THE WORKS OF VIRGIL,
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH PROSE,
AS NEAR THE ORIGINAL AS THE DIFFERENT IDIOMS
OF THE LATIN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES
WILL ALLOW,
FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS AS WELL AS PRIVATE GENTLEMEN.
A NEW EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A COPIOUS INDEX:
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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MDCCCXXI.
ENTERED IN STATIONERS' HALL.
In preparing the present Edition of Davidson's Translation of Virgil for the Press, the Editor has carefully compared the whole with the original, and also with the early Editions printed under the eye of the Translator, by which he has been enabled to correct numerous errors that had, from time to time, crept into former Editions. The illustrative Notes and Index will be found useful additions, and cannot fail to give a new interest to this popular Author.

George Street,
Jan. 1831.
With such charms does Virgil's poetry everywhere abound, that none can help being enamoured with the unaffected beauty of his Pastorals, the finished and chaste elegance of his Georgics, their entertaining descriptions, their useful precepts in husbandry, and their noble excursions upon every proper occasion, into subjects of a more sublime nature.

Who can read the divine Æneid, without being transported, and, as it were, lost in a mixture of pleasure and admiration? Who can help being astonished at that force of imagination, tempered with so cool a judgment? In what human composition is there so exact a harmony, or so much beauty in all its parts? It would be endless to enumerate the many different images of heroes, and the variety of manners, that appear in it; the conflict of the passions, and almost every object of the imagination, beautifully described, all nature unfolded, the great events, the surprising revolutions, the incentives to virtue, the most finished eloquence in the several speeches, the most sublime majesty in the thoughts and expressions; in short, the most consummate art by which all these things are brought into one uniform and perfect piece.

As to this translation of Virgil, though there have been many in verse, some of which are of great merit,
yet, as the translators have confined themselves to measure and numbers, none of them have expressed the author's meaning so fully and exactly as may be done by a translator in prose. For the poet is often necessitated, for the sake of the measure, to add, retrench, or otherwise deviate from the precise meaning of his author, especially if he be shackled and hemmed in by rhymes. Besides, as this work was chiefly intended for the use of schools, and of those who have made but small proficiency in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, it was judged necessary to be much more literal and exact than a poetical translation can well bear.

When I call this translation literal, I do not mean that I have rendered Virgil's Latin, word for word, into English; for this the different idioms of the two languages will not admit; but that care has been taken all along to preserve the full sense of the author, and to adhere as closely to the letter as was consistent with spirit, elegance, and propriety of style; above all, to present to the reader the same ideas in English, which the author does in Latin, and carefully to affix the precise determinate meaning to every one of his words, distinguishing them from others, commonly reckoned synonymous, or that nearly resemble them in sense, however different in sound. And herein, if I am not mistaken, will be found to lie the precise difference between this and the interpretation of Ruæus and others, which, in numbers of places, have not so much given the strict and proper sense of their author, as something like it; that is, they substitute one idea for another, which is the more apt to mislead the reader, as it bears a near resemblance to that of the author, without being exactly
the same. And though this might happen in translating some authors without doing them much injury, yet in so judicious and correct an author as Virgil, whose sentiments on every subject are so just, every little deviation from the ideas of the original becomes considerable; for, if we alter them at all, it must be for the worse.

I have only this farther to add with regard to the translation, that though prose seemed better adapted than verse to my design of being almost quite literal; yet the nervous comprehensive style of the original obliged me frequently to adopt the language of poetry, setting aside the numbers. For which purpose, I not only consulted the best of our poetical versions, but borrowed aid from the works of our celebrated poets, who have made Virgil their standard, and happily imitated his manner.

Nor will this work be useful only to boys at school, or to mere novices in the Latin, but may without vanity promise to be of some service even to greater proficients. Many even of those who think themselves nearly masters of Virgil, will find, upon reflection, that they have but a confused, or, at best, but a very superficial and general knowledge of his meaning. To such it may possibly be no unprofitable labour to bestow some time and attention, even on studying the words of an author, whose choice is so nice and delicate.
VIRGIL was born at Mantua, in the first consulship of Pompey the Great and Licinius Crassus, in the year of Rome DCLXXXIV., sixty-nine years before the birth of our Saviour, on the fifteenth of October, which the Latin poets observed annually in commemoration of his birth. His father Maro was a person of humble extraction; but his mother, whose name was Maia, was nearly related to Quintilius Varus, who was of an illustrious family.

He passed the first seven years of his life at Mantua; thence went to Cremona, where he lived to his seventeenth year; at which age, as was usual among the Romans, he put on the toga virilis, Pompey and Crassus happening that year to be, a second time, consuls.

From Cremona he went to Naples, where he studied the Greek and Latin languages with the utmost application and assiduity: he afterwards applied himself closely to the study of physic and the mathematics, in which he made a very great proficiency.

After he had spent some years at Naples, he went thence to Rome, where he soon attracted the notice of some of the great men at Court, who showed the high esteem they had of him by introducing him to Augustus. But whether Virgil did not like the hurry and bustle of a court life, or the air of Rome did not agree with his sickly constitution, is
uncertain; however, he retired again to Naples, where he set about writing his Bucolics, chiefly with a design to celebrate the praises of Pollio, Varus, and Gallus, who recommended him to Mæcenas, by whose interest he was particularly exempted from the common calamity of the poor Mantuans: whose lands, as a reward to the veterans for their bravery at the battle of Philippi, were divided among them, Virgil's only excepted, as appears by the first Eclogue, wherein he expresses the utmost gratitude for so singular a favour, in such a manner as ingratiated him more and more with Augustus. It is said he spent three years in writing his Eclogues; and had he spent as many more, the time would have been well employed, that produced the finest pastorals in the Roman, or perhaps any other language.

Italy being now reduced to extremity, the grounds lying uncultivated, and the inhabitants being in want of the very necessaries of life, the fatal but natural consequences of a civil war, in so much that the state seemed to be in danger, the people throwing all the blame on Augustus; Mæcenas, sensible of the great parts and unbounded knowledge of Virgil, set him about writing the Georgics for the improvement of husbandry, the only means left to save Italy from utter ruin; in which Virgil succeeded so well, that after their publication, Italy began to put on a new face, and every thing went well: for the Georgics are not only the most perfect of all Virgil's works, but the rules for the improvement of husbandry are so just, and at the same time so general, that they not only suited the climate for which he wrote them, but have been found of such extensive use, that the greatest part of them are put in practice in most places of the world at this very day. Virgil was now thirty-four years of age; having spent seven of the prime of his years in composing this inimitable poem, which has been, and ever will be, admired as the most finished and complete piece that ever man wrote: for here indeed he shines in his meridian glory.
Having now finished his Georgics, after a few years' respite, he set about the Æneid, when turned of forty; though it is generally believed he laid the foundation of that great and arduous work more early, to which he seems to allude in his sixth pastoral:

*Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.*

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,
Apollo check'd my pride; and bade me feed
My fatt'ning flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.

Virgil's design of writing the Æneid taking air, the expectations of the Romans were raised so high with the thoughts of it, that Sextus Propertius did not scruple to prophesy,

*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

And had Virgil designed the Æneid only as an encomium on Augustus, he might surely have written short panegyrics on his prince, as Horace has done, at several times, and on proper occasions, at a far less expense of time and labour than the Æneid must of necessity have cost him: for he has not only given Augustus's character under that of Æneas, but has wrought into his work the whole compass of the Roman History, with that of the several nations, from the earliest times to his own; and that with such exactness as to deserve the title of the Roman Historian much better than Homer did that of writer of the Trojan war: most Romans, in any controverted point, submitted rather to his authority than to that of the most learned historian.

The Æneid is an epic poem, which being the noblest composition in poetry, requires an exact judgment, a fruitful invention, a lively imagination, and an universal know-
ledge, all centring in one and the same person, as they did in Virgil, whose prodigious genius has been the admiration of all mankind, and will be so, while learning and good sense have a place in the world. Virgil spent about seven years in writing the first six books of this admirable poem, some part of which Augustus and Octavia longed to hear him rehearse, and hardly prevailed with him, after many entreaties. Virgil to this purpose fixed on the sixth, which, not without reason, he thought would affect them most; as in it he had, with his usual dexterity, inserted the funeral panegyric of young Marcellus, (who died a little before,) whom Augustus designed for his successor, and who was the darling of his mother Octavia, and of all the Romans; and as the poet imagined, so it happened; for after he had raised their passions by reciting these imitable lines,

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quere tuorum:
Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sintur. Nimium volupt Romano propago
Visa potens, superi, propria hac si dona fuissent.
Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus agit gemitus! vel qua, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum praterlabere recentem!
Nec puer Iliacâ quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe toilet avos: nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
Dextra! non illi quisquam se impune tulisset
Obvius armato: seu cum pedes iret in hostem,
Seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.

He at last surprises them with,

Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus cris.

At which affecting words the emperor and Octavia burst both into tears, and Octavia fell into a swoon. Upon her recovery she ordered the poet ten sesterces for every line,
each sesterce making about seventy-eight pounds of our money. A round sum for the whole! but they were Virgil's verses.

In about four years more he finished the Æneid, and then set out for Greece, where he designed to revise it as a bye-work at his leisure; proposing to devote the chief of the remaining part of his days to philosophy, which had been always his darling study, as he himself informs us in these charming lines:

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant; celique vias et sidera monstrant,
Defectus solis varios, lunaque labores;
Unde tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tunescunt
Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residant;
Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Ye sacred muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd and my heart inspir'd,
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear:
Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know,
The depths of heaven above and hell below;
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer-nights, and shortens winter-days.

But he had not long been in Greece, before he was seized with a lingering distemper. Augustus returning about this time from his eastern expedition, Virgil was willing to accompany him home; but he no sooner reached Brundusium than he died there, in the year of Rome DCCXXXV., and in the fifty-first year of his age, and was buried at Naples, where his tomb is shown to this day.

He was tall and of a swarthy complexion, very careless
of his dress, extremely temperate, but of a sickly constitution, being often troubled with a pain in his head and stomach; he was bashful to a fault, and had a hesitation in his speech, as often happens to great men, it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution and depth of judgment meet in the same person.

He was one of the best and wisest men of his time; and in such popular esteem, that one hundred thousand Romans rose up when he came into the theatre, showing him the same respect that they did to Cæsar himself; and as he was beloved in his life, so he was universally lamented at his death. He went out of the world with that calmness of mind that became so great and good a man, leaving Augustus his executor, who committed the care of publishing the Aeneid to Tucca and Varius, strictly charging them neither to cancel, nor add one word, nor so much as fill up the breaks or half-verses.

A little before his death, it is said, he wrote this inscription for his monument, which does him the more honour, as it savours not the least of ostentation:

*Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc*
*Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.*

I sang flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.

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**THE FOLLOWING ARGUMENTS HAVE BEEN OMITTED:**

The Seventh Eclogue is a poetical contest between Corydon and Thyris, the former of whom Melibœus declares victor.

The Eighth Eclogue contains the song of Damon and Alpheisibœus, who sing in alternate strains.

In the Ninth Eclogue Virgil complains of having been for a time dispossessed of his lands. Mercis probably represents the father of our poet.
Virgil, in this eclogue, celebrates the praises of Augustus, for restoring to him his lands, of which he had been dispossessed, having been bestowed upon the veteran soldiers who had fought in the cause of Augustus, at the battle of Philippi, B. C. 42. Tityrus personates Virgil, or probably his father, and Melibœus, his less fortunate neighbours, the Mantuans.

Melibœus, Tityrus.

M. You, Tityrus, reclined under the covert of that full-spread beech, practise your woodland lays on a slender oaten pipe: We are forced to leave the bounds of our country, and our pleasant fields; we fly our country; while you, Tityrus, in the shade at ease, teach the woods to re-echo the name of fair Amaryllis.

T. A god, O Melibœus, hath vouchsafed us this tranquillity; for to me he shall always be a god; a tender lambkin from our folds shall often stain his altar with its blood. It is he who hath permitted my heifers to feed at large, as you see, and myself to play what tunes I please on my rural reed.

M. Truly I envy you not; but rather am amazed at your good fortune; now that all around there are such confusions in the country. Lo, myself, sick as I am, drive far hence my tender goats: this, too, O Tityrus, I drag along with great difficulty: For here just now among the thick hazels having yeaned twins, the hope of my flock, she left them, alas! on the naked flinty rock. This calamity, I remember, my oaks stricken with lightning from heaven often presaged to me, had not my mind been under infatuation: often the ill-boding crow from an old hollow oak presaged it. But tell me, Tityrus, who is this god of yours.

T. The city, Melibœus, which they call Rome, I fool-

1 Amaryllis, the name of a country girl. Some have supposed that the poet spoke of Rome under that name.
2 Rome, a celebrated city of Italy, and the capital of the Roman Empire, was founded by Romulus, B. C. 753, on the banks of the Tiber, about 16 miles from the sea. It is now the capital of the Pope's dominions.
ishly imagined to be like this our 3 Mantua, whether we shepherds oft are wont to drive the tender offspring of our ewes. So I had known whelps like dogs, so kids like their dams; thus was I wont to compare great things with small. But that city hath raised its head as far above others, as the cypresses use to do above the limber shrubs.

M. And what important reason had you to visit Rome?

T. Liberty; which, though late, yet cast an eye upon me in my inactive time of life, after my beard began to fall off with a greyish hue when I shaved; yet on me she cast her eye, and after a long period of slavery came at last, when Amaryllis began to sway me, and 4 Galatea had cast me off. For I will not disown it, while Galatea ruled me, I had neither hopes of liberty, nor concern about my stock. Though many a victim went from my folds, and many a fat cheese was pressed by me for the ungrateful city, I never returned home with my hands full of money.

M. I wondered, Amaryllis, why disconsolate you were still invoking the gods; and for whom you suffered the apples to hang on their native tree. Now I see the cause. Your Tityrus hence was absent. The very pines, O Tityrus, the fountains, and these very groves, invited thee to return.

T. What could I do? It was neither in my power while here I staid, to deliver myself from my thraldom, nor elsewhere could I experience gods so propitious. Here, Meliboeus, I saw that divine youth, to whom for twice six days our altars yearly smoke with incense. Here first he gave this gracious answer to me his suppliant: "Swains, feed your heifers as formerly, and yoke your steers."

M. Happy old man, your lands shall then remain still in your possession, and large enough for you. Though naked stones and marsh with slimy rushes overspread all the pasture grounds; yet no unaccustomed fodder shall taint thy pregnant ewes; nor noxious diseases of the neighbouring flocks shall hurt them. Happy old man! here, among the well-known streams, and sacred fountains, you shall enjoy the cool shades. On the one hand, a hedge planted at the adjoining boundary, whose willow blossoms are ever fed on by the 5 Hyblean bees, shall often court you by its gentle hummings to indulge repose. On the other hand, the wood-cutter, beneath a lofty rock, shall sing aloud to heaven: Nor meanwhile shall either the

3 Mantua, a city in the north of Italy, on the Mincio, in the neighbourhood of which Virgil was born.

4 Galatea, the name of a country girl, frequently mentioned in the eclogues.

5 Hyblean Bees, from Hybla, a mountain of Sicily, celebrated for its excellent honey.
hoarse wood-pigeons, thy delight, or the turtle from his lofty elm, cease to coo.

T. Sooner therefore shall fleet stags feed on the air, and the seas leave fishes naked on the shore; sooner, the bounds of each being mutually traversed, shall the Parthian exile drink the Saone, or Germany the Tigris, than his lovely image be effaced from my breast.

M. But we must go hence; some to the parched Afri-cans; some of us shall visit Scythia, and Oaxes the rapid river of Crete, and the Britons quite disjoined from all the world besides. Say, shall I ever, after a length of time, with wonder see my native territories, and the roof of my poor cot covered over with turf, standing behind some ears of corn, my kingdom, my all? Shall then a Russian soldier possess these so well cultivated lands of mine?—A barbarian, these my fields of standing corn? See to what extremity civil discord hath reduced us, wretched citizens! See for whom we have sown our fields! Now, Melibœus, graft your pear trees; in order range your vines. Begone, my goats, begone, once a happy flock: no more shall I, extended in my verdant grot, henceforth behold you hanging far above me from a rock with bushes overgrown. No carols shall I sing; no more, my goats, tended by me, shall you browse the flowery cytisus and bitter willows.

T. Yet here this night you may take up your rest with me on a bed of green leaves. We have mellow apples, chestnuts soft and ripe, and plenty of curds and cream. And now the high tops of the villages at distance smoke, and larger shadows fall from the lofty mountains.

ECLOGUE II.

The subject of this eclogue is copied from Theocritus. The shepherd Corydon is deeply enamoured of Alexis, an ungrateful youth of great beauty.

ALEXIS.

The shepherd Corydon burned for fair Alexis, the darling of his master; nor had he any hope of success. Only among the thick beeches, with high embowering tops, he continual-

6 Parthian, &c. Parthia, now part of Persia, a country of Asia. The Saone, a river of France, which falls into the Rhone at Lyons. Germany, a large country of Europe, to the north of Italy. The Tigris, a river of Asia, forming a junction with the Euphrates.

7 Africans, &c. Africa, one of the three divisions of the ancient world. Scythia, a general name given by the ancients to the extreme northern parts of Europe and Asia. Oaxes, a river in the southern part of the island of Crete. The Britons, the inhabitants of Britain, which some of the ancients believed was once joined to the continent of Europe.
ly resorted: there, in solitude, with unavailing fondness, he threw away to the mountains and the woods these undigested complaints:

Ah, cruel Alexis, to my songs thou hast no regard; on me thou hast no pity; thou wilt surely at last occasion my death. Even the cattle now in this noontide heat pant after shades and cool retreats; now the thorny brakes shelter the vilest reptiles, even the green lizards; and Thestylis pounds the garlic and wild thyme, strong-scented herbs, for the reapers spent with violent heat. But to the hoarse grasshoppers and me the groves resound, while under the scorching sun I trace thy steps. Was it not better to endure the rueful spite and proud disdain of Amaryllis? Would it not have been better to endure Menalcas, though he was black, though thou art fair? Ah, comely boy, trust not too much to a complexion. White privets fall neglected; the purple hyacinths are gathered. By thee, Alexis, I am neglected; nor once dost thou inquire who I am; how rich in snowy flocks, how abounding in milk. A thousand ewes of mine stray on the mountains of Sicily. I want not milk in summer; I have it new even in the cold of winter. I warble the same airs which Theban Amphion was wont to practise, when on Attic Aracynthus he called his herds together. Nor am I so deformed as to be an object of disdain: upon the shore I lately viewed myself, when the sea stood unruffled by the winds. I will not fear to compare even with Daphnis, thyself being judge, if the image does not deceive me. O wouldst thou but vouchsafe to inhabit with me our mean rural retreats and humble cots, to pierce the deer, and with a bundle of green twigs to drive together a flock of kids! In the woods along with me thou shalt rival even Pan himself in singing. Pan first taught us to join several reeds with wax; Pan guards both the sheep and the shepherds. Nor be thou averse to wear thy lip with a shepherd's reed. What pains did not Amyntas take to learn this same art of mine? A pipe I have of seven unequal reeds compactly joined, of which Damoetas some time ago made me a present; and in his dying moments said: Thou art now its second master. Damoetas said: Me the foolish Amyntas envied. Besides I have two young he-goats, which I found in a valley not altogether safe, whose skins even now are speckled with white; each

1 Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, and king of Thebes. Such was his skill in music, that he is said to have built the walls of the city with the charms of his lyre.

2 Aracynthus, a mountain of Boeotia, or of Eolus in Greece.

3 Pan, the God of Shepherds; he was particularly worshipped in Arcadia, a pastoral district of Greece.
day they drain both the udders of an ewe; these I reserve for thee. Long Thestylis has begged to have them from me; and let her have them, since my presents are disdain-ed by you.

Come hither, O lovely boy; behold the nymphs bring thee lilies in full baskets. For thee, fair Nais, cropping the pale violets and heads of poppies, joins the narcissus and flower of sweet-smelling anise. Then, interweaving them with cassia, and other fragrant herbs, sets off the soft hyacinths with saffron marigold. Myself will gather for thee quinces whitening with tender down, and chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved. Plums I will add of waxen hue. On this fruit too shall honour be conferred. And you, ye laurels, I will crop; and thee, O myrtle, next in dignity to the laurel: For, thus arranged, you mingle sweet perfumes.

Ah, Corydon, thou art a silly clown thus to flatter thyself. Alexis neither minds thy presents; nor, if by presents thou shouldst strive to win him, would Iolas, thy richer rival, yield. Alas, what was in my wretched mind? Undone, undone; I have let the south wind loose among my flowers, and the boars to pollute my crystal springs. Ah, witless boy, whom dost thou fly? The gods themselves have dwelt in woods, and there the Trojan Paris dwelt. Let Pallas inhabit palaces, of which she is the foundress. Let us in woods above all things delight. The grim lioness pursues the wolf, the wolf himself the goat; the wanton goat pursues the flowery cytisus; and Corydon thee, O Alexis. Each is drawn away by some peculiar pleasure.

See, the labouring steers bring home the plough borne lightly on the yoke, and the retreat ing sun doubles the growing shadows: but me love still consumes. For what bounds can be set to love? Ah Corydon, Corydon, what frenzy hath possessed thee? Half pruned is thy vine propped on the leafy elm. Why rather triest thou not to weave, of osiers and pliant rushes, some one or other at least of those implements which thy work requires? Thou wilt find another Alexis if this disdains thee.

4 Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, who was exposed on Mount Ida, the oracle having foretold that he was to be the destruction of Troy.

5 Pallas, called also Minerva, a daughter of Jupiter, the Goddess of Wisdom and all the liberal arts.
ECLOGUE III.

This eclogue exhibits a trial of skill in singing, between Damoetas and Menalcas. Palsemon, who is chosen judge, after hearing them, declares his inability to decide such an important controversy.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALEMON.

M. Tell me, Damoetas, whose is that flock? Is it that of Meliboeus?

D. No; but Ægon's. Ægon lately gave it to my care.

M. Ah sheep, still a luckless flock! while the master himself caresses Næera, and fears that she may prefer me to him, this hireling shepherd milks his ewes twice in an hour; and by him the juice is filched from the flock, and milk from the lambs.

D. Remember, however, that these scandals should with more reserve be charged on men. We know both who seduced you, and in what sacred cave, while the goats looked askance; but the good-natured nymphs winked thereat, and smiled.

M. Then, I suppose, when they saw me with a felonious bill cut down Mycon's grove and tender vines.

D. Or here by these old beeches, when for spite you broke the bow and arrows of Daphnis: which when you, cross-grained Menalcas, saw given to the boy, you both repined, and had you not, by some means or other, done him a mischief, you had burst for envy.

M. What may not masters do, when pilfering slaves are so audacious? Miscreant! did not I see thee insidiously snap that goat of Damon, while his mongrel barked with fury? And when I cried out, Whither is he now sneaking off? Tityrus, assemble your flock; you skulked away behind the sedges.

D. Ought he not, when vanquished in piping, to give me the goat which my flute by its music won? If you know not, I will let you know, that goat was my own: and Damon himself owned to me the debt, but alleged that he was not able to pay.

M. You vanquish him in piping? Or was there ever a wax-jointed pipe in your possession? Wast thou not wont, thou dunce, in the cross-ways to murder a pitiful tune on a squeaking straw?

D. Are you willing, then, that each of us shall try by turns what we can do? This young heifer I stake, and lest you should possibly reject it, she comes twice a-day to
BUCOLICS. 30.

the milking pail: two calves she suckles with her udder: say what stake will you lay against me.

M. I dare not stake any thing from the flock: for I have a sire at home, I have a harsh step-dame: and twice a-day they number the cattle both, and one the kids. But what thyself shall own of far greater value, since thou choosest to be mad, I will pawn my beechen bowls, the carved work of divine Alcimedon, round which a curling vine, superadded by the easy skilful carver’s art, mantles the clustering berries diffusely spread from a pale ivy-bough. In the midst two figures are embossed, Conon the one: And who was the other? He who with his wand distributed among the nations the whole globe;—who taught what seasons the reaper, what the bending ploughman, should observe. Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but keep them carefully laid up.

D. For me too the same Alcimedon made two bowls, and with soft foliage wreathed their handles: Orpheus in the midst he placed, and the woods following. Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but keep them carefully laid up. If you consider the heifer, you have no reason to praise so much your bowls.

M. By no means shalt thou this day escape: I will descend to any terms you name. Let but that very person who comes (lo, it is Palæmon) listen to this debate: I will take care that you shall not challenge any henceforth at singing.

D. Come on then, if thou hast any manhood; in me there shall be no delay: nor do I decline any judge. Only, good neighbour Palæmon, weigh this debate with the deepest attention; it is a matter of no small importance.

P. Sing then, since we are seated on the soft grass; and now every field, now every tree, is budding forth: Now the woods look green; now the year is in its highest beauty. Begin Dametias: then you, Menalcas, follow. Ye shall sing in alternate verses: alternate verses please the Muses.

D. From Jove, ye Muses, let us begin: all things are full of Jove: he cherishes the earth; by him are my songs esteemed.

M. And me Phæbus loves: For Phæbus are still with

1 Alcimedon, an excellent carver, but of what country, is uncertain. Conon, a Greek astronomer of Samos, the contemporary and friend of Archimedes, who, probably, was the other figure mentioned by the poet.

2 Muses, goddesses who presided over poetry, music, &c. The nine Muses were called the Pierian Sisters, from Pieria in Macedonia, where they were born. Virgil also calls them Sicilian Muses, because Theocritus, the celebrated pastoral poet, was a native of Sicily; and Libethrian nymphs, from Libethra, a mountain of Boeotia, in Greece.

3 Phæbus, a name given to Apollo.
me his *sacred* gifts, the laurel and sweet-blushing hyacinth.

D. Galatea, a wanton girl, pelts me with apples; *then* flies to the willows, but wishes first to be seen.

M. But my darling Amyntas voluntarily offers himself to me; so that now not "Delia’s self is more familiar to our dogs.

D. I have a present provided for my love: for I myself marked the place where the airy ring-doves have built their nests.

M. What I could I sent to my boy, ten golden apples gathered from a tree in the wood: to-morrow I will send him ten others.

D. Oh how often, and what charming things Galatea spoke to me! Some part, ye winds, waft to the ears of the gods.

M. What avails it, O Amyntas, that you despise me not in your heart, if, while you hunt the boars, I watch the toils, and share not with you the danger?

D. Iolas, send home to me the charming Phyllis: It is my birth-day. When for the fruits I sacrifice a heifer, come thyself.

M. Iolas, I love Phyllis above others: For at my departure, she wept, and said, Adieu, fair youth, a long adieu.

D. The wolf is fatal to the flocks; showers of rain to ripened corn; *shaking* winds to trees; to me the wrath of Amaryllis.

M. Moisture is grateful to the springing corn; the arbutus to weaned kids; limber willows to the teeming cattle; to me Amyntas only.

D. Pollio loves my muse, though rustic: Ye Pierian sisters, feed a heifer for your reader.

M. Pollio himself too composes noble verses: feed *for* him the bull which already butts with the horn, and spurns the sand with his feet.

D. Let him who loves thee, Pollio, rise *to those honours* to which he rejoices that thou hast risen; for him let honey flow, and the prickly bramble bring forth amomum.

M. Who hates not Bavius’s verse, may love thine, O Mævius; and the same *fool* may join foxes *in the yoke*, and milk he-goats.

D. Ye swains who gather flowers, and strawberries that grow lowly on the ground, oh fly hence; a cold *deadly* snake lurks in the grass.

*4 Delia* was so called, because she was born in the island of Delos.

*5 Bavius and Mævius, two contemptible poets in the age of Augustus, contemporary with Virgil.*
M. Forbear, *my* sheep, to advance too far; it is not safe trusting to the bank; the ram himself is but now drying his fleece.

D. Tityrus, from the river remove your browsing goats; I myself, when it is time, will wash them all in the pool.

M. Pen up the sheep, ye swains; if the heat should dry up the milk, as of late, in vain shall we squeeze the teats with our hands.

D. Alas, how lean is my bull in a fertile field; the same love is the bane of the herd and of the herdsman.

M. Surely love is not the cause why these *are so lean*; they scarcely stick to their bones. I know not what *malignant* eye bewitches my tender lambs.

D. Tell me, (and you shall be my great Apollo,) where heaven’s circuit extends no farther than three ells.

M. Tell me where flowers grow, inscribed with the names of kings; and have Phyllis to thyself alone.

P. It is not for me to determine this weighty controversy between you; both you and he deserve the heifer; and whoever *so well* shall sing the fears of sweet successful love, and experimentally describe the bitterness of *disappointment*. Now, swains, shut up your streams; the meads have imbibed enough.

**ECLOGUE IV.**

Virgil, in this eclogue, is supposed by some to refer to the birth of Marcelius, the son of Octavia the sister of Augustus; or to a son of his patron, the consul Pollio, to whom the eclogue is inscribed. Others consider it to be founded on ancient predictions respecting the Messiah, and apply it to our blessed Saviour.

**POLLIO.**

Ye Sicilian Muses, let us sing somewhat higher strains. The groves and lowly tamarisks delight not all. If rural lays we sing, let those lays be worthy of a consul’s ear. The last era, the *subject of* 1 Cumæan song, is now arrived: The great series of *revolving* ages begins anew. Now too returns the virgin 2 *Astraea*, returns the reign of Saturn; now a new progeny from high heaven descends. Be thou but propitious to the infant boy, by whom first the iron age shall cease, and the golden age over all the world arise,

1 *Cumæan song*, from Cumæ, a city of Italy, north-west of Naples, in the vicinity of which resided the celebrated Cumæan Sybil.

2 *Astraea*, in the mythology of the ancients, was the Goddess of Justice, who resided on earth during the reign of Saturn, or the golden age. Being shocked by the impiety of mankind, she returned to heaven, and became one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, under the name of Virgo.
O chaste Lucina; now thy own Apollo reigns. While thou, too, Pollio, while thou art consul, this glory of our age shall make his entrance; and the great months begin to roll. Under thy conduct, whatever vestiges of our guilt remain, shall, by being done away, release the earth from fear for ever. He shall partake the life of gods, shall see heroes mingled in society with gods, himself be seen by them, and rule the peaceful world with his father’s virtues. Meanwhile the earth, sweet boy, as her first offerings, shall pour thee forth every where, without culture, creeping ivy with lady’s glove, and Egyptian beans with smiling acanthus intermixed. The goats of themselves shall homeward convey their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds dread huge overgrown lions. The very cradle shall pour thee forth fair attractive flowers. The serpent shall die; and the poison’s fallacious plant shall die: the Assyrian spikenard shall grow in every soil. But soon as thou shalt be able to read the praises of heroes, and the achievements of thy sire, and to understand what virtue is, the field shall by degrees grow yellow with soft ears of corn; blushing grapes shall hang on the rude brambles, and hard oaks shall distil the dewy honey. Yet some few footsteps of ancient vice shall still remain, to prompt men to brave the sea in ships, to enclose cities with walls, and cleave furrows in the earth. There will then be another Tiphys, and another 3Argo to waft chosen heroes over the main: there shall be likewise other wars: and great 4Achilles shall once more be sent to Troy. After this, when confirmed age shall have ripened thee into man, the sailor shall of himself renounce the sea; nor shall the naval pine barter commodities: all lands shall all things produce. The ground shall not endure the harrow, nor the vineyard the pruning-hook; the sturdy ploughman too shall release his bulls from the yoke. Nor shall the wool learn to counterfeit various colours: but the ram himself shall in the meadows tinge his fleece, now with sweet-blushing purple, now with saffron dye. Scarlet shall spontaneously clothe the lambs as they feed. The Destinies, harmonious in the established order of the fates, sung to their spindles: "Ye so happy ages, run, haste forward to the birth." Bright offspring of the gods, illustrious progeny of Jove, set forward on thy way to signal honours;

3 Argo, the name of the ship which carried Jason and his 54 companions to Colchis, to recover the golden fleece. Tiphys, who was pilot of the ship, died before reaching Colchis. The Argonautic expedition happened about 1253 B. C.

4 Achilles, the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war, where he performed prodigies of valour. He slew Hector, but was himself at last slain by Paris.
the time is now at hand. See the world with its conglobated ponderous frame nodding to thee in sign of gratulation, the earth, the regions of the sea, and heaven sublime: See how all things rejoice at the approach of this happy age. O, that my last stage of life may continue so long, and so much breath as shall suffice to sing thy deeds! Neither Thracian Orpheus, nor Linus, shall surpass me in song, though his mother aid the one, and the sire the other, Calliopea Orpheus, and fair Apollo Linus. Should even Pan with me contend, Arcadia's self being judge; even Pan should own himself overcome, Arcadia's self being judge. Begin, sweet babe, to distinguish thy mother by her smiles; ten months brought on thy mother tedious qualus. Begin, sweet babe; that child on whom his parents never smiled, nor god ever honoured with his table, nor goddess with her bed.

ECLOGUE V.

In this eclogue, the shepherds Menalcas and Mopsus celebrate the funeral eulogium of Daphnis.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

Me. Since, Mopsus, we are happily met, both skilful swains, you in piping on the slender reed, I in singing verses, why have we not sat down here among the elms intermixed with hazels?

Mo. You, Menalcas, are my superior: it is just that I be ruled by you; whether under the shades that waver by the fanning zephyrs, or rather into this grotto we repair: see how the wild vine with clusters here and there hath mantled over the grotto.

Me. Amyntas alone in our mountains may vie with thee.

Mo. What if the same presumptuous youth should vie with Phoebus' self in song?

Me. Begin you, Mopsus, first; whether you are disposed to sing the passion of Phyllis, or the praises of Alcon, or

5 Orpheus, the son of Oeagrus, king of Thrace, and the muse Calliope, celebrated for his masterly skill in music. Linus, a shepherd and famous musician of Thebes, the son of Apollo.

1 Phyllis, queen of Thrace, fell in love with Demophoon on his return from the Trojan war, and afterwards, in despair, hanged herself, on account of his absence at Athens, beyond the time he had promised to return. Aicon, a famous archer of Crete, who, with an arrow, dexterously killed a serpent that had wreathed itself round the body of his son Codrus, the last king of Athens, in the war with the Heraclidae, heroically devoted his life for his country; the oracle having declared, that the nation should obtain the victory whose king was killed in battle.
the *glorious* strife of Codrus; begin: Tityrus will tend the browsing kids.

Mo. Nay, I will rather try those strains which lately I
inscribed on the green bark of the beech tree, and sang and
noted them by turns: then bid Anytatas vie with me.

M. As far as the limber willow is inferior to the pale
olive, and humble lavender to crimson beds of roses, so far
is Amyntas, in my judgment, inferior to you.

Mo. But, shepherd, no more: now we have reached the
grotto. The nymphs deplored Daphnis cut off by cruel
death: ye hazels and ye streams witnessed *the mourning of*
the nymphs, when the mother, embracing the lamented
corpse of her son, reproached both gods and stars with cruelty.
The *mourning* swains, O Daphnis, then forgot to drive their
fed cattle to the cooling streams: no quadruped either tast-
ed of the brook, or touched a blade of grass. The savage
mountains, Daphnis, and the woods, can tell that the *very*
lions in the wilds of Afric mourned thy death. Daphnis
 taught to yoke Armenian tigers in the chariot; Daphnis
*taught* to lead up the dances in honour of Bacchus, and
wreathe the pliant spears with soft leaves. As the vine is
the glory of the trees, as grapes are of the vine, as the bull
is of the flock, as standing corn of fertile fields; so thou
wast all the glory of thy fellow-swains. Ever since the fates
snatched thee away, 2 Pales herself, and Apollo too, have left
the plains. Luckless darnel, and the barren oats, prevail in
these furrows, where we were wont to sow the plump barley.
In lieu of the soft violet, in lieu of the empurpled narcissus,
the thistle springs up, and the thorn with its sharp prickles.
Strew the ground with leaves, ye shepherds, cover the foun-
tains with shoddy boughs: these rites Daphnis for himself
ordains. And raise a tomb; and on that tomb inscribe this
epitaph: *Here I Daphnis of the groves repose*, hence even
to the stars renowned, the shepherd of a fair flock, fairer
myself than they.

M. Such, matchless poet, is thy song to me, as slumbers
to the weary on the grass; as in scorching heat to quench
thirst from a salient rivulet of fresh water. Nor equal you
your master in the pipe only, but also in the voice. Happy
swain, you shall now be the next to him. Yet, as I can, I
will sing in my turn these *verses* of mine, and exalt your
Daphnis to the stars: Daphnis I will raise to the stars; me
too Daphnis loved.

Mo. Can aught be more acceptable to me than such a

2 *Pales*, the Goddess of Sheep, with great solemnity, among the Ro-
folds and of Pastures, was worshipped, mans.
Ecl. V.  BUCOLICS.  54.  13

present?  The swain himself was most worthy to be celebrated, and Stimichon hath long since praised to me that song of yours.

Me. Daphnis, robed in white, admires the courts of heaven, to which he is a stranger, and under his feet beholds the clouds and stars. Hence mirthful pleasure fills the woods and every field, Pan and the shepherds, and the virgin Dryads. The wolf does neither meditate mischievous plots against the sheep, nor are any toils set to ensnare the deer; good Daphnis delights in peace. For joy, even the unshorn mountains raise their voices to the stars: now the very rocks, the very groves, resound these notes: a god, a god, he is, Menalcas. O be propitious and indulgent to thy own! See here four altars; lo, Daphnis, two for thee, and two for Phœbus. Two bowls foaming with new milk, and two goblets of fat oil, will I present to thee each year: And chieflly, enlivening the feast with plenty of the joys of Bacchus, before the fire if it be winter; if harvest, in the shade, I will pour thee forth Chian wines rich as nectar. Dametas and Lyctian Ægon shall sing to me: Alphesibœus shall mimic the frisking Satyrs. These rites shall be ever thine, both when we pay our solemn anniversary vows to the nymphs, and when we make the circuit of the fields. While the boar shall love the tops of mountains; while fishes in the floods delight; while bees on thyme shall feed, and grasshoppers on dew; thy honour, name, and praise, shall still remain. As to Bacchus and Ceres, so to thee the swains shall yearly perform their vows: thou too shalt bind them to their vows.

Mo. What just, what grateful returns shall I make to thee for so excellent a song? For neither the whispers of the rising south wind, nor shores lashed by the wave, nor rivers that glide down among the stony vales, please me so much.

Me. First I will present you with this brittle reed. This taught me, "Corydon for fair Alexis burned:" This same hath taught me, "Whose is this flock? Is it that of Melibœus?"

Mo. But do you, Menalcas, accept this sheep-hook, adorned with uniform knobs, and rings of brass, which Antigenev never could obtain, though he often begged it of me; and at that time he was worthy to be loved.

3 Dryads, nymphs who presided over the woods.
4 Bacchus first taught the use of the vine, &c., and was therefore called the God of Wine. Chios, now Scio, an island in the Archipelago, celebrated for its excellent wine.
5 Ceres, the Goddess of Corn and of Harvests.
ECLOGUE VI.

Silenus, a demi-god and companion of Bacchus, was noted for his love of wine and skill in music; here he relates concerning the formation of the world, and the nature of things, according to the doctrine of the Epicureans.

Silenus.

My Thalia is the first who deigned to sport in Sicilian verse, nor blushed to be an inhabitant of the woods. When I offered to sing of kings and battles, Apollo twitched my ear, and warned me thus: A shepherd, Tityrus, should feed his fattening sheep, and sing in humble strain. Now then will I, O Varus, (for there will not be wanting such as are ambitious to celebrate thy praises, and record thy disastrous wars,) exercise my rural muse on the slender reed. I sing not unbidden strains, though humble: yet whoso enamoured with the rural muse, whoso shall read even these, to him, O Varus, our lovely tamarisks, to him each grove shall sing of thee: nor is any page more acceptable to Phoebus, than on whose front the name of Varus is inscribed. Proceed, O Muses. Chromis and Mnasylus, the youthful swains, saw Silenus lying asleep in his cave, his veins, as usual, blown up with yesterday's debauch. His garlands just fallen from his head lay at some distance, and his ponderous tankard hung by its worn handle. Taking hold of him, (for often the sire had amused them both with the promise of a song,) they bind him with his own wreaths. Ægle associates herself with them, and comes unexpectedly upon the timorous swains; Ægle, the fairest of the Naiads; and just as he is opening his eyes, she paints his forehead and temples with blood-red mulberries. He, smiling at the trick, says, Why these bonds? Loose me, swains: It is enough that I have suffered myself to be seen. Hear the song which you desire: the song for you; for her I shall find another reward. At the same time he begins. Then you might have seen the Fauns and savages frisking about him in measured dance, then the stiff oaks waving their tops. Nor rejoices the Parnassian rock so much in Phoebus: nor do Rhodope and Ismarus so much

1 Varus, Quintillus Varus, a Roman Proconsul, who commanded an army in Germany, where he lost his life, with three whole legions, A.D. 10.

2 Parnassian rock.—Parnassus, a celebrated mountain of Phocis in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, remarkable for its two summits.

3 Rhodope and Ismarus, two high mountains in Thrace.
admire Orpheus. For he sang how, through the mighty void, the seeds of earth, and air, and sea, and pure ethereal fire, had been together ranged; how from these principles all the elements, and the world’s recent globe itself, combined into a system: then how the soil began to harden, to shut up the waters apart within the sea, and by degrees to assume the forms of things: and how anon the earth was astonished to see the new-born sun shine forth, and how from the clouds, suspended high, the showers descend: when first the woods began to rise, and when the animals, yet few, began to range the unknown mountains. He rehearses next the transformation of the stones which Pyrrha threw, the reign of Saturn, the fowls of Caucasus, and the theft of Prometheus. To these he adds the fountain where the Argonautic sailors had invoked aloud their Hylas lost; how the whole shore resounded Hylas, Hylas. And next he soothes Pasiphaë in her passion for the snow-white bull: happy princess if herds had never been! Ah, ill-fated maid, what madness seized thee? The daughters of Proetus with imaginary lowings filled the fields: yet none of them pursued such vile embraces of a beast, however they might dread the plough to be yoked about their necks, and often feel for horns on their smooth foreheads. Ah, ill-fated maid, thou now art roaming on the mountains! He, resting his snowy side on the soft hyacinth, ruminates the blanched herbs under some gloomy ever-green oak, or courts some female in the numerous herd. Ye nymphs, shut up now, ye Dictæan nymphs, shut up the lawns and openings of the groves, if any where by chance my bullock’s wandering footsteps may offer to my sight. Perhaps some heifers may lead him on to the Gortynian stalls, either enticed by the verdant pasture, or in pursuit of the herd. Then he sings the vir-

4 Pyrrha, the wife of Deucalion, in whose age all mankind was destroyed by a deluge, these two excepted. On consulting the oracle, they were directed to repair the loss, by throwing stones behind their backs; those which Pyrrha threw were changed into women, and those of Deucalion into men.

5 Caucasus, a lofty mountain of Asia, between the Euxine and Caspian Seas. Prometheus having made a man of clay, which he animated with fire stolen from heaven, was, for the impiety, chained to a rock on the top of Caucasus, where a vulture continually preyed upon his liver.

6 Hylas, a youth, the favourite of Hercules, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition, but was drowned in the Acanthus, a river of Bithynia, which afterwards received his name.

7 Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, king of Crete, who disgraced herself by her unnatural passion.

8 Proetus, king of Argolis, whose three daughters became insane for neglecting the worship of Baechus, or, according to some, for preferring themselves to Juno.

9 Dictæan nymphs—Cretan nymphs from Dicte, a mountain in the island of Crete, where Jupiter was worshipped.

10 Gortynian stalls.—Gortyna, an ancient city of Crete, the country around which produced excellent pastures.
gin 11 Atalanta, charmed with the apples of the Hesperides: then how the sisters of 12 Phæton were wrapped about with the moss of bitter bark, and how from the ground the stately alders rose. Then he sings how Gallus, wandering by the streams of 13 Permessus, was led to the Aonian mountains by one of the Sister Muses; and how the whole choir of Phoebus rose up to do him honour; how Linus, the shepherd of song divine, his locks adorned with flowers and bitter parsley, thus addressed him: Here, take these pipes the Muses give thee, which before they gave to the 14 Ascræan sage: by whose music he was wont to draw down the rigid wild ashes from the mountains. On these let the origin of 15 Grynium’s grove be sung by you; that in no grove Apollo may glory more. Why should I tell how he sang of 16 Scylla the daughter of Nisus? or of her whom, round the snowy waist, begirt with barking monsters, fame records to have vexed the Dulichian ships, and in the deep abyss, alas, tore in pieces the trembling sailors with sea-dogs? or how he described the limbs of 17 Tereus transformed? what banquet and what presents Philomela for him prepared? with what speed he sought the deserts, and with what wings, ill-fated prince, he fluttered over the palace once his own? All those airs he sings, which happy 18 Eurotas heard, and bade its laurels learn, when Phoebus played of old. The valleys, stricken with the sound, re-echo to the stars; till 19 Vesper warned the shepherds to pen their sheep

11 Atalanta, daughter of Scœneus, king of Scyros, or, according to others, of Jasius, king of Arcadia, was famed for her beauty, which gained her many admirers. She consented to bestow her hand on him that could outrun her, though he was to die if he lost the race. Many of her suitors had perished in the contest, when Hippomenes offered himself; during the race, he dropped, at intervals, three golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, which Atalanta stopping to pick up, he arrived first at the goal, and obtained her in marriage.

12 The Sisters of Phæton, according to the mythologists, bewailing his unhappy end, were changed into poplars by Jupiter.

13 Permessus, a river issuing from Mount Helicon in Aonia, (Boeotia,) sacred to the Muses.

14 Ascræan sage.—Hesiod, so named from Ascræ, a village of Boeotia in Greece, where he was born.

15 Grynium’s grove.—Grynium, a town on the coast of Æolia in Asia Minor, where Apollo had a temple with a sacred grove.

16 Scylla, a daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, feigned to have been changed into a lark. Dulichian ships. Those of Ulysses, who was king of the island of Dulichium. After the fall of Troy, Ulysses, in his return home, encountered incredible hardships, and with difficulty escaped the rocks of Scylla, so named from a daughter of Typhon, who was changed by Circe into a frightful monster, when, throwing herself into the sea between Italy and Sicily, she became the dangerous rocks which continued to bear her name.

17 Tereus, a king of Thrace. He married Progne, a daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, who, in revenge for his having violated her sister Philomela, and cut out her tongue, killed his son Ityes, and served him up at a banquet. According to the poets, they were all changed into different kinds of birds.

18 Eurotas, (Vasili Potamo,) a river of Laconia, washing ancient Sparta, and falling into the Mediterranean.

19 Vesper, the planet Venus, or the evening star.
in the folds, and recount their number: and advanced on
the sky, loath to lose the song.

ECLOGUE VII.

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

M. DAPHNIS by chance sat down under a whispering ever-
green oak, and Corydon and Thyrsis had driven their flocks
together; Thyrsis his sheep, Corydon his goats distended
with milk: both in the flower of their age, Arcadians both;
equally matched at singing, and ready to answer each other's
challenge. Here, while I was fencing my tender myrtles from
the cold, the he-goat himself, the husband of the flock, from
me had strayed away: and I espied Daphnis: when he
again saw me, he cried out, Come hither quickly, Melibœus;
your goat and kids are safe; and, if you can stay a while,
rest under this shade. Hither thy bullocks of themselves
will come across the meads to drink. Here Mincius hath
fringed the verdant banks with tender reed, and from the
sacred oak swarms of bees resound. What could I do? On
the one hand, I had neither Alcippæ, nor Phyllis, to shut up
at home my weaned lambs: and, on the other hand, there was
a great match proposed, Corydon against Thyrsis. After all,
I postponed my serious business to their play. In alternate
verses therefore the two began to contend: alternate verses
the muses would have me record. These Corydon, those
Thyrsis, each in his turn recited.

C. Ye Libethrian nymphs, my delight, either favour me
with such a song as ye did my Codrus, (he makes verses
next to those of Phœbus;) or, if we cannot all attain to this,
here on this sacred pine my tuneful pipe shall hang.

T. Ye Arcadian shepherds, deck with ivy your rising
poet, that Codrus's sides may burst with envy. Or, if he
praise me beyond what I desire, bind my brow with lady's
glove, lest his ill-tongue should hurt your future poet.

C. To thee, Delia, young Mycon for me presents this
head of a bristly boar, and the branching horns of a long-
lived stag. If this success be lasting, thou shalt stand at
thy full length in polished marble, thy legs with scarlet
buskins bound.

T. A pail of milk and these cakes, Priapus, are enough

1 Mincius, the Mincio, a river in the north of Italy, falling into the Po, below Mantua.
2 Codrus, a Latin poet, contemporary with Virgil.
3 Priapus, a deity among the ancients, who presided over gardens.
   He was the son of Bacchus and Venus, and was chiefly worshipped at Lamp-
   sacus on the Hellespont.
for you to expect from me; you are the keeper of a poor ill-furnished garden. Now we have raised thee of marble such as the times admit; but, if the breed recruit my flock, thou shalt be all of gold.

C. Divine Galatea, sweeter to me than Hybla's thyme, whiter than swans, fairer than white ivy; soon as the full-fed steers shall return to their stalls, come, if thou hast any regard for Corydon.

T. May I, sweet maid, even appear to thee more bitter than Sardinian herbs, more rugged than the furze, more worthless than sea-weed thrown out upon the shore, if this day be not longer to me than a whole year. Go home, my well-fed bullocks, if you have any shame, go home.

C. Ye mossy fountains, and grass more soft than sleep, and the green arbute-tree that covers you with its shade, ward off the solstitial heat from my flock: now scorching summer comes; now the buds swell on the fruitful tendrils of the vine.

T. Here is a glowing hearth, and here are unctuous pine; here a great fire may always be seen, and lintels sooted with continual smoke. Here we just as much regard the cold of Boreas, as either the wolf does the number of sheep, or impetuous rivers their banks.

C. Now junipers and prickly chestnuts crown the boughs; beneath each tree its apples here and there lie strewn; now all nature smiles: but, were fair Alexis to go from these hills, you would see even the rivers dry.

T. The field is parched; by the intemperance of the air the herbage thirsts and dies; Bacchus has envied our hills the shadow of his vine; but, at the approach of our Phyllis, every grove shall look green, and Jove full liberal descend in joyous showers.

C. The poplar is most grateful to Hercules, the vine to Bacchus, to lovely Venus the myrtle, to Phoebus his own laurel; Phyllis loves the hazels: so long as Phyllis loves thee, neither the myrtle nor the laurel of Phoebus shall surpass the hazels.

T. The ash is fairest in the woods, the pine in the gardens, the poplar by the rivers, the fir on lofty mountains:

4 Sardinian herbs.—A bitter herb which grew in the island of Sardinia, said to cause convulsions and death.
5 Boreas, the name of the north wind. According to the ancient poets, Boreas was the son of Astreus and Aurora.
6 Hercules, the most celebrated hero of fabulous history, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, was, after a life spent in achieving the most incredible exploits, ranked among the gods, and received divine honours.
7 Venus, a principal deity among the ancients, the Goddess of Love and Beauty. She was the wife of Vulcan, but passionately loved Adonis and Anchises; by the latter she became the mother of Aeneas.
but if, my charming Lycidas, you make me more frequent visits, the ash in the woods shall yield to thee, and the pine in the gardens.

M. These verses I remember, and that vanquished Thyris in vain contended. From that time it is Corydon, Corydon for me.

ECLOGUE VIII.

DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

The muse of the shepherds, Damon and Alphesibœus, whom the heifers, unmindful of their pasture, admired contending, and to whose song the lynxes listened with astonishment, and the rivers having changed their courses, stood still; the muse of Damon and Alphesibœus I sing.

Aid thou me, great Pollio, whether thou overpass the rocks of broad 1Timavus, or cruise along the coast of the 2Illyrian sea; say, shall that day ever come, when I shall be indulged to sing thy glorious deeds? say, shall it come, that I may be indulged to diffuse over the world thy verses, which alone merit to be praised in 3Sophocles’ lofty style? With thee my muse commenced; with thee my muse shall end. Accept my songs begun by thy command, and permit this ivy to creep around thy temples among thy victorious laurels.

Scarcely had the cold shades of night retired from the sky, a time when the dew on the tender grass is most grateful to the cattle, when Damon, leaning against a tapering olive, thus began:

D. Arise, fair 4Lucifer, and previously usher in the cheerful day; while 1, deceived by the feigned passion of my mistress Nisa, to her complain; and to the gods, now that I die, (though it hath hitherto availed me nought that I took them to witness,) yet in my last hour appeal. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Mount 5Mænalus has groves for ever filled with melody, and pines for ever vocal; he ever hears the loves of shepherds, and the music of Pan, the first who suffered not the reeds to be neglected. Be-

1 Timavus, the Timavo, a river of Italy, rising at the foot of the Alps, and falling into the gulf of Trieste. At its mouth are several small islands containing hot springs.

2 Illyrian sea.—The Adriatic sea between Italy and Dalmatia, &c.

3 Sophocles, a celebrated tragic poet of Athens, remarkable for sublimity of style. He was contemporary with Pericles and Euripides, and died B.C.406.

4 Lucifer, the name of the planet Venus, or morning star; as Hesperus was of the same planet, or evening star.

5 Mænalus, now Roino, a mountain of Arcadia in Greece, sacred to Pan. It was covered with pine trees.
gin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Nisa is given away to Mopsus! what may we lovers not expect? Griffins now shall match with horses, and in the succeeding age the timorous does with dogs shall come to drink. Mopsus, cut your fresh nuptial torches: for thee a wife is on the point of being brought home. Strew the nuts, bridegroom; Hesperus for thee forsakes 6 Ετα. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. O rarely matched to a worthy spouse! while you disdain all the world besides, and while you detest my pipe and goats, my shaggy eye-brows, and my overgrown beard; nor believe that any god regards the affairs of mortals. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. When thou wast but a child, I saw thee with thy mother gathering the dewy apples on our hedges; I was your guide; I had then just entered on the year next after eleven; I was then just able to reach the slender boughs from the ground. How I looked, how I languished, how the fatal delusion stole my heart away! Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Now I know what Love is: Ismarus, or Rhodope, or the remotest 7 Garamantes, produced him on rugged cliffs, a boy not of our race or blood. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Relentless love taught the mother to stain her hands in her own children's blood; a cruel mother too thou wast: whether more cruel was the mother, or more impious the boy? impious was the boy: thou, mother, too wast cruel. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. Now let the wolf of himself fly from the sheep; the hard oaks bear golden apples; the alder with narcissus bloom; the tamarisks distil rich amber from their barks; let owls with swans contend; be Tityrus an Orpheus; an Orpheus in the woods, an 8 Arion among the dolphins. Begin with me, my pipe, Mænalian strains. All the world for me may even become one great abyss; ye woods, farewell. From the summit of yon aerial mountain will I throw myself headlong into the waves: take this last present from thy dying swain. Cease, my pipe, now cease Mænalian strains.

Thus Damon: ye Pierian muses, say what Alphesibœus responsive sang. All things we cannot all perform.

A. Bring forth the water, and bind these altars with a

6 Ετα, a celebrated mountain, or, more properly, chain of mountains, between Thessaly and Greece Proper. It was so high, that the poets feigned the sun, moon, and stars rose behind it.

7 Garamantes, a people in the interior of Africa, now called Zasra.

8 Arion, a famous lyric poet and musician of the island of Lesbos. On his return to Corinth from Italy, the mariners formed a plot to murder him for his riches, when he threw himself into the sea, and was carried on the back of a dolphin to Tamarus in the Merca.
soft fillet: burn thereon fat unctuous vervain, and male frankincense, that I may try, by sacred magic spells, to dispossess my love of a sound mind. Only charms are here wanting. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. Charms can even draw down the moon from heaven: Circe by charms transformed the associates of Ulysses: the cold snake is in the meads by incaution burst. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. First, these three threads, with threefold colours varied, I round thee twine; and thrice lead thy image round these altars. The gods delight in the uneven number. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. Bind, Amaryllis, three colours in three knots; bind them, Amaryllis, now: and say, I bind the chains of Venus. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. As this clay hardens, and as this wax dissolves with one and the same fire; so may Daphnis by my love. Sprinkle the salt cake, and burn the crackling laurels in bitumen. Me cruel Daphnis burns; I on Daphnis burn this laurel. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. May such love seize Daphnis as when a heifer, tired with ranging after the bull through lawns and lofty groves, at length, in absolute despair, lies down on the green rushes by a rivulet, nor is mindful to withdraw from the late hour of night: let such love seize Daphnis; nor let his cure be my concern. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. These garments the faithless shepherd left with me some time ago, the dear pledges of himself; which to thee, O earth, in the very entrance, I now commit: these pledges owe to me the return of Daphnis. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. These herbs, and these baneful plants, in Pontus gathered, Mœris himself gave me: in Pontus they numerous grow. By these have I seen Mœris transform himself into a wolf, and sculk into the woods, often from the deep graves call forth the ghosts, and transfer the springing harvests to another ground. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. Bring forth the ashes, Amaryllis; throw them into a flowing brook, and over thy head; look not back. Daphnis with these I will assail: nought he regards the gods, nought

9 Circe, a daughter of Sol and Perseis, celebrated for her knowledge of magic and poisonous herbs. She changed the companions of Ulysses into swine; but afterwards, at his solicitation, restored them to their former state.

10 Pontus, a country of Asia Minor, bordering on the Euxine; it was the kingdom of Mithridates the Great.
he regards my charms. My charms, bring Daphnis from the town, bring Daphnis home to me. See the very ashes have spontaneously seized the altars with quivering flames, while I delay to remove them: may it be a happy omen. Something here, I know not what, appears; and Hylax in the entrance barks. Can I believe? or do those in love form to themselves fantastic dreams? Cease; for Daphnis comes from the town; now cease, my charms.

ECLOGUE IX.

LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

L. Whither is Mæris bound? are you for the town, whither the way leads?

M. Ah, Lycidas, we have lived to see the day when an alien possessor of my little farm (what we never apprehended) may say: These are mine; old tenants, begone. Now vanquished and disconsolate, since fortune confounds all things, to him I convey these kids, of which I wish him little good.

L. Surely, I heard that your Menalcas had saved by his verse all that ground where the hills begin invisibly to withdraw, and by an easy declension to sink down their ridges as far as the stream and now broken tops of the old beech.

M. Thou hearest it, Lycidas, and it was reported; but our verse just as much avails amid martial arms, as they say the Chaonian pigeons do, when the eagle comes upon them. But had not the ill-boding raven, from a hollow evergreen oak, warned me by any means to break off new pleas; neither your Mæris here, nor Menalcas himself, had been this day alive.

L. Alas, is any one capable of so great wickedness! alas, Menalcas, the charms of thy poetry were almost snatched from us with thyself! Who then had sung the nymphs! who with flowery herbs had strewn the ground, or covered with verdant shade the springs? or who had sung those songs which lately I secretly stole from you, when you resorted to our darling Amaryllis? “Feed, Tityrus, my goats till I return, short is the way; and when they are

11 Hylax, the name of a dog.
1 Chaonian pigeons.—Chaonia was a mountainous part of Epirus, in which was the sacred grove of Dardaon, where pigeons were said to deliver oracles.
fed, drive them, Tityrus, to watering; and while you are so doing, beware of meeting the he-goat; he butts with the horn."

M. Nay, rather these, which to Varus, and yet unfinished, he sang: "Varus the tuneful swans shall raise thy name aloft to the stars, if Mantua remain but in our possession; Mantua, alas, too near unfortunate 2 Cremona!"

L. If thou retainest any, begin; so may thy swarms avoid 3 Cyrenean yews: so may thy heifers, fed with cytisus, dis tended their dugs. The muses have also made me a poet: I too have my verses; and our shepherds call me bard; but to them I give no credit: for as yet methinks I sing nothing worthy of a Varus or a 4 Cinna, but only gabble like a goose among sonorous swans.

M. That, Lyoidas, is what I am about; and now con it over in silence with myself, if I can recollect it: nor is it a vulgar song. "Come hither, Galatea: for what pleasure have you among the roaring waves? Here is blooming spring; here, about the rivers, earth pours forth her various flowers: here the white poplar overhangs the grotto, and the limber vines weave shady bowers. Come hither: leave the mad billows to buffet the shores."

L. But what are those, which I heard you singing in a clear night alone? I remember the air, if I could recollect the words.

M. Daphnis, why gaze you with admiration on the risings of the signs, which are of ancient date? Lo, 5 Dionean Caesar’s star hath entered on its course; the star at whose rising the fields were to rejoice with corn; at whose rising the grapes on sunny hills were to take on their purple hue. Daphnis, plant thy pear-trees. Posterity shall pluck the fruit of thy plantations. Age impairs all things, even the mind itself. Often, I remember, when a boy, I sang long summer-days quite down the sky. Now all these songs I have forgotten; now the voice itself has left Moeris; the wolves have seen Moeris first. But these Menalcas himself will often recite to you.

L. By framing excuses you tediously suspend my fond desire. And now the whole surface of the main for thee

2 Cremona, a city of Italy on the northern bank of the Po. Its lands were divided among the veteran soldiers of Augustus.
3 Cyrenean yews.—Cyrus, now Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Italy. The honey produced here had a bitter taste, in consequence of the bees feeding on the yew trees, with which the island abounded.
4 Cinna, a grandson of Pompey, the intimate friend of Augustus, and patron of Virgil.
5 Dionean, &c. Caesar is so called, as being sprung from Æneas, whose mother, Venus, according to ancient mythology, was the daughter of Jupiter and the nymph Dione.
lies smooth and still; and mark how every whispering breeze of wind hath died away. Besides, half of our journey still remains: for *Bianor's tomb begins to appear. Here, where the swains are stripping off the thick leaves, here, Moiris, let us sing. Here lay down your kids: yet we shall reach the town *betim*es. Or if we are afraid that the night may gather rain before *we arrive*, yet we may still go on singing; the way will be less tedious. That we may go on singing, I will ease you of this burthen.

M. Shepherd, urge me no more; and let us mind the business now in hand. We shall sing those tunes to more advantage when *Menalcas* himself arrives.

**ECLOGUE X.**

Gallus, to whom this eclogue is inscribed, was the patron of Virgil, a soldier and a poet. He was greatly enamoured of Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, celebrated for her beauty and intrigues; but she forsook him for Mark Antony, by whom she was in turn abandoned for Cleopatra.

**GALLUS.**

**Indulge me,** *Arionthusa,* this last essay. A few verses, but such as Lycoris herself may read, I must sing to my Gallus. Who can deny a verse to Gallus? So, when thou glidest beneath the Sicilian waves, may brakish *Doris* not intermingle her stream *with thine.* Begin: let us sing the anxious loves of Gallus, while the flat-nosed goats browse the tender shrubs. We sing not to the deaf; the woods reply to all. What groves, ye virgin Naiads, or what lawns detained you, while Gallus pined with ill-requited love? for neither any of the tops of Parnassus, nor those of *Pindus,* nor Aonian Aganippe, *the fountain of the muses,* did retard you. *There* the very laurels, the very tamarisks consoled him: even pine-topped *Maenalus* bemoaned him as he lay beneath a lonely rock, and over him the stones of cold *Lyceus* wept. His sheep too stand *mourning* around him, nor are they ashamed to share our griefs; nor of thy flock, di-

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6 *Bianor's tomb.* Bianor, called also Ocnus, was the son of Tiberius and Manto, and king of Erruria. His tomb was on the road between Mantua and Andes.
1 *Arionthusa,* the nymph who presided over the fountain of the same name in Sicily.
2 *Doris,* a sea nymph, the mother of the Nereids; here used to express the sea itself. *Naiads,* nymphs,—Goddesses who presided over rivers and fountains.
3 *Pindus,* a mountain between Thessaly and Epirus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. *Aonian Aganippe,* a celebrated fountain of Boetia, of which Aonia was a district.
4 *Lyceus,* a mountain of Arcadia, sacred to Jupiter, and also to *Pan.*
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vine poet, be thou ashamed; even fair a Adonis tended sheep along the streams. The shepherd too came up: the slow-paced neatherds came: Menalcas came wet from gathering winter-mast. All interrogate whence this thy love? Apollo came: Gallus, he says, why ravest thou thus? Lycoris, for whom you pine, is following another lover through snows and horrid camps. Silvanus too came up with rural honours on his head, waving the flowery fennels and big lilies that adorned his brow. Pan, the god of Arcadia, came; whom we ourselves beheld stained with the elder's purple berries and vermilion. What bounds, he says, will you set to mourning? Love regards not such vain lamentations. Nor cruel love with tears, nor grassy meads with streams, nor bees with cytisus, nor goats with leaves, are satisfied. But he, overwhelmed with grief, said, Yet you, Arcadians, shall sing these my woes on your mountains; ye Arcadians only skilled in song. O, how softly then my bones will rest, if your pipe in future times shall sing my loves! and would to heaven I had been one of you, and either keeper of your flock, or vintager of the ripe grape! Sure whether Phyllis or Amyntas, or whoever else, had been my love, (what though Amyntas be swarthy? the violet is black, and hyacinths are black,) they would have reposed with me among the willows under the limber vine; Phyllis had gathered garlands for me, and Amyntas would have sung. Here are cool fountains; here, Lycoris, are soft flowery meads, here a delicious grove; here with thee I could consume my whole life away. Now love, frantic through despair, detains me in the service of rigid Mars, in the midst of darts, and adverse foes. Thou, far from thy native land, (yet let me not believe it,) beholdest nothing but Alpine snows, and the colds of the Rhine, ah, hard-hearted fair! alone, and without me. Ah, heaven forbid that these colds should hurt thee! that the sharp ice should wound thy tender feet! I will go, and warble on the Sicilian shepherd's reed those songs which are by me composed in Euphorion's elegiac strain. I am resolved, rather than pursue thee thus in vain, to submit to toils and dangers in the woods, among the dens of wild beasts, and to inscribe my loves upon the tender trees; as they grow up, so you,

5 Adonis, a youth, the favourite of Venus; having lost his life by the bite of a wild boar, he was changed into the flower Anemone.
6 Silvanus, a rural Deity among the Romans, who presided over woods.
7 Alpine snows. The Alps are a chain of mountains, the highest in Europe, separating Italy from France, Switzerland, and Austria. The Rhine, a celebrated river which rises in the Alps, and, after a course of 600 miles, discharges itself into the German Ocean.
8 Euphorion's strain, that is, in the elegiac strain of Euphorion, a Greek poet of Chalcis in Euboea.
my loves, will grow. Meanwhile with mingled troops of nymphs over Mnænalus will I range, or hunt the fierce boars. No colds shall hinder me from traversing with my hounds the 9Parthenian lawns around. Now over rocks and resounding groves methinks I roam: pleased I am to shoot Cydonian shafts from the Parthian bow: fool that I am! as if these were a cure for the rage of love; or as if that god were capable of being softened by human woes. Now neither the nymphs of the groves, nor songs themselves, charm me any more: even to you, ye woods, once more I bid adieu. No sufferings can alter him; even though amidst frosts we drink of 10Hebrus, and undergo the Sithonian snows of rainy winter; or even if we should tend our flocks in 11Ethiopia, beneath the sign of Cancer, when the dying rind withers on the stately elm. Love conquers all; and let us yield to love. These verses, ye divine muses, it shall suffice your poet to have sung, while he sat and wove his little basket of slender osiers: these you will make acceptable to Gallus: to Gallus, for whom my love grows as much every hour, as the green alder shoots up in the infancy of spring. Let us arise: the evening-shade uses to prove noxious to singers; even the juniper's shade, at other times the most wholesome, now grows noxious; the evening-shades are hurtful even to the corn. Go home, the evening star arises, my full-fed goats, go home.

9 Parthenian lawns.—Parthenius was a mountain of Arcadia, for which it is here used; as Cydonian shafts is used for Cretan darts,—Cydon (Cania) being a city of Crete.
10 Hebrus, the largest river of Thrace, rises in Mount Hæmus, and runs into the Ægean Sea. Sithonian snows, from Sithonia, a part of Thrace.
11 Ethiopia, an extensive country of Africa; by the ancients, this name was applied to modern Abyssinia, and the southern regions of Africa.
This admirable poem was undertaken at the particular request of that great patron of poetry, Mæcenas, to whom it is dedicated, and has justly been esteemed the most perfect and finished of Virgil's works. Of the Four Books of which it consists, the First treats of ploughing and preparing the ground; the Second of sowing and planting; the Third of the management of cattle, &c.; and the Fourth gives an account of bees, and of the manner of keeping them among the Romans.

What makes the fields of corn joyous: under what sign, Mæcenas, it is proper to turn the earth and join the vines to elms: what care is requisite for kine, the nurture for breeding sheep; and what experience for managing the frugal bees; hence will I begin to sing. Ye brightest luminaries of the world, that lead the year sliding along the sky; thou Bacchus and fostering Ceres, if by your bounty mortals exchanged the Chaonian acorn for fattening ears of corn, and mingled draughts of 1 Achelous with the invented juice of the grape: and ye Fauns propitious to the swains, ye Fauns and Virgin Dryads, both come tripping up together: your bounteous gifts I sing. And thou, O Neptune, to whom the earth, struck with thy mighty trident, first poured forth the neighing steed; and thou inhabitant of the groves, for whom three hundred snow-white bullocks cropped 2 Cæa's fertile thickets; thou too, O Pan, guardian of the sheep, O 3 Tegetean god, if thy own Mænalus be thy care, draw nigh propitious, leaving a while thy native grove, and the lawns of Lyceus; and thou, Minerva, inventress of the olive; and thou, O boy, the instructor in the use of the crooked plough; and thou, Silvanus, bearing a tender cypress plucked up by the root; ye gods and goddesses all, whose province it is to guard the fields, both ye who

1. *Achelous, (Aspro Potamo,)* a river of Epirus in Greece, said by some to have been the first river that sprung from the earth after the deluge; hence it was frequently put by the ancients, as it is here, for water.

2. *Cæa, (Zea,)* an island in the Archipelago, one of the Cyclades.

3. *Tegetean God, Pæan is so called, from Tegæa, a town of Arcadia, in Greece, which was sacred to him.*
nourish the infant fruits _that spring from no seed sown by the hand of man_; and ye who on the sown _fruits_ send down the liberal shower from heaven.

And chiefly thou, _great_ Caesar, whom it is yet uncertain what councils of the gods are soon to have; whether thou wilt vouchsafe to visit cities, and _undertake_ the care of countries, and the widely extended globe receive thee, giver of the fruits, and ruler of the seasons, binding thy temples with thy mother's myrtle: or whether thou comest god of the unmeasured ocean, and mariners worship thy divinity alone; whether remotest _Thule_ is to be subject to thee, and _Tethys_ to purchase thee for her son-in-law with all her waves; or whether thou wilt _take thy seat among the stars_, join thyself to the slow months, a new constellation, where space lies open _for thy reception_ between Erigone and the _Scorpion_’s pursuing claws: the Scorpion himself, impatient _for thy coming_, already contracts his arms, and leaves for thee more than an equal proportion of the sky. Whatever _deity_ thou wilt be, (for let not _Tartarus_ expect thee for its king, nor let such dire lust of sway once enter thy mind;) though Greece admires her Elysian fields, and _Proserpine_, redeemed, is not inclined to follow her mother _to the upper world,) grant me an easy course, favour my adventurous enterprise; and, pitying with me the swains who are strangers to their way, commence _a god_, and accustom thyself even now to be invoked by prayers.

In early spring, when melted snows glide down the hoary hills, and the crumbling glebe unbinds itself by the zephyr; then let my steer begin to groan under the deep-pressed plough, and the share worn on the furrow _begin_ to glitter. That field at last answers the wishes of the covetous farmer, which twice hath felt the _summer’s sun_, and twice the clouds _of winter_; harvests immense _even burst_ his barns.

But, before we cut an unknown plain with the plough-share, let it be our care previously to learn the winds, and various quality of the climate, the ways of culture practised by our forefathers, and the genius and habits of the soil; what each country is apt to produce, and what to refuse. Here corn, there grapes, more happily grow; nurseries of

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1 _Thule_, an island in the most northern parts of the German Ocean, to which the ancients gave the epithet of _Ultima_. Some suppose that it is the island of Iceland, or part of Greenland, while others imagine it to be the Shetland Isles.

2 _Tethys_, the chief of the sea-deities, was the wife of Oceanus. The word is often used by the poets to express the sea.

3 _Tartarus_, the infernal regions, where, according to the ancients, the most impious and guilty among mankind were punished.

4 _Proserpine_, the daughter of Ceres, and wife of Pluto, who stole her away as she was gathering flowers in the plains of Enna in Sicily.
trees elsewhere, and herbs spontaneous bloom. Do not you see, how Tmolus sends us saffron odours, India ivory, the soft Sabæans their frankincense? But the naked Chalybes send steel, Pontus strong-scented castor, Epirus the prime of the Olympic mares. These laws and eternal regulations nature from the beginning imposed on certain places: when Deucalion first threw those stones into the unpeopled world, whence men, a hardy race, sprang up. Come then, let your sturdy steers turn up a soil that is rich forthwith for the first month of the year; and let the dusty summer bake the scattered clods with suns mature and vigorous. But, if the land be not fertile, it will be sufficient to raise it up with a light furrow, even so late as towards the rising of Arcturus; in the former case, lest weeds obstruct the joyous corn; in the latter, lest the scanty moisture forsake the barren sandy soil.

You will likewise suffer your lands after reaping to rest every other year, and the field to harden, and be overgrown with moss. Or, changing the season, you will sow there yellow wheat, whence before you have taken up a joyful crop of pulse, with rattling pods, or the vetch’s slender offspring and the bitter lupine’s brittle stalks, and rustling grove. For a crop of flax burns the land; as also oats and poppies impregnated with Lethæan sleep. But yet your labour will be easy, even though you should sow these kinds of grain every other year, provided only you be not backward to saturate the parched soil with rich dung, or to scatter sod-ded ashes upon the exhausted lands: thus too, with this precaution, your land will rest merely by changing the grain. In the mean time, should your field remain untilled for one year, it will not be ungrateful.

Often too it has been of use to set fire to barren lands, and burn light stubble in crackling flames; whether the land thence receives secret strength and rich nourishment, as is the case with the land that is poor: or whether every vicious disposition is exhaled by the fire and the superfluous moisture sweats off, as it happens if the soil be watery; or whether the heat opens more passages, and secret pores, through which the sap may be derived into the new-born

1 Tmolus, a mountain of Lydia, in Asia Minor, abounding in vines, saffron, &c. Sabeans, the inhabitants of Saba, a town of Arabia, famous for frankincense, myrrh, and aromatic plants. Chalybes, a people of Pontus, in Asia Minor; their country abounded in iron mines.
2 Epirus, (Albania,) a country of Greece, famous for its fine breed of horses.
3 Arcturus, a star near the tail of Ursa Major, whose rising and setting was supposed to portend great tempests. In the time of Virgil, it rose about the middle of September.
4 Lethæan sleep.—Lethe was one of the rivers of hell, whose waters had the power of causing forgetfulness.
herbs, which is the case of the stiff clay; or whether it
hardens more, and binds the gaping veins, as happens to a
spongy soil, that the small showers, or keen influence of the
violent sun, or penetrating cold of Boreas may not hurt it.

He too greatly improves the lands who breaks the sluggish
clods with harrows, and drags osier hurdles over them,
(nor does yellow Ceres view him with an unpropitious eye
from high 1 Olympus,) and he also who, after the plain has
once been torn, again breaks through the land; that raises
up its ridges, and gives it a second furrow, turning the
plough across, and gives it frequent exercise, and rules his
lands imperiously.

Pray, ye swains, for moist summers and serene win-
ters. In winter's dust most joyful is the corn, joyful is
the field. This improves the fertile 2 Mysia more than all
her culture, and hence even Gargarus admires his own har-
vest.

Why should I speak of him, who, immediately after sowing
the seed, persecutes the lands anew, and levels the heaps
of barren sand; then on the springing corn drives the
stream and ductile rills? and when the field is scorched
with raging heat, the herbs all dying, lo! from the brow of
a hilly tract he decoys the torrent; which falling down the
smooth-worn rocks, awakes the hoarse murmur, and with
gurgling streams allays the thirsty lands.

Why of him who, lest the stalk with over-loaded ears
fall to the ground, feeds down the luxuriance of the crop
in the tender blade, when first the springing corn is equal
with the furrow; and who drains from soaking sand the
collected moisture of the marsh, chiefly when, in the vari-
able rainy months, the overflowing river bursts from its
banks away, and overspreads all around with slimy mud,
whence the hollow dykes sweat with tepid vapour?

After all, (when the labours of men and oxen have thus
been tried in cultivating the ground,) the destroying goose,
the 3 Strymonian cranes, succory with its bitter roots, and
even the shades, are in some degree injurious to the grow-
ing corn. Father Jove himself willed the ways of tillage
not to be easy, and first commanded to cultivate the fields
by art, whetting the minds of mortals with care; nor suf-
f ered he his reign to lie inactive in heavy sloth. Before

1 Olympus, a lofty mountain on
the confines of Thessaly and Mace-
donia, separated from Ossa by the vale
of Tempe. The ancients supposed that
it touched the heavens with its top,
and on that account, the poets made
it the residence of the Gods.

2 Mysia, a country of Asia Minor,
bordering on Troas. Gargarus, a
mountain, or rather a part of Mount
Ida in Troas.

3 Strymonian cranes.—Strymon, a
river of Macedonia, the ancient bound-
ary between that country and Thrace.
Jove no husbandman subdued the fields; nor was it even lawful to mark out, or by limits divide the ground. They enjoyed all things in common, and earth of herself produced every thing freely, without any solicitation. He infused the noxious poison into the horrid serpent, commanded the wolves to prowl, and the sea to be put in commotion; he shook the honey from the leaves, removed fire out of the sight of mortals, and restrained the wine that ran commonly in rivulets; that experience by dint of thought might gradually hammer out the various arts of life, in furrows seek the blade of corn, and from the veins of flint strike out the hidden fire. Then first the rivers felt the excavated alders; then the seamen gave the stars their numbers and their names, the 1Pleiades, Hyades, and the bright bear of Lycaon. Then were invented the arts of catching wild beasts in toils, deceiving with bird-lime, and encompassing the spacious lawns with hounds. And now one seeking the depths, lashes the broad river with his casting-net; and on the sea another drags his humid lines along. Then arose the rigid force of steel, and the flat blade of the grating saw, (for the first mortals cleft the fissile wood with wedges;) then various arts ensued. Incessant labour and want, in hardships urgent, surmounted every obstacle. Ceres first taught mortals with steel to turn the ground; when now the acorns and arbutes of the sacred wood failed, and 2Dodona denied her wonted sustenance. Soon too was distress inflicted on the corn; that noxious mildew should eat the stalks, and the lazy useless thistle shoot up its horrid spikes in the field. The crops of corn die; burrs and Brambles, a rugged prickly wood, succeed; and, amidst the gay shining fields, unhappy darnels and barren wild oats bear sway. But unless you both vex the ground with assiduous harrows, fright away the birds with noise, and with the pruning-knife restrain the shades of the darkened field, and by prayers call down the showers; alas, while thy labour proves in vain, thou shalt view another’s ample store, and in the woods so-lace thy hunger by shaking acorns from the oak.

We must also describe what are the instruments used by the hardy swain; without which, the crops would neither be sown nor spring. First, the share and heavy timber of the plough, and the slow-rolling wains of the Elusinian mo-

1 Pleiades, a name given to the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, made a constellation in the heavens. Hyades, the five daughters of Atlas, who were also changed into stars, and placed in the constellation Taurus. Bear of Lycaon, Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, was changed by Juno into a bear, but Jupiter made her the constellation Ursa Major.
2 Dodona, an ancient city of Epirus, in Greece, where was a sacred grove, with a celebrated oracle and temple of Jupiter.
ther, Ceres, the planks and sleds for pressing out the corn, and the harrows of unwieldy weight; besides the mean osier furniture of Celeus, arbute hurdles, and the mystic van of Bacchus; all which, with mindful care, you will provide long before-hand, if the blissful country has due honour in store for thee. Straight in the woods a stubborn elm bent with vast force is subdued into the plough tail, and receives the form of the crooked plough. To this, at the lower end, are fitted a beam extended eight feet in length, two earth-boards, and share-beams with their double back. The light lime-tree also is felled before-hand for the yoke, and the tall beech, and the plough-staff, to turn the bottom of the carriage behind; and the smoke seasons the wood hung up in the chimneys.

I can recite to you many precepts of the ancients, unless you decline them, and think it not worth while to learn these trifling cares. The threshing-floor chiefly must be levelled with the huge cylindric roller, and wrought with the hand, and consolidated with binding chalk, that weeds may not spring up, and that overpowered with drought it may not chap. Then various pests mock your hopes; often the diminutive mouse has built its cell, and made its granaries; or the moles, deprived of sight, have dug their lodges under ground; and in the cavities has the toad been found, and vermin which the earth produces in abundance; the weevil plunders vast heaps of corn, and the ant, fearful of indigent old age.

Observe also, when the almond shall clothe itself abundantly with blossom in the woods, and bend its fragrant bough: if the rising fruit exceed the leaves in number, in like quantity the corn will follow, and a great threshing with great heat will ensue. But, if the shady boughs abound with luxuriance of leaves, in vain the floor shall bruise the stalks, fertile only in chaff.

I have indeed seen many sowers artificially prepare their seeds, and steep them first in nitre and black lees of oil, that the produce might be larger in the fallacious pods: and though, to precipitate them, they were soaked over a slow fire, selected long, and proved with much labour, yet have I seen them degenerate, unless human industry, with the hand culled out of the largest every year. Thus all things, by destiny, hasten to decay, and, gliding away, insensibly are driven backward; not otherwise than he who rows his boat with much ado against the stream, if by chance he slackens

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1 Celeus, a king of Eleusis, was the father of Triptolemus, whom Ceres instructed in husbandry.
his arms, is instantly gone, and the tide hurries him headlong down the river.

Further, the stars of Arcturus, and the days of the Kids, and the shining Dragon, must be as much observed by us, as by those who, homeward borne across the main, attempt the 1Euxine sea, and the straits of oyster-breeding 2Abydos.

When Libra makes the hours of day and night equal, and now divides the globe in the middle between light and shades; then work your bulls, ye swains, and sow barley in the fields, till toward the last shower of the inclement winter solstice. Then too is the time to hide in the ground a crop of flax, and the poppy of Ceres, and high time to ply your harrows; while the ground, yet dry, you may, and while the clouds are yet suspended.

In the spring is the sowing of beans: then thee too, O 3Medic plant! the rotten furrows receive, and millet comes, an annual care, when the bright Bull with gilded horns opens the year, and the Dog sets, giving way to the backward star. But if you labour the ground for a wheat-harvest and strong grain, and are bent on bearded ears alone: let the Pleiades in the morning be set, and let the 4Gnosian star of Ariadne’s blazing Crown emerge from the sun, before you commit to the furrows the seed designed, and before you hasten to trust the unwilling earth with the hopes of the year. Many have begun before the setting of Maia; but the expected crop hath mocked them with empty ears. But if you are to sow vetches, and mean kidney beans, nor despise the care of the Egyptian lentil; setting Boötes will afford thee signs not obscure. Begin, and extend thy sowing to the middle of the frosts.

For this purpose, the golden sun, through the twelve constellations of the world, rules the globe measured out into certain portions. Five zones embrace the heavens; whereof one is ever glowing with the bright sun, and scorched for ever by his fire; round which two others on the extremities of the globe, to the right and left, are extended, pinched and frozen up with cerulean ice, and horrid showers of snow. Between these and the middle zones two by the bounty of the

1 Euxine (or Black) sea, is situated between Europe and Asia, and communicates with the Mediterranean by the sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles.

2 Abydos, a city of Asia Minor, on the Hellespont, (Dardanelles,) opposite to Sestos, in Thrace; famous for the bridge of boats which Xerxes made there across the Hellespont, when he invaded Greece; and for the loves of Hero and Leander.

3 Medic plant, a species of trfoil, so called, because introduced from Media into Greece.

4 Gnosian star, &c.—Ariadne’s crown, consisting of seven stars, was so called from Gnosus, a famous city of Crete, where Minos, the father of Ariadne, reigned. Maia, one of the Pleiades, and the most luminous of the seven. Boötes, a constellation near the Ursa Major, or Great Bear.
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gods are given to weak mortals; and a path is cut through both, where the series of the signs might revolve obliquely. As the world rises high towards Scythia and 1 Riphaean hills: so, bending towards the south winds of 2 Libya, it is depressed. The one pole to us is still elevated; but the other, under our feet, is seen by gloomy 3 Styx and the infernal ghosts. Here, after the manner of a river, the huge Dragon glides away with tortuous windings, around and through between the Bears; the Bears that fear to be dipped in the ocean. There, as they report, either dead night for ever reigns in silence, and, outspread, wraps all things up in darkness; or else 4 Aurora returns thither from us, and brings them back the day: and when the rising sun first breathes on us with panting steeds, there ruddy Vesper lights up his late illuminations.

Hence we are able to foreknow the seasons when the sky is dubious, hence the days of harvest, and the time of sowing; and when it is proper to sweep the faithless sea with oars, when to launch the armed fleets, or to fell the pine in the woods in season. Nor in vain do we study the settings and the risings of the signs, and the year equally divided into four different seasons.

If at any time a bleak shower confines the husbandman, then is his time to provide many things, which, as soon as the sky is serene, must be done with expedition. Then the ploughman sharpens the hard point of the blunted share, scoops little boats from trees, or stamps the mark on the sheep, or the number on his sacks of corn. Others point stakes and two-horned forks, and prepare 5 Amerine osier bands for the limber vine. Now let the pliant basket of bramble-twig be woven; now parch your grain over the fire, now grind it with the mill-stone: for even on holy-days, divine and human laws permit to perform some works. No religion hath forbidden to drain the fields, to raise a fence before the corn, to lay snares for birds, to fire the thorns, and plunge in the wholesome river a flock of bleating sheep. Often the driver of the sluggish ass loads his ribs with oil, or common apples; and, in his return from the town, brings back an indented mill-stone, or a mass of black pitch.

1 Riphaean hills, in the north of Scythia, near the rivers Tanais and Rha.
2 Libya, an extensive country of Africa, lying between Egypt and the Syrtis Major; by the ancients it was often applied to Africa in general.
3 Styx, one of the rivers of hell, round which it was said to flow nine times. The Gods held the waters of the Styx in such veneration, that they always swore by them; an oath which was inviolable.
4 Aurora, the Goddess of the Morning. Vesper, the evening star; often used for the evening, as Aurora is for the morning.
5 Amerine bands, from Ameria, a city of Umbria, in Italy, which abounded in osiers.
The moon too hath allotted days auspicious to works, some in one order, some in another. Shun the fifth: on this pale Pluto and the Furies were born. Then at a monstrous birth the earth brought forth Cœus, Iapetus, and stern Typhoeus, and all the giant-brothers who conspired to scale the skies. For thrice did they essay to lay Ossa upon Pelion, and to roll woody Olympus upon Ossa: thrice father Jove, with his thunder, overthrew the piled-up mountains. The seventh next to the tenth is lucky both to plant the vine, and break the oxen first caught in the yoke, and to add the wool to the web: the ninth is better for a journey, but adverse to thefts. Many works too have succeeded better in the cool night; or when morning sprinkles the earth with the rising sun. By night the light stubble, by night the parched meadows are better shorn: the clammy dews fail not by night. And some by the late fires, their winter light, watch all night, and with the sharp steel shape matches into a tapering point. Meanwhile, his spouse, cheering by song her tedious labour, runs over the webs with the shrill-sounding shuttle; or over the fire boils the liquor of the luscious must, and skims with leaves the tide of the trembling caldron.

But reddening Ceres is cut down in noontide heat; and in noontide heat the floor threshes out the parched grain. Plough naked, and sow naked: winter is an inactive time for the hind. In the colds of winter the farmers mostly enjoy the fruit of their labour, and rejoicing with one another, provide mutual entertainments: the genial winter invites them, and relaxes their cares; as is the case in weather-beaten ships, when they have reached the port, and the joyous mariners have planted garlands on the sterns. But then is the time both to strip the mast of oak, and the bayberries, the olive, and the bloody myrtle-berries; then to set springes for cranes, and nets for stags, and to pursue the long-eared hares; and whirling the hempen thongs of the Balearian sling, to pierce the does, when the snow lies deep, when the rivers shove the ice along.

Why should I speak of the storms and constellations of

1 Pluto, in ancient mythology, was the son of Saturn and Ops, and brother to Jupiter and Neptune; in the division of his father's empire, the kingdom of Hell was allotted to him.
2 Cœus, Iapetus, &c.—Famous giants, sons of Cœus and Terra, who, according to the poets, made war against the Gods; but Jupiter at last put them to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed them under Mount Etna, in Sicily.
3 Ossa, Pelion, &c.—Celebrated mountains of Thessaly, in Greece, which the Giants, in their war against the Gods, were feigned to have heaped on each other, that they might with more facility scale the walls of Heaven.
4 Balearian sling, from the Baleares, a name given to the islands of Majorca and Minorca, in the Mediterranean, because the inhabitants were expert slingers.
autumn? and what accidents must be guarded against by the swains when the day is shorter, and the summer more soft and wild? or when the showery spring pours down its stores, the spiky harvest bristles in the fields, and the milky corn swells on the green stalk? Often have I seen, when the farmer had just brought the reaper into the yellow fields, and was binding up the barley with the brittle straw, all the fierceness of the winds combine, which far and wide tore up the full-loaded corn from the lowest roots, and tossed it up; just so with blackening whirlwind a wintry storm would drive light straw and flying stubble. Often also an immense band of vapours gather on the sky, and clouds collected from the deep, brew thick a deformed storm of black showers: the lofty sky pours down, and with torrents of rain sweeps away the joyful corn, and labours of the oxen: the ditches are filled, and the deep rivers swell with roaring noise, and in the steaming frothy friths the sea boils and rages. Father Jove himself, amidst a night of clouds, launches the thunders with his flaming right hand; with the violence of which earth trembles to its utmost extent; the beasts are fled, and through the nations humble fear hath sunk the hearts of men. He with his flaming bolts strikes down or 1 Athos, or Rhodope, or the high Ceraunia: the south winds redouble, and the shower is more and more condensed; now the woods, now the shores, in howling notes resound with the tempestuous wind.

In fear of this, observe the months and constellations of the heavens: which way the cold star of Saturn shapes his course, towards which of the heavenly orbs Mercury's fiery planet wanders. Above all, pay veneration to the gods; and renew to great Ceres the sacred annual rites, offering up thy sacrifice upon the joyous turf, at the expiration of the last days of winter, when the spring comes on serene. Then the lambs are fat, and then the wines most mellow; then slumbers on the hills are sweet, and thick the shades. In thy behalf let all the rural youths adore Ceres; in honour of whom mix thou the honey-comb with milk and gentle wine; and thrice let the auspicious victim go round the recent grain; which let the whole chorus of the village and thy associates accompany in jovial mood, and with acclamation invite Ceres into their dwellings: nor let any one put the sickle to the ripe corn, till, in honour of Ceres, having his temples bound with wreathed oak, he perform the rustic artless dance, and sing hymns.

1 Athos, a lofty mountain of Macedonia, in Greece, on a peninsula; it is now called Monte Santo, from the number of monasteries erected upon it. Ceraunia, large mountains of Epirus, in Greece, stretching out far into the Adriatic.
And that we may learn these things by certain signs, both heats and rains, and cold-bringing winds, father Jove himself has appointed what the monthly moon should betoken; with what signs concomitant the south-winds should fall; from what common observations the husbandman should learn to keep his herds nearer their stalls.

Straight, when the winds are rising, the friths of the sea with tossings begin to swell, and a dry crashing noise to be heard in the high mountains; or the far-sounding shores begin to be disturbed, and the murmurs of the grove to rise louder. Now hardly the billows refrain from the crooked ships, when the cormorants fly swiftly back to land from the midst of the sea, and send their screams to the shore; and when the coots sport on the beach; and the heron forsakes the well-known fens, and soars above the lofty cloud. Often too, when wind is approaching, you will see the stars shoot precipitate from the sky, and behind them long trails of flame whiten athwart the shades of night; often the light chaff and fallen leaves flutter about; or feathers swimming on the surface of the water frisk together.

But when it lightens from the quarter of surly Boreas, and when the house of 1 Eurus and Zephyrus thunders, all the fields are floated with full ditches, and every mariner on the sea furls his humid sails. Showers never hurt any unforewarned: either the airy cranes have shunned it in the deep valleys as it rose; or the heifer, looking up to heaven, hath snuffed the air with wide nostrils; or the chattering swallow hath fluttered about the lakes; and the frogs croaked their old complaint in the mud. And often the ant, wearing a narrow path, hath conveyed her eggs from her secret cell; the spacious bow hath drunk deep; and an army of ravens, on their return from feeding, have beaten the air, and made a noise, with wings close crowded. Now you may observe the various sea-fowls, and those that rummage for their food about the Asian meads, in 2 Cayster's pleasant lakes, keenly lave the copious dews upon their shoulders; now on the banks offer their heads to the working tides, now run into the streams, and, sportive, joy with eagerness to wash their plumes in vain. Then the inauspicious crow with full throat invites the rain, and solitary stalks by herself on the dry sand. Nor were even the maids, carding their tasks of wool by night, ignorant of the approaching storm; when they saw the oil sputter in the heated potsherd-lamp, and foul fungous clots grow thick around the wick.

1 Eurus and Zephyrus, the east and west winds.  
2 Cayster, a river of Asia Minor,
Nor with less ease may you foresee, and by sure signs discern, sunshine succeeding rain, and open serene skies. For neither are the stars then seen with blunted edge, nor the moon to rise obscure, as indebted to her brother's beams; nor thin fleezy clouds to be carried through the sky. Nor do the halcyons, beloved by Thetis, expand their wings upon the shore to the warm sun: the impure swine are not heedful to toss about with their snouts loosened bundles of straw. But the mists sink down to the lower grounds, and rest upon the plain: and the owl, observant of the setting sun from the high house-top, practises her evening songs in vain. Nisus, transformed into a hawk, in the clear sky appears aloft, and Scylla, in form of the lark, is punished for having cut her father's purple lock. Wherever she flying cuts the light air with her wings, lo, hostile, implacable Nisus, with loud screams pursues her through the sky: where Nisus mounts into the sky, she swiftly flying cuts the light air with her wings. Then the ravens, with compressed throat, three or four times repeat their notes clear and shrill; and often in their towering nests, affected with I know not what unusual joy, they caw and make a bustle together among the leaves: the rains now past, they are glad to revisit their little offspring, and beloved nests: not, indeed, I am persuaded, as if they had a spirit of discernment from the gods, or superior knowledge of things by fate: but the temperature of the air and fluctuating vapours have changed their course, and Jove, veiled in showers, by his south-winds condenses those things which just before were rare, and rarefies what things were dense; the images of their minds are altered, and their breasts receive new motions of one sort, now of another, while the wind rolled the clouds. Hence that concert of birds in the fields, and hence the cattle frisking for joy, and the ravens exulting in hoarse notes.

But if you give attention to the rapid sun, and the moons in order following; the hour of ensuing morn shall never cheat you, nor shall you be deceived by the treacherous aspect of a night fair and serene. When first the moon collects the returning rays, if with horns obscure she encloses dusky air; a vast storm of rain is preparing for the swains and mariners. But, if she should spread a virgin blush over her face, wind will ensue: golden Phoebe still reddens with wind. But if at her fourth rising (for that is

1 Thetis, one of the sea-deities, daughter of Nereus and Doris, and mother of Achilles.
2 Nisus, a king of Megara, in Greece, was, according to the poets, changed into a hawk, and his daughter, Scylla, into a lark.
3 Phoebe, a name of Diana, or Luna, (the moon;) as Phoebus is a name of Apollo, or Sol, (the sun.)
the most unerring monitor) she walks along the sky pure
and bright, nor with blunted horns; both that whole day
and all those that shall come after it, till the month be
finished, will be free from rain and winds: and the mariners,
preserved from shipwreck, will pay their vows upon the
shore to 1 Glaucus, Panopea, and Melicerta, Ino’s son.

The sun, too, both rising, and when he sets in the waves,
will give signs. The surest signs attend the sun, both those
which he brings in the morning, and those when the stars
arise. When he shall chequer his new-born face with
spots, hidden in a cloud, and coyly shun the sight with half
his orb, you may then suspect showers: for the south-wind,
pernicious to trees and corn, and flocks, hastens from the
sea. Or when, at the dawn, the rays shall break and scat-
ter themselves diversely among the thick clouds; or when
Aurora, leaving the saffron bed of 2 Tithonus, rises pale;
ah, the vine-leaf will then but ill defend the mild ripening
grapes; so thick the horrid hail abounds rattling on the
roofs. This too it will be more advantageous to remember,
when, having measured the heavens, he is just setting; for
often we see various colours wander over his face. The
azure threatens rain; the fiery, wind. But if the spots be-
gin to be blended with bright fire; then you will see all
embroiled together with wind and storms of rain. Let
none advise me that night to launch into the deep, or to
tear my cable from the land. But if, both when he ushers
in, and when he shuts up, the revolving day, his orb is clear
and lucid; in vain shall you be alarmed by the clouds, and
you will see woods waved by the fair north-wind.

In fine, the sun will give thee signs of what weather late
Vesper brings, from what quarter the wind will roll the
clouds serene and fair, what humid 3 Auster meditates.
Who dares to call the sun a deceiver? He even forewarns
often that dark insurrections are at hand, and that treache-
ry and secret wars are swelling to a head. He also symp-
thathized with Rome on Caesar’s death, when he covered his
bright head with a dark ensanguined hue, and the impious
age feared eternal night; though at that time the earth too,
and ocean’s watery plains, dogs in hideous howlings, and
birds by importunate unseasonable screams, gave ominous

1 Glaucus, a fisherman of Antho-
don, in Boeotia, son of Neptune and
Nais, changed into a Sea-Delty. Pan-
pea, a sea-nymph, one of the Nereids.
Melicerta, the son of Athamas and
Ino, changed into a Sea-God, known
also by the names of Palamoun and
Portunnus.

2 Tithonus, a son of Laomedon,
king of Troy, was so beautiful, that
Aurora became enamoured of him,
and carried him away to Ethiopia.

3 Auster, the south-wind.
signs. How often have we seen Mount Etna from its burst furnaces boil over in waves on the lands of the Cyclops, and shoot up into the air globes of flame, and molten rocks! Germany heard a clashing of arms over all the sky; the Alps trembled with uncommon earthquakes. A mighty voice too was commonly heard through the silent groves, and spectres hideously pale, were seen under cloud of night; and the very cattle (O horrid!) spoke; rivers stopped their courses, earth yawned wide; the mourning ivory weeps in the temples, and the brazen statues sweat. Eridanus, supreme of rivers, overflowed, whirling in his furious eddy whole woods along, and bore away the herds with their stalls over all the plains. Nor at the same time did either the fibres fail to appear threatening in the baleful entrails, or streams of blood to flow from the wells, and cities to resound aloud with wolves howling by night. Never did lightning fall in greater quantities from a serene sky, or direful comets so often blaze. For this Philippus twice saw the Roman armies in intestine war engage; nor seemed it unbecoming to the gods, that Emathia and the extensive plains of Hæmus should twice be fattened with our blood. The time also will come, when in those regions the husbandman, labouring the ground with the crooked plough, shall find javelins half-consumed with corrosive rust, or with his cumbrous harrows shall clash on empty helmets, and, having dug up graves, be astonished at the huge bones.

Ye guardian deities of my country, ye Indigetes, and thou, O Romulus, and mother Vesta, who presidest over

1 Etna, (Gibello,) a celebrated volcanic mountain of Sicily. This immense mountain is of a conical form; it is two miles in perpendicular height, 100 miles round at the base, with an ascent, in some places, of 30 miles, and its crater is a circle of about 3½ miles in circumference.

2 Cyclops, a gigantic race of men, sons of Celeus and Terra; they were Vulcan's workmen in fabricating the thunderbolts of Jupiter, and were represented having only one eye in the middle of their forehead.

3 Eridanus, called afterwards Padus, (the Po,) the largest river of Italy, rises in the Alps, and, after a course of nearly 400 miles, falls into the Adriatic, to the south of the city of Venice.

4 Philippus, a city of Macedonia, on the confines of Thrace, famous for the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Antony and Augustus, B. C. 42. By the other battle at Philippus, mentioned here, Virgil is supposed to allude to that between Caesar and Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia, in Thessaly, which was fought near a town also called Philippus, B. C. 48.

5 Emathia, an ancient name of Macedonia and Thessaly. Hæmus, an extensive chain of mountains through Thrace, &c. in length about 400 miles.

6 Indigetes, a name given to those deities who were worshipped in particular places, or to such heroes as were deified.

7 Romulus, a son of Mars and Ilia, grandson of Numitor, king of Alba, and twin brother of Remus. He was the founder and first king of Rome, which he built on Mount Palatine, B. C. 753. By the triumphs of their arms, and the terror of their name, the Romans gradually rose, during a succession of ages, to universal empire, and Rome became, for a time, mistress of the world. After his death, Romulus was ranked among the Gods, and received divine honours, under the name of Quirinus.

8 Vesta, daughter of Rhea and Saturn, called the Mother of the Gods, was the Goddess of Fire, and the patroness of the Vestal virgins, among the Romans.
the Tuscan Tiber, and the palaces of Rome; forbid not at least that this young prince repair the ruins of the age. Long since have we with our blood atoned for the perjuries of Laomedon's Troy. Long since, O Caesar, the courts of Heaven envy us the possession of thee, and complain that thou art concerned about the triumphs of mortals; since among them the distinctions of right and wrong are perverted: so many wars, so many species of crimes, prevail throughout the world; the plough has none of those honours that are its due; the fields lie waste, their owners being forced to bear arms: and the crooked scythes are forged into rigid swords. Here Euphrates, there Germany, raises war; neighbouring cities, having broken their mutual leagues, take arms against each other; unfeeling Mars rages over all the world. As when the four-horsed chariots have started from the goal, they fly out swifter and swifter to the race, and the charioteer, stretching in vain the bridle, is hurried away by the steeds, nor is the chariot heedful of the reins.

**BOOK II.**

Virgil having, in the first book, treated of tillage, proceeds in the second to the subject of planting; describes the varieties of trees, with the best methods of raising them; gives rules for the management of the vine and olive, and for judging of the nature of soils; and in a strain of exalted poetry, celebrates the praises of Italy, and the pleasures of a country life.

Thus far of the culture of fields, and of the constellations of the heavens; now, Bacchus, will I sing of thee, and with thee of woodland trees, and of the slow growing olive's offspring. Hitherto, O father Leneus, (here all is full of thy bounties: for thee the field, laden with the viny harvest, flourishes: for thee the vintage foams in the full vats:) hitherto, O father Leneus, come; and, having thy buskins stripped off, stain thy naked legs with me in new wine.

First, nature is various in producing trees; for some, without any cogent means applied by men, come freely of

1 *Tiber*, a celebrated river of Italy, rises in the Apennines, and falls into the Mediterranean sea, 16 miles below the city of Rome.
2 *Laomedon*, king of Troy, and the father of Priam. He built the walls of Troy with the assistance of Apollo and Neptune; but, on the work being finished, he refused to reward them for their labours, and, in consequence, incurred the displeasure of the Gods.
3 *Euphrates*, a celebrated river of Asia, which rises in the mountains of Armenia, and discharges itself into the Persian Gulf.
4 *Mars*, the God of War. Among the Romans, this Deity received the most unbounded honours.
5 *Leneus*, a surname of Bacchus, the God of Wine, from λενεύς, a wine-press.
their own accord, and widely overspread the plains and winding rivers; as the soft osier, and limber broom, the poplar and the whitening willows, with sea-green leaves. But some arise from deposited seed; as the lofty chestnuts, and the \textit{\ae sculus}, which, in honour of Jove, shoots forth its leaves, the most majestic of the groves, and the oaks reputed oracular by the Greeks. To others a most luxuriant wood of suckers springs from the roots; as the cherries, and the elms; thus, too, the little bay of Parnassus raises itself under its mother's diffusive shade. Nature at first ordained these means for the production of trees; by these every species blooms, of woods, and shrubs, and sacred groves. Others there are, which experience has found out for itself by art. One cutting off the suckers from the tender body of their mother, sets them in the furrows; another buries the stocks in the ground, and stakes, whose bottom is split in four, and poles with the wood sharpened to a point; and some trees luxuriant expect the bent-down arches of a layer, and living nurseries in their own native soil. Others have no need of any root; and the planter makes no scruple to commit to earth the topmost shoots, giving them back to her care. Even (what is wondrous to relate) after the trunk is cut in pieces, the olive-tree shoots forth roots from the dry wood. Often we see the boughs of one tree transformed, with no disadvantage, into those of another, and a pear-tree thus changed bear engrafted apples, and stony Cornelian cherries grow upon plum-tree stocks.

Wherefore come on, O husbandmen, learn the culture proper to each kind, and soften the wild fruits by cultivation: nor let even poor and infertile grounds lie neglected: it is worth while to plant even rugged mountains such as Ismarus with vines, and clothe vast \textit{Taburnus} with olives.

And thou, my glory, to whom I justly owe the greatest portion of my fame, be present, O Mæcenas, pursue with me this task begun, and lying set sail on this sea, now opening wide. I choose not to comprise all in my verse, even if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and an iron voice; be present, and coast along the nearest shore. The land is still in view; I will not here detain thee with fictitious song, or with circumlocation and tedious preamble.

Those which spring up spontaneously into the regions of light are unfruitful indeed; but they rise vigorous and strong: for in the soil lies hidden some natural quality peculiarly suited to them. Yet, if any one engraft even these, or deposit them transplanted in trenches well prepared, they

1 \textit{\ae sculus}, a species of oak.
2 \textit{Taburnus}, a mountain of Campania, in Italy, which abounded with olives.
will put off their savage nature, and by frequent culture will not be slow to follow whatever arts and methods of improvement you call them to. And the suckers also which sprout up barren from the low roots, will do the same, if they be distributed through fields where they have room to strike their roots: now in their natural state the high shoots and branches of the mother overshadow them, and hinder them from bearing fruit as they grow up, or pinch and starve them when they bear. The tree, again, that is raised from seed thrown into the ground, grows up slowly, so as to form a shade for late posterity; and its fruits degenerate, forgetting their former juices: thus even the vine bears sorry clusters, a prey for birds. For labour must be bestowed on all, and all must be reduced into the trench, and tamed, and made prolific with vast pains. But olives answer our wishes better when propagated by truncheons, vines by layers, the myrtles of the 1Paphian goddess by sets from the solid wood. From suckers the hard hazels grow, the huge ash, and the shady poplar-tree that furnished a crown for Hercules, and the oaks of the Chaonian father Jove: thus also the lofty palm is propagated, and the fir-tree doomed to visit the dangers of the main.

But the rugged arbute is engrafted on the offspring of the walnut, and barren planes have borne stout apple-trees. Chestnut-trees have borne beeches, and the mountain ash hath whitened with the snowy blossoms of the pear: and swine hath crunched acorns under elms. Nor is the method of engrafting the same with that of inoculating. For inoculating is thus: where the buds thrust themselves forth from the middle of the bark, and burst the slender coats, a small notch is made in the very knot: hither they enclose an eye from another tree, and teach it to unite with the moist rind. Or again, in engrafting, the knotless stocks are cut, and a passage is cloven deep into the solid wood with wedges; then fertile scions are inserted; and in no long time, a huge tree shoots up to heaven with prosperous boughs, and admires its new leaves and fruits not its own.

Moreover, the species is not single, either of strong elms, or of willows, of the lote-tree, or of the 2Ideaen cypresses; nor do the fat olives grow in one form, the orchites, and

1 Paphian Goddess, Venus was so called, from Paphos, (Baffa,) a city of Cyprus, where she was worshipped.

2 Ideaen cyprises, from Mount Ida, in the island of Crete. Orchards of Alcmeon, king of Phaeacia, afterwards called Corcyra, (Corfu,) one of the Ionian islands; his gardens, which were greatly famed, are beautifully described by Homer. Crustumian and Syrian pears; the first were so called from Crustumium, a town of Etruria, in Italy; and the latter from Syria, a country of Asia, along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. Phoenicia and Palestine were generally reckoned provinces of Syria.
the radii, and the pædas with bitter berries; nor apples, and the orchards of Alcinous; nor are the shoots the same of the Crustumian and Syrian pears, and of the heavy volesmi. The same vintage hangs not on our trees, which 1Lesbos gathers from the Methymnaen vine. There are the Thasian vines, and there are the white Mareotides; these fit for a rich soil, and those for a lighter one; and the Psychian more serviceable when dried, and the thin light lageos, which will try the feet at length, and bind the tongue; the purple and the rathripe: and in what numbers shall I sing of thee, O Rhaetian grape? nor therefore vie thou with the 2Falernian cellars. There are also Amminean vines, best-bodied wines; which even Tmolus and Phanae king of mountains honour; and the smaller Argitis, which none can rival, either in yielding so much juice, or in lasting so many years. I must not pass thee over, Rhodian grape, grateful to the gods and second courses, nor thee bumastos, with thy swollen clusters. But we neither can recount how numerous the species, nor what are their names, nor imports it to comprise their number; which whoever would know, the same may seek to learn how numerous are the sands of the Libyan sea tossed by the zephyr; or to know how many waves of the 3Ionian sea come rolling to the shores, when Eurus, more violent, falls upon the ships.

But neither can all soils bear all sorts of trees. Willows grow along the rivers, and elders in miry fens; the barren wild ashes on rocky mountains: the shores rejoice most in myrtle groves: Baecchus, in fine, loves open hills; the yews the north wind and the cold.

Survey also those parts of the globe that are subdued and cultivated by hinds most remote, both the eastern habitations of the 4Arabians, and the painted Geloni. Countries are distinguished by their trees. India alone bears black ebony: the frankincense-tree belongs to the Sabæans

1 Lesbos, (Mytiline,) a large island in the Archipelago, celebrated, particularly the city of Methymna, for its excellent wines. Thasian wines, those of Thasos, also an island in the Archipelago, near the coast of Thrace. Mareotides, a vine from Mareotis, a lake in Egypt, near Alexandria. Psychian, from Psychia, an ancient town of Greece, famous for its grapes. Rhaetian grape, from Rhetia, (the Tyrol, &c.) a mountaneous country to the north of Italy.

2 Falernian, &c.—Falernus, a fertile mountain and plain of Campania, in Italy. Amminia, a district of Campania. Phanae, a promontory of the island of Chios, (Scio.) Rhodian grape, from Rhodes, a large and fertile island in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Asia Minor, celebrated for a colossal statue of Apollo.

3 Ionian sea, a part of the Mediterranean, at the bottom of the Adriatic, and between Sicily and Greece.

4 Arabians, &c. the inhabitants of Arabia, an extensive country of Asia, forming a Peninsula between the Persian and Arabian Gulf; the latter separates it from Africa. Geloni, a people of Scythia. Seres, a nation of Asia, between the Ganges and Eastern ocean; the modern Tibet, or probably China. Media, a celebrated country of Asia, to the south of the Caspian sea.
only. Why should I mention to thee balms distilling from the fragrant woods, and the berries of the ever-green aca-
thus? why the forests of the Ethiopians whitening with
downy wool? and how the Seres comb the fine silty fleeces
from the leaves? or the groves which India, nearer the
ocean, the utmost skirts of the globe, produces? where no
arrows by their flight have been able to surmount the airy
summit of the tree: and yet that nation is not unskilful in
archery. Media bears the bitter juices and the permanent
flavour of the happy apple; than which no remedy comes
more seasonable, and more effectually expels the black ve-
nom from the limbs, when cruel stepmothers have poisoned
a cup, and mingled herbs and not innoxious spells. The
tree itself is stately, and in form most like a bay; and if it
did not widely diffuse a different scent, would be a bay.
Its leaves fall not off by any winds; its blossoms are ex-
tremely tenacious. With it the Medes correct their breaths
and unsavoury mouths, and cure their asthmatic old men.

But neither the forests of Media, that richest country,
nor the beautiful 1Ganges, and Hermus, turbid with golden
sands, can match the praises of Italy: not 2Bactra, nor the
Indians, and Panchaia, all enriched with incense-bearing
soil. Bulls breathing fire from their nostrils never plough-
ed these regions, to be sown with the teeth of a hideous
dragon; nor did ever a crop of men shoot dreadful up with
helmets and crowded spears: but teeming corn and Bac-
chus’ Campanian juice have filled the land, olives and joy-
ous herbs possess it. Hence the warrior-horse with state-
ly port advances into the field; hence 3Clitumnus, thy white
flocks, and the bull, chief of victims, after they have been
often plunged in thy sacred stream, accompany the Roman
triumps to the temples of the gods. Here is perpetual
spring, and summer in months not her own: twice a-year
the cattle are big with young, twice the trees productive of
fruit. But here are no ravening tigers, nor the savage breed
of lions; nor poisonous wolfsbane deceives the wretched
gatherers: nor here the scaly serpent sweeps his immense
orbs along the ground, nor with so vast a train collects him-
self in spires. Add so many magnificent cities and works

1 Ganges, a celebrated river of In-
dia, which rises in the Himalaya
mountains, and, after a course of
1500 miles, falls into the bay of Ben-
gal, below Calcutta. Hermus, (Sara-
bat,) a river of Lydia, in Asia Minor,
whose sands were mingled with gold;
it receives the waters of the Pactolus
near Sardis, and falls into the Ægean,
north-west of Smyrna.

2 Bactra, (Balkh,) the capital of
Bactriana, a country of Asia. Pan-
chaia, a district of Arabia Felix.

3 Clitumnus, a river of Umbria, in
Italy, which falls into the Tiber. It
was famous for its milk-white flocks,
selected as victims in the celebration
of the triumph.
of elaborate art; so many towns upreared with the hand on craggy rocks; and rivers gliding under ancient walls. Or need I mention the sea which washes it above, and that below? or its lakes so vast? thee, 1 Larius, of largest extent? and thee, Benacus, swelling with the waves and roaring of the sea? Or shall I mention its ports, and the moles raised to dam the 2 Lucrine lake, and the imprisoned sea raging indignant with loud murmurs, where the Julian wave far resounds, the sea being driven back, and where the Tuscan tide is let into the straits of Avernus? The same land hath in its veins disclosed rivers of silver and mines of copper, and copious flowed with gold. The same hath produced a warlike race of men, the 3 Marsi and the Sabellian youth, and the Ligurian inured to hardship, and the Volscians armed with sharp darts: this same produced the 4 Decii, the Marii, and the great 5 Camilli, the Scipios invincible in war, and thee, most mighty Cesar; who, at this very time victorious in Asia's remotest limits, avertest from the Roman towers the Indian peaceful and disarmed. Hail, 6 Saturnian land, great parent of fruits; great parent of heroes; for thee I enter on a subject of ancient renown and art, venturing to disclose the sacred springs; and I sing the Ascanian strain through Roman cities.

Now it is time to describe the qualities of soils; what strength and energy to each belong, what colour, and what its nature is most apt to produce. First, intractable lands, and unfruitful hills, where lean clay abounds, and pebbles

1 Larius. (Como.) a beautiful lake of Cisalpine Gaul, through which the Adula runs in its course to the Po, above Cremona. Benacus, (L. di Garda), a large lake, from which the Min- cins issues, and flows into the Po.

2 Lucrine Lake, near Cume, on the coast of Campania; during an earthquake, A.D. 1598, this lake disappeared, and in its place was formed a mountain, two miles in circumference, and 1000 feet high, with a crater in the middle. Avernus, a lake of Campania, whose waters were so putrid, that the ancients regarded it as the entrance of the infernal regions. Augustus united the Lucrine and Avernian lakes by the famous Julian harbour, and formed a communication between the latter lake and the sea.

3 Marsi were a people of Germany, who emigrated to Italy, and settled near the lake Fucinus. The Sabel- lians were descended from the Sabines, or from the Samnites;—the Ligurians inhabited Piedmont;—the Volscians were a warlike people of Latium. (Campagna di Roma.)

4 Decii, a noble family of Rome, who devoted themselves to death for the safety of their country. Marii, the Marian family, the chief of whom was Caius Marius, who, from a peasant, became one of the most powerful and cruel tyrants that Rome ever beheld during her consular government.

5 Camilli, two celebrated Romans, father and son; the latter was chosen five times Dictator, expelled the Gauls under Brennus from Rome, and, on account of his services to his country, was called a second Romu- lus. The Scipios.—P. Corn. Scipio, surnamed Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, and his grandson, P. £Emil. Scipio, called Africanus the younger, on account of his victories over Carthage, B.C. 146. The two Scipios may justly be ranked among the brightest ornaments of Roman greatness.

6 Saturnian land, Italy was so call- ed, from Saturn, who, on being de- throned by Jupiter, fled to Italy, where he reigned during the golden age.
in the bushy fields, rejoice in Pallas’s wood of long-lived olives. The wild olive rising copious in the same soil is an indication, and the fields strewn with woodland berries. But, to the ground that is fat, and gladdenened with sweet moisture, and to the plain that is luxuriant in grass, and of a fertile soil, (such as we are often wont to look down upon in the hollow valley of a mountain,) streams glide from the high rocks, and draw a rich fattening slime along: and that which is raised to the south, and nourishes the fern abhorred by the crooked ploughs, will in time afford vines exceedingly strong, and flowing with plenty of generous wine: this will be prolific of grapes, this of such liquor as we pour forth in libation from golden bowls, when the fat Tuscan has blown the ivory trumpet at the altars, and we offer up the smoking entrails in the bending chargers.

But if you are studious to preserve herds of kine and calves, or the offspring of the sheep, or kids that kill the nurseries; seek the lawns and distant fields of fruitful Tarentum, and plains like those which hapless Mantua hath lost, feeding snow-white swans in the grassy stream. There neither limpid springs nor pastures will be wanting to the flocks: and as much as the herds will crop in the long days, so much will the cool dews in one short night restore.

A soil that is blackish, and fat under the deep-piercing share, and whose mould is loose and crumbling, (for this we imitate by ploughing,) is generally best for corn; (from no plain will you see more waggons move homeward with slow heavy-laden oxen:) or that from which the angry ploughman has borne away a wood, and felled the groves that have been at a stand for many years, and with their lowest roots grubbed up the ancient habitations of the birds; they abandoning their nests soar on high; but the field looks gay as soon as the ploughshare is driven into it. For the lean hungry gravel of a hilly field scarcely furnishes humble cassia and rosemary for the bees: and no other lands, they say, yield so sweet food to serpents, or afford them such winding courts as the rough rotten-stone, and chalk corroded by black water-snakes. That land which exhales thin mists and flying smoke, and drinks in the moisture, and emits it at pleasure;—and which always clothes itself with its own verdant grass, nor hurts the ploughshare with scurf and salt rust;—will entwine thine elms with joyous vines; that also is fertile of olives: that ground you will experience, in manuring, both to be friendly to cattle and submissive to the

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1 Tarentum, (Tarento,) a maritime a noble bay of the same name. city of Calabria in Italy, situated on
crooked share. Such a soil rich \(^1\) Capua tills, and the territory adjoining to Mount \(^2\) Vesuvius, and the Claniuus not kind to depopulated \(^3\) Acerre.

Now I will tell by what means you may distinguish each. If you desire to know whether it be rare and loose, or unusually dense and stiff; (because the one is fit for corn; the other for wine; the stiff is best for Ceres, and the most loose for Bacchus:) first you shall mark out a place with your eye, and order a pit to be sunk deep in solid ground, and again return all the mould into its place, and level with your feet the sands at top. If they prove deficient, the soil is loose, and more fit for cattle and bounteous vines: but, if they deny the possibility of returning to their places, and there be an overplus of mould after the pit is filled up, it is a dense soil; expect reluctant clods, and stiff tenacious ridges, and tear up the land with sturdy bullocks.

But saltish ground, and what is accounted bitter, where corn can never thrive, (it neither mellows by ploughing, nor preserves to grapes their kind, or to fruits their qualities,) will give an experimental proof to this effect. Snatch from the smoky roofs baskets of close-woven twigs, and the strain-ers of thy wine-press. Hither let some of that vicious mould, and sweet water from the spring; be pressed brim-full: be sure all the water will strain out, and big drops pass through the twigs. But the taste will clearly make discovery; and its bitterness will distort the countenances of the tasters, offended with the sensation.

Again, what land is fat, we briefly learn thus: when squeezed by the hand it never crumbles, but, in handling, it sticks to the fingers like pitch. The moist soil produces herbs of a larger size, and is itself luxuriant beyond due measure. Ah, may none of mine be thus too fertile, nor show itself too strong at the first springing of the grain!

The heavy land betrays itself by its very weight, without my telling you; and likewise the light. It is obvious to distinguish the black at first sight, and what is the colour of each. But to search out the mischievous cold is no easy task: only pitch-trees, and sometimes noxious yews, or black ivy, disclose its signs.

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1 Capua, a famous city of Italy, the capital of Campania.
2 Vesuvius, a celebrated volcanic mountain of Campania, about six miles south-east of Naples, and 3750 feet high. The first great eruption of Vesuvius on record was accompanied by an earthquake, A.D. 79, when the towns of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae were overwhelmed under lava and ashes. The discovery of these towns, after having lain above 1600 years buried and unknown, has furnished the world with many curious and valuable remains of antiquity.
3 Acerre, a town of Campania, near the city of Naples; the river Claniai almost surrounded the town, and by its inundations frequently depopulated it.
These rules observed, remember to dry and bake the soil long before, to encompass the spacious hills with trenches, and expose the turned-up clods to the north wind, before you plant the vine's joyous race. Fields of a loose crumbling soil are best: this effect the winds and cold frosts produce, and the sturdy delver, close plying his acres, tossed and turned upside down.

But those, whom not any vigilance escapes, first seek out a piece of ground similar to that whence the plants are taken, where the first nursery may be provided for their trees, and whither it may soon be transplanted in rows; lest the slips take not kindly to this new mother that is suddenly changed upon them. They even mark on the bark the quarter of the sky, that, in whatever manner each stood, in what part it bore the southern heats, what sides it turned to the northern pole, they may restore to it the same position. Of such avail is custom in tender years.

Examine, first, whether it is better to plant your vines on hills or on a plain. If you lay out the fields of a rich plain, plant thick; Bacchus will not be the more backward to grow in such a soil, when planted thick: but if you lay out a soil rising with a gentle ascent, and sloping hills, give room to your ranks; yet, so that your trees being exactly ranged, each space may square with the path cut across it. As often in dreadful war, when the extended legion hath ranged its cohorts, the battalions stand marshalled on the open plain, the armies set in array, and the whole ground wide waves with gleaming brass; nor yet are they engaged in horrid battle, but Mars hovers dubious in the midst of arms: thus, let all your vineyards be laid out in equal proportions, not only that the prospect may feed the mind with vain delight, but because the earth will not otherwise supply equal strength to all; nor will the branches be able to extend themselves at large.

Perhaps, too, you may demand what depth is proper for the trenches. I could venture to commit my vine even to a slight furrow. Trees, again, are sunk deeper down, and far into the ground: especially the aesculus, which shoots downward to hell with its roots, as far as it rises with its top to the ethereal regions. Therefore not wintry storms, nor blasts of winds, nor showers, can overthrow it: it remains unmoved, and, rolling many ages of men away, outlasts them for many years; then stretching wide its sturdy boughs and arms this way and that way, itself in the midst sustains a mighty shade.

Nor let the vineyards lie towards the setting sun; nor plant the hazel among your vines; nor gather your cuttings
from the top of the tree, but those that are near the roots, which will thrive best, having already contracted a fondness for the earth; so much love to the earth avails: nor hurt your shoots with blunted steel; nor plant among them the truncheons of the wild olive. For fire is often let fall from the unwary shepherds, which, at first secretly lurking under the uinctuous bark, catches the solid wood, and shooting up into the topmast leaves, raises a loud crackling to heaven; thence pursuing its way, reigns victorious among the branches and the lofty tops, involves the whole grove in flames, and, condensed in pitchy vapour, darts the black cloud to heaven; chiefly if a storm over-head rests its fury on the woods, and the driving wind whirs the flames aloft. When this happens, their strength decays from the root, nor can they recover though cut, or sprout up from the deep earth such as they were: the unblest wild olive with its bitter leaves alone survives the disaster.

Let no counsellor be so wise in your eyes as to persuade you to stir the rigid earth when Boreas breathes. Then winter shuts up the fields with frost; and when the slip is planted, suffers not the frozen root to fasten to the earth. The plantation of the vineyard is best, when in the blushing spring the white bird comes in, which the long snakes abhor; or towards the first colds of autumn, when the vehement sun does not yet touch the winter with his steeds, and the summer is just gone. The spring is chiefly beneficial to the foliage of the groves, the spring is beneficial to the woods: in spring the lands swell, and demand the genial seeds. Then almighty father 1Æther descends in fructifying showers into the bosom of his joyous spouse, and great himself, mingling with her great body, nourishes all her off-spring. Then the retired brakes resound with tuneful birds; and the herds renew their loves on the stated days. Then bounteons earth is teeming to the birth, and the fields open their bosoms to the warm breezes of the Zephyr: in all a gentle moisture abounds; and the herbs dare safely trust themselves to the infant suns; nor are the vine’s tender shoots afraid of the rising south winds, or of a shower precipitated from the sky by the violent north winds; but put forth their buds, and unfold all their leaves. No other day, methinks, had shone at the first origin of the rising world; it was reigning spring, the spacious globe enjoyed spring, and the east winds withheld their wintry blasts; when first the cattle drew in the light, and man’s laborious race upreared their heads from the hard glebe, and

1 Æther, used for Jupiter, the supreme God of the Heathens.
the woods were stocked with wild beasts, and the heavens with stars. Nor could the tender productions of nature bear this labour, if so great rest did not intervene between the cold and heat, and if heaven's indulgent season did not visit the earth in its turn.

For what remains, whatever layers you bend down over all the fields, overspread them with fat dung, and carefully cover them with copious earth; or bury about them spongy stones, or rough shells: for thus the rains will soak through the subtle vapour, penetrate into their pores, and the plants become stout and vigorous. We find some too who are for pressing them from above with a stone, and the weight of a great potsherd: this is a defence against the pouring rains: this a defence when the sultry dog-star cleaves the gaping fields with drought.

After your layers are planted, it remains to convey earth often to the roots, and ply the hard drags; or to work the soil under the impressed share, and guide your struggling bullocks through the very vineyards; then to adapt to the vines smooth reeds, and spears of peeled rods, and ashen stakes, and two-horned forks; by whose strength they may learn to shoot up, to contemn the winds, and climb from stage to stage along the highest elms.

And, while their infant age sprouts with new-born leaves, you must spare the tender vines; and while the joyous shoot raises itself on high, wantoning through the open air with loose reins, the edge of the pruning-knife itself must not be applied; but the leaves should be plucked with the in-bent hands, and culled here and there. Thereafter, when they have shot forth, embracing the elms with firm stems, then cut their locks, then lop their arms. Before this they dread the steel: then, and not till then, exercise severe dominion over them, and check the loose straggling boughs.

Fences, too, should be woven around them, and all cattle must be restrained; especially while the shoots are tender and unacquainted with hardships; which, besides the rigorous winters and vehement heat of the sun, the wild buffaloes and persecuting goats continually insult; the sheep and greedy heifers browse upon them. Nor do the colds condensed in hoary frosts, or the severe heat beating upon the scorched rocks, hurt them so much as the flocks, and poison of their hard teeth, and a scar imprinted on the gnawed stem.

For no other offence is the goat sacrificed to Bacchus on every altar, and the ancient plays come upon the stage: and for this the Athenians proposed to the tragic wits prizes of goats about the villages and crossways; and, joyous amidst their cups, danced in the soft meadows on goat-skin.
bottles smeared with oil. On the same account, the Ausonian colonists also, a race derived from Troy, sport in unpolished strains, and unbounded laughter; assuming horrid masks of hollowed barks of trees; and thee, O Bacchus, they invoke in jovial songs, and to thee hang up soft images from the tall pine. Hence every vineyard shoots forth with large produce; the hollow vales and deep lawns are filled with plenty, and wherever the god hath moved around his graceful head. Therefore will we solemnly ascribe to Bacchus his due honours in our country's lays, and offer to him chargers, and the consecrated cakes; and the sacred goat led by the horn shall stand at his altar, and we will roast the fat entrails on hazel spits.

There is also that other toil in dressing the vines; in executing which you can never bestow pains enough: for the whole soil must be ploughed three or four times every year, and the clods are continually to be broken with bended drags; the whole grove must be disburthened of its leaves. The farmer's past labour returns in a circle, and the year rolls round on itself in its own steps. And now when at length the vineyard has shed its late leaves, and the cold north wind has shaken from the groves their honours; even then the active swain extends his cares to the ensuing year, and closely plies the desolate forsaken vine, cutting off the superfluous roots with Saturn's crooked hook, and forms it by pruning. Be the first to trench the ground, be the first to carry home and burn the superfluous shoots, and the first to return beneath your roof the stakes that propped your vines: be the last to reap the vintage. Twice a luxuriant shade of leaves assails the vines; twice thick prickly weeds overrun the field; each a subject of hard labour. Commend large farms; cultivate a small one. Besides all this, the rough twigs of butcher's broom are to be cut throughout the woods, and the watery reed on the banks: and the care of the uncultivated willow gives him new toil. And now his labour seems at an end, now the vines are tied; now the vineyard lays aside the pruning-hook; now the exhausted vintager salutes in song his utmost rows: yet must the earth be vexed anew, and the mould still put in motion; and now after all, Jove and the weather are to be dreaded by the ripened grapes.

On the other hand, the olives require no culture; nor do they expect the crooked pruning-hook and tenacious harrows, when once they are rooted in the ground, and have

1 Ausonian, &c., the inhabitants of who were supposed to be descended Ausonia, an ancient name of Italy, from Eneas.
sustained the air. Earth of herself supplies the plants with moisture, when opened by the hooked slipping-iron, and weighty fruits, when opened by the share. Nourish with this the fat and peace-delighting olive. The other fruit-trees too, as soon as they feel their trunks vigorous, and acquire their strength, quickly shoot up to the stars by their own inherent virtue, and need not our assistance. At the same time, every grove is in like manner without culture loaded with offspring, and the uncultivated haunts of birds glow with blood-red berries: the cytisus is browsed on by cattle; the tall wood supplies it with torches; and thence our nocturnal fires are fed, and shed on us beamy light. And after this do men hesitate about planting and bestowing care.

Why should I insist on greater things? the very willows and lowly broom supply either browse for cattle, or shade for shepherds, fences for the corn, and materials for honey. It is delightful to behold 1Cytorus waving with the groves of Narycian pitch: it is delightful to see the fields not indebted to the harrows, or to any care of men. Even the barren woods on the top of Caucasus, which the fierce east winds continually are crushing and tearing, yield each their different produce: they yield pines, an useful wood for ships, and cedars and cypresses for houses. Hence the husbandmen have laboured spokes for wheels; hence they have framed solid orbs for waggons, and bending keels for ships. The willows are fertile in twigs, the elms in leaves for cattle; the myrtle again is useful for sturdy spears, and the corneil for war; the yews are bent into 2Ityrean bows. In like manner the smooth-grained limes, or box that polishes with the lathe, receive any shape, and are hollowed with sharp steel. Thus too the light alder launched on the 3Po swims the rapid stream: thus too the bees hide their swarms in the hollow bark, and in the heart of a rotten holm. What have the gifts of Bacchus produced so worthy of record? Bacchus has given occasion to offence and guilt: he quelled by death the furious 4Centaurs, Rhöetus

1 Cytorus, (Kidros,) a city and mountain of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine. Narycian pitch, from Narycia, a town of the Locrians in Magna Gracia, in the neighbourhood of which were forests of pine, &c.

2 Ityrean bows, from Itrya, a province of Syria, whose inhabitants were famous archers.

3 Po, anciently called also Er danus, the largest river of Italy, rises in Mount Vesulus, one of the highest mountains of the Alps, and, after an easterly course of nearly 100 miles, and receiving numerous tributary streams, discharges its waters into the Adriatic, about 20 miles south of the city of Venice.

4 Centaurs, a people of Thessaly, represented as monsters, half men, and half horses. The Lapithae, also a people of Thessaly, who inhabited the country about Mount Pindus and Othrys. The allusion here is to the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithae, at the celebration of the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the latter, who invited not only the heroes of his age, but also the gods themselves. In the contest that ensued, many of the Centaurs were slain, and the rest saved themselves by flight.
and Pholus, and Hylæus threatening the Lapithæ with a huge goblet.

Thrice happy swains, did they but know their own bliss! to whom, at a distance from discordant arms, earth, of herself most liberal, pours from her bosom their easy sustenance. If there the palace high-raised with proud gates vomits not forth from all its apartments a vast tide of morning visitants; and if they dote not on porticoes variegated with beauteous tortoise-shell, and on vestments curiously embroidered with gold, and on vases of Corinthian brass; and if for them the white wool is not stained with the Assyrian drug, nor the use of the pure oil corrupted with Cassia's aromatic bark: yet theirs is peace secure, and a life of solid unfallacious bliss, rich in various opulence: yet theirs are peaceful retreats in ample fields, grottos, and living lakes; yet to them cool delicious vales, the lowings of kine, and soft slumbers under a tree, are not wanting. There are lawns and dens for beasts of chase, and youth patient of toil, and inured to thrift; the worship of the gods, and fathers held in veneration: Justice, when she left the world, took her last steps among them.

But me may the sweet Muses, whose sacred symbols I bear, smitten with the violent love of philosophic song, first, above all things else, receive into favour; and show me the paths of heaven, and constellations; the various eclipses of the sun, and labours of the moon; whence the trembling of the earth; from what powerful cause the seas swell high, bursting their barriers, and again sink back into themselves; why the winter suns make such haste to dip themselves in the ocean, or what delay retards the slow-paced summer nights.

But if the cold blood about my heart hinders me from penetrating into these parts of nature; let fields and streams gliding in the valleys be my delight; may I count the rivers and the woods, inglorious and obscure. O that I might be where are the pleasant Thessalian plains, and the river Sperchins, and Taygetus, the scene of Bacchanalian revels to Spartan maids! O who will place me in the cool valleys of Hæmus, and shelter me with a thick shade of boughs? Happy is he who can trace out the causes of things, and who has cast beneath his feet all fears, and inexorable Des-

1 Thessalian plains.—Thessaly, a country of Greece, south of Macedonia, in which was the celebrated vale of Tempe. Sperchius, a river of Thessaly, rises in Mount Æta, and runs into the Maliaæ Gulf, near the Pass of Thermopylae.

2 Taygetus, a mountain of Laco-nia in Peloponnesus, (Morea,) on which were celebrated the orgies of Bacchus; it hung over the city of Sparta, and extended from Tanarus to Arcadia.
tiny, and the noise of devouring Acheron! Blest too is he who has known the rural deities, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs! him not the fasces of the people, nor the purple of kings, nor discord persecuting faithless brothers, nor the Dacian descending from the conspiring Danube; nor the revolutions of Rome, or perishing kingdoms, have moved or shaken. He neither pined with grief, lamenting the poor, nor envied the rich. What fruits the boughs, what fruits the willing fields spontaneously yielded, he gathered; nor saw the rigorous iron laws, the madly litigious bar, or the public courts.

Some vex the dangerous seas with oars, some work their way into courts, and the palaces of kings. One destines a city and wretched families to destruction, that he may drink in gems, and sleep on Tyrian purple. Another hoards up wealth, and broods over buried gold. One, astonished with the eloquence of the rostrum, grows giddy; another, peaks of applause, (for it is redoubled,) along the rows both of the people and the fathers, have capitivated, and set agape; some rejoice in being stained with their brother's blood; and exchange their homes and sweet mansions for exile, and seek a country lying under another sun. The husbandman cleaves the earth with a crooked plough; hence the labours of the year; hence he sustains the country, and his little offspring; hence his herds of kine, and deserving steers. Nor is there any intermission, but the year either abounds with apples, or with the breed of the flocks, or with bundles of Ceres' stalks; loads the furrows with increase, and overstocks the barns. Winter comes; the Sicyonian berry is pounded in the oil-presses, the swine come home gladdened with acorns; the woods yield their arbutes, and wild fruits; and the autumn lays down its various productions; and high on the sunny rocks the mild vintage is ripened. Meanwhile the sweet babes twine round their parents' neck: his chaste family maintain a virtuous economy; the cows hang down their udders full of milk; and the fat frisky kids wrestle together with buttting horns on the cheerful green. The swain himself celebrates festival days; and, extended on the grass, where a

1 Acheron, one of the rivers of hell, according to the ancient poets; often taken for hell itself.
2 Danube, the largest river of Europe, rises in the black forest of Suabia, and, after a course of about 1600 miles, discharges itself into the Euxine sea. The Dacians inhabited an extensive country north of the Danube, now called Wallachia, Transylvania, and Moldavia.

3 Tyrian purple, from Tyre, a city of Phoenicia in Asia, celebrated for its early commerce and numerous colonies, and for the invention of scarlet and purple colours; its ancient name was Sarrà, now Sūrū.
4 Sicyonian berry, the olive, with which Sicyonia, a district of Peloponnesus in Greece, abounded.
fire is in the middle, and where his companions crown the bowl, invokes thee, O Leneus, making libation; and on an elm sets forth to the masters of the flock prizes to be contended for with the winged javelin; and strips their hardy bodies in the rustic ring.

This life of old the ancient 1Sabines; this Remus and his brother strictly observed; thus 2Etruria grew in strength; and thus did Rome become the glory and beauty of the world, and, single, hath encompassed for herself seven hills with a wall. This life, too, golden Saturn led on earth, before the sceptred sway of the 3Dictæan king, and before an impious race of mortals feasted on slain bullocks. Nor yet had mankind heard the warlike trumpets blow; nor yet heard the swords laid on the hard anvils clatter.

But we have finished this immensely extended field; and now it is time to unloose the smoking necks of our steeds.

BOOK III.

In the third book, after invoking the rural deities, and eulogising Augustus, Virgil treats of the management of cattle, laying down rules for the choice and breeding of horses, oxen, sheep, &c. The book abounds in admirable descriptions; many passages are inimitably fine.

Thee, too, great Pales, and thee, O shepherd, famed from 4Amphrysus; ye woods and Arcadian rivers, will I sing. Other songs, that might have entertained disengaged minds, are now all trite and common. Who is unacquainted either with severe 5Eurystheus, or the altars of infamous Busiris? By whom has not the boy Hylas been recorded, and Latonian 6Delos? or 7Hippodame, and Pelops, signalized by his ivory shoulder, victorious in the race? I, too, must at-

1 Sabines, an ancient people of Italy, reckoned among the aborigines, or those inhabitants whose origin was unknown; their country was situated between the rivers Tiber, Nar, and Anio, having the Apennines on the east.

2 Etruria, (Tuscany,) a country of Italy lying west of the Tiber.

3 Dictæan king, Jupiter is so called, from Mount Dictæ in Crete, where he was worshipped.

4 Amphrysus, a river of Thessaly, on the banks of which Apollo fed the flocks of king Admetus. Arcadian rivers; Arcadia was a pastoral district of Peloponnesus in Greece, of which Pan was the tutelary deity.

5 Eurystheus, king of Argos and Mycenæ, who, at the instigation of Juno, imposed upon Hercules the most perilous enterprises, well known by the name of the twelve labours of Hercules. Bystiris, a king of Egypt, noted for his cruelty in sacrificing all foreigners who entered his country.

6 Delos, a small but celebrated island of the Ægean sea, nearly in the centre of the Cyclades, in which Lato-na gave birth to Apollo and Diana; hence the former is frequently called Delius, and the latter Delia.

7 Hippodame, a daughter of Ænomaus, king of Pisa in Elis. Her father refused to marry her except to him who could overcome him in a chariot race; thirteen had already been conquered, and forfeited their lives, when Pelops, the son of Tantalus, entered the lists, and by bribing Myrtillus, the charioteer of Ænomaus, ensured to himself the victory.
I first returning from the Aonian mount will (provided life remain) bring along the Muses with me into my country; for thee, O Mantua, I first will gain the 1Idumæan palms, and on thy verdant plains erect a temple of marble, near the stream, where the great Mincius winds in slow meanders, and hath fringed the banks with tender reed. In the middle will I have Caesar, and he shall command the temple. In honour of him will I victorious, and in Tyrian purple conspicuous, drive a hundred four-horsed chariots along the river. For me all Greece, leaving 2Alpheus and the groves of Molochus, shall contend in races and the rigid gauntlet. I, myself, graced with leaves of the shorn olive, will distribute the prizes. Even now I am well pleased to lead on the solemn pomp to the temple, and to see the bullocks slain; or how the scene with shifting front retires; and how the inwoven Britons lift up the purple curtain. On the doors will I delineate, in gold and solid ivory, the battle of the 3Gangarides, and the arms of conquering Quirinus; and here the 4Nile swelling with war, flowing majestic, and columns rising with naval brass, I will add the vanquished cities of Asia, and subdued 5Niphates, and the Parthian presuming on his flight and arrows shot backward, and two trophies by personal valour snatched from two widely distant foes, and nations twice triumphed over on either shore. Here too shall stand in 6Parian marble, breathing statues, the offspring of 7Assaracus, and the chiefs of the Jove-descended race; both Tros the great ancestor of Rome, and the Cynthian Apollo, founder of Troy. Here baneful envy shall dread the Furies, and the grim ri-

1 Idumæan palms, from Idumæa, a country of Syria, on the south of Judea, famed for its palm trees.
2 Alpheus, (Rouphia,) a river of Elis in Peloponnesus, where the Olympic games were celebrated. Molochus, a shepherd of Argolis, who kindly received Hercules, and in return the hero slew the Nemean lion which laid waste the country; hence the institution of the Nemean games.
3 Gangarides, a people of Asia, near the mouth of the Ganges.
4 Nile, a great river of Africa, and one of the most celebrated in the world, is generally supposed to have its sources in that immense chain of mountains in central Africa, called the Mountains of the Moon. Its course runs in a northerly direction, flowing through Nubia and Egypt; a little below Cairo it divides itself into two great branches, which enclose the Delta, and fall into the Mediterranean, the western branch at Rosetta, and the eastern at Damietta.
5 Niphates, a mountain of Armenia, part of the range of Taurus, from which the river Tigris takes its rise.
6 Pariau marble, from Paros, an island of the Egean sea, one of the Cyclades, famed for its beautiful white marble.
7 Assaracus, a Trojan prince, father of Capys, and grandfather of Anchises. Tros, a son of Erechthonius, king of Troy, which was so named after him. Cynthian Apollo, the surname is from Cynthus, a mountain in the island of Delos, where Apollo and Diana were born, and which was sacred to them.
ver of 1 Coepto, Ixion's twisted snakes, the enormous racking wheel, and the stone's insurmountable labour.

Meanwhile, let us pursue the woods of the Dryads, and untrodden lawns; thy commands, Mæcenas, of no easy import. Without thee my mind enters nothing sublime; come then, break off idle delays. 2 Citheron calls with loud halloo, and the hounds of Taygetus, and Epidaurus, the tamer of horses also call; and the voice doubled by the assenting groves re-echoes. Yet ere long shall I be prepared to sing of Cæsar's ardent battles, and to transmit his name with honour through as many years as Cæsar is distant from the first origin of Tithonus.

Whether any one, aspiring to the prizes of the Olympian palm, breeds horses, or whether any one breeds sturdy bullocks for the plough, let him choose with special care the bodies of the mothers. The sour-looking heifer's form is best, whose head is hideously large, whose neck is brawny, and whose dewlaps hang from the chin down to the legs. Then there is no measure in her length of side: all her parts are huge, even her foot: and her ears are rough under her cranked horns. Nor would I dislike her if streaked with white spots, or if she refuses the yoke, and sometimes is surly with her horn, and in aspect approaches nearer to a bull, and if she is stately throughout, and sweeps her steps, with the extremity of her tail, as she goes along.

The age to undergo Lucina and just hymeneal rites ends before ten, and begins after four years: the other years of cows are neither fit for breeding, nor strong for the plough. Meantime, while the flocks abound with sprightly youth, let loose the males: be the first to indulge thy cattle in the joys of love; and by generation raise up one race after another. All the best days of life fly fast away from wretched mortals: diseases succeed, and disconsolate old age, and pain; and the inclemency of inexorable death snatches them away. There will always be some whose bodies you would choose to have changed for better. Therefore continually repair them; and, that you may not regret them when lost, be before-hand, and yearly provide a new offspring for the herd.

Nor is the same discriminating care less requisite for a

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1 Coepto, a river of Epirus in Greece, called by the poets one of the rivers of hell. Ixion, a king of Thessaly, whom Jupiter is said to have struck with his thunder for having attempted to seduce Juno, when he was bound to a wheel in hell, which was perpetually in motion.

2 Citheron, a mountain of Boeotia in Greece, sacred to Jupiter and the Muses. Epidaurus, (Tidavrm) a city of Argolis in Peloponnesus, famed for a temple of Escaulapius, and for its fine breed of horses.
breed of horses. But still, on those which you intend to bring up for the hope of the race, bestow your principal diligence immediately from their tender years. The colt of generous breed from the very first walks stately in the fields, and nimbly moves his pliant legs; he is the first that dares to lead the way, and tempt the threatening floods, and trust himself to an unknown bridge; nor starts affrighted at vain alarms. Lofty is his neck, his head little and slender, his belly short, his back round and plump, and his proud chest swells luxuriant with brawny muscles, (the bay-brown and bluish-grey are in most request; the worst colours are the white and dun.) Then, if he hears the distant sound of arms, he knows not how to stand still; he is all action: he pricks up his ears, trembles in every joint, and snorting rolls the collected fire under his nostrils. Thick is his mane, and waving rests on his right shoulder. A double spinal bone runs down between his loins, his hoof scoops up the ground, and deep resounds with its solid horn. Such was Cyllarus, broken by the reins of 1Amycleian Pollux, and such (which the Grecian poets have described) the harnessed brace of Mars, and the chariot-horses of great Achilles. Such Saturn too himself precipitant on the arrival of his wife spread out a full mane on his assumed horse’s neck, and flying filled lofty Pelion with shrill neighing.

Him too, when with sickness oppressed, or now enfeebled with years he fails, shut up in his lodge, and spare his not inglorious age. An old horse is cold to love, and in vain drags on the ungrateful task, and, if ever he comes to an engagement, he is furiously keen with no effect, as at times a great fire rages without strength among stubble. Therefore chiefly mark their spirit and age; then their other qualities, their parentage, and what sorrow each receives when vanquished, what pride when victorious.

See you not? when in the rapid race the chariots have seized the plain, and pouring forth rush along; when the hopes of the youth are elevated, and palpitating fear heaves their throbbing hearts: they ply the twisted lash, and bending forward give full reins; the axle flies glowing with the impetuosity. And now low, now high, they seem to be borne aloft through the open air, and to mount up into the skies. No stop, no stay: but a thick cloud of yellow sand is tossed up; the foremost are wet with the foam and

1Amycleian Pollux was the son of Jupiter by Leda, and the twin brother of Castor; he was so called from Amy-
breath of those that follow. So powerful is the love of praise, so anxious the desire of victory.

First 1Erichthonius dared to yoke the chariot and four steeds, and over the rapid wheels victorious to preside. The Pelethronian Lapithæ first mounted on horseback applied the reins, and turned him in the ring; taught the horsemen under arms to bound insulting over the plain, and with proud ambling pace to prance along. Either toil, that of the chariot and of the manège, is equal; with equal care the masters in either case seek after a steed that is youthful, of warm mettle, and sprightly in the race: they do not make choice of an old horse, though often he may have driven before him the flying foes, may boast of Epirus, or of warlike 2Myceneæ for his country, and derive his race even from Neptune's breed.

These things observed, they are very careful about the time of generation, and bestow all their care to plump him up with firm fat whom they have chosen leader, and assigned stallion to the herd: they cut for him downy, tender herbs, and supply him with fulness of water and corn, that he may be sufficient for the soothing toil, and lest the puny sons should resemble the meagerness of their sires. But they purposely extenuate the breed-mares with lean-ness; and, when now the known pleasure solicits the first enjoyment, they both deny herbs, and debar them from the springs: often too they shake them in the race, and tire them in the sun, when beneath the beaten grain the barn floor deeply groans, and in the rising zephyr the empty chaff is tossed about. This they do, that excessive pampering may not blunt the powers of the genial soil, and choke up the sluggish passages; but that it may with eagerness drink in the joys of love, and lay them up more deeply within.

Again the care of the sires begins to fail, and that of the dams to succeed, when now, their months elapsed, theyrove about pregnant: let no one then suffer them to drag the yokes of heavy wagons, or to leap across the way, scamper over the meads with sprightly career, and swim the rapid floods. Let them feed in spacious lawns, and beside full rivers, where moss, and grassy banks of prime verdure, and caves, may shelter them, and over them a shady rock project.

1 Erichthonius, a son of Vulcan and king of Athens; the invention of chariots is ascribed to him. Pelethronian Lapithæ, so called from Pelethronium, a town of Thessaly at the foot of mount Pelion, inhabited by the Lapithæ, who were excellent horsemen. 2 Myceneæ, a city of Argolis in Peloponnesus, once the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of Agamemnon.
About the groves of 1Silarus, and Alburnus, verdant with ever-green oaks, abounds a flying insect, which the Romans name asylus, and the Greeks in their language have rendered öestros; armed with a sharp sting, humming harshly; with which whole herds affrighted fly dispersed through the woods; the sky is furiously shaken with bel-Iowings, and the woods and banks of dry Tanagros. With this monster did Juno once exercise her fell revenge, having meditated a plague for the 2Inachian heifer. This, too, (for in the noon-tide heats it ranges more keenly,) you must keep off from the pregnant cattle; and feed your herds when the sun is newly risen, or when the stars usher in the night.

After the birth, the whole care is transferred to the calves; and from the first they stamp with a hot iron the marks and names of the race; and which they choose to bring up for the increase of the flock, or which to keep sacred for the altar, or which to cleave the ground, and turn up the soil all rugged with broken clods: the rest of the herd promiscuous graze amidst the green pastures.

Those, which you would form for exercise and rustic service, train up while calves, and enter on the way to tame them, whilst their minds in youth are tractable, while their age is pliant. And first fasten about their necks loose collars of slender twigs; next, when they have accustomed their free necks to servitude, match your bullocks in pairs joined by those same collars, and make them step together; and now let empty wheels be dragged by them along the ground, and let them print their traces in the surface of the dust. Afterwards let the beechen axle labouring under a ponderous load creak, and the brazen pole draw the joined wheels. Meanwhile for the young untamed bullocks you will crop with your hand not only grass, or the tender leaves of willows, or a marshy sedge, but also springing corn: nor shall your suckling heifers, as was the custom of our fathers, fill the snowy milking-pails, but spend all their udders on their sweet offspring.

But if thy inclination is to war and martial troops, or with thy wheels to skim along the brink of 3Pisa's Alphæ-

1 Silarus, (Sele) a river of Italy, separating Lucania from the territory of the Picentini; its banks were much infested with the gad-fly. Alburnus, a lofty mountain of Lucania, at the foot of which rises the river Tanagros, (Negro,) remarkable for its cascades and its beautiful meanderings.

2 Inachian heifer; Io, daughter of Inachus, and priestess of Juno at Argos, according to the poets, was changed into a heifer by Jupiter, but afterwards restored to her own form, when she married Telegonus or Osiris, king of Egypt, and after death was worshipped under the name of Isis.

3 Pisa, an ancient city of Elis in Peloponnæus, on the banks of the Alpheus, and on the ruins of which Olympia is supposed to have been built.
an streams, and drive the flying chariot in Jupiter's grove; the first task of the horse must be to view the fierceness and the arms of warriors, to be patient of the trumpet, and to bear the rumbling of the wheels in their career, and in his stall to hear the rattling bridles; then more and more to rejoice in the soothing applause of his master, and to love the sound of patting his neck. And these let him hear as soon as weaned from the udder of his dam, and now and then yield his mouth to soft head-stalls when weak, and yet, trembling, and yet inexperienced from his years. But three full years elapsed, when his fourth summer has arrived, let him forthwith begin to wheel the ring, and with regular steps to prance: and let him bend the pliant joints of his legs alternately, and seem to labour. Then let him dare the winds in swiftness, and through the open plains flying, as loosened from the reins, scarcely print his steps on the surface of the sand. As when boisterous Boreas hath rushed forth from the Hyperborean regions, and drives along the Scythian storms and dry clouds; then the high fields of corn and waving plains tremble with the first gentle gusts, the tops of the woods rustle, and the lengthened waves press towards the shore: he flies, sweeping in his career at once the fields, at once the seas. Such a courser will either run in furious heat round the goals and spacious bounds of the Elean plain, and drive the flakes of bloody foam from his mouth, or will better bear the Belgic chariots on his pliant neck. Then at last, when they are broken, let their ample bodies grow with fattening mash; for, if full fed before they are broken, they will swell their mettle high, and when seized, refuse to bear the limber whip, and to obey the hard bits.

But no industry more confirms their strength than to avert Venus from them, and the stings of blind love, whether any one be more fond of a breed of bullocks or of horses. And therefore they remove the bulls to a distance, and to lonely pastures, behind an obstructing mountain, and beyond broad rivers, or keep them shut up within at full cribs; for the female insensibly consumes his vigour, and fires him while in his eye, nor suffers him to mind his groves and pasture. Often by her attractive charms she even impels her haughty lovers to combat with their horns. The beauteous heifer feeds in the spacious wood; while they by turns with mighty force engage with repeated wounds; black blood laves their bodies; and their adverse horns are impelled on the straggling foes with a vast groan;

1 Elean plain; that is, the celebrated plain of Olympia, situated in Elis, a district of Peloponnesus in Greece.
the woods and spacious skies rebellow. Nor is it usual for the warriors to dwell together; but the one vanquished retires, and becomes an exile in unknown distant coasts; grievously bemoaning his disgrace, and the wounds of the proud victor, in fine the loves which unavenged he has lost; and with many a retrospect on the stalls which contain the object of his desire, departs from his hereditary realms. Therefore with the utmost care he exercises his strength, and lies all night among the hard rocks, on a couch quite bare, feeding on prickly leaves and sharp-pointed sedge; he essays himself, and practises his rage upon his horns, butt ing against the trunk of a tree; buffets the winds with blows, and preludes to the fight by spurning the sand. Afterwards, when his strength is rallied, and his vigour recovered, he advances to the conflict, and is borne headlong on his unmindful foe; as a wave, when it begins to whiten in the midst of the sea, at distance and from the deep, draws along a curling train, and as rolling to the land it roars dreadful among the rocks, nor less even than a mountain falls; while with whirlpools the water from the bottom boils, and tosses up the blackening sand on high.

And indeed every kind on earth, both men and wild beasts, the scaly race, the cattle, and particoloured birds, rush into this fire and fury; love rages in all the same. At no other time does the lioness, forgetful of her whelps, range the plains more fierce; nor do the u shapely bears usually spread so numerous ravages and such havoc in the woods: then ferocious is the boar; then most fell the tiger. It is then, alas! unhappy wandering in the desolate fields of Libya. See you not how tremendous ardour shoots through the horse's whole body, if his smell has but sucked in the well-known gales? And now neither bridles of men, nor cruel whips, nor cliffs, nor hollow rocks, and opposed rivers that whirl with the torrent whole mountains swept away, can retard him. Even the Sabellian boar rushes, and whets his tusks, and with his feet tears up the ground, rubs his flanks against a tree, and on this side and that side hardens his shoulders to wounds. What does the youth, in whose vitals relentless love fans the mighty fire? Late in the darksome night he swims the thir thoisterous with bursting storms; over whom the spacious gate of heaven thunders, and the seas dashing against the rocks remurmur; nor can his distressed parents recall him, nor the maid who will be sure to die in consequence of his disastrous fate. What do the spotted lynxes of Bacchus, and the fierce race of wolves and dogs? what the timorous stags? what dreadful wars they wage! Yet know, the fury of the mares is
most of all extraordinary; and this spirit Venus herself inspired, when four Potnian mares tore the limbs of Glauce to pieces with their jaws. Love drives them across the pathless Gargarus, and roaring Ascanius; they climb the mountains, swim the rivers; and forthwith when the flame is secretly conveyed into their craving marrow, chiefly in the spring, (for in the spring the genial heat returns into their bones,) they all, with their mouth turned towards the Zephyr, stand on high rocks, and catch the gentle gales; and often, wondrous to relate! without any mate, impregnated by the wind, over rocks and cliffs and hollow vales they scour; not towards thine, O Eurus, nor the sun’s rising, nor towards Boreas and Caurus, or whence grim Auster arises, and saddens the sky with bleak rain. Hence at last, what the shepherds call by its true name, Hippomanes, a clammy poison distils from their groins; hippomanes, which wicked stepdames often have gathered, and mixed therewith herbs, and noxious spells. But time flies meanwhile, flies irretrievable, while we, enamoured of the pleasing theme, minutely trace particulars.

Thus far of herds. Another part of our care remains, to manage the fleecy flocks and shaggy goats. A labour this; hence hope for praise, ye sturdy swains. Nor am I ignorant how difficult it is to raise such subjects by dignity of style, and add these poetical ornaments to things so low. But the sweet love of the muses transports me through the thorny deserts of Parnassus; pleased I am to range those mountain-tops, where no path trodden by the ancients winds down with gentle descent to Castalia.

Now, adorable Pales, now must I sing in lofty strain. To begin, I appoint the sheep to be foddered in soft cots, till first the flowery spring return; and that the hard ground under them be strewn with plenty of straw, and with bundles of ferns, lest the cold ice hurt the tender cattle, and bring on the scab, and foul gouts. Next, leaving them, I order to provide the goats with leafy arbutes, and to supply them with fresh streams: and sheltered from the woods, to oppose their cots to the winter sun, turned towards the south: when cold Aquarius now sets at length, and in the extremity of the year sheds his dews. Nor are these to be

1 Glauce, a son of Sisyphus, king of Corinth, who was torn to pieces at Potnia in Boetia, by his own mares.
2 Ascanius, afterwards called the Hyllus, a river of Bithynia in Asia Minor, flowing into the Propontis near Gius.
3 Caurus, the north-west wind; Auster, the south wind.
4 Castalia, a celebrated fountain of Mount Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.
5 Aquarius, one of the signs of the Zodiac, rises in January, and as its name imports, frequently accompanied with rain.
tended by us with less care: nor will their usefulness be less; though 1Milesian fleeces, that have drunk the Tyrian glow, be sold for a great price. From these will arise a more numerous breed, from these a greater quantity of milk. The more the pail froths with their exhausted udder, the more will joyous streams flow from their pressed ducts. Meanwhile the shepherds also shear the beards, and hoary chins, and long waving hair of the 2Cinyphian he-goat, for the service of the camp, and for coverings to the adventurous mariners. And then they easily find pasture from the woods, from the summits of Lyceus, from the rough brambles, and from brakes that love the craggy rocks. And mindful of their time the goats of themselves return home, and bring their young with them, and can scarcely get over the threshold with their teeming udders. Therefore, the less they themselves provide against the wants of mortality, the more careful must you be to defend them from the ice and snowy winds; and you will cheerfully bring them food, and browse of tender twigs; nor shut up from them your stores of hay during the whole winter.

But when the gay summer comes invited by the Zephyrs, you shall send forth both flocks into the lawns and pastures: when Lucifer first arises, let them crop the fields yet cold; while the morning is new, while the grass is hoary, and the dew, most grateful to the cattle, is on the tender herb. Then, as soon as the fourth hour of day has brought on thirst, and the plaintive grasshoppers shall rend the groves with their song; order the flocks to drink the water running in oaken troughs, or at the wells, or at the deep pools; but in the noontide heats let them seek out a shady vale, wherever Jove's stately oak of ancient wood extends its huge boughs, or wherever a grove, embrowned with thick ever-green oaks, projects its sacred shade. Then give them once more the translucent streams, and once more feed them at the setting of the sun, when cool Vesper tempers the air, and now the dewy moon refreshes the lawns, and the shores resound with Halcyonë, and the bushes with the goldfinch.

Why should I trace in song the shepherds and pastures of Libya, and their cottages where scatteringly they dwell? Their flocks often graze both day and night, and for a whole month together, and repair into long deserts without

1 Milesian fleeces, from Miletus, a city of Asia Minor, the ancient capital of Ionia; it was famous for its excellent wool.

2 Cinyphian he-goats, from Cynyphus, a river and country of Africa near Tripolis.
any shelter; so wide the plain extends. The African shepherd carries his all with him, his horse, and household god, his arms, his Amylean dog, and 1 Cretan quiver: like the fierce Roman, when armed for his country, he takes his way under the unequal load, and, having pitched his camp, stands in array of battle against the foe, before he is expected.

But it is not so, where are the Scythian nations, and the Maetic waves, and the turbid Ister whirling his yellow sand; and where Rhodope winds about, stretching itself under the middle of the pole: there they keep their herds shut up in stalls; nor are either any herbs to be seen in the fields, or leaves on the trees; but the country lies deformed with mounts of snow, and deep ice all around, and rises seven ells in height. It is always winter, always north-west winds, blowing cold. Then the sun never dissipates the pale shades, either when borne on his steeds he climbs the lofty sky, or when he bathes his chariot in the ocean’s ruddy plain. Crusts of ice suddenly are congealed in the running river: now on its back the wave sustains wheels bound with iron; the wave hospitable to broad ships before, to wagons now. Vases of brass frequently burst asunder, their garments grow stiff on their back, they cut with axes the liquid vine, whole pools turn to solid ice, and the horrid icicle hardens on their uncombed beards. Meanwhile it snows incessantly over all the air; the cattle perish; the large bodies of oxen stand wrapped about with hoar frost; and the deer crowding all together, lie benumbed under the unusual load, and scarcely appear with the tips of their horns. These they pursue not with bounds let loose, nor with any toils, nor scare them with the terror of the crimson plume; but as in vain they are shoving with their breasts the opposed mountain of snow, they stab them with the sword close at hand, and put them to death piteously braying, and with loud acclamation bear them off triumphant. The inhabitants themselves, in caves dug deep under ground, enjoy undisturbed rest, and roll to their hearths piled oaks, and whole elms, and give them to the flames. Here they spend the night in play; and, joyous, imitate the juice of the grape with their beer and acid cider.

1 Cretan quiver; Crete, (Candia,) one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean, at the south of the Cyclades. It was anciently famed for its 100 cities, and for the laws of Minos established there; the Cretans were excellent archers, but infamous for falsehood and other vices. The island was subdued by the Romans, B. C. 66.

2 Maetic waves, now the sea of Asaph, a large lake, or more properly part of the sea between Europe and Asia, north of the Euxine, with which it communicates by the Cimmerian Bosphorus.
Such is that savage race of men lying under the northern sign of Ursa Major, buffeted by the Riphean east-wind, and whose bodies are clothed with the tawny furs of beasts.

If the woollen manufacture be thy care; first let prickly woods, and burs, and caltrops, be far away: shun rich pastures: and from the beginning choose flocks that are white with soft wool. And that ram, though he himself be of the purest white, under whose moist palate there lurks but a black tongue, reject, lest he should sully the fleeces of the new-born lambs; and look out for another over the well-stocked field. Thus Pan, the god of Arcadia, (if the story be worthy of credit,) deceived thee, O moon, captivated with a snowy offering of wool, inviting thee into the deep groves: nor didst thou scorn his invitation.

But let him, who is studious of milk, carry to the cribs with his own hand, the cytisus, and plenty of water-lilies, and salt herbs. Hence the animals are both more desirous of the river, and distend their udders the more, and in their milk return a faint relish of the salt.

Many restrain the kids as soon as grown up from their dams, and fasten muzzles with iron spikes about the extremity of their mouths. What they milk at the sun-rising and the hour of morn, they press at night: what they milk now in the evening and at sun-setting, the shepherd at day-break carries to town in baskets; or they season it with a small quantity of salt, and lay it up for winter.

Nor let your care of dogs be the last: but feed at once with fattening whey the swift hounds of Sparta, and the fierce mastiff of Molossis. While these are your guards, you need never fear that the nightly robber will approach your stalls; nor will you have cause to dread the incursions of the wolves, or the restless Iberians coming upon you by stealth. Often too in the chase you will pursue the timorous wild asses, and with hounds you will hunt the hare, with hounds the hinds. Often, driving on with full cry, you will give chase to the boar roused from his sylvan soil; and over the lofty mountains with shouts pursue the stately stag into the toils.

Learn also to burn fragrant cedar in the folds, and to drive away the rank water-snakes with the scent of galbanum. Often under the mangers, when not moved, either the viper of pernicious touch lies concealed, and affrighted

1 Sparta, called also Lacedæmon, (Misitra,) a famous city of Peloponnæsus in Greece, the capital of Laconia, and long the rival of Athens.—Moloss. sis, a district in the south of Epirus, celebrated for its fierce breed of dogs.
2 Iberians, the Spaniards were so called, from Iberus, (the Ebro,) a large river of Spain.
flies the light; or that snake, the direful pest of kine, which uses to shelter itself under a roof and shade, and sheds its venom on the cattle, keeps close to the ground. Snatch up stones, shepherd, snatch up clubs; and while he rears his threatening gorge, and swells his hissing neck, knock him down: and now in fright he has deeply hidden his dastardly head, while his middle-knots and the wreaths in his tail's extremity are unfolded, and his last tortuous joint now drags its slow spires along. There is also that baneful snake in the Calabrian lawns, winding up his scaly back, with breast erect, and a long belly speckled with broad spots; who, while any rivers burst from their fountains, and while the lands are moist with the dewy spring and rainy south-winds, haunts the pools, and, lodging in the banks, intemperately gorges his horrid maw with fishes and croaking frogs. When the fen is burned up, and the earth gaps with drought, he darts forth on dry ground, and, rolling his inflamed eyes, rages in the fields, exasperated with thirst and aghast with heat. Let me not then choose to indulge soft slumbers in the open air, or to lie along the grass in the slope of a wood, when renewed and sleek with youth by casting his slough, he rolls along, leaving either his young or eggs in his den, reared to the sun, and in his mouth quivers a three-forked tongue.

I will also teach thee the causes and the signs of their diseases. The filthy scab infects the sheep, when the raw shower hath pierced deep into the quick, and winter, rough with hoary frost; or, when the sweat unwashed away adheres to them after shearing, and prickly briars have torn their bodies. On this account, the shepherds drench the whole flock in sweet rivers, and the ram with humid fleece is plunged into the pool, and sent to float along the stream; or they besmear their bodies after shearing with bitter lees of oil, and mix with it litharge, native sulphur, Idæan pitch, and fat unctuous wax, and the sea-leek, rank hellebore, and black bitumen. But there is not any more effectual remedy for their distress, than to lance the head of the ulcer with steel; the distemper is nourished, and lives by being covered, while the shepherd refuses to apply his healing hand to the wound, or sits still, begging the gods to order all for the better.

Moreover, when the malady, penetrating into the inmost bones of the bleating sheep, rages, and the scorching fever preys upon their limbs, it has been of use to drive out the kindled inflammation, and between the under parts of the feet to open a vein spouting with blood; in such manner as

1 Calabrian lawns.—Calabria is a country in the south of Italy, anciently part of Magna Græcia.
the 'Bisaltæ use, and the fierce Gelonian, when he flies to Rhodope, and the deserts of the Getae, and drinks milk thickened with the blood of horses.

Whatever sheep thou seest either creep away at a distance from the rest, under the mild shade, or listlessly crop the tops of the grass, and follow the flock in the rear, or lie down as she is feeding in the middle of the plain, and return by herself late in the evening; forthwith cut off the faulty animal, before the dire contagion spreads among the unwary flock.

The whirlwind, that brings on a wintry storm, rushes not so frequent from the sea, as the plagues of cattle are numerous. Nor do diseases only sweep away single bodies, but also whole folds suddenly, the offspring and the flock at once, and the whole stock from the first breed. Whoever views the aerial Alps, and the Bavarian castles on the hills, and the fields of Lapidian Timavus, and the realms of the shepherds even now after so long a time deserted, and the lawns lying waste far and wide, may then be judge of this sad truth. Here, in former times, a doleful sweeping plague arose from the distemper of the air, and grew more and more inflamed through the whole heat of autumn; and delivered over to death all the race of cattle, all the savage race: poisoned the lakes, and tainted the pastures with contagion. Nor was the way of their death simple and uncomplicated; but when the burning fever, revelling in every vein, had shrunk up their wretched limbs, again the watery pestilential humour overflowed, and converted into its substance all the bones piece-meal consumed by the disease. Often amidst the service of the gods, the victim standing at the altar, while the woollen fillet with snowy label binds its temples, has dropped down gasping to death in the hands of the lingering officiators. Or, if the priest had stabbed any one before it fell, neither do its entrails when laid on the altars burn, nor is the augur when consulted able thence to give responses; and the knives applied are scarcely tinged with blood, and the surface of the sand hardly stained with the thin meagre gore. Hence the calves every where expire in the luxuriant pastures, and render up their sweet lives at the full cribs. Hence the gentle dogs are seized with madness; and wheezing cough shakes the diseased swine, and suffocates them with tumours in the throat. The unfortunate horse, once victorious, now forgetful of his exercises and his pasture, pines away, loathes the springs, and often paws the ground with his foot; his ears hang down; their intermitt
sweat breaks out, and that too cold at the approach of death: his withered skin feels hard, and in handling resists the touch. These symptoms they give before death in the first days of their illness. But if in process of time the disease begins to rankle, then are their eyes inflamed, and the breath fetched from the bottom of the breast is sometimes mixed with a heavy groan; and with a long sob they distend their inmost bowels: black blood gushes from their nostrils, and the rough tongue clings to their choked-up jaws. At first it was of service to pour wine down their throats; this appeared the sole remedy for the dying animals: soon after, this very thing proved their destruction; and being recruited, they burned with hideous rage, and they themselves, now in the agonies of death, (may the gods award better things to the good, and such phrensy to our foes!) tore their own mangled limbs with their naked teeth. Lo the bull too, smoking under the oppressive share, drops down, and vomits out of his mouth blood mingled with foam, and fetches his last groans. The ploughman, unyoking the steer that mourns his brother's death, goes away sad, and in the midst of his work leaves the plough fixed down in the earth. Neither the shades of the deep groves, nor the soft meadows, can affect his mind, nor the river which rolling over the rocks glides to the plain more pure than amber: but his deep sides grow lank, deadness rests upon his heavy eyes, and his neck with unwieldy weight drops to the ground. What do their labours or good offices now avail them? what avails it to have turned the heavy lands with the share? Yet they never injured themselves by the rich gifts of Bacchus, or by sumptuous banquets. They feed on leaves and the nourishment of simple herbs; the crystal springs and running rivers are their drink; and no care interrupts their healthful slumbers. Then, and at no other time, they tell us that kine were wanting in those regions for Juno's sacred rites, and that the chariots were drawn to her lofty shrine by buffaloes ill-matched. Therefore, with painful labour, they tear the ground with harrows, and with their very nails set the corn, and over the high mountains drag the creaking waggons with their strained necks. The wolf now meditates no ambuscades around the folds, nor prowling roams about the flocks by night; a sharper care subdues him. The timorous deer and fugitive stags now saunter among the dogs, and about the houses. Now the waves wash out upon the extremity of the shore the breed of the immense ocean, and all the scaly race, like shipwrecked bodies: and sea-calves fly to the rivers, their unusual haunt. The viper, too, in vain defended by her winding den, expires, and the astonished water-
snakes erecting their scales expire. To the very birds the air becomes pernicious; and they, falling headlong, leave their lives beneath the lofty cloud.

Nor moreover avails it now the cattle to have their pasture changed; the medicinal arts to which they had recourse prove noxious: the able masters in the science failed, 1 Chiron, the son of Philyra, and Melampus, the son of Amythaon. Pale 2 Tisiphone sent from the Stygian glooms to light, rages; drives before her diseases and dismay; and daily rising, higher erects her baneful head. With plaintive bleating of the flocks, and frequent lowings, the rivers, the withered banks, and sloping hills resound; and now by droves and flock she deals destruction, and in the very stalls heaps up carcases rotting away with foul contagion, till they learn to bury them in the ground, and hide them in pits. For neither were their hides for use, nor could any cleanse their flesh with water, or purge it by fire; nor durst they so much as shear the fleeces corrupted with disease and filthy sores, or touch the putrid stuffs. But yet if any one tried the odious vestments, fiery blanes and filthy sweat overspread his noisome body; and then, no long time intervening, the pestilential fire preyed upon his infected limbs.

BOOK IV.

The subject of the fourth book is the management of bees; their habits, economy, polity, and government, are described with the utmost fidelity, and with all the charms of poetry. The book concludes with the beautiful episode of Aristæus recovering his bees.

Next will I set forth the heavenly gift of aerial honey. Vouchsafe, Maecenas, thy regard to this part also of my work. I will sing a spectacle worthy of your admiration, though of things minute: the magnanimous leaders, the manners and employments, the tribes and battles of the whole race in order. Laborious essay on a mean subject! but not mean the praise, if the adverse deities permit any one to execute the task, and Apollo invocated hear.

First, a seat and station must be sought for the bees, where neither winds may have access, (for the winds hinder them from carrying home their food,) nor sheep and frisky

1 Chiron, one of the Centaurs, son of Saturn and Philyra, was famous for his skill in music, physic, and shooting.—Melampus, a celebrated soothsayer and physician of Argos.

2 Tisiphone, one of the Furies, who was the minister of Divine vengeance, and punished the wicked in Tartarus.
kids may insult the flowers, or heifer, straying in the plain, spurn off the dews, and bruise the rising herbs.

And let the lizards with speckled scaly backs be far from the rich hives, and wood-peckers, and other birds; and Progne, whose breast is stained with her bloody hands. For they lay all things waste around, and in their mouths bear away the bees themselves while on the wing, a sweet morsel for their merciless young. But let clear springs, and pools edged with green moss, be near, and a small rivulet swiftly running through the meads; and let a palm or stately wild-olive overshadethem with its breast while on the wing, a sweet morsel for their merciless young. But let clear springs, and pools edged with green moss, be near, and a small rivulet swiftly running through the meads; and let a palm or stately wild-olive overshadethem with its breast those that lag behind, or immersed them in the flood. Around these places let green cassia, and far-smelling wild thyme, and store of strong-scented savoury, flower; and let beds of violets drink an irriguous fountain.

But as for your hives themselves, whether they be compacted of hollow bark, or woven with limber osier, let them have their inlets narrow; for winter congeals the honey with its cold, and the heat melts and dissolves the same: either force is equally dreaded by the bees: nor is it in vain that they smear with wax the minute vents in their houses, and fill up the edges with fucus and flowers, and preserve for those very uses collected glue, more clinging than bird-lime, or the pitch of Phrygian Ida. Often, too, if fame be true, they have cherished their families in cells dug under ground, and have been found deep down in hollow pumice-stones, and the cavity of a rotten tree. But do thou, to keep them warm, daub their chunky chambers round with smooth mud, and strew it thinly over with leaves; and suffer not a yew near their lodges, nor burn in the fire the reddening crabs, nor trust them to a deep fen, or where a noisome smell of mud arises, or where hollow rocks re-echo.

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1 Progne, the wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, was feigned to have been changed into a swallow. See note 17 on Eccl. 6.

2 Phrygian Ida, a celebrated mountain, or ridge of mountains, in the vicinity of Troy, covered with pine trees, &c. and commanding an extensive view of the Hellespont and the adjacent countries; from Mount Ida issued the Simois, Scamander, and other rivers, and here it was that Paris adjudged the prize of beauty to the goddess Venus.
to the impulsive sound, and the struck image of the voice rebounds.

For what remains, when the golden sun has driven the winter under ground, and opened the heavens with summer light: they forthwith traverse the lawns and woods, crop the empurpled flowers, and lightly skim the surface of the streams. Hence, gladdened with I know not what agreeable sensation, they grow fond of their offspring and young breed: hence they labour out with art new waxen cells, and form the clammy honey. In consequence of this, when you see the swarm, after emerging from the hives into the open air, swim through the serene summer sky, and the blackening cloud driven about by the wind, mark the little insects well: they always seek the waters and leafy coverts: here sprinkle the fragrant juices that are prescribed, bruised balm and the vulgar herb of honey wort: awake the tinkling sounds, and beat around the cymbals of mother ¹ Cybele. They of themselves will settle on the medicated seats; they of themselves, after their manner, will retreat into the most chambers.

But if they should go forth to battle, (for often discord with huge commotion seizes two rival kings,) you may from the beginning know long before-hand both the animosity of the populace, and their hearts in trepidation for war: for that martial clang of hoarse brass rouses the loiterers, and a voice is heard resembling the broken sounds of trumpets. Then in a hurry they assemble, quiver with their wings, sharpen their stings with their beaks, fit their claws, crowd thick around their king and to his pavilion, and with loud hummings challenge the foe.

As soon, therefore, as they find the vernal sky serene, and the fields of air open, forth they rush from their gates; they join battle: buzzing sounds arise in the sky above: mingled they cluster in a mighty round, and fall headlong: hail rains not thicker from the air, nor fall such quantities of acorns from the shaken oak. The kings themselves amid the hosts, distinguished by their wings, exert mighty souls in little bodies; obstinately determined not to yield till the dread victor has compelled either these or those to turn their backs in flight. These commotions of their minds, and this so mighty fray, quashed by the throw of a little dust, will cease.

But when you have recalled both leaders from the battle, put him to death that appears the baser, lest by idle prodigality he do hurt; and suffer the more valorous king to

¹ Cybele, called the Mother of the Gods, was the daughter of Coelus and Terra, and wife of Saturn.
reign in the court without a rival. The one will glow with refulgent spots of gold; for there are two sorts: this is the better, distinguishable both by his make, and conspicuous with glittering scales: the other is horribly deformed with sloth, and ingloriously drags a large belly.

As the kings are of two different figures, so are the bodies of their people. For the one looks hideously ugly: as when a parched traveller comes from a deep dusty road, and spits the dirt out of his dry mouth: the others shine and sparkle with brightness, burnished with gold, and their bodies spangled with equal drops. This is the better breed: from these at the stated season of the year you will press the luscious honey; yet not so luscious as pure, and fit to correct the hard relish of the grape.

But when the roving swarms fly about and sport in the air, disdain their hives, and leave the habitations cold, you will restrain their unsettled minds from their vain play. Nor is there great difficulty in restraining them; do you but clip the wings of their kings: not one will dare, while they stay behind, to fly aloft, or pluck up the standard from the camp.

Let gardens fragrant with saffron flowers invite them; and the protection of Hellespontiac Priapus, the averter of thieves and birds, with his willow sithe preserve them. Let him who makes such things his care, bring thyme himself and pines from the high mountains, to plant them far and wide about their hives: let him wear his hands with the hard labour, set himself the fruitful plants in the ground, and water them with kindly showers.

And here, indeed, were I not just furling my sails at the last period of my labours, and hastening to turn my prow to land; perhaps I might both sing what method of culture would adorn rich gardens, and the rose-beds of twice blooming Paestum; and how endive and verdant banks of parsley delight in drinking the rills; and how the cucumber winding along the grass swells into a belly; nor had I passed in silence the late-flowering daffodil, or the stalks of the flexile acanthus, or the pale ivy, and the myrtles that love the shores. For I remember that, under the lofty turrets of Corycian, where black Galesus moistens the yellow fields, I saw an old Corycian, to whom belonged a few acres of ne-

1 Paestum, (Pesto,) a town of Lucania, on the Gulf of Salerno, where the roses blossom twice a year.
2 Ebalia, Tarentum, in the south of Italy, was so called, because built by a colony under Phalanthus, who came from Ebalia, or Laconia, in Greece.—
Galesus, a river of Calabria, flowing into the Bay of Tarentum.
3 Corycian, a contented old man of Tarentum, whose time was employed in taking care of his bees. Some suppose that lv Corycian, Virgil meant a native of Corycus, (a town of Cilicia,) who had settled in Italy.
glected land; nor was the soil rich enough for the plough, proper for flocks, or commodions for vines. Yet here among the bushes planting a few pot-herbs, white lilies, vervain, and esculent poppies all around, he equalled in a contented mind the wealth of kings; and returning late at night, loaded his board with unbought dainties. He was the first to gather the rose in spring, and fruits in autumn; and, even when sad winter split the rocks with cold, and bridled up the current of the rivers with ice, in that very season he was cropping the locks of the soft acanthus, chiding the late summer, and the lingering zephyrs.

He, therefore, was the first to abound with pregnant bees and numerous swarms, and to strain the frothing honey from the pressed coms; he had limes and pines in great abundance; and as many fruits as the fertile tree had been clothed with in early blossom, so many it retained ripe in autumn. He too transplanted into rows the late fur-grown elms, and hard pear-trees, and sloe-trees now bearing damascenes, and the plane now ministering shade to drinkers. But these I for my part waive, restrained by the narrow bounds I have prescribed to myself, and leave to others hereafter to record.

Come, now, I will unfold the qualities which Jupiter himself has implanted in the bees; for which reward accompanying the shrill sounds and tinkling brass of the Curetes, they fed the king of heaven under the Dictaean cave. They alone of all the animal creation make the young the public care, share the buildings of a city in common, and pass their lives under inviolable laws; and they alone have a country of their own, and a fixed abode. Mindful of the coming winter, they experience toil in summer, and lay up their acquisitions into the common stock. For some are provident for food, and by fixed compact are employed in the fields; some within the enclosure of their lives lay Narcissus' tears, and clammy gum from bark of trees, for the first foundation of the combs, then build into arches the viscid wax; others bring up to their full growth the young, the hope of the nation; others condense the purest honey, and distend the cells with liquid nectar. Some there are to whose lot has fallen the watching at the gates, and these by

1 Curetes, or Corybantes, the priests of Cybele, who inhabited Mount Ida in Crete; they were entrusted with the education of the infant Jupiter, and so prevent his being discovered by his father, who sought to destroy him, they invented a kind of dance, and drowned his cries by the noise of their cymbals.

2 Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who, on seeing his image reflected in a fountain, became enamoured of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. He died of grief, and was changed into a flower, which still bears his name.
turns observe the waters and clouds of heaven; or receive the loads of those who return, or, forming a band, drive from the hives the drones, a sluggish generation. The work is warmly plied; and the honey smells fragrant of thyme.

As when the Cyclops urge on the thunderbolts from the stubborn masses, some receive and render back the air in the bull-hide bellows; some dip the sputtering brass in the trough: Ætna groans under the weight of their anvils: they alternately with vast force lift their arms in time, and turn the iron with the gripping pinchers: just so, if we may compare small things with great, the innate love of having honey prompts the 1Cecropian bees, each in his proper function. The elder have the care of their towns, and to fortify the combs, and frame the artificial cells. But the younger return fatigued late at night, their thighs laden with thyme; they feed at large on arbutes, and grey willows, on cassia, and glowing crocus, on the gummy lime, and purple hyacinths. All have one rest from work, all one time of labour. In the morning they rush out of the gates without delay. Again, when the evening at length has warned them to return from feeding in the fields, then they seek their habitations, and then refresh their bodies; the drowsy hum arises, and they buzz about the borders and entrance of their hives. Soon after, when they have composed themselves in their cells, all is hushed for the night; and their proper sleep seizes their weary limbs. Nor do they remove to a great distance from their hive when rain depends, or trust the sky when east-winds approach; but in safety supply themselves with water all around under the walls of their city, and attempt but short excursions; and often take up little stones, as unsteady vessels do ballast in a tossing sea; with these they poise themselves through the void airy regions.

Chiefly you will admire this custom peculiar to the bees, that they neither indulge in conjugal embrace, nor softly dissolve their bodies in the joys of love, nor bring forth young with a mother’s throes. But the individuals spontaneously call their progeny with their mouths from leaves and fragrant herbs: they themselves raise up a new king and little subjects, and build for them new palaces and waxen realms.

Often, too, in wandering among the flinty rocks have they torn their wings, and voluntarily yielded up their lives under their burthen; so ardent is their passion for flowers, and such their glory in making honey. Therefore, though they

1Cecropian bees, that is, Attic or Athenian bees, from Cecrops, the founder and first king of Athens.
themselves be limited to a narrow term of life, (for it is not prolonged beyond the seventh summer,) yet the immortal race remains, and for many years the fortune of the family subsists, and grandsires of grandsires are reckoned in a long series of generations.

Besides, not Egypt's self, nor great 1 Lydia, nor the nation of the Parthians, nor Median Hydaspes, are so obsequious to their king. Whilst the king is safe, all live in perfect harmony: when he is dead, they dissolve their union: they themselves tear to pieces the fabric of their honey, and demolish the contexture of their combs. He is the guardian of their works: him they admire; and all encircle him with thick humming; and guard him in a numerous body; often they lift him up on their shoulders, in his defence expose their bodies in war, and through wounds seek a glorious death.

Some, judging from these appearances, and led by these examples of sagacity, have alleged that a portion of the divine mind, and a heavenly emanation, may be discovered in bees; for that the deity pervades the whole earth, the tracts of sea, and depth of heaven; that hence the flocks, the herds, men, and all the race of savages, each at its birth, derive their slender lives. Accordingly, they affirm that all of them, when dissolved, return thither hereafter; nor is there any place for annihilation; but that they mount up alive each into his proper order of star, and take their seat in the high heaven.

When you intend to ride the narrow mansions of the bees, and their honey preserved in their treasures, first gargle your mouth with a draught of water, and squirt it out upon them, and carry in your hand before you persecuting smoke. Twice they press the teeming cells; there are two seasons of that harvest; one, as soon as the Pleiad 2 Taygete has displayed her comely face to the earth, and spurns with her foot the despised waters of the ocean; or when the same star, flying the constellation of the watery Fish, descends in sadness from the sky into the wintry waves. They are wrathful above measure, and when provoked, infuse venom into their stings, and leave their hidden darts fixed in the veins, and lay down their lives in the wound.

Yet, if you are afraid of a hard winter, you ought to spare their future nourishment, and have pity on their drooping spirits and afflicted state: but who would hesitate to fumi-

1 Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, south of Mysia, now part of Anatolia.
2 Taygete, a daughter of Atlas and Pleione, who became one of the Pleiades after death.
gate their hives with thyme, and cut away the empty wax? for often the lizard preys unseen upon the combs, and the vacant cells are stuffed with grubs that shun the light; the drone also that sits exempt from duty at another's repast, or the fierce hornet has engaged them with unequal arms; or the moth's direful breed; or the spider, hateful to Minerva, has suspended her loose nets in their gates.

The more they are exhausted, the more vigorously will they all labour to repair the ruins of their decayed race, to fill up the cells, and weave their magazines of flowers. But since life has on bees too entailed our misfortunes, if their bodies shall languish with a sore disease, which you may know by undoubted signs; immediately the sick change colour; horrid leanness deforms the countenance: then they carry the bodies of the dead out of their houses, and lead the mournful funeral processions; or clinging together by the feet, hang about the entrance, and loiter all within their houses shut up, listless through famine, and benumbed with contracted cold. Then a hoarser sound is heard, and in drawling hums they buzz; as at times the south-wind whispers through the woods; as the ruffled sea murmurs with refluent waves; as rapid fire in the pent furnace roars. In this case now I would advise to burn gummy odours, and to put in honey through pipes of reed, kindly tempting and inviting the drooping insects to their known repast. It will be of service also to mix with it the juice of pounded galls, and dried roses, or wine thickened over a strong fire, or raisins from the Psythian vine, Cecropian thyme, and strong-smelling centaury. There is also in the meadows a flower, to which the husbandmen have given the name of amellus; an herb easy to be found; for from one root it shoots a vast luxuriance of stalks, itself of golden hue; but on the leaves, which are spread thickly around, the purple of the dark violet sheds a gloss. The altars of the gods are often decked with plaited wreaths of this flower. Its taste is bitterish in the mouth: the shepherds gather it in new-shorn valleys, and near the winding-streams of Mella. Boil the roots thereof in fragrant wine: and present it as food for the bees in full baskets at their door.

But if the whole stock should suddenly fail any one, and he should have no means to recover a new breed; it is time both to unfold the memorable invention of the Arcadian master, and how the tainted gore of bullocks slain has often produced bees: I will disclose the whole tradition, tracing 1Mella, a small river of Cisalpine Gaul, falling into the Ollius, and with it into the Po.
it high from its first source. For where the happy nation of Pellaean\(^1\) Canopus inhabit the banks of the Nile, floating the plains with his overflowing river, and sail around their fields in painted gondolas; and where the river, that rolls down as far as from the swarthy Indians, presses on the borders of quivered Persia, and fertilizes verdant Egypt with black slimy sand, and pouring along divides itself into seven different months; all the country grounds infallible relief on this art. First a space of ground of small dimensions, and contracted for this purpose, is chosen; this they strengthen with a narrow tile-roof and confined walls; and add four windows of slanting light from the four winds. Then a bullock, just bending the horns in his forehead two years old, is sought out; whilst he struggles exceedingly, they close up both his nostrils, and the breath of his mouth; and, when they have beaten him to death, his battered bowels burst within the hide that remains entire. When dead, they leave him pent up, and lay under his sides fragments of boughs, thyme, and fresh cassia. This is done when first the zephyrs stir the waves, before the meadows blush with new colours, before the chattering swallow suspends her nest upon the rafters. Meanwhile the juices warmed in the tender veins ferment: and animals, (wondrous to behold!) first short of their feet, and in a little while buzzing with wings, swarm together, and more and more fan the thin air; till they burst away like a shower poured down from summer clouds; or like an arrow from the whistling string, when the swift Parthians first usher in the fight.

What god, ye Muses, what god disclosed to us this mysterious art? whence took this new experience of men its rise?

The shepherd \(^2\) Aristéus, flying from \(^3\) Peneian Tempe, having lost his bees, as it is said, by disease and famine, stood mournful by the sacred source of the rising river, doefully complaining; and with these accents addressed his parent:

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1 Canopus, (near Aboukir,) a city of Egypt, 12 miles east from Alexandria. It is here called Pellæan, having been founded by a colony from Pella, a city of Macedonia, or in allusion to the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great, who was born at Pella.

2 Aristéus was the son of Apollo and Cyrene. He became enamoured of Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, and was the first who taught mankind the culture of olives, and the management of bees; after death he was worshipped as a god.

3 Peneian Tempe, a celebrated vale in Thessaly, between mount Olympus and Ossa, through which the river Peneus flows into the Ægean. Tempe was about five miles in length, but very narrow, in few places above a quarter of a mile broad. The ancient poets have described it as one of the most delightful spots in the world; hence all valleys that are pleasant are by the poets called Tempe. Thymbra, a plain in Tross, through which the river Thymbrius flowed in its course to the Scamander. Apollo had there a temple, and thence he is called Thymbrian.
O mother Cyrene, O mother, who inhabitest the depth of this flood, why hast thou brought me forth of the illustrious race of gods, (if, indeed, as you pretend, Thymbraean Apollo be my sire,) thus abhorred by destiny? or whither is thy love for me banished? why didst thou bid me hope for heaven? Lo I, thine own offspring, am even bereft of this very glory of my mortal life, which, amidst my watchful care of flocks and agriculture, I, after infinite essays, with much difficulty achieved. Why then, go on, root up with thine own hand my happy groves; send hostile flames into my stalls, and kill my harvests; burn up my plantations, and wield the sturdy bill against my vineyards; if you are seized with such strong aversion to my praise.

But his mother heard the piteous sound beneath the chambers of the deep river: her nymphs around her were spinning the Milesian fleece, dyed with rich sea-green tincture; Drymo and Xantho, Ligea and Phyllodoce, their comely hair flowing down their snow-white necks: Nesae and Spio, Thalia and Cynocele, Cydippe and golden Lycorias; the one a virgin, the other just experienced in the first labours of Lucina; Clio, and her sister Beroe, both daughters of Oceanus, both in gold, both in particoloured skins arrayed; Ephyre and Opis, and Asian Deiopeia; and swift Arethusa, having at length laid her darts aside: among whom Clymene was relating Vulcan's unavailing care, the intrigues and pleasant thefts of Mars, and recounted the frequent amours of the gods down from Chaos. Whilst the nymphs, charmed with this song, wind off their soft tasks from the spindles, the lamentations of Aristaeus struck once more his mother's ears, and all were amazed in their crystal beds: but Arethusa upreared her golden head before her sisters, darting her eyes abroad; and afar she cried, O sister Cyrene, not in vain alarmed with such piteous meaning, thy own Aristaeus, overwhelmed with sorrow, thy darling care, stands weeping by the water of Peneus thy sire, and calls thee cruel by name. To her the mother, her soul, seized with unusual concern, cries, Conduct, conduct him quickly to us: to him it is permitted to tread the courts of the gods. At the same time she commands the deep floods to divide on all hands, that the youth might make his approach. And to the water, bent into the shape of a mountain, stood round about him, received him into its ample bosom, and let him pass under the river. And now admiring his mother's palace, and humid realms, the lakes pent

1 Drymo,&c. These were sea nymphs, the attendants of Cyrene, daughter of the river Peneus, who was carried by Apollo to that part of Africa which was called Cyrenaica, where she became the mother of Aristaeus.
up in caverns, and the sounding groves, he passed along, and, amazed at the vast motion of the waters, surveyed all the rivers gliding under the great earth in different places; 1Phasis and Lycus, and the source whence deep Enipeus first bursts forth, whence father 2Tiberinus, and whence Anio’s streams, and 3Hypanis roaring down the rocks, and Mysian Caicus, and Eridanus, his bull-front decked with two gilt horns, than whom no river pours along the fertile fields with greater violence into the empurpled sea.

After his arrival under the roof of her bed-chamber, hung with pumice-stones, Cyrene being then informed of the idle lamentations of her son, the sisters in order serve up the crystal streams for the hands, and bring smooth towels. Some load the board with viands, and plant the full cups. The altars blaze with Panchean fires. Then the mother thus speaks: Take these goblets of Mæonian wine, and let us offer a libation to Ocean. At the same time she herself addresses Ocean, the parent of things, and the sister nymphs, who preside over a hundred woods, over a hundred rivers. Thrice she sprinkled glowing Vesta with the liquid nectar; thrice the flame shot to the top of the roof, brightened: with which omen encouraging her soul, she thus begins: In Neptune’s Carpathian gulf there dwells a seer, cornelian 4Proteus, who measures the great sea with harnessed fishes, and in a chariot yoked with two-legged steeds. He now revisits the ports of Emathia and his native 5Pallene: him both we nymphs, and old 6Nereus himself, adore; for the prophet knows all things that are, that have been, and the whole concatenation of future events. For such is the will of Neptune; whose unwieldy droves, and ill-shaped sea-calves, he feeds under the deep. Him, my son, you first must surprise with chains, that he may explain to you the whole cause of the disease, and make the issue prosperous. For no instructions will he give without compulsion, nor can

1 Phasis, (Phax or Rhion,) a river of Colchis, rising in mount Caucasus, and falling into the Euxine.—Lycus, a river of Armenia.—Enipeus, a river of Thessaly, falling into the Peneus.
2 Tiber, a celebrated river of Italy, on whose banks the city of Rome was built. It was originally called Albula, from the whiteness of its waters, and afterwards Tiber, from Tiberinus, king of Alba, who was drowned in it. The Tiber rises in the Apennines, and, after dividing Latium from Etruria, falls into the Mediterranean 16 miles below Rome.—Anio, (Teverone,) a river of Italy, which falls into the Tiber.
3 Hypanis, (Bog,) a river of European Scythia, which runs into the Euxine.—Caicus, (Grimaki,) a river of Mysia, falling into the Ægean.
4 Proteus, a sea deity, son of Oceanus and Tethys. He is represented by the poets as usually residing in the Carpathian sea between Crete and Rhodes; he possessed the gift of prophecy, and also the power of assuming different shapes.
5 Pallene, a small peninsula of Macedonia, on the Ægean sea.
6 Nereus, a sea god, son of Oceanus and Terra, and husband of Dois, by whom he had fifty daughters, the Ne- reids,
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Book IV.

you move him by entreaty: ply him, when taken, with rigid force and chains: all his tricks to evade these proving vain will at length be baffled. I myself, as soon as the sun has inflamed his noon-tide heats,—when the herbs thirst, and the shade becomes more grateful to the cattle,—will conduct thee into the senior's recess, whither he retires from the waves when fatigued; that you may easily assail him overpowered with sleep. But when you shall hold him fast confined within your arms and chains, then various forms and features of wild beasts will mock your grasp. For suddenly he will become a bristly boar, a fell tiger, a scaly dragon, and a lioness with a tawny mane: or he will emit the roaring sound of flame, and so escape the chain; or, liquified into fluid waters, glide away. But the more he shall transform himself into all shapes, still closer draw, my son, the hampering chains, till, rechanged, he shall become such as you saw him when ushering in sleep he closed his eyes. She said, and shed around the liquid odour of ambrosia, wherewith she sprinkled over the whole body of her son. Now from his trimmed locks a delicious fragrance breathed, and active vigour was infused into his limbs. In the side of a hollowed mountain is a spacious cave, whither the waves in great numbers are driven by the wind, and divide themselves into winding bays; at times a station most secure for weather-beaten mariners. Within this cave Proteus hides himself behind the barrier of a huge rock. Here the nymph places the youth in ambush remote from view, while she stays herself at a distance, shrouded in a misty veil. Now the sultry dog-star, scorching the thirsty Indians, blazed in the sky, and the fiery sun had finished half his course: the herbs withered; and the rays made the shallow overheated rivers boil, their channels being drained to their slimy bottom; when Proteus, repairing to his accustomed den, advanced from the waves. The watery race of the vast ocean, gamboling around him, scatter the briny spray far and near. The sea-calves apart lay themselves down to sleep along the shore. He himself (as at times the keeper of a fold upon the mountains, when evening brings home the bullocks from the pasture, and the lambs with noisy bleatings whet the hunger of the wolves) sits in the centre on a rock, and reviews their numbers. Of seizing whom since so favourable an opportunity offered itself to Aristæus; scarcely suffering the aged god to compose his weary limbs, he rushes upon him with a great shout, and surprises him with chains reclining. He, on the other hand, not forgetful of his art, transforms himself into all the wondrous shapes in nature; fire, and a fierce savage, and flowing river. But when no
shifts could find him an escape, overpowered he returned to himself, and at length thus spoke in human accent: Who, most presumptuous youth, enjoined thee (he said) to approach my habitation? or what demandest thou here? But he answered, Thou knowest, O Proteus, thou knowest of thyself; nor is it in any one’s power to deceive thee: but do thou cease to try thy wiles on me. For, in pursuance of divine command, I come hither to consult thy oracle about my ruined affairs. He said. Then the prophet at length, with mighty force, rolled his eyes flashing with azure light, and gnashing his teeth fiercely, thus opened his mouth to disclose the fates: It is the vengeance of no mean deity that pursues thee: thou art making atonement for thy heinous crimes: these sufferings, by no means proportioned to thy guilt, unhappy Orpheus entails upon thee, unless the fates oppose; and he sorely rages for his ravaged queen. And indeed it was, whilst she fled precipitately from you along the river, that the maid doomed to death was so unhappy as not to see the hideous water-snake before her feet, guarding the banks in the tall grass. But her coeval choir of Dryads filled the highest mountains with her shrieks: the rocks of Rhodope wept; so did lofty Pangea, and the martial land of Rhesus, the Getæ, and Hebrus, and attic Orithyia. 2 Orpheus himself, soothing the anguish of his love with his concave shell, sang of thee, his sweet Eurydice, of thee by himself on the lonely shore; thee when the day arose, thee when the day declined, he sang. He entering even the jaws of Tanarus, Pluto’s gates profound, and the grove overcast with gloomy horror, visited the Manes, and their tremendous king, and hearts incapable of relenting at human prayers. But the airy shades, and phantoms of the dead, affected with his song, advanced from the deep recesses of Erebus, in such throngs as birds that shelter themselves by thousands in the woods, when evening, or a wintry shower, drives them from the mountains; matrons, and men, and ghosts of gallant heroes deceased, boys and unmarried virgins, and youths laid on the funeral piles before the faces of their parents; whom the black mud, and unsightly reeds of Cocytus, and the unlovely lake with sluggish wave, enclose around, and Styx

1 Pangea, a mountain on the confines of Macedonia and Thrace.
2 Orpheus was feigned by the poets to have descended into the infernal regions to recover his wife Eurydice, when he so charmed Pluto and Proserpine, with the music of his lyre, that they consented to restore her, provided he forbore looking behind until he had gained the upper regions; but he forgot his promise, and his Eurydice instantly vanished.
3 Erebus, a god of hell; often used to signify hell itself. —Cerberus, represented as a dog with three heads, that watched the entrance into the infernal regions.
nine times interfused confines. The very habitations and deepest dungeons of death were astonished, and the Furies, with whose hair blue snakes were interwoven; and yawning Cerberus repressed his three mouths; and the rotation of Ixion's wheel was suspended by the song. And now retracing his way, he had overpassed all dangers; and restored Eurydice was just approaching the superior regions, following him; for Proserpina had given him that law; when a sudden phrenzy seized the unwary lover, pardonable, indeed, if the Manes knew to pardon. He stopped, and on the verge of light, ah! unmindful, and not master of himself, looked back on his Eurydice: there was all his labour lost, and the law of the relentless tyrant broken; and thrice a dismal groan was heard through the Avernian lake. Ah! Orpheus, she says, who hath both unhappy me and thee undone? what deep infatuation is this? see once more the cruel Fates call me back, and sleep closes my swimming eyes. And now, farewell: I am snatched away, encompassed with thick shades of night, and stretching forth to thee my feeble hands, ah! thine no more. She said; and suddenly fled from his sight a different way, like smoke blended with thin air: nor more was seen by him grasping the shades in vain, and wishing to say a thousand things; nor did the ferryman of hell suffer him again to cross the intervening lake. What should he do? whither should he turn himself, his love twice snatched away? with what tears assuage the Manes, with what accents the infernal powers? She, already a cold shade, was sailing in the Stygian boat. For seven whole months, it is said, he mourned beneath a bleak aërial rock, by the streams of desert Strymon, and revolved these woes under the cold caves, softening the very tigers, and leading the oaks with his song: as mourning 1Philomel under a poplar shade bemoans her lost young, which the hard-hearted clown observing in the nest has stolen unfledged; she continues to weep through the night, and, perched upon a bough, renews her doleful song, and fills the places all around with piteous wailings. No loves, no hymeneal joys, could bend his soul. Alone he traversed the Hyperborean tracts of ice, the snowy 2Tanais, and fields never free from the Riphean frosts, deploiring his ravished Eurydice, and Pluto's useless presents; for which neglected nuptial rite the 3Ciconian matrons, amidst the sacred service

1 Philomel, a daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, and sister to Progne, said to have been changed into a nightingale.
2 Tanais, (Don,) a large river of Russia, which divides Europe from Asia, and falls into the sea of Asoph.
3 Ciconian matrons; the Cicones were a people of Thrace, who tore to pieces Orpheus, and threw his head into the Hebrus.
of the gods and nocturnal orgies of Bacchus, having torn
the youth in pieces, scattered his limbs over the wide fields.
And even then, whilst Cæargian Hebrus rolled, down the
middle of its tide, his head torn from the alabaster neck,
the voice of itself, and his faltering tongue, invoked Eury-
dice, ah, unfortunate Eurydice! with his fleeting breath;
the banks re-echoed Eurydice all along the river. Thus
Proteus said, and plunged with a bound into the deep sea;
and, where he plunged, he tossed up the foaming billows
under the whirling tide.

But not so Cyrene: for kindly she bespoke her trembling
son: My son, you may ease your mind of all vexatious
cares. This is the whole cause of your disaster: hence the
nymphaê, with whom she celebrated the mingled dances in
the deep groves, have sent this mournful devastation on
your bees! now humbly tender offerings, supplicating peace,
and venerate the gentle wood-nymphas; for at your suppli-
cations they will grant forgiveness, and mitigate their wrath.
But first will I show you in order what must be your man-
ner of worship. Single out four choice bulls of beauteous
form, which now graze for you the tops of green Lycæus;
and also as many heifers, whose necks are untouched by
the yoke. For these erect four altars at the lofty temples
of the goddesses: from their throats emit the sacred blood,
and leave the bodies of the cattle in the leafy grove. After-
wards, when the ninth morn has displayed her rising beams,
you may offer Lethean poppies by way of funeral rites to
Orpheus, venerate appeased Eurydice with a slain calf,
sacrifice a black yew, and revisit the grove.

Without delay, he instantly executes the orders of his
mother; repairs to the temple; raises the altars as directed;
leads up four chosen bulls of surpassing form, and as many
heifers, whose necks were untouched by the yoke. There-
after, the ninth morning having ushered in her rising beams,
he offers the funeral rites to Orpheus, and revisits the
grove. But here they behold a sudden prodigy, and won-
derful to relate; bees through all the belly hum amidst the
putrid bowels of the cattle; pour forth with the fermenting
juices from the burst sides, and in immense clouds roll
along; then swarm together on the top of a tree, and hang
down in a cluster from the bending boughs.

Thus of the culture of fields and flocks, and of trees, I
sang, whilst great Cæsar at the deep Euphrates was thun-
dering in war, was victoriously dispensing laws among the
willing nations, and pursuing the way to heaven. At that
time did I, Virgil, nourished by sweet Parthenope, flourish in the studies of inglorious ease; who warbled pastoral songs, and, adventurous through youth, sang thee, O Tityrus, under the covert of a spreading beech.

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**VIRGIL'S AENEID.**

**BOOK I.**

The subject of the Aeneid is the settlement of Aeneas in Italy. This noble poem, on the composition of which Virgil was engaged eleven years, consists of twelve books, and comprehends a period of eight years. In the first book, the hero is introduced, in the seventh year of his expedition, sailing from Sicily, and shipwrecked upon the coast of Africa, where he is kindly received by Dido, Queen of Carthage. The description of the storm in this book is particularly admired.

Arms I sing, and the hero, the first who, in obedience to the decree of heaven, having fled from the coast of Troy, came to Italy, and the Lavinian shore: much was he tossed both on sea and land, by the powers above, to gratify the unrelenting rage of cruel Juno: much too he suffered in war till he raised the city Lavinium, and introduced his gods into Latium: from whom sprang the Latin progeny, the Alban fathers, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Declare, O Muse! the causes why he suffered, what deity he had offended, and why the queen of heaven was provoked to doom a man of such distinguished piety to struggle with a series of calamities, to encounter so many hardships. Dwells such resentment in heavenly minds?

An ancient city there was, named Carthage, inhabited by a colony of Tyrians, fronting Italy, and the mouth of the Tiber, but far remote; a city of vast riches, and yet extreme-

1 Parthenope, afterwards called Neapolis, (Naples,) a celebrated city of Campania, in Italy, seated on a beautiful bay, from which it rises like an amphitheatre. It received the name of Parthenope from one of the Sirens who was buried there.

2 Lavinium, (Pratica,) a city of Latium, built by Aeneas, and called by that name, in honour of Lavinia.

3 Carthage, a powerful city of ancient Africa, on a peninsula, 12 miles north-east of Tunis, was built by a colony of Tyrians under Dido, about 100 years before the foundation of Rome. After having been long mistress at sea, and the rival of Rome, Carthage was totally destroyed by Scipio Africanus the younger, in the third Punic war, B.C. 146, an event to which the memorable words, "Delecta est Carthago," of the elder Cato mainly contributed.
ly hard by warlike exercises; which city Juno is said to have honoured more than any other place of her residence preferably even to 1Samos. Here lay her arms; here stood her chariot: here the goddess even then designs and fondly hopes to establish the seat of universal empire, would the fates permit. But she heard of a race to be descended from Trojan blood, that was one day to overturn the Tyrian towers: that hence a people of extensive regal sway; and renowned in war, would come to the destruction of Libya: so the Destinies ordained. This the slaughter of Saturn dreading, and bearing still in mind the long-continued war which she had the principal hand in carrying on before Troy, in behalf of her beloved 3Argos; nor as yet were the causes of her rage and keen resentment worn out of her mind; the judgment of Paris dwells deeply rooted in her soul, the affront offered to her neglected beauty, the detested Trojan race, and the honours conferred on ravished 4Ganymede: she, by these invectives fired, having tossed on the whole ocean the Trojans, whom the Greeks and merciless Achilles had left, drove them far from 5Latium; and thus, for many years, they were forced by fate to roam round every sea: so vast a work it was to found the Roman state.

Scarcely had the Trojans, losing sight of 6Sicily, with joy launched out into the deep, and were ploughing the foaming billows with their brazen prows, when Juno, bourn everlastimg rancour in her breast, thus argues with

1 Samos, an island in the Ægean sea, near the coast of Ionia. It is extremely fertile, producing the most delicious fruits, and is famous as being the birth-place of Pythagoras. Samos was sacred to Juno, who had here a most magnificent temple.

2 Troy, or Ilium, one of the most renowned cities of antiquity, the capital of Troas in Asia Minor, was built on a small eminence near Mount Ida, between the Simois and Scamander, a short distance above their confluence, and about four miles from the Ægean shore. Of all the wars that have been carried on among the ancients, that of Troy is the most famous, whether we regard the celebrity of the chiefs engaged in it, or the deeds in arms which it called forth. According to the generally received account, the Trojan war was undertaken by the Greeks to recover Helen, the wife of Menelaus, whom Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, had carried away. All Greece united to avenge the cause of Menelaus, and Troy, after a siege of ten years, was taken and burnt, B.C. 1184. No vestige now remains of ancient Troy; and even its site has become matter of uncertainty.

3 Argos, the capital of Argolis, a district of Peloponnesus, of which Juno was the chief deity. During the Trojan war, Agamemnon was king of the united kingdom of Argos and Mycenae.

4 Ganymede, the son of Tros, king of Troy, feigned to have been taken up to heaven by Jupiter, and there became the cupbearer of the Gods in the place of Juno's daughter, Hebe.

5 Latium, (Campagna di Roma,) a country of Italy, on the east of the Tiber. The Latins rose into importance when Romulus had founded the city of Rome in their country.

6 Sicily, the largest and most celebrated island in the Mediterranean sea to the south of Italy, and separated from it by the Straits of Messina. It is of a triangular form, and from its three promontories was anciently called Trinacria. Its name Sicily was derived from the Siculi, a people of Italy who settled in it.
herself: Shall I then, baffled thus, desist from my purpose, nor have it in my power to avert the Trojan king from Italy? and why, because I am restrained by fate! was Pallas able to burn the Grecian ships, and bury the men themselves in the ocean, for the offence of one, even the phrenzy of Ajax, Oileus' son? She herself darting from the clouds Jove's rapid fire, both scattered their ships, and upturned the sea with the winds: him too she snatched away in a whirlwind, breathing flames from his transfixed breast, and dashed him against the pointed rock. But I, who move majestic, the queen of heaven, both sister and wife of Jove, must maintain a series of wars with one poor race for so many years. And who will henceforth adore Juno's divinity, or humbly offer victims on her altars?

The goddess by herself revolving such thoughts in her inflamed breast, repairs to Æolia, the native land of storms, regions pregnant with boisterous winds. Here in a capacious cave, king Æolus controls with imperial sway the reluctant winds and blustering tempests, and confines them with chains to their prison. They roar indignant round their barriers, filling the hollow mountain with loud murmurs. Æolus is seated on a lofty throne, wielding a sceptre, and therewith assuages their fury, and moderates their rage. For, unless he did so, they, in their rapid career, would hurl away sea and earth, and heaven sublime, and sweep them through the air. But almighty father Jove, guarding against this, hath pent them in gloomy caves, and thrown over them the ponderous weight of mountains, appointing them a king, who, by fixed laws, and at command, knows both when to curb them, and when to relax their reins: whom Juno then in supplicant words thus addressed: Great Æolus, (for the sire of gods and the king of men hath given thee power both to smooth the waves, and raise them with the wind,) a race by me detested sails the Tuscan sea, transporting Ilion, and its conquered gods, into Italy. Add impulse to thy winds, overset and sink the ships; or drive them different ways; and strew the ocean with floating carcases. I have twice seven lovely nymphs, the fairest of whom, Deiopeia, I will join to thee in firm wedlock, and assign to be thine own for ever; that with thee she may spend all her years for this service, and make thee father of a beautiful offspring.

1 Ajax, the son of Oileus, king of Locris, one of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war. He was surnamed Locrian, to distinguish him from Ajax the son of Telamon.

2 Æolia, now the Lipari isles, seven in number, near the northern coast of Sicily; they were the kingdom of Æolus, the God of Winds and Storms.
To whom Æolus replies: To you, illustrious queen, it belongs to consider what you would have done: on me it is incumbent to execute your commands. To thee I owe whatever of power I have, to thee my sceptre and the smiles of Jove. By your favour I sit at the tables of the gods: and you make me lord of storms and tempests.

Thus having said, whirling the point of his spear, he struck the hollow mountain’s side; the winds, as in a formed battalion, rush forth at every vent, and scour over the lands in giddy whirls. They ply the ocean furiously, and at once, east and south, and stormy south-west, plough up the whole deep from its lowest bottom, and roll vast billows to the shores. The cries of the seamen succeed, and the cracking of the cordage. In an instant, clouds snatch the heavens and day from the eyes of the Trojans: sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death. Forthwith Æneas’ limbs are relaxed with cold shuddering fear. He groans, and, spreading out both his hands to heaven, thus expostulates: O thrice happy they, who had the good fortune to die before their parents’ eyes, under the high ramparts of Troy! O thou, the bravest of the Grecian race, great Tydeus’ son, why was I not destined to fall on the Trojan plains, and pour out this soul by thy right hand! even there, where stern Hector lies slain by the sword of Achilles; where mighty Sarpedon lies; where, in impetuous whirls, Simois, my native river, rolls along with its stream, the shields, and helmets, and bodies of so many gallant heroes.

Thus, while he mourns in vain, a tempest, roaming from the north, strikes across his sails, and heaves the billows to the stars. The oars are shattered; then the prow inclines, and exposes the side of the ship to the waves, which now swell up, one after another, into broken hanging mountains. These hang trembling on the towering surge; to those the

1 Æneas, a Trojan prince, son of Anchises and Venus, who, after the fall of Troy, came to Italy, where he married Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, whom he succeeded in his kingdom.
2 Tydeus’ son; Diomedes, the son of Tydeus and Deiphyle, was king of Ætolia, and one of the most renowned of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war, where he performed many heroic deeds.
3 Hector, the son of Priam and Hecuba, was the most valiant of all the Trojan chiefs. For a long time he gloriously sustained the destinies of Troy, till at last he fell by the hand of Achilles, who dragged the body, with insulting triumph, three times round the tomb of Patroclus and the walls of Troy.
4 Sarpedon, a son of Jupiter by Europa, and brother to Minos, went to the Trojan war to assist Priam, and was slain by Patroclus. According to some authors, the Sarpedon who assisted Priam was king of Lycia, and son of Jupiter by Laodamia, the daughter of Bellerophon.
5 Simois, a river of Troas, which rose in Mount Ida, and fell into the Scamander below Troy.
wide-yawning deep discloses the earth between two waves: the whirling tide rages with mingled sand. Three other ships, the south-wind hurrying away, throws on latent rocks: rocks in the midst of the ocean, which the Italians call Altars, whose huge back rises to the surface of the sea. There from the deep the east-wind drives on shoals and flats, a piteous spectacle! and, dashing on the shelves, it encloses them with mounds of sand. A mighty billow, falling from the height of the ship before the hero's eyes, dashes against the stern of one which bore the Lycian crew, and their faithful leader Orontes: the pilot is tossed from his seat, and precipitantly thrown headlong into the flood; there fixed, the galley thrice, by the working waves, is whirled around, and, by the rapid eddy, swallowed up in the deep. Then, floating here and there on the face of the vast abyss, are seen men, their arms and planks, and the Trojan wealth, among the waves. Now the storm overpowered the stout vessel of Ilionens, now that of brave Achates, and that in which Abas sailed, and that which bore old Alethes: all, at their loosened and disjointed sides, receive the hostile stream, and gape into chunks.

Meanwhile Neptune observed the sea in great uproar and confusion, a storm sent forth into his domain, and the depths overturned from their lowest channels. He, in violent commotion, and concerned for his watery empire, reared his serene aspect above the waves: sees Aeneas' fleet scattered over the ocean, the Trojans oppressed with the conflicting waves below, and the convulsive ruins of heaven above. Nor were Juno's wiles and hate unknown to her brother. He calls to him the east and west winds; then thus in wrath addresses them: And do you thus presume upon your birth? dare you, audacious winds! without my sovereign leave, to embroil heaven and earth, and raise such mountains on the sea: Whom I—-but first it is fit to assuage the tumultuous waves. A chastisement of another nature from me awaits your next offence. Fly apace, and bear this message to your king: that not to him the empire of the sea, and the awful trident, but to me by lot are given: his dominions are wild enormous rocks, your proper mansions, Eurus: in that palace let king Æolus proudly boast, and reign in the close prison of the winds.

1 Altars; these were the Æges, three small islands opposite Carthage, near which the Roman fleet, under L. Calulus, obtained a decisive victory over that of the Carthaginians, which put an end to the first Punic war, B.C. 241.
2 Orontes commanded the Lycian fleet, which, after the fall of Troy, accompanied Æneas in his voyage to Italy.
3 Ilionens, son of Phorbas, was distinguished for his eloquence. Achates, a friend of Æneas, whose fidelity was so exemplary, that Fidus Achates became a proverb.
So speaks the god, and, more swiftly than speech can issue, smooths the swelling seas, disperses the collected clouds, and brings back the day. With him Cymothoë, and Triton with exerted might, heave the ships from the pointed rock. He himself raised them with his trident; lays open the vast sand banks, and calms the sea; and in his light chariot glides along the surface of the waves. And as when a sedition has arisen among a mighty multitude, as often happens, and the minds of the ignoble vulgar are all on fire: now stones, now firebrands fly; their fury supplies them with arms; if, then, by chance, they espy a man revered in piety and worth, all are hushed, and stand with listening ears: he, by persuasive eloquence, rules their passions, and calms their breasts. Thus all the raging tumult of the ocean subsides, as soon as the parent of the floods, surveying the seas, and wafted through the open sky, manages his steeds, and throws up the reins, flying in his easy chariot.

In the mean time, the weary Trojans direct their course towards the nearest shores, and make the coast of Libya. Here, in a long recess, a station lies; an island forms it into a harbour by its jutting sides, against which every wave from the ocean is broken, and divided runs into a remote, winding bay. On either side vast cliffs arise, and two twin-like rocks, towering above the rest, threaten heaven; under whose summit the waters all around are calm and still. Above, a sylvan scene appears with waving woods, and a dark grove with awful shade hangs over the flood. Under the opposite front a cave is formed of pendent rocks, within which are fresh springs, and seats of living stone, the cool recess of nymphs. Here tempest-beaten ships ride safe, though neither cables hold, nor biting anchors moor them. To this retreat Æneas brings seven ships, collected from all his fleet; and the Trojans, longing much for land, now disembark, enjoy the wished-for shore, and stretch their brine-drenched limbs upon the beach. Then first Achates struck the latent spark from a flint, received the fire in leaves, round it applied dry combustible matter, and instantly blew up the fuel into flame. Then spent with toil and hunger, they produce their grain, damaged by the sea water, and the instruments of Ceres; and prepare first to dry over the fire, and then to grind with stones, their corn saved from the wreck. Meanwhile Æneas climbs a rock, and takes a pro-

1 Cymothoë, one of the Nereids. Triton, a powerful sea deity, son of Neptune and Amphitrite. Many of the sea gods were called Tritons, but the name was generally applied to those only who were represented half man and half fisher.
spect of the wide ocean all around, if, by any means, he can descry Anchises tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys, or "Capys, or the arms of Caius, on the lofty deck. He sees no ship, but three stags straying on the shore; these the whole herd follow, and are feeding through the valley in a long-extended train. Here he stopped short, and snatching his bow and winged arrows, (weapons which the faithful Achates bore,) first overthrows the leaders, bearing their heads high with branching horns; next the vulgar throng; and disperses the whole herd, persecuting them with darts through the leafy woods. Nor desists he from the chace, till his conquering arm stretches seven huge deer on the ground, and equals their number with his ships. Hence he returns to the port, and shares the spoils amongst all his companions. Then the hero divides the wine which the good "Acestes had stowed in casks on the Sicilian shore, and given them at parting, and with these words cheers their disconsolate hearts: O friends and fellow-sufferers, who have sustained severer ills than these, (for we are not strangers to former days of adversity!) to these, too, God will grant a happy period. You have seen both Seylla's furious coast, and those hideous roaring rocks: you are acquainted even with the dens of the Cyclops: resume then your courage, and dismiss your desponding fears: perhaps the day may come, when even these misfortunes shall be remembered with joy. Through various scenes of woe, through so many perilous adventures, we steer our course to Latium, where the fates give us the prospect of peaceful settlements. There Troy's kingdom is allowed once more to rise. With patience persevere, and reserve yourselves for prosperous days. So spoke the chief; and though oppressed with heavy cares, yet wears the looks of well dissembled hope, while he buries deep anguish in his breast.

Now they address themselves to the spoil and future feast; tear the skin from the ribs, and lay the entrails bare: some divide the flesh into parts, and fix on spits the quivering limbs: others place the brazen caldrons on the shore, and prepare the fires. Then they repair their strength with food: and, stretched along the grass, regale themselves with generous old wine and choice venison. When the rage of hunger is appeased, and the tables are removed, in long discourse they explore the fate of their companions lost, ho-

1 Capys, this brave Trojan was one of those who, against the advice of Thymoetes, wished to destroy the wooden horse, which proved the destruction of Troy.

2 Acestes, a king of Sicily, who assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and who afterwards kindly entertained Aeneas when he landed upon the coast of Sicily.
vering in suspense between hope and fear, whether to believe them yet alive, or that they had finished their destiny, and were now deaf to the last solemn invocation of departed ghosts. Above the rest, the pious Æneas, within himself, bemoans now the loss of active Orontes, now of Amycus, and then the cruel fate of Lycus, with valiant Gyas, and no less valiant Cloanthus.

And now the day and discourse were ended; when Jove, looking down from the lofty sky upon the navigable sea, and the lands lying at rest, with the shore and the nations dispersed abroad, thus, surveying all, stood on the battlements of heaven, and fixed his eyes on Libya’s realms. To him, revolving such cares in his mind, Venus in mournful mood, her starry eyes bedimmed with tears, thus addresses herself: O thou who, with eternal sway, rulest the affairs both of gods and men, and with thy thunder overawest the world, what so high offence against thee could my Æneas or the Trojans be guilty of, that, after having suffered so many deaths, they must be shut out from all the world on account of Italy? Yet surely you promised, that in some future age, after a series of circling years, the Romans should descend from them, powerful leaders spring even from the blood of Æneas restored, who should be masters of the sea, who should rule the nations with absolute sway. Almighty Father! why is thy purpose changed? I, indeed, was solacing myself with this promise under Troy’s fall and sad catastrophe, with adverse fates balancing fates more prosperous. But now the same hard fortune still pursues them, after they have been tossed and afflicted with such variety of woes. Great Sovereign of the world, what end to their labours wilt thou vouchsafe to give? Antenor, escaped from amidst the Greeks, could, with safety, penetrate the Illyrian gulf, and the inmost realms of Liburnia, and overpass the springs of Timavus; whence, through nine months, with loud echoing from the mountain, it bursts away like a sea impetuous, and sweeps the fields with a roaring deluge. Yet even there he built the city of Padua, established a Trojan settlement, gave the nation a new name, and set up the arms of Troy: now in calm peace composed he rests: but we, thy own progeny, whom thou, by thy unalterable nod, ordainest to sit enthroned in heaven, even we (oh woe unutterable!) having lost our ships, are given up to endless dangers, driven hither and thither far from the

1 Teucer, a king of Phrygia, son of Scamander. Troy was called from him Teuria, and the Trojans Teucri. 
2 Liburnia, (Croatia,) a province of Illyria, at the head of the Adriatic. 
3 Padua, a city of Italy, celebrated as the birth-place of Livy.
Italian coast, and all to gratify the malice of an individual. Are these the honours wherewith thou crownest our piety? is it thus thou replacest us on the throne?

The sire of gods and men smiling upon her, with that serene aspect wherewith he clears the tempestuous sky, gently kissed his daughter's lips: then thus replies: My Cytherea, cease from fear: immovable to thee remain the fates of thy people. Thou shalt see the city and promised walls of Lavinium, and shalt raise magnanimous Æneas aloft to the stars of heaven; nor is my purpose changed. In Italy he (for I will speak to thee without reserve, since this care lies gnawing at thy heart, and tracing farther back, I will reveal the secrets of fate) shall wage a mighty war, crush a stubborn nation, and establish laws and cities to his people, till the third summer shall see him reigning in Latium, and three winters pass after he has subdued the Rutulians. But the boy Æneas, who has now the additional surname of Ælius, (Ilus he was, while the empire of Ilium flourished,) shall measure with his reign full thirty great solar circles of twelve revolving months, transfer the seat of his empire from Lavinium, and strongly fortify Alba Longa. Here again, for full three hundred years, the sceptre shall be swayed by Hector's line, until Ilia, a royal priestess, impregnated by Mars, shall bear two infants at a birth. Then Romulus, exulting in the tawny hide of the wolf his nurse, shall take upon him the rule of the nation, build a city sacred to Mars, and from his own name call the people Romans. To them I fix neither limits nor duration of empire; dominion have I given them without end. And even sullen Juno, who now, through jealous fear, creates endless disturbances at sea, and earth, and heaven, shall change her counsels for the better, and join with me in befriending the Romans, those lords of the world, and the nation of the gown. Such is my pleasure. An age shall come, after a course of years, when the race of Assaracus shall bring under subjection Phthia and renowned Mycene, and reign over vanquished Argos. A Trojan shall be born of illustrious race, Æneas, whose empire the ocean, whose fame the

1 Cytherea, a surname of Venus, from Cytherea, (Cerigo,) an island on the southern coast of Laconia in Peloponnesus, which was sacred to her.
2 Rutulians, a people of Latium, anciently known, as well as the Latins, by the name of Aborigines. They supported Turnus their king in the war which he waged against Æneas.
3 Ascianius, called also Ælius, was the son of Æneas by Creusa; he accompanied his father to Italy, succeeded him in the kingdom of Latinus, and built the city of Alba Longa.
4 Ilia, or Rhea, priestess of Vesta, was a daughter of Numitor, king of Alba; and the mother of Romulus and Remus by Mars.
5 Phthia, a city of Thessaly, celebrated as the birth-place of Achilles; it gave name to the surrounding district.
stars shall bound, Julus his name, from great Julus derived, Him, loaded with the spoils of the East, you shall receive to heaven at length, having seen an end of all your cares: he too shall be invoked by vows and prayers. Then, wars having ceased, fierce nations shall soften into peace. Faith, with her hoary reverend locks, Vesta, and 1 Quirinus, with his brother Remus, shall then administer justice. The dreadful gates of war shall be shut with close bolts and bars of iron. Within the temple impious Fury, sitting on horrid arms, and his hands bound behind him with a hundred brazen chains, in hideous rage shall gnash his bloody jaws.

He said, and from on high sent down 2 Maia’s son, that the coasts of Libya and the new-built towers of Carthage might be open hospitably to receive the Trojans; lest 3 Dido, ignorant of heaven’s decree, should shut them out from her ports. He, on the steerage of his wings, shoots away through the expanded sky, and speedily alighted on the coasts of Libya; and now he puts his orders in execution; and, at the will of the god, the Carthaginians lay aside the fierceness of their hearts. The queen, especially, entertains thoughts of peace, and a benevolent disposition towards the Trojans.

But the pious Æneas, by night revolving a thousand cares, resolved, as soon as cheerful day arose, to set out, in order to view the unknown country, to examine on what coasts he was driven by the wind, who are the inhabitants, whether men or wild beasts, (for he sees nothing but waste uncultivated grounds,) and inform his friends of his discoveries. Within the shelter of a winding grove, under a hollow rock, he secretly disposed his fleet, fenced round with trees and gloomy shades: himself marches forth, attended with Achates alone, brandishing in his hand two javelins of broad-pointed steel: to whom, in the midst of a wood, his mother presents herself, wearing the mien and attire of a virgin, and the arms of a Spartan maid; or resembling Thracian 4 Harpalyce, when she tires her steeds, and in her course outflies the swift Hebrus: for, huntress-like, she had hung from her shoulders a commodious bow, and suffered her hair to wanton in the wind; bare to the knee, with her flowing robes gathered in a knot. Then first address-

1 Quirinus, a name given to Romulus, after he was deified. See Note 7, Georgics, i. book 1, page 40.
2 Maia’s son; Mercury, a celebrated god of antiquity, the son of Jupiter and Maia; he was the messenger of the gods, and of Jupiter in particular.
3 Dido, called also Elisa, the daughter of Belus king of Tyre, and the wife of Sichæus, whom her brother Pygmalion murdered for his riches. Dido was the founder of the city of Carthage, where she hospitably entertain ed Æneas, who had been shipwrecked upon her coast.
4 Harpalyce, daughter of Harpalycus king of Thrace, a woman of the most undaunted courage.
ing them, Pray, gentle youths, she says, inform me, if by chance ye have seen any of my sisters wandering this way, equipped with a quiver, and the skin of a spotted lynx, or with full cry urging the chase of a foaming boar. Thus Venus spoke, and thus her son replied: Of your sisters not one has been heard or seen by me, O virgin fair, by what name shall I address thee? for thou wearest not the looks of a mortal, nor sounds thy voice more human accents. A goddess surely! are you the sister of Phoebus, or one of the race of the nymphs? Oh! be propitious, and whoever you are, ease our anxious minds, and inform us under what climate, on what region of the globe, we at length are thrown: for here we wander strangers both to the country and the inhabitants, driven upon this coast by furious winds and swelling seas. So shall many a victim fall a sacrifice at thine altars by our right-hand. Then Venus replies: I, indeed, deem not myself worthy of such honour. It is the custom for us, Tyrian virgins, to wear a quiver, and bind the leg thus high with a purple buskin. You see the kingdom of Carthage before you, a Tyrian people, and Agenor's city. But the country is that of Libya, and the natives are a race invincibly fierce in war. The kingdom is ruled by Dido, who fled hither from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate: tedious is the relation of her wrongs, and intricate are the circumstances of her story: but I shall trace the principal heads. Her husband was Sichæus, the richest of the Phœnicians in land, and passionately beloved by his unhappy spouse. Her father gave her to him in her virgin bloom, and joined her in wedlock with the first connubial rites: but her brother Pygmalion then possessed the throne of Tyre; a prince who was atrociously wicked beyond all mortals. Between them an implacable hatred arose. He, impiously inhuman, and blinded with the love of gold, having taken Sichæus by surprise, secretly assassimates him before the altar, regardless of his sister's love. Long he kept the horrid deed concealed, and, forging many wicked lies, amused the love-sick queen with vain hope. But the ghost of her unburied husband appeared to her in a dream, lifting up his visage amazingly pale and ghastly: he opened to her view the bloody altars, and his breast transfixed with the sword, and detected all the hidden villany of the family; then exhorts her to fly with speed, and quit her native country; and, to aid her flight, reveals a treasure that had been long hidden in the earth, an unknown mass of gold.

1 Agenor's city; Carthage is so called, as being built by Dido, who was a descendant of Agenor king of Phœnicia.
and silver. Dido, roused by this awful messenger, provided friends, and prepared to fly. A select band assembles, consisting of those who either mortally hated, or violently dreaded the tyrant: what ships by chance are ready they seize in haste, and load with gold. The wealth of the covetous Pygmalion is conveyed over sea. A woman guides the whole exploit. Thither they came, where now you will see the stately walls and rising towers of a new-built Carthage, and bought as much ground as they could enclose with a bull's hide, thence called Byrsa, in commemoration of the action. But say now, who are you? or from what coasts you came, or whither are you bound? To these her demands the hero, with heavy sighs, and slowly raising his words from the bottom of his breast, thus replies: If I, O goddess! tracing from their early source, shall pursue, and you have leisure to hear, the annals of our woes, the evening star will shut heaven's gates upon the expiring day before my tale be finished. Driven over a length of seas from ancient Troy, (if the name of Troy hath casually reached your ears,) a tempest, by its usual chance, threw us on this Libyan coast. I am Æneas the pious, renowned by fame above the skies, who carry with me in my fleet the gods I snatched away from the enemy. For Italy my course is bent; and my descendants sprang from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the Phrygian sea in quest of a settlement reserved for me by heaven's decree, my goddess-mother pointing out the way; seven, with much ado, are saved, and those too torn and shattered by waves and wind. Myself, a stranger, poor and destitute, wander through the deserts of Africa, banished from Europe and from Asia. Venus, unable to bear his further complaints, thus interrupted him in the midst of his grief: Whoever you may be, I trust you live not unbefriended by the powers of heaven, who have arrived at a Tyrian city. Fear nothing, but forthwith bend your course directly to the palace of the queen: for that your friends have escaped the dangers of the main, your ships are saved, and by a favourable turn of the north-wind, wafted into a secure harbour, I pronounce to thee with assurance, unless my parents, fond of a lying art, have in vain taught me divination. See these twelve swans now triumphing in a body, whom the bird of Jove, shooting from the ethereal region, hath chased through the open air: now, in a long train, they seem either to choose their ground, or to hover over the place

1 Byrsa is also a citadel in the middle of Carthage, on which was the temple of Asculapius.
2 Bird of Jove, i.e. the eagle.
where they have already chosen to rest. As they, now out of danger, sportive clap their rustling wings, wheel about the heavens in a joyful troop, and raise their melodious notes; just so your ships and youthful crew, either are already possessed of the harbour, or enter the port with full sail. Proceed, then, without farther concern, and pursue your way where this path directs.

She said, and turning about, gave a bright display of her rosy neck, and from her head ambrosial locks breathed divine fragrance: her robe hung waving down to the ground, and by her gait the goddess stood confessed. The hero, soon as he knew his mother, with these accents pursued her as she fled: Ah, why so oft dost thou too cruelly mock thy son with borrowed shapes? why am I not indulged to join my hand to thine, and to hear and answer thee by turns in words sincere and undissembled? Thus he expostulates with her, and directs his course to the town. But Venus screened them in their way with dark clouds, and the goddess spread around them a thick veil of mist, that none might see, or touch, or give them interruption, or inquire into the reasons of their coming. She herself wings her way sublime to Paphos, and with joy revisits her happy seats; where, sacred to her honour, a temple rises, and a hundred altars smoke with Sabean incense, and with fresh garlands perfume the air.

Meanwhile they urged their way where the path directs. And now they ascend the hill that hangs over a great part of the town, and which from above surveys its opposite towers. Here Æneas admires the stately buildings, where cottages once stood: he admires the lofty gates, the hurry and bustle of the town, and the magnificence of the streets. The Tyrians warmly ply the work: some are extending the walls, and raising a tower, or pushing along unwieldy stones; some mark out the ground for a private building, and enclose it with a trench. Some choose a place for the court of justice, for the magistrates' halls, and the venerable senate. Here some are digging ports: there others are laying the foundations of lofty theatres, and hewing huge columns from the rocks, the lofty decorations of future scenes. Such their toil as in summer's prime employs the bees amidst the flowery field under the warm sun, when they lead forth their full-grown swarms, or when they lay up the liquid honey, and distend the cells with sweet nectar; or when they disburthen those that come home loaded, or, in formed battalions, drive the inactive drones from the hives. The work is hotly plied, and the fragrant honey smells strongly of thyme. O happy ye, Æneas says, whose
wails now rise! and lifts his eyes to the turrets of the city. Then, shrouded in a cloud, (an amazing story,) he passes amidst the multitude, and mingles with the throng, nor is seen by any. In the centre of the city was a grove, which yielded a most delightful shade, where first the Carthaginians, driven by wind and wave, dug up the head of a sprightly courser, an omen which royal Juno showed: for by this she signified that the nation was to be renowned for war, brave and victorious through ages. Here Sidonian Dido built to Juno a stately temple, enriched with gifts, and the presence of the goddess; whose brazen threshold rose on steps, the beams were bound with brass, and brazen gates turned on the creaking hinge. In this grove the view of an unexpected scene first abated the fear of the Trojans: Here Æneas first dared to promise himself redress, and to conceive better hopes of his afflicted state. For while he surveys every object in the spacious temple, waiting the queen's arrival; while he is musing with wonder on the happy fortune of the city; while he compares the hands of the artists and their elaborate works, he sees the Trojan battles delineated in order, and the war of Troy now blazed by fame over all the world; he sees the sons of Atreus, Priam, and Achilles, implacable to both. Amazed he stood! and, with tears in his eyes, says, What place, Achates, what country on the globe, is not full of our disaster? See where Priam stands! even here praise-worthy deeds are crowned with due reward: here tears of compassion flow, and the breasts of the people are touched with human misery. Dismiss your fears: this fame of our misfortunes will bring thee some relief. This said, he feeds his mind with the shadowy representations, heaving many a sigh, and bathes his manly visage in floods of tears. For he beheld how, on one hand, the warrior Greeks were flying round the walls of Troy, while the Trojan youth closely pursued; on the other hand, the Trojans were flying, while plumed Achilles, in his chariot, thundered on their rear. Not far from that scene, weeping, he espies the tents of Rhesus, distinguished by their snow-white veils; which, betrayed in that first fatal night, cruel Diomede, plundered, and drenched in blood, and led away his fiery steeds to the Grecian camp,

1 Sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus.
2 Priam, the son of Laomedon, and the last king of Troy, was slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, the same night on which Troy was taken.
3 Rhesus, a warlike king of Thrace, who marched to the assistance of Priam. The oracle having foretold that Troy should never be taken if the horses of Rhesus drank the waters of the Xanthus, and fed upon the grass of the Trojan plains; the Greeks, however, surprised him on the night of his arrival, slew him in his tent, and carried away his horses in triumph to their camp.
before they tasted the pasture of Troy, or drank of the river Xanthus. In another part of the temple, Troilus, flying after the loss of his arms, ill-fated youth, and unequally matched with Achilles! is dragged by his horses, and from the chariot hangs supine, yet grasping the reins in death; his neck and hair trail along the ground, and the dusty plain is inscribed by the inverted spear. Meanwhile the Trojan matrons were marching in solemn procession to the temple of adverse Pallas, with their hair dishevelled, and were bearing the consecrated robe, suppliantly mournful, and beating their bosoms with their hands. The goddess, in wrath, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling his breathless corpse for gold. Then, indeed, Æneas sent forth a deep groan from the bottom of his breast, when he saw the spoils, the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching forth his feeble hands. Himself too he knew mingled with the Grecian leaders, and the eastern bands, and the arms of swarthy Memnon. Furious Penthesilea leads on her troops of Amazons, with their crescent shields, and burns with martial rage amidst the thickest ranks. Below her naked breast the heroine had girt a golden belt, and the virgin warrior dares even heroes to the encounter.

These wondrous scenes while the Trojan prince surveys, while he is lost in thought, and in one gazing posture dwells unmoved; Queen Dido, of surpassing beauty, advanced to the temple, attended by a numerous retinue of youth. As on the banks of Eurotas, or on mount Cynthia's top, Diana leads the circular dances, round whom a numerous train of mountain nymphs play in rings; her quiver hangs graceful from her shoulder, and moving majestic, she towers above the other goddesses, while with silent raptures Latona's bosom thrills; such Dido was, and such, with cheerful grace, she passed amidst her train, urging forward the labour and her future kingdom. Then at the gate of the sanctuary, in the middle of the temple's dome, she took her seat, surrounded with her guards, and raised on a throne above the rest. Here she administered justice, and dis-

1 Xanthus, (Mendere,) a river of Troas in Asia Minor, rising in Mount Ida, and falling into the sea at Sigeum. It is the same with the Sarmander; according to Homer, it was called Xanthus by the gods, and Sarmander by men.

2 Troilus, a son of Priam and Hecuba, slain by Achilles.

3 Memnon, a king of Ethiopia, son of Tithonus and Aurora. He came with a body of 10,000 men to assist his uncle Priam in the Trojan war, where he displayed great courage, and killed Antilochus, Nestor's son, but was himself afterwards slain by Achilles in single combat.

4 Penthesilea, a queen of the Amazons, daughter of Mars, who assisted Priam, and was slain by Achilles.

5 Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana.
pensed laws to her subjects, and, in equal portions, distributed their tasks, or settled them by lot; when suddenly Æneas sees, advancing with a vast concourse, Antheus, Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and other Trojans, whom a black storm had tossed up and down the sea, and driven to other far-distant shores. At once amazement seized the hero, at once Achates was struck, and between joy and fear, both ardently longed to join hands; but the strangeness of the event perplexes their minds. Thus they carry on their disguise, and, shrouded under the bending cloud, watch to learn the fortune of their friends; on what coast they left the fleet, and on what errand they came: for a select number had been deputed from all the ships to sue for grace, and, with mingled voices, approached the temple.

Having gained admission and liberty to speak before the queen, Ilionens, their chief, with mind composed, thus began: O queen, to whom it is given by Jove to build this rising city, and to curb proud nations with just laws, we Trojans forlorn, tossed by winds over every sea, implore thy grace: oh! save our ships from the merciless flames: spare a pious race, and propitiously regard our distresses. We are not come either to ravage with the sword your Libyan gods, (settlements,) or with rapacious hands to bear away the plunder to our ships. We have no such hostile intention, nor does such pride of heart become the vanquished. There is a place called by the Greeks Hesperia, an ancient land, renowned for martial deeds and fruitful soil; the Ænotrians possessed it once: now fame reports that their descendants call the nation Italy, from their leader’s name; hither our course was bent, when suddenly tempestuous Orion rising from the main, drove us on hidden shelves, and by violent, outrageous south-winds, tossed us hither and thither over waves, and over inaccessible rocks, overwhelmed by the briny deep; hither we few have escaped from shipwreck to your coast. What a savage race of men is this, what country so barbarous to allow such manners? we are denied the hospitality even of the barren shore. In arms they rise, and forbid our setting foot on the first verge of land. If you set at nought the human kind, and the arms of mortals, yet know the gods will always have an unalterable regard to right and wrong. We had for our king Æneas, than whom no one was more just

1 Hesperia, a name applied to Italy by the Greeks, and to Spain by the Romans.

2 Ænotrians, the inhabitants of Ænotria, or that part of Italy which was afterwards called Lucania. Ænotria is sometimes applied to Italy in general.

3 Orion, one of the constellations, generally supposed to be accompanied at its rising (in March) with great storms and rains.
in performing all the duties of piety, none more signalized in the art of war, and in martial achievements; whom if the fates preserve, if still he breathe the vital air, and do not yet rest with the ruthless shades, neither we shall despair, nor you repent your having been the first in challenging him to acts of kindness and humanity. We have likewise cities and arms in Sicily, and the illustrious king Acestes is of Trojan extraction. Permit us then to bring to shore our wind-beaten fleet, and from your woods to choose trees for planks, and to refit our oars; that, if it be given to bend our course once more to Italy, upon the recovery of our prince and friends, we may joyfully set out thither, and make the Latian shore. But if our safety has perished, and thou, O father of the Trojans, the best of men! now liest buried in the Libyan sea, and no further hope of Ílius remains, we may at least repair to the straits of Sicily, and the settlement there prepared for us, (whence we were driven hither,) and once more visit king Acestes. So spoke Ilioneus: at the same time, the other Trojans murmured their consent.

Then Dido, with modest downcast looks, thus in brief replies: Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, lay your cares aside. My hard fate, and the infancy of my kingdom, force me to take such measures, and to secure my frontiers, by planting guards around. Who is a stranger to the Æneian race, the city of Troy, her heroes, and their valorous deeds, and to the devastations of so renowned a war? Carthaginian hearts are not so obdurate and insensible, nor yokes the Sun his steeds at such a distance from our Tyrian city. Whether therefore you be designed for Hesperia the greater, and the country where Saturn reigned, or choose to visit Æryx' coast and king Acestes, I will dismiss you safe with proper assistance, and support you with my wealth. Or will you settle with me in this realm of mine? the city which I am now building shall be yours; draw your ships ashore: Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me as if they were both the same. And would to heaven the same wind had driven your prince Æneas too upon our coast, and that he were here present! However, I will send trusty messengers along the coasts, with order to search Libya's utmost bounds, if he is thrown out to wander in some wood or city.

Animated by these friendly words, brave Achates and father Æneas had long impatiently desired to break from the cloud. Achates first addresses Æneas: Goddess-born,
what purpose now arises in your mind? you see all is safe; your fleet and friends are restored. One alone is missing, who sunk before our eyes in the midst of the waves: every thing else agrees with your mother’s prediction. He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the circumambient cloud splits asunder, and dissolves into open air. Æneas stood forth, and in the bright day shone conspicuous, in countenance and form resembling a god: for Venus herself had adorned her son with graceful locks, flushed him with the radiant bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly lustre on his eyes: such beauty as the artist’s hand superadds to ivory, or where silver or Parian marble is en chased in yellow gold.

Then suddenly addressing the queen, he, to the surprise of all, thus begins: Behold the man you seek now present, Trojan Æneas, snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou, who alone hast commiserated Troy’s unutterable calamities! who deignest in thy town and palace to associate us a remnant saved from the Greeks, who have now been tried to the utmost by woes in every shape, both by sea and land, and are in want of all things! to repay thee due thanks, great queen, exceeds the power not only of us, but of all the 1Dardan race, wherever dispersed over the world. The gods (if any powers divine regard the pious, if justice any where subsists, and a mind conscious of its own virtue) shall yield thee a just recompence. What age was so happy as to produce thee? who were the parents of so illustrious an offspring? While rivers run into the sea, while shadows move round the convex mountains, while heaven feeds the stars; your honour, name, and praise with me shall ever live, to whatever climes I am called. This said, he embraces his friend Ilioneus with his right-hand, and Serestus with his left: then the rest in their turns, the heroic Gyas and equally heroic Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido stood astonished, first at the presence of the hero, then at his signal sufferings, and thus her speech addressed: What hard fate, 0 goddess-born, pursues thee through such mighty dangers? what power drives thee on this barbarous coast? Are you the great Æneas, whom, by Phrygian Simois’ stream, fair Venus bore to Trojan Anchises? And now, indeed, I call to mind that Tencer, expelled from his native country, came to Sidon in quest of a new kingdom, depending on the aid of Belus. My

1 Dardan race; the Trojans, as descended from Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra, who fled to Asia Minor, where he built the city of Dardania, and became the founder of the kingdom of Troy.
father Belus then reaped the soil of wealthy Cyprus, and held it in subjection to his victorious arms. Ever since that time I have been acquainted with the fate of Troy, with your name, and the Grecian kings. The enemy himself extolled the Trojans with distinguished praise, and with pleasure traced his descent from the ancient Trojan race. Come, then, heroic youths, enter our walls. Me, too, through a series of labours tossed, a fate, resembling that which you have sustained, hath at length doomed to settle in this land. Being not unacquainted with misfortune in my own person, I have learned to succour the distressed.

This said, she forthwith leads Æneas into her royal apartments, and at the same time ordains due honours for the temples of the gods. Meanwhile, with no less care, she sends presents to his companions in the ships, twenty bulls, a hundred huge boars with bristly backs, as many fat lambs, with the ewes, and the joys of the god Bacchus. But the inner rooms of state are splendidly furnished with regal pomp, and banquets are prepared in the middle of the hall. Here are carpets wrought with art, and of the richest purple; the tables shine with massy silver plate, and embossed in gold appear the brave exploits of her ancestors, a lengthened series of history traced down through so many heroes, from the first founder of the ancient race. Æneas (for paternal affection suffered not his mind to rest) with speed sends Achates before to the ships, to bear those tidings to Ascanius, and bring the boy himself to the city. All the care of the fond parent centres in Ascanius. Besides, he bids him bring presents for the queen saved from the ruins of Troy, a mantle stiff with gold and figures, and a veil woven round with saffron-coloured flowers of brack-ursine, the ornaments of Grecian Helen, which she had brought with her from Mycena, when bound for Troy, and her lawless marriage; her mother Leda’s curious gift: a sceptre too, which once Ilione, Priam’s eldest daughter, bore, a necklace strung with pearl, and a crown set with double rows of gems and gold. This message to despatch, Achates directs his course to the ships.

But Venus resolves in her breast new plots and new designs; that Æneas should come in place of sweet Ascanius,
assuming his mien and features, and by the gifts kindle in
the queen all the rage of love, and convey the subtile flame
into her very bones; for she dreads the false equivocating
race, and the double-tongued, perfidious Tyrians. Fell
Juno's rage torments her; and with the night her care re-
turns. To winged Love, therefore, she addresses these
words: O son, my strength, my mighty power; my son,
who alone defiest the Typhoan bolts of Jove supreme, to
thee I fly, and suppliant implore thy deity. Thou knowest
how round all shores thy brother Æneas is tossed from sea
to sea by the complicated malice of partial Juno, and in my
grief hast often grieved. Him Phoenician Dido entertains,
and amuses with smooth speech: and I fear what may be
the issue of Juno's acts of hospitality: she will not be 'idle
in so critical a conjunction: wherefore, I propose to pre-
vent the queen by subtile means, and to beset her with the
flames of love, that no power may influence her to change,
but that with me she may cherish a great fondness for
Æneas. How this thou mayest effect, now hear what I ad-
vise. The royal boy, my chief care, at his father's call, pre-
pares to visit the Sidonian city, Carthage, bearing presents
for Dido saved from the sea and flames of Troy. Him hav-
ing lulled to rest, I will lay down on Cythera's tops, or in
some sacred retreat above Idalium, lest he should discover
the plot, or, intervening, mar its success. Do you artfully
counterfeit his face but for one night, and, yourself a boy,
assume a boy's familiar looks; that when Dido shall take
thee to her bosom in the height of her joy, amidst the royal
feasts, and Bacchus' cheering liquor, when she shall give
thee repeated embraces, and press thee with sweet kisses,
thou mayest breathe into her the secret flame, and by stealth
convey the poison. The God of Love obeys the dictates of
his dear mother, lays aside his wings, and joyful trips along
in the gait of Íulus. Meanwhile Venus pours the dew of
balmy sleep on Ascanius' limbs, and in her bosom fondling,
conveys him to Idalia's lofty groves, where soft amaranth,
perfuming the air with flowers and fragrant shade, clasps
him round.

Now, in obedience to his instructions, Cupid went along,
and bore the royal presents to the Tyrians, pleased with
Achates for his guide. By the time he arrived, the queen
had placed herself on a golden couch, under a rich canopy,
and had taken her seat in the middle. Now father Æneas,
and now the Trojan youth, grace the assembly, and plant
themselves on the purple beds. The attendants supply the

1 Idalium, (Dalin,) a town of Cyprus, at the foot of mount Ídulus, with a
grove sacred to Venus, who was hence called Idalia.
guests with water for their hands, dispense the gifts of Ceres from baskets, and furnish them with the smooth towels. Within are fifty handmaids, whose task it was to prepare and marshal the entertainments in due order, and burn incense to the household gods. A hundred more, and as many servants of equal age, are employed to crown the boards with dishes and place the cups. In like manner, the Tyrians, a numerous train, assembled in the joyful courts, invited to fill the embroidered beds. They view with wonder the presents of Aeneas: nor with less wonder do they view Lulus, the glowing aspect of the god, his well-dissembled words, the mantle and veil figured with leaves of the acanthus in saffron colours. Chiefly the unhappy queen, henceforth devoted to love's pestilential fever, gazes with unwearied delight, and is inflamed with every glance, and is equally captivated with the boy and with his gifts. He on Aeneas' neck having hung with fond embraces, and having fully gratified his fictitious father's ardent affections, advances to the queen. She fixes her eyes, her whole soul, on the boy, and sometimes fondles him in her lap, not thinking what a powerful god there sits plotting her ruin. Meanwhile, he, mindful of his mother's instructions, begins insensibly to efface the memory of Sichæus, and with a living flame tries to prepossess her languid affections, and her heart by long disuse grown cold to love.

Soon as the first banquet ended, and the tables were removed, they place large goblets, and crown the sparkling wine. The roofs resound with bustling din, and the guests roll through the ample courts the bounding voice. Down from the golden ceilings hang the flaming lamps, and blazing torches overpower the darkness of the night. Here the queen called for a bowl, ponderous with gems and gold, and with pure wine filled it to the brim, a bowl which Belus, and all her ancestors from Belus, used; then, having enjoined silence through the palace, she thus began: O Jove, (for by thee, it is said, the laws of hospitality were given,) grant this may be an auspicious day both to the Tyrians and my Trojan guests, and may this day be commemorated by our posterity. Bacchus, the giver of joy, and propitious Juno, be present here; and you, my Tyrians, with benevolent hearts, solemnize this meeting. She said, and on the table poured an offering to the gods; and, after the libation, first gently touched the cup with her lips, then gave it to Bitias with friendly challenge; he quickly drained the foaming

1 Belus, a king of Tyre, from whom Dido was descended.
2 Bitias and Iopus, African chiefs, and suitors of queen Dido.
bowl, and laved himself with the brimming gold. After him the other lords drank. Long-haired Iopas next tunes his golden lyre to what the mighty Atlas taught. He sings of the wandering moon, and the eclipses of the labouring sun; whence the race of men and beasts, whence showers and fiery meteors arise: he sings of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern cars; why winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, or what retarding cause detains the slow summer nights. The Tyrrians redouble their applause in praise of the song, and the Trojans concur.

Meanwhile unhappy Dido, with varied converse, spun out the night, and drank large draughts of love, questioning much about Priam, much about Hector; now in what arms Aurora’s son had come; now what were the excellencies of Diomed’s steeds; now what figure Achilles made. But this will not suffice, my guest, she says; begin, therefore, and from the first origin, relate to us the stratagems of the Greeks, the adventures of your friends, and your own wanderings; for now the seventh summer brings thee to our coasts, through wandering mazes tossed on every land and every sea.

BOOK SECOND.

In the Second Book, Æneas, at the desire of Queen Dido, relates the fall of Troy, and his escape, through the general conflagration, to Mount Ida. It abounds in scenes of great beauty, and powerful interest.

All with one accord were silent, and fixed their eyes upon him, eagerly attentive: then father Æneas thus from his lofty couch began:

Unutterable woes, O queen, you urge me to renew; how the Greeks overturned the power and magnificence of Troy, and its deplorable realms; both what scenes of misery I myself beheld, and those wherein I was a principal party. What cruel 1 Myrmidon, or Dolopian, or who of hardened 2 Ulysses’ band, can, in the very relation of such woes, refrain from tears? Besides, humid night is hastening down the sky, and the setting stars invite to sleep. But since you are so desirous of knowing our misfortunes, and briefly hearing the catastrophe of Troy, though my soul shudders at the remembrance, and hath shrunk back with

1 The Myrmidons and Dolopians inhabited Thessaly, and the borders of Epirus.
2 Ulysses, the son of Laertes and Anticlea, king of the islands of Ithaca and Dulichium, and the husband of Penelope, was distinguished among the Grecian chiefs for superior prudence and cunning. After the fall of Troy, setting sail for his native country, he was exposed to incredible dangers and misfortunes, and at last reached home, without a single companion, after an absence of twenty years. The adventures of Ulysses, in his return to Ithaca from the Trojan war, are beautifully depicted by Homer, in the first twelve books of the Odyssey.
grief, yet will I begin. The Grecian leaders, now extremely weakened by the war, and baffled by the fates, after a revolution of so many years, being assisted by the divine skill of Pallas, build a wooden horse to the size of a mountain, and line its ribs with planks of fir. This they pretend to be an offering, in order to procure a safe return; which report is industriously spread. Hitherto having secretly conveyed a select band, chosen by lot, they shut them up into the dark sides, and cram its capacious caverns and womb with armed soldiers. In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island well known by fame, and flourishing while Priam’s kingdom stood: now it serves only for a bay, and a station where ships can hardly ride in safety. Having made this island, they conceal themselves in that desolate shore. We imagined they were gone, and that they had set sail for Mycene. In consequence of this supposition, all Troy is released from its long-continued distress; the gates are thrown open; with joy we issue forth; with joy we view the Grecian camp, the now deserted plains, and the abandoned shore. Here lay encamped the Dolopian bands, there stern Achilles had pitched his tent: here were the ships drawn up, there the armies were wont to fight. Some view with amazement that baleful offering of the virgin goddess Minerva, and wonder at the stupendous bulk of the horse; and the venerable Thymoetes first advises that it may be dragged within the walls, and lodged in the tower, whether it was with treacherous design, or that the destiny of Troy now would have it so. But Capys, and all whose sentiments are the result of sounder judgment, strenuously urge either to throw into the sea this insidious engine of the Greeks, and their suspected oblation; or, by applying flames, consume it to ashes; or, at least, to lay open, and ransack the recesses of the hollow womb. Meanwhile, the fickle populace is split into opposite inclinations. Upon this Laocon, accompanied with a numerous troop, leader of the rest, with ardour hastens down from the top of the citadel; and while yet a great way off, cries out, O wretched countrymen, what desperate infatuation is this? Do you believe the enemy gone? or think you any gifts of the Greeks can be free from deceit? Is it thus you are acquainted with Ulysses?

1 Tenedos, a small but fertile island of the Egean sea, opposite Troy. Here the Greeks concealed themselves, to make the Trojans believe that they had abandoned the siege.

2 Thymoetes, a Trojan prince, whose wife and son were put to death by Priam; in revenge, he persuaded his countrymen to bring the wooden horse into the city.

3 Laocon, a son of Priam and He-...
Either the Greeks lie concealed within this wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to overlook our houses, and to come down upon our city; or some mischievous design lurks about it. Trojans, put no faith in this horse. However it be, I dread the Greeks, even with all the gifts they bring. Thus said, with vigorous efforts he hurled his massy spear against the sides and belly of the monster, where it swelled out by the compacted boards into an arch; the weapon stood quivering, and, by the shock, given to its sides, the hollow caverns rang, and sent forth a groan. And, had not the decrees of heaven been adverse, or our minds not been infatuated, he had prevailed on us to lay open with the sword this dark recess of the Greeks; and thou, O Troy, shouldst still have stood, and thou, lofty tower of Priam, now remained! In the meantime, behold! Trojan shepherds, with loud acclamations, came dragging to the king a youth, whose hands were bound behind him; who, to them a mere stranger, had voluntarily thrown himself in their way, to promote this same treacherous design, and open Troy to the Greeks; a resolute soul, and prepared for either event, whether to execute his perfidious purpose, or submit to inevitable death. The Trojan youth in circling crowds pour in from every quarter, from eagerness to see him, and they vie with one another in insulting the captive. Now mark the treachery of the Greeks, and from one crime take a specimen of the whole nation. For as he stood among the gazing crowds perplexed, defenceless, and threw his eyes around the Trojan bands, Ah! says he, what land, what seas can now receive me? or to what further extremity can I, a forlorn wretch, be reduced? for whom there is no shelter anywhere among the Greeks; and, to complete my misery, the Trojans too, incensed against me, sue for satisfaction with my blood. By which mournful accents, our affections at once were moved towards him, and all the keenness of our resentment suppressed: we exhort him to say from what race he sprang, to declare what message he brings, what confidence we may repose in him, now that he is our prisoner. Then he, having at length laid aside fear, thus proceeds: I, indeed, O king, will confess to you the whole truth, says he, be the event what will; nor will I disown that I am of Grecian extraction: this I promise; nor shall it be in the power of cruel fortune, though she has made 1 Sinon miserable, to make him also false and disingenuous. If accidentally, in the course of common report, the name of 2 Palamedes, the de-

1 Sinon, a crafty Greek, who prevailed on the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse, which was filled with armed Greeks.

2 Palamedes, a Grecian chief, son of Nauplius, king of Euboea. He was shamefully put to death at the instigation of Ulysses, who, to avoid going to the Trojan war, had feigned madness, but the deceit was discovered by Palamedes.
scendant of Belus, and his illustrious renown, ever reached your ears, (who, though innocent, was delivered over to death by the Greeks, under a false accusation of treason, upon a villainous evidence, because he gave his negative against the war: but whom now they mourn bereaved of life;) with him my father, who was but poor, sent me in company to the war, so soon as I was able to bear arms, as I was his near relative. While he remained safe in the kingdom, and the Grecian community was strengthened by his counsels, I too bore some reputation and honour: but, from the time that he, by the malice of the crafty Ulysses, (they are well-known truths I speak,) quitted the stage of this world, I, severely distressed, lengthened out my life in grief and obscurity, secretly repining at the hard fate of my innocent friend. Nor could I hold my peace, fool that I was, but vowed revenge, if fortune should give me the opportunity, if ever I should return victorious to my native Argos; and, by my unguarded words, I provoked his bitter enmity. Hence arose the first symptom of my misery; henceforth Ulysses was always terrifying me with new accusations; henceforth he began to spread ambiguous, dark surmises among the vulgar, and, conscious of his own guilt, sought the means of my ruin. Nor did he give over, till, by making 1 Calchas his tool—But why do I thus in vain unfold these disagreeable truths? or why do I lose time? if you place all the Greeks on the same footing, and your having heard that one circumstance be enough to undo me, delay not a moment, strike the fatal blow: this the prince of Ithaca wishes, and the two sons of Atreus would give large sums to purchase. Then, indeed, we grow impatiently inquisitive, and long to find out the secret causes, unacquainted with such consummate villany and Grecian artifice. He proceeds with palpitation, and speaks in the falsehood of his heart. After quitting the siege of Troy, the Greeks sought often to surmount the difficulties of their return, and, tired out with the length of the war, longed to be gone. Oh! I wish they had! but as often did the rough tempest on the ocean bar their flight, and the adverse south-wind deterred them in their setting out. Especially when now this horse, framed of maple planks, was reared, storms roared through all the regions of the air. In deep perplexity we send 2 Eurypylus to consult the oracle of Apollo; and from the sacred shrine he brings back this dismal response: Ye appeased the winds, O ye Greeks, with the blood of a virgin slain, when first you arrived on the Trojan coast; by blood must your return be purchased,

1 Calchas, a famous soothsayer, who accompanied the Greeks to the Trojan war.

2 Eurypylus, also a soothsayer in the Grecian camp before Troy.
and atonement made by the life of a Greek: Which intimation no sooner reached the ears of the multitude, than their minds were stunned, and freezing horror thrilled their very bones; anxious to know whom heaven destined for the sacrifice which Apollo demanded. Upon this Ulysses drags forth Calchas the seer, with great bustle and stir, into the midst of the crowd; importunes him to say what those orders of the gods are; and, by this time, many pressed to me the cruel purpose of the dissembler, and quietly foresaw the event. He, for twice five days, is mute, and, close shut up, obstinately refuses to give forth his declaration against any person, or doom him to death. At length, with much ado, teased by the importunate clamours of Ulysses, he breaks silence by concert, and destines me to the altar. All assented, and were content to have the blow, which each dreaded for himself, turned off from them, to the ruin of one poor wretch. And now the rueful day approached; for me the sacred rites were prepared, and the salted cake, and fillets to bind about my temples. From death, I own, I made my escape, and broke my bonds; and in a slimy fen all night I lurked obscure among the weeds, till they should set sail, if I should be so happy as to see that hour. Nor have I now any hope of being blessed with the sight of my country, the ancient seat of my ancestors, nor of my pleasant children, and my much-beloved sire; whom they, perhaps, will see to vengeance for my escape, and expiate this offence of mine by the death of those unhappy innocents. But I conjure you, by the powers above, by the gods who are conscious to truth, by whatever remains of inviolable faith are any where to be found among mortals, compassionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul suffering such unworthy treatment.

At these tears we grant him his life, and pity him from our hearts. Priam himself first gives orders that his manacles and strait bonds be loosed, then thus addresses him in the language of a friend: Whoever you are, now henceforth forget the Greeks you have lost: ours you shall be: and now give me an ingenuous reply to these questions: To what purpose raised they this stupendous bulk of a horse? who was the contriver? or what do they intend by it? what was the religious motive? or what warlike engine is it? He said. The other, practised in fraud and Grecian artifice, lifted up to heaven his hands now loosed from the bonds: To you, ye everlasting orbs of fire, he says, and your inviolable divinities; to you, ye altars, and horrid instruments of death, which I escaped; and ye fillets of the gods, which I a victim wore; to you I appeal, that I am free to violate all
the sacred obligations I was under to the Greeks; I am free to hold these men in abhorrence, and to bring forth to light all their dark designs; nor am I bound by any of the laws of my country. Only do thou, O Troy, abide by thy promises, and, by my means preserved, preserve thy faith now given: provided I disclose the truth, provided I make thee large amends.

The whole hope of the Greeks, and their confidence in the prosecution of the begin war, always depended on the aid of Pallas: but when the sacrilegious Diomede, and Ulysses the projector of wicked designs, in their attempt to carry off by force from her holy temple the fatal Palladium, having slain the guards of her high tower, seized her sacred image, and with bloody hands profanely dared to touch the virgin fillets of the goddess; from that day the hope of the Greeks began to ebb, and gradually decline; their powers were weakened, the mind of the goddess alienated from them: nor did Tritonia show these indications of her wrath by dubious prodigies: for scarcely was the statue set up in the camp, when bright flames flashed from her staring eye-balls, and a briny sweat flowed over her limbs; and, what you will be amazed to hear, she herself sprung thrice from the ground, armed as she was, with her shield and quivering spear. Forthwith Calchas declares it to be the will of heaven, that we attempt the seas on our way homeward, and that Troy can never be razed by the Grecians sword, unless they repeat the omens at Argos, and carry back the goddess whom they had conveyed over the sea in their windings ships. And now, that they have sailed for their native Mycena with a favourable wind, they are providing themselves with arms, and have the gods to accompany their enterprise; and, having measured back the sea, they will be upon you in an unexpected hour: so Calchas interprets the omens. This figure, warned by heaven, they reared in lieu of the Palladium, in lieu of the symbol of the offended goddess, in order to atone for their direful crime. But Calchas ordered to build the wooden engine of this enormous bulk, and raise it to the skies, that it might not be admitted into the gates, or dragged into the city, nor protect the people under the patronage of their ancient religion. For he declared that, if your hands should dare to violate this offering sacred to Minerva, then signal ruin (which omen may the gods rather turn on himself!) awaited Priam's empire and the Trojans. But, if by your means it mounted into the city, that Asia,

1 Palladium, a celebrated statue of Pallas, said to have fallen from heaven upon Troy, and on the preservation of which depended the safety of that city.

2 Tritonia, a surname of Minerva, from Tritonis, a lake and river of Africa, near which she had a temple.
without farther provocation given, would advance with a formidable war to the very gates of Pelops' city Argos, and our posterity be doomed to the same fate. By such treachery and artifice of perjured Sinon, the story was believed; and we, whom neither Diomede, nor Larissean Achilles, nor a siege of ten years, nor a thousand ships, had subdued, were ensnared by guile and constrained tears. Here another more affecting scene, and far more terrible, is presented to our wretched sight, and fills our breasts with surprise and confusion. Laocoön, ordained Neptune's priest by lot, was sacrificing a stately bullock at the altars set apart for that solemnity; when, lo! from Tenedos, (1 shudder even at the relation,) two serpents, with orbs immense, stretch their length along the smooth surface of the sea, and with equal motion shoot forward to the shore; whose breasts erect amidst the waves, and chests bedropped with blood, tower above the flood; their other parts sweep the sea behind, and wind their spacious backs in rolling spires. Lashed by their strokes, the floods resound, the briny ocean foaming; and now they reached the land, and, darting fire from their hissing mouths. Half-dead with the horrid sight, we fly different ways. They, with resolute motion, advance towards Laocoön; and first both serpents, with close embraces, twine around the little bodies of his two sons, and with cruel fangs mangle their wretched limbs. Next they seize the priest himself, as he is coming up with weapons to their relief, and bind him fast in their prodigious folds; and now grasping him twice about the waist, twice winding their scaly backs around his neck, they overtop him by the head and lofty neck. He strains at once with both hands to tear asunder their knotted spires, while his holy fillets are stained with gore and black poison: at the same time, he raises hideous shrieks to heaven; such bellowing, as when a bull has fled wounded from the altar, and has eluded with his neck the erring axe. Meanwhile, the two serpents glide off to the high temple, repair to the fane of stern Tritonia, and are sheltered under the feet of the goddess, and the orb of her buckler. Then, indeed, uncommon terror diffuses itself through the quaking hearts of all; and they pronounce Laocoön to have deservedly suffered for his crime, in having violated the sacred wood with his pointed weapon, and hurled his cursed spear against its sides. They urge with general voice to convey the statue to its proper seat, and implore the favour of the goddess. We make a breach in

1 Larissean, an epithet applied to Achilles, from Larissa, the capital city of Thessaly.
the walls, and lay open the bulwarks of the city. All keenly ply the work; some under the feet apply smooth-rolling wheels; others fasten hempen ropes to the neck. The fatal machine mounts our walls, pregnant with arms: boys and unmarried virgins accompany it with sacred hymns, and are glad to touch the rope with their hand. It advances, and with menacing aspect slides into the heart of the city. O my country, oh Ilium, the habitation of gods, and ye walls of Troy by war renowned! Four times it stopped in the very threshold of the gate, and four times the arms resounded in its womb: yet we, heedless of our own ruin, and blind with frantic zeal, urge on, and plant the baneful monster in the sacred tower. Then too, 'Cassandra, by the inspiration of her god, opens her lips to foretell our approaching doom; ill-fated virgin, never believed by the Trojans. Unhappy we, to whom that day was to be our last, adorn the temples of the gods all over the city with festival boughs and garlands. Meanwhile, the heavens are rolled about, and night advances rapidly from the ocean, wrapping up in her extended shade both earth and heaven, and the wiles of the Greeks. The Trojans, dispersed around their walls, were hushed and still: deep Sleep fast binds their weary limbs in his embraces. And now the Grecian troops, in their equipped vessels, set out from Tenedos, making towards the well-known shore, aided by the friendly silence of the quiet moon-shine night, as soon as the royal galley from her stern had exhibited the signal fire; and Siron, preserved by the will of the gods adverse to Troy, in a stolen hour unlocked the wooden prison to the Greeks shut up in that dark womb: the horse, from his expanded caverns, pours them forth to open air; and with joy issue from the hollow wood Thessandrus and Sthenelus the chiefs, and cursed Ulysses, sliding down by a suspended rope, with Athamas and Thoas, Neoptolemus, the grandson of Peleus, and Machaon who led the way, with Menelaus, and Epeus the very fabricator of the deceitful engine. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine. The sentinels are knocked down; and they throw open the gates to receive all their friends, and join the conscious bands. It was the time when the first sleep invades languid mortals, and steals upon them, by the indulgence of Heaven, in sweetest slumbers. In that drowsy hour, lo! Hector, extremely sad, seemed to stand before my eyes, and to shed floods of tears; dragged, as formerly he had been by Achilles' chariot, and deformed with gory dust, and his swollen feet bored through with thongs.

1 Cassandra, the daughter of Priam and Hecuba. According to the poets, she had the gift of prophecy, while none believed her predictions.
Ah me, in what piteous plight he was! how changed from
that Hector who returned clad in the armour of Achilles, or
darting Phrygian flames against the ships of Greece! wear-
ing a foul, grisly beard, hair clotted with blood, and those
many wounds which he had received under his native walls.
I, methought, in tears addressed the hero first, and pour-
forth these mournful accents: O light of Troy, the Trojans'
firnest hope! ah, say what tedious causes have detained
thee so long? Whence comes my long-looking for Hector?
How it easies our perplexity to see thee after the many
deaths of thy friends, after the various disasters of our men
and city! What unworthy cause has deformed and marred
the serenity of thy looks? Or why do I behold these
wounds? He said not a word; nor regards me, questioning
of what nought availed; but heavily, from the bottom of his
heart, drawing a groan, Ah, Ily, goddess-born, he says, and
snatch thyself from these flames. The enemy is in pos-
session of the walls: Troy tumbles down from its towering
tops. To Priam, to my country, all duty has been done.
Could those walls have been saved by the hand of man, by
this same right hand they had been saved. Troy recom-
mends to thee her sacred things, her gods: these take, the
companions of thy fate; for these go in quest of a city,
which, in process of time, you shall raise to a great extent,
after a tedious wandering voyage. He said, and with his
own hands brings forth, from the inner temple, the holy
fillets, the image of the powerful goddess Vesta, and the fire
which always burned.

Meanwhile, the city is filled with mingled scenes of woe;
and though my father's house stood in a retired corner, re-
move from noise, and enclosed with trees, yet louder and
louder the sounds rise on the ear, and the horrid din of arms
assails us. I start from sleep, and, by hasty steps, mount
to the highest battlement of the palace, and stand with list-
ening ears: as when a flame is driven by the furious south-
winds on standing corn; or as a torrent impetuously burst-
ing from a mountain-river desolates the fields, desolates the
rich crops of corn, and all the labours of the ox, and bears
whole woods headlong down: the shepherd, struck with the
sound from the top of a high rock, stands amazed, not know-
ing whence it arises. Then, indeed, the truth of Hector's
words is confirmed, and the treachery of the Greeks dis-
closed. Now Deiphobus' spacious roofs tumble down, over-
powered by the conflagration; now, next to him, Ucalegon

1 Deiphobus, a son of Priam and Hecuba, eminently distinguished him-
self in the Trojan war, and after the death of his brother Paris, married
Helen.

2 Ucalegon, a Trojan chief, praised
for the soundness of his counsels, and
his good intentions, though accused
by some of betraying his country to
the Greeks.
blazes: the straits of 1Sigenum shine far and wide with the flames. The mingled shout of men and clangor of trumpets arise. My arms I snatch with mad haste; nor, when in arms, have reason enough to use them: but all my soul, impatient, burns to collect a troop for the war, and rush into the citadel with brave associates: fury and rage hurry on my mind, and I reflect how glorious it is to die in the bed of honour. Lo! then Pantheus, escaped from the sword of the Greeks, Pantheus, the son of Otreus, the priest of Apollo and of Minerva's Tower, is hurrying away with him the holy utensils, his conquered gods, and little grandchild, and, with hasty strides, makes for the shore like one distracted. How is it, Pantheus, with our all? what fortress do we seize? I had scarcely spoken, when, with a groan, he thus replies: Our last day is come, and the inevitable doom of Troy: we are Trojans no more; adieu to Ilium, and the high renown of Tencen's race: Jupiter, in the fierceness of his wrath, hath transferred all to Argos: the Greeks bear all before them in the city now on fire. The towering horse, planted in the midst of our streets, pours forth armed troops; and Sinon, the victorious traitor, with insolent triumph, scatters the flames. Others are rushing in at our wide-opened gates, so many thousands as never came from populous Mycenae: others with arms have blocked up the lanes to oppose our passage; the edged sword, with glittering point, stands unsheathed, ready to drink our blood: hardly the foremost wardens of the gates make an effort to fight, and feebly resist in the blind encounter. By these words of Pantheus, and by the impulse of the gods, I hurry away into the midst of flames and arms; whither the grim Fury, whither the tumultuous din, and shrieks that rend the skies, urge me on. 2Riphens, and Iphitus advanced in years, join me; Hypanis and Dymas coming up with us by the help of the moon, and closely adhere to my side; and also young 3Coræbus, Mygdon's son, who, at that time, had chanced to come to Troy, inflamed with a passion for Cassandra to madness, and, in prospect of being one day Priam's son-in-law, brought assistance to him and the Trojans. Ill-fated youth, who heed-

1 Sigenum, a famous promontory of Troas, at the entrance of the Hellespont, where the Scamander fell into the sea. Here was the tomb of Achilles, and near it were fought many of the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans.

2 Riphens was distinguished for his love of justice; having joined Eneas the night that Troy was burnt, he was, after a brave resistance, slain by the Greeks.—Dymas, this brave Trojan also joined Eneas; but, being dressed in Grecian armour, was, through mistake, killed by his countrymen.

3 Coræbus, a Phrygian, son of Mygdon, the brother of Hecuba. He assisted Priam in the Trojan war, with the hopes of being rewarded with the hand of Cassandra, who advised him in vain to retire from the war. He was slain by Peneleus.
ed not the admonitions of his inspired spouse! Whom, close united, soon as I saw resolute to engage, to animate them the more I thus begin: "Gallant youths, souls herioic and magnanimous, but ah in vain! if it is your resolute purpose to follow me in this last desperate attempt, you see what is the situation of our affairs. All the gods, by whom this empire stood, have deserted their shrines and altars abandoned to the enemy: you come to the relief of the city in flames: let us meet death, and rush into the thickest of our armed foes. The only safety for the vanquished is, to throw away all hopes of safety." Thus the courage of each youth is kindled into fury. Then, like ravenous wolves in a gloomy fog, whom the fell rage of hunger hath driven from their dens, blind to danger, and whose whelps left behind long for their return with jaws parched and thirsting for blood; through arms, through enemies, we march up to imminent death, and advance through the middle of the city: sable Night hovers around us with her deepening shade. Who can describe the havoc, who the deaths of that night? or who can furnish tears equal to the disasters? Our ancient city, the seat of dominion for many years, falls to the ground: great numbers of sluggish carcasses are strewn up and down, both in the streets, in private houses, and the sacred temples of the gods. Nor is it the blood of the Trojans alone that is spilled: the vanquished too at times resume their courage, and the victorious Grecians bleed: every where appears cruel sorrow, every where terror and death in a thousand shapes. Of the Greeks, the first who comes up with us is Androgeos, accompanied by a numerous band, unadvisedly imagining that we were confederate troops; and he introduces himself to us with this friendly address: Haste, brave associates, what so tardy sloth detains you? Others tear and plunder the blazing palaces of Troy; are you but just come from your lofty ships? He said, and instantly perceived (for we returned him no very friendly answer) that he had stumbled into the midst of foes. He was confounded, and with his words recalled his hasty step. As one who, in his heedless walk, hath trodden upon a snake, shooting unawares from rough thorns, and in fearful haste hath started back from him, while he is collecting all his rage, and swelling his azure crest; just so Androgeos, terrified at the sight of us, began to withdraw. We rush in, and, with arms to arms, close joined, encompass our enemies, and knock them down here and there, strangers as they were to the place, and arrested with fear; thus fortune smiles upon our first enterprise. Upon this Corebus, exulting with success and courage, cried out, My associates, where fortune
thus early points out our way to conquest and safety, and where she shows herself propitious, let us follow her. Let us exchange shields, and accommodate to ourselves the badges of the Greeks: whether stratagem, or valour, who questions in an enemy? They themselves will supply us with arms. This said, he puts on the crested helmet of Androgeos, and the rich ornament of his shield, and buckles to his side a Grecian sword. The same does Ripheus, the same does Dymas too, and all the youth well pleased: each arms himself with the recent spoils. We march on, mingling with the Greeks, but not with heaven on our side; and in many a skirmish we engage during the dark night; many of the Greeks we send down to Pluto's kingdom. Some fly to the ships, and hasten to the trusty shore: some, through dishonest fear, scale once more the bulky horse, and lurk within the well-known womb. But, alas! on nothing ought man to presume, while the gods are against him. Lo! Cassandra, Priam's virgin daughter, with her hair all dishevelled, was dragged along from the temple and shrine of Minerva, raising to heaven her glaring eyes in vain; I say her eyes, for cords bound her tender hands. Corebus, in the transports of his soul, could not bear this spectacle, and, resolute on death, threw himself into the midst of the band. We all follow, and rush upon them in a breast. Upon this we are first overpowered with the darts of our friends from the high battlements of the temple, and a most piteous slaughter ensues, occasioned by the appearance of our arms, and the fatal disguise of our Grecian crests. Next the Greeks, through anguish and rage for the rescue of the virgin, fall upon us in troops from every quarter; Ajax, most fierce, both the sons of Atreus, and the whole band of the Dolopes: as, at times, in a bursting hurricane, opposite winds encounter, the West and South, and Enurus, prond of his eastern steeds; the woods roar, foaming Nereus rages with his trident, and tosses up the seas from the lowest bottom. They too, whom, through the shades, in the dusky night, we by stratagem had routed, and driven all over the city, now make their appearance; they are the first who discover our shields and counterfeit arms, and mark the sound of our voices to disagree with our armour. In a moment we are overpowered by numbers; and first Corebus sinks in death by the hand of Peneleus, at the altar of the warrior-goddess: Ripheus too falls, the most eminently virtuous among the Trojans, and a man of the strictest integrity! but though we may think he deserved a better fate, to the gods it seemed otherwise. Hypanis and Dymas die by the cruel darts of their own friends: nor did thy signal piety, or the holy fil-
lets of the god Apollo, save thee, unhappy Pantheus, in thy dying hour. Ye sacred remains of Troy, ye expiring flames of my country! witness that in your fall I shunned neither darts nor any deadly weapons of the Greeks; and, had it been fated that I should fall, I deserved it by this hand. Thence we are forced away, Iphitus, Pelias, and myself, (of whom Iphitus was now unwieldy through age, and Pelias disabled by a wound from Ulysses,) forthwith to Priam's palace called by dismal outcries. Here, indeed, a dreadful fight rises to our view, as though this had been the only seat of the war, as though none had been dying in all the city besides; with such ungoverned fury we see Mars raging, the Greeks rushing forward to the palace, and the gates besieged by the troops, advancing under the shelter of their tortoised bucklers. Scaling ladders are fixed on the walls, and by their steps they mount to the very door-posts, and protecting themselves by their left-arms, oppose their bucklers to the darts, while with their right-hands they grasp the battlements. On the other hand, the Trojans tear down the turrets and roofs of their houses; with these weapons, since they see the extremity, they seek to defend themselves now in their final catastrophe, and tumble on their foes the gilded rafters, those stately ornaments of their ancestors: others with drawn swords beset the gates below: these they guard in a firm, compact body. We resume all our ardour to relieve the royal palace, support our labouring friends, and inspire their drooping hearts with new life and vigour. There was a passage, a secret entry, that served for free communication between the two palaces of Priam, a neglected postern-gate, by which unfortunate Andromache, while the kingdom stood, was often wont to resort to the royal pair without guard and retinue, and to lead the boy Astyanax to his grand-sire. By this I mount up to the roof of the highest battlement, whence the distressed Trojans were hurling unavailing darts. With our swords assailing all around a turret, situated on a precipice, and shooting up its towering top to the stars, (whence we were wont to survey all Troy, the fleet of Greece, and all the Grecian camp,) where the topmost story made the joints more apt to give way, we tear it from its deep foundation, and push it on our foes. The huge pile, suddenly tumbling down, brings thundering desolation with it, and falls with wide havock on the Grecian troops. But others soon succeed; meanwhile, neither stones, nor any sort of missile weapons, cease to fly. Just before the vestibule, and at the outer-gate,
Pyrrhus exults, glittering in arms and gleamy brass; as when a snake comes forth to light, having fed on noxious herbs, whom, bloated with poison, the frozen winter hid under the earth, now renewed, and sleek with youth, after casting his skin, with breast erect he rolls up his slippery back, reared to the sun, and brandishes a three-forked tongue in his mouth. At the same time bulky Periphas and Automedon, formerly charioteer to Achilles, now Pyrrhus' armour-bearer; at the same time all the youth whom Pyrrhus brought from the island of Seyros, advance to the wall, and toss flaming brands to the roof. Pyrrhus himself in the front, snatching up a battle-axe, beats through the stubborn gates, and labours to tear the brazen posts from the hinges; and now, having hewn away the bars, he dug through the firm boards, and made a large, wide-mouthed breach: through which the palace within is exposed to view; and the long galleries are discovered: the sacred recesses of Priam and the ancient kings are profanely exposed to view; and they see the armed guards standing at the gate.

As for the inner palace, it is filled with mingled groans and doleful uproar, and the hollow rooms all throughout bowl with female yells: their shrieks strike the golden stars. Then the trembling matrons roam through the spacious halls, and in fast embraces hug the door-posts, and cling to them with their lips. 1 Pyrrhus presses on with all his father's violence: nor bars, nor bolts, nor armed guards themselves, are able to sustain his fury. The gate, by repeated battering blows, gives way, and the door-posts, torn from their hinges, tumble to the ground. Thus the Greeks make their way by force, burst a passage, and, being admitted, butcher the first they meet, and fill the places all about with their troops. Not with such fury a river pours on the fields its heavy torrent, and sweeps away whole herds with their stalls over all the plains, when foaming it has burst away from its broken banks, and borne down opposing mounds with its whirling current. These eyes beheld Neoptolemus transported with bloody rage, and the two sons of Atreus at the gate: I saw Hecuba, and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam at the altar, defiling with his blood the fires which himself had consecrated. Those fifty bed-chambers, whereon his great hopes of a numerous race were raised, those doors, that proudly shone with barbaric gold, and spoils of conquered nations, were

1 Pyrrhus, also called Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles and Deidamia, daughter of king Lycomedes. His cruelty exceeded even that of his father.
levelled with the ground; where the flames relent, the Greeks take place.

Perhaps, too, you are curious to hear what was Priam's particular fate. As soon as he beheld the catastrophe of the taken city, and his palace gates broken down, and the enemy planted in the middle of his private apartments, the aged monarch, with unavailing aim, buckles on his shoulders (trembling with years) arms long disused, girds himself with his useless sword, and rushes into the thickest ranks of the foes, resolute on death. In the centre of the court, and under the naked canopy of heaven, stood a large altar, and an aged laurel near it, overhanging the altar, and encircling the household-gods with its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters (like pigeons flying precipitantly from a blackening tempest) crowded together, and embracing the shrines of the gods, sat round the altars, hoping for protection in vain. But as soon as she saw Priam clad in youthful arms, My most unhappy lord, she cries, what dire purpose has prompted thee to brace on these arms? or whither are you hurrying? the present conjuncture hath no need of such feeble aid, nor hands like these in our defence: though even my Hector himself were here, it would not avail. Hither repair, now that all hope is lost: this altar will protect us all; or here you and we shall die together. Having thus said, she took her aged lord to her embraces, and placed him on the sacred seat. But, lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, who had escaped from the sword of Pyrrhus, through darts, through foes, shoots along the long galleries, and, bleeding in his wounds, traverses the waste halls. Pyrrhus, all on fire, pursues him with the hostile weapon, is just grasping him with his hand, and presses on him with the spear. Soon as he at length got into the sight and presence of his parents, he dropped down, and poured out his life with a stream of blood. Upon this, Priam, though environed with death, yet did not forbear, nor had command of his tongue and passion: but, May the gods, he cries, if there be any justice in heaven to regard such events, give ample retribution and due reward for this wickedness, for these audacious crimes, to thee who hast made me witness the death of my own son, and defiled a father's eyes with beholding filial blood; yet he from whom you falsely claim your birth, even Achilles, was not thus barbarous to Priam, although he was his enemy; but paid some regard to the laws of nations and a suppliant's right, restored my Hector's lifeless corpse to be buried, and sent me back into my kingdom. Thus spoke the aged monarch, and without any force, threw a feeble dart: which was in-
stantly repelled by the hoarse resounding brass, and hung on the highest boss of the buckler without any execution. To whom Pyrrhus replies, These tidings then yourself shall bear, and go with the message to my father: forget not to inform him of my cruel deeds, and of his degenerate son Neoptolemus: now die. With these words he dragged him up to the very altar, trembling and sliding in a plash of his son’s blood: and with his left-hand grasped his twist- ed hair, and with his right unsheathed his glittering sword, and plunged it into his side up to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam’s fate: this was the final doom allotted to him, having before his eyes Troy consumed, and its towers laid in ruins; once the proud monarch of Asia, who reigned over so many nations and countries: now he lies a trunk at large extended on the shore, a head torn from the shoulders, and a nameless corpse. Then, and not till then, fierce horror assailed me round: I stood aghast; the image of my dear father arose to my mind, when I saw the king, of equal age, breathing out his soul by a cruel wound: Creusa, forsaken, came into my mind, my rilled house, and the fate of tender Iulus. I look about and survey what troops were to stand by me. All had left me through despair, and either flung their fainting bodies to the ground, or gave them to the flames. And thus now I remained all alone, when I espied Helen keeping watch in the temple of Vesta, and silently lurking in a secret corner: the bright flames gave me light as I am roving on, and throwing my eyes around on every object. She, the common fury of Troy and her country, dreading the Trojans, her deadly foes upon account of their ruined country, and the vengeance due to her from the Greeks, together with the fierce resentment of her deserted lord, had hidden herself, and was sitting near the altars, an odious sight. Flames were kindled in my soul: I burned with rage to avenge my falling country, and take satisfaction on her guilty head. Shall she then with impunity again behold Sparta and her country Mycenae, and go off in the pride of a queen, after she has gained her triumph? shall she again see her marriage-bed, her home, her fathers, her sons, accompanied with a retinue of Trojan dames and Phrygian women her slaves? shall Priam bleed, shall Troy be consumed, shall the Trojan shore so often be drenched in blood, and yet she go unpunished? It must not be: for though there be no merit in punishing a woman, nor any honour in such a victory; yet shall I be applauded for having extinguished

1 Creusa, daughter of Priam, and the wife of Æneas, who was lost in the streets of Troy, when Æneas made his escape with his father Anchises, and his son Ascanius.
a wicked incendiary, and for inflicting on her the punish-
ment she deserves; besides, it will be a pleasure to gratify
my desire of burning revenge, and to give satisfaction to
the manes of my friends. Thus was I expostulating, and
furiously agitated in my soul, when my kind parent pre-
rented herself to my view with such brightness as I had
never seen before, and amidst the darkness of the night
shone forth in pure light, displaying all the goddess, with
such dignity, such grandeur and majesty, as she shows to
the immortals: she restrained me fast held by the right-
hand, and besides let fall these words from her rosy lips:
My son, what high provocation kindles your ungodly
rage? why are you so transported? or whither are all thy
regards to me now fled? Will you not first see in what
situation you have left your father Anchises, encumbered
with age? whether your spouse Creusa be still in life, and
the boy Ascanius, around whom the Grecian troops from
every quarter reel? and, had not my guardian power oppo-
sed, the flames had already carried off, or the cruel sword
imbibed their blood. Not Lacedaemonian Helen, thus odious
in your eyes, nor Paris so often blamed; but the gods, the
unrelenting gods, overthrow this powerful realm, and level
the towering tops of Troy with the ground. Turn your
eyes; for I will dissipate every cloud which now, intercept-
ing the view, bedims your mortal sight, and spreads a humid
veil of mist around you: fear not you the commands of a
parent, nor refuse to obey her orders. Here, where you
see those heaps of ruins, and piles from piles of building
torn, and smoke in waves ascending with mingled dust,
Neptune shakes the walls and foundations loosened by his
mighty trident, and overturns the whole city from its seem-
ingly-firm basis. Here Juno, extremely fierce, is posted in
the front to guard the 1 Scæan gate, and, clad in martial
array, with furious summons calls from the ships her social
band. See where Tritonian Pallas hath now placed her-
self on that lofty turret, refulgent with her heavenly cloud,
and with her 2 Gorgon terrible. Father Jove himself sup-
plies them with courage and strength for victory: himself
stirs up the gods against the arms of Troy. Speed thy
flight, my son, and put a period to thy toils. In every
danger I will stand by you, and safe set you down in your

1 Scæan gate, one of the gates of
Troy, where the tomb of Laomedon
was seen.
2 Gorgon; Medusa, whose head Per-
seus cut off and presented to Minerva,
who placed it on her aegis, with which
she turned into stone all such as fixed
their eyes upon it. The Gorgons
were the three daughters of Phorcys
and Ceto; their hair, according to the
ancients, was entwined with serpents.
Medusa was the only one of them who
was subject to mortality.
father's palace. She said, and sunk out of sight into the thick shades of night. Now direful forms appear, and the great gods, adverse to Troy, in their awful majesty. Then, indeed, all Ilium seemed at once to sink in the flames, and Troy, built by Neptune, to be overturned from his lowest foundation; even as, when with emulous keenness the swains labour to fell an ash that long hath stood on a high mountain, hewing it about with iron tools and many an axe, ever and anon it threatens a fall, and waving its locks, nods with its convulsed top, till gradually, by wounds subdued, it hath groaned its last, and, torn from the ridge of the mountain, draws along with it ruin and desolation. Down I come, and under the conduct of the god, clear my way amidst flames and foes: the darts give place, and the flames retire. But now, when arrived at the gates of my paternal seat and ancient mansion-house, my father, whom I was desirous first to remove to the high mountains, and whom I first sought, obstinately refuses to survive the ruins of Troy, and to suffer exile. You, says he, who are full of youthful blood, and whose powers remain firm in all their strength, do you attempt your flight. As for me, had the powers of heaven designed I should prolong my life, they had preserved to me this mansion: enough it is, and more than enough, that I have seen one catastrophe of Troy, and outlived the taking of this city. Thus, oh leave me thus with the last farewell to my body laid in its dying posture. With this hand will I find death myself; or the enemy will pity me, and give it, and lust for my spoils. The rites of sepulture I can easily forego. I have lingered out a length of years, hated by the gods, and useless to the world, from the time when the father of gods, and sovereign of men, blasted me with the winds of his thunder, and struck me with lightning.

Such purpose declaring, he persisted, and remained unalterable. On the other hand, I, my wife Creiusa, Ascanius, and the whole family, bursting forth into tears, besought my father not to involve all with himself in ruin, nor hasten our impending fate. He still is obstinate, and perseveres in his purpose, and in the same settled resolution. Thus once more I fly to my arms, and, in extremity of distress, long for death: for what other expedient had I left, or what prospect now of retrieving my condition? Could you hope, my dearest sire, that I could stir one foot while you remained behind? could such impiety drop from a parent's lips? If it is the will of the gods that nothing of this great city be preserved; if this be your settled purpose, and you will even involve yourself and yours in the
wreck of Troy; the way lies open to that death of which you are fond. Forthwith Pyrrhus, reeking from the effusion of Priam's blood, will be here, who kills the son before the father's eyes, and then the father himself at his own altar. Was it for this, my indulgent mother, you saved me through darts, through flames, to see the enemy in the midst of these recesses, and to see Ascanius, my father, and Creüsa by his side, butchered in one another's blood? Arms, my men, bring arms; this day, which is our last, calls us to exert ourselves, vanquished as we are. Give me back to the Greeks: let me visit once more the fight renewed: never shall we all die unrevenge this day.

Thus I again gird on my sword: and I thrust my left-hand into my buckler, bracing it fitly on, and rushed out of the palace. But, lo! my wife clung to me in the threshold, grasping my feet, and held out to his father the tender boy Iulus: If, says she, you go with a resolution to perish, snatch us with you to share all your fortune: but if, from experience, you repose any confidence in those arms you have assumed, let this house have your first protection: to whom are you abandoning the tender Iulus, your aged sire, and me once called your wife? Thus loudly expostulating, she filled the whole palace with her groans, when a sudden and wondrous prodigy rises to my sight: for while the boy is in the arms and embraces of his mourning parents, lo, the fluttering tuft from the top of Iulus' head is seen to emit a stream of light, and with gentle touch the lambent flame glides harmless along his hair, and feeds around his temples. We, quaking for fear, hasten to his relief, brush the blazing locks, and quench the holy fire with fountain-water. But my father Anchises joyful raised his eyes to the stars, and stretched his hands to heaven with his voice: Almighty Jove, if thou art moved with any supplications, vouchsafe but to regard us; we ask no more; and, O heavenly father, if by our piety we deserve it, grant us then thy aid, and ratify these omens. Searcely had my aged sire thus said, when, with a sudden peal, it thundered on the left, and a star, that fell from the skies, drawing a fiery train, shot through the shades with a profusion of light. We could see it, gliding over the high tops of the palace, lose itself in the woods of mount Ida, full in our view, and marking out our way: then all along its course an indented path shines, and all the space, a great way round, smokes with sulphu-

1 Anchises, the son of Capys, by Themis, daughter of Ius. His son Æneas saved his life by carrying him on his shoulders through the flames, when Troy was on fire.
rous steams. And now my father, forced to give way, raises himself to heaven, addresses the gods, and pays adoration to the holy star: Now, now in me is no delay: I am all submission, and where you lead the way I am with you. Ye gods of my fathers, save our family, save my grandson. From you this omen came, and Troy is at your divine disposal. Now, son, I resign myself indeed, nor refuse to accompany you in your expedition. He said, and now throughout the city the crackling flames are more distinctly heard, and the conflagration rolls the torrents of fire nearer to us. Come then, dearest father, place yourself on my neck; with these shoulders will I support you, nor shall that burthen oppress me. However things fall out, we both shall share either one common danger or one preservation: let the boy Ílius be my companion, and my wife may trace my steps at some distance. Ye servants, heedfully attend to what I say. In your way from the city is a rising ground, upon which is an ancient temple of Ceres, now neglected: and near it is an aged cypress-tree, preserved for many years by the religious veneration of our forefathers. To this one seat by several ways we will repair. Do you, father, take in thy hand the sacred symbols, and the gods of our country. For me, just come from war, from so fierce and recent bloodshed, to touch them would be profanation, till I have purified myself in the living stream. This said, I spread a garment and a tawny lion’s hide over my broad shoulders and submissive neck; and stoop to the burthen: the tender boy is linked in my right-hand, and trips after his father with unequal steps: my spouse comes up behind. We haste away through the gloomy paths: and I, whom lately not showers of darts could move, nor Greeks enclosing me in a hostile band, am now terrified with every breath of wind; every sound alarms me anxious, and equally in dread for my companion and my dear load. By this time I approached the gates, and thought I had overpassed all the danger of the way; when suddenly a thick sound of trampling feet seem to invade my ears just at hand; and my father, stretching his eyes through the gloom, calls aloud, Fly, fly, my son, they are upon you: I see their burnished shields and glittering helms of brass. Here, in my hurry and consternation, some unfriendly deity or other confounded and bereaved me of my reason: for while in my journey I trace the by-paths, and forsake the known beaten tracks, I was so unfortunate, alas! as to lose my wife Creúsa; whether she was snatched from me by cruel fate, or lost her way, or through fatigue stopped short, is uncertain; nor did these
eyes ever see her more. Nor did I observe that she was lost, or reflect with myself, till we were come to the rising ground, and the sacred seat of ancient Ceres: here, at length, when all were convened, she alone was wanting, and gave sad disappointment to all our retinue, especially to her son and husband. Frantic with grief, whom did I not accuse of gods or men? or of what more cruel and affecting scene was I spectator in all the desolation of Troy? To my friends I recommend Ascanius, my father Anchises, with the gods of Troy, and lodge them secretly in a winding valley. I myself repair back to the city, and brace on my shining armour. I am resolved to renew every adventure, revisit all the quarters of the town, and expose my life once more to all dangers. First of all, I return to the walls, and the dark entry of the gate by which I had set out, and backward unravel all my former steps with care amidst the darkness, and run them over with my eye. Horror stalks around; at the same time the very silence of the night affrights my soul. Thence homeward I bent my way, to see, if by chance, by any chance, she had moved thither: the Greeks had now rushed in, and were masters of the whole house. In a moment the devouring conflagration is rolled up in sheets by the wind to the lofty roof; the flames soon mount above; the fiery whirlwind rages to the skies. I advance to Priam's royal seat, and revisit the citadel. And now in the desolate cloisters, Juno's sanctuary, Phenix and the execrable Ulysses, a chosen guard, were watching the booty: hither, from all quarters, the precious Trojan moveables, saved from the conflagration of the temples, the tables of the gods, the massy golden goblets, and plundered vestments, are amassed: captive boys, and timorous matrons, stand all around in a long train. Now adventuring even to dart my voice through the shades, I filled the streets with outcry, and in the anguish of my soul, with vain repetition, again and again invoked Creüsa. While I was in this fruitless search, and with incessant fury ranging through all quarters of the town, the mournful ghost and shade of my Creüsa's self appeared before my eyes, her figure larger than the life. I stood aghast! my hair rose on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. Then thus she bespeaks me, and relieves my cares with these words! My darling spouse, what pleasure have you thus to indulge a grief which is but madness? These events do not occur without the will of the gods. It is not expedient, that you carry Creüsa hence to accompany you, nor is it permitted by the great ruler of heaven supreme. In long banishment you must roam, and plough the vast expanse of the ocean: to the land of Hesperia you
shall come at length, where the Lydian Tiber, with his gentle current, glides through a rich land of heroes. There prosperous days, a crown, and royal spouse, await you: dry up your tears for your beloved Creusa, who is now happy, and at rest. I, of Dardanus’ noble line, and the daughter-in-law of divine Venus, shall not be cursed to see the proud seats of the Myrmidons and Dolopes, nor go to serve the Grecian dames; but the great mother of the gods detains me in her service upon these coasts. Now, farewell, and preserve your affection to our common son.

With these words she left me in tears, ready to say a thousand things, and vanished into thin air. There thrice I attempted to throw my arms around her neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped my hold, swift as the winged winds, and resembling most a fleeting dream. Thus having spent the night, I at length revisit my associates. And here, to my surprise, I found a great confluence of new companions: matrons and men, and youths, drawn together to share our exile, a piteous throng! From all hands they convened, resolute to follow me with their souls and fortunes, into whatever country I was inclined to conduct them over sea. By this time, the bright morning-star was rising on the craggy tops of lofty Ida, and ushered in the day: the Greeks held the entrance of the gates blocked up; nor had we any prospect of relief. I gave way to fate, and, bearing up my father, made towards the mountain.

BOOK III.

In the Third Book, Æneas continues his narration, by a minute account of his voyage, the places he visited, and the perils he encountered, from the time of leaving the shores of Troas, until he landed at Drepanum, in Sicily, where he buried his father.—This Book, which comprehends a period of about seven years, ends with the dreadful storm, with the description of which the First Book opened.

After it had seemed expedient to the gods to overthrow the power of Asia, and Priam’s race, not for any fault of theirs, and stately Ilion fell, and while Troy, built by Neptune, smokes in ruin; we are determined, by revelations from the gods, to go in quest of distant retreats in exile, and unpeopled lands; we fit out a fleet just under the walls of Antandros and the mountains of Phrygian Ida; and draw our forces together, not knowing whether the fates

1 Lydian Tiber; the epithet is applied to the Tiber, because it passes along the borders of Etruria, whose inhabitants were once a Lydian colony.
2 Antandros, a city of Troas, in the Gulf of Adramyttium.
point our way, where it shall be given us to settle. Scarcely had the first summer begun, when my father Anchises gave command to hoist the sails, in pursuance of heaven's decree. Then with sorrow I leave the shores and ports of my native country, and the plains where Troy once stood: an exile forlorn I launch into the deep, with my associates, my son, my household-gods, and the great gods of my country.

At a distance lies a martial land, well peopled throughout its wide-extended plains, (the Thracians cultivate the soil,) over which in former times fierce Lycurgus reigned: an ancient hospitable retreat for Troy, and whose gods were leagued with ours, while fortune was with us. Hither I am carried, and erect my first walls along the winding shore, entering on that enterprise with fates unkind; and from my own name I call the citizens Æneas. I was performing sacred rites to my mother Venus, and the gods, the patrons of my works begun; and to the exalted king of the immortals I was sacrificing a shining bull on the shore. Near the place where I landed, there chanced to be a rising ground, on whose top young cornel-trees shot up their tender twigs, and a myrtle rough and overgrown with thick spear-like branches. I came up to it, and attempting to tear from the earth the verdant wood, to cover the altars with the leafy boughs, I observe a dreadful prodigy, and wondrous to relate. For from that tree which first is torn from the soil, its rooted fibres being burst asunder, drops of black blood distil, and stain the ground with gore: shivering horror shakes my limbs, and my chill blood is congealed with fear. I again essay to tear off a limber bough from another, and thoroughly explore the latent cause: and from the rind of that other the purple blood descends. Raising in my mind many an anxious thought, I with reverence besought the rural nympha, and father Mars, who presides over the Thracian territories, to second the vision in due form, and give a favourable turn to the omen. But when I attempted the boughs a third time with a more vigorous effort, and on my knees struggled against the opposing mould, (shall I speak, or shall I forbear?) a piteous groan was heard from the bottom of the rising ground, and a voice sent forth reached my ears: Æneas, why dost thou tear an unhappy wretch? spare me, now that I am in my grave; forbear to pollute with guilt thy pious hands: Troy brought me forth no stranger to you: nor is it from the dead trunk this blood distils. Ah,

1 Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, son of Dryas, who, it is said, drove Bacchus out of his kingdom.
fly this barbarous land, fly the avaricious shore! For the unhappy Polydorus am I: here an iron crop of darts hath overwhelmed me, transfixed, and over me shot up in pointed javelins. Then, indeed, inwardly depressed with perplexing fear, I was stunned; my hair stood on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. This Polydorus unhappy Priam had formerly sent in secrecy with large sums of money to be brought up by the king of Thrace, when he began to distrust the arms of Troy, and saw the city with close siege blocked up. He, (the king of Thrace,) as soon as the independence and power of the Trojans were crushed, and their fortune gone, espousing Agamemnon's interest and victorious arms, breaks every sacred bond, assassinates Polydorus, and by violence possesses his money. Cursed avarice, on what desperate wickedness thy influence drives the minds of men! After my quaking fear was gone, I report the portentous signs of the gods to our chosen leaders, and chiefly to my father, and demand what their resolution is. All are unanimous to quit that accursed land, abandon the polluted society, and spread the sails to the winds. Therefore we set about the renewal of funeral ceremonies to Polydorus, and raise a large mound of earth for the tomb: an altar is reared to his manes, mournfully decked with leaden-coloured wreaths, and black baleful cypress; and round it the Trojan matrons stand with hair dishevelled according to custom. We next offer the sacrifices of the dead, bowls foaming with warm milk, and goblets of the sacred blood of the victim: thus we give the soul repose in the grave, and with loud voice address to him the last farewell.

This done, when first we durst confide in the main, when the favouring winds indulge us with peaceful seas, and the south-wind in soft whispering gales invites us to the deep, my mates launch the ships and crowd the shore. We are wafted from the port, and the land and cities in prospect retreat.

Amidst the sea there lies a charming spot of land, sacred to Doris (the mother of the Nereids) and Ægean Neptune; which once unfixed, and floating about the coasts and shores, the pious god who wields the bow fast bound with high Gyaros and Mycone, and fixed it so as to be habitable, and mock the insulting winds. Hither I am led: this most peaceful island receives us to a safe port after our

1 Polydorus, the youngest son of Priam and Hecuba, was assassinated by Polymnestor king of Thrace, who had been entrusted with the care of the young prince.
2 Gyaros and Mycone, two of the island's called Cyclades, in the Ægean sea.
fatigue. At our first landing we pay veneration to the city of Apollo. King 'Anius, who was both king of men and priest of Phoebus, his temples bound with fillets and sacred laurel, comes up, and presently recollects his old friend Anchises. We join right-hands in amity, and come under his hospitable roof. I venerated the temple of the god, a structure of ancient stone, and thus began: Thymbrean Apollo, grant us, after all our toils, some fixed mansion; grant us walls of defence, a happy offspring, and permanent city: preserve those other towers of Troy, a remnant escaped from the Greeks and merciless Achilles. Whom are we to follow; or whither dost thou command us to go? where to fix our residence? Holy father, grant us a prophetic sign, and glide into our minds. Scarcely had I thus said, when suddenly all seemed to tremble, both the temple itself, and laurel of the god; the whole mountain quaked around, and the sanctuary being exposed to view, the place of the oracle groaned. In humble reverence we fall to the ground, and a voice reaches our ears: Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the same land which first produced you from your forefathers' stock, shall receive you in its fertile bosom after all your dangers: search out your ancient mother. There the family of Aeneas shall rule over every coast, and his children's children, and who from them shall spring.

Thus Phoebus spoke. Emotions of great joy, with mingled tumult, arose; and all were anxious to know what city is designed; whither Phoebus calls a wandering crew, and wills them to return. Then my father, revolving the historical records of the ancients, says, Ye Trojan leaders, give ear, and learn what you have to hope for. In the middle of the sea lies Crete, the island of mighty Jupiter, where is mount Ida, and where also is the nursery of our race. The Cretans inhabit a hundred mighty cities, all most fertile realms: whence our renowned ancestor Teucrus, if I rightly remember the tradition, first arrived on the Rhoetean coasts, and there chose the seat of his kingdom. No Ilium then nor towers of Pergamus were raised; in humble vales they dwelt. Hence came mother Cybele, the patroness of the earth, and the brazen cymbals of Corybantes, and the Idaean grove; hence that faithful secrecy

1 Anius, the son of Apollo and Rhea, was king of Delos, and father of Andrus.
2 Rhoetean coasts; Trojan coasts, from Rhoeateum, a promontory of Troas, on the Hellespont, near which the body of Ajax was buried.
3 Pergamus, the citadel of Troy, often used for Troy itself.
4 Corybantes, the priests of Cybele. See note 1. Georgics, Book IV. page 75.
observed in: her sacred rites, and hence the custom of yoking harnessed lions in the chariot of the imperial goddess. Come then, and, where the commands of the gods point out our way, let us follow; let us appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian realms. Nor lie they at the distance of a long voyage: provided Jove be with us, the third day will land our fleet on the Cretan coast.

This said, he offered the proper sacrifices on the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, O graceful Apollo; a black sheep to the wintry power, and a white one to the propitious Zephyrs. A report flies abroad, that 1Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, banished by his subjects, hath quitting his paternal kingdom, and that the shore of Crete is now naked of defence; that its mansions are free from the enemy, and forsaken palaces stand open to receive us. We leave the port of *Ortygia, and scud along the sea: we cruise along Naxos, (on whose mountains the Bacchanals revel,) green 3Donysa, Olearos, snowy Paros, and the Cyclades scattered up and down the main, and narrow seas thick-sown with clustered islands. With various emulation the seamen's shouts arise. The crew thus animate one another, For Crete and our ancestors let us speed our course. We sail full before the wind, and at length skim along to the ancient seats of the Curetes. Therefore, with eagerness, I raise the walls of the so-much-wished-for city, and call it the city of Pergamus; and I exhort my new colony, pleased with the name, to keep much at home, and erect turrets of defence on their roofs. And now the ships were mostly laid up on the dry beach: the youth had performed sacrifice for success on their nuptials and new settlements; I was beginning to dispense laws, and appropriate houses; when suddenly, from the infection of the climate, a wasting and lamentable plague seized our limbs; the trees, and corn; and the year was pregnant with death. My friends left their sweet lives, or dragged along their sickly bodies: at the same time the raging dog-star burned up the barren fields: the herbs were parched, and the unwholesome grain denied us sustenance. My father advises, that, measuring back the sea, we again apply to the oracle of Ortygia, and Apollo, and implore his grace, to know when he will bring

1 Idomeneus, king of Crete, the son of Deucalion. Having left Crete after his return from the Trojan war, he came to Italy, and founded the city of Salentum on the coast of Calabria.

2 Ortygia, an ancient name of the island of Delos, where was a famous temple and oracle of Apollo —Naxos, a celebrated island of the Ægean sea, the largest and most fertile of all the Cyclades.

3 Donysa, one of the Cyclades, famed for producing green marble, as Paros was for white marble.—Olearos, (Antiparos,) one of the Cyclades, south-west of Paros.—Cyclades, islands in the Ægean sea, about fifty in number, encircling Delos.
our toils and wanderings to a period; whence he will bid us attempt a redress of our calamities, or whither turn our course.

It was night, and sleep reigned over all the animal world. The sacred images of the gods, and the tutelar deities of my country, whom I had brought with me from Troy, and the midst of the flames, were seen to stand before my eyes as I lay awake, conspicuous by a glare of light, where the full moon darted her beams through the intervening windows. Then they thus addressed me, and dispelled my cares with these words: What Apollo would announce to you, were you wafted to Ortygia, he here reveals, and, lo! unmasked, he sends us to your dwelling. We, after Troy was consumed, followed thee and the fortune of thy arms; under thy conduct we have crossed the swelling sea in ships: we too will exalt thy future race to heaven, and crown thy city with imperial power. Do thou prepare walls mighty for the mighty inhabitants, and shrink not from the long labours of thy wandering voyage. You must change your place of residence; these are not the shores that Delian Apollo advises you to pursue; nor was it in Crete he commanded you to settle. There is a place, (the Greeks call it Hesperia by name,) a country of ancient renown, powerful by its arms, and the fertility of the soil; Ænótrians peopled it once: now there is a report, that their descendants have called the nation Italy, from the founder's name. These are our peculiar settlements: hence Dardanus sprang, and father 1 Iasius, from which prince our race is derived. Haste, then, arise, and with joy report to thy aged sire these intimations of unquestionable credibil- ity; search out the city 2 Coritus, and the Ausonian lands; Jupiter forbids your settlement in the Cretan territories.

Astonished by this vision and declaration of the gods, (nor was it a mere illusion in sleep, but methought I clearly discerned their aspect before me, their filleted hair, and their forms full in my view; and then a cold sweat flowed over my whole body;) I hurry myself out of bed, and lift up my hands supine to heaven with my voice, and pour baled offerings on the fires. Having finished the sacrifice, with joy I certify Anchises, and disclose the fact to him in order. He owned the ambiguous offspring, and the double founders of the Trojan race, and that he had been deceived by the modern equivocal names given to ancient

1 Iasius, a son of Jupiter and Elec- tra, and brother to Dardanus; he was one of the Atlantides, and reigned over part of Arcadia.

2 Coritus, (Cortona,) a town and mountain of Etruria, so called from Coritus, a king of Etruria, father to Iasius.
countries; then he thus bespeaks me: O my son, tried
and exercised in woe by the fates of Troy, Cassandra alone
predicted to me that such was to be our fortune. Now I
recollect that she foretold this should be the destiny of our
race, and that she often spoke of Hesperia, often of the
realms of Italy; but who could believe that the Trojans
were to come to the Hesperian shore? or whom then did
the prophetic Cassandra move? But now let us resign
ourselves to Phœbus, and, since we are better advised, let
us follow the gods. He said; and exulting we all obey his
orders. This realm we likewise quit, and, leaving a few
behind, unfurl our sails, and bound over the spacious sea
in our hollow vessels.

When the ships were fully in the deep, and now not any
land is longer in view, only sky and ocean all around:
then a blackening cloud stood over my head, bringing on
night and a wintry storm; the waves put on the horrors of
darkness; the winds overturn the sea, and swelling surges
rise: we are tossed to and fro on the expanded face of the
deep: clouds wrapped up the day, and humid night snatch-
ed the heavens from our view: from the bursting clouds
flashes of lightning redouble. We are driven from our
course, and reel along the dusky waves. 1 Palinurus him-
self owns he is unable to distinguish day from night by the
sky, and that he has forgotten his course in the mid sea.
Thus for three days, that could hardly be distinguished from
night by reason of dark clouds, and as many starless nights,
we wander up and down the ocean. At length, on the fourth
day, land was first seen to rise, the mountains from afar
open to our view, and roll up their smoke: the sails subside,
we ply the labouring oars; instantly the seamen with ex-
erted vigour toss up the foam, and sweep the azure deep.

The shores of the 2 Strophades first receive me rescued
from the waves. The Strophades, so called by a Greek
name, are islands situated in the great Ionian sea; which
direful 3 Celæno and the other Harpies inhabit, from what
time they were expelled Phineus’ palace, and frighted from
his table, which they formerly haunted. No monster more
fell than they, no plague and scourge of the gods more

1 Palinurus, a skilful pilot of the
ship of Æneas. He fell overboard
while asleep, and after being three
days exposed to the tempests, he
reached the shore near Velia, a town
of Lucania, when he was murdered
by the inhabitants. A promontory,
on which a monument was raised to
him, received the name of Palinurus.

2 Strophades, (Stamphane,) two
small islands in the Ionian sea, south
of the island of Zacynthos, (Zante.)

3 Celæno, one of the Harpies; these
were fabulous monsters, with wings,
three in number, daughters of Nep-
tune and Terra. They were sent by
Juno to plunder the tables of Phineus,
king of Thrace, whence they were
driven to the Strophades, where Æneas
found them.
cruel, ever issued from the Stygian waves. They are fowls with virgin-faces, have a most loathsome bodily discharge, hands hooked, and looks ever pale with famine. Hither conveyed, as soon as we entered the port, lo, we observe joyous herds of cattle roving up and down the plains, and flocks of goats along the meadows without a keeper. We rush upon them with our swords, and invoke the gods and Jove himself to share the booty. Then along the winding shore we raise the banqueting-couches, and feast on the rich repast. But suddenly, with dreadful daring motion, the Harpies are upon us from the mountains, shake their wings with loud rustling din, pry upon our banquet, and defile every thing with their impure touch; at the same time, together with a rank, noisome smell, they emit hideous screams. Again, we spread our tables in a long recess, under a shelving rock, enclosed around with trees and gloomy shade; and once more we plant fire on the altar. Again the noisy rout shooting from a different quarter of the sky, and obscure retreats, flutter around the prey with hooked claws, and taint our viands with their mouths. Then I enjoin my companions to take arms, and wage war with the accursed brood. My orders they punctually obey, dispose their swords secretly among the grass, and conceal their shields out of sight. Therefore, as soon as darting down they raised their screaming voices along the bending shores, 1 Misenus with his hollow trumpet of brass gives the signal from a lofty watch-tower: my friends set upon them, and engage in a new kind of fight, to employ the sword in destroying obscene sea-fowls. But they neither receive any impression on their plumes, nor wounds in the body; and, mounting up in the air with rapid flight, leave behind them their prey half-consumed, and the ugly prints of their feet. Celæno alone took her seat on the brow of a high rock, a prophetess of plagues, and from her heaving breast burst forth these words: War too, ye sons of Laomedon, is it your purpose to make war upon us as a compensation for our oxen which you have slain and fed upon, for the havoc you have made upon our bullocks, and do you intend to banish the innocent Harpies from their hereditary kingdom? Lend then an ear, and in your minds fix these my words: what almighty father Jove revealed to Phæbus, Phæbus Apollo to me, I the chief of the Furies disclose to you. To Italy you steer your course, and Italy you shall reach after repeated invocations to the thwarting winds,

1 Misenus was a son of Λούς, and the trumpeter of Ηεκτ, after whose death he followed Αινες to Italy, and was drowned on the coast of Campania, because he had challenged one of the Tritons.
and you shall be permitted at length to enter the port: but you shall not surround the given city with walls, till cruel famine and disaster, for shedding our blood, compel you first to gnaw and eat up your trenchers with greedy jaws.

She said, and on her wings upborne flew into the wood. As for our crew, their blood, chilled with sudden fear, stagnated in their veins; their minds were quite dejected: and now they are no longer for having recourse to arms, but urge me to solicit peace by vows and prayers, whether they be goddesses, or cursed and inauspicious birds. My father Anchises, with hands spread forth from the shore, invokes the great gods, and enjoins due honours to be paid to them: Ye gods, ward off the effect of your threatenings; ye gods, avert so grievous a calamity; and propitious save your pious votaries. Then he orders to tear the ropes from the shore, loose and disengage the cables. The south-winds stretch our bellying sails: we fly over the foaming waves, where the wind and pilots urged our course. Now amidst the waves appear woody Zacynthos, Dulichium, Same, and Neritos with its steep rocks. We shun the cliffs of Ithaca, Laertes' realms, and curse the land that bred the inhuman Ulysses. Soon after this the cloudy tops of mount Leucatè, and the temple of Apollo, the dread of seamen, opens to our eye. Hither we steer our course oppressed with toil, and approach the little city. The anchor is thrown out from the prow: the ships are ranged on the shore. Thus at length possessed of wished-for land, we are purified for offering sacrifice to Jupiter, and kindle fires on the altars in order to perform our vows, and signalize the promontory of Actium by celebrating the Trojan games. Our crew, having their naked limbs besmeared with slippery oil, exercise the wrestling-matches of their country: we reflect with pleasure on having escaped so many Grecian cities, and pursued our voyage without interruption through the midst of our enemies.

Meanwhile the sun finishes the revolution of the great year, and frosty winter exasperates the waves with the north-winds. On the front door-posts of the temple I set up a buckler of hollow brass, which mighty Abas wore,

1 Zacynthos, &c. These are islands in the Ionian sea, on the western coast of Greece. Zacynthos is now called Zante; Dulichium was part of the kingdom of Ulysses; Same, now called Cephalonia, the inhabitants of which went with Ulysses to the Trojan war. Neritos, a mountain in the island of Ithaca, often applied to the whole island.
2 Ithaca, an island in the Ionian sea, where Ulysses reigned.—Leucate, (C. Ducato,) a high promontory of Leucadia, (St. Maura,) an island in the Ionian sea, where was a famous temple of Apollo.
3 Actium, (Azio,) a town, and (C. Figalo) a promontory of Epirus, celebrated for the naval victory of Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra, B. C. 31.
and notify the action by this verse: These arms Æneas
won from the victorious Greeks. Then I ordered our crew
to leave the port, and take their seats on the benches. They
with emulous ardour lash the sea, and sweep the waves. In
an instant we lose sight of the airy towers of the Phæacians,
cruise along the coasts of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian
port, and ascend the lofty city of 1 Buthrotus. Here a re-
port of facts scarce credible invades our ears, that 2 Helenus,
Priam’s son, was reigning over Grecian cities, possessed
of the spouse and sceptre of Pyrrhus the grandchild of Æacus,
and that Andromache had again fallen to a lord of her own
country. I was amazed, and my bosom glowed with strange
desire to greet the hero, and learn the history of so signal
revolutions of fortune. I set forward from the port, leaving
the fleet and shore. Andromache, as it chanced, was
then offering to Hector’s ashes her anniversary feast and
mournful oblations before the city in a grove, near the
stream of the fictitious Simois, and invoked the manes at
Hector’s tomb, an empty tomb which she had consecrated
of green turf, and two altars, incentives to her grief. As
soon as she saw me coming up, and to her amazement
beheld the Trojan arms around me, terrified with a prodigy
so great, she fainted away at the very sight; vital warmth
forsook her limbs: she sinks down, and at length, after a
long interval, thus with faltering accent speaks: Goddess-
born, do you present yourself to me a real substantial form,
a real messenger? Do you live? or, if from you the auspici-
cious light has fled, say where my Hector is? She said,
and shed a flood of tears, filling all the place with doleful
shrieks. While she is in this transport, I with difficulty
make even a brief reply, and in great perturbation open
my mouth in these few broken words: I am alive indeed,
and spin out life through all extremes. Entertain no doubt;
for all you see is real. Ah say what accidents of life have
overtaken you, since you were thrown down from the happy
possession of your illustrious lord? Or what fortune, some
way suited to your merit, hath visited you once more? Is
then Hector’s Andromache bound in wedlock to Pyrrhus?
Downward she cast her eyes, and thus in humble accents
spoke: O happy, singularly happy, the fate of Priam’s
virgin-daughter, who, compelled to die at the enemy’s tomb
under the lofty walls of Troy, suffered not in having any
lots cast for her, nor as a captive ever touched the bed of a

1 Buthrotus, (Butrinto,) a sea-port
town of Epirus, opposite Corfu.
2 Helenus, a celebrated soothsayer,
the only one of Priam’s sons who
survived the ruin of his country; he
was king of Chaonia when he received
Æneas on his way to Italy.
victorious lord! We, after the desolation of our country, being transported over various seas, have in thrallorn borne with a mother's thrones the insolence of Achilles' heir, and a haughty imperious youth; who afterwards, attaching himself to 1 Hermione the grand-daughter of Leda, and a Lacedemonian match, delivered me over a slave into the possession of Helenus, likewise a slave. But 2 Orestes, inflamed by the violence of love to his betrothed spouse now snatched from him, and hurried on by the furies of his crimes, surprises him in an unguarded hour, and assassinates him at his country's altar. By the death of Neoptolemus a part of his kingdom fell to Helenus; who denominated the plains Chaonian, and the whole country Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon his brother, and built on the mountains another Pergamus and this Trojan fort. But say what winds, what fates, have guided your course? or what god hath landed you on our coasts without your knowledge? What is become of the boy Ascanius? Lives he still, and breathes the vital air? whom, to your care, when Troy was——Has the boy now any concern for the loss of his mother? Is he incited, by the example of both his father Æneas and his uncle Hector, to ancient valour and manly courage?

Thus bathed in tears she spoke, and heaved long unavailing sobs; when the hero Helenus, Priam's son, advances from the city with a numerous retinue, knows his friends, with joy conducts them to his palace, and sheds tears in abundance between each word. I set forward, and survey the little Troy, the castle of Pergