

With salt and meal: with like officious care

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.

Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;

With the same gen'rous juice the
flame he feeds.

Aeneas then unsheath'd his
shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods
ador'd:

"All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian
soil,

For which I have sustain'd so long a
toil,

Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the
Queen of Air,
Propitious now, and reconcil'd by
pray'r;

Thou, God of War, whose unresisted
sway

The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running
floods,

All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus
yield,

My Trojans shall encrease Evander's
town;

Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian
crown:

All claims, all questions of debate,
shall cease;

Nor he, nor they, with force infringe
the peace.

But, if my juster arms prevail in fight,
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)

My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians
reign:

Both equal, both unconquer'd shall
remain,

Join'd in their laws, their lands, and
their abodes;

I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be

mine;
The crown to King Latinus I resign:
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I
share
His pow'r in peace, or his command
in war.
For me, my friends another town shall
frame,
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair
Lavinia's name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes
and hands,
The Latian king before his altar
stands.

"By the same heav'n," said he, "and
earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs that all the three
contain;

By hell below, and by that upper god
Whose thunder signs the peace, who
seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus, what I
swear:

I touch the sacred altars, touch the
flames,

And all those pow'rs attest, and all
their names;
Whatever chance befall on either
side,

No term of time this union shall
divide:

No force, no fortune, shall my vows
unbind,

Or shake the steadfast tenor of my
mind;

Not tho' the circling seas should
break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid
ground;

Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their

Th' apparent disadvantage of their
own.

Turnus himself appears in public
sight

Conscious of fate, desponding of the
fight.

Slowly he moves, and at his altar
stands

With eyes dejected, and with
trembling hands;

And, while he mutters
undistinguish'd pray'rs,

A livid deadness in his cheeks
appears.

With anxious pleasure when
Juturna view'd

Th' increasing fright of the mad
multitude,

When their short sighs and thick'ning
sobs she heard,

And found their ready minds for
change prepar'd;

Dissembling her immortal form, she
took

Camertus' mien, his habit, and his
look;

A chief of ancient blood; in arms well
known

Was his great sire, and he his greater
son.

His shape assum'd, amid the ranks
she ran,

And humoring their first motions,
thus began:

"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear
the sight

Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n,

confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers
less?

View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian
band,

And Tuscan army; count 'em as they
stand:

Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a
foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal
strife,

Shall lose, with honour, his devoted
life,

Or change it rather for immortal
fame,

Succeeding to the gods, from whence
he came:

But you, a servile and inglorious
band,

For foreign lords shall sow your
native land,

Those fruitful fields your fighting
fathers gain'd,

Which have so long their lazy sons
sustain'd."

With words like these, she carried her
design:

A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and

Latians, tir'd

With tedious war, seem with new
souls inspir'd:

Their champion's fate with pity they
lament,

And of the league, so lately sworn,
repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment
the rage

With lying wonders, and a false
presage;

But adds a sign, which, present to
their eyes,

Inspires new courage, and a glad

surprise.

For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of
Jove:

A plump of fowl he spies, that swim
the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding
pinions shakes;
Then, stooping on the fairest of the
train,

In his strong talons truss'd a silver
swan.

Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual
sight;

But, while he lags, and labours in his
flight,

Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk
they fly,

And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade
the sky.

They cuff, they scratch, they cross his
airy course;

Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain
their force;

But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the
pond'rous prey,

And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings
his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts
salute the sight,

Eager of action, and demand the fight.

Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in
augurs' arts,

Cries out, and thus his boasted skill
imparts:

"At length 'tis granted, what I long
desir'd!

This, this is what my frequent vows
requir'd.

Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
Advance, my friends, and charge! I
lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose
impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our
land:
But soon, like him, they shall be
forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the
prey.
Your timely succour to your country
bring,
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your
king.”

He said; and, pressing onward
thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he
threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the
wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark
design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and
clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there
stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan
blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly
crew.
A passage thro' the jointed arms it
found,
Just where the belt was to the body
bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended
on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the
gen'rous train

Run madly forward to revenge the slain.

And some with eager haste their jav'lines throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
And meet their ardour in the middle space.

The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,

With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate

Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,

The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.

Thick storms of steel from either army fly,

And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;

Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,

With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.

Latinus, frightened, hastens from the fray,

And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;

The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,

Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,

At King Aulestes, by his purple
known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal
crown;
And, with a shock encount'ring, bore
him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate
design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There, pitching on his shoulders and
his head,
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay
supinely spread.
The beamy spear, descending from
above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body
drove.
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor
cries:
"The gods have found a fitter
sacrifice."
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the
dead
Of his rich armour, and uncrown his
head.

Priest Corynaeus, arm'd his better
hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing
brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring
pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his
face:
His bristly beard shines out with
sudden fires;
The crackling crop a noisome scent
expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his
curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him
down.

The prostrate body with his knees he
press'd,
And plung'd his holy poniard in his
breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword,
pursued
The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying
crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly
blow
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad ax enters with a crashing
sound,
And cleaves the chin with one
continued wound;
Warm blood, and mingled brains,
besmear his arms around
An iron sleep his stupid eyes
oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless
rest.

But good Aeneas rush'd amid the
bands;
Bare was his head, and naked were
his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries
aloud:
"What sudden rage, what new desire
of blood,
Inflames your alter'd minds? O
Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the
peace!
By human sanctions, and by laws
divine,
The terms are all agreed; the war is
mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight
ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods
and you:

Our injur'd altars, and their broken
vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless
Turnus owe."

Thus while he spoke, unmindful
of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious
prince.
But, whether from some human hand
it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by
fame:
No human hand or hostile god was
found,
To boast the triumph of so base a
wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit
the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a
fainting train,
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd
soul inspires:
At once his arms and coursers he
requires;
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot
gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the
reins.
He drives impetuous, and, where'er
he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd
foes.
These his lance reaches; over those he
rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their
souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor
sends
The dead men's weapons at their
living friends.
Thus, on the banks of Hebrus'

freezing flood,
The God of Battles, in his angry
mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen
shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along
the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
Groans the sad earth, resounds the
rattling sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and
Despair
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround
the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of
the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost
speed,
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and,
when they bound,
The gore and gath'ring dust are
dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the
war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbracus he
slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian
crew;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle
join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips
the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in
the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes
repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his

grandsire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame;
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to
descry:

Hard enterprise! and well he might
require

Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, th' Aetolian
prince

In death bestow'd a juster
recompense.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from
afar,

And launch'd his jav'lin from his
lofty car;

Then lightly leaping down, pursued
the blow,

And, pressing with his foot his
prostrate foe,

Wrench'd from his feeble hold the
shining sword,

And plung'd it in the bosom of its
lord.

"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy
pains,

And measure, at thy length, our
Latian plains.

Thus are my foes rewarded by my
hand;

Thus may they build their town, and
thus enjoy the land!"

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he
slew,

Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring
courser threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his
blust'ring train,

Stoops from above, incumbent on the
main;

Where'er he flies, he drives the rack

before,
And rolls the billows on th' Aegaeon
shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his
course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before
his force;
His crest of horses' hair is blown
behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the
wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with
high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the
plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and
seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his
hold,
The coursers frightened, and their
course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he
hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but
pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd,
and held
Against his threat'ning foe his ample
shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he
cried in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the
plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king
descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet
ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields
are drunk
With streams that issue from the
bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the
Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave
the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often
tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his
side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he
rear
His limbs from earth, supported on
his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the
smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and
breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he
found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge
the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends
obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd
Apollo's heart,
That, for his love, he proffer'd to
bestow
His tuneful harp and his unerring
bow.
The pious youth, more studious how
to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the
grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and
silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phoebean
bays.

Propp'd on his lance the pensive
hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the

mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes
around

With ready hands, and hastens to the
wound.

With gentle touches he performs his
part,

This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of
sov'reign use,

He presses out, and pours their noble
juice.

These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in
vain.

Then to the patron of his art he
pray'd:

The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to
the tents;
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise
augments:

The driving dust proclaims the danger
near;

And first their friends, and then their
foes appear:

Their friends retreat; their foes pursue
the rear.

The camp is fill'd with terror and
affright:

The hissing shafts within the trench
alight;

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the
sky,

The shouts of those who kill, and
groans of those who die.

But now the goddess mother,
mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her
relief.

A branch of healing dittany she
brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care
she sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leafs
surround;
The leafs with flow'rs, the flow'rs
with purple crown'd,
Well known to wounded goats; a sure
relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease
the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds
involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian
dews,
And odorous panacee. Unseen she
stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her
heav'nly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already
crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs
prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this
foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging
smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the
bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with
tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own
accord,
And health and vigour are at once
restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing
wound,
And first the footsteps of a god he
found.

“Arms! arms!” he cries; “the sword
and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew’d,
to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of
mine,
Nor art’s effect, but done by hands
divine.
Some god our general to the battle
sends;
Some god preserves his life for
greater ends.”

The hero arms in haste; his hands
infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent
gold:
Inflam’d to fight, and rushing to the
field,
That hand sustaining the celestial
shield,
This gripes the lance, and with such
vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon
quakes.
Then with a close embrace he strain’d
his son,
And, kissing thro’ his helmet, thus
begun:
“My son, from my example learn the
war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to
dare;
But happier chance than mine attend
thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall
shield,
And crown with honours of the
conquer’d field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send
thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my

worth;
Assert thy birthright, and in arms be
known,
For Hector's nephew, and Aeneas'
son."

He said; and, striding, issued on the
plain.

Anteus and Mnestheus, and a
num'rous train,
Attend his steps; the rest their
weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp
forsake.

A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd
around,
Labours beneath their feet the
trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill,
from far
Beheld the progress of the moving
war:

With him the Latins view'd the
cover'd plains,
And the chill blood ran backward in
their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops
appear,

And heard the hostile sound, and fled
for fear.

Aeneas leads; and draws a sweeping
train,

Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on
the plain.

As when a whirlwind, rushing to the
shore

From the mid ocean, drives the waves
before;

The painful hind with heavy heart
foresees

The flatted fields, and slaughter of the
trees;

With like impetuous rage the prince
appears

Before his doubled front, nor less
destruction bears.

And now both armies shock in open
field;

Osiris is by strong Thymbraeus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian
train)

By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates'
hand.

The fatal augur falls, by whose
command

The truce was broken, and whose
lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight
renew'd.

Loud shouts and clamours rend the
liquid sky,
And o'er the field the frightened Latins
fly.

The prince disdains the dastards to
pursue,

Nor moves to meet in arms the
fighting few;

Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in
vain.

Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal
fear,

Forc'd from the beam her brother's
charioteer;

Assumes his shape, his armour, and
his mien,

And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.

As the black swallow near the
palace plies;

O'er empty courts, and under arches,
flies;

Now hawks aloft, now skims along

the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with
food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the
plains;
The smoking horses run with
loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the
foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring
brother shows;
Now with a straight, now with a
wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the
single fight.
Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the
crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name
aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and
tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot
flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do! Nor arts nor
arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind
assail.

The great Messapus, thund'ring thro'
the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lines
held:

Encount'ring on the prince, one dart
he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost
vigour threw.
Aeneas saw it come, and, stooping
low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the
threat'ning blow.

It reach'd his heart, nor needs a
second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two
brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he
threw:
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot
assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon
the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his
chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan
hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge
he slew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell
oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus two brothers from the
Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phoebus could their
fate prevent.
Peaceful Menoetes after these he
kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of
the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his
bread;
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he
knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world
withdrew:
Poor was his house; his father's
painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd
another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods
are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds
are blown;
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring
fire;
The frightened sylvans from their
shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall
from high;
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their
course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes
take
Their diff'rent ways, nor less
destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand,
they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls
alike.
Like them, their dauntless men
maintain the field;
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing
how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and
wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level
ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood,
that springs
From a long royal race of Latian
kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot
thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an
unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the
wheels, that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.

His starting steeds, to shun the
glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs,
forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high,
and, face to face,
Affronted Turnus in the middle
space:

The prince encounter'd him in full
career,

And at his temples aim'd the deadly
spear;

So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd
his head.

Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from
Turnus' hand,

In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian
band:

Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Aenean
sword,

Which to his naked heart pursued the
course;

Nor could his plated shield sustain the
force.

Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian
pow'rs,

Nor great subverter of the Trojan
tow'rs,

Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n
prolong'd his date;

But who can pass the bounds,
prefix'd by fate?

In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he
held

Two palaces, and was from each
expell'd:

Of all the mighty man, the last
remains

A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken
troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal
fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus
join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian
line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas,
heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle
leads.
They strike, they push, they throng
the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of
disgrace;
And, where one falls, another fills his
place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires
her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and
storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the
plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in
vain,
He views th' unguarded city from
afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first
design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they
leave the fight:
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring
height;
The crowding troops about their
gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high
command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and

obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least
delay
Jove is with us; and what I have
decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our
speed.
Your instant arms against the town
prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat
of war.
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate
the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in
time
They kneel for pardon, and repent
their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd
on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be
slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city
bend.
There it began, and there the war shall
end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms
requires;
Cleanse the polluted place with
purging fires."

He finish'd; and, one soul
inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach
the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided
train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling
ladders bear,
And those they toss aloft, and these
they rear:

The flames now launch'd, the
feather'd arrows fly,
And clouds of missive arms obscure
the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero
stands,
And, stretching out to heav'n his
pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his
innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th'
Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honour doubly
stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace
profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town
arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once
advise.
One part for peace, and one for war
contends;
Some would exclude their foes, and
some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurried in the
throne,
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne
along.
Thus, when the swain, within a
hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating
smoke,
They run around, or labour on their
wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their
stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they
try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent,
involve the sky.

But fate and envious fortune now
prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last
despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade
the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses
thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with
her fear—
No troops of Turnus in the field
appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still
in vain,
And then concludes the royal youth is
slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to
bear
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital
air.
She calls herself the cause of all this
ill,
And owns the dire effects of her
ungovern'd will;
She raves against the gods; she beats
her breast;
She tears with both her hands her
purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose
she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely
died.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame
was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter
known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow
share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and
madness of despair.

The spreading rumour fills the public
place:

Confusion, fear, distraction, and
disgrace,

And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry
face.

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private
woes;

With filth his venerable beard
besmears,

And sordid dust deforms his silver
hairs.

And much he blames the softness of
his mind,

Obnoxious to the charms of
womankind,

And soon seduc'd to change what he
so well design'd;

To break the solemn league so long
desir'd,

Nor finish what his fates, and those of
Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er
empty plains,

And here and there some straggling
foes he gleans.

His flying coursers please him less
and less,

Asham'd of easy fight and cheap
success.

Thus half-contented, anxious in his
mind,

The distant cries come driving in the
wind,

Shouts from the walls, but shouts in
murmurs drown'd;

A jarring mixture, and a boding
sound.

"Alas!" said he, "what mean these
dismal cries?"

What doleful clamours from the town
arise?"

Confus'd, he stops, and backward
pulls the reins.
She who the driver's office now
sustains,

Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new
alarms;

Here fight, and urge the fortune of
your arms:

There want not others to defend the
wall.

If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends
oppress,

In honour equal, equal in success."

To this, the prince: "O sister—for
I knew
The peace infring'd proceeded first
from you;
I knew you, when you mingled first in
fight;

And now in vain you would deceive
my sight—

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n,
involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to
sustain,

And see your brother bleeding on the
plain?

For to what pow'r can Turnus have
recourse,

Or how resist his fate's prevailing
force?

These eyes beheld Murranus bite the
ground:

Mighty the man, and mighty was the
wound.

I heard my dearest friend, with dying
breath,

My name invoking to revenge his death.

Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place,

To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.

On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;

His vest and armour are the victor's prize.

Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,

Which only wanted, to complete my shame?

How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!

How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!

Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below,

(Since those above so small compassion show,)

Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,

Which not belies my great forefather's name!"

He said; and while he spoke, with flying speed

Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:

Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,

And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:

"Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends

Our last relief: compassionate your friends!

Like lightning, fierce Aeneas, rolling on,

With arms invests, with flames

away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her
sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his
look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and
smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already
blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and
rafters rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the
space,
And wheels below to roll from place
to place.
"Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let
us go
The way which Heav'n and my hard
fortune show.
The fight is fix'd; nor shall the
branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's
fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to
try
My force, and vent my rage before I
die."
He said; and, leaping down without
delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he
freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the
wind,
And left the grieving goddess far
behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain
torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents
borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from
the roots—

Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin
shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep
to steep;
Down sink, at once, the shepherds
and their sheep:
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether
ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and
stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the
town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the
squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he
drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts
promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry
ground embrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of
peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat
cease:
"Rutulians, hold; and Latin troops,
retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods
require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach
atone.
This day shall free from wars th'
Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."
Both armies from their bloody
work desist,
And, bearing backward, form a
spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from
fame
The welcome sound, and heard the

champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and
mounted walls,
Greedy of war where greater glory
calls.

He springs to fight, exulting in his
force

His jointed armour rattles in the
course.

Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he
shows,

Or Father Apennine, when, white
with snows,

His head divine obscure in clouds he
hides,

And shakes the sounding forest on his
sides.

The nations, overaw'd, surcease the
fight;

Immovable their bodies, fix'd their
sight.

Ev'n death stands still; nor from
above they throw

Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-
rams below.

In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing,

from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with

wond'ring sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in

single fight,
Born under climes remote, and

brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the

state.

Now, in clos'd field, each other
from afar

They view; and, rushing on, begin the
war.

They launch their spears; then hand to

As when two bulls for their fair
female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus'
height;
With horns adverse they meet; the
keeper flies;
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll
their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they
shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the
lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals
burn,
And push for push, and wound for
wound return;
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are
lav'd in blood;
Loud cries and roaring sounds
rebellow thro' the wood:
Such was the combat in the listed
ground;
So clash their swords, and so their
shields resound.

Jove sets the beam; in either scale
he lays
The champions' fate, and each
exactly weighs.
On this side, life and lucky chance
ascends;

Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus
aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on
either side,
As hopes and fears their panting
hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor
sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his
lord.
Now is but death, or flight; disarm'd
he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he
spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his
steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his
mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his
haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father
bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the
toughness held;
But, vain against the great Vulcanian
shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd
his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid
the sand.

Surpris'd with fear, he fled along
the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits
wheel'd;
For here the Trojan troops the list
surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with

pools and marshy ground.
Aeneas hastens, tho' with heavier
pace—

His wound, so newly knit, retards the
chase,

And oft his trembling knees their aid
refuse—

Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe
pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd
around

With crimson toils, or in a river
found,

High on the bank the deep-mouth'd
hound appears,

Still opening, following still,
where'er he steers;

The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to scape his

Umbrian foe:

Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the
land,

The purple death is pitch'd along the
strand.

His eager foe, determin'd to the
chase,

Stretch'd at his length, gains ground
at ev'ry pace;

Now to his beamy head he makes his
way,

And now he holds, or thinks he holds,
his prey:

Just at the pinch, the stag springs out
with fear;

He bites the wind, and fills his
sounding jaws with air:

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows
ring with cries;

The mortal tumult mounts, and
thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince, and,

Th' incumber'd spear from the
tenacious tree;
That, whom his fainting limbs
pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far
attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of
human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to
Faunus pray'd:
"O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother
Earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my
birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious
hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your
foes profan'd,
Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He
said,
Nor with successless vows invoc'd
their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and
pull'd, and strain'd;
But still the stubborn earth the steel
detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and, while in
vain
He strove, assum'd Meticus' form
again,
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian
sword.
The Queen of Love, who, with
disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this
prompt relief,
T' assert her offspring with a greater
deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring
weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs
advance:

One trusts the sword, and one the
pointed lance;
And both resolv'd alike to try their
fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno
spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the
shock:

“What new arrest, O Queen of
Heav’n, is sent
To stop the Fates now lab’ring in th’
event?

What farther hopes are left thee to
pursue?

Divine Aeneas, (and thou know’st it
too,)

Foredoom’d, to these celestial seats
are due.

What more attempts for Turnus can
be made,
That thus thou ling’rest in this lonely
shade?

Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to
feel,

Patient of human hands and earthly
steel?

Or seems it just, the sister should
restore

A second sword, when one was lost
before,

And arm a conquer’d wretch against
his conqueror?

For what, without thy knowledge and
avow,

Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna
do?

At last, in deference to my love,

forbear
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious
 care;
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief
 unload:
 Who should relieve the goddess, but
 the god?
 Now all things to their utmost issue
 tend,
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed
 end.
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a
 lawful hour
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted
 pow'r,
 Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy
 foes distress,
 And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms
 oppress;
 Deform the royal house; and, from
 the side
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the
 plighted bride:
 Now cease at my command." The
 Thund'rer said;
 And, with dejected eyes, this answer
 Juno made:
 "Because your dread decree too well
 I knew,
 From Turnus and from earth
 unwilling I withdrew.
 Else should you not behold me here,
 alone,
 Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends
 bemoan,
 But, girt with vengeful flames, in
 open sight
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal
 fight.
 'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
 By my command, to save her

brother's life,
At least to try; but, by the Stygian
lake,
(The most religious oath the gods can
take,)
With this restriction, not to bend the
bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to
throw.
And now, resign'd to your superior
might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe
the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates
withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's
land,
That, when the nuptial bed shall bind
the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to
bless,)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their
name,
Speak the same language which they
spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their
grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the
renown
And name of Troy, with that detested
town.
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign
And Rome's immortal majesty
remain."

Then thus the founder of mankind
replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his
eyes)
"Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's
other heir,

on her care,

Indued with windy wings to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd
with hissing hair.
In heav'n the Dirae call'd, and still at
hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they
stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears
to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak
his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their
fate,
Hurls down diseases, death and
deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with
war.
One sister plague if these from heav'n
he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far
more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the
Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the
skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the
sure destruction flies.
With such a sudden and unseen a
flight
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of
the night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in
view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry
knew,
Contracted, to the boding bird she
turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and
hallow'd urns,

And beats about the tombs with
nightly wings,
Where songs obscene on sepulchers
she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with
frightful cries
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er
his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his
blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with
horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her
screaming cry
And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd
with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and
rent her flowing hair.

"Ah me!" she cries, "in this
unequal strife
What can thy sister more to save thy
life?
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to
fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of
night;
The lashing of your wings I know too
well,
The sounding flight, and fun'ral
screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from
haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish'd
love!
Did he for this exempt my life from
fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state,

Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to
die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and
let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost
below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now
remains,
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring
womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"
She drew a length of sighs; nor more
she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her
head,
Then plung'd into her stream, with
deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up
in air.

Now stern Aeneas waves his
weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his
fear:
"What farther subterfuge can Turnus
find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in
his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy
flight;
Not with their feet, but hands, the
valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms,
and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in
war;
Wish for the wings of winds, to
mount the sky;
Or hid, within the hollow earth to
lie!"

The champion shook his head, and
made this short reply:
“No threats of thine my manly mind
can move;
'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial
Jove.”

He said no more, but, with a sigh,
repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling
breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubled
eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common
bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of
the ground;
So vast, that twelve strong men of
modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth
could hardly raise.
He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on
high,
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy,
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely
knew
His way, or what unwieldly weight he
threw.

His knocking knees are bent beneath
the load,
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital
blood.

The stone drops from his arms, and,
falling short
For want of vigour, mocks his vain
effort.

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd
the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of
force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the

course:

In vain we heave for breath; in vain
we cry;
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual
strength deny;
And on the tongue the falt'ring
accents die:
So Turnus far'd; whatever means he
tried,
All force of arms and points of art
employ'd,
The Fury flew athwart, and made th'
endeavor void.

A thousand various thoughts his
soul confound;
He star'd about, nor aid nor issue
found;
His own men stop the pass, and his
own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out
again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in
vain.
Trembling he views the thund'ring
chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly
lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his
conqu'ring foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming
blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd
with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th'
impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with
narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he
threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon
flew.

Not with less rage the rattling thunder
falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines
break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so
strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the
death along.
Naught could his sev'nfold shield the
prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat
of mail:
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly
wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him
to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the
vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice
reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief
is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms
display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor
pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope
to live:
Use what the gods and thy good
fortune give.
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be
shown,
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a
son.
Pity my sire, now sinking to the
grave;
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus
save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my
death,
Give to my friends my body void of

breath!

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg
my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal
wife:

Against a yielded man, 'tis mean
ignoble strife."

In deep suspense the Trojan
seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd
his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment
felt

His manly soul with more
compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance,
he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his
side,

The fatal spoils which haughty
Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph
wore.

Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly
cries

(Flames, while he spoke, came
flashing from his eyes)
"Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace
pretend,

Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my
friend?

To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly
blow."

He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the
word,

Deep in his bosom drove the shining
sword.

The streaming blood distain'd his
arms around;

And the disdainful soul came rushing
through the wound.

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