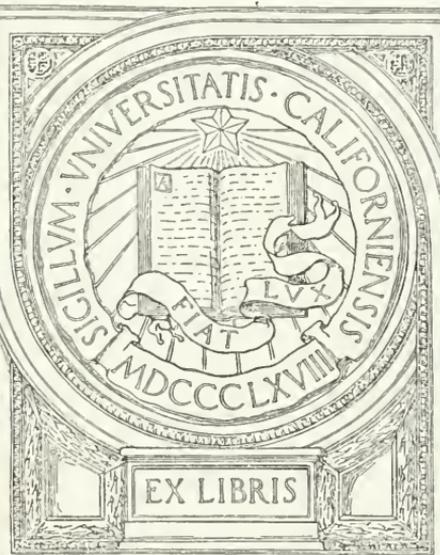
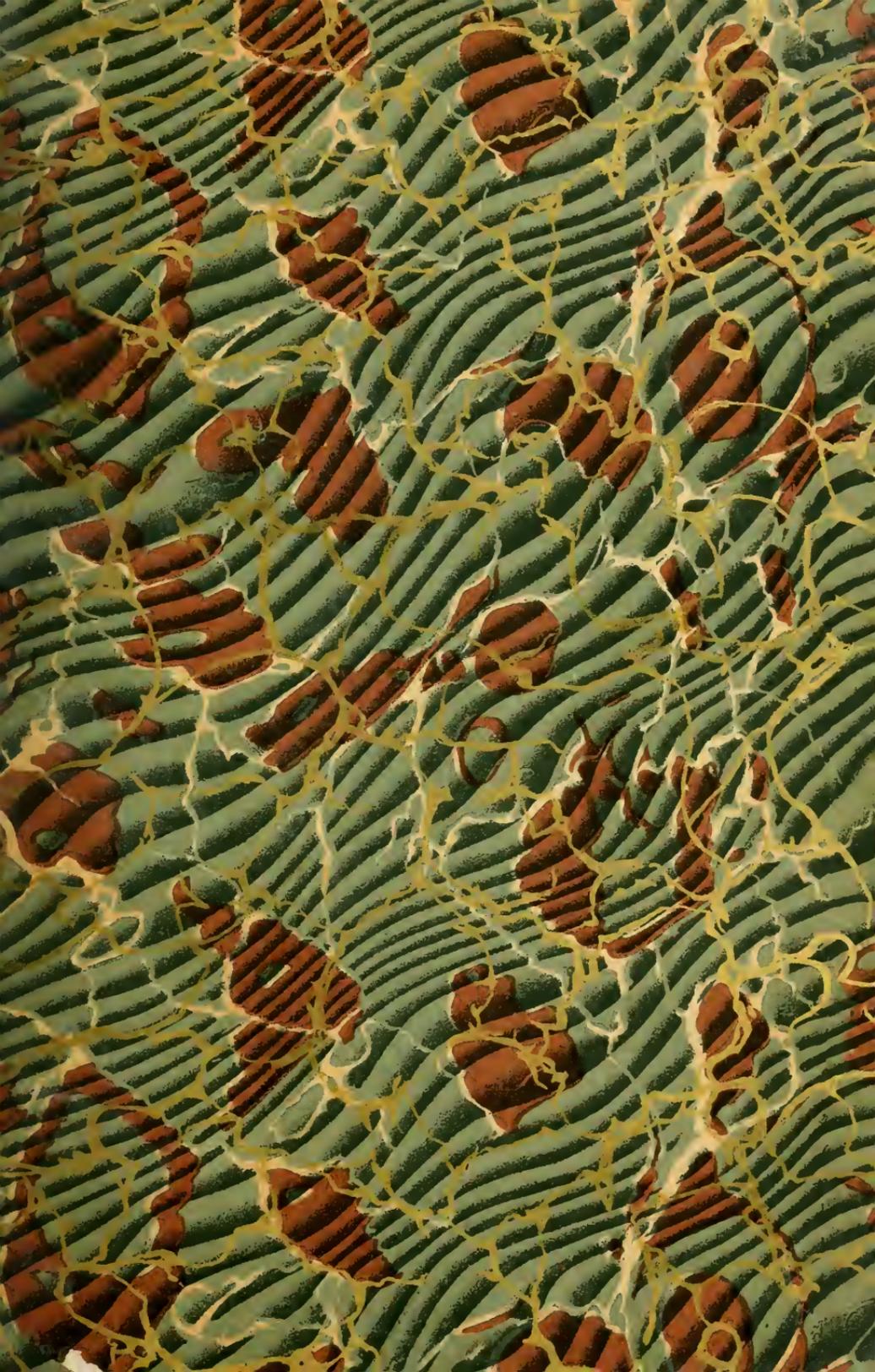


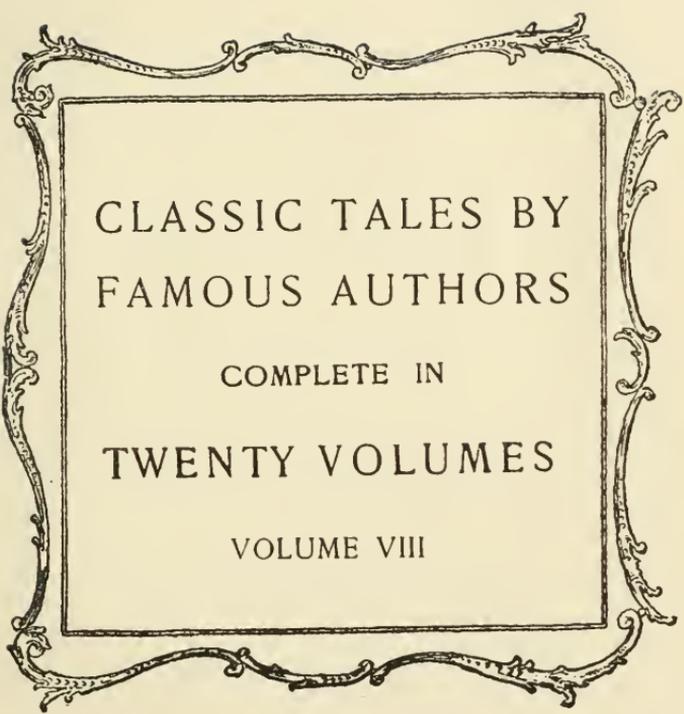
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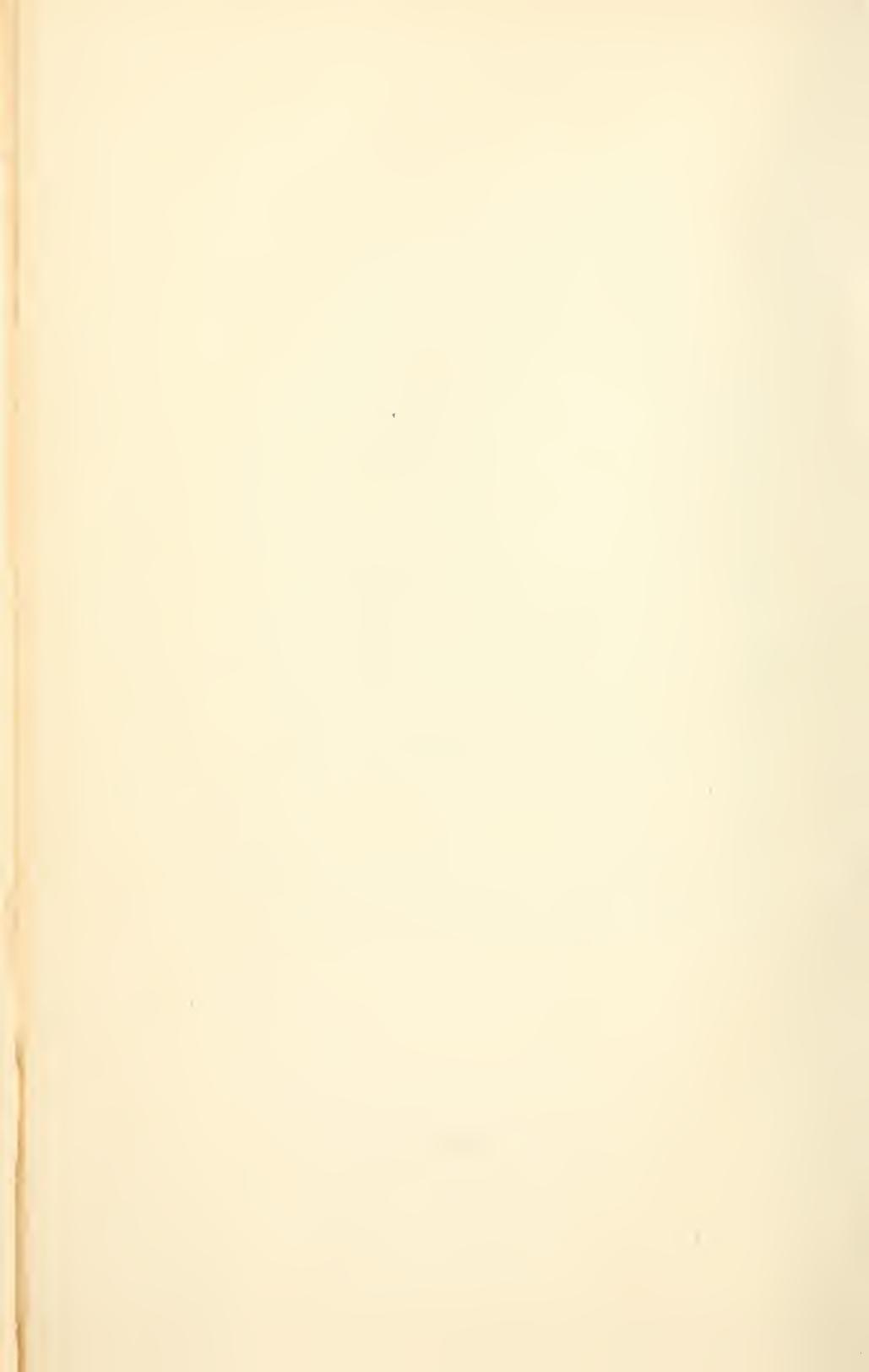


CLASSIC TALES BY
FAMOUS AUTHORS

COMPLETE IN

TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME VIII





Classic Tales

IN

Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE TRANSLATIONS
AND NOTES OF THE BEST AUTHORITIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS
PHOTOGRAPHICALLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY PROCESSED

Virgil, Horace and Varius, at the House of Maecenas
Photogravure. From a Painting by Jalabert

FREDERICK B. DE BUREAU

4537

With a General Introduction by

ROSLICE JOHNSON, LL.D.

Published by

THE PHILIPPS LOGGERS

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Classic **T**ales
by
Famous **A**uthors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREFATORY
BIOGRAPHICAL AND SYNOPTICAL NOTES

Edited and Arranged by
FREDERICK **B.** DE **B**ERARD

14527

With a General Introduction by
ROSSITER **J**OHNSON, **L**L.**D.**

Published by
THE **B**ODLEIAN **S**OCIETY
NEW **Y**ORK

JAN 1906

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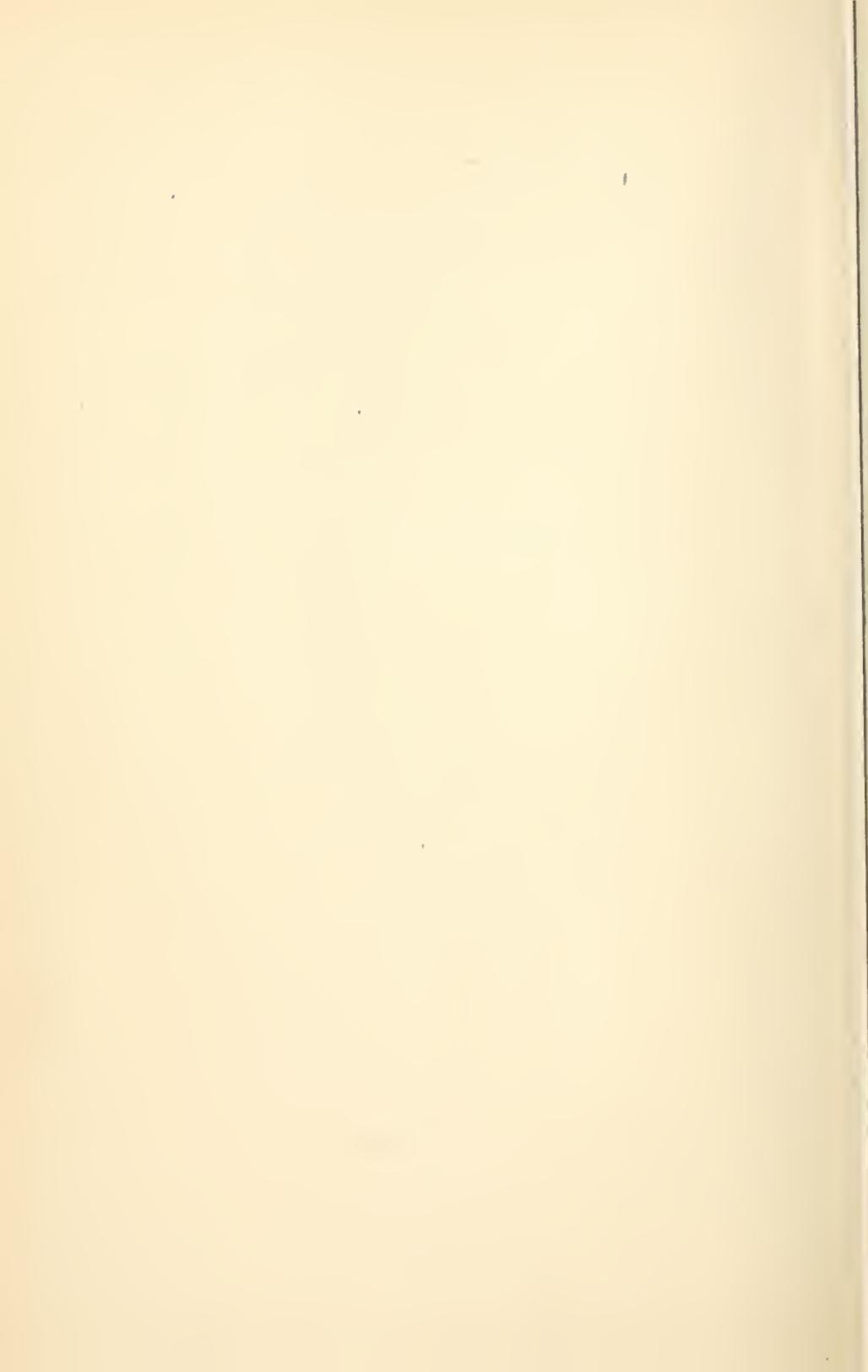
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2

PREFACE

PREFACE

THE plan of the "Classic Library," of which this book is a part, comprises the best work of many great story-tellers. Among these are included arrangements of "The Iliad," "The Odyssey" and "The Æneid." The aim has been to tell the story of each as clearly and vividly as possible. The story as here set forth is made up of extracts from several translations. Although complete, it is told more briefly and directly than in the original. Most readers will wish a complete version, and the question of choice among translators will arise.

It is a delicate matter to discriminate among several renderings of such high excellence as possessed by the English versions of Dryden, Cranch, Morris and Conington: and no critical estimate will be attempted here. The narrative interest, however, which is the guiding principle in this arrangement, is at its best in the fine version of Cranch, which moreover is of sustained poetic beauty and great nobility of diction. It is the version which will best please the majority of readers.

"The Æneid" is singularly uneven in merit. Its strength is almost entirely in its episodes. As a whole, it is without dramatic unity, lacking in progressive interest, inconsequent in incident and devoid of climax. In effect it comprises a series of lofty poetic flights, linked by a slight semblance of narrative, colorless, mechanical, and without spontaneity.

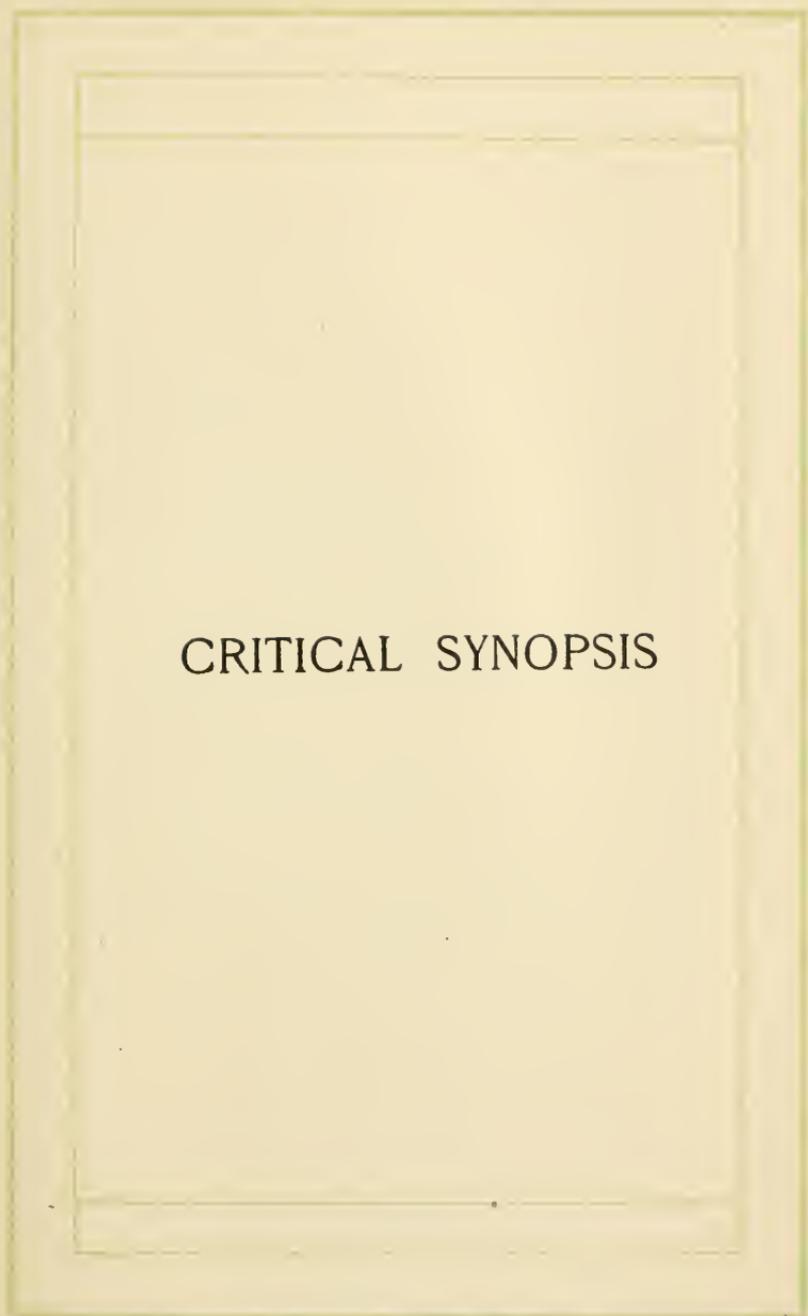
Inasmuch as the element of unity is no factor in the

PREFACE

greatness of the poem, it has been less regarded than lofty poetic quality, in the arrangement of this volume; and many dramatic episodes not essential to the actual movement of the story have been retained.

The extracts in this volume from Christopher Pearse Cranch's translation of "The Æneid" are reprinted by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Editor's thanks are due for their liberal courtesy, which has enabled him to make extensive selections from a copyrighted work, without which the plan of arrangement would have been incomplete.

EDITOR.



CRITICAL SYNOPSIS

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL: TRANSLATIONS BY VARIOUS
AUTHORS.

Cæsar Augustus, the first of the Roman Emperors, had as a delicate flatterer the great poet Publius Virgilius Maro, whose flattery took the magnificent form of a lofty epic, which purported to relate the valiant deeds of the founders of the Roman race, and the progenitors of the imperial Julian line. While "The Odyssey" tells of the wanderings of one of the Greek heroes after the close of the Trojan war, "The Æneid" relates the adventures of Æneas, foremost among the champions of the Trojan race; how he flees from the burning city of Troy, sacked by the victorious Greeks; escapes by sea, and is succored when in distress by Queen Dido, of Carthage; wins her love, only to basely abandon her; and afterwards, landing in Italy, becomes the conqueror of the native races, and founds a new line, whence flows the great Roman nation. This work, although ranking amongst the greatest of epic poems, is extremely uneven in its quality. In parts it touches the highest point of nobility in thought and diction. Here and there it is dull, heavy and lifeless. In some respects it is absurd, but it remains one of the greatest of classics, not because of conventional acceptance, but because of its intrinsic beauty and strength.

EDITOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

Vol. 8—1

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

CONINGTON, JOHN: The literary labors of John Conington, Oxford professor of the Latin language and literature, were devoted almost wholly to translations of the Greek and Latin classic authors. He published a translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus in 1848; a translation of the "Odes" of Horace, in 1863; and a translation of Virgil's "Æneid" in 1866. He also edited in the original several Greek and Latin classics. His version of the "Æneid" was a daring literary experiment in its adoption of a metrical form and rhythm wholly dissimilar to that of the original. He renders the incident and the action with great fidelity, and tells the story of Æneas in an admirable way; but it is the *story*, rather than the poetic sentiment of the original, that is dominant. Professor Conington was born at Boston, England, 1825; died there, 1869.

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE: One of the most accurate, scholarly and pleasing versions of the "Æneid" is that of Christopher Pearse Cranch in blank verse—a metrical form which reproduces with fidelity the rhythm, melody, diction and sentiment of the original, and sacrifices only the cadence of rhyme. As a medium of poetical narrative, no other equals blank verse for directness and lucidity, conjoined with melody, grace and poetic beauty. Cranch's "Æneid" has these qualities in notable degree, and is therefore among the very best of the many translations of the great epic.

Cranch was born at Alexandria, Va., 1813; died at Cambridge, Mass., 1892. His writings com-

prise "Poems" (1844); "The Bird and the Bell" (1875); "Ariel and Caliban" (1887), and several prose tales. He also won distinction as a landscape painter.

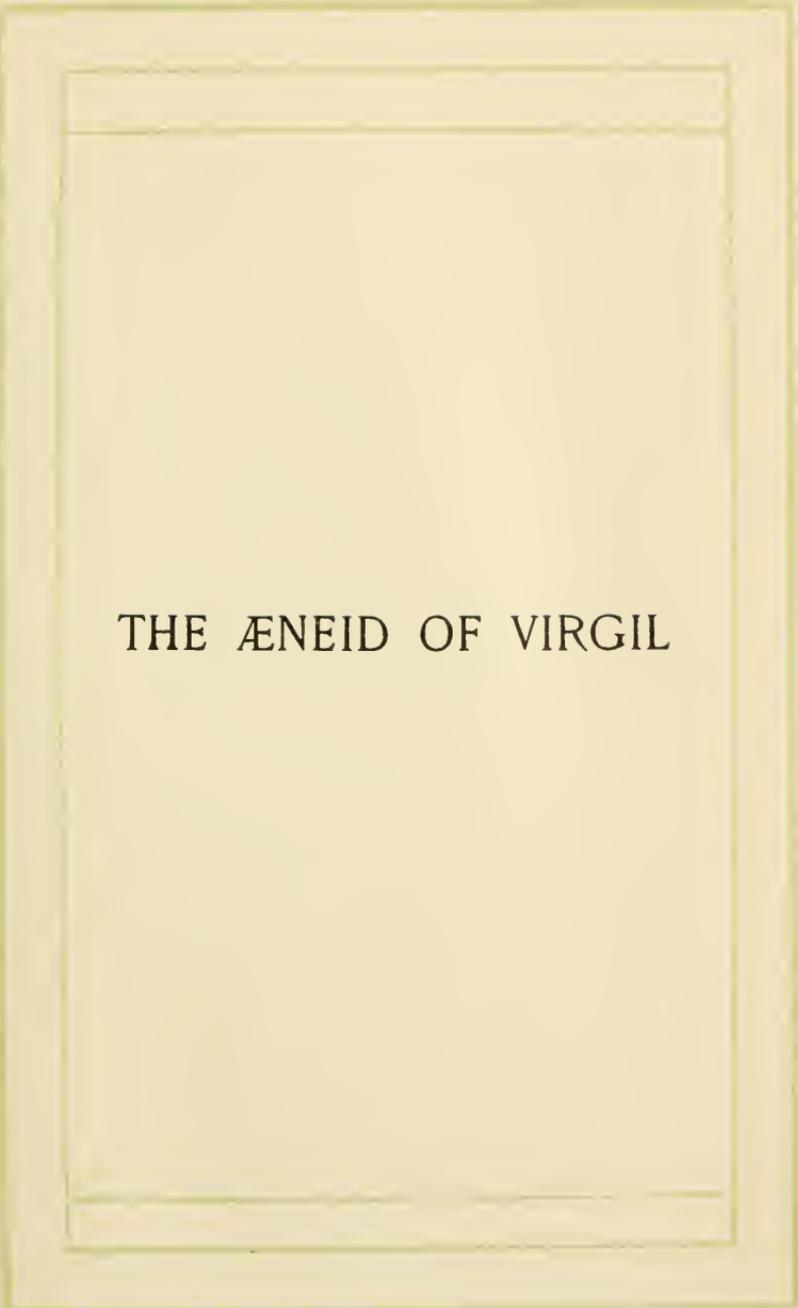
DRYDEN, JOHN: Born Northamptonshire, Eng., 1631; died at London, 1700. This eminent author during his long literary career produced a long list of plays, poems and miscellaneous works. Unfortunately, his great powers were employed in acrid controversy, biting satire and scurrilous criticism, his most pretentious poetical writings being merely the vehicle for malign political or theological attacks. Some of these contain the most scathing of satire, and are admirable in diction; but they have little true poetic feeling. In Dryden's translation of Virgil's "Æneid," published in 1697, his great powers are worthily employed upon a congenial and dignified theme, and he loses none of the fire or beauty of his original. Some of Dryden's shorter poems are likewise among the masterpieces of the language. His chief other extended works are: "Annus Mirabilis" (1667); "Absalom and Achitophel" (1681-2); "Mac-Flecknoe" (1682); "Religio Laici" (1682); "The Hind and the Panther" (1687); translations of Juvenal, Ovid, etc.; and numerous dramas, among them "The Indian Emperor," "Almanzor and Almahide," "Aurengzebe," "All for Love," "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," "Sir Martin Mar-All," "Don Sebastian," "An Evening's Love, or the Mock-Astrologer," "Marriage à la Mode," "The Kind Keeper," "Amboyna," "The Spanish Friar," "Tyrannic Love," and others.

MORRIS, WILLIAM: About the middle of the nineteenth century a group of young enthusiasts shocked English inertia and self-esteem by attacking many venerable conventions of literature and art. They revolted from the old schools, trampled upon traditional standards, set up new canons of beauty, painted pictures in styles unknown to the academies, wrote poems in violation of all precedent. William Morris was of these. He was an iconoclast and apostle of change; but

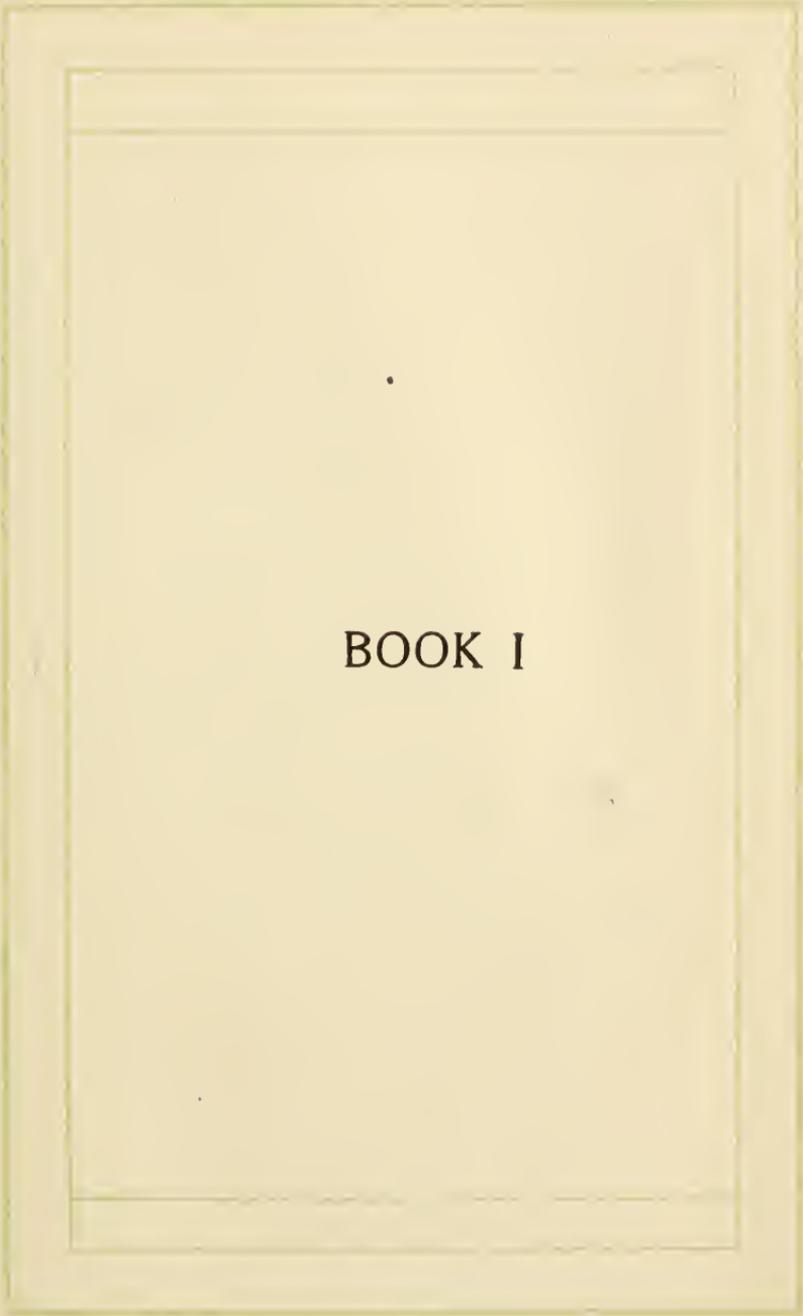
though often extreme and erratic, he was also a creative force of considerable power, originality and sensibility to the beautiful. As a poet and romancer he has won distinction, although not in the first rank; as a decorative artist he has done much to cultivate among the people appreciation of beauty in common things. He has likewise been active as a visionary social reformer. His principal works are: "Defense of Guinevere and Other Poems" (1858); "The Life and Death of Jason" (1867); "The Earthly Paradise" (1868-70); "Love is Enough" (1873); "Hopes and Fears for Art" (1872); several paraphrases from the Icelandic sagas, and a translation of the "Æneid."

VIRGIL, or VERGIL (PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO): In the roll of classic authors of antiquity there are many who hold place by virtue of literary convention, rather than by their closeness to universal human sympathies and emotions. The two great poets of the Augustan age, Horace and Virgil, get close to humanity; they are realities, not abstractions; they are loved, not merely revered; and for nearly two thousand years their thoughts have touched a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of a multitude of readers. Virgil's masterpiece is the great epic "The Æneid"—a wonderful story-poem of heroic adventure, which here and there towers to the loftiest heights of imagination, sparkles with beautiful imagery, and is instinct with poetic feeling. The "Eclogues," or "Bucolics," and the "Georgics" are poems of reflection and philosophy—the thoughts of a farmer-poet, who delighted in country life. Virgil was born near Mantua, lived much upon his large estate, but was also at times a resident of Rome, where he was an intimate friend of Caesar Augustus (Octavius), Mæcenas, Pollio, Horace and others who gave luster to the imperial circle. He was born near Mantua, 70 B. C., and died at Brundisium, 19 B. C.

EDITOR.



THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL



BOOK I

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOK I

14527

[The Hatred of Juno and the Sufferings of Æneas.]
—(DRYDEN.)

ARMS and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town,
His banished gods restored 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 provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offence the Queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man,
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,
Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

THE ÆNEID.

[Fate Decrees that Carthage, the City Beloved of
Juno, Shall be Destroyed by Descendants of
Troy.]—(CONINGTON.)

There stood a city on the sea
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
Named Carthage, fronting far to south
Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,
And hardened in war's sternest school.
Men say the place was Juno's pride
More than all lands on earth beside;
E'en Samos' self not half so dear:
Here were her arms, her chariot here.
Here, goddess-like, to fix one day
The seat of universal sway,
Might Fate be wrung to yield assent,
E'en then her schemes, her cares were bent.
Yet had she heard that sons of Troy
Were born her Carthage to destroy;
From those majestic loins should spring
A nation like a warrior king,
Ordained for Libya's overthrow:
The web of Fate was woven so.
This was her fear: and fear renewed
The memory of that earlier feud,
The war at Troy she erst had waged
In darling Argos' cause engaged:
Nor yet had faded from her view
The insults whence those angers grew,
With such resentments brimming o'er
She tossed and tossed from shore to shore
The Trojan bands, poor relics these
Of Achillean victories,
Away from Latium: many a year,
Fate-driven, they wandered far and near:

THE ÆNEID.

So vast the labor to create
The fabric of the Roman state!

[Juno Exhorts Æolus, God of the Winds, to Destroy the Trojan Fleet.]—(DRYDEN.)

Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores;
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When laboring still, with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent:
“Then am I vanquished, 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 power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?

* * * *

But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of Heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruined Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?”

Thus raged the goddess, and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way and that the impatient captives tend,
And pressing for release, the mountains rend;
High in his hall the undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway

THE ÆNEID.

Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas through empty space would roll,
And Heaven would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And locked them safe within, oppressed with mountain loads;

Imposed a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant Queen her prayers addressed,
And thus the tenor of her suit expressed:—

“O Æolus! for to thee the King of Heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves that swell the troubled main;
A race of wandering slaves, abhorred by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquished gods design new temples there.

Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.”

[The Winds Assail the Ships of Æneas.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

The God replies: “O Queen, ’tis thine
To weigh thy will, to do it mine.
Thou givest me this poor kingdom, thou
Hast smoothed for me the Thunderer’s brow,
Givest me to share the Olympian board,
And o’er the tempests makest me lord.”

He said, and with his spear struck wide
The portals in the mountain side:
At once, like soldiers in a band,

THE ÆNEID.

Forth rush the winds, and scour the land:
Then lighting heavily on the main,
East, South, and West with storms in train,
Heave from its depth the watery floor,
And roll great billows to the shore.
Then come the clamor and the shriek,
The sailors shout, the main-ropes creak:
All in a moment sun and skies
Are blotted from the Trojan's eyes:
Black night is brooding o'er the deep,
Sharp thunder peals, live lightnings leap:
The stoutest warrior holds his breath,
And looks as on the face of death.

[Neptune, the Ocean God, Rebukes the Winds and
Stills the Tempest.](—(DRYDEN.)

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies;
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors knew,
They called them altars, when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus in his angry mood,
Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid-ocean left them moored-aland.
Oronte's barque, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight), even in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne;

THE ÆNEID.

The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled, thrice round the ship was tossed,
Then bulged 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 sucked through loosened planks the rushing sea.

* * * *

Meantime, imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground;
Displeas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He reared his awful head above the main;
Serene in majesty, then rolled his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distressed,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summoned Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuked: "Audacious winds; from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land
Unauthorized 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 power to hollow caverns is confined,
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 smoothed the sea,

THE ÆNEID.

Dispelled the darkness and restored 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 courses, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.

[The Remnant of the Fleet Reaches the Libyan
Coast.]—(CRANCH.)

The weary Trojans aim to reach the shores
That nearest lie, and turn to the Libyan coasts.
Within a deep recess there is a place
Where with its jutting sides an island forms
A port, by which the rolling ocean waves
Are broken, and divide in lesser curves.
On either side vast rocks and twin-like cliffs
Threaten the sky; beneath whose towering tops
The sea lies safe and tranquil all around.
Above, a wall with trembling foliage stands,
O'ershadowed by a dark and gloomy grove;
And underneath the opposing front, a cave
Amid the hanging cliffs is seen. Within
Are pleasant springs, and seats of natural rock,
A dwelling for the nymphs. No cable here,
Nor any anchor holds with crooked fluke
The weary ships. Hither Æneas brings
Seven of the ships collected from his fleet.
And here, with a great longing for the land,
The Trojans disembark, and gain the beach
Desired; and drenched and dripping with the brine,
They stretch their weary limbs upon the shore.

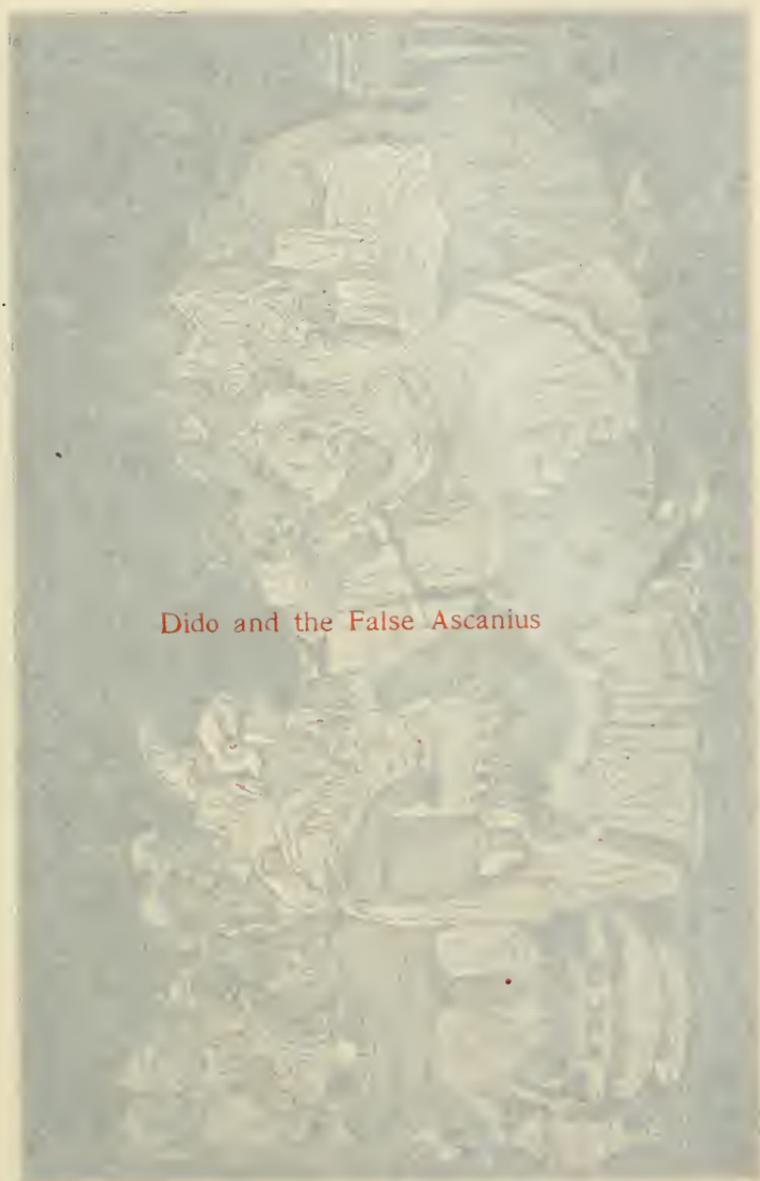
THE ÆNEID.

[Venus Pleads with Jove to Protect Æneas.]—
(CONINGTON.)

And now an end had come, when Jove
His broad view casting from above,
The countries and their people scanned,
The sail-fledged sea, the lowly land,
Last on the summit of the sky
Paused, and on Libya fixed his eye.
'Twas then sad Venus, as he mused,
Her starry eyes with tears suffused,
Bespoke him: "Thou whose lightnings awe,
Whose will on heaven and earth is law,
What has Æneas done, or how
Could my poor Trojans cloud thy brow,
To suffer as they suffer now? * * *
Once didst thou promise with an oath
The Romans hence should have their growth,
Great chiefs, from Teucer's line renewed,
The masters of a world subdued:
Fate heard the pledge: what power has wrought
To turn the channel of thy thought? * * *
But now the self-same fortune hounds
The lorn survivors yet:
And hast thou, mighty King, no bounds
To that their misery set?"

[Jove Promises Great Glory for Æneas and His
Son Ascanius.]—(DRYDEN.)

To whom the father of 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; * * *
No councils have reversed my firm decree.



Dido and the False Ascanius



THE ÆNEID.

And lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know I have searched the mystic rolls of fate;
Thy son (nor is the appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build.
Till, after every foe subdued, the sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run;
This is his time prefixed. Ascanius then,
Now called Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear;
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer;
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.

[—And Declares that their Roman Progeny Shall
Rule the World.]—(CONINGTON.)

Three hundred years in that proud town
Shall Hector's children wear the crown,
Till Iliā, priestess-princess, bear
By Mars' embrace a kingly pair.
Then, with his nurse's wolf-skin girt,
Shall Romulus the line assert,
Invite them to his new raised home,
And call the martial city Rome.
No date, no goal, I here ordain:
Theirs is an endless, boundless reign.
Nay Juno's self, whose wild alarms
Set ocean, earth, and heaven in arms,
Shall change for smiles her moody frown,
And vie with me in zeal to crown
Rome's sons, the nation of the gown.
So stands my will. There comes a day,
While Rome's great ages hold their way,
When old Assaracus's sons
Shall quit them on the Myrmidons,

THE ÆNEID.

O'er Phthia and Mycenæ reign,
And humble Argos to their chain.
From Troy's fair stock shall Cæsar rise,
The limits of whose victories
Are ocean, of his fame the skies;
Great Julius, proud that style to bear,
In name and blood Iulus' heir.
Him, at the appointed time, increased
With plunder from the conquered East,
Thine arms shall welcome to the sky,
And worshippers shall find him nigh.
Then battles o'er the world shall cease,
Harsh times shall mellow into peace:
Then Vesta, Faith, Quirinus, joined
With brother Remus, rule mankind:
Grim iron bolt and massy bar
Shall close the dreadful gates of War:
Within unnatural Rage confined,
Fast bound with manacles behind,
His dark head pillowed on a heap
Of clanking armor, not in sleep,
Shall gnash his savage teeth, and roar
From lips incarnadined with gore."

[Venus Appears to Æneas and Achatas, Shows
Them Carthage, and Directs Them to Dido's
Court.]—(CONINGTON.)

But good Æneas, through the night
Revolving many a care,
Determines with the dawn of light
Forth from the port to fare,
Explore the stranger clime, and find
What land is his, by stress of wind,
By what inhabitants possessed
(For waste he sees it), man or beast,
And back the tidings bear.

THE ÆNEID.

Within a hollow rock's retreat,
Deep in the wood, he hides his fleet,
Defended by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green:
Then with Achates moves along,
Wielding two spears, steel-tipped and strong:
When in the bosom of the wood
Before him, lo, his mother stood,
In mien and gear a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce arrayed,
Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,
And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace.
Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow;
Loose to the wind her tresses flow;
Bare was her knee; her mantle's fold
The gathering of a knot controlled.
And "Saw ye, youths," she asks them, "say,
One of my sisters here astray,
A silver quiver at her side,
And for a scarf a lynx's hide,
Or pressing on the wild boar's track
With upraised dart and voiceful pack?"

Thus Venus: Venus's son replied:
"No sister we of thine have spied:
What name to call thee beauteous maid?
That look, that voice the God betrayed;
Can it be Phœbus's sister bright
Or some fair Nymph has crossed our sight?
Be gracious, whosoe'er thou art,
And lift this burden from our heart;
Instruct us, 'neath what sky at last,
Upon what shore, our lot is cast;
We wander here, by tempest blown,
The people and the place unknown.

THE ÆNEID.

O say! and many a victim's life
Before thy shrine shall stain my knife."

Then Venus: * * *

"The sceptre here Queen Dido sways,
Who fled from Tyre in other days,
To 'scape a brother's frenzy: long
And dark the story of her wrong. * * *
The spot they reached where now your eyes
See Carthage-towers in beauty rise:
There bought them soil, such space of ground
As one bull's hide could compass round;
There fixed their site; and Byrsa's name
Preserves the action fresh in fame.
But who are you? to whom allied?
Whence bound and whither?" Deep he sighed,
And thus with laboring speech replied:

"Fair Goddess! should thy suppliants show
From first to last their tale of woe,
Or ere it ceased the day were done,
And closed the palace of the sun.
We from old Troy, if Tyrian ear
Have chanced the name of Troy to hear,
Driven o'er all seas, are thrown at last
On Libya's coast by chance-sent blast.
Æneas I, who bear on board
My home-gods, rescued from the sword:
Men call me good; and vulgar fame
Above the stars exalts my name.
My quest is Italy, the place
That nursed my Jove-descended race.
My ships were twenty when I gave
My fortunes to the Phrygian wave;
My goddess-mother lent me light,
And oracles prescribed my flight:

THE ÆNEID.

And now scarce seven survive the strain
Of boisterous wind and billowy main.
I wander o'er your Libyan waste,
From Europe and from Asia chased,
Unfriended and unknown." No more
His plaint of anguish Venus bore,
But interrupts ere yet 'tis o'er:

[Venus Conceals Æneas and Achates in a Cloud.]
—(CONINGTON.)

"Whoe'er you are, I cannot deem
Unloved of heaven you drink the beam
Of sunlight; else had never Fate
Conveyed you to a Tyrian's gate.
Take heart and follow on the road,
Still making for the queen's abode.
You yet shall witness, mark my word,
Your friends returned, your fleet restored;
The winds are changed, and all are brought
To port, or augury is naught. * * *
Then pause not further, but proceed
Still following where the road shall lead." * * *
And Venus either traveler shrouds
With thickest panoply of clouds,
That none may see them, touch, nor stay,
Nor, idly asking, breed delay. * * *

Meantime, the path itself their clue,
With speed their journey they pursue;
And now they climb the hill, whose frown
On the tall towers looks lowering down,
And beetles o'er the fronting town.
Æneas, marveling, views the pile
Of stately structures, huts erewhile.
Marveling, the lofty gate surveys,

THE ÆNEID.

The pavements, and the loud highways. * * *
Then enters, 'neath his misty screen,
And threads the crowd, of all unseen.

[The Temple of Juno and the Coming of the
Queen.]—(DRYDEN.)

Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshow
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave
Of a soil fruitful and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate,
Enriched with gifts and with a golden shrine,
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose;
The rafters are with brazen coverings crowned,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges found.
What first Æneas in this place beheld
Revived his courage and his fear expelled.
For while, expecting there the Queen, he raised
His wondering eyes, and round the temple gazed.

* * * * *
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 every leader known.

* * * * *
Thus, while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fixed on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a numerous train

THE ÆNEID.

And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurota's banks or Cynthus' height
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen.

* * * *

Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high placed before the shrine;
In crowds around the swarming people join.
She takes petitions and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And where unequal, there by lots decides.

[The Missing Comrades of Æneas Appear, and
Ask Succor of Queen Dido.]—(CONING-
TON.)

When lo! a concourse to the fane:
He looks: amid the shouting train
Lost Antheus and Sergestus pressed,
And brave Cloanthus, and the rest,
Driven by fierce gales the water o'er,
And landed on a different shore.
Astounded stand twixt fear and joy
Achates and the chief of Troy:
They burn to hail them and salute,
But wildering wonder keeps them mute.
So, peering through their cloudy screen,
They strive the broken tale to glean,
Where rest the vessels and the crew,

THE ÆNEID.

And wherefore thus they come to sue:
For every ship her chief had sent,
And clamoring towards the fane they went.

Then, audience granted by the queen,
Ilioneus spoke with placid mien:
"Lady, whom gracious Jove has willed
A city in the waste to build, * * *
We, tempest-tost on every wave,
Poor Trojans, your compassion crave
From hideous flame our barks to save:
Commiserate our wretched case,
And war not on a pious race.
We come not, we, to spoil and slay
Your Libyan households, sweep the prey
Off to the shore, then haste away:
Meek grows the heart by misery cowed,
And vanquished souls are not so proud.
A land there is, by Greece of old
Known as Hesperia, rich its mould,
 Its children brave and free:
Ænotrians were its planters: Fame
Now gives the race their leader's name,
 And calls it Italy.
There lay our course, when, grief to tell,
Orion, rising with a' swell,
Hurled us on shoals, and scattered wide
O'er pathless rocks along the tide
'Mid swirling billows: thence our crew
Drifts to your coast, a rescued few.
What tribe of human kind is here?
What barbarous region yields such cheer?
E'en the cold welcome of the sand
To travelers is barred and banned:
Ere earth we touch, they draw the sword,
And drive us from the bare sea-board.

THE ÆNEID.

If men and mortal arms ye slight,
Know there are Gods who watch o'er right.
Æneas was our king, than who
The breath of being none e'er drew,
More brave, more pious, or more true:
If he still looks upon the sun,
No spectre yet, our fears are done,
Nor need you doubt to assume the lead
In rivalry of generous deed.
Sicilia too no niggard field,
Has towns to hold us, arms to shield,
And king Acestes, brave and good,
In heart a Trojan, as in blood.
Give leave to draw our ships ashore,
There smooth the plank and shape the oar:
So, should our friends, our king survive,
For Italy we yet may strive." * * *

[Dido Welcomes the Distressed Trojans.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

The modest Queen awhile, with downcast eyes,
Pondered 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 valor of the Phrygian race?

* * * *

Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or driven by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government;
Your men shall be received, your fleet repaired,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard;
Or would you stay and join your friendly powers

THE ÆNEID.

To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers;
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to heaven the storm you felt would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore;
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renowned and so desired a guest."

[Æneas Emerges from the Cloud and Reveals
himself to Dido.]—(CONINGTON.)

In breathless eagerness of joy
Achates and the chief of Troy
Were yearning long the cloud to burst;
And thus Achates spoke the first:
"What now, my chief, the thoughts that rise
Within you? See, before your eyes
Your fleet, your friends restored;
Save one, who sank beneath the tide
E'en in our presence: all beside
Confirms your mother's word."

Scarce had he said, the mist gives way
And purges brightening into day;
Æneas stood, to sight confest,
A very god in face and chest:
For Venus round her darling's head
A length of clustering locks had spread,
Crowned him with youth's purpureal light,
And made his eyes gleam glad and bright. * * *
Then in a moment unforeseen
Of all, he thus bespeaks the queen:
"Lo, him you ask for! I am he,
Æneas, saved from Libya's sea.
O, only heart that deigns to mourn

THE ÆNEID.

For Ilium's cruel care!
That bids e'en us, poor relics, torn
From Danaan fury, all outworn
By earth and ocean, all forlorn,
Its home, its city share!
We cannot thank you; no, nor they,
Our brethren of the Dardan race,
Who, driven from their ancestral place,
Throughout the wide world stray.
May Heaven, if virtue claim its thought,
If justice yet avail for aught,
Heaven, and the sense of conscious right,
With worthier meed your acts requite!
What happy ages gave you birth?
What glorious sires begat such worth?
While rivers run into the deep,
While shadows o'er the hillside sweep,
While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze
Shall live your honor, name, and praise,
Whate'er my destined home." He ends,
And turns him to his Trojan friends;
Ilioneus with his right hand greets,
And with the left Serestus meets;
Then to the rest like welcome gave,
Brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Thus as she listened, first his mien,
His sorrow next, entranced the queen,
And "Say," cries she, "what cruel wrong
Pursued you, goddess-born, so long?
What violence has your navy driven
On this rude coast, of all 'neath heaven?
And are you he, on Simois's shore
Whom Venus to Anchises bore,
Æneas? Well I mind the name,
Since Teucer first to Sidon came,

THE ÆNEID.

Driven from his home, in hope to gain
By Belus's aid another reign,
What time my father ruled the land
Of Cyprus with a conqueror's hand.
Then first the fall of Troy I knew,
And heard of Grecia's kings, and you.
Oft, I remember, would he glow
In praise of Troy, albeit her foe;
Oft would he boast, with generous pride,
Himself to Troy's old line allied.
Then enter, chiefs, these friendly doors:
I too have had my fate, like yours. * * *
Myself not ignorant of woe,
Compassion I have learned to show."
She speaks, and speaking leads the way
 To where her palace stands,
And through the fanes a solemn day
 Of sacrifice commands,
Nor yet unmindful of his friends,
Her bounty to the shore she sends,
 A hundred bristly swine,
A herd of twenty beeves, of lambs
A hundred, with their fleecy dams,
 And spirit-cheering wine.

And now the palace they array
With all the state that kings display,
And through the central breadth of hall
Prepare the sumptuous festival:
There, wrought with many a fair design,
Rich coverlets of purple shine:
Bright silver loads the boards, and gold
Where deeds of hero-sires are told,
From chief to chief in sequence drawn,
E'en from proud Sidon's earliest dawn,

THE ÆNEID.

[Fearful Lest Juno, through Hate of Æneas, In-
spire Dido to Treachery, Venus Plots with
Cupid to Becloud Dido's Reason, thro' Love.]
—(DRYDEN.)

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Despatched Achates to the ships in haste
To give a glad relation of the past;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatched 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 famed adultress brought,
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present when she came
To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
The sceptre 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,

—(CONINGTON.)

*But Cytherea's anxious mind
New arts, new stratagems designed,
That Cupid, changed in mien and face,
Should come in sweet Ascanius' place,
Fire with his gifts the royal dame,
And thread each leaping vein with flame.
The palace of deceit she fears,
The double tongues of Tyre;
Fell Juno's form at night appears,
And burns her like a fire.
So to her will she seeks to move
The winged deity of Love.

THE ÆNEID.

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 Elissa's veins the gentle poison shed;
For much she feared the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belonged.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
And thus alarmed, to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone
Controls the Thunderer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succor and thy faith relies.
Thou knowest, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
And often hast thou mourned 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 Phœnician's heart;
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be performed now take my mind:
Ascanius by his father is designed
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, ravished, in Idalian bowers 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 fervor of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,

THE ÆNEID.

And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou mayest infuse thy venom in her veins."*

[Cupid Personates the Child Iulus and Inspires
Blind Passion in the Queen.]—(CRANCH.)

* * * Love obeys
The charge of his dear mother, doffs his wings,
And smiling imitates Iulus' gait.
But Venus with a placid sleep bedews
Ascanius' limbs, and fondly taking him
Upon her bosom, bears him far away
To the high Idalian groves, where breathing soft,
Sweet-marjoram beds with perfume and with shade
Embrace him sleeping. And now Cupid went,
Obeying her behest, the royal gifts
Conveying to the Tyrians, and led on,
Well pleased to have Achates for his guide.
When he arrived, upon a golden couch
With sumptuous tapestry, the queen reclined
In state within the middle of the hall.
And now Æneas, now the Trojan youths

—(CONINGTON.)

*That when the queen, with rapture glowing,
While boards blaze rich, and wine is flowing,
Shall make thee nestle in her breast,
And to thy lips her lips are prest,
The stealthy plague thou mayst inspire,
And thrill her with contagious fire.

—(CRANCH.)

And when the joyous Dido takes thee up
Upon her lap, amid the royal feast,
When the Lyæan wine is foaming high;
When she embraces thee with kisses soft—
Then breathe into her heart thy hidden fire,
Beguiling her with poison.

THE ÆNEID.

Assemble, and on purple couches lie.
Then water for their hands the servants bring,
And bread from baskets, and around supply
Towels with nap well shorn. Within are seen
Fifty maid-servants, who in long array
Attend the hearths, and with burnt sacrifice
Enlarge the influence of the household gods;
A hundred others too, of equal age,
Who serve the dishes, and who fill the cups.
And crowds of Tyrians also come, and throng
The festive rooms, invited to recline
Upon the embroidered couches. Much they admire
The gifts Æneas brought; Iulus too,
The glowing beauty of the godlike face,
And simulated speech; the cloak, the veil
With saffron-hued acanthus brodered round.
But the Phœnician queen, all dedicate
To passion fraught with coming misery,
With soul insatiate burns, and gazes long,
Moved by the boy and by his gifts alike.
He, having hung about Æneas' neck,
Locked in a fond embrace, and the deep love
Of his false father satisfied, then seeks
The queen; she with her eyes and all her heart
Clings to him, fondles him upon her lap;—
Nor knows, unhappy one, how great the god
Who presses on her breast.

[Queen Dido Questions Æneas of His Adventures.]—(CONINGTON.)

Soon as the feast begins to lull,
And boards are cleared away,
They place the bowls, all brimming full,
And wreath with garlands gay.
Up to the rafters mounts the din,

THE ÆNEID.

And voices swell and heave within:
From the gilt roof hang cressets bright,
And flambeau-fires put out the night.

* * * Iopas takes

His gilded lyre, its chords awakes,
The long-haired bard, rehearsing sweet
The descant learned at Atlas' feet.
He sings the wanderings of the moon,
The sun eclipsed in deadly swoon,
Whence human kind and cattle came,
And whence the rain-spout and the flame,
Arcturus and the two bright Bears,
And Hyads weeping showery tears,
Why winter suns so swiftly go,
And why the weary nights move slow.
With plaudits Tyre the minstrel greets,
And Troy the loud acclaim repeats.
And now discourse succeeds to song:
Poor Dido makes the gay night long,
Still drinking love-draughts, deep and strong:
Much of great Priam asks the dame,

Much of his greater son:

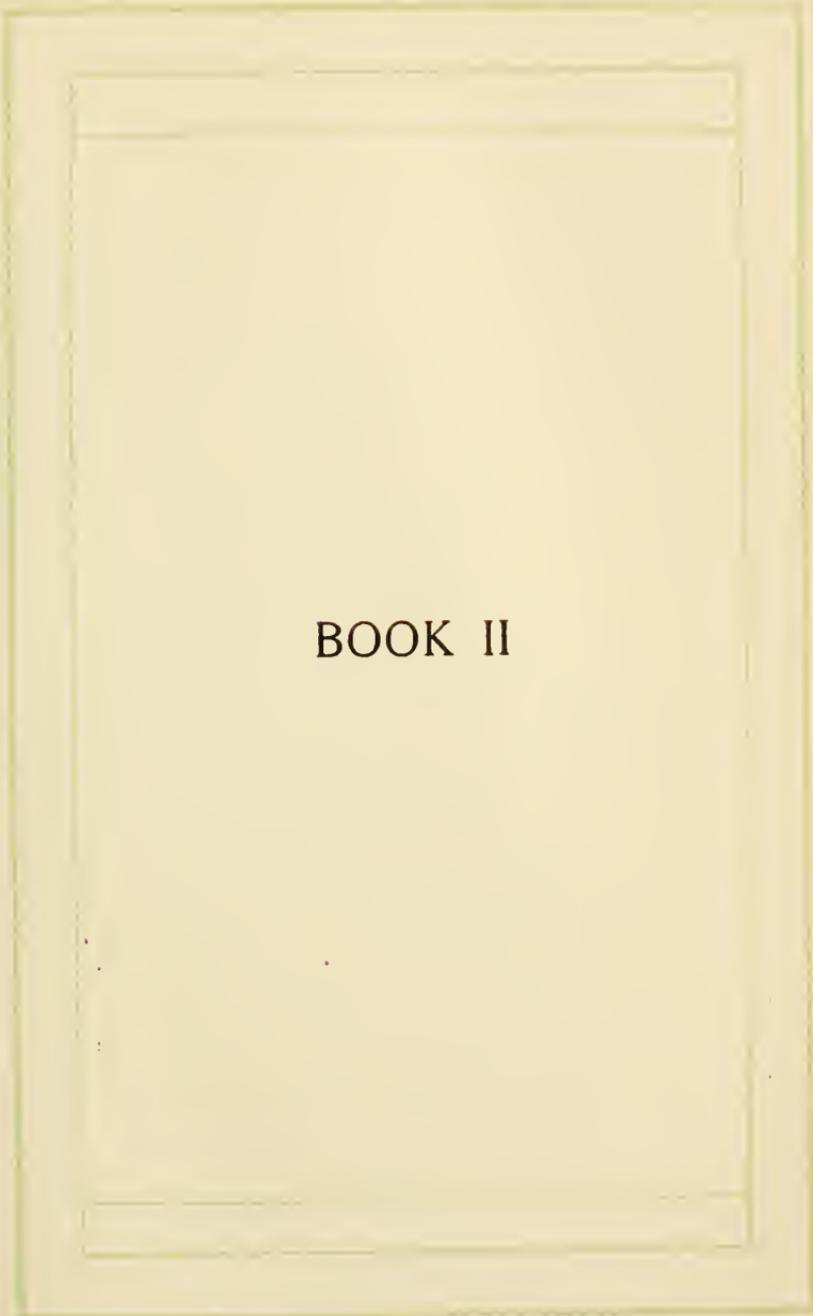
Now of Tydides' steeds of flame,
Now in what armor Memnon came,

Now how Achilles shone.

"Nay, guest," she cries, "vouchsafe a space
The tale of Danaan fraud to trace,
The dire misfortunes of your race,

These wanderings of your own:

For since you first 'gan wander o'er
Yon homeless world of sea and shore,
Seven summers nigh have flown."



BOOK II

BOOK II

[Æneas Begins the Tale of His Adventures and
Grieves over the Fall of Troy.]—(MORRIS.)

ALL hearkened hushed, and fixed on him was every
face of man,
As from the couch high set aloft Æneas thus began:

“Unutterable grief, O Queen, thou biddest me renew
The falling of the Trojan weal and realm that all shall
rue

'Neath Danaan might; which thing myself unhappy
did behold,

Yea, and was no small part thereof. What man might
hear it told

Of Dolopes, or Myrmidons, or hard Ulysses' band,
And keep the tears back? Dewy night now falleth
from the land

Of heaven, and all the setting stars are bidding us to
sleep:

But if to know our evil hap thy longing is so deep,
If thou wilt hear a little word of Troy's last agony,
Though memory shuddereth, and my heart shrunk up
in grief doth lie,

I will begin.”

THE ÆNEID.

[The Greeks Feign to Abandon the War Against
Troy, Leaving the Image of a Giant Horse as
an Offering to Pallas.]—(CONINGTON.)

Worn down by wars
Long beating 'gainst Fate's dungeon-bars,
As year kept chasing year,
The Danaan chiefs, with cunning given
By Pallas, mountain-high to heaven
A giant horse uprear,
And with compacted beams of pine
The texture of its ribs entwine.
A vow for their return they feign,
So runs the tale, and spreads amain.
There in the monster's cavernous side
Huge frames of chosen chiefs they hide,
And steel-clad soldiery finds room
Within that death-producing womb.

[The Trojans Making to Break Down the Wall
to Admit the Image to the Shrine of Pallas,
Laocoön Declares it a Snare and Hurls His
Spear Against It.]—(DRYDEN.)

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos * * *
There was their fleet concealed. We thought for
Greece,
The sails were hoisted, and our fear release.
The Trojans cooped 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;
* * * Thymætès first
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,

THE ÆNEID.

The fatal present to the flames designed,
Or to the watery deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore;

* * * *

Laocoön, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried from far aloud:
"O wretched countrymen, what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possessed your brains?
Think you the Grecians from our coast are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must enclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine, raised above the town,
To o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure designed, 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,
Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierced, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks enclosed come issuing through
the wound.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy designed,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done to inspire a better mind;
Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.

[Sixon, the Prisoner, Deludes the Trojans by a
False Tale of the Wrath of Pallas, the Fear of
the Greeks, and the Prophecy of Trojan Great-
ness.]—(CONINGTON.)

Now Dardan swains before the king
With clamorous demonstration bring,

THE ÆNEID.

His hands fast bound, a youth unknown,
Across their casual pathway thrown
By cunning purpose of his own,
If so his simulated speech
For Greece the walls of Troy might breach
Nerved by strong courage to defy
The worst, and gain his end or die.
The curious Trojans round him flock
With rival zeal a foe to mock.
Now listen while my tongue declares
The tale you ask of Danaan snares,
And gather from a single charge
Their catalogue of crimes at large.
There as he stands, confused, unarmed,
Like helpless innocence alarmed,
His wistful eyes on all sides throws,
And sees that all around are foes,
"What land," he cries, "what sea is left,
To hold a wretch of country reft,
Driven out from Greece, while savage Troy
Demands my blood with clamorous joy?"
That anguish put our rage to flight,
And stayed each hand in act to smite:
We bid him name and race declare,
And say why Troy her prize should spare.

* * * *

Then, schooled in all Pelasgian shifts,
His unbound hands to heaven he lifts:
"Ye slumberless, inviolate fires,
And the dread awe your name inspires!
Ye murderous altars, which I fled!
Ye fillets that adorned my head!
To break my Grecian fealty;
To hate the Greeks, and bring to light
The councils they would hide in night,

THE ÆNEID.

Unchecked by all that once could bind,
All claims of country or of kind.

* * *

“The warlike hopes of Greece were stayed,
E'en from the first, on Pallas' aid:
But since Tydides, impious man,
And foul Ulysses, born to plan,
Dragged with red hands, the sentry slain,
Her fateful image from your fane,
Her chaste locks touched, and stained with gore
The virgin coronet she wore,
Thenceforth the tide of fortune changed,
And Greece grew weak, her queen estranged.
Nor dubious were the signs of ill
That showed the goddess' altered will.
The image scarce in camp was set,
Out burst big drops of saltest sweat
O'er all her limbs: her eyes upraised
With minatory lightnings blazed;
And thrice untouched from earth she sprang
With quivering spear and buckler's clang.
'Back o'er the ocean!' Calchas cries:
'We shall not make Troy's town our prize,
Unless at Argos' sacred seat
Our former omens we repeat,
And bring once more the grace we brought
When first these shores our navy sought.'
So now for Greece they cross the wave,
Fresh blessings on their arms to crave,
Thence to return, so Calchas rules,
Unlooked for, ere your wonder cools.
Premonished first, this frame they planned
In your Palladium's stead to stand,
An image for an image given
To pacify offended Heaven.
But Calchas bade them rear it high

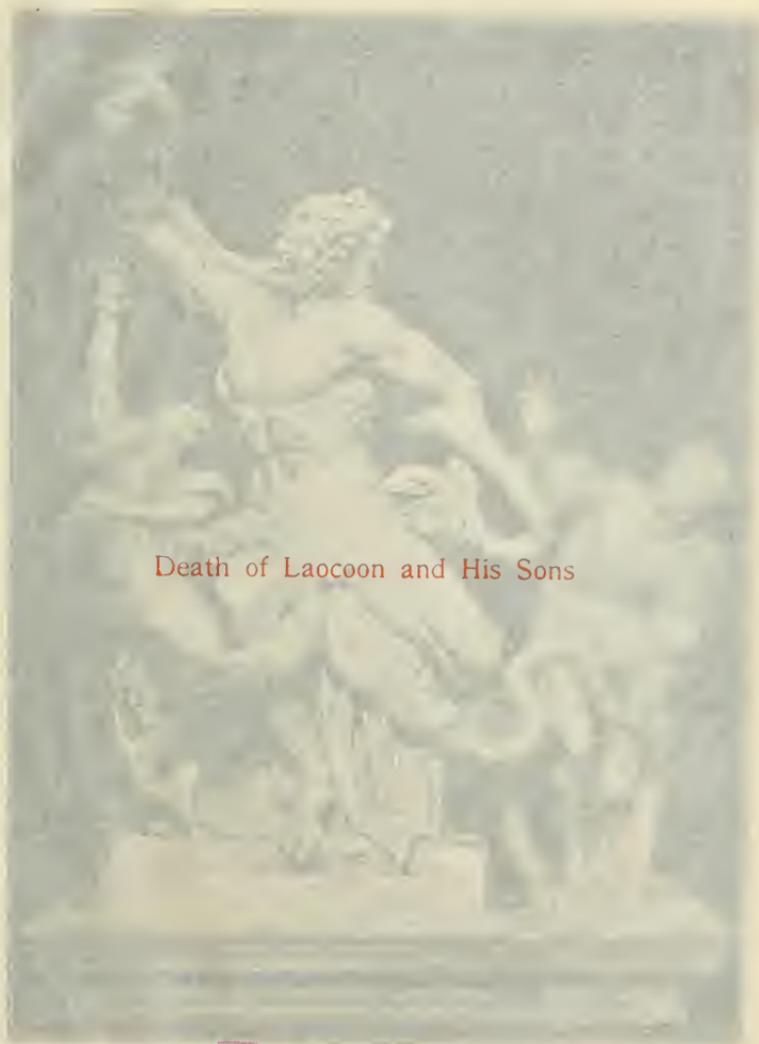
THE ÆNEID.

With timbers mounting to the sky,
That none might drag within the gate
This new Palladium of your state.
For, said he, if your hands profaned
The gift for Pallas' self ordained,
Dire havoc—grant, ye powers, that first
That fate be his—on Troy should burst:
But if, in glad procession haled
By those your hands, your walls it scaled,
Then Asia should our homes invade,
And unborn captives mourn the raid."

Such tale of pity, aptly feigned,
Our credence for the perjurer gained.

[Because of His Impious Assault upon the Offering to Pallas, the Serpents of the Goddess Destroy Laocoön and His Sons.]—(MORRIS.)

But now another, greater hap, a very birth of fear,
Was thrust before us wretched ones, our sightless
hearts to stir.
Laocoön, chosen out by lot for mighty Neptune's
priest,
Would sacrifice a mighty bull at altars of the feast;
When lo, away from Tenedos, o'er quiet of the main
(I tremble in the tale) we see huge coils of serpents
twain
Breasting the sea, and side by side swift making for
the shore;
Whose fronts amid the flood were strained, and high
their crests upbore
Blood-red above the waves, the rest swept o'er the sea
behind,



Death of Laocöon and His Sons



THE ÆNEID.

And all the unmeasured backs of them coil upon coil
they wind,
While sends the sea great sound of foam. And now the
meads they gained,
The burning eyes with flecks of blood and streaks of
fire are stained,
Their mouths with hisses all fulfilled are licked by
flickering tongue.
Bloodless we flee the sight, but they fare steadfastly
along
Unto Laocoön; and first each serpent round doth reach
One little body of his sons, and knitting each to each,
And winding round and round about, the unhappy
body gnaws:
And then himself, as sword in hand anigh for help he
draws,
They seize and bind about in coils most huge, and
presently
Are folded twice about his midst, twice round his neck
they tie
Their scaly backs, and hang above with head and top-
pling mane,
While he both striveth with his hands to rend their
folds atwain,
His fillets covered o'er with blood and venom black
and fell,
And starward sendeth forth withal a cry most horrible,
The roaring of a wounded bull who flees the altar-horn
And shaketh from his crest away the axe unhandy
borne.

But fleeing to the shrines on high do those two serpents
glide,
And reach the hard Tritonia's house, and therewithin
they hide

THE ÆNEID.

Beneath the Goddess' very feet and orbèd shield of
dread;
Then through our quaking hearts indeed afresh the
terror spread.

[The Wall Being Broken Down and the Horse
Dragged **Within** the City, the Hidden Greeks
Emerge and **Unbar the** Gates.]—(DRYDEN.)

Amazement seizes all. The general cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doomed to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote to admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offered to the 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 the unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls.
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crowned,
And choirs of virgins sing and dance around.
Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads and threatens the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he stuck; 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 tower.
Cassandra cried, and cursed the unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate. But, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believed, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste

THE ÆNEID.

In jollity the day ordained to be the last.
Meantime, the rapid heavens rolled down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rushed the night.
Our men secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compelled.
The Grecians had embarked their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores. ,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by the imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favored by the partial gods,
Unlocked the horse and oped his dark abodes,
Restored 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 Podalyrian hero last,
Nor injured Menelaus, nor the famed
Epeus, who the fatal engine framed.
A nameless crowd succeed. Their forces join
To invade the town, oppressed with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake first meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

[The Shade of Hector Appears to Æneas and
Warns Him to Fly from the Doomed City.]
—(CRANCH.)

It was the hour when first their sleep begins
For wretched mortals, and most gratefully
Creeps over them, by bounty of the gods.
Then in my dreams, behold, Hector appeared,
Distinctly present; very sad he was,
And weeping floods of tears. So once he looked,
Dragged by the chariot wheels, and black with dust

THE ÆNEID.

And blood, his swollen feet pierced through with
thongs.

Ah me, that face! How changed he was from him,
The Hector who returned clothed in the spoils
Won from Achilles, or when he had hurled
The Phrygian fires against the Grecian ships!
But now the squalid beard he wore, and hair
Matted with blood, and the wounds he took when
dragged

Around the city's walls. * * *

* * * With a heavy groan
Fetched from the bottom of his breast: "Ah, fly,
Thou goddess-born," he said, "fly from these flames!
The enemy holds the walls. Troy rushes down
From her high pinnacle. Enough is done
For Priam and our country. If right hand
Could have defended Troy, mine 'twould have been
That so defended. Troy to thee commends
Her sacred rites and household gods. These take,
Companions of thy fates. With these go seek
The mighty city thou one day shalt find
At last, after thy wanderings o'er the sea."
He said; and from their secret inner crypts
Great Vesta's fillets and her statue brought,
And the undying fire from out her shrines.

[Æneas Awakes to Find the City Overwhelmed
and in Flames.]—(CONINGTON.)

Meantime, throughout the city grow
The agonies of wildering woe;
And more and more, though deep in shade,
My father's palace stood embayed,
The tumult rises on the ear,
And clashing armor hurtles fear.

THE ÆNEID.

I start from sleep, the roof ascend,
And with quick heed each noise attend.

* * *

Then come the clamor and the blare,
And shouts and clarions rend the air:
I clutch my arms with reeling brain,
But reason whispers, arms are vain;
Yet still I burn to raise a power,
And, rallying, muster at the tower;
Fury and wrath within me rave,
And tempt me to a warrior's grave.

Lo! Panthus, 'scaped from death by flight,
Priest of Apollo on the height,
His gods, his grandchild at his side,
Makes for my door with frantic stride—
"Ha! Othry's son, how goes the fight?
What forces muster at the height?"
I spoke: he heaves a long-drawn breath;
"Tis come, our fated day of death.
We have been Trojans; Troy has been;
She sat, but sits no more, a queen;
Stern Jove an Argive rule proclaims;
Greece holds a city wrapt in flames.
There in the bosom of the town
The tall horse rains invasion down,
And Sinon, with a conqueror's pride,
Deals fiery havoc far and wide.
Some keep the gates, as vast a host
As ever left Mycenæ's coast;
Some block the narrows of the street,
With weapons threatening all they meet;
The stark sword stretches o'er the way,
Quick-glancing, ready drawn to slay,
While scarce our sentinels resist,
And battle in the flickering mist."

THE ÆNEID.

So, stirred by Heaven and Othry's son,
Forth into flames and spears I run,
Where yells the war-fiend, and the cries
Of slayer and slain invade the skies.

* * * *

Then

Like gaunt wolves rushing from their den,
Whom lawless hunger's sullen growl
Drives forth into the hight to prowl,
The while, with jaws all parched and black,
Their famished whelps expect them back,
Amid the volley and the foe,
With death before our eyes, we go
On through the town, while darkness spreads
Its hollow covert o'er our heads.
What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs
Keep measure with our agonies?
An ancient city topples down
From broad-based heights of old renown;
There in the street confusedly strown
Lie age and helplessness o'erthrown,
Block up the entering of the doors,
And cumber Heaven's own temple-floors.

* * * *

Dire agonies, wild terrors swarm,
And Death glares grim in many a form.

[Æneas and Others Defend King Priam's Palace.]

—(DRYDEN.)

Ye Trojan flames your testimony bear,
What I performed, and what I suffered there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Exposed to death, and prodigal of life.

THE ÆNEID.

Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault,
I strove to have deserved the death I fought.
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 clamors from the invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the King.

* * * *

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 the ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolished towers 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, fixed in the pass attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renewed in courage with recovered 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 unobserved and free,
Joined 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,
Through which she brought Astyanax unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tower, from
whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.

THE ÆNEID.

[Pyrrhus Leads the Attack.]—(CONINGTON.)

Full in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays;
So flames a serpent into light,
 On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night
 Through winter lay as dead;
Now from its ancient weeds undressed,
 Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast
 And darts its three-forked tongue,
There at his side Automedon,
True liegeman both to sire and son,
And giant Periphas, and all
The Scyrian youth assail the wall
 And firebrands roofward dart.

[Pyrrhus Batters the Doors Asunder, and the
Greeks Enter, Raging.]—(MORRIS.)

Pyrrhus in forefront of them all catches a mighty bill,
Beats in the hardened door, and tears perforce from
 hinge and sill
The brazen leaves; a beam hewn through, wide gaped
 the oak hard knit
Into a great-mouthed window there, and through the
 midst of it
May men behold the inner house; the long halls open
 lie;
Bared is the heart of Priam's home, the place of kings
 gone by;
And close against the very door all armèd men they see.

That inner house indeed was mazed with wail and
 misery,

THE ÆNEID.

The inmost chambers of the place an echoing hubbub
hold
Of women's cries, whose clamor smites the far-off stars
of gold,
And through the house so mighty great the fearful
mothers stray,
And wind their arms about the doors, and kisses on
them lay.

But Pyrrhus with his father's might comes on; no bolt
avails,
No man against the might of him; the door all bat-
tered fails,
The door-leaves torn from off of hinge tumble and lie
along:
Might maketh road; through passage forced the enter-
ing Danaans throng,
And slay the first and fill the place with armor of their
ranks.
Nay nought so great is foaming flood that through its
bursten banks
Breaks forth, and beateth down the moles that 'gainst
its going stand,
And falls a fierce heap on the plain, and over all the
land
Drags off the herds and herd-houses.

[The Old King Dons His Armor and Totters to
the Defense of Hecuba and Her Women,
about the Altar.]—(CONINGTON.)

Perhaps you ask of Priam's fate:
He, when he sees his town o'erthrown,
Greeks bursting through his palace-gate
And thronging chambers once his own,
His ancient armor, long laid by,

THE ÆNEID.

Around his palsied shoulders throws,
Girds with a useless sword his thigh,
And totters forth to meet his foes.
Within the mansion's central space,
All bare and open to the day,
There stood an altar in its place,
And, close beside, an aged bay,
That drooping o'er the altar leaned,
And with its shade the home-gods screened.
Here Hecuba and all her train
Were seeking refuge, but in vain,
Huddling like doves, by storms dismayed,
And clinging to the Gods for aid.
But soon as Priam caught her sight,
Thus in his youthful armor dight,
"What madness," cries she, "wretched spouse,
Has placed that helmet on your brows?
Say, whither fare you? times so dire
Bent knees, not lifted arms require;
Could Hector now before us stand,
No help were in my Hector's hand.
Take refuge here, and learn at length
The secret of an old man's strength;
One altar shall protect us all;
Here bide with us, or with us fall."
She speaks, and guides his trembling feet
To join her in the hallowed seat.

[The Savage Pyrrhus Slaughters King Priam upon
the Altar.]—(DRYDEN.)

Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amazed and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts and open galleries:

THE AENEID.

Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfixed, with lamentable cries
Expires before his wretched parents' 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 heaven, and gods be just:
Who takest in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death to infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus used my wretched age: the gods he feared,
The laws of Nature and of nations heard.
He cheered my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.
Pitied the woes a father underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent."

This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which fluttering, seemed 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 this he dragged the trembling sire,
Sliddering through clotted blood and holy mire
(The mingled paste his murdered son had made),
Hauled 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 through the wound,
And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.

THE ÆNEID.

Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruined state:
He who the sceptre of all Asia swayed,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed,
On the bleak shore now lies the abandoned king,
A headless carcase and a nameless thing.

[Æneas, Horror Stricken, Abandons the Palace
and Flies to Save His Household.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

O then I felt, as ne'er before,
Chill horror to my bosom's core.
I seemed my aged sire to see,
Beholding Priam, old as he,
Gasp out his life; before my eyes
Forlorn Creusa seemed to rise,
Our palace, sacked and desolate,
And young Iulus, left to fate.
Then, looking round, the place I eyed,
To see who yet were at my side.
Some by the flames were swallowed; some
Had leapt to earth; the end was come.

* * * *

Down from my perilous height I glide,
Safe sheltered by my heavenly guide,
So thread my way through foes and fire;
The darts give place, the flames retire.

But when I gained Anchises' door
And stood within my home once more,
My sire, whom I had hoped to bear
Safe to the hills with chiefest care,
Refused to lengthen out his span
And live on earth an exiled man.

* * * *

THE ÆNEID.

All on our knees, wife, husband, boy,
Implore—O let him not destroy
Himself and us, nor lend his weight
To the incumbent load of fate!
He hears not, but refuses still,
Unchanged alike in place and will.
Desperate, again to arms I fly,
And make my wretched choice to die:

[A Prodigy Denotes Divine Protection for the
Young Iulus.]—(CRANCH.)

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

So she

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

THE ÆNEID.

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

Scarce had my agèd father said these words,
When, with a sudden peal, upon the left
It thundered, and down gliding from the skies,
A star, that drew a fiery train behind,
Streamed through the darkness with resplendent light.
We saw it glide above the highest roofs,
And plunge into the Idæan woods, and mark
Our course. The shining furrow all along
Its track gave light, and sulphurous fumes around.
And now, convinced, my father lifts himself;
Speaks to the gods, adores the sacred star.
"Now, now," he cries, "for us no more delay!
I follow; and wherever ye may lead,
Gods of my country, I will go! Guard ye
My family, my little grandson guard.
This augury is yours; and yours the power
That watches Troy. And now, my son, I yield,
Nor will refuse to go along with thee."

[Æneas and His Family Seek to Fly from the
City.]—(MORRIS.)

He spake; and mid the walls meanwhile we hear the
fire alive
Still clearer, and the burning place more nigh the heat
doth drive.
"O hasten, father well-beloved, to hang about my neck!
Lo, here my shoulders will I stoop, nor of the labor
reck.

THE ÆNEID.

And whatsoever may befall, the two of us shall abide
One peril and one heal and end: Iulus by my side
Shall wend, and after us my wife shall follow on my
feet.

Ye serving-folk, turn ye your minds these words of
mine to meet:

Scant from the city is a mound and temple of old tide,
Of Ceres' lone, a cypress-tree exceeding old beside,
Kept by our fathers' worshipping through many years
agone:

Thither by divers roads go we to meet at last in one.
Now, father, take thy fathers' Gods and holy things
to hold,

For me to touch them fresh from fight and murder were
o'erbold,

A misdeed done against the Gods, till in the living
flood

I made a shift to wash me clean."

I stooped my neck and shoulders broad e'en as the word
I said,

A forest lion's yellow fell for cloth upon them laid,
And took my burden up: my young Iulus by my side,
Holding my hand, goes tripping short unto his father's
stride;

My wife comes after: on we fare amidst a murky world.
And I, erewhile as nothing moved by storm of weapons
hurled,

I, who the gathering of the Greeks against me nothing
feared,

Now tremble at each breath of wind, by every sound
am stirred,

Sore troubled for my fellows both, and burden that I
bore.

And now we draw anigh the gates, and all the way
seemed o'er,

THE ÆNEID.

When sudden sound of falling feet was borne upon our
ears,
And therewithal my father cries, as through the dusk
he peers,
“Haste, son, and get thee swift away, for they are on us
now;
I see the glittering of the brass and all their shields
aglow.”

[In the Confusion of an Attack, His Wife Creusa
is Lost.](—(CONINGTON.)

'Twas then, alas! some power unkind
Bereft me of my wildered mind.
While unfrequented paths I tread,
And shun the roads that others tread,
My wife Creusa—did she stray,
Or halt exhausted by the way?
I know not—parted from our train,
Nor ever crossed our sight again.
Nor e'er my eyes her figure sought,
Nor e'er towards her turned my thought,
Till when at Ceres' hallowed spot
We mustered, she alone was not,
And her companions, spouse and son,
Looked round, and saw themselves undone.
Ah, that sad hour! whom spared I then,
In my wild grief, of gods and men?
What woe, in all the town o'erthrown,
Thought I more cruel than my own?

[Æneas, Distracted, Makes Vain Search for
Creusa.](—(DRYDEN.)

Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,

THE ÆNEID.

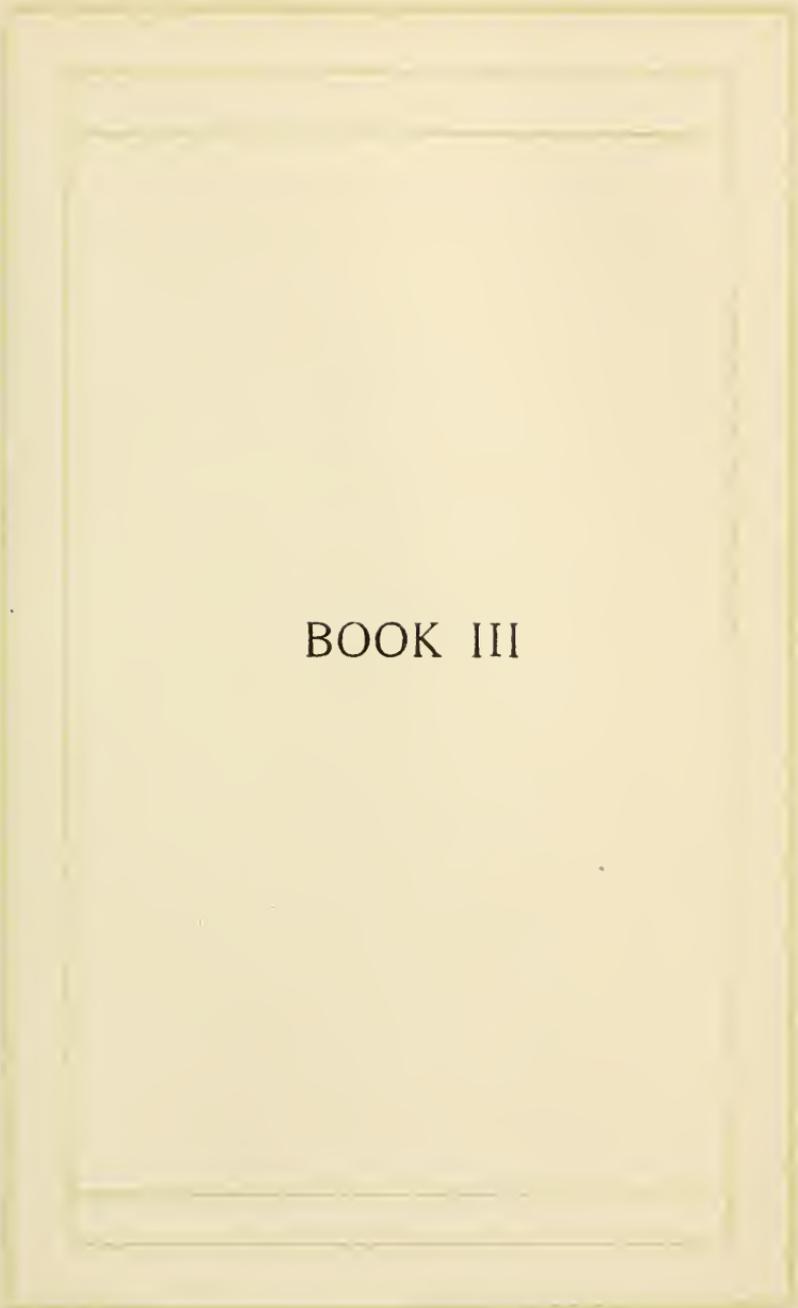
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds nor fearing death;
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forced to shun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each passage, every street I crossed before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful even 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 filled with foes, with flames beset.

[The Spectre of Creusa Appears to Æneas and
Apprises Him of Her Fate.]—(CONING-
TON.)

With desperate daring I essayed
To send my voice along the shade,
Roused the still streets, and called in vain
Creusa o'er and o'er again,
Thus while in agony I pressed
From house to house the endless quest,
The pale, sad spectre of my wife
Confronts me, larger than in life.
I stood appall'd, my hair erect,
And fear my tongue-tied utterance checked,
While gently she her speech addressed,
And set my troubled heart at rest;
"Why grieve so madly, husband mine?
Nought here has chanced without design;
Fate, and the Sire of all, decree
Creusa shall not cross the sea.
Long years of exile must be yours,

THE ÆNEID

Vast seas must tire your laboring oars;
At length Hesperia you shall gain,
Where through a rich and peopled plain
 Soft Tiber rolls his tide;
There a new realm, a royal wife,
Shall build again your shattered life.
Weep not your dear Creusa's fate;
Ne'er through Mycenæ's haughty gate
 A captive shall I ride,
Nor swell some Grecian matron's train,
I, born of Dardan prince's strain,
 To Venus' seed allied;
Heaven's mighty Mother keeps me here;
Farewell, and hold our offspring dear."
Then, while I dewed with tears my cheek,
And strove a thousand things to speak,
 She melted into night;
Thrice I essayed her neck to clasp;
Thrice the vain semblance mocked my grasp,
 As wind or slumber light.
So now, the long, long night o'erpast,
I reach my weary friends at last,
There with amazement I behold
New-mustering comrades, young and old,
Sons, mothers, bound from home to flee,
A melancholy company.
They meet prepared to brave the seas
And sail with me where'er I please.
Now, rising o'er the heights of Ide,
Shone the bright star, day's orient guide:
The Danaans swarmed at every door,
Nor seemed there hope of safety more;
I yield to fate, take up my sire,
And to the mountain's shade retire.



BOOK III

BOOK III

[Æneas and His Trojans, Seeking a New Home,
Invoke the Oracle of Delos.](—(DRYDEN.)

WHEN heaven had overturned the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruined Troy became the Grecian's prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay;
Warned by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

An island in the Ægean main appears;
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fixed 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.

* * * *

Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus before the shrine my vows present:

THE ÆNEID.

“Give, O Thymbæus, 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 labors end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my prayers 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 tripods rushed a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell, confess 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 the Ænian house shall reign,
And children’s children shall the crown sustain.”
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mixed with joy, arose.
All are concerned to know what place the god
Assigned, and where determined our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answered 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.” * * *

We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea.
By Naxos, famed for vintage, make our way;

THE ÆNEID.

Then green Donysa pass, and sail in sight
Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scattered isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguished, 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 through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promised land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.

[His Household Gods Appear by Night to Æneas
and Command Him to Seek Italy.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

'T was night: all life in sleep was laid,
When lo! our household gods, the same
Whom through the midmost of the flame
From falling Ilium I conveyed,
Appeared before me while I lay
In slumber, bright as if in day,
Where through the inserted window stream
The glories of the full moonbeam;
Then thus their gentle speech addressed,
And set my troubled heart at rest:
"The word that Phœbus has to speak,
Should you his Delian presence seek,
He of his unsought bounty sends
E'en by the mouth of us, your friends.
We, who have followed yours and you
Since Ilium was no more,
We, who have sailed among your crew
The swelling billows o'er,
Your seed as demigods will crown,
And make them an imperial town.
Build you the walls decreed by fate,

THE ÆNEID.

And let them, like ourselves, be great,
Nor shrink, how long soe'er it be,
From this your wandering o'er the sea.
Change we our dwelling: not to Crete
Apollo called your truant feet.
There is a land, by Greece of old
Surnamed Hesperia, rich its mould,
 Its children brave and free:
Ænотrians were its settlers: fame
Now gives the race its leaders name,
 And calls it Italy.
Here Dardanus was born, our king,
And old Iasius, whence we spring:
 Here our authentic seat.
Rise, tell your sire without delay
Our sentence, which let none gainsay:
Search till you find the Ausonian land,
And old Cortona: Jove has banned
 Your settlement in Crete.”
Amazed by wonders heard and seen
 (For 'twas no dream that mocked my eyes:
 No—plain I seemed to recognize
Their cinctured locks, their well-known mien,
While at the sight chill clammy sweat
Burst forth, and all my limbs were wet)
That instant from my couch I rise,
With voice and hands implore the skies,
And offer at the household shrine
Full cups of unadulterate wine.
My worship ended, glad of soul,
I seek my sire, and tell the whole.
 * * *
So now, this second home resigned
To the scant few we leave behind,
We set our sails once more, and sweep
Along the illimitable deep.

THE ÆNEID.

The fleet had passed into the main,
And land no longer met the eye,
On every side the watery plain,
On every side the expanse of sky;
When o'er my head a cloud there stood,
With might and tempest in its womb,
And all the surface of the flood
Was ruffled by the incumbent gloom.
At once the winds huge billows roll;
The gathering waters climb the pole:
We scatter, tossing o'er the deep:
The thunder-clouds involve the day;
Dark night has snatched the heaven away:
Through rents of sky the lightnings leap:
Thus erring from our track designed,
We grope among the waters blind.
E'en Palinurus cannot trace
The boundary line of day and night,
Or recollect his course aright
Amid the undistinguished space.
Three starless nights, three sunless days
We welter in the blinding haze.
The fourth at last the prospect clears,
And smoke from distant hills appears.
Drop sails, ply oars! the laboring crew
Toss wide the foam, and brush the blue.

[The Adventure of the Harpies.]—(CONINGTON.)

Scaped from the fury of the seas,
We land upon the Strophades
(Such name in Greece they bear),
Isles in the vast Ionian main,
Where fell Celæno and her train
Of Harpies hold their lair,

THE ÆNEID.

Since, driven from Phineus' door, they fled
The tables where of old they fed.
So foul a plague for human crime
Ne'er issued from the Stygian slime.
A maid above, a bird below:
Noisome and foul the belly's flow:
The hands are taloned: Famine bleak
Sits ever ghastly on the cheek.
Soon as we gain the 'port, we see
Sleek heads of oxen pasturing free,
And goats, without a swain to guard,
Dispersed along the grassy sward.
We seize our weapons, lay them dead,
 And call on Jove the spoil to share,
Then on the winding beach we spread
 Our couches, and enjoy the fare;
When sudden from the mountains swoop,
Fierce charging down, the Harpy troop,
Devour, contaminate, befoul,
With sickening stench and hideous howl.
A second time we take our seat,
Deep in a hollowed rock's retreat,
Protected by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green,
There spread the tables, skin the flesh,
And light our altar-fires afresh.
A second time the assailants fly
From other regions of the sky,
With crooked claws the banquet waste,
And poison whatsoever they taste.
I charged my crews to draw the sword
And battle with the fiendish horde.
They act as bidden, and conceal
Along the grass the glittering steel.
So when the rush of wings once more
Is heard along the bending shore,

THE ÆNEID.

Misenus sounds his loud alarms
From the hill's top, and calls to arms:
And on we rush in novel war,
These foul sea-birds to maim and mar.
In vain: no weapon's stroke may cleave
The texture of their feathery mail:
They soar into the air, and leave
On food half-gnawn their loathsome trail:
All but Celæno: she, curst seer,
Speaks from a rock these words of fear:
"What, would ye fight, false perjured race?
Fight for the beeves your greed has slain,
And unoffending Harpies chase
From their hereditary reign?
Now listen, and attentive lay
Deep in your hearts the things I say.
The fate by Jove of Phœbus shown,
By Phœbus' self to me made known—
Aye, tremble, for in me ye view
The Furies' queen—I tell to you.
To Italy in haste ye drive,
With winds at your command:
Go then, in Italy arrive,
And draw your ships to land:
But ere your town with walls ye fence,
Fierce famine, retribution dread
For this your murderous violence,
Shall make you eat your boards for bread."

—(MORRIS.)

She spake, and through the woody deeps borne off on
wings did fly.
But sudden fear fell on our folk, and chilled their frozen
blood;

THE ÆNEID.

Their hearts fell down; with weapon-stroke no more
they deem it good

To seek for peace: but rather now sore prayers and
vows they will,

Whether these things be goddesses or filthly fowls of ill.
Father Anchises on the strand stretched both his hands
abroad,

And, bidding all their worship due, the Mighty Ones
adored:

“Gods, bring their threats to nought! O Gods, turn
ye the curse, we pray!

Be kind, and keep the pious folk!”

Then bade he pluck away

The hawser from the shore and slack the warping
cable’s strain:

The south wind fills the sails, we fare o’er foaming
waves again,

E’en as the helmsmen and the winds have will that we
should fare.

[Coming to Chaonia, Æneas Again Consults the
Priest of Apollo, Who Warns Him of Future
Trials.]—(DRYDEN.)

Two days we passed in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supplied our swelling sails;
Then to the royal seer I thus began:

“O thou who knowest beyond the reach of man,

The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,

Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy

From his own tripod and his holy tree;

Skilled in the winged inhabitants of air,

What auspices their notes and flights declare,

O say; for all religious rites portend

A happy voyage and a prosperous end,

And every power and omen of the sky,

Direct my course for destined Italy;
 But only dire Celæno from the gods
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes;
 O say what dangers I am first to shun,
 What toils to 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 Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
 Then with his god possessed, before the shrine,
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine:

* * * "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 the 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 treasured 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 encompassed round.
 The dam and offspring white as falling snow,
 These on thy city shall their name bestow;
 And there shall end thy labors and thy woe.
 Nor let the threatened famine fright thy mind,
 For Phœbus will assist, and Fate the way will find;
 Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent
 Which fronts from far the Epirian continent;
 Those parts are all by Grecian foes possessed;

THE ÆNEID.

The savage 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.
Even 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."

[The Oracle Counsels to Shun Scylla and Charybdis and Pray to Juno.]—(CONINGTON.)

"But when Sicilia's shore you near
And dim Pelorus' strait grows clear,
Seek the south coast, though long the run
To make its round: the northern shun.
These lands, they say, by rupture strange
(So much can time's dark process change)
Were cleft in sunder long ago,
When erst the twain had been but one:
Between them rushed the deep, and rent
The island from the continent,
And now with interfusing tides
'Twixt severed lands and cities glides.
There Scylla guards the right-hand coast:
The left is fell Charybdis' post;
Thrice from the lowest gulf she draws
The water down her giant jaws,
Thrice sends it foaming back to day,
And deluges the heavens with spray.
But Scylla crouches in the gloom
Deep in a cavern's monstrous womb;
Thence darts her ravening mouth, and drags

THE ÆNEID.

The helpless vessels on the crags,
Above she shows a human face
And breasts resembling maiden grace:
Below, 'tis all a hideous whale,
Wolf's belly linked to dolphin's tail
Far better past Pachynus' cape
Your journey's tedious circuit shape,
Than catch one glimpse of Scylla's cell
And hear those grisly hellhounds yell.
And now, if Helenus speak sooth,
If Phœbus fill his soul with truth,
One charge, one sovereign charge I press,
And stamp it with reiterate stress
Deep in your memory: first of all
On Juno, mighty Juno, call:
Pay vows to Juno: overbear
Her queenly soul with gift and prayer:
So, wafted o'er Trinacria's main,
Italia you at length shall gain."

[When Near to Italy, the Trojans are Driven from
their Course, and Land upon the Cyclops'
Coast.]—(CONINGTON.)

Now to the sky mounts up the ship,
Now to the very shades we dip.
Thrice in the depth we feel the shock
Of billows thundering on the rock,
Thrice see the spray upheaved in mist,
And dewy stars by foam-drops kissed.
At last, bereft of wind and sun,
Upon the Cyclops' shore we run.

The port is sheltered from the blast,
Its compass unconfined and vast:
But Ætna with her voice of fear

THE ÆNEID.

In weltering chaos thunders near.
Now pitchy clouds she belches forth
Of cinders red and vapor swarth,
And from her caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky:
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Disploded rocks, her heart's rent strings,
And lava torrents hurls to day,
A burning gulf of fiery spray.
'Tis said Enceladus' huge frame,
Heart-stricken by the avenging flame,
Is prisoned here, and underneath
Gasp through each vent his sulphurous breath:
And still as his tired side shifts round
Trinacria echoes to the sound
Through all its length, while clouds of smoke
The living soul of ether choke.
All night, by forest branches screened,
We writhe as 'neath some torturing fiend,
Nor know the horror's cause:
For stars were none, nor welkin bright
With heavenly fires, but blank black night
The stormy moon withdraws.

* * * *

Down from the lofty rock
We see the monster Polypheme
Advancing 'mid his flock,
In quest the well-known shore to find,
Huge, awful, hideous, ghastly, blind.
A pine-tree, plucked from earth, makes strong
His tread, and guides his steps along.
His sheep upon their master wait,
Sole joy, sole solace of his fate.
Soon as he touched the ocean waves
And reached the level flood,

THE ÆNEID.

Groaning and gnashing fierce he laves
His socket from the blood,
And through the deepening water strides,
While scarce the billows bathe his sides.
With wildered haste we speed our flight,
Admit the suppliant, as of right,
And noiseless loose the ropes:
Our quick oars sweep the blue profound:
The giant hears, and toward the sound
With outstretched hands he gropes.
But when he grasps and grasps in vain,
Still headed by the Ionian main,
To heaven he lifts a monstrous roar,
Which sends a shudder through the waves,
Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
And echoing runs through Ætna's caves.
From rocks and woods the Cyclop host
Rush startled forth, and crowd the coast.
There glaring fierce we see them stand
In idle rage, a hideous band,
The sons of Ætna, carrying high
Their towering summits to the sky:
So on a height stand clustering trees,
Tall oaks, or cone-clad cypresses,
The stately forestry of Jove,
Or Dian's venerable grove.
Fierce panic bids us set our sail,
And stand to catch the first fair gale.

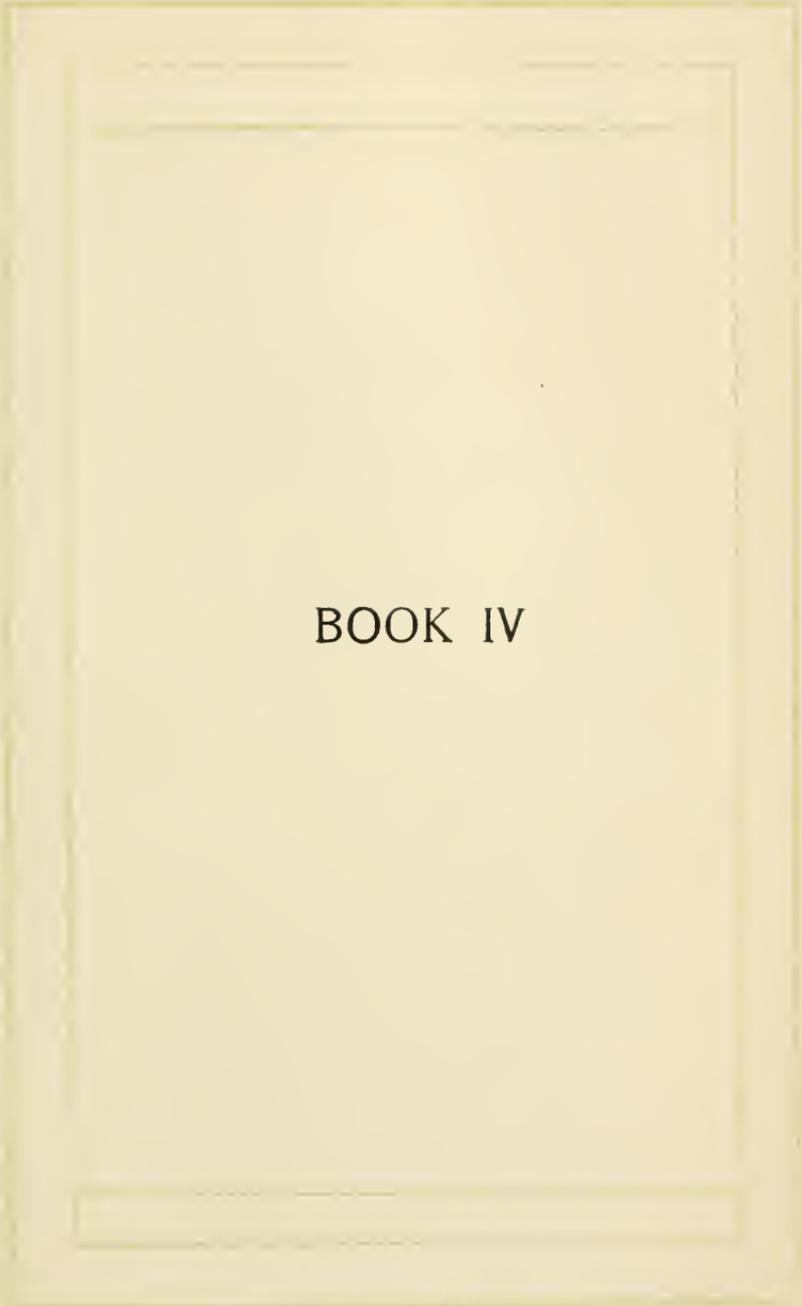
[Anchises Dies at Drepanum.]—(CONINGTON.)

Then Drepanum becomes my host,
And takes me to its joyless coast.
All tempest-tossed and weary, there
I lose my stay in every care,
My sire Anchises! Snatched in vain

THE ÆNEID.

From death, you leave me with my pain,
Dear father! Not the Trojan seer
In all that catalogue of fear,
Not dire Celæno dared foreshow
This irremediable blow!
That was the limit of my woes:
There all my journeyings found their close:
'Twas thence I parted, to be driven
On this your coast, by will of heaven.

So king Æneas told his tale
While all beside were still,
Rehearsed the fortunes of his sail,
And fate's mysterious will:
Then to its close his legend brought,
And gladly took the rest he sought.



BOOK IV

BOOK IV

[The Passion of Dido for Æneas.]—(MORRIS.)

MEANWHILE the Queen, long smitten sore with
sting of all desire,
With very heart's blood feeds the wound and wastes
with hidden fire.
And still there runneth in her mind the hero's valiancy,
And glorious stock; his words, his face, fast in her
heart they lie:
Nor may she give her body peace amid that restless
pain.

Woe's me! * * * What prayer, what
shrine avails
The wild with love!—and all the while the smooth flame
never fails
To eat her heart: the silent wound lives on within her
breast:
Unhappy Dido burneth up, and, wild with all unrest,
For ever strays the city through: as arrow-smitten doe,
Unwary, whom some herd from far hath drawn upon
with bow
Amid the Cretan woods, and left the swift steel in the
sore,

THE ÆNEID.

Unknowing: far in flight she strays the woods and
thickets o'er,
'Neath Dictæ's heights; but in her flank still bears the
deadly reed.

Now midmost of the city-walls Æneas doth she lead,
And shows him the Sidonian wealth, the city's guarded
ways;

And now she falls to speech, and now amidst a word
she stays.

Then at the dying of the day the feast she dights again,
And, witless, once again will hear the tale of Ilium's
pain;

And once more hangeth on the lips that tell the tale
aloud.

But after they were gone their ways, and the dusk
moon did shroud

Her light in turn, and setting stars bade all to sleep
away,

Lone in the empty house she mourns, broods over
where he lay,

Hears him and sees him, she apart from him that is
apart.

Or, by his father's image smit, Ascanius to her heart
She taketh, if her utter love she may thereby beguile.

[The Hunting and the Storm.]—(CONINGTON.)

The morn, meantime, from ocean rose;
Forth from the gates with daybreak goes
The silvan regiment;

Thin nets are there, and spears of steel,
And there Massylian riders wheel,

And dogs of keenest scent.

Before the chamber of her state
Long time the Punic nobles wait

THE ÆNEID.

The appearing of the queen;
With gold and purple housings fit
Stands her proud steed, and champs the bit
His foaming jaws between.
At length with long attendant train
She comes; her scarf of Tyrian grain,
With broidered border decked;
Of gold her quiver; knots of gold
Confine her hair; her vesture's fold
By golden clasp is checked.
The Trojans and Iulus gay
In glad procession take their way.
Æneas, comeliest of the throng,
Joins their proud ranks, and steps along.
As when from Lycia's wintry airs
To Delos' isle Apollo fares;
There Agathyrasian, Dryop, Crete,
In dances round his altar meet;
He on the heights of Cynthus moves,
And binds his hair's loose flow
With cincture of the leaf he loves;
Behind him sounds his bow;
So firm Æneas' graceful tread,
So bright the glories round his head.

Now to the mountain-slopes they come,
And tangled woods, the silvan's home;
See! startled from the craggy brow,
Wild goats run hurrying down below;
There, yet more timid, bands of deer
Scour the wide plains in full career,
And turn their backs on wood and height,
While dust-clouds gather o'er their flight.
But young Ascanius on his steed
With boyish ardor glows,
And now in ecstasy of speed

THE ÆNEID.

He passes these, now those;
For him too peaceful and too tame
The pleasure of the hunted game;
He longs to see the foaming boar,
Or hear the tawny lion's roar.

Meantime, loud thunder-peals resound,
And hail and rain the sky confound;
And Tyrian chiefs and sons of Troy,
And Venus' care, the princely boy,
Seek each his shelter, winged with dread,
While torrents from the hills run red.
Driven haply to the same retreat
The Dardan chief and Dido meet.

* * * *

That day she first began to die;
That day first taught her to defy
The public tongue, the public eye.
No secret love is Dido's aim;
She calls it marriage now; such name
She chooses to conceal her shame.

Now through the towns of Libya's sons
Her progress Fame begins,
Fame than who never plague that runs
Its way more swiftly wins.

* * * *

How oft soe'er the truth she tell,
She loves a falsehood all too well.
Such now from town to town she flew
With rumors mixed of false and true;
Tells of Æneas come to land,
Whom Dido graces with her hand;
Now, lost to shame, the enamored pair
The winter in soft dalliance wear,
Nor turn their passion-blinded eyes

THE ÆNEID.

On kingdoms rising or to rise.
Such viperous seed, where'er she goes,
On tongue and lip the goddess sows.

[Jove, Incensed, Sends Mercury to Command
Æneas to Depart.](—(DRYDEN.)

* * * The mighty Thunderer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drowned—
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cylleus, 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 given by fate;
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so fair Venus hoped, when twice she won
Thy life with prayers, nor promised such a son;
Hers was a hero, destined to command
A martial race and rule the Latin land,
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
And on the conquered 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 lingering on a hostile shore—
Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
And for his race to gain the Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.”

THE ÆNEID.

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 sovereign power, 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, though closed in death, restores to light.
Thus armed, 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 crowned,
Is beaten by the winds with foggy vapors 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 poised upon his wings the god descends:
Then rested thus, he from the towering height
Plunged downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood,
As water-fowl 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 passed the seas and crossed the sands,
He closed his wings and stooped on Libyan lands.

—(MORRIS.)

But when the cot-built place of earth he felt beneath
his feet,
He saw Æneas founding towers and raising houses
meet:

THE ÆNEID.

Starred was the sword about him girt with yellow jasper stone,
The cloak that from his shoulders streamed with Tyrian purple shone:
Fair things that wealthy Dido's hand had given him for a gift,
Who with the gleam of thready gold the purple web did shift.

Then brake the God on him: "Forsooth, tall Carthage wilt thou found,
O lover, and a city fair rise up from out the ground?
Woe's me! thy lordship and thy deeds hast thou forgotten quite?
The very ruler of the Gods down from Olympus bright
Hath sent me, he whose majesty the earth and heavens obey;
This was the word he bade me bear adown the windy way.
What dost thou? Hoping for what hope in Libya dost thou wear
Thy days? if glorious fated things thine own soul may not stir.
And heart thou lackest for thy fame the coming toil to wed,
Think on Ascanius' dawn of days and hope inherited,
To whom is due the Italian realm and all the world of Rome!"

[The Perfidy of Æneas and Dido's Distraction.]—
(CRANCH.)

Thus having said, Cyllenius left,
Even as he spoke, the sphere of mortal sight,
And in the thin air vanished far away.
Dumb and bewildered at the vision then
Æneas stood, with hair erect with fear,

THE ÆNEID.

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

But the queen
(Who can deceive a lover?) soon foreknew
His wiles, and saw at once his future plans,
Fearing e'en what was safe. Her excited ears
Heard that same wicked Rumor bring report
Of the fleet arming, and the voyage planned.
Distracted, through the city then she raves,
As when a Bacchante by the opening rites
Is roused, that celebrate the festival,
When the triennial orgies fire her soul,
And all around the name of Bacchus rings,
Echoed from Mount Cithæron through the night.

At length Æneas she encounters thus:

THE ÆNEID.

[Dido Upbraids Æneas for His Cruelty.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

“Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiscovered '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, though too well foreseen?
Even when the wintery 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 restored, 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 touched your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,
Incensed the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honor and exposed 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?”

THE ÆNEID.

[Æneas Pleads that his Departure is Ordered by
the Gods.]—(DRYDEN.)

Here paused the Queen. Unmoved he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command, nor suffered love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart, and thus at length replies:
"Fair Queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Elissa's name
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame;
This only let me speak in my defence:
I never hoped a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials or a husband's name.
For if indulgent heaven 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 ruined palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands;
That is the promised place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,
With walls and towers 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 fate and destined reign.
Even now the herald of the gods appeared,
Waking I saw him, and his message heard;
From Jove he came commissioned, heavenly bright

THE ÆNEID.

With radiant beams, and manifest to sight;
Fair Queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forced by my fate, I leave your happy land."

[In Fury Dido Pours Bitter Scorn upon Æneas
the Heartless Ingrate, Invokes the Punishment
of the Gods, and Heartbroken Flies from
Sight.]—(CRANCH.)

While he spoke these words,
For a long time she looked at him askance,
With eyes that darted here and there, and scanned
His form with silent gaze; then, flaming, spoke:
"No goddess ever bore thee, traitor; no,
Nor Dardanus was founder of thy race!
Rough Caucasus on flinty rocks gave birth
To thee; Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
For why should I dissemble? Or what wrongs
Greater can I await? Did he once sigh
When I was weeping? Once bend eyes on me?
Give way to tears, or pity show for her
Who loved him? * * *
Faith lives no more. Cast on my shores, in need,
I took him in, and, fool, gave him a part
Of my own kingdom, and his scattered fleet
Restored, and brought his comrades back from death.
Ah, I am whirled by maddening furies! * * *
* * * I keep thee not
From going, nor shall I refute thy words.
Go! find your Italy, and with the winds
Seek for thy kingdoms. Verily I do hope,
If the gods have any power, that thou
Wilt drain e'en to the dregs thy punishment
Amid the rocks of ocean, calling oft
Upon the name of Dido! Though far off,
With gloomy fires I shall pursue thy steps.

THE ÆNEID.

And when cold death shall separate my limbs
From breath of life, my ghost shall follow thee
Where'er thou goest. Wretch! thou shalt render full
Atonement, and the fame of it shall come
To me, amid the lowest shades of death!"

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

[Æneas Prepares to Sail, and Dido in Frenzy
Seeks Death.]—(CONINGTON.)

But good Æneas, though he fain
Would follow and console her pain,
With many a groan, his mighty breast
Shaken all o'er with love suppressed,
Bows ne'ertheless to Heaven's command
And swiftly hies him to the strand.
Roused by the night, the Trojan train
Haul down their navy to the main;
Some launch the vessels, some careen;
Rough oars they bring, still leafy green,
And timber shapeless as it grew,
In zeal to fly, the eager crew;
You see them hurry to the shore
And forth from all the city pour;
E'en as when ants industrious toil
Some mighty heap of corn to spoil,
And mindful of the cold to come
Convey their new-won booty home;
There moves the column long and black,
And threads the grass with one thin track;

THE ÆNEID.

Some laboring with their shoulders strong,
Heave huge and heavy grains along;
Some force the stragglers into file;
The pathway seethes and glows the while;
What felt you, Dido, in that hour?

What groans escaped you then,
Beholding from your lofty tower
The coast alive with men,
And all the port before your eyes
One tumult of conflicting cries?

* * * *

Then, maddened by her destiny,
Unhappy Dido prays to die;
'Tis weary to look up and see
The overarching sky.

* * * *

So when, resolved on death, she pressed
That thought of frenzy to her breast,
The time and manner she decides;
Then in her look the purpose hides
And, calling hope into her cheeks,
Her sorrowing sister thus bespeaks:

[Feigning a Sacrifice to Exorcise the Memory of
Æneas, Dido Prepares a Funeral Pyre.]—
(MORRIS.)

* * * "I have found a way (joy with thy
sister now!)

Whereby to bring him back to me or let me loose from
him.

Adown beside the setting sun, hard on the ocean's rim,
Lies the last world of Æthiops, where Atlas mightiest
grown

Upon his shoulder turns the pole with burning stars
bestrown.

THE ÆNEID.

A priestess thence I met erewhile, come of Massylian
seed,
The warden of the West-maid's fane, and wont the
worm to feed,
Mingling for him the honey-juice with poppies bearing
sleep,
Whereby she maketh shift on tree the hallowed bough
to keep,
She by enchantment takes in hand to loose what hearts
she will,
But other ones at need will she with heavy sorrows
fill;
And she hath craft to turn the stars and back the
waters beat,
Call up the ghosts that fare by night, make earth be-
neath thy feet
Cry out, and ancient ash-trees draw the mountain side
adown.
Dear heart, I swear upon the Gods, I swear on thee,
mine own
And thy dear head, that I am loth with magic craft to
play.
But privily amid the house a bale for burning lay
'Neath the bare heaven, and pile on it the arms that evil
one
Left in the chamber; all he wore, the bridal bed
whereon
My days were lost: for so 'tis good: the priestess
showeth me
All tokens of the wicked man must perish utterly."
No more she spake, but with the word her face grew
deadly white.
But Anna sees not how she veiled her death with new-
found rite,
Nor any thought of such a deed her heart encom-
passeth;

THE ÆNEID.

Nor fears she heavier things to come than at Sychæus'
death.

Wherefore she takes the charge in hand.

But now the Queen, that bale being built amid the
inner house

'Neath the bare heavens, piled high with fir and cloven
oak enow,

Hangeth the garlands round the place, and crowns the
bale with bough

That dead men use: the weed he wore, his very effigy,
His sword, she lays upon the bed, well knowing what
shall be.

There stands the altars, there the maid, wild with her
scattered hair,

Calls Chaos, Erebus, and those three hundred godheads
there,

And Hecate triply fashionèd to maiden Dian's look;
Water she scattered, would-be wave of dark Avernus'
brook;

And herbs she brought, by brazen shears 'neath moon-
light harvested,

All downy-young, though inky milk of venomèd ill
they shed.

She brings the love-charm snatched away from brow
of new-born foal

Ere yet the mother snatcheth it.

Dido herself the altars nigh, meal in her hallowed
hands,

With one foot of its bindings bare, and ungirt raiment
stands,

And dying calls upon the Gods, and stars that fateful
fare;

And then if any godhead is, mindful and just to care
For unloved lovers, unto that she sendeth up the
prayer.

THE ÆNEID.

[Mercury Arouses Æneas and Commands Him to Haste.]—(CONINGTON.)

*'Tis night; earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
And on the savage deep;
The stars are in their middle flight;
The fields are hushed; each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake
In placid slumber lies, released
From trouble by the touch of night;
All but the hapless queen; to rest
She yields not; nor with eye or breast
The gentle night receives;
Her cares redouble blow on blow;
Love storms, and tossing to and fro,
With billowy passion heaves.

* * * *

Æneas, ready to depart,
Slept, in his vessel laid,
When Mercury in his dreams was seen
Returning with the self-same mien
And this monition made,
(The voice, the hair, the blooming cheek,
The graceful limbs the god bespeak):
"What? with such perilous deed in hand,
Infatuate, can you sleep,

—(CRANCH.)

*T was night; when every weary frame was sunk
In placid sleep; when woods and seas were still;
When in their middle courses rolled the stars;
When every field was hushed, and all the flocks,
And all the gay-winged birds, whether they fly
Abroad o'er liquid lakes, or haunt the fields
With bushes rough, in night and sleep reposed.
Cares were smoothed down, and hearts forgot their woes.

THE ÆNEID.

Nor see what dangers round you stand,
Nor hear the Zephyrs from the land
 Blow fair upon the deep?
She, bent on death, fell crime conceives,
And with tempestuous passion heaves;
And fly you not the net she weaves,
 While yet 'tis time for flight?
With vessels all the sea will swarm,
And all the coast with flame be warm,
And fiercely glare the blazing brand,
If, lingering on this Punic land,
 You meet the morning light.
Away to sea! a woman's will
Is changeful and uncertain still."
 He said, and mixed with night.

The phantom broke Æneas' sleep;
From bed he springs with sudden leap,
 And wakes his weary men:
"Quick, rouse you, gallants! catch the gale!
Sit to the oar, unfurl the sail!
A god, commissioned from on high
Commands us cut our cords and fly;
 Behold him yet again!
Yes, gracious Power! whate'er thy style,
 We gladly follow and obey;
O cheer us with propitious smile,
 And send fair stars to guide our way!"
He said; his flashing sword outflew,
And shears the mooring ropes in two.
From man to man the flame flies fast;
They scour, they scud; and now the last
 Has parted from the shore;
You cannot see the main for ships;
With emulous stroke the oar-blade dips,
 And sweeps the water o'er.

THE ÆNEID.

[The Baseness of Æneas Drives Dido Almost to Madness.]—(DRYDEN.)

When from a tower the Queen, with wakeful eyes
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies;
She looked 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 the ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betrayed?
Shall we not arm, not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjured fleet?
Haste, haul my galleys out, pursue the foe;
Bring flaming brand, set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distempered bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne;
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promised faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserved his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal, strewed in floods
His scattered limbs, or left exposed in woods;
Destroyed his friends and son, and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire."

[She Imprecates the Vengeance of Heaven Upon
the Faithless Trojans, and Invokes Endless
Hatred Between Carthage and the Seed of
Æneas.]—(CONINGTON.)

"Yet danger in the strife had been:—
Who prates of danger here?
A death-devoted, desperate queen,
What foe had I to fear?"

THE ÆNEID.

No; I had sown the flame broadcast,
Had fired the fleet from keel to mast,
Slain son and sire, stamped out the race,
And thrown at length with steadfast face
Myself upon the bier.

Eye of the world, majestic Sun,
Who see'st whate'er on earth is done,
Thou, Juno, too, interpreter
And witness of the heart's fond stir,
And Hecate, tremendous power,
In cross-ways howled at midnight hour,
Avenging fiends, and gods of death
Who breathe in dying Dido's breath,
Stoop your great powers to ills that plead
To heaven, and my petition heed.

If needs must be that wretch abhorred
Attain the port and float to land;

If such the fate of heaven's high lord,
And so the moveless pillars stand;

Scourged by a savage enemy,
An exile from his son's embrace.

So let him sue for aid, and see
His people slain before his face;

Nor, when to humbling peace at length
He stoops, be his or life or land,

But let him fall in manhood's strength
And welter tombless on the sand.

Such malison to heaven I pour,
A last libation with my gore.

And, Tyrians, you through time to come,
His seed with deathless hatred chase;

Be that your gift to Dido's tomb;

No love, no league 'twixt race and **race**.

Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardan horde

THE ÆNEID.

To-day, to-morrow through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword;
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are or e'er shall be!"

[Dido Slays Herself with Æneas' Sword.]—
(CRANCH.)

Dido, trembling, wild with brooding o'er
Her dread design, rolling her blood-shot eyes,
Her quivering cheeks suffused with spots, bursts
through
The inner threshold of the house, and mounts
With frantic mien the lofty funeral pile,
Unsheathes the Trojan's sword—a gift not sought
For use like this—then, having gazed upon
The Ilian garments and the well-known bed,
She paused a little, full of tears and thoughts—
Threw herself on the couch, and these last words
Escaped: "Sweet relics, dear to me when fate
And heaven were kind, receive this life-blood now,
And free me from these sorrows! I have lived,
And have achieved the course that fortune gave.
And now of me the queenly shade shall pass
Beneath the earth. A city of high renown
I have founded, and have seen my walls ascend;
Avenged my husband; for my brother's crime
Requital seen; happy, too happy, alas,
Had the Dardanian fleet ne'er touched my shores!"
With that she pressed her face upon the couch;
"I shall die unavenged—yet, let me die!
Thus, thus 'tis joy to seek the shades below.
These flames the cruel Trojan on the sea
Shall drink in with his eyes, and bear away
Along with him the omens of my death!"

THE ÆNEID.

While thus she spoke, the attendants saw her fall
Upon the steel, and the sword frothed with blood,
That spurted on her hands. Loud clamor fills
The lofty halls. The rumor of the deed
Raves through the shaken city. Every house
Resounds with grief, and groans, and women's shrieks;
And all the air is filled with wailing tones;
As though all Carthage or the ancient Tyre
Were toppling down before their invading foes,
And over roofs and temples of the gods
The flames were rolling.

Breathless, terrified,
With trembling steps, her sister hears, and through
The crowd she rushes; with her nails she rends
Her face, and with her hands she beats her breast,
And calls upon the dying queen.

[The Pitiful Death of Dido, Destroyed by the
Treachery of Venus.]—(MORRIS.)

* * * She reached the topmost stair,
And to her breast the dying one she fondled, groaning
sore,
And with her raiments strove to staunch the black and
flowing gore.
Then Dido strove her heavy lids to lift, but back again
They sank, and deep within the breast whispered the
deadly bane:
Three times on elbow struggling up a little did she rise,
And thrice fell back upon the bed, and sought with
wandering eyes
The light of heaven aloft, and moaned when it was
found at last.

THE ÆNEID.

*Then on her long-drawn agony did Juno pity cast,
Her hard departing; Iris then she sent from heaven
 on high,
And bade her from the knitted limbs the struggling
 soul untie.
For since by fate she perished not, nor waited death-
 doom given,
But hapless died before her day by sudden fury driven,
Not yet the tress of yellow hair had Proserpine off-
 shred,
Nor unto Stygian Orcus yet had doomed her wander-
 ing head.
So Iris ran adown the sky on wings of saffron dew,
And colors shifting thousand-fold against the sun she
 drew,
And overhead she hung: "So bid, from off thee this
 I bear,
Hallowed to Dis, and charge thee now from out thy
 body fare."

—(CONINGTON.)

*Then Juno, pitying her long pain,
 And all that agony of death,
Sent Iris down to part in twain
 The clinging limbs and struggling breath.
For, since she perished not by fate,
 Nor fell by alien stroke reserved,
But rushed on death before her date,
 By sudden spasm of frenzy nerved,
Not yet Proserpina had shred
 The yellow ringlet from her head,
Nor stamped upon that pallid brow
 The token of the powers below.
So down from Heaven fair Iris flies
 On saffron wings impearled with dew
That flash against the sunlit skies
 Full many a varied hue;
Then stands at Dido's head, and cries:

THE ÆNEID.

She spake and sheared the tress away; then failed the
life-heat spent,
And forth away upon the wind the spirit of her went.

—
"This lock to Dis I bear away
And free you from your load of clay;"
So shears the lock; the vital heats
Disperse, and breath in air retreats.

—(CRANCH.)

Great Juno, then,
Pitying her lingering agony and death,
Sent Iris from Olympus down, to free
The struggling soul, and loose its mortal tie.
For since by fate she perished not, nor death
Deserved, but was made wretched ere her time,
And by a sudden madness fired, not yet
Proserpina had shorn the golden lock
From off her head, nor to the Stygian gloom
Condemned her. Therefore Iris, dewy soft,
Upon her saffron-colored pinions borne,
And flashing with a thousand varied hues
Caught from the opposing sun, flew down, and stood
Above her head, and said: "This lock I bear
Away, sacred to Dis; such my command—
And free thee from that body." Saying this,
She cuts the ringlet. And the vital heat
Exhales, and in the winds life floats away.

BOOK V

BOOK V

[Æneas Sailing Onward Sees Dido's Funeral
Fires.]—(CONINGTON.)

MEANTIME Æneas in his bark
Sails on, his purpose firm and fast,
And cuts the billows, glooming dark
 Beneath the wintry northern blast:
Oft to the town he turns his eyes,
Whence Dido's fires already rise.
What cause has lit so fierce a flame
They know not: but the pangs of shame
From great love wronged, and what despair
Can make a baffled woman dare—
All this they know, and knowing tread
The paths of presage, vague and dread.

[Driven by Tempests from Their Course for Italy,
they Reach the Haven of Acestes, where
Æneas Prepares Funeral Games in Memory
of Anchises.]—(DRYDEN.)

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,

THE ÆNEID.

And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore,
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood,
His sire Crinismus, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates and homely store.

Now when the following morn had chased away
The flying stars, and light restored the day,
Æneas called the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
"Offspring of heaven; divine Dardanian race,
The sun revolving through the ethereal space
The shining circle of the year has filled
Since first this isle my father's ashes held;
And now the rising day renews the year
(A day forever sad, forever dear).

This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars piled, and holy flames,
Though banished to Getulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands.
But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heaven)
Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises and his blest remains,
Let us with joy perform his honors due,
And pray for prosperous 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 ordained, is pleased to grace.
Two steers on every 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,

THE ÆNEID.

That day with solemn sports I mean to grace.
Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery race,
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend;
The strong with iron gauntlets armed shall stand
Opposed in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepared,
And joyful victors wait the just reward."

* * * *

Now came the day desired; the skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light;
The bordering people roused 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 victor's grace);
Within the circle arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heaped on high,
And vests embroidered of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangour then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.

[Æneas Marks the Course.]—(CRANCH.)

And first, four well-matched ships
Chosen from all the fleet, with sturdy oars,
Enter the lists. The rapid Sea-wolf first
Comes, urged by Mnestheus, with his rowers strong;
The huge Chimæra with its stately bulk
Next comes, a floating city, Gyas' charge,
By Darden youths impelled, with triple banks
Of oars ascending. Then Sergestus, * * *
Borne in the mighty Centaur. Last, the chief
Cloanthus, in the dark blue Scylla comes.
Far in the sea there is a rock that fronts

THE ÆNEID.

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

[The Race of the Galleys.]—(CONINGTON.)

Then, at the trumpet's piercing sound,
All from their barriers onward bound:
Upsoars to heaven the oarsman's shout:
The upturned billows froth and spout.
In level lines they plough the deep:
All ocean yawns, as on they sweep,
And three-toothed beak and plashing oar
Tear from its base the marble floor.
Less swift in heady two-horse race
The chariots scour the field apace,
 When from their base they dash:
Less eager o'er the tossing manes
The charioteer flings out the reins,
 And bends him o'er the lash.
With plaudits loud and clamorous zeal
 Echoes the woodland round:

THE ÆNEID.

The pent shores roll the thunder-peal,
The stricken hills rebound.
'Mid hurry and tumultuous shout
First Gyas issues from the rout,
And holds the foremost place:
Cloanthus next: his oarsmen row
More featly: but his bark is slow,
And checks him in the race.
Behind, at equal distance, strain
Centaur and Shark the lead to gain:
And now the Shark darts forth, and now
The Centaur has advanced her bow:
And now the twain move side by side,
Their long keels trailing through the tide.

At length the rock before them lay:
The goal was in their reach:
When Gyas, conqueror of the way,
His helmsmen thus, Menœtes gray,
Plies with upbraiding speech:
"Why to the right so blindly push?
Here, take a narrower sweep:
Hug close the shore, nor fear its crush:
The cliff's left hand our oars should brush:
Let others hold the deep."
So Gyas: but Menœtes fears
The hidden rocks, and seaward steers.
"What? swerving still?" he shouts once more
"The shore, Menœtes! seek the shore!"
And backward as he turns his eyes,
O death! Cloanthus he descries
Close following, nearer and more near,
And all but springing on his rear.
'Twixt Gyas and the rocky shoal
The rival deftly glides,
Shoots to the forefront, turns the goal,

THE ÆNEID.

And gains the safer tides.
Grief flashed to flame in Gyas' soul:
Tears from his eyes were seen to roll:
All reckless of his own true pride
And his imperilled crew
He seized the dilatory guide
And from the vessel threw:
Himself assumes the helm, and cheers
His merry men, and shoreward steers.
But old Menœtes, when the main
Gave him at length to light again,
Landward with feeble motion swims,
His wet clothes clinging to his limbs,
Ascends the rock, and sits on high
There on the summit, safe and dry.
To see him fall the Trojans laughed:
They laughed to see him float,
And laugh, as now the briny draught
He sputters from his throat.

Now Mnestheus and Sergestus feel
A dawning hope, a new-born zeal,
Chimæra to outstrip:
The choice of way Sergestus gets,
And toward the rock his helm he sets:
Not first by all his length of bark,
First but by part; a part the Shark
Just covers with her tip.
But Mnestheus, pacing through and through
His vessel, cheers the eager crew:

* * * *

Onward with vehement zeal they bound:
Beneath them vanishes the ground:
The mailed ship labors with their blows:
Thick pantings all their members shake,

THE ÆNEID.

And parching heats their dry lips bake,
While sweat in torrents flows.

Thus as they struggle, fortune's freak
Accords them the success they seek:
For while Sergestus, blindly rash,
Drives to the rock his vessel's head
And strives the perilous pass to thread,
On jutting crags behold him dash!
Loud crash the oars with shivering shock:
The wedged prow hangs upon the rock.
With shout and scream upstart the crew,
Condemned to halt where late they flew:
Ply steel-tipped poles and pointed staves,
And pick the crushed oars from the waves.
But joyous Mnestheus, made more keen
By vantage offering unforeseen,
With all his oars in rapid play
And winds to waft him on his way,
Darts forth into the shelving tides,
And o'er the sea's broad bosom glides.
So all at once a startled dove,
Who builds her nest in rocky cove,
Bursts forth, and in her wild affright
Loud flaps her fluttering wings for flight:
Then launched in air, the smooth deep skims,
Nor stirs a pinion as she swims:
So Mnestheus: so his vessel flees
Along the residue of seas:
The very impulse of its flight
Conveys it on, how swift, how light!
And first Sergestus in the rear
He leaves, still struggling to get clear,
While vainly succor he implores,
And tries to row with shattered oars.
Chimæra next he puts in chase:

THE ÆNEID.

Her helmsman †ost, she yields the race.
Cloanthus now alone remains
 Just finishing the course;
Whom to o'ertake he toils and strains
 With all ambition's force.
The cheers redouble from the shore;
Heaven echoes with the wild uproar.

[Cloanthus Wins the Victory.]—(CRANCH.)

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

Then, all being summoned, as the custom was,
Æneas by a herald's voice proclaims
Cloanthus victor, and with laurel green
He wreathes his brows. And to the ships he gives
Three steers for each, by choice, and also wines,
And a great silver talent. On the chiefs
Distinguished honors he confers; a cloak
He gives the victor, wrought with work of gold
And Melibœan purple running round
In double windings. * * *

THE ÆNEID.

Then next, to him who held the second place
In honor, a coat of mail with polished rings
In golden tissue triple-wrought, he gives.

* * * *

The third gifts were two caldrons made of brass,
And silver bowls embossed with chasings rich.

[The Defeated Chimæra Limp in Mid Jeers.]—
(CONINGTON.)

The meeds were given; the rivals proud
Were moving stately through the crowd,
Each glorying in his several boon,
And wreathed with purple-bright festoon,
When lo! unhonored and forlorn,
Scarce from the rock with effort torn,
One tier destroyed, 'mid gibes and jeers
His wavering bark Sergestus steers.
E'en as a snake that on the way
Some wheel has mangled as it lay,
Or passer-by with stone well-aimed
Has left half-dying, crushed and maimed:
In slow retreat without avail
It strives its lengthening coils to trail:
One half erect the foe defies
With hissing throat and fiery eyes;
One, lame and wounded, backward holds
The surging spires and gathering folds:
So rows the bark on her slow way,
Yet sets her sail, and gains the bay.

[The Foot Race.]—(CRANCH.)

The contest ended, to a grassy field
Æneas then repairs, by winding hills
With woods enclosed: in the middle of a vale

THE ÆNEID.

Shaped like a theatre, a race-course ran;
To which the chief with many thousands went,
And sat amid them on a lofty seat.
Here, all who would contend in speed of foot
He invites, with offered prizes and rewards.

—(MORRIS.)

* * * Æneas spake:

“Now hearken; let your merry hearts heed of my saying
take:
No man of all the tale of you shall henceforth giftless
go;
Two Gnosian spears to each I give with polished steel
aglow,
An axe to carry in the war with silver wrought therein.
This honor is for one and all: the three first prize shall
win,
And round about their heads shall do the olive dusky-
gray.
A noble horse with trappings dight the first shall bear
away;
A quiver of the Amazons with Thracian arrows stored
The second hath; about it goes a gold belt broidered
broad,
With gem-wrought buckle delicate to clasp it at the
end.
But gladdened with this Argive helm content the third
shall wend.”

All said, they take their places due, and when the sign
they hear,
Forthwith they leave the bar behind and o'er the course
they bear,
Like drift of storm-cloud; on the goal all set their eager
eyes:

THE ÆNEID.

But far before all shapes of man shows Nisus, and out-
flies
The very whistling of the winds or lightning on the
wing.
Then, though the space be long betwixt, comes Salius
following;
And after Salius again another space is left,
And then Euryalus is third;
And after him is Helymus: but lo, how hard on heel
Diores scuds! foot on his foot doth Helymus nigh feel,
Shoulder on shoulder: yea, and if the course held longer
out,
He would slip by him and be first, or leave the thing
in doubt.

Now, spent, unto the utmost reach and very end of all
They came, when in the slippery blood doth luckless
Nisus fall,
E'en where the ground was all a-slop with bullocks
slain that day,
And all the topmost of the grass be-puddled with it lay:
There, as he went the victor now, exulting, failed his
feet
From off the earth, and forth he fell face foremost
down to meet
The midst of all the filthy slime blent with the holy
gore;
Yet for Euryalus his love forgat he none the more,
For rising from the slippery place in Salius' way he
thrust,
Who, rolling over, lay along amid the thickened dust.
Forth flies Euryalus, and flies to fame and foremost
place,
His own friend's gift, mid beat of hands and shouts that
bear him grace;
Next came in Helymus, and next the palm Diores bore.

THE ÆNEID.

[All Fear to Meet Dares in the Fight with Gauntlets, and He Demands the Prize.]—DRYDEN.)

Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crowd:
"If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight with limbs and body bare,

* * * * *

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 conquering 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 through the field;
Dares alone in combat used to stand
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand.

* * * 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 through the trembling band
Not one dares answer to the proud demand;
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promised prize—
He claims the bull with aweless insolence,
And having seized his horns accosts the prince:
"If none my matchless valor 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.

THE ÆNEID.

[Acestes Reproaches the Veteran Entellus, who
Thereupon Challenges Dares.]—(CONING-
TON.)

Now with rebuke Acestes plies
Entellus, who beside him lies
Upon the grassy sward:
“Entellus, whom erewhile we thought
Our bravest hero, all for nought,
And will you then the strife forego,
And see borne off without a blow
The champion’s proud reward?
Where now * * *
The fame that spread Trinacria o’er,
The trophies hanging from your door?”
“Nay,” cries the chief, “no coward dread
Has made ambition hide her head:
But strength is slack in limbs grown old,
And aged blood runs dull and cold.
Had I the thing I once possessed,
Which makes yon braggart rear his crest,
Had I but youth, no need had been
Of gifts to lure me to the green:
No, though the bull were twice as fair,
’Tis not the prize should make me dare.”
Then on the ground in open view
Two gloves of giant weight he threw
Which Eryx once in combat plied
And braced him with the tough bull-hide.
In speechless wonder all behold:
Seven mighty hides with fold on fold
Enwrap the fist: and iron sewed
And knobs of lead augment the load.
E’en Dares starts in sheer dismay,
And shuns the desperate essay;
The gauntlets’ weight Æneas tries,

THE ÆNEID.

And handles their enormous size.
Then fetching speech from out his breast
The veteran thus the train addressed:

* * * *

"These gloves your brother Eryx wore,
Still stained, you see, with brains and gore.
With these 'gainst Hercules he stood:
With these I fought, while youthful blood
Supplied me strength, nor age had shed
Its envious winter on my head.
But if the arms Sicilians wield
Deter the Trojan from the field,
If so Æneas' thoughts incline,

And so my chief approves,
Let both be equal, side and side:
I spare you Eryx' grim bull-hide:
Dismiss that terror, and resign

In turn your Trojan gloves."

He said, and from his shoulders throws
The robe he wont to use,
His mighty frame's contexture shows,
His mighty arms and thews,
And in the middle of the sand
In giant greatness takes his stand.

[The Combat Between Dares and Entellus.]—
(DRYDEN.)

Then just Æneas, 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 ÆNEID.

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 cracking 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 the approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.

[The Agile Dares Avoids a Mighty Blow of Old
Entellus, who Falls Headlong, and is **Thereby**
Roused to Fury.]—(CONINGTON.)

Entellus, rising to the blow,
Puts forth his hand: the wary foe
Midway in air the mischief spied,
And, deftly shifting, slipped aside.
Entellus' force on air is spent:
Heavily down with prone descent
He falls, as from its roots uprent
A pine falls hollow, on the side
Of Erymanth or lofty Ide.
Loud clamoring from their seats arise
Troy's and Trinacria's sons:

THE ÆNEID.

The shouts mount upward to the skies:
And first Acestes runs,
And tenderly from earth uprears
His ancient friend of equal years.
But not disheartened by his foil
The champion rises from the soil:
With wrath he goads his sluggard might,
And turns him fiercer to the fight:
The smouldering mass is stirred to flame
By conscious worth and glowing shame:
Ablaze with fury he pursues
The Trojan o'er the green,
And now his right hand deals the bruise,
And now his left as keen.
No pause, no respite: fierce and fast
As hailstones rattle down the blast
On sloping roofs, with blow on blow
He buffets Dares to and fro.
But good Æneas suffered not
The strife to rage too far:
Or ere Entellus waxed more hot,
He bade him cease the war.

[Entellus with One Mighty Fist Stroke Crushes
the Bull's Skull and Offers a Sacrifice to
Eryx.]—(DRYDEN.)

The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore;
His mouth and nostrils poured a purple flood,
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he staggered through the hissing throng,
And hung his head and trailed 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 Æneas came,

THE ÆNEID.

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 saved my foe."
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull,
And on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending, pierced 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's stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice,
Take the last gift my withered arms can yield,
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."

[The Contest of the Archers.]—(CRANCH.)

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

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

THE ÆNEID.

Fixing his eye upon the joyful dove,
As through the empty air she flapped her wings,
He pierced her underneath the shadowing cloud,
Down dead she dropped, and left amid the stars
Her life, and fallen, brings the arrow back,
Fixed in her side.

[While the Funeral Games are in Progress, Iris
Incites the Trojan Women, Weary of Wandering,
to Burn the Ships.]—(MORRIS.)

* * * While the diverse hallowed games about the
tomb they spent,
Saturnian Juno Iris fair from heights of heaven hath
sent
Unto the Ilian ships, and breathed fair wind behind her
ways,
For sore she brooded, nor had spent her wrath of
ancient days.
So now the Maid sped swift along her thousand-colored
bow,
And swiftly ran adown the path where none beheld
her go.
And there she saw that gathering great, and swept the
strand with eye,
And saw the haven void of folk, the ships unheeded
lie.
But far away on lonely beach the Trojan women weep
The lost Anchises; and all they look ever on the deep
Amid their weeping: "Woe are we! what waters yet
abide!
What ocean-waste for weary folk!" So one and all
they cried,
And all they yearn for city's rest: sea-toil is loathsome
grown.

THE ÆNEID.

So she, not lacking craft of guile, amidst them lighted
down,
When she hath put away from her God's raiment and
God's mien,
And but as wife of Doryclus, the Tmarian man, is seen,
Old Beroë, who once had sons and lordly race and
name;
Amid the Dardan mother-folk suchwise the Goddess
came:

"O wretched ones!" she said, "O ye whom armed
Achæan hand
Dragged not to death before the walls that stayed your
fatherland!
Unhappy folk! and why hath Fate held back your doom
till now?
The seventh year is on the turn since Troy-town's
overthrow;
And we all seas the while, all lands, all rocks and skies
that hate
The name of guest, have wandered o'er, and through
the sea o'ergreat
Still chase that fleeing Italy mid wallowing waters tost.
Lo, here is Eryx' brotherland; Acestes is our host;
What banneth us to found our walls and lawful cities
gain?
O Fatherland! O House-Gods snatched from midst
the foe in vain!
Shall no walls more be called of Troy? Shall I see
never more
Xanthus or Simoïs, like the streams where Hector
dwelt of yore?
Come on, and those unhappy ships burn up with aid
of me;
For e'en now mid the dreams of sleep Cassandra did I
see,

THE ÆNEID.

Who gave me burning brand, and said, 'Here seek
your Troy anew:
This is the house that ye shall have.' And now is
time to do!" * * *

So saying, first she caught upon the fiery bane, and
raised
Her hand aloft, and mightily she whirled it as it blazed
And cast it: but the Ilián wives, their straining hearts
are torn,
Their souls bewildered, * * *

—(CRANCH.)

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

* * * Here came hurrying on
Æneas and the Trojan bands. But now,
The women, struck with fear, fly here and there
About the shores, and seek the woods and caves
With stealthy steps, ruing the deed commenced,
And loathing the bright day. Changed now, they see

THE ÆNEID.

And recognize their friends, and Juno's power
Is shaken from their breasts. But none the less
The flames rage on still fierce and unsubdued.
Beneath the wet planks still the smouldering tow
Burns with dull smoke; the lingering heat devours
The ships, and down through all their framework
 creeps;

Nor human strength avails, nor streaming floods.
Then good Æneas rends his robes, and calls
Upon the gods for aid, with outstretched hands:—
“O Jove Omnipotent, if thou our race
Not yet dost altogether hate; if now
Thy pity, shown of old, on human woes
Still looks with tenderness, then save our fleet
From the devouring flames! Now, father, snatch
The Trojans' slender fortunes from this death.
Or, if I so deserve, with thy right hand
Blast with thy thunders all that yet remains.”
Scarce had he spoken, when a storm of rain
Darkened the sky, and poured with fury down,
With thunder-peals that shook the hills and plains.
From the whole heavens, black gusts and windy floods
Down-rushing, drenched the ships. The half-charred
 beams
Are soaked; the flames are quenched; the vessels all,
Save four, are rescued from the fiery pest.

[Æneas in Perplexity is Counsell'd by Anchises'
Shade to Seek the Realm of Pluto and Unroll
the Future.]—(DRYDEN.)

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 promised Italy to gain.

* * * *

THE ÆNEID.

'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes
His father's shade descended from the skies;
And thus he spoke: "O more than vital breath,
Loved while I lived, and dear even after death;
O son, in various toils and troubles tossed,
The King of Heaven employs my careful ghost
On his commands; the god who saved from fire
Your flaming fleet and heard your just desire:
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave;
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war;
The stern Italians with 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 damned, perpetual pains;
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offered 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 heaven's approaching light."
He said, and mixed with shades, and took his airy
flight.

BOOK VI

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BOOK VI

[Æneas Seeks the Sibyl of Apollo, to Read the
Future, and Guide Him to Avernus.]—
(CRANCH.)

AT length Eubœan Cumæ's shores
They reach. Seaward the prows are turned; the
ships

Fast anchored, and the curved sterns fringe the beach.
On the Hesperian shore the warriors leap
With eager haste. Some seek the seminal flame
Hid in the veins of flint; some rob the woods,
The dense abode of beasts, and rivulets
Discover. But the good Æneas seeks
The heights o'er which the great Apollo rules,
And the dread cavern where the Sibyl dwells,
Revered afar, whose soul the Delian god
Inspires with thought and passion, and to her
Reveals the future. * * *

The priestess summons then the Trojan chiefs
To her high temple, a vast cavern hewn
From the Eubœan rock. A hundred doors
And avenues are there, whence rushing come
As many voices of prophetic power,
The Sibyl's answers. At the threshold now,

THE ÆNEID.

"'T is time," the virgin said, "to ask with prayers
Thy destiny:—the god! behold, the god!"
As thus before the gates she speaks, her face
And color suddenly change; unkempt her hair;
Her panting breast and wild heart madly heaves;
Larger she seems: unearthly rings her voice,
As nearer breathed the presence of the god.
"What, art thou then so sluggish in thy vows,
Trojan Æneas, and so slow to pray?
Haste, for not else these awe-struck doors will ope!"
She ceased. A shudder through the Trojans ran;
And from his inmost soul the chief thus prays:
"Apollo, who the sufferings of Troy
Hast ever pitied; thou who didst direct
The hand and shaft of Paris when it struck
Achilles,—led by thee, so many seas
Circling so many realms, I have explored,
And distant dwellings of Massylian tribes,
And lands beyond the Syrtes. Now at length
We grasp the Italy that seemed so long
A flying vision. Though thus far we have come,
Pursued by a Trojan fortune, yet for you,
Ye gods and goddesses, to whom the name
And fame of Troy have proved an obstacle,
'T is just that ye should spare our nation now.
And thou, most sacred prophetess, whose eye
Foresees the future, grant (I do not ask
A kingdom which my fates have never owed)
That I in Latium may establish all
My Trojans, and Troy's outcast household gods
Long tossed upon the seas. Then will I build
A marble temple sacred to the praise
Of Phœbus and Diana, and ordain
Great festal days called by Apollo's name.
A spacious sanctuary too for thee
Shall stand. There will I place thy oracles,

THE ÆNEID.

And secret fates delivered to my race,
And consecrate, O seer benign, to thee
A chosen priesthood! Only do not write
Thy prophecies on leaves, lest blown about
They fly, the sport of fitful winds. Thyself
Utter thy oracles."

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

[The Oracle Foretells Great Ills and Horrid Wars,
Decreed by the Fates for Æneas.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

"Escaped the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast so long desired (nor doubt the event)
Thy troops shall reach, but having reached, 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?
Driven to solicit aid at every court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppressed,
A foreign mistress and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.

THE ÆNEID.

The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town.”

[Entreated by Æneas, the Sibyl Tells Him of the
Golden Bough of Proserpine, and Warns of
the Horrors that Await Him.]—(CONING-
TON.)

Such mystic oracles divine
Shrills forth the priestess from her shrine
And wraps her truth in mystery round,
While all the cave returns the sound;
Still the fierce power her hard mouth wrings,
And deep and deeper plants his stings.
Soon as the frenzy-fit was o'er,
And foamed the savage lips no more,
The chief begins: “No cloud can rise
Unlooked for to Æneas' eyes;
My prescient soul has all forecast,
And seen the future as the past.
One boon I crave: since here, 'tis said,
The path leads downward to the dead,
Where Acheron's brimming waters spread,
There let me go, and see the face
Of him, the father of my love;
Thyself the dubious journey trace,
And the dread gates remove.
Him through the fire these shoulders bore,
And from the heart of battle tore;
He shared my travel, braved with me
The menaces of every sea,
The ocean's roar, the tempest's rage,
With feeble strength transcending age.
Nay, 'twas his voice that bade me seek
Thy presence and thine aid bespeak.

THE ÆNEID.

O pity son and father both,
Blest maid! for naught to thee is hard,
Nor vainly sworn was Dian's oath
That placed thee here, these shades to guard."

* * * *

So spoke he, hand on altar laid;
The priestess took the word, and said:
"Inheritor of blood divine,
Preserver of Anchises' line,
The journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light;
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night;
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day
There comes the stress of labor; this
May task a hero's might.
A few, whom heaven has marked for love
Or glowing worth has throned above,
Themselves of seed divine conceived,
The desperate venture have achieved.
Besides, the interval of ground
Is clothed with thickest wood,
And broad Cocytus winds around
Its dark and sinuous flood.
But still should passionate desire
Stir in your soul so fierce a fire,
Twice o'er the Stygian pool to swim,
Twice look on Tartarus' horrors dim,
If naught will quench your madman's thirst,
Then learn what duties claim you first.
Deep in a mass of leafy growth,
Its stems and foliage golden both,
A precious bough that lurks unseen,
Held sacred to the infernal queen;

THE ÆNEID.

Around it bends the whole dark grove,
And hides from view the treasure-trove.
Yet none may reach the shades without
The passport of that golden sprout;
For so has Proserpine decreed
That this should be her beauty's meed.
One plucked, another fills its room,
And burgeons with like precious bloom.
Go, then, the shrinking treasure track,
And pluck it with your hand;
Itself will follow, nothing slack,
Should Fate the deed command;
If not, no weapon man can wield
Will make its dull reluctance yield.

* * * *

Lead to the shrine black cattle; they
Will cleanse whate'er would else pollute;
Thus shall we Acheron's banks survey,
Where never living soul found way."
She ended, and was mute.

With downcast visage, sad and grave,
Æneas turns him from the cave,
And ponders o'er his woe;
Still by his side Achates moves,
Companion to the chief he loves,
As thoughtful and as slow.

[Guided by the Doves of Venus, Æneas Discovers
the Golden Bough Hard by the Jaws of Hell.]
—(MORRIS.)

* * * When lo, from heaven there flew
Two doves before his very eyes, who settled fluttering
On the green grass: and therewithal that mightiest
battle-king

THE ÆNEID.

Knoweth his mother's birds new-come, and joyful
poureth prayer:

"O, if a way there be at all, lead ye amid the air,
Lead on unto the thicket place where o'er the wealthy
soil

The rich bough casteth shadow down! Fail not my
eyelids toil,

O Goddess-mother!"

So he saith, and stays his feet to heed
What token they may bring to him, and whitherward
they speed.

So on they flutter pasturing, with such a space between,
As they by eyes of following folk may scanty well be
seen;

But when Avernus' jaws at last, the noisome place
they reach,

They rise aloft and skim the air, and settle each by each
Upon the very wished-for place, yea high amid the tree,
Where the changed light through twigs of gold shines
forth diversedly;

As in the woods midwinter's chill puts forth the mis-
tletoe,

And bloometh with a leafage strange his own tree ne'er
did sow,

And with his yellow children hath the rounded trunk
in hold,

So in the dusky holm-oak seemed that bough of leafy
gold,

As through the tinkling shaken foil the gentle wind
went by:

Then straight Æneas caught and culled the tough stem
greedily,

And to the Sibyl's dwelling-place the gift in hand he
bore.

THE ÆNEID.

[Æneas Makes Sacrifice to Dread Hecaté, to Night the Mother of the Furies and Her Great Sister Earth, to Proserpine and Pluto who Rule the Underworld.]—(CRANCH.)

There was a cavern deep with yawning jaws
Enormous, stony, screened by a gloomy lake
And shadowy woods: no wingèd thing could fly
Unscathed above it, such the baleful breath
That from the opening rose to the upper air:
(The place thence called Aornos by the Greeks.)
Here first the priestess placing four black steers,
Upon their foreheads pours the sacred wine,
And plucks the topmost hairs between the horns,
And lays them, the first offerings, on the flames,
Invoking Hecate, strong in heaven and hell.
The knives perform their work: the tepid blood
Is caught in bowls. And now Æneas slays
To Night the mother of the Eumenides,
And to her mighty sister, a black lamb;
Also a barren cow, Proserpina,
To thee. Next to the Stygian king he builds
Nocturnal altars, and whole carcasses
Of bulls he burns, and on the holocaust
Pours out the unctuous oil amid the flames.
When lo, as the first sunbeams lit the place,
The earth beneath began to rumble, tops
Of wooded hills to move; and through the shades
They seemed to hear the yelling of the hounds
Of hell, that told the coming goddess near.
“Away, unhallowed ones!” the Sibyl cries;
“And leave the whole grove clear. But thou press on,
And draw thy sword: for now, Æneas, now,
Firm and undaunted thou must prove.” She said,
And madly plunged into the open cave.
He with no timid step keeps pace with her.

THE ÆNEID

[Æneas, Guided by the Sibyl, Enters the Gates of Hell.]—(CONINGTON.)

Eternal powers, whose sway controls
The empire of departed souls,
Ye, too, throughout whose wide domain
Black Night and grisly Silence reign,
Hoar Chaos, awful Phlegethon,
What ear has heard let tongue make known :
Vouchsafe your sanction, nor forbid
To utter things in darkness hid

Along the illimitable shade
Darkling and lone their way they made,
Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
An empty void, though tenanted :
So travellers in a forest move
With but the uncertain moon above,
 Beneath her niggard light,
When Jupiter has hid from view
The heaven, and Nature's every hue
 Is lost in blinding night.
At Orcus' portals hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care ;
And pale Diseases cluster there,
 And pleasureless Decay,
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
 A ghastly presence they :
Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep :
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
 And deadly War are at the door ;
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddens and rebels ;
 Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip gore.

THE ÆNEID.

Full in the midst an aged elm
Broods darkly o'er the shadowy realm:
There dream-land phantoms rest the wing,
Men say, and 'neath its foliage cling.
And many monstrous shapes beside
Within the infernal gates abide;
There Centaurs, Scyllas, fish and maid,
There Briareus' hundred-handed shade,
 Chimæra armed with flame,
Gorgons and Harpies make their den,
With the foul pest of Lerna's fen,
 And Geryon's triple frame.
Alarmed, Æneas grasps his brand
And points it at the advancing band;
 And were no Sibyl there
To warn him that the goblin swarm
Are empty shades of hollow form,
He would be rushing on the foe,
And cleaving with an idle blow
 The unsubstantial air.

[Charon, the Grim Ferryman of the Styx, Detains
for a Hundred Years the Ghosts of the Un-
buried Dead.]—(DRYDEN.)

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirled 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, uncombed, 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 fitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.

THE ÆNEID.

He looked in years, yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which filled the margin of the fatal flood.
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty **heroes'** more majestic shades,
And youths, **intombed** before their father's eyes.
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries;
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shivering 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 wondering eyes,
The tumult mixed with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Asked of his guide what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were used?
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused?

"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods."

The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchres and funeral 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 composed 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 repressed,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.

THE ÆNEID.

[Charon, at Sight of the Golden Bough, Ferries
Æneas and the Sibyl Across the Styx.]—
(CONINGTON.)

Once more upon their way they go
And near the stream of sulphurous flow,
Whom when the gloomy boatman saw
Still nigher through the forest draw
And touch the bank, with warning tone
He hails the visitants unknown:
"Whoe'er you are that sword in hand
Our Stygian flood approach,
Your errand speak from where you stand,
Nor further dare encroach.
These climes the spectres hold of right,
The home of Sleep and slumberous Night;
My laws forbid me to convey
Substantial forms of breathing clay.
'Twas no good hour that made me take
Alcides o'er the nether lake,
Nor found I more auspicious freight
In Theseus and his daring mate;
Yet all were Heaven's undoubted heirs,
And prowess more than man's was theirs.
That from our monarch's footstool dragged
The infernal watchdog, bound and gagged.
These strove to force from Pluto's side
Our mistress, his imperial bride."
Then briefly thus the Amphrysian seer:
"No lurking stratagems are here;
Dismiss your qualms; the sword we draw
Imports no breach of Stygian law:
Still let your porter from his den
Scare bloodless shades that once were men
With baying loud and deep:
Let virtuous Proserpine maintain

THE ÆNEID.

Her uncle's bed untouched by stain,
And still his threshold keep.
'Tis Troy's Æneas, brave and good,
To see his sire would cross the flood.
If nought it soften you to see
Sure pure heroic piety,
This branch at least"—and here she showed
The branch within her raiment stowed—
"You needs must own." At once the swell
Of anger in his bosom fell.
He answers not, but eyes the sheen
Of the blest bough, so long unseen,
Turns round the vessel, dark as ink,
And brings it to the river's brink;
Then bids the shadowy spectres flit
That up and down the benches sit,
Frees from its load the bark's deep womb,
And gives the great Æneas room.
Groans the strained craft of cobbled skin,
And through rent seams the ooze drinks in.
At length wise seer and hero brave
Are safely ferried o'er the wave,
And landed on the further bank,
'Mid formless slime and marshweed dank.

[Æneas and His Guide Encounter Cerberus, the
Watch Dog of Hell.]—(CONINGTON.)

Lo! Cerberus with three-throated bark
Makes all the region ring,
Stretched out along the cavern dark
That fronts their entering.
The seer perceived his monstrous head
All bristling o'er with snakes uproused,
And toward him flings a sop of bread
With poppy-seed and honey drowsed.

THE ÆNEID.

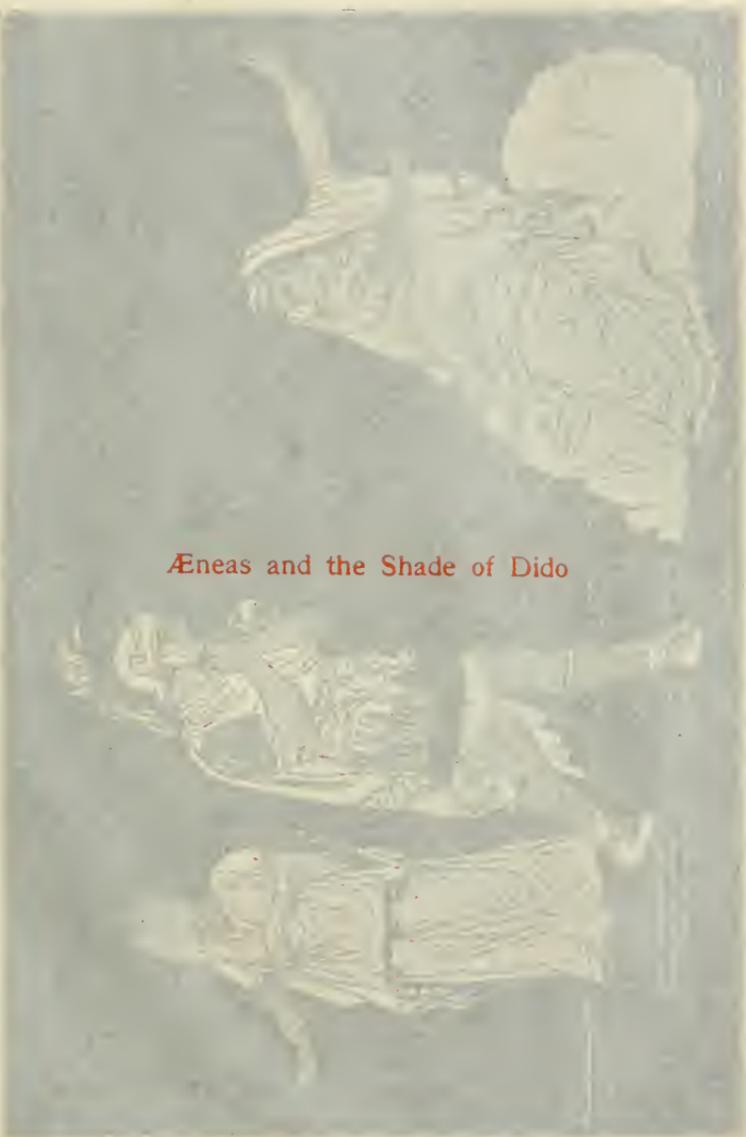
He with his triple jaws dispread
 Snaps up the morsel as it falls,
Relaxes his huge frame as dead,
 And o'er the cave extended sprawls.
The sentry thus in slumber drowned,
Æneas takes the vacant ground,
And quickly passes from the side
Of the irremeable tide.

[Minos, the Judge of the Dead.]—(CRANCH.)

'Then as they entered, voices wild were heard,
Shrieking and wailing,—souls of infants robbed
Of all their share of life, snatched from the breast,
And sunk by gloomy fate in cruel death.
Then next were those by accusations false
Condemned to suffer death. Nor were their lots
Assigned without a trial and a judge.
Minos, presiding, shakes the urn: he calls
The silent multitude, and learns from each
The story of his life and crimes. Next come
The places where the sad and guiltless souls
Were seen, who, hating the warm light of day,
Wrought their own death and threw away their lives.
How willingly they now in the upper air
Their poverty and sufferings would endure!
But this Heaven's law forbids: the hateful lake
With its sad waves imprisons them, and Styx
Flowing between, nine times encircling, binds.

[In the Fields of Mourning Æneas Meets the
Shade of Dido, who Scorns and Shuns Him.]
—(CRANCH.)

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



Æneas and the Shade of Dido



THE ÆNEID.

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

* * * Phœnician Dido here,
Her wound still fresh, was wandering in the woods;
Whom, as the Trojan hero nearer came,
And knew amid the shadows dim, as one
Who sees, or thinks he sees, amid the clouds,
The young moon rising,—tears fell from his eyes,
And thus with tones of tender love he spoke:
“Ah, Dido, was it true then, the report
That told thy death, and slain by thine own hands?
Alas! was I the cause? Now by the stars
I swear, and by the gods above, and all
There is of faith and truth below the earth,
Not willingly, O queen, I left thy shore.
It was the gods, whose mandate sends me now
To journey here through gloom and shade profound,
And places rank with hideous mould, who then
Forced me by their decree. Nor did I know
That my departure such a grief to thee
Would bring. Stay then thy steps, nor turn away
From me. Ah, wherefore dost thou shun me thus?
’T is the last word fate suffers me to speak!”
So did Æneas strive to soothe her soul
Inflamed, and aspect stern, while still he wept.
She turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground;
Nor, as he pleaded, was her face more moved
Than if she stood there, a hard block of flint,
Or cold Marpesian marble. Then away
She hurried, with defiance in her mien,
And hid amid the shadows of the woods.

THE ÆNEID.

[Æneas Hears the Outcries of Lost Souls, Damned
by Rhadamanthus and Tortured by the Furies.]
—(DRYDEN.)

The hero, looking on the left espied
A lofty tower, and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds,
And, pressed betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise
resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and raised on high
With adamantine columns threatens the sky;
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tower of steel is reared,
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 astonished at their cries,
And asked 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 Hecaté, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through those dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of the 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

THE ÆNEID.

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 the eternal door,
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see before the gate what stalking ghost
Commands the guards, 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 Wretches of Phlegethon and Their Punishment.]—(CONINGTON.)

"There, too, is Tityos the accurst,
By earth's all-fostering bosom nursed;
O'er acres nine from end to end
His vast unmeasured limbs extend;
A vulture on his liver preys;
The liver fails not nor decays;
Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,
With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
And searches for her food;
Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
Nor lets the filaments have rest,
To endless pain renewed.
Why should I name the Lapith race,
Pirithous and Ixion base?
A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,
Which ever nods and almost drops;
Couches where golden pillars shine
Invite them freely to recline,
And banquets smile before their cyne

THE ÆNEID.

With kingly splendor proud;
When lo! fell malice in her mien,
Beside them lies the Furies' queen;
From the rich fare she bars their hand,
Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,
And thunders hoarse and loud.
Here those who wronged a brother's love,
Assailed a sire's gray hair,
Or for a trustful client wove
A treachery and a snare,
Who went on hoarded wealth to brood,
In sullen, selfish solitude,
Nor called their friends to share the good
(The most in number they),
With those whom vengeance robbed of life
For guilty love of other's wife,
And those who drew the unnatural sword,
Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,
Await the reckoning-day.
Ask not their doom, nor seek to know
What depth receives them there below.
Some roll huge rocks on rising ground,
Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound;
All, all essayed some monstrous crime, *
And perfected the crime essayed.
No—had I e'en a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,
Those types of guilt I could not show,
Nor tell the forms of penal woe."

[Æneas Makes Offering of the Golden Bough to
Proserpine.]—(CRANCH.)

So spoke the aged priestess. "But come now,"
She cries, "let us resume our way with speed,

THE ÆNEID.

And finish the great task we have begun.
I see the walls by Cyclops' forges built;
The gateway with its arch confronts our view,
Where by command we place our offering."
She said; and through the paths obscure they stepped
Together, passed the midway space, and neared
The gate. Æneas at the entrance stands,
Fresh lustral water sprinkles o'er his limbs,
And hangs upon the door the golden bough.

[Æneas Reaches the Blessed Groves of Peace, and
Views the Happy Dead.]—(CONINGTON.)

Thus having soothed the queen of Dis
They reached the realms of tranquil bliss,
Green spaces, folded in with trees,
A paradise of pleasancess.
Around the champaign mantles bright
The fulness of purpleal light;
Another sun and stars they know,
That shine like ours, but shine below.
There some disport their manly frames
In wrestling and palæstral games,
Strive on the grassy sward, or stand
Contending on the yellow sand;
Some ply the dance with eager feet
And chant responsive to its beat.
The priest of Thrace in loose attire
Makes music on his seven-stringed lyre;
The sweet notes 'neath his fingers trill,
Or tremble 'neath his ivory quill.
Here dwell the chiefs from Teucer sprung,
Brave heroes, born when earth was young,
Ilus, Assaracus, and he
Who gave his name to Dardany.
Marvelling, Æneas sees from far

THE ÆNEID.

The ghostly arms, the shadowy car.
Their spears are planted in the mead;
Free o'er the plain their horses feed;
Whate'er the living fount of charms
In chariot and refulgent arms,
Whate'er their care to tend and groom
Their glossy steeds, outlives the tomb.
Others along the sward he sees
Reclined, and feasting, at their ease
 With chanted Pæans, blessed souls,
Amid a fragrant bay-tree grove,
Whence rising in the world above
Eridanus 'twixt bowering trees
 His breadth of water rolls.

Here sees he the illustrious dead
Who fighting for their country bled;
Priests, who while earthly life remained
Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained;
Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear;
Inventors, who by arts refined
The common life of human kind,
With all who grateful memory won
By services to others done;
A goodly brotherhood, bedight
With coronals of virgin white.

[The Meeting of Æneas and Anchises.]—
(CRANCH.)

 Anchises there,
Down in a valley green, was noting all
The souls shut in, destined one day to pass
Into the upper light, and rapt in thought
He mused thereon. It chanced, his future race

THE ÆNEID.

He was reviewing there, descendants dear,
And all their line: their fates and fortunes all—
Their characters, their future deeds, unborn.
He, when he saw Æneas o'er the grass
Coming to meet him, stretched his eager hands,
His cheeks bedewed with tears, and from his lips
These accents fell: "And art thou come at last?
That filial love I counted on so long,
Has it now overcome the arduous road?
My son, is't granted me to see thy face,
And hear thy well-known voice, and answer thee?"
* * * * *

Æneas then: "O father, many a time
Thy shade, thy sad-eyed shade, has met my gaze,
And urged me to this place to bend my steps.
Within the Tyrrhene sea my fleet is moored.
Grasp now my hand, my father, grasp my hand
In thine; withdraw not from thy son's embrace!"
So speaking, down his face the great tears streamed.
Thrice round his neck he strove to throw his arms;
And thrice the shadow flitted from his grasp,
Like the light winds, or as a wingèd dream.

[Lethe, Whose Waters Shroud the Past from Sin-
Purged Souls About to Live Again.]—
(CRANCH.)

Meanwhile Æneas in a valley deep
Sees a secluded grove, with rustling leaves
And branches; there the river Lethe glides
Past many a tranquil home, and round about
Innumerable tribes and nations flit.
As in the meadows in the summer-time
The bees besiege the various flowers, and swarm
About the snow-white lilies; and the field

THE ÆNEID.

Is filled with murmurings soft. The sudden view
Startles him, and he asks what this may mean:
What rivers those may be that flow beyond;
And who this multitude that crowds the banks.
Anchises then replies; "These souls, by fate
Destined for other bodies, drink safe draughts
At Lethe's waters, and oblivion deep
And lasting. * * *

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

THE ÆNEID.

Clears the fixed taint, and leaves the ethereal sense
Pure, a bright flame of unmixed heavenly air.
All these, when for a thousand years the wheel
Of fate has turned, the Deity calls forth
To Lethe's stream, a mighty multitude;
That they, forgetful of the past, may see
Once more the vaulted sky, and may begin
To wish return into corporeal frames."

[Æneas Reviews a Long Line of Noble Souls who,
in Time to Come, Shall Make Rome Great.]—
(CONINGTON.)

Anchises spoke, and with him drew
Æneas, and the Sibyl, too,
Amid the shadowy throng
And mounts a hillock, whence the eye
Might form and countenance descry
As each one passed along.
"Now listen what the future fame
Shall follow the Dardanian name,
What glorious spirits wait
Our progeny to furnish forth;
My tongue shall name each soul of worth,
And show you of your fate.
See you yon gallant youth advance,
Leaning upon a headless lance?
He next in upper air holds place,
First offspring of the Italian race
Commixed with ours, your latest child
By Alban name of Silvius styled,
Whom to your eye Lavinia fair
In silvan solitude shall bear,
King, sire of kings, by whom comes down
Through Trojan hands the Alban crown.

* * * *

THE ÆNEID.

There to his grandsire's fortune clings
Young Romulus, of Mars' true breed;
From Ilia's womb the warrior springs,
Assaracus' authentic seed.
See on his helm the double crest,
The token by his sire impressed,
That marks him out betimes to share
The heritage of upper air.
Lo! by his fiat called to birth,
Imperial Rome shall rise,
Extend her reign to utmost earth,
Her genius to the skies,
And with a wall of girdling stone
Embrace seven hills herself alone—
Blest in an offspring wise and strong;
So through great cities rides along
The mighty Mother, crowned with towers
Around her knees a numerous line,
A hundred grandsons, all divine,
All tenants of Olympian bowers.

Turn hither now your ranging eye:
Behold a gloricus family,
Your sons and sons of Rome;
Lo! Cæsar there and all his seed,
Iulus' progeny, decreed
To pass 'neath heaven's high dome.
This, this is he, so oft the theme
Of your prophetic fancy's dream,
Augustus Cæsar, Jove's own strain;
Restorer of the age of gold
In lands where Saturn ruled of old;
O'er Ind and Garamant extreme
Shall stretch his boundless reign.
Look to that land which lies afar
Beyond the path of sun or star,

THE ÆNEID.

Where Atlas on his shoulder rears
The burden of the incumbent spheres,
Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear
The muttered voice of many a seer,
And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,
 Their coming conqueror know;
Alcides in his savage chase
Ne'er travelled o'er so wide a space,
What though the brass-hoofed deer he killed,
And Erymanthus' forest stilled
And Lerna's depth with terror thrilled
 At twanging of his bow;
Nor stretched his conquering march so far,
Who drove his ivy-harnessed car
From Nysa's lofty height, and broke
The tiger's spirit 'neath his yoke.

—(DRYDEN.)

Next view the Tarquin kings; the avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.
He first renews the rods and axe 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 scourged, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserved, asserting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature pleading in his children's cause!

* * * *

Another comes who shall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide,
From conquered Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils;
And yet another, famed for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;

THE ÆNEID.

Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race,
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
And Pallas for her violated place.

* * * *

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 awful sway,
To rule mankind and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free—
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

—(MORRIS.)

So mid their marvelling he spake, and added further-
more:

"Marcellus lo! 'neath Spoils of Spoils how great and
glad he goes,
And overtops all heroes there, the vanquisher of foes:
Yea, he shall prop the Roman weal when tumult
troubleth all,
And ride amid the Punic ranks, and crush the rising
Gaul,
And hang in sire Quirinus' house the third war-taken
gear."

Then spake Æneas, for he saw following Marcellus near
A youth of beauty excellent, with gleaming arms be-
dight,
Yet little glad of countenance with eyes that shunned
the light:
"O father, who is he that wends beside the hero's hem,
His son belike, or some one else from out that mighty
stem?"

THE ÆNEID.

What murmuring of friends about! How mighty is he
made!
But black Night fluttereth over him with woeful mirky
shade."

Then midst the rising of his tears father Anchises
spoke:

"O son, search not the mighty woe and sorrow of thy
folk!

The Fates shall show him to the world, nor longer
blossoming

Shall give. O Gods that dwell on high, belike o'er-
great a thing

The Roman tree should seem to you, should this your
gift endure!

How great a wail of mighty men that Field of Fame
shall pour

On Mavor's mighty city walls: what death-rites seest
thou there,

O Tiber, as thou glidest by his new-wrought tomb and
fair!

No child that is of Ilian stock in Latin sires shall raise
Such glorious hope; nor shall the land of Romulus
e'er praise

So fair and great a nursling child mid all it ever bore.
Goodness, and faith of ancient days, and hand un-
matched in war,

Alas for all! No man unhurt had raised a weaponed
hand

Against him, whether he afoot had met the foeman's
band,

Or smitten spur amid the flank of eager foaming horse.
O child of all men's ruth, if thou the bitter Fates mayst
force,

Thou art Marcellus. Reach ye hands of lily-blooms
fulfilled;

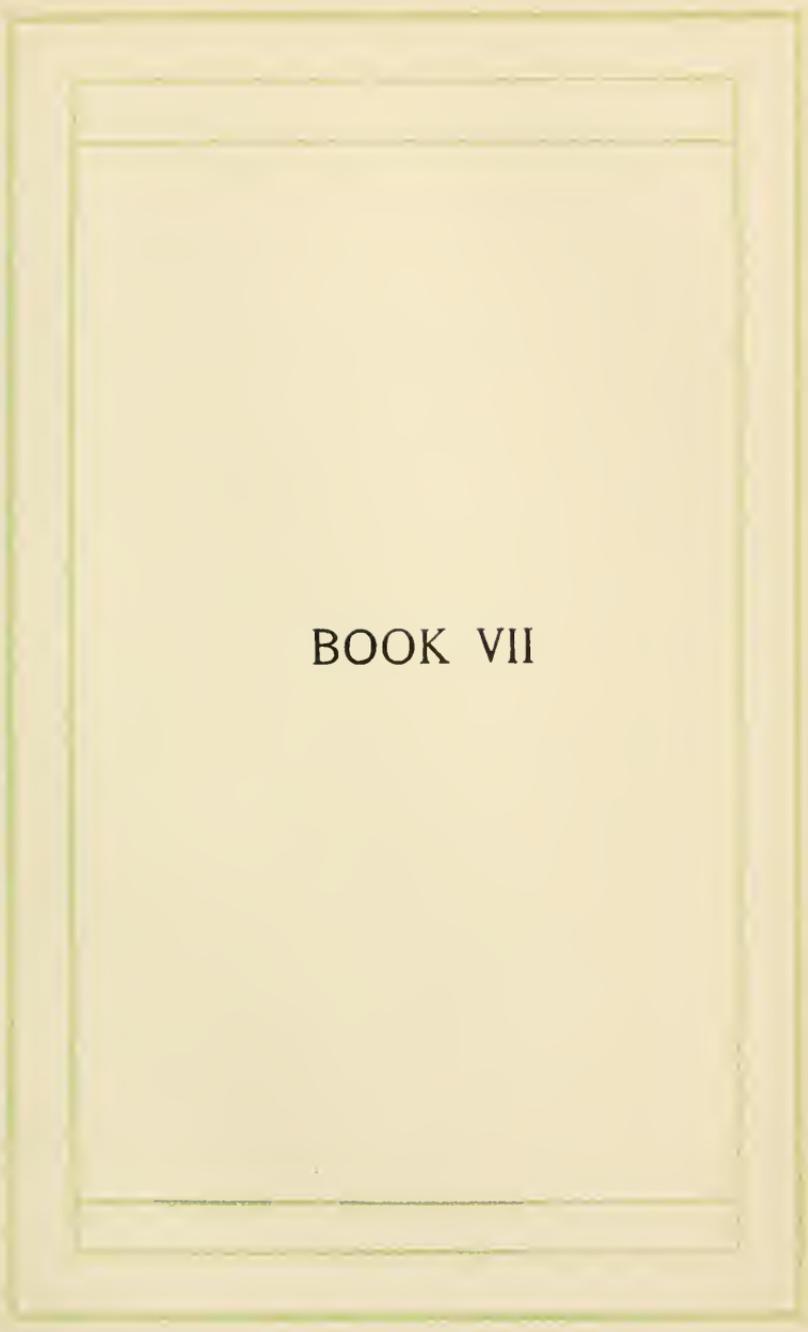
THE ÆNEID.

For I will scatter purple flowers, and heap such offerings spilled
Unto the spirit of my child, and empty service do."

[Æneas Returns to Earth.]—(CRANCH.)

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

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



BOOK VII

BOOK VII

[The Trojans Pass Circe's Enchanted Isle.]—
(CONINGTON.)

NEXT, skirting still the shore, they run
Fair Circe's magic coast along,
Where she, bright daughter of the sun,
Her forest fastness thrills with song,
And for a nightly blaze consumes
Rich cedar in her stately rooms,
While, sounding shrill, the comb is sped
From end to end adown the thread.
Thence hear they many a midnight roar:
The lion strives to burst his cell:
The raging bear, the foaming boar
Alternate with the gaunt wolf's yell:
Whom from the human form divine
For malice's sake the ruthless queen
Had changed by pharmacy malign
To bristly hide and bestial mien.
So lest the pious Trojan train
Such dire enormity sustain,
The harbor should they reach, or land
On that inhospitable strand,
The Ocean-god inflates their sails
With breath of favorable gales,

THE ÆNEID.

Just budding into life, this progeny
Was snatched away. One daughter only kept
His line alive, heir to his ample realms;
Mature for marriage now, in maiden bloom.
From Latium and from all the Ausonian lands
Many had sought her; comelier far than all,
Turnus, for noble ancestors renowned;
Whom the queen sought with zealous love to make
Her son-in-law; but portents of the gods,
With various omens of great dread, opposed.

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

Then as beside
Her sire the maid Lavinia, standing, feeds
The altars with the consecrated brands—
Dread omen, her long tresses seemed to catch
The blaze, and all her robes with crackling flames
To kindle, through her regal hair, and crown
Splendid with jewels—then involved in smoke
And glare to spread the fire through all the house.
A terrible and wondrous sight 'twas deemed;
For she herself, they prophesied, would prove
Illustrious in her fame and in her fates,
While to the people it portended war.

THE ÆNEID.

[The Oracle Declares that the Stranger Shall Wed
Lavinia and Exalt the Latian Name.]
—(CRANCH.)

Alarmed at prodigies like these, the king
To the oracle of his prophetic sire
Faunus repairs, and there consults the groves
That lie below the deep Albunea,
Which, greatest of the forest streams, resounds
With sacred fountain, darkly hid, and breathes
Mephitic fumes. * * *
* * * Sudden, a voice
From the deep grove he hears: "O son, seek not
To wed thy daughter to a Latian prince,
Nor trust in bridal chambers all prepared.
A foreigner comes, thy future son-in-law,
Whose blood shall lift our name unto the stars;
Whose progeny shall see beneath their feet
All lands subdued and governed, wheresoe'er
The ocean greets the risen or setting sun."
These answers of his sire, and warnings given
In the still night, Latinus does not hide;
But rumor now flying far and wide around
Among the Ausonian cities bore the words,
When to the Tiber's grassy river-bank
The sons of Troy had moored their fleet.

[The Portent Foretold by the Harpy is Fulfilled,
and the Trojans Hail the Destined Resting-
Place Ordained by Jove.]—(DRYDEN.)

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 dispatched; the hungry band

THE ÆNEID.

Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observed, 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.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes):
"All hail, O earth! all hail my household gods—
Behold the destined 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 forced, your trenchers you shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labors 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 wandering of our exiled race.
Then, on to-morrow'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 performed his vows;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race.
The nymphs and native godheads yet unknown,
And night and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And last his sire below and mother-queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thundered thrice aloud,

THE ÆNEID.

And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumor flew
The time was come their city to renew;
Then every brow with cheerful green is crowned,
The feasts are doubled and the bowls go round.

[The Trojan Scouts Sent by Æneas Come to the
Court of King Latinus.]—(CONINGTON.)

Soon as the moon at earliest birth
Diffused her lustre o'er the earth,
Each by a different path explores
The town, the frontier, and the shores:
And here they find Numicius' spring,
Here Tiber flows, here dwells the king.
This done, the monarch's grace to gain,
Æneas sends a goodly train,
A hundred chiefs of each degree,
With wool-wreathed boughs from Pallas' tree,
Rich presents to their hand commends,
And bids them crave the dues of friends.
At once the ambassadors obey:
Their hasty steps despatch the way.

* * * *

A herald to the monarch's ear
Reports that valiant chiefs are here
Attired in garb unknown:
He, hearing, gives the word to call
The strangers to the audience-hall,
And seats him on his throne.

Upon the city's highest ground,
With hundred columns compassed round,
There rose a fane sublime;
'Twas Picus' palace long ago,
And sacred woods around it throw
The awe of elder time.

THE ÆNEID.

Here went the monarchs to receive
The royal staff, the fasces heave,
 An omen of their reign:
Here met the council of debate,
Here on high days the seniors sate
At lengthening tables ranged in state
 To feast on cattle slain.
There, formed of ancient cedar wood,
A line of old forefathers stood;
Here Italus, Sabinus here
Who taught them first the vine to rear
(The mimic semblance still preserved
The hook for pruning deftly curved);
There ancient Saturn holds his place,
And Janus with his double face,
And many another hoary king
E'en from the nation's earliest spring,
And many a warrior, strong and brave,
Who poured his blood his land to save.
There too were spoils of bygone wars
Hung on the portals, captive cars,
Strong city-gates with massy bars,
 And battle-axes keen,
And plummy cones from helmets shorn,
And beaks from vanquished vessels torn,
 And darts, and bucklers sheen.
There with his bowed augurial wand
And scanty robe with purple band,
The sacred buckler in his hand,
 Sat Picus, horseman king,
Who stirred of old the jealous flame
Of Circe, wonder-working dame,
And by her potent drugs became
 A bird of dappled wing.

THE ÆNEID.

[Latinus Asks the Errand of the Trojans.]--
(CONINGTON.)

Such was the fane within whose walls
The king enthroned the Trojans' calls,
And, thronging round him as they stand,
With tranquil mien accosts the band:

“Say, Dardans, for we know your name,
Nor sail ye hither strange to Fame,
What need has power to waft you o'er
Such length of seas to this our shore?
If stress of wind, or way mista'en,
Or other suffering on the main,
Has made you thread our stream, and moor
Your vessels from its pleasant shore,
Disdain not this our Latin cheer,
But know the race to Saturn dear,
Not righteous by constraint or fear,
But freely virtuous, self-controlled
By memory of the age of gold.”

[Ilioneus Recites Troy's Fall and Craves Shelter
and an Abiding-place for the Fugitive Trojans.]
—(DRYDEN.)

* * * Ilioneus made this reply:
“O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forced our way,
Nor did the stars our wandering course betray;
Willing we sought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desired at length we found.
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expelled,
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**;

THE ÆNEID.

And hither are we come by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest from Mycenæ poured,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devoured;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Even 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, through the watery waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past;
At last escaped, 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 banished gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides, what endless honor you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sovereign and his fate I swear,
Renowned for faith in peace, for force in war.
Oft our alliance other lands desired,
And what we seek of you of us required.
Despise not, then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs and sue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doomed 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 Numicius opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possessed;
This golden charger, snatched from burning Troy.

THE ÆNEID.

Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
In full assemblies and in solemn games;
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames."

[The King, Recalling the Prophecy, Grants the
Request of the Trojans and Offers his Daugh-
ter's hand to Æneas.]—(CONINGTON.)

* * * With gladness he exclaims:
"Speed, gracious Heaven, a parent's aims
And thine own sign! I grant your prayer,
Kind guest, nor scorn the gifts you bear.
You shall not lack, while mine the throne,
Rich soil and plenty like your own.
Let but Æneas, if he feel
For us and ours so warm a zeal,
Would he be friend and firm ally,
Approach, nor shun our kindly eye:
For know, that treaty may not stand
Where king greets king and joins not hand.
Now list, and to your monarch take
What further answer here I make.
A maiden child is mine, whose hand
May mate with none of this our land,
Thus heaven declares with many a sign,
And voices from my father's shrine:
Our fate, they say, has yet in store
A bridegroom from a foreign shore,
Whose mingling blood shall raise our name
Above the empyrean frame.
That he, your chief, is fortune's choice,
So speaks my heart, my hope, my voice."
He ceased, and bade be brought for all
Fleet horses from his royal stall:

THE ÆNEID.

Three hundred in the stable stood
With glossy coat and fiery blood:
The servants hear, and straightway lead
For every chief a gallant steed:
A purple cloak each courser decks,
And golden poytrels grace their necks:
For Venus' son the monarch's care
Provides a car and princely pair,
Twin horses of ethereal seed,

 Their nostrils breathing flames of fire,
Derived from that clandestine breed

 By Circe stolen from her sire.

So, cheered with gifts and courteous phrase,
The Trojans take their homeward ways,
And, mounted as they ride, report
A friendly welcome from the court.

[Juno Devoured with Rage at the Balking of her
Hate, Causes the Fury Alecto to Incite Dis-
cord and War.]—(DRYDEN.)

* * * "I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have waged a long and unsuccessful war;
With various arts and arms in vain have toiled,
And by a mortal man at length am foiled.
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt,
To seek for needful succor from without?
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firmed 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,

THE ÆNEID.

With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endowed
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood.
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A second Paris, differing 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 the 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.
Even 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 labor to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feigned pretence
Of proffered 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 funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds;
Confound the peace established, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."

THE ÆNEID.

[Queen Amata, Gloomy at the Rejection of Turnus,
is Envenomed by Alecto's Serpent.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

Then, steeped in venom's direst gall,
Alecto spreads her wing
For Latium and the stately hall
Of the Laurentian king,
Alights, and sits her down before
Amata's silent chamber-door:
Who, musing on the new-come host
And Turnus' hopes malignly crossed,
Was seething o'er, unhappy queen,
With woman's passion, woman's spleen.
The goddess snatched a serpent, bred
'Mid the dark ringlets of her head,
And hurled it at the dame,
That she, made frantic by the smart
Deep working in her inmost heart,
Might set the house on flame.
In glides the snake, unfelt, unseen,
Thin robe and ivory breast between,
And breathing in its poisonous breath,
Enwraps her in a dream of death:
Now with her golden necklace blends,
Now from her fillet's length depends,
With serpent gold her tresses binds,
And smoothly round her person winds.
So, when the viperous influence
Is first distilling o'er the sense,
Nor yet the soul has caught entire
The fever of contagious fire,
Gently, as mother might, she speaks,
The hot tears rolling down her cheeks,
Tears for her hapless daughter shed
And Phrygia's hated bridal bed:

THE ÆNEID.

“And shall a Dardan fugitive,
O father, with Lavinia wife?
And will you not compassion take
For daughter's, sire's or mother's sake?
Ay, well I know, the first fair gale
Shall see the faithless pirate sail,
And bear from home the weeping maid,
The prize of his triumphant raid.
Not thus, forsooth, the Phrygian swain
Made stealthy progress o'er the main,
To Sparta won his way, and bore
Fair Helen to the Idæan shore.
Where now your sacred promise? where
The love you wont your own to bear,
Or where that hand, whose friendly grasp
The hand of Turnus oft would clasp?
If nought will serve for Latium's need
But bridegroom sprung from foreign seed,
And father Faunus' solemn hest
Sits heavy on your anxious breast,
All climes that own not our command,
So read I Fate, are foreign land.
And Turnus, if enquiry trace
The first beginnings of his race,
Counts with his grandsires Argive kings,
And from Mycenæ's midmost springs.”

[The Latian Women Driven to Frenzy by Alecto.]
—(MORRIS.)

But when she thus had said in vain, and saw Latinus
still
Withstand her; when all inwardly the maddening ser-
pent's ill
Hath smitten through her heart of hearts and passed
through all her frame,

THE ÆNEID.

Then verily the hapless one, with dreadful things
aflame,
Raves through the city's length and breadth in God-
wrought agonies:
As 'neath the stroke of twisted lash at whiles the whip-
top flies,
Which lads all eager for the game drive, ever circling
wide
Round some void hall; it, goaded on beneath the strip
of hide,
From circle unto circle goes; the silly childish throng
Still hanging o'er, and wondering 'how the box-tree
spins along,
The while their lashes make it live: no quieter she ran
Through the mid city, borne amid fierce hearts of many
a man.
Then in the wilderness she feigns the heart that Bach-
chus fills,
And stirs a greater madness up, beginning greater ills,
And mid the leafy mountain-side her daughter hides
away,
To snatch her from the Teucrian bed, the bridal torch
to stay;
Foaming: "Hail, Bacchus! thou alone art worthy lord
to wed
This virgin thing: for thee she takes the spear's soft-
fruited head,
For thee she twinkleth dancing feet, and feeds her
'holy hair."
The rumor flies, and one same rage all mother-folk
doth bear,
Heart-kindled by the Fury's ill, to roofs of all unrest:
They flee the house and let the wind play free o'er
hair and breast:
While others fill the very heavens with shrilly quiver-
ing wail,

THE ÆNEID.

And skin-clad toss about the spear the wreathing vine-
leaves veil:

But she ablaze amidst of them upholds the fir-lit flame,
And sings her daughter's bridal song, and sings of
Turnus' name,

Rolling her blood-shot eyes about; then eager suddenly
She shouts: "Ho, mothers! Latin wives, wherever ye
may be,

Harken! if in your righteous souls abideth any love
Of lorn Amata; if your souls a mother's right may
move,

Cast off the fillets from your locks, with me the mad-
ness bear."

So through the woodland wilderness and deserts of the
deer

Alecto drave the Queen around, with Bacchus' stings
beset.

[Alecto Disguised Exhorts Turnus to Vengeance
Upon Æneas.]—(DRYDEN.)

Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroiled in civil war,
Raised on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies,

* * * * *

Secure in sleep: the Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried
The foulness of the 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 cheeks 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 Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
 Of Juno, now she seemed, 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 sceptre 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-powerful Juno sends, I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
 With faith 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 power of Turnus prove,
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love;
 For such is heaven's command."

[Turnus, Unknowing, Scorns the Crone, and is
 Terror-stricken by the Fearful Fury.]—(DRY-
 DEN.)

The youthful prince
 With scorn replied, and made this bold defense:
 "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

THE ÆNEID.

Of arms imagined 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 frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke;
Her eyes grow stiffened, 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, lingering, 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 imagined in her lonely cell;
Behold the Fates' infernal minister—
War, death, destruction in my hand I bear."

[The Mad Rage of Turnus.]—(MORRIS.)

She spake, and on the youth she cast her torch and
set its blaze,
A mirky gleam of smoke-wreathed flame, amidmost of
his heart:
And mighty dread his slumber brake, and forth from
every part,
From bones and body, burst the sweat, and o'er his
limbs 'gan fall;
And wild he cries for arms, and seeks for arms from
bed and wall:
The sword-lust rageth in his soul, and wicked thirst
of war.
So was it as at whiles it is, when with a mighty roar

THE ÆNEID.

The twiggen flame goes up about the hollow side of
brass;
The water leapeth up therewith, within comes rage to
pass,
The while the cloudy foaming flood spouts up a
bubbling stir,
Until the sea refrains no more; the black cloud flies in
air.
So to the dukes of men he shows how peace hath evil
end,
And on Latinus biddeth them in weed of war to wend;
That they may save their Italy, and thrust the foemen
forth.
And he will fare unto the field more than the twain
of worth,
Teucrians and Latins: so he saith, and calls the Gods
to aid.
Then eagerly Rutulian men to war and battle bade:
For some his glorious beauty stirred, and some his
youth drave on,
And some his sires; and some were moved by deeds
his hand had done.

[The Fury Embroils the Trojan Youths and the
Latian Peasants in Deadly Strife.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

While Turnus thus to fury fans
The Rutules' warlike might,
Alecto on her Stygian vans
Turns to Troy's camp her flight.
New cunning in her breast, a place
She in the distance eyed,
Where young Iulus led the chase
Along the river-side:
Then sudden to his hounds' keen smell

THE ÆNEID.

Presents the lure they know so well,
 A gallant stag to start:
'Twas thence a nation's sorrow flowed,
And kindling into madness glowed
 The savage rustic heart.
Of beauteous form and branching head
A stag in human haunts was bred,
 From mother's milk withdrawn,
By Tyrrheus and his children reared,
Tyrrheus, who ruled the royal herd,
 The ranger of the lawn.
Fair Silvia, daughter of the race,
Its horns with wreaths would interlace,
Comb smooth its shaggy coat, and lave
Its body in the crystal wave.
Tame and obedient, it would stray
Free through the woods a summer's day,
And home again at night repair
E'en of itself, how late soe'er.
So now 'twas wandering when the pack
Gave tongue and followed on its track,
As sheltered from the noontide beam
It floated listless down the stream.
Ambition fired Ascanius too;
The shaft he aimed, the bow he drew:
Fate guides his hand: with whirring speed
Through flank and belly flies the reed.
Homeward the wounded creature fled,
Took refuge in the well-known shed,
And bleeding, crying as for aid,
Through all the house its moaning made
With flat hand smiting on each arm
Poor Silvia gives the first alarm,
 And calls the rural folk:
They—for the fury-pest unseen,
Is lurking in the woodland green--

THE ÆNEID.

Or ere she deems, are close at hand;
One grasps a charred and hardened brand,

And one a knotted oak:

Whate'er the seeker's haste may find
Does weapon's work for fury blind.
Stout Tyrrheus, as he splits in four
With wedge on wedge a tree's tough core,
Leaps forth, his hatchet still in hand,
And, breathing rage, arrays his band.
The goddess from her vantage tower
Perceives, and seizes mischief's hour
Flies to the summit of the stall,
And thence shrills out the shepherd's call,
With harsh Tartarean voice in air
Pitching on high the horn's hoarse blare.
That sound the forest line convulsed;
The long vibration throbbled and pulsed
Through all the depth of wood:
'Twas heard by Trivia's lake afar,
Heard by the sulphurous waves of Nar
And Velia's fountain flood;
And terror-stricken mothers pressed
Their children closer to their breast.

Now, gathering at the hideous sound,
The rustics from the country round

Snatch up their arms and run:

The Trojan youth, their gates displayed,
Stream forth to give Ascanius aid,

And battle is begun.

No longer now 'tis village feud,
Waged with seared stakes and truncheons rude.

Another game they try:

'Tis two-edged iron: swords and spears

Bristle the field with spiky ears:

Responsive to the sun's appeal

THE ÆNEID.

Flash glittering brass and burnished steel,
And fling their rays on high:
As when beneath the winds' first sweep
The white foam gathers on the deep,
The waters gradual rise,
High and more high the billows grow,
Till from the very depth below
They mount into the skies.
Young Almo, Tyrrheus' heir till then,
Falls mid the foremost fighting men,
By whizzing shaft laid low:
Deep in his gullet lodged the death
And choked the ways of voice and breath
With life-blood's gushing flow:
Around him many a warrior bleeds,
And old Galæsus, as he pleads
In vain for peace: no juster son
Had fair Ausonia, richer none:

[The Mischief Finished, Juno Commands Alecto
Back to Hell.]—(CRANCH.)

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

THE ÆNEID.

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

[The Latians, Inflamed by Juno and Led by Turnus,
Demand War Against the Trojans.]—
(MORRIS.)

No less meanwhile did Saturn's Queen still turn her
hand to leaven
That war begun. The shepherd folk rush from the
battle-wrack
Into the city of the king, bearing their dead aback,
Almo the lad, Galæsus slain with changed befoulèd face.
They bid Latinus witness bear, and cry the Gods for
grace.
Turnus is there, and loads the tale of bale-fire and the
sword,
And swells the fear: "The land shall have a Teucrian
host for lord:
With Phrygians shall ye foul your race and drive me
from your door.
Then they, whose mothers midst the wood God Bac-
chus overbore,

THE ÆNEID.

To lead the dance—Amata's name being held in nowise
light—
Together draw from every side, and weary for the fight.
Yea, all with froward heart and voice cry out for war
and death,
That signs of heaven forbid so sore, that high God
gainsayeth,
And King Latinus' house therewith beset they eagerly;
But he unmoved against them stands as crag amid the
sea;
As crag amid the sea, that stands unmoved and huge
to meet
The coming crash, while plenteously the waves bark
round its feet:
Vain is the roaring on the rocks and rattling shingly
crash,
The wrack from off its smitten sides falls down amid
the wash.

[King Latinus Denounces the War as Sacrilege
and Retires Within His Palace.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

So stood the pious prince unmoved, and long
Sustained the madness of the noisy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevailed,
And all the method of cool counsel failed,
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 leave 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 heaven for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,

THE ÆNEID.

I to the port of death securely tend;
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but in his walls confined
Shut out the woes which he too well divined,
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm and let the vessel drive.

[Juno Unbars the Gates of War, and Sets the
Latians Ablaze.](—(CONINGTON.)

Two gates there stand of War—'twas so
Our fathers named them long ago—
The war-god's terrors round them spread
An atmosphere of sacred dread:
A hundred bolts the entrance guard,
And Janus there keeps watch and ward.
These, when his peers on war decide,
The consul, all in antique pride
Of Gabine cincture deftly tied
 And purple-striped attire,
With grating noise himself unbars,
And calls aloud on Father Mars:
The warrior train takes up the cry,
And horns with brazen symphony
 Their hoarse assent conspire.
'Twas thus they bade the king proclaim
Fierce war against the Trojan name,
 And ope the gates of doom:
The good old sire with hand and eye
Shrank from the hated ministry
 And deeper plunged in gloom.
When lo! in person from above
Descends the imperial spouse of Jove,
Smote the barred gates, and backward rolled
On jarring hinge each bursten fold.

THE ÆNEID.

Ausonia, all inert before,
Takes fire and blazes to the core:
And some on foot their march essay,
Some, mounted, storm along the way;
 To arms! cry one and all:
With unctuous lard their shields they clean
And make their javelins bright and sheen,
Their axes on the whetstone grind;
Look how that banner takes the wind!

* * * *

Steel caps they frame their brows to fit,
And osier twigs for bucklers knit:
Or twist the hauberk's brazen mail
And mould them greaves of silver pale:
To this has shrunk the homage paid
Erewhile to ploughshare, scythe, and spade:
Each brings his father's battered blade
 And smelts in fire anew:
And now the clarions pierce the skies:
From rank to rank the watchword flies:
This tears his helmet from the wall,
That drags his war-horse from the stall,
Dons three-piled mail and ample shield,
And girds him for the embattled field
 With falchion tried and true.

[The Latian Heroes and Their Followers Gather
for the War.]—(CRANCH.)

Fair Aventinus next, Alcides' son,
Drives o'er the field his car that won the palm,
And his victorious steeds. Upon his shield
The emblem of his mighty sire he bears,
A Hydra cinctured with a hundred snakes.

* * * *

For arms, his soldiers bear long pikes and spears

THE ÆNEID.

And tapering swords and Sabine darts; while he
Himself, on foot, clothed in a lion's skin
With grim and shaggy fur, the white teeth worn
About his head, strides through his royal halls
In the rough garb of Hercules his sire.

* * * *

A band of rustics from around attend;

* * * *

Not all are armed; nor shields nor rattling cars
Are theirs: but some sling balls of lead, and some
Carry two spears; and tawny wolf-skin caps
They wear: the left foot naked on the ground,
And on the right a sandal of raw hide.

Messapus next, steed-tamer, Neptune's son,
Invincible by fire or steel, calls forth
His sluggish tribes and bands unused to war,
And draws his sword again. * * *

* * * * These all

Move on in equal ranks, and praise their king
With songs: as when a flock of snowy swans,
Winging their way through clouds, returning home
From seeking food, sonorous strains are heard
From their long throats; the river echoes back,
And far and wide the Asian marshes ring.
None would have thought that from a troop like theirs
Could cluster these battalions clad in brass;
But rather that some airy cloud of cranes
With clamors hoarse were flying from the sea.

* * * All these come thronging thick and fast
As rolling waves of Libyan seas, what time
The fierce Orion in the wintry floods
Has set, or as the dense and bearded crops
That burn in summer suns upon the plains
Of Hermus, or the yellow Lycian fields.

THE ÆNEID.

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

These carry tapering darts, with pliant straps
Deftly adjoined; the left arm bears a shield;
Their swords are crooked, for close combat shaped.

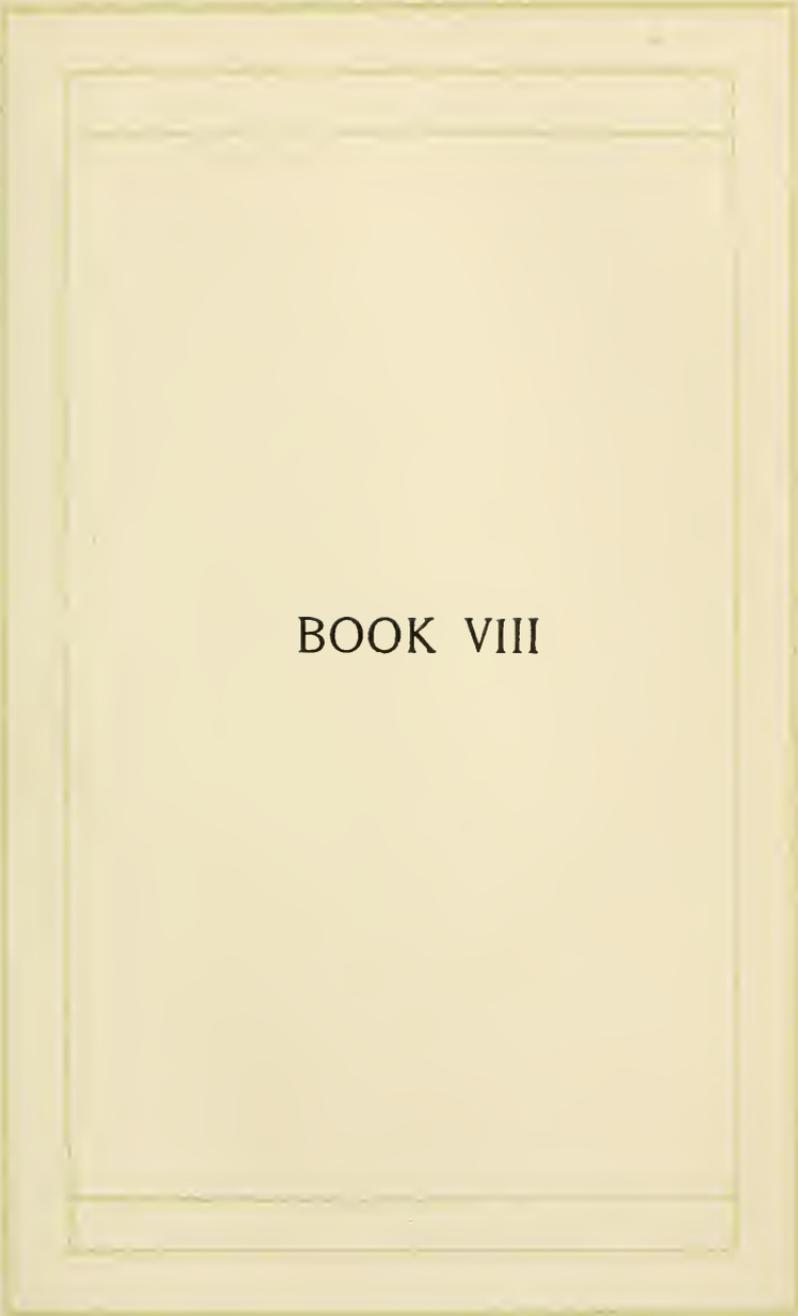
* * * *

These in Teutonic fashion hurl their spears,
With caps of cork-tree bark upon their heads,
And shine with brazen shields and brazen swords.

With noble form, o'ertopping by a head
The rest, comes Turnus, armed, among the first:
His lofty helmet crowned with triple crest
Bears a Chimæra breathing from its jaws
Ætnæan fire; more baleful rage the flames
The more the battle waxes hot, and blood
Is poured. In glittering gold upon his shield—
A memorable theme—is wrought the form
Of Io, now a heifer, overgrown
With bristly hair, and with her horns erect,
And Argus watching her, and Inachus
Pouring a river from his sculptured urn.
Then comes a cloud of followers on foot;
And over all the plain the bucklered hosts
Grow thick; the Argive youths, the Auruncan bands,
Rutulians, and Sicanian veterans,
And armed Sacranians, and Labici come,
With painted shields; all those who till thy fields,
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore,
Or drive the ploughshare through Rutulian hills,
And the Circæan promontory; those
Whose meadows Jupiter of Anxur guards,
Whose verdant groves Feronia consecrates,
Where spreads the gloomy marsh of Satura,
And the cool Ufens through the valleys seeks
Its winding course, and pours into the sea.

THE ÆNEID.

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



BOOK VIII

BOOK VIII

[Tiber, the River-God, Appears to Æneas in a Dream.]—(CRANCH.)

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

'Twas night: on all the weary life of earth,
On man, and birds, and flocks, deep sleep had fallen;
When on the river-bank Æneas throws
His limbs, beneath the cool and open sky,
His breast disturbed with gloomy thoughts of war,
As slowly o'er his frame his late rest steals.
Then, through the poplar leaves, the god who ruled
The spot, Old Tiberinus, from his calm
And pleasant river-bed was seen to rise.
A sea-green vapory robe his figure veiled,
And shadowy reeds were woven round his hair.
He with these words dispelled the hero's cares:

THE ÆNEID.

[Father Tiber Counsels Æneas to Seek an Alliance
with Evander.]—(DRYDEN.)

“Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promised place,
Who through the foes hast borne thy banished gods,
Restore 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
The 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 banished band,
Driven with Evander from the Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and placed on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls,
Derived 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 power thy just devotion pay.
With sacrifice the wrathful Queen appease,
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:

THE ÆNEID.

When thou returnest 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,
Renowned on earth, esteemed among the gods.
This is my certain seat: in times to come
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."
He said, and plunged below; while yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas 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 powers bespoke:
"Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tiber in thy sacred bed,
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep;
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery 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 evening vows.
But, oh, be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made."

[They Ascend the River to Evander's Town.]—
(CONINGTON.)

This said, he choses biremes two,
Provides them oars, and arms the crew:
When lo! a sudden prodigy:
A milk-white sow is seen
Stretched with her young ones, white as she,
Along the margent green.

THE ÆNEID.

Æneas takes them, dam and brood,
And o'er the altar pours their blood,
To thee, great Juno, e'en to thee,
 High heaven's majestic queen.
All night the Tiber calmed his flood,
And stayed its onward course, and stood,
That smooth might lie the watery floor,
Nor aught impede the toiling oar.
So speed they on 'mid joyful cries;
 Careened, the vessels glide;
And waves and woods with strange surprise
See glittering steel and painted keel
 Advancing up the tide.
Still rowing on, they wear away
The energies of night and day,
O'erpass full many a lengthy reach,
'Neath alder shade or spreading beech,
And gently wind thick groves between
That lend the wave a deeper green.
The sun was at his midday height,
When tower and rampire loom in sight,
 And dwellings thinly strown:
Now to the skies Rome's power makes soar
That city: then 'twas scant and poor,
 Evander's humble throne.
Soon as they see, to land they steer
Their ships, and to the town draw near.

[King Evander Welcomes the Trojans and Forms
a League of Friendship.]—(DRYDEN.)

* * * Pallas a javelin seized,
Then gained a rising ground, and called from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
Your business here; and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,

THE ÆNEID.

And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expelled from Troy, provoked in Italy,
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made,
At first affianced and at last betrayed.

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,
Embraced the stranger prince, and joined his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas 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; though I know
Your birth is Grecian and your land my foe;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim;
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighboring nations blown,
Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.

* * * *

Raised by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor asked 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 expelled, what further force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land.
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offered faith, and give us thine;

THE ÆNEID.

Ours is a generous and experienced line;
We want not hearts, nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.”
He said, and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander viewed the man with vast surprise,
Pleased with his action, ravished with his face,
Then answered 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 though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court designed
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through the Arcadian kingdom took his way.
I saw the shining train with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleased my sight;
But great Anchises far above the rest,
With awful wonder fired my youthful breast;
I longed 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 constrained to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnessian bow,
A vest embroidered, 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 to-morrow'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;
Honor our annual feast, and take your seat
With friendly welcome at a homely treat.”

THE ÆNEID.

[The Tuscans, in Revolt Against Their King, Await
a Foreign Leader.]—(DRYDEN.)

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 pressed;
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promised aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas 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;
The Arcadian first, their former talk renews:
"Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost while you survive.
Command the assistance of a faithful friend,
But feeble are the succors 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 favor your intent.

* * * *

By just revenge the Tuscans, set on fire
With arms, their king to punishment require.
Their numerous troops, now mustered 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, skilled in future fate,

THE ÆNEID.

With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
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 powerful people. Seek a foreign head.'”

[They Join the Trojans, Venus Gives Promise of
Aid, and Æneas Accepts the War.](—(DRY-
DEN.)

“Awed with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promised guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown and every 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 forced 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 vigor, and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,
Pursue the ready path to sovereign 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 to admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son

THE ÆNEID.

As many more has added in his own."
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes their silent grief expressed,
Who short of succors, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud
To cheer her issue, thundered thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flashed along the sky;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heaven serene refulgent arms appear.
Reddening the skies and glittering all around
The tempered metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine,
Æneas only conscious to the sign
Presaged the event; and joyful viewed above,
The accomplished promise of the Queen of Love.
Then, to the Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heavens calls me to the war; the expected sign
Is given of promised 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 foreshowed
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;
And corpses, swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood; now sound the loud alarms;
And Latian troops, prepare your perjured arms!"

[The Trojans and Their Allies March Forth.]—
(CONINGTON.)

Now through the open gates at last
The mounted company had passed:

THE ÆNEID.

Æneas and Achates lead:
The other lords of Troy succeed.
Young Pallas in the midst is seen
With broidered scarf and armor sheen:
Like Lucifer, the day-spring's star,
To radiant Venus dearest far
 Of all the sons of light,
When, bathed in ocean's wave, he rears
His sacred presence 'mid the spheres,
 And dissipates the night.
The matrons on the ramparts stand:
 Their straining eyes pursue
The dusty cloud, the mail-clad band
 Far flashing on the view.
Through thicket and entangled brake
The nearest road the warriors take,
 And hark! the war-cry's sound;
The line is formed, and horny feet
Recurrently the champaign beat
 And shake the crumbling ground.
Hard by encamped there held their post
Brave Tarchon and his Tyrrhene host,
And from the hill-top might be seen
Their legions stretching o'er the green:
The Trojans join them on the mead,
And seek refreshment, man and steed.

[Venus Brings to Æneas Arms Forged by Vulcan.]
—(MORRIS.)

But through the clouds of heavenly way doth fair white
 Venus wend,
Bearing the gift; who when she saw in hidden valley
 there
Her son afar, apart from men by river cool and fair,

THE ÆNEID.

Then kind she came before his eyes, and in such words
she spake:

“These promised gifts, my husband’s work, O son, I
bid thee take:

So shalt thou be all void of doubt, O son, when presently

Laurentines proud and Turnus fierce thou bidst the
battle try.”

So spake the Cytherean one and sought her son’s embrace,

And hung the beaming arms upon an oak that stood in
face.

But he, made glad by godhead’s gift, and such a glory
great,

Marvelleth and rolleth o’er it all his eyes insatiate,

And turns the pieces o’er and o’er his hands and arms
between;

The helm that flasheth flames abroad with crest so
dread beseen:

The sword to do the deeds of fate; the hard-wrought
plates of brass,

Blood-red and huge; yea, e’en as when the bright sun
brings to pass

Its burning through the coal-blue clouds and shines
o’er field and fold:

The light greaves forged and forged again of silver-
blend and gold:

The spear, and, thing most hard to tell, the plating of
the shield.

[The Wonderful Shield Made by Vulcan, Whereon
are Pictured Great Deeds of Coming Rome.]
—(CONINGTON.)

There, prescient of the years to come,
Italia’s times, the wars of Rome,

THE ÆNEID.

The fire's dark lord had wrought:
E'en from Ascanius' dawning days
The generations he portrays,
The fights in order fought.
There too the mother wolf he made
In Mar's cave supinely laid:
Around her udders undismayed
The gamesome infants hung,
While she, her loose'neck backward thrown,
Caressed them fondly, one by one,
And shaped them with her tongue.
Hard by, the towers of Rome he drew
And Sabine maids in public view
Snatched 'mid the Circus games:
So 'twixt the fierce Romulean brood
And Tatius with his Cures rude
A sudden war upflames.

* * * * *

Porsenna there with pride elate
Bids Rome to Tarquin ope her gate:
With arms he hems the city in:
Æneas' sons stand firm to win
Their freedom with their blood:
Enraged and menacing his air,
That Cocles dares the bridge to tear,
And Clœlia' breaks her bonds, bold fair,
And swims across the flood.
There Manlius on Tarpeia's steed
Stood firm, the Capitol to keep:

* * * * *

A silver goose in gilded walls
With flapping wings announced the Gauls;
And through the wood the invaders crept,
And climbed the height, while others slept.
Golden their hair on head and chin:

THE ÆNEID.

Gold collars deck their milk-white skin:
Short cloaks with colors checked
Shine on their backs: two spears each wield
Of Alpine make; and oblong shields
Their brawny limbs protect.

* * * * *

Far off he sets the gates of Dis,
And Tartarus' terrible abyss,
And dooms to guilt assigned:
There Catiline on frowning steep
Hangs poised above the infernal deep
With Fury-forms behind:
And righteous souls apart he draws,
With Cato there to give them laws.

[The Triumph of Augustus Over Antony and Cleopatra.]—(DRYDEN.)

Between the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks, opposed with equal rage.
Young Cæsar on the stern in armor 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 prosperous gales,
And with propitious gods his foes assails;
A naval crown that binds his manly brows.
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Ranged on the line opposed, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids and troops of Eastern kings.
The Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant and a mingled war.
And rich in gaudy robes amidst the strife,

THE ÆNEID.

His ill fate follows him—the Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
The froth is gathered, and the water glows.
It seems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed javelins fly,
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The Queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals tossed her fainting soldiers warms.
Fool as she was, who had not yet divined
Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's Queen defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose the ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is graved, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent,
And discord dyed in blood with garments rent
Divides the peace. 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 wingèd flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the watery 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.
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.
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,

THE ÆNEID.

By Vulcan labored and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder filled the hero's thought:
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK IX

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BOOK IX

[Counseled by Iris of Æneas's Absence, the Latians
Beleaguer the Camp.]-CONINGTON.)

“**C**URNUS, what never god would dare
To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
Lo here, the lapse of time has brought
E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought.
Æneas camp and fleet forsakes
And journey to Evander takes,
Nor thus content, his way has found
To far Cortona's utmost bound,
The Lydian people calls to arms,
And musters all the rustic swarms.
Why longer wait? the moment flies:
Call horse and car: the camp surprise.”
E'en as she spoke, her wings she spread,
And skyward on her rainbow fled.

* * * * *

And now the host is on the plain,
With steeds, and gold, and broidered grain.

* * * * *

Troy's sons look forth, and see revealed
Black-dust clouds, moving o'er the field:
And first from off the fronting mole
Aloud Caicus calls:

THE ÆNEID.

“What murky clouds are these that roll?
Fetch weapons, man the walls!
See there, the foe!” And one and all
Pour through the gates and fill the wall.
For such Æneas’ last command,
What time he stood to go,
Should chance meanwhile surprise his band,
To wage no conflict hand to hand,
But safe behind the rampart stand
And thence direct the blow.
So now, though shame and scornful rage,
Quick blending, prompt them to engage,
They act his bidding, close the gate,
And armed, in sheltering towers await
The coming of the foe.

[Turnus Seeks to Burn the Trojan Ships, Which
are Transformed by the Gods into Sea-
Nymphs.](—(DRYDEN.)

The fiery Turnus flew before the rest;
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he pressed:
His helm of massy gold, and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he faced the lines.

“Is there,” he said, “in arms who bravely dare,
His leader’s honor and his danger share?”
Then spurring on, his brandished dart he threw,
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.

Amazed 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 every post, and every passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending showers and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,

THE ÆNEID.

His gnashing teeth are exercised in vain;
And impotent of anger finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
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, fenced with strong redoubts, their navy lies,
Close underneath the walls; the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wished occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires and shakes a flaming brand;
Urged by his presence, every soul is warmed,
And every hand with kindled fires is armed.
From the fired pines the scattering sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mixed with flames involve the sky.

* * * *

When lo, the obedient ships their hawsers 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, surprised with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curbed his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tiber roared, and raising up his head,
Called back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
"These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent;
He takes the cowards' last relief away,
For fly they cannot, and, constrained to stay,
Must yield unfought a base inglorious prey.

* * * *

Now since the sun is rolling to the west,

THE ÆNEID.

Give me the silent night to needful rest;
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,
The morn shall end the small remains of war."

[The Rutulians Revel While the Trojans Keep the
Wall.]—(CONINGTON.)

Meanwhile Messapus has to set
About the gates a living net,
And kindle fires around:
Twice seven Rutulian chiefs he calls
Armed watch to keep beside the walls:
A hundred youths each chief obey:
Their helmets shoot a golden ray,
With crests of purple crowned.
They shift their posts, relieve the guard:
Then stretch them on the grassy sward,
To Bacchus open all their soul,
And tilt full oft the brazen bowl.
Throughout the night the watch-fires flame,
And all is revel, noise, and game.
Forth look the Trojans from their mound:
They see the leaguer stretching round,
And keep the rampart manned,
In anxious fear the gates inspect,
With bridges wall and tower connect,
And muster, spear in hand.

[Nisus and Euryalus Offer to Pass Through the
Rutulian Camp to Warn Æneas.]—CONING-
TON.)

Nisus was guardian of the gate,
No bolder heart in war's debate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ide
Sent, with his quiver at his side,

THE ÆNEID.

From hunting beasts in mountain brake
To follow in Æneas' wake:
With him Euryalus, fair boy;
None fairer donned the arms of Troy;
His tender cheek as yet unshorn
And blossoming with youth new-born.
Love made them one in every thought:
In battle side by side they fought;
And now in duty at the gate
The twain in common station wait.

* * * *

Troy's chosen chiefs in high debate
Were pondering o'er the reeling state,
What means to try, or whom to speed
To show Æneas of their need.
There stand they, midway in the field,
Still hold the spear, still grasp the shield:
When Nisus and his comrade brave
With eager tones admittance crave;
The matter high; though time be lost,
The occasion were well worth the cost.
Iulus hails the impatient pair,
Bids Nisus what they wish declare.
Then spoke the youth: "Chiefs! lend your ears,
Nor judge our proffer by our years.
The Rutules, sunk in wine and sleep,
Have ceased their former watch to keep:
A stealthy passage have we spied
Where on the sea the gate opes wide:
The line of fire is scant and broke,
And thick and murky rolls the smoke.
Give leave to seek, in these dark hours,
Æneas at Evander's towers,
Soon will you see us here again
Decked with the spoils of slaughtered men.
Nor strange the road; ourselves have seen

THE ÆNEID.

The city, hid by valleys green,
Just dimly dawning, and explored
In hunting all the river-board."
Out spoke Aletes, old and gray:
"Ye gods, who still are Ilium's stay,
No, no, ye mean not to destroy
Down to the ground the race of Troy,
When such the spirit of her youth,
And such the might of patriot truth."
Then, as the tears roll down his face,
He clasps them both in strict embrace:

[They Sally Forth, and After Slaying Many Sleep-
ing Foemen are Surrounded by Horsemen.]—
(MORRIS.)

Then forth they wend in weed of war, and they of
first estate,
Young men and old, wend forth with them, and leave
them at the gate
With following vows; and therewithal Iulus, goodly-
wrought,
Who far beyond his tender years had mind of manly
thought,
Charged them with many messages unto his father's
ear—
Vain words the night-winds bore away and gave the
clouds to bear.

Forth now they wend and pass the ditch, and through
the mirk night gain
The baneful camp: yet ere their death they two shall
be the bane
Of many: bodies laid in sleep and wine they see
strewed o'er

THE ÆNEID.

The herbage, and the battle-cars upreared along the shore;
And mid the reins and wheels thereof are men and weapons blent
With wine-jars. * * *
But horsemen from the Latin town meantime were on the way,
Sent on before to carry word to Turnus, lord and king,
While in array amid the fields the host was tarrying.
Three hundred knights, all shielded folk, 'neath Volscens do they fare.
And now they drew anigh the camp and 'neath its rampart were,
When from afar they saw the twain on left-hand foot-way lurk;
Because Euryalus' fair helm mid glimmer of the mirk
Betrayed the heedless youth, and flashed the moon-beams back again.
Nor was the sight unheeded: straight cries Volscens midst his men:
"Stand ho! why thus afoot, and why in weapons do ye wend,
And whither go ye?"
Nought had they an answer back to send,
But speed their fleeing 'mid the brake, and trust them to the night;
The horsemen cast themselves before each crossway known aright,
And every outgoing there is with guard they girdle round.
Rough was the wood; a thicket-place where black holm-oaks abound,
And with the tanglement of thorns choked up on every side,

THE ÆNEID.

The road but glimmering faintly out from where the
foot-tracks hide.
The blackness of o'erhanging bows and heavy battle-
prey
Hinder Euryalus, and fear beguiles him of the way.
Nisus comes out, and now had won unwitting from the
foe,
And reached the place from Alba's name called Alban
Meadows now;
Where King Latinus had as then his high-built herd-
houses.
So there he stands, and, looking round, his fellow
nowhere sees:

“Hapless Euryalus! ah me, where have I left thy face?
Where shall I seek thee, gathering up that tangle of the
ways
Through the blind wood?”

So therewithal he turns upon his track,
Noting his footsteps, and amid the hushed brake strays
aback,
Harkening the horse-hoofs and halloos and calls of
following folk.
Nor had he long abided there, ere on his ears out-
broke
Great clamor, and Euryalus he sees, whom all the band
Hath taken, overcome by night, and blindness of the
land,
And wildering tumult; there in vain he strives in
battle-play.
Ah, what to do? What force to dare, what stroke to
snatch away
The youth? Or shall he cast himself amid the swords
to die,
And hasten down the way of wounds to lovely death
anigh?

THE ÆNEID.

Then swiftly, with his arm drawn back and brandishing his spear
He looks up at the moon aloft, and thuswise poureth prayer:

[Nisus Strives to Rescue Euryalus.]—(DRYDEN.)

“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 offerings on thy altars make,
Or I increased them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils;
Give me to scatter these.” Then from his ear
He poised and aimed and launched the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove,
Pierced his thin armor, 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 amazed, a second javelin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the skies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,
And in the brain-pan 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 prisoner flies
With his drawn sword. * * *

[Both are Slain.]—(CONINGTON.)

Scared, maddened, Nisus shrieks aloud:
No more he hides in night’s dark shroud,
Nor bears the o’erwhelming pang:

THE ÆNEID.

“Me, guilty me, make me your aim,
O Rutules! mine is all the blame;
He did no wrong, nor e'er could do;
That sky, those stars attest 'tis true;
Love for his friend too freely shown,
This was his crime, and this alone.”
In vain he spoke: the sword, fierce driven,
That alabaster breast had riven.
Down falls Euryalus, and lies
In death's enthralling agonies:
Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow;
“His head sinks gradually low:”
Thus, severed by the ruthless plough,
 Dim fades a purple flower:
Their weary necks so poppies bow,
 O'er laden by the shower.
But Nisus on the midmost flies,
With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes:
In clouds the warriors round him rise,
 Thick hailing blow on blow:
Yet on he bears, no stint no stay:
Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway:
Till as for aid the Rutule shrieks
Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:
The dying hand has reft away
 The life-blood of its foe.
Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well.

* * * *

When Dawn o'er earth her radiance spread:
Upraised and fixed on lifted spears,
(Where in that hour were human tears?)
Two gory heads they thrust to view,
Euryalus' and Nisus' too,
 With cries of hate and rage.
Troy's iron sons array their fight

THE ÆNEID.

On the left rampart—for the right
Adjoins the river shore:—
Above their breadth of moat they stood
In lofty turrets, sad of mood:
And horror on their spirit fell
To see those heads they knew so well
Dripping with loathly gore.

[The Enemy Assault the Camp and Strive to Scale
the Wall.]—(DRYDEN.)

And now the trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling clangor rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
And heaven, 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 ponderous blow:
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo,
But could not bear the unequal combat long,
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng
The ruin falls, their shattered shields give way,
And their crushed heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
No 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,

THE ÆNEID.

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.

[The Tower of the Trojans is Burned and Its Defenders Slain.]—(MORRIS.)

There was a tower built high o'er head, with gang-ways up in air,
Set well for fight, 'gainst which the foe their utmost war-might bear,
And all Italians strive their most to work its overthrow:
'Gainst whom the Trojans ward it well, casting the stones below,
And through the hollow windows speed the shot-storm thick and fast.
There Turnus first of all his folk a flaming fire-brand cast,
And fixed it in the turret's flank; wind-nursed it caught great space
Of planking, and amid the doors, consuming, kept its place.
Then they within, bewildered sore, to flee their ills are fain,
But all for nought; for while therein they huddle from the bane,
And draw aback to place yet free from ruin, suddenly
O'erweighted toppleth down the tower, and thundereth through the sky.
Half-dead the warders fall to earth by world of wrack o'erborne,
Pierced with their own shafts, and their breasts with hardened splinters torn.
Yea, Lycus and Helenor came alone of all their peers

THE ÆNEID.

[Pandarus and Bitias Boastfully Open the Gate and
Slay Many Oncoming Assailants.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

Loud clamors rise: they charge once more,
Break down the mound, the trench bridge o'er,
Or to the topmost rampart throw
Their brands of pine-wood all aglow.

* * * * *

Rings through the camp the war-shout's peal;
They bend their bows and hurl the steel

Which leathern thong reclaims:
Spent javelins all the ground bestrow:
Helmet and shield rebound the blow:

A savage fight upflames.
So furiously from westward sped,
The Kid-star lowering overhead,
Wild tempests lash the plain:
So on the sea the hail falls fast,
When Jove, dread lord of southern blast,
His watery volleys flings broad-cast,
And opes the springs of rain.

Pandarus and Bitias, brethren twain,
Descended of Alcanor's strain
(Iæra bore them, nymph divine;
Their stature matched the hill-side pine
Or e'en the hill's own height),
Throw wide the gate they held in charge,
And trusting but to spear and targe
The foe's advance invite.
Themselves within the gateway stand,
Fronting the towers on either hand,
Magnificent in steel array,
And toss their plumes on high:
So two fair oaks that proudly grow

THE ÆNEID.

On banks of Athesis or Po
Their unshorn heads aloft display,
 And tower into the sky.
With eager joy the Rutules see
The gates thrown wide, the entrance free,
 And pour by hundreds in:
Full soon Aquicolus the fair,
With Quercens, Hæmon, fiery Tmare,
To flight with all their followers turn,
Or with their heels the threshold spurn
 But now they thought to win.
Fierce and more fierce the combat glows:
In gathering ranks the Trojans close,
 Nor further onset wait,
But foot to foot defy their foes,
 And press beyond the gate.

[Prince Turnus, Rushing to the Rescue, Makes
Great Havoc Among the Trojans and Slays
Bitias.]—(CONINGTON.)

Meanwhile to Turnus, as afar
On other parts he launches war
 And mars the foe's array,
Comes word that, flushed with blood new-shed,
The sons of Troy forget their dread,
 And wide their gates display.
Fell rage inspiring all his mind,
The unfinished work he leaves behind,
And rushes to the gates amain
To cope with that presumptuous twain.
First on Antiphates he bore,
Whom chance had planted in the fore,
 * * * *
Then Bitias, as with eyes aglow
And bursting rage he fronts his foe:

THE ÆNEID.

No dart was thrown; a puny dart
Had scarcely reached that giant heart,
No; 'twas a huge falaric spear,
Thundering in levin-like career,
That left the victor's hand:
Not two bull-hides, nor corslet mail,
Though painted twice with golden scale,
The onset might withstand.
The vast frame tumbles on the field;
Groans the jarred earth, loud clangs the shield.

[Turnus, Shut Within by the Closing of the Gates,
Slays Pandarus and Many Others.]—
(CRANCH.)

Now Mars inspired the Latins with fresh strength
And courage, and more fiercely spurred them on;
While flight and terror on the Trojans' hearts
He threw. They crowd together from all sides,
Since now they see a timely chance is given
For battle, and the war-god fires their souls,
When Pandarus sees his brother's body stretched
Upon the earth, and how their fortune takes
An unexpected turn, with mighty strength
Pressing with shoulders broad against the gate,
He turns it on its hinges, and so leaves
Full many a comrade from the walls shut out
Amid the cruel fray; but others too,
As on they rush, he shuts in with himself:
Infatuated man who did not see
The prince of the Rutulians 'mid the troops
That entered, by his own rash hand shut in—
Like a huge tiger 'mid a timorous flock.
For sudden from his eyes a strange light flashed;
His terrible armor rang; his blood-red crest
Trembled upon his head; and from his shield

THE ÆNEID.

Came gleams of lightning. Then the Trojans knew
The hated countenance, the form immense,
And stood dismayed. But mighty Pandarus,
Burning with anger for his brother's death,
Leaps forth: "No palace of Amata this,
Thy promised dower! No Ardea now holds
Turnus within his native walls! Thou seest
Thy enemies' camp, and thou art powerless now
To issue hence." Then Turnus, undisturbed,
Smiling replied: "Begin, if there be aught
Of valor in thy soul; and hand to hand
Meet me. Thou shalt tell Priam thou hast found
Another Achilles here!" Then Pandarus
Hurled at him with his utmost strength a spear
Rough with its knots and bark. Upon the air
Its force was wasted. Juno intervened,
And turned aside the weapon, and it stuck
Fast in the gate. Then Turnus cried aloud:
"Not so shalt thou escape this steel which now
My strong arm wields; nor is the hand so weak,
That grasps the weapon, or that deals the blow!"
So saying, with his lifted sword he towers,
And smiting down, through brow and temples cleaves
The youthful warrior's head and beardless cheeks—
A hideous wound; and as he falls, the earth
Shakes with a jarring sound. Dying he lay,
With stiffening limbs, and armor dashed with blood
And brains; while down from either shoulder hung
His cloven head. Hither and thither fly
The Trojans in confusion and dismay.
And had the victor then bethought himself
To unbar the gates and let his followers in,
That day had been the last day of the war
And of the Trojan race. But fury now
And a wild thirst for slaughter drove him on
Against the opposing foe.

THE ÆNEID.

[Overmatched by Great Numbers, the Valiant
Turnus is Beaten Slowly Back, but, Leaping
into the Tiber, Escapes.]—(MORRIS.)

* * * They gather heart and stand in close array,
Till step by step 'gins Turnus now to yield him from
the play,
And seek the river and the side the wet wave girds
about.
Then fiercer fall the Teucrians on, and raise a mighty
shout,
And lock their ranks: as when a crowd of menfolk and
of spears
Falls on a lion hard of heart, and he, beset by fears,
But fierce and grim-eyed, yieldeth way, though anger
and his worth
Forbid him turn his back about; no less to fare right
forth
Through spears and men avails him nought, though
ne'er so fain he be.
Not otherwise unhasty feet drew Turnus doubtfully
Abackward, all his heart a-boil with anger's overflow.
Yea, twice, indeed, he falls again amidmost of the foe,
And twice more turns to huddled flight their folk along
the walls:
But, gathered from the camp about, the whole host
on him falls,
So now the warrior's shielded left the play endureth
not,
Naught skills his right hand; wrapped around in drift
of weapons shot
About his temples' hollow rings his helm with ceaseless
clink;
The starkly-fashioned brazen plates amid the stone-
cast chink;

THE ÆNEID.

The crest is battered from his head; nor may the shield-
boss hold
Against the strokes: the Trojans speed the spear-storm
manifold,
And lightening Mnestheus thickeneth it: then over all
his limbs
The sweat bursts out, and all adown a pitchy river
swims:
Hard grows his breath, and panting sharp shaketh his
body spent.
Until at last, all clad in arms, he leapt adown, and sent
His body to the river fair, who in his yellow flood
Caught him, and bore him forth away on ripple soft
and good,
And gave him merry to his men, washed from the
battle's blood.



BOOK X

BOOK X

[Æneas, Returning with His Allies, is Warned by
Sea-Nymphs of the Camp's Desperate Straits.]
—(CONINGTON.)

THEY all day long in fight had striven,
With ceaseless toil and pain:
And now beneath a midnight heaven
Æneas ploughs the main.
For when, from good Evander sent,
He reached the Etruscan leader's tent,
Tells what his name and whence he springs,
What aid he asks, what powers he brings,
What arms are on Mezentius' side,
And Turnus' overweening pride,
And bids him think, with sighs and prayers,
What changes wait on man's affairs,
Not long the conference: Tarchon plights
His friendly troth, his force unites,
With action swift and brief:
The Lydian race, from fate set free,
By heaven's command put straight to sea,
Placed 'neath a foreign chief.

* * * *

The day had vanished from on high,
And Phœbe o'er the middle sky
Impelled her chariot pale:

THE ÆNEID.

Æneas, robbed by care of rest,
The vessel's course as helmsman dressed,

And trimmed the shifting sail.
When lo! a friendly company
Confronts him midway on the sea;
The nymphs to whom Cybebe gave
As goddesses to rule the wave.

* * * *

Cymodoce, of all the train,
Chief mistress of the vocal strain,
Her right hand on the vessel lays,
Oars with her left the watery ways,
And borne breast-high above the seas,
Stirs his awed soul with words like these:
"Still wakes Æneas, heaven's true seed?
Still wake, and mend your navy's speed.

* * * *

Your royal heir the while is pent
In palisade and battlement;
A hedge of spears is round him set,
And Latian foes the camp benet,
The Arcade horse with Tyrrhenes joined
Have mustered at the place assigned,
And Turnus bids his warlike train
Waylay them, ere the camp they gain.
Up, then, and soon as morn shall rise
Array for fight your bold allies,
And take your shield, of Vulcan's mould,
Invincible and rimmed with gold.
The morn shall see ('tis truth I speak),
Yon plains with Rutule carnage reek."

[Æneas Disembarks, Fiercely Opposed by Turnus.]
—(DRYDEN.)

Now from his lofty poop he viewed below
His camp encompassed, and the enclosing foe.

THE ÆNEID.

His blazing shield embraced he held on high,
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wondered at the fight renewed;
Till looking back the Trojan fleet he viewed:
The seas with swelling canvas covered o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seemed in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field,
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.

* * * *

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore,
Some are by boats exposed, by bridges more;
With laboring 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 murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along and swell the shore;
That course he steered, and thus he gave command:
"Here ply our 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 every oar, and every stretcher bends.
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock
(Thus forced ashore), and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back; the loosened sides give way,

THE ÆNEID.

And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labor to the land,
And ebbing tides bear back upon the uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.

* * * On either hand

These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
With mutual blood the 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 heaven
Stands without motion and the tide undriven,
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.

[Pallas and the Arcadian Allies are Hard Beset by
the Latians.]—(DRYDEN.)

But in another part the Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latin force;
For where the impetuous torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown;
They left their coursers, and unused to fight
On foot, were scattered in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief, had viewed
His foes pursuing and his friends pursued,
Used threatenings mixed with prayers, his last re-
source;
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their
force.

* * * * *

“Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way

THE ÆNEID.

Through yon black body and that thick array;
'Tis through that forward path that we must come;
There lies our way, and that our passage home,
Nor powers 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.

* * * *

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 neighboring 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;
So Pallas' troops their scattered strength unite;
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

[Turnus Seeks Pallas, and Engages Him in Combat.]—(CONINGTON.)

Now Turnus' sister warns her chief
That gallant Lausus needs relief;
At once, impetuous on his car,
He cleaves a pathway through the war,
And "Lay," he cries, "your weapons by;
I cope with Pallas, none but I;
Stand off, nor rob me of my due;
Would Heaven his sire were here to view!"
He spoke; his mates obedient hear,
And parting, leave the champaign clear.

THE ÆNEID.

Thence as the yielding crowd retires,
The brave youth pauses and admires,
Much marvels at his haughty phrase,
And scans his form with eager gaze;
Then, rolling round undaunted eyes,
With speech as resolute replies:
"Or goodly spoils shall make me great,
Or honorable death;
My sire is nerved for either fate:
Loud vaunts are empty breath."
He spoke, and marched into the field;
Chill fear the Arcadian hearts congealed.
Down plunges Turnus from his car,
Prepared on foot to fight:
As when a lion from afar
Beholds a bull intending war,
Headlong he comes with furious bound;
So fierce, advancing o'er the ground,
Looks Turnus to the sight.

[Pallas, Overmatched, Prays in Vain for Aid; His
Stroke Fails and He is Slain by Turnus.]—
(MORRIS.)

But Pallas with great gathered strength the spear from
him let fly,
And drew therewith from hollow sheath his sword all
eager-bright.
The spear flew gleaming where the arms rise o'er the
shoulder's height,
Smote home, and won its way at last through the
shield's outer rim,
And Turnus' mighty body reached and grazed the
flesh of him.
Long Turnus shook the oak that bore the bitter iron
head,

THE ÆNEID.

Then cast at Pallas, and withal a word he cast and said:

“Let see now if this shaft of mine may better win a pass!”

He spake; for all its iron skin and all its plates of brass,

For all the swathing of bull-hides that round about it went,

The quivering spear smote through the shield and through its midmost rent

And through the mailcoat’s staying fence the mighty breast did gain.

Then at the spear his heart-blood warmed did Pallas clutch in vain;

By one way and the same his blood and life, away they fare;

But down upon the wound he rolled, and o’er him clashed his gear,

And dying there his bloody mouth sought out the foeman’s sod:

Whom Turnus overstrides and says:

“Harken, Arcadians, bear ye back Evander words well learned:

Pallas I send him back again, dealt with as he hath earned,

If there be honor in a tomb, or solace in the earth,

I grudge it not—Ænean guests shall cost him things of worth.”

* * * *

But Pallas’ folk with plenteous groans and tears about him throng,

And laid upon his battle-shield they bear the dead along.

O thou, returning to thy sire, great grief and glory great,

THE ÆNEID.

Whom one same day gave unto war and swept away to
fate,
Huge heaps of death Rutulian thou leav'st the meadow
still.

And now no rumor, but sure word of such a mighty ill
Flies to Æneas, how his folk within the deathgrip lie,
And how time pressed that he should aid the Teucrians
turned to fly.

So all things near with sword he reaps, and wide he
drives the road
Amid the foe with fiery steel, seeking thee, Turnus
proud.

[Magus and Hæmonides are Smitten by Æneas.]—
(DRYDEN.)

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stopped below
The flying spear and shunned the promised blow;
Then creeping, clasped the hero's knees, and prayed:
"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots and in bars of gold.
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive shall Troy the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale,"
He said. The hero sternly thus replied:
"Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke

THE ÆNEID.

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 seized his helm and dragged him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreathed,
Up to the hilt his shining falchion sheathed.

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud;
Him the fierce Trojan followed through the field,
The holy coward fell; and forced to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and at one blow,
Sent him an offering to the shades below.

[Æneas Slays Anxur and Tarquitus.]—(CONINGTON.)

Stout Anxur's hand and all his shield,
His sword has tumbled on the field:
Poor wretch! he deemed that muttered charm
Had power destruction to disarm,
And, proudly swelling to the spheres,
Dreamed of hoar locks, and length of years.
E'en as the hero wreaked his wrath
Came Tarquitus athwart his path,
Whom Dryope to Faunus bore:
Refulgent armor cased him o'er.
The Dardan spear, with force addressed,
Drives shield and corslet on his breast;
Then while in vain he pours his prayers
And many a plea for life prepares,
His shapely neck the falchion shares:
Down falls the body, reft of head,
And thus Æneas taunts the dead:

THE ÆNEID.

“Lie there, proud youth! no mother dear
Shall lay you on your father’s bier:
Your corpse shall rot above the soil,
The eagle’s and the raven’s spoil,
Or drift unheeded down the flood,
While hungry fish shall lick your blood.”

[The Overthrow of Niphæus.]—(MORRIS.)

E’en as Ægæon, who they say had arms an hundred-
fold,
And hundred hands, from fifty mouths and maws the
wildfire rolled,
What time in arms against the bolts from Jove of
Heaven that flew
He clashed upon the fifty shields and fifty sword-
points drew:
So conquering, over all the mead Æneas’ fury burns
When once his sword is warm with death: and now,
behold, he turns
Upon Niphæus’ four-yoked steeds, and breasts their
very breath.
But when they see him striding far, and threatening
doom and death,
In utter dread they turn about, and rushing back again,
They shed their master on the earth and shoreward
drag the wain.

[Death of Lucagus and Liger.]—(DRYDEN.)

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 waved in air
His flaming sword; Æneas couched his spear,
Unused to threats and more unused to fear.

Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain
 To 'scape from hence as from the Trojan plain;
 Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
 Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
 Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield.
 Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field."
 Thus Liger vainly vaunts. The Trojan peer
 Returned his answer with his flying spear.
 As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
 Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends
 Prepared for fight, the fatal dart arrives
 And through the border of his buckler drives,
 Passed through and pierced his groin, the deadly
 wound,
 Cast from his chariot, rolled 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 seized at once the loosened 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 formed thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's prayer."
 Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said,
 But the stern hero turned aside his head
 And cut him short: "I hear another man:
 You talked not thus before the fight began;
 Now take your turn, and, as a brother should,
 Attend your brother to the Stygian flood."
 Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent,
 And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
 As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,

THE ÆNEID.

Thus raged the Prince, and scattered deaths around;
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieged in vain.

[Juno Having Forced Turnus Unwillingly from the
Field to Save His Life, Mezentius Leads the
Attack.]—(CONINGTON.)

Now, sped by promptings from the skies,
Mezentius takes the field, and flies

On Troy's triumphant van.

With gathered hate and furious blows,
The Tyrrhene legions round him close,

A nation 'gainst a man.

He stands like rock that breasts the deep,
Exposed to winds' and waters' sweep,
That bears all threats of sea and sky
In undisturbed tranquillity.

* * * * *

Like wild boar, driven from mountain height

By cries that scare and fangs that bite,

In Vesulus' pine-cinctured glen

Long fostered, or Laurentum's fen,

Mid reeds and marish ground,

Now, trapped among the hunter's nets,

His bristles rears, his tushes whets;

None dares for very fear draw nigh;

With arrowy war and furious cry

They stand at distance round;

E'en thus, of all Mezentius' foes,

None ventures hand to hand to close:

With deafening shouts and bended bows

Their tyrant they assail;

He, churning foam, from side to side

Glares round, and from his tough bull hide

Shakes off the brazen hail.

THE ÆNEID.

From ancient Corythus' domain
Had Acron come, of Grecian strain,
 Leaving his spouse unwed:
Him dealing death Mezentius spied
Clad in the robe his lady dyed
 And crowned with plumage red:
As lion ranging o'er the wold,
Made mad by hunger uncontrolled,
If flying roe his eyes behold
 Or lofty-antlered deer,
Grins ghastly, rears his mane, and hangs
O'er the rent flesh: his greedy fangs
 Dark streams of gore besmear:
So springs Mezentius on the foe:
Soon lies unhappy Acron low,
Spurns the soaked ground with dying heel,
And stains with blood the shivered steel.
Now, as Orodes strides before,
He deigns not to shed out his gore
 By javelin's covert blow;
He heads, and meets him front to front,
Not by base stealth, but strength's sheer brunt
 Prevailing o'er his foe.
With spear infix'd and scornful tread
Pressing the fallen, the conqueror said:
"Behold the great Orodes slain,
 Who stemmed the war so long!"
And at the word his joyous train
 Raise high the pæan song.
The chief replies: "Whate'er thy name,
 Not long shall be thy hour of pride:
The same dark powers thy presence claim,
 And soon shall stretch thee at my side."
Mezentius answers, smiling stern:
"Die thou: my fate is Jove's concern."

THE ÆNEID.

[Combat Between Æneas and Mezentius.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

Now, shaking his tremendous lance,
Mezentius makes renewed advance;
Huge as Orion's frame appears,
 What time on foot he strides
Through Nereus' watery realm, and rears
 His shoulder o'er the tides,
Or when, with ashen trunk in hand,
 Uptorn from mountain high,
He plants his footstep on the land,
 His forehead in the sky:
So towering high in steel array
Mezentius marches to the fray.
Æneas marks him far away
 And hastes his mighty foe to meet:
Firm stands the foe without dismay,
 Like mountain rooted to its seat:
Then nicely measures with his eye
The distance due for lance to fly.
"Now hear my prayer, my spear steel-tipped,
 And thou, my good right hand:
A votive trophy, all equipped
With spoils from yon false pirate stripped,
 To-day shall Lausus stand:"
He spoke, and forth his javelin threw:
From the broad shield apart it flew,
And piercing deep 'twixt side and flank
In brave Antores' frame it sank,
 * * * *
His javelin then Æneas cast;
Through triple plate of bronze it passed,
 Thick quilt, and hide-three-fold,
Till in the groin it lodged at last,
 But might not further hold.

THE ÆNEID.

Æneas sees with glistening eye
The Tuscan's life-blood flow,
Plucks forth the falchion from his thigh,
And threatens the wounded foe.

[Mezentius Being Wounded, His Young Son, Lausus, Protects Him from Death, and Confronts Æneas.]—(CONINGTON.)

When Lausus thus his sire beheld,
A heart-fetched groan he drew:
Hot tears within his eyelids swelled,
And trickled down in dew.
Now let me, glorious youth, relate
Your gallant deeds, your piteous fate;
Should after days my labors own,
I will not leave you all unknown.
The sire, encumbered and unstrung,
Moves backward o'er the field,
And trails the spear the Trojan flung
Still dangling from his shield.
Forth sprang the generous youth betwixt
And fearless with the combat mixed:
E'en as Æneas aimed a stroke
With upraised arm, its force he broke,
Himself sustained the lifted blade,
And, shield in hand, the conqueror stayed.
Loud clamoring, the confederate train
Protect the sire's retreat,
And on the foe at distance rain
Their driving arrowy sleet.
With gathering wrath Æneas glows,
And, cased in armor, shuns the blows.
As when the hail's chill strokes descend
In tempest from the skies,
Each swain that wont the plough to tend
To speedy covert flies,

THE ÆNEID.

The traveller hides his fenceless head
In caverned rock or torrent's bed,
Till parting clouds restore the sun,
And man resumes the day begun:
Of wintry war, till all be past.
So stands Æneas 'neath the blast
Of wintry war, till all be past.

[Lausus Having Covered His Father's Retreat, Refuses to Retire when Warned by Æneas, and is Slain.]—(CRANCH.)

Chiding then,
And threatening, he to Lausus calls aloud:
"Whither to death and ruin dost thou rush,
Daring to aim at things beyond thy strength?
Thy filial love betrays thy heedless soul."
But he, infatuated, none the less
Exults; and now the Dardan chieftain's wrath
Higher and fiercer swells; until the Fates
Collect the last threads of young Lausus' life.
For deep into his breast Æneas' blade
Is plunged, through buckler and through armor light,
And tunic woven by a mother's hands
With threads of delicate gold. His breast is bathed
In blood. The sad soul left its mortal frame,
And through the air fled to the realm of Shades.
And when Anchises' son beheld his face
And dying looks, so strangely pale, he groaned
With pitying heart, and stretched his right hand forth,
Touched by the picture of his filial love.
"What worthy recompense, lamented youth,"
He said, "what honors can Æneas now
Bestow on virtues such as thine? Thy arms,
In which thou didst rejoice, retain them still.
And to the tomb and ashes of thy sires,

THE ÆNEID.

If aught of consolation that may be,
I give thee back. This solace too thou hast,
In thy unhappy death, that thou hast fallen
By great Æneas' hand." With that he chides
His hesitating followers, and himself
Lifts up the youth, his smooth locks smeared with
blood.

[Grief of Mezentius at the Death of His Son.]—
(MORRIS.)

Meanwhile the father by the wave that ripples Tiber's
breast
With water staunched his bleeding hurt and gave his
body rest,
Leaning against a tree-trunk there: high up amid the
tree
Hangeth his brazen helm; his arms lie heavy on the
lea;
The chosen war-youths stand about; he, sick and
panting now,
Nurseth his neck, and o'er his breast his combed-down
beard lets flow.
Much about Lausus did he ask, and sore to men he
spake
To bid him back, or warning word from his sad sire
to take.
But Lausus dead his weeping folk were bearing on his
shield;
A mighty heart, to mighty hand the victory must he
yield.
The father's soul forethought of ill, afar their wail he
knew,
And fouled his hoar hair with the dust, and both his
hands upthrew
Toward heaven aloft; then clinging fast unto that life-
less one:

THE ÆNEID.

“What lust,” saith he, “of longer life so held my heart,
O son,
That thee, my son, I suffered thus to bare thee to the
bane
Instead of me; that I, thy sire, health of thy hurts
I gain,
Life of thy death! Ah, now at last my exile is become
A woe unto my weary heart; yea, now the wound goes
home.
For I am he who stained thy name, O son, with guilt
of mine,
Thrust forth by Fate from fatherland and sceptre of
my line:
I should have paid the penalty unto my country’s hate,
And given up my guilty soul to death, my very fate.
I live: I leave not sons of men, nor let the light go by—
—Yet will I leave them.”

[Longing to Die, Mezentius Rides Again into the
Battle, and Faces Æneas.]—(MORRIS.)

So he spake, and on his halting thigh
Rose up, and, howsoe’er his hurt might drag his body
down,
Unvanquished yet, he called his horse, his very pleas-
ure’s crown,
And glory; who had borne him forth victorious from
all war;
And thus he spake unto the beast that seemed to
sorrow sore:

“Rhœbus, o’erlong—if aught be long to men that pass
away—
Have we twain lived: those bloody spoils shalt thou
bring home to-day,
And carrying Æneas’ head avenge my Lausus’ woe.

THE ÆNEID.

Or if our might no more may make a road whereby
to go,
Thou too shalt fall: I deem indeed thou, stout-heart,
hast no will
To suffer other men's commands, or Trojan joy fulfil."

And therewithal he backeth him, and as he used of old
Settleth his limbs: good store of shafts his either hand
doth hold:

His head is glittering o'er with brass, and horse-hair
shags his crest.

So midmost of the fight he bears, and ever in his breast
Swelleth the mighty sea of shame and mingled miseries.
And now across the fight his voice thrice on Æneas'
cries.

Æneas knew it well forsooth, and joyfully he prayed:
"So grant the Father of the Gods! So may Apollo aid
That thou may'st fall on me in fight!"

So much he spake, and went his way to meet the
foeman's shaft;

But spake the other: "Bitter wretch, who took'st away
my son,

Why fright me now? by that one way my heart might
be undone:

No death I dread, no God that is, in battle would I
spare.

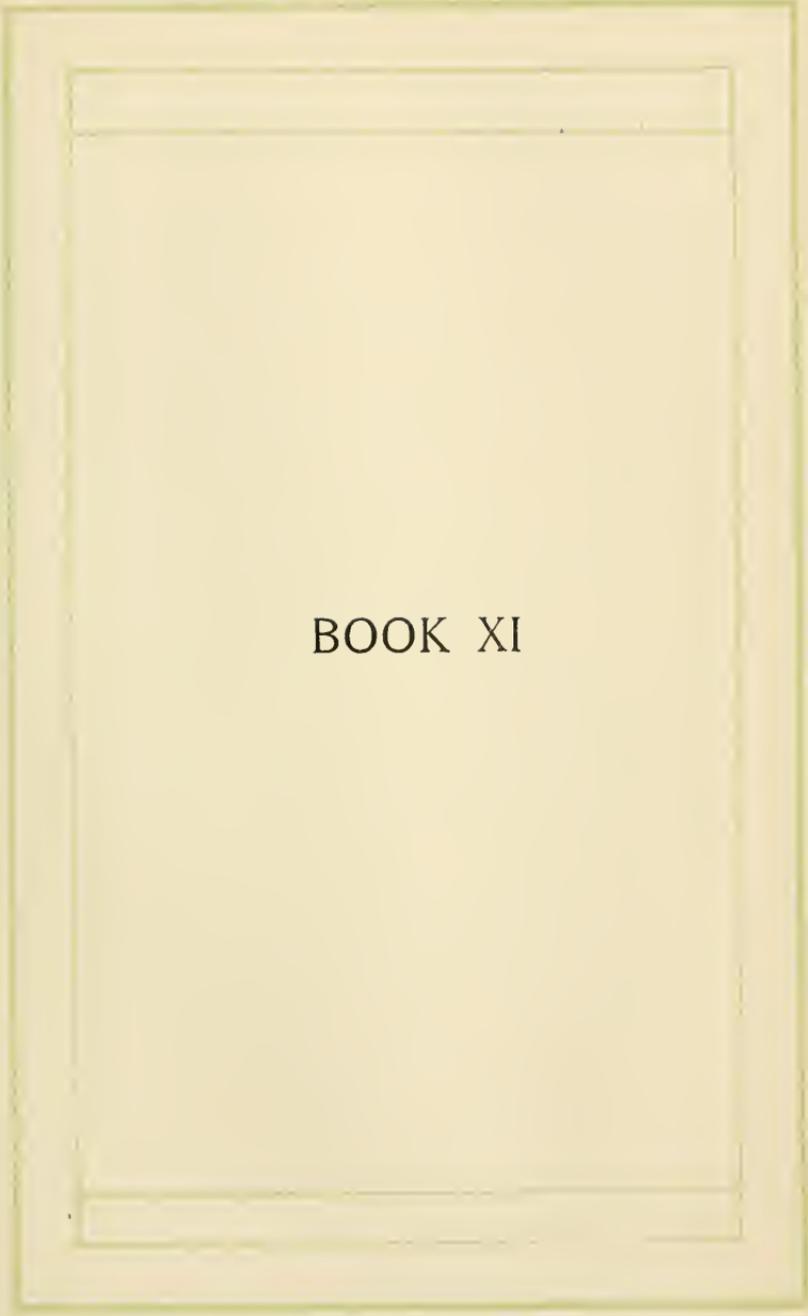
Enough—I come to thee to die; but first these gifts
I bear."

[Mezentius Meets Death at the Hand of Æneas.]—
(CRANCH.)

He said, and hurled a shaft,
And then another, and another still;
While in a circuit wide he wheeled about.

THE ÆNEID.

The hero's golden shield sustains the shock.
Thrice round Æneas, facing him, he rides
In circles to the left, his hand, the while,
Still hurling lances. Thrice upon his shield
The Trojan hero bears about with him
A frightful grove of javelins, sticking fast.
Till tired of dragging on such long delay,
And plucking out so many barbèd spears,
Hard pressed, contending in unequal fight,
Revolving many stratagems, at length,
Forward he springs, and darts his weapon straight
Between the temples of the warlike steed.
Rearing, the horse beats with his hoofs the air;
Then falls upon his rider closely pressed
Beneath his shoulder's weight. Then ring the shouts
Of Trojans and of Latians to the skies.
But swiftly Æneas leapt, and with his sword
Snatched from the sheath, stood over him, and spoke:
"Where is the fierce Mezentius now, and all
The wild impetuous force that filled his soul?"
To whom the Tuscan, when with eyes upraised
His breath returned, and his bewildered mind:
"Thou bitter enemy, why dost thou taunt
And threaten me with death? It is no crime
For thee to slay me. Not for this came I
To battle; nor did he, my Lausus, make
Such truce with thee for me. One boon alone
I ask, if to the vanquished any grace
Be given—that in the earth my corpse may lie.
I know my subjects' enmity and hate
Surround me. Save my body from their rage,
And bury me beside my son." He said;
And knowing well his doom, gave to the sword
His throat. Then with his life his streaming blood
Rushed forth, and over all his armor poured.



BOOK XI

BOOK XI

[Æneas Makes Offering to the Gods of Mezentius' Arms.]—(CRANCH.)

MEANWHILE the Morning from the Ocean rose.
Æneas, though his wishes strongly urge
To give a time of burial for his friends,
And by the memory of their deaths his soul
Is overcast, yet, with the early dawn,
Pays to the gods the vows a victor owes.
An oak-tree huge, its boughs on every side
Lopped off, he plants upon a rising ground,
And on it hangs the shining arms, the spoils
Of King Mezentius—thine, O warrior-god,
The trophy. There, the crest that dripped with blood
He places, and the hero's shattered spears,
And breastplate twelve times dented and pierced
through.
The brazen shield upon the left he binds,
And from the neck the ivory-hilted sword
Suspends. Then, while the chiefs around him crowd,
He thus addresses his exulting friends
With words of cheer: "Warriors, our greatest work
Is done; all lingering fear be banished now.
The spoils, the first-fruits of our victory,
Worn by that haughty tyrant—they are here!
Here, by my hands Mezentius is laid low.
Now to the king and to the Latian walls

THE ÆNEID.

Our way is free. * * * * * Meanwhile, let us
commit to earth
The unburied corpses of our friends; for such
Is the sole honor known in Acheron.

Go then, and with your last sad offerings grace
Those souls of noble worth who with their blood
Have won for us this country. First of all,
To Evander's mourning city let us send
Brave Pallas, whom a day of darkness snatched
Away from us, and plunged in bitter death."

[The Corpse of Pallas, Attended by a Mourning
Train, Is Sent to His Father.]—(DRYDEN.)

Thus having mourned, he gave the word around
To raise the breathless body from the ground,
And chose a thousand horse, the flower 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,
Strewed leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropped by virgin hands, to dress the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe,
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold embossed,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest arrayed the corpse, and one they spread
O'er his closed eyes, and wrapped around his head;
That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,

THE ÆNEID.

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 (the achievements of the dead).
Then, pinioned with their hands behind, appear
The unhappy captives marching in the rear;
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.

* * * *

The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmeared with hostile blood and honorably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripped 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 seized the rest.
The march begins, the trumpets hoarsely sound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

[The Woe of King Evander.]—(CRANCH.)

Now flying rumor, harbinger of grief
So great, comes to Evander's ears, and fills
His court and city; rumor which but now
Reported Pallas in the Latian fields
Victorious. To the gates the Arcadians rush,
And, as the ancient custom was, snatch up
Their funeral torches. In a long array
The road is bright with flames, that far and wide
Make visible the fields. The Phrygian bands,
Advancing, join the mourning multitude.
The matrons, when they see them near the walls,
Rouse the sad city with their cries of grief.
But nothing can restrain Evander then

THE ÆNEID.

From rushing through the middle of the throng.
The bier set down, the father prostrate falls
Upon the body of his son, with tears and groans
Close clinging to the corpse.

[The Funeral Fires and the Mourners.]—(CON-
INGTON.)

Meantime the gracious Dawn displays
To wretched men her genial rays,
And calls to work once more:
Stout Tarchon and the Trojan sire
Are rearing many a funeral pyre
Along the winding shore.
Here, as his country's rites ordain,
Each brings his brave compatriots slain,
And while the dusk flames mount on high
A veil of darkness shrouds the sky.
Thrice ride they round each lighted pyre,
Encased in glittering mail,
Thrice circle the funereal fire,
And raise their piercing wail.
Earth, armor, all with tears are dewed,
And warrior shouts and clarions rude
The vault of heaven assail.
There others on the embers throw
Rich booty, reft from slaughtered foe,
The helm, the ivory-hilted steel,
The bridle and the glowing wheel:
While some cast in the dead man's gear,
The treacherous shield, the luckless spear.
Around they butcher herds of kine,
And sooth the shades with bristly swine,
And cattle, from the neighboring mead
Swift harried, o'er the death-fires bleed.
Far down the line of coast they gaze

THE ÆNEID.

On kinsmen shrivelling in the blaze,
And fondly watch the bier,
Nor tear them from the hallowed ground,
Till dewy night the sky rolls round
And makes the stars appear.

Sad Latium for her part the while
Builds otherwhere full many a pile;
Some on the field their slain inhume,
Some send them forth to distant tomb,
Or to the city bear:
The rest in undistinguished mass
They burn, unheeding rank or class:
The wide plains flicker through the gloom
With ghastly funeral glare.
And now the third return of day
Had made the dewy night give way:
Sighing they tumble from each pyre
The hills of mingled dust,
And heap them, tepid from the fire,
With mounded earthen crust.
But in the royal city chief
Swell loud and high the sounds of grief;
There mothers of their sons bereft,
Young brides to widowed misery left,
Fond hearts of sisters, nigh to break,
And orphan boys their wailing make,
Cry malison on Turnus' head
And execrate his bridal bed:

[The Trojans Approach the Latian City, and are
opposed by the Amazon Camilla.]—(MOR-
RIS.)

But in meanwhile the Trojan folk the city draw anigh,
The Tuscan dukes and all their horse in many a
company

THE ÆNEID.

Well ordered: over all the plain neighing the steed
doth fare,
Prancing, and stamping on the bit that turns him here
and there,
And far and wide the lea is rough with iron harvest
now.
And with the weapons tost aloft the level meadows
glow.
Messapus and the Latins swift, lo, on the other hand;
And Coras with his brother-lord, and maid Camilla's
band,
Against them in the field; and lo, far back their arms
they fling
In couching of the level spears, and shot-spears' brand-
ishing.
All is afire with neigh of steeds and onfall of the men.
And now, within a spear-shot come, short up they rein,
and then
They break out with a mighty cry, and spur the mad-
dened steeds;
And all at once from every side the storm of spear-shot
speeds,
As thick as very snowing is, and darkens down the sun.
And thereon with their leveled spears each against each
they run.

* * * *

As when the sea-flood setting on with flowing, ebbing
tide,
Now earthward rolling, overlays the rocks with foam-
ing sea,
And with its bosom overwhelms the sand's extremity,
Now swiftly fleeing back again, sucks back into its
deep
The rolling stones, and leaves the shore with softly-
gliding sweep.

THE ÆNEID.

Twice did the Tuscans townward drive the host of
Rutuli;
Twice, looking o'er their shielded backs, afield they
needs must fly;
But when they joined the battle thrice knit up was all
array
In one great knot, and man sought man wherewith to
play the play.
Then verily the dying groans up to the heavens went;
Bodies and arms lie deep in blood, and with the men-
folk blent,
The dying horses wallow there, and fearful fight arose.

[Great Prowess of the Fierce Warrior-Maid,
Camilla.]—(CONINGTON.)

But fierce Camilla stems the fight
With all an Amazon's delight,
One naked breast conspicuous shone
By looping of her golden zone:
And now she rains an iron shower,
Thick pouring spears on spears,
And now with unabated power
Her mighty axe she rears;
Behind her sounds her golden bow,
And those dread darts the silvans know.
Nay, should she e'en perforce retreat,
Flying she wings her arrows fleet.
Her favored comrades round her stand,
Larina maid, her strong heart manned,
Tulla, Tarpeia, axe in hand,
Italia's daughters they,
Whom erst she chose, attendants true,
Her bidding resolute to do
In peace or battle-fray:

THE ÆNEID.

So on Thermodon's echoing banks
The Amazons array their ranks,
In painted arms of radiant sheen
Around Hippolyte the queen,
Or when Penthesilea's car
Triumphant breasts the surge of war;
The maidens with their moony shields
Howling and leaping shake the fields.

Who first, who last, dread maiden, died
By thy resistless blow?
How many chiefs in valor's pride
Didst thou on earth lay low?
First fell Eunæus, Clytius' heir:
His breast, unguarded left and bare,
Receives the lance's wound:
He vomits forth a crimson flood,
Writhes dying round the fatal wood
And bites the bloody ground.

* * * *

Afar in unknown arms equipped
See Ornytus the hunter ride
On Iapygian steed: a hide
Enswathes him round, from bullock stripped;
A wolf's grim jaws, whose white teeth grin,
Clasp like a helmet brow and chin:
A club like curving sheep-hook planned
In rustic fashion arms his hand;
On high he lifts his lofty crest
That towers conspicuous o'er the rest.
Hampered by helpless disarray
She catches him, an easy prey,
Transfixes, and in bitter strain
Contemptuously insults the slain:
"Tuscan, you deemed us beast of chase
That fly before the hunter's face:

THE ÆNEID.

A woman's weapon shall unteach
Your misproud tribe that boastful speech:
Yet take this glory to your grave,
Camilla's hand your death-wound gave."

[Camilla Slays Orsilochus, Butes and Aunus.]—
(CONINGTON.)

Orsilochus and Butes then
(In Troy's great host no huger men)
Their lives successive yield:
Butes she pierces in the rear
With her inevitable spear,
The corslet and the helm between,
Just where the sitter's neck is seen
And hangs the left-hand shield:
Orsilochus she traps by guile:
She flies and he pursues the while,
Till, as in narrowing rings he wheels,
Each treads upon the other's heels:
Then, rising to the stroke, she drives
Her weighty battle-axe, and rives
The helmet and the crown,
E'en as he sues for grace: again
The blow descends: the spattered brain
The severed cheeks runs down.
Now Aunus' warrior son by chance
Meets her, and quails before her glance,

* * * *

With foot like fire, in middle course
She meets and heads the flying horse,
Confronts the rider, lays him low,
And wreaks her vengeance, foe on foe.
Look how the hawk, whom augurs love,
With matchless ease o'ertakes a dove
Seen in the clouds on high:

THE ÆNEID.

He gripes, he rends the prey forlorn,
While drops of blood and plumage torn
Come tumbling from the sky.

[Tarchon, Rallying the Trojans, Grasps Venulus,
and Bears Him Away Captive.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

* * * He spurs amid the foes;
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seized, with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe, and clasped around the waist;
'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue. The Latians turn their eyes,
And view the unusual sight with vast surprise.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Pressed in his arms the ponderous prey sustains;
Then with his shortened spear explores around
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 vigor, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky;
Fastening his crooked talons on the prey;
The prisoner hisses through the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk, and though oppressed,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest;
Turned to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue and whisks her threaten-
ing tail.
Against the victor all defence is weak;
The imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;

THE ÆNEID.

Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatched, and bore away his prize.

[Aruns, Secretly Following Camilla Midst the
Battle, Seeks to Slay Her Unawares.]—
(CRANCH.)

Then round the swift Camilla Aruns rides,
Destined to death, his javelin in his hand;
With cautious skill he watches for his chance.
Where'er the maiden drives her furious course
Amid the troops, he follows silently,
Watching her steps. Where with victorious speed
She from the enemy returns, that way
He turns his reins unseen, and wheels about;
Tries all approaches, traverses her path
Through all its rounds, and shakes his threatening
spear.

* * * *

Watching his time, Aruns his javelin takes,
And thus to heaven he prays: "Apollo, thou,
Soracte's guardian, greatest of the gods
We worship! Thou for whom the pine-wood fire
Is fed, and we thy pious votaries walk
O'er heaps of burning coals—grant, mightiest sire,
That from our arms this stain we may erase.
Not spoils, nor trophies from a vanquished maid,
Nor booty do I seek. My other deeds
Will bring me praise. If by my hand struck down,
This direful pest shall fall, then willingly
Will I return inglorious to my home."

Apollo heard, and in his mind decreed
That half his suppliant's prayer should be fulfilled,
And half dispersed in air. That he should slay
Camilla, as she hurried heedless by,

THE ÆNEID.

He granted. But that he should see again
His native land, this part the god refused;
And in the stormy winds the prayer was lost.

[The Death of Camilla.]—(CONINGTON.)

So now, as hurtling through the sky
Flew the fell spear, each Volscian eye
On the doomed queen was bent:
She hears no rushing sound, nor sees
The javelin sweeping down the breeze,
Till 'neath her naked breast it stood,
And drinking deep the unsullied blood
At length its fury spent.

Up run her comrades, one and all,
And stay their mistress ere she fall.
But daunted far beyond the rest,
Fear mixed with triumph in his breast,

False Aruns takes to flight:

A second time he dares not try
The lance that served him, nor defy
The maid to further fight.

As flies a caitiff wolf for fear
From shepherd slain or mighty steer,
Or ere the avenger's darts draw near,

To pathless mountain steep,
And, conscious of his guilt unseen,
Claps his lithe tail his legs between,

And dives in forest deep;

So Aruns steals confused away,
And flying plunges mid the fray.

In vain she strives with dying hands
To wrench away the blade:

Fixed in her ribs the weapon stands,
Closed by the wound it made.

THE ÆNEID.

Bloodless and faint, she gasps for breath;
Her heavy eyes sink down in death;
Her cheek's bright colors fade.

* * *

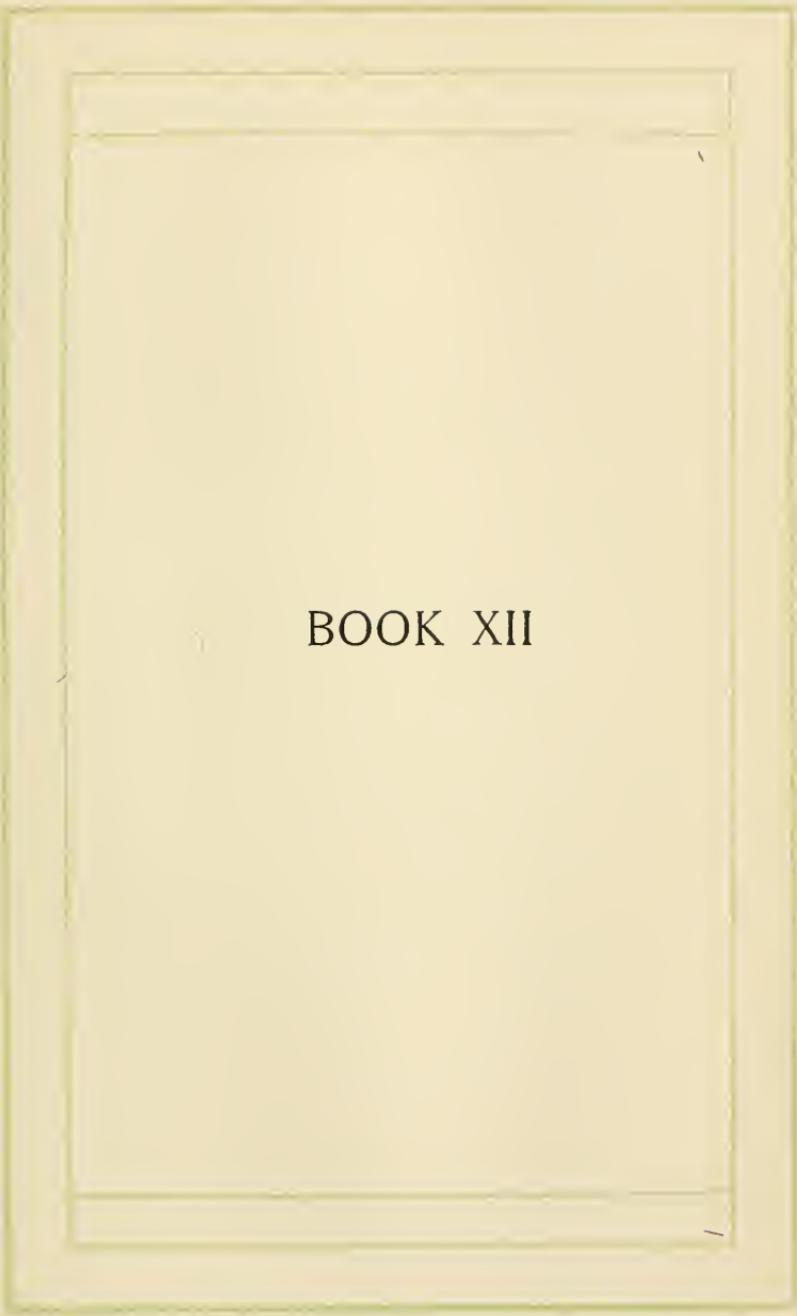
Then by degrees she slips away
From all that heavy load of clay:
Her languid neck, her drowsy head
She droops to earth, of vigor sped:
She lets her martial weapons go:
The indignant soul flies down below.
Loud clamors to the skies arose;
With fiercer heat the combat glows,
The Volscian princess slain.

[The Latians Are Driven From the Field With
Great Slaughter.]—(DRYDEN.)

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field,
And, unsustained, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confused in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes and to their fears resigned
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slackened 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 darkened walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons from their lofty stands
Rend heaven with female shrieks and wring their
hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crushed in crowds, a mingled multitude.

THE ÆNEID.

Some happy few escape. The throng too late
Rush on for entrance till they choke the gate,
Even 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 vanquished 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.



BOOK XII

BOOK XII

[Furious at the Half-Heartedness of the Latians,
Turnus Revives and Accepts Æneas' Chal-
lenge to End the War by Single Combat.]—
(DRYDEN.)

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken and their courage quelled,
Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honor questioned for the promised fight,
The more he was with vulgar hate oppressed,
The more his fury boiled within his breast.
He roused his vigor for the late debate,
And raised 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 javelin 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,
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
At length approached the King, and thus began:
"No more excuses or delays. I stand
In arms prepared 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.

THE ÆNEID.

Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcerned 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.”

* * * *

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
“Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me that when to-morrow’s light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight;
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye with mutual blood the Latian shore;
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.”

[Turnus Arms for the Duel.]—(CONINGTON.)

So saying, to the stall he speeds,
Bids harness his impetuous steeds,
And pleased their fury sees,
Which Orithyia long ago
On King Pilumnus deigned bestow,
To match the whiteness of the snow,
The swiftness of the breeze.
They bustle round, the menial train,
Comb o’er the neck the graceful mane,
And pat the sounding chest:
In mail his shoulders he arrayed
(Of gold and orichalc ’twas made);
Then dons his shield, his trusty blade,
His helm with ruddy crest:
That blade which to his royal sire
The hand of Vulcan gave,
Brought red from Liparaean fire
And dipped in Stygian wave.

THE ÆNEID.

Reposing from its work of blood
His lance beside a column stood,
 Auruncan Actor's prize:
He seized it, shook the quivering wood,
 And thus impetuous cries:
"The hour is come: my spear, my spear,
Thou who hast never failed to hear
 Thy master's proud appeal:
Once Actor bore thee, Turnus now:
Grant that my hand to earth may bow
The Phrygian's all unmanly brow,
From off his breast the corslet tear,
And soil in dust his essenced hair,
 New crisped with heated steel."
Such furies in his bosom rise:
 His features all ablaze
Shoot direful sparkles; from his eyes
 A stream of lightning plays.
So ere he tries the combat's shock
 A bull loud bellowing makes,
And butting at a tree's hard stock,
 His horns to anger wakes,
With furious heel the sand upthrows,
And challenges the winds for foes.

[The Truce and the Preparations for the Fight of
the Chiefs.]—(CONINGTON.)

Scarce had the morn her radiance shed
 On topmost mountain height,
When, leaving Ocean's oozy bed,
The Sun's fleet steeds, with upturned head,
 Breathe out loose flakes of light.
Beneath the city's strong redoubt
Rutule and Trojan measure out
 The combat's listed ground,

THE ÆNEID.

And altars in the midst prepare
For common sacrifice and prayer,
 Piled up with grassy mound;
While others, girt with aprons, bring
Live coals and water from the spring,
 Their brows with vervain bound.
Through the thronged gates the Ausonian band
Comes streaming onward, lance in hand:
 Trojans and Tuscans all,
Equipped in arms of various show,
Come marshalled by their ranks, as though
 They heard the battle's call.
Decked out with gold and purple dye,
From troop to troop the leaders fly.

* * * *

The signal given, they each recede
 Within the space assigned,
Their javelins planted in the mead,
 Their shields at rest reclined:
While, brimming o'er with yearning strong,
Weak matrons, an unwarlike throng,
 And fathers, old and grey,
Turret and roof confusedly crowd,
Or stand beside the portals proud,
 The combat to survey.

* * * *

Now to the field the monarchs came,
Latinus, his majestic frame
 In four-horse chariot borne;
Twelve gilded rays, memorial sign
Of the great Sun, his sire divine,
 His kingly brows adorn:
Grasping two javelins as in war
Rides Turnus in his two-horse car:
Æneas leaves his rampired home,
First founder of the race of Rome,

THE ÆNEID.

Glorious in heavenly armor's pride,
With shield that beams like day;
And young Ascanius at his side,
Rome's other hope and stay.
Then to the hearth the white-robed priest
Brings two-year sheep all richly fleeced
And young of bristly swine;
They turn them to the radiant east,
With knives the victim's foreheads score,
Strew cakes of salted meal, and pour
The sacrificial wine.

[Both Champions Make Oath to Abide by the
Terms of the Truce.]—(CRANCH)

Then pious Æneas, with his sword unsheathed,
Thus prays: "Be witness now unto my vows,
O Sun, and thou, O Land, for whom I have borne
So many toils; and thou, Almighty Sire,
And thou, Saturnian queen, more clement now,
O goddess, I beseech; thou too, great Mars,
Father, who turn'st all wars by thy decree;
And you, ye Founts and Rivers I invoke;
All deities worshipped in the depths of air,
And all whose dwelling is the azure sea.
If victory to Ausonian Turnus falls,
Then to Evander's city, 'tis agreed,
We vanquished shall retire; Iulus leaves
These fields; nor shall the sons of Troy thenceforth
Renew the war, nor stir the lands to strife.
But if for us the victory should decide,
As I believe it will—and may the gods
Confirm the hope—not then shall I command
The Italians to obey the Trojan rule;
Nor do I aim at empire for myself:
On equal terms let both the nations then,

THE ÆNEID.

Unconquered, join and make eternal league.
Their gods and sacred rites I will decree;
And let the father of my bride retain
His wonted kingdom and control of arms.
For me, my Trojans shall build up my walls,
And call the city by Lavinia's name."

Thus spoke Æneas; then Latinus raised
His eyes to heaven, and lifted his right hand—
"By those same Powers, Æneas, by the Earth,
And by the Seas, and by the Stars, I swear,
Latona's twins, and Janus, double-faced,
The Infernal gods, and pitiless Pluto's shrines;
Let the great Father hear, whose thunderbolts
Confirm our leagues; these altars here I touch,
And call their fires to witness, and the gods:
No day shall ever violate this peace,
Or break this league, upon Italia's side,
Whate'er befalls; nor any power shall bend
My will, though it should drown the earth with waves,
And melt the heavens in fires of Tartarus.
Even as this sceptre"—as he spoke he held
A sceptre in his hand—"shall never bud
With twigs and leaves and shadowy boughs again,
Since, severed from its trunk amid the woods,
It missed its mother stem, and laid aside
Its foliage and its branches 'neath the axe,
Of old a tree, now by the artist's hand
Cased in bright brass, to serve the Latin kings."

Thus they with mutual vows confirmed their league,
In sight of all the chiefs. Then in due form
They slay the sacred victims o'er the flames,
And tear their entrails out, while still alive;
And heap the altars with their loaded plates.

THE ÆNEID.

[The Goddess Juturna Incites the Latians to Break
the Truce.]—(CONINGTON.)

But in the Rutule's jealous sight
Unequal seems the chance of fight,
 Ill matched the champions twain,
And fitfully their bosoms heave
As near and nearer they perceive
 The encounter on the plain.
Compassion deepening into dread,
They note young Turnus' quiet tread,
The downcast meekness of his eyes
Turned to the hearth in suppliant guise,
Cheeks whence the bloom of health is gone,
And that young frame so ghastly wan.
Juturna saw their whispers grow,
And marked them wavering to and fro: * * *
She joins their ranks, each heart to read,
And sows in all dissension's seed: * * *
By whisper and by chance-dropped word
Their hearts to further rage are stirred:
From band to band the murmur runs:
Changed are Laurentum's fickle sons,
 Changed is the Latian throng:
Who late were hoping war to cease,
Now yearn for arms, abhor the peace,
 And pity Turnus' wrong. * * *
With loud acclaim the Rutule bands
 Salute the portent of the skies:
Aloft they raise their eager hands,
 And first the seer Tolumnius cries:
"For this, for this my prayers have striven:
I hail, I seize the omen given;
 Draw, draw with me the sword, * * *
Close firm your ranks, and bring relief

THE ÆNEID.

And rescue to your ravished chief,
All, all with one accord."
He said, and hurled, as forth he ran,
His javelin at the foeman's van.
The hurtling cornel cuts the skies:
Loud clamors follow as it flies;
The assembly starts in wild alarm,
And hearts beat high with tumult warm.
There as nine brothers of one blood,
Gylippus' Arcad offspring, stood.
One, with bright arms and beauty graced,
Receives the javelin in his waist,
Where chafes the belt against the groin
And 'neath the ribs the buckles join;
Pierced through and through, he falls amain,
And lies extended on the plain.
His gallant brethren feel the smart;
With falchion drawn or brandished dart,
They charge, struck blind with rage.

[Striving Unarmed to Allay the Fierce Tumult,
Æneas is Wounded by an Arrow.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'erturned,
The sacrifice half broiled and half unburned.
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.

* * * *

THE ÆNEID.

But good Æneas rushed 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 altered 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 injured 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 nor hostile god was found
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

[Turnus Makes Dreadful Havoc Among the Trojans.]—(CONINGTON.)

When Turnus saw Æneas part
Retiring from his band
And Troy's brave chiefs dismayed, his heart
With sudden hope he manned:
He calls his armor and his car,
Leaps to his seat in pride of war,
And takes the reins in hand.
Full many a gallant chief he slays,
Or pierced on earth in torture lays,
Drives down whole ranks in fierce career,
And plies the fliers with spear on spear. * * *
So where the battle sorest bleeds
Keen Turnus drives his smoking steeds
Insulting o'er the slain,

THE ÆNEID.

While gore and sand the horsehoof kneads,
 And spirts the crimson rain. * * *
Now through the field Eumedes came,
Old Dolon's son, of Trojan fame. * * *
Him from afar when Turnus views
With missile dart he first pursues,
Then quits the chariot with a bound,
Stands o'er him grovelling on the ground,
Plants on his neck his foot, and tears
From his weak grasp the lance he bears,
Deep in his throat the bright point dyes,
And o'er the corpse in triumph cries:
"Lie there, and measure out the plain,
The Hesperian soil you sought to gain:
Such meed they win who wish me killed;
'Tis thus their city-walls they build." * * *
As when the northwind's tyrant stress
 Makes loud the Ægæan roar,
Still following on the waves that press
 Tumultuous to the shore,
Where drives the gale, the cloud-rack flies
In wild confusion o'er the skies;
So wheresoe'er through all the field
Comes Turnus on, whole squadrons yield,
 Turn, and resist no more:
The impulse bears him as he goes,
And 'gainst the wind his plumage flows.
With shame and anger Phegeus saw
 The chief's insulting pride:
He meets the car, and strives to draw
 The steeds' proud necks aside.
There, dragged as to the yoke he clings,
 The spear his side has found,
Bursts through the corslet's plaited rings,
 And prints a surface wound:
Shifting his shield, he threatens the foe,

THE ÆNEID.

His sword plucks out, and aims a blow:
When the fierce wheels with onward bound
Dislodge and dash him to the ground:
 And Turnus' weaponed hand,
Stretched from the car, the head has reft
Where helm and breastplate meet, and left
 The trunk upon the sand.

[Wounded Sore, Æneas Leaves the Field.]—
(CRANCH.)

But while victorious Turnus in the field
Is dealing death, Æneas to the camp,
Bleeding, is led, Mnestheus attending him,
And true Achates and Ascanius near.
On his long spear he leans, with faltering steps,
And strives impatiently to pluck away
The broken shaft, and seeks the nearest aid;
That they should make incision with the sword,
Lay bare the wound about the hidden steel,
And send him back again into the field.
And now Iapis came to lend his aid,
Son of Iasius, more than all beloved
By Phœbus; for on him the god himself,
Smit with deep love, had offered to bestow
His arts, his gifts, his skill in augury,
His lyre, and flying shafts; but he preferred
(To lengthen out a dying father's life)
That he might know the powers of herbs, and cures,
And silent arts ingloriously pursue.
Chafing with bitter wrath, Æneas stood,
And leaned upon his mighty spear, unmoved,
Amid the crowd, by all the warriors' grief
And tears of sad Iulus. Then approached
The old physician, with his robe tucked back,
After the manner of his craft; his hand

THE ÆNEID.

With many a medicine and potent herb,
In trembling eagerness, attempts relief,
But all in vain; in vain the barbèd steel
Solicits, and with grip of pincers firm
Essays to move; no way will Fortune show.
Apollo, his great patron, lends no aid.
And more and more the horror in the fields
Increases, and the terror nearer comes.
The sky stands dense, with dust; around them crowd
The horsemen of the foe; the darts rain thick
Upon the camp; and to the heavens ascend
The death-cries from the cruel battle-field.

[Seeing the Physician's Skill Without Avail,
Venus Restores Æneas, and He Joins the
Fight.]—(DRYDEN.)

But now the goddess-mother, moved with grief
And pierced 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 leaves surround,
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple
crowned.

Well known to wounded goats, a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings in clouds involved, and brews
The extracted liquor with ambrosian dews;
And odorous panacea: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands,
And pours it in a bowl already crowned
With juice of medicinal herbs prepared to bathe the
wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part,
And in a moment ceased the raging smart.

THE ÆNEID.

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 vigor are at once restored.
Iäpis 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 enfold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold;
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This grips the lance, and with such vigor shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.

* * * *

Juturna saw the advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound and fled for fear.
Æneas leads, and draws a sweeping train,
Closed 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 flatt'd fields and slaughter of the trees.
With such impetuous rage the Prince appears
Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.

[Æneas, Pursuing Turnus, Is Baffled by the Goddess Juturna.]—(CONINGTON.)

Upsoars to heaven a mingled shout;
In turn the Rutules yield,
And huddled thick in dusty rout
Fly wildly o'er the field.

THE ÆNEID.

But he, he stoops him not to smite
The craven backs that turn to flight,
Nor chases those who stand and fight,
Intent on other aims:
Turnus alone he cares to track
Through dust and darkness, blinding black,
Turnus alone he claims.
Juturna, agonized with fear,
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,
Flings from his seat on high,
And leaves him fallen at distance far.
Herself succeeds him, guides the car,
And bids the coursers fly;
In voice, in form, in dress complete,
The hapless driver's counterfeit.
As swallow through some mansion flies
With courts and stately galleries,
Flaps noisy wings, gives clamorous tongue,
Still catering for her callow young,
Makes cloisters echo to the sound,
And tank and cistern circles round,
So whirls the dame her glowing car,
So flashes through the maze of war;
Now here, now there, in conquering pride
Her brother she displays,
Yet lets him not the encounter bide,
But winds through devious ways.
Nor less Æneas shifts and wheels,
Pursues and tracks him out,
And clamoring to his faith appeals
Across the weltering rout:
Oft as he marks the foe, and tries
To match the chariot as it flies,
So oft her scourge Juturna plies,
And turns her steeds about.

THE ÆNEID.

[The Valiant Deeds of the Two Princes.]—(DRY-
DEN.)

What god can tell, what numbers can display
The various labors of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero killed:
Who shared the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, couldst thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations joined in cruel fight,
Who leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!

* * * *

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different sides, and both by winds are blown.
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frightened Sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighboring 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 different 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 pierced unknowing how to yield.
They blow for blow return and wound for wound,
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

[The Trojans Assault the Tower.]—(CONING-
TON.)

Now Venus prompts her darling chief
To lead his forces to the town,
And with a sudden stroke and brief
On the scared foe come down. * * *

THE ÆNEID.

He said: with emulous speed they form,
And rush in mass the walls to storm.
Forth come the ladders, quick as thought;
Fire, fagot, pitch at once are brought;
Some to the gates impetuous crowd,
 And guard and sentry slay;
Some hurl their javelins, and o'ercloud
 With darts the face of day.
Æneas, foremost of the band,
Lifts up to heaven the appealing hand,
 Beneath the rampart's shade,
Upbraids Latinus loud and long,
And bids the gods attest his wrong,
Forced on another war, though loth,
The Italians twice his foes, their troth
 A second time betrayed.
Among the citizens within
Rises a wild, discordant din:
Some to the foe would ope the town,
 The portals backward fling,
And to the city-walls bring down
 The venerable king;
Some, all on fire, for weapons call,
And hasten to defend the wall.
As when some venturous swain has tracked
The bees, in hollow rock close packed,
 With fumes of pungent smoke,
They through their waxen quarters course,
And murmuring passionate and hoarse
 Their patriot rage provoke:
The dusk scent issues from the doors;
 A buzzing dull and blind
Thrills the deep cave; the smoke upsoars,
 And mingles with the wind.

THE ÆNEID.

[Mad With Grief, the Queen Takes Her Own
Life.]—(MORRIS.)

Here on the weary Latins fell another stroke of fate,
That moved the city deep adown with sorrow sore and
great;
For when the Queen from house aloft beheld the foe
draw nigh,
The walls beset, the flaming brands unto the house-
roofs fly,
And nowhere the Rutulian ranks or Turnus' warring
host,
The hapless woman deems the youth in stress of battle
lost,
And, all bewildered in her mind by these so sudden
woes,
Curses herself for head and spring whence all the evil
flows;
And crying many a bitter word, and mad with sorrow
grown,
She riveth with her dying hand the queenly purple
gown,
And knits the knot of loathly death from lofty beam
on high.
But when the wretched Latin wives know all this
misery,
Her daughter first, Lavina, wastes the blossom of her
hair,
And wounds her rosy cheeks; then they that stood
about her there
Run wild about, and all the house resoundeth with
their wail.
Thence through the city flies the sound of that un-
happy tale,
And all hearts sink: Latinus goes with raiment rent
and torn

THE ÆNEID.

Stunned by his wife's unhappy lot, and city lost and
lorn,
And scattering o'er his holiness defilement of the dust;
And often he upbraids himself that he took not to
trust
That Dardan lord, nor willingly had hallowed him his
son.

[Vanquished by Fate, Turnus Bids the Latians
Cease, and Offers to Renew the Duel.]—
(DRYDEN.)

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,
Ashamed 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 drowned;
A jarring mixture and a boding sound.
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries,
What doleful clamors from the town arise?"

* * * *

Then, rising on his car, he turned his look,
And saw the town involved in fire and smoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blazed,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters raised,
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
"Sister, the Fates have vanquished; let us go
The way which Heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fixed; 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,

THE ÆNEID.

Through crowds of scattered foes he freed his way.
Striding he passed, 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 sapped by time or loosened from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep,
Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep.
Involved alike they rush to nether ground,
Stunned with the shock they fall, and stunned from
earth rebound;

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Shouldering 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 slippery ground imbrue.
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 the Ausonian state
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."

Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And bearing backward, form a spacious list.

[The Furious Combat Between Æneas and Turnus.]—(CONINGTON.)

But great Æneas, when he hears
The challenge of his foe,
The leaguer of the town forbears,
Lets tower and rampart go,
Steps high with exultation proud,

THE ÆNEID.

And thunders on his arms aloud;
Vast as majestic Athos, vast
 As Eryx the divine,
Or he that roaring with the blast
Heaves his huge bulk in snowdrifts massed,
 The father Apennine,
Italian, Trojan, Rutule, all
 One way direct the eye—
Who man the summit of the wall,
Who storm the base to work its fall,
 And lay their bucklers by.
Latinus marvels at the sight,
Two mighty chiefs, who first saw light
In realms apart, met here in fight
 The steel's award to try.
Soon as the space between is clear,
Each, rushing forward, hurls his spear,
And bucklers clashed with brazen din
The overture of fight begin.
Earth groans: fierce strokes their falchions deal:
Chance joins with force to guide the steel.
As when two bulls engage in fight
On Sila's or Taburnus' height
 And horns with horns are crossed:
Long since the trembling hinds have fled;
The whole herd stands in silent dread;
The heifers ponder in dismay,
Who now the country-side will sway,
 The monarch of the host:
Giving and taking wounds alike
With furious impact home they strike;
Shoulder and neck are bathed in gore:
The forest depths return the roar.
So, shield on shield, together dash
 Æneas and his Daunian foe;
The echo of that deafening crash

THE ÆNEID.

Mounts heavenward from below,
Great Jove with steadfast hand on high
His balance poises in the sky.
Lays in its scale each rival's fate,
And nicely ponders weight with weight,
To see whom war to doom consigns,
And which the side that death inclines.

[His Sword Breaking, Turnus, Defenceless, Flies,
Pursued by Æneas.]—(DRYDEN.)

Raised on the stretch young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe;
Shrill shouts and clamors ring on either side,
And hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And in the middle stroke deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death or flight: disarmed he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus when his steeds he joined,
Hurrying to war, disordered in his mind,
Snatched 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 Trojan fled, the toughness held,
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-tempered steel deceived his hand;
The shivered fragments shone amid the sand.
Surprised 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 closed with pools and marshy
ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,
His wound so newly knit, retards the chase;
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,

THE ÆNEID.

Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is closed around
With crimson toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouthed 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 the ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitched along the strand;
His eager foe determined to the chase,
Stretched at his length gains ground at every 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, flying, blames
His tardy troops and calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
Or aid his vanquished enemy;
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigor, though diminished of his force.
Ten times already round the listed place,
One chief had fled, and the other given the chase;
No trivial prize is played; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.

[Juturna Gives Arms to Turnus, and He Again
Confronts Æneas.]—(CRANCH.)

It chanced an olive wild with bitter leaves,
Sacred to Faunus, on this spot had stood.
The wood of old by sailors was revered,

THE ÆNEID.

Here, when preserved from shipwreck, they were wont
To affix their gifts to the Laurentian god,
And hang their votive robes. With reckless haste
The Trojans felled the consecrated trunk,
That they might fight upon a well-cleared field.
Here stood Æneas' spear; his arm had driven
The weapon hither, where in the impassive roots
It stuck. The Dardan hero stooped and tried
To wrench away the steel, and so pursue
The foe he could not overtake by speed.
Then, wild with terror, Turnus cries aloud:
"O Faunus, pity me! And thou, kind Earth,
Hold back the steel; if ever I have held
Thy honors sacred, by the sons of Troy
Profaned in war." Thus he invoked the god,
And not with fruitless prayers. For struggling long,
And wasting time upon the sluggish stump,
Æneas could not with his utmost strength
Relax the wood's firm grip. While striving still,
The Daunian nymph assumes Metiscus' form
Once more, and runs, and back to her brother gives
His sword. Venus, indignant to behold
The daring of the nymph, approaches now,
And tears the weapon from the root. The chiefs,
With towering strength, with arms and courage fresh,
This in his sword, that trusting in his spear,
Stand, breathless in the combat, front to front.

[Jove, to end the Combat, Sends a Fury to Repel
Juturna and Doom Turnus.]—(CONING-
TON.)

Two fiends that are of evil fame,
The Diræ their ill-omened name,
Whom at a birth unkindly Night
With dark Megæra brought to light,

THE ÆNEID.

With serpent-spires their tresses twined,
And gave them wings to cleave the wind.
On Jove's high threshold they appear
Before his throne, and lash to fear
Mankind's unhappy brood,
When grisly death the Sire prepares
And sickness, or with battles scares
A guilty multitude.
Such pest as this the thunderer sent
Down from the Olympian sky,
And bade it, for an omen meant,
Across Juturna fly.
Down swoops the portent, fierce and fast,
With swiftness of a whirling blast;
Not swifter bounds from off the string
The dart that with envenomed sting
The Parthian launches on the wing,
The Parthian or the Crete;
Death-laden past the cure of art
Flies through the shade the hurtling dart,
So secret and so fleet.
E'en thus the deadly child of Night
Shot from the sky with earthward flight.
Soon as the armies and the town
Descending she descries,
She dwarfs her huge proportions down
To bird of puny size,
Which, perched on tombs of desert towers
Hoots long and lone through darkling hours:
In such disguise the monster wheeled
Round Turnus' head, and 'gainst his shield
Unceasing flapped her wings:
Strange chilly dread his limbs unstrung:
Upstands his hair: his voiceless tongue
To his parched palate clings.
But when from far Juturna heard

THE ÆNEID.

The whirling flight of that foul bird,
She rent her hair as sister mote,
Her cheeks she tore, her breast she smote;
"Ah Turnus! what can sister now?
How other prove than cruel? how
Prolong your forfeit life?
Can goddess meet with fearless brow
A pest like this? At length I bow
And part me from the strife." * * *
Thus groaning, in her robes of blue
Her head she wrapped, and plunged from view
Down to the river's bed.

[Unnerved by the Hovering Fury, Turnus Be-
comes Confounded.](—(DRYDEN.)

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear;
"What further subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbored 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 Heaven I dread, and partial Jove."
He said no more, but with a sigh repressed
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast;
Then as he rolled his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighboring fields, and barrier of the ground;
So vast that twelve strong men of modern days

THE ÆNEID.

The enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heaved it at a lift, and poised on high,
Ran staggering on, against his enemy.
But so disordered that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and falling short,
For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,
The sickly fancy labors 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 unbraced their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the faltering accents die;
So Turnus fared, whatever means he tried,
All force of arms and points of art employed,
The fury flew athwart and made the endeavor void.

[Turnus Is Slain by Æneas.]—(CRANCH.)

Conflicting thoughts roll hurrying through his breast.
He sees the Rutuli, he sees the town,
And stops in fear, and dreads the threatening steel;
Nor knows he how to escape or how to attack
His enemy, nor anywhere beholds
His chariot or his sister-charioteer.

Thus as he hesitates, Æneas shakes
His fatal spear, and chooses just the spot
To pierce, and hurls the lance with all his strength.
Never did stones from battering engine shot
So rend the air, or thunderbolt resound.
Like a black whirlwind flies the deadly steel,
Through corselet's rim, through sevenfold plated shield,
With ringing stroke, and pierces through his thigh,

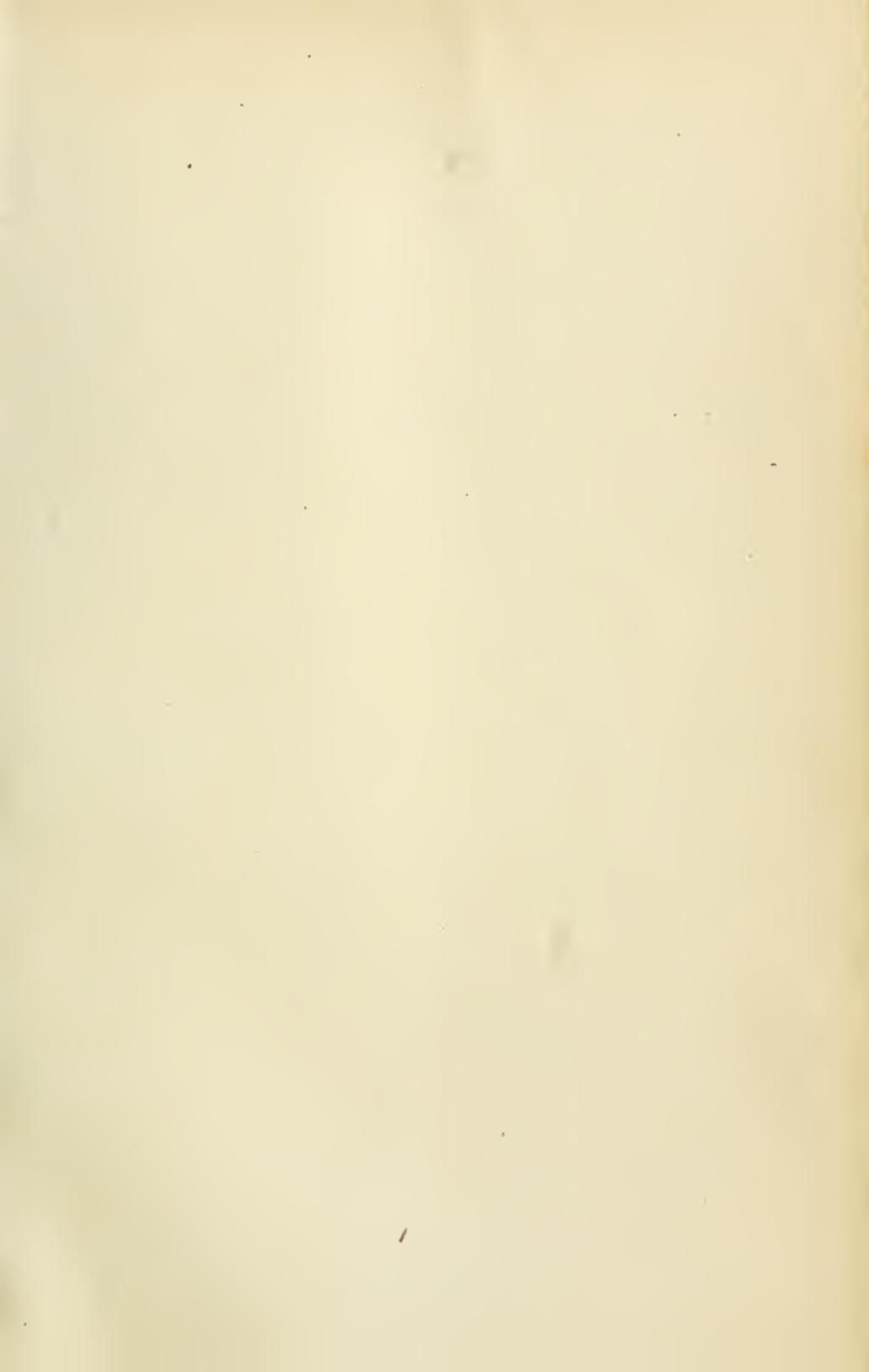
THE ÆNEID.

Down to the earth upon his bended knee
The mighty Turnus sinks. The Rutuli
Rise all together with a groan. Around
The hills and lofty woods roll back the noise.
He, suppliant and humble, lifts his eyes,
And reaches forth his hand. "I have deserved
Indeed, nor do I deprecate this blow.
Use now thy fortune. If for a wretched sire
Aught of regard thou hast (such once to thee
Thy sire Anchises was), pity, I beg,
My father Daunus' venerable age;
And me, or if thou rather wouldst, my corpse,
Despoiled of life, send back unto my friends.
Thou hast prevailed. The Ausonians have beheld
A vanquished enemy stretch forth his hands.
Lavinia is thy bride. Stretch not thy hate
Beyond what thou hast done."

Stern in his arms
Æneas stood, and rolled his eyes around,
And his right hand repressed; and more and more
Those words began to bend his wavering will—
When, on the lofty shoulder of his foe,
The unhappy belt appeared—young Pallas' belt
Shone gleaming with its studs he knew so well;
Pallas, whom Turnus overpowered and slew,
And wore on his shoulders now the hostile badge.
He, as his eyes drank in the hateful sight,
Those spoils, memorials of that cruel grief,
Inflamed with fury, terrible in wrath,
"And dost thou think," he cried, "to escape my hand.
Clothed in the spoils thou from my friend hast snatched?
'Tis Pallas, Pallas slays thee with this blow.
And takes his vengeance with thy accursed blood!"
He said, and plunged his sword into his breast.
Cold lay the limbs relaxed, and, with a groan,
Down to the Shades the soul, indignant, fled.

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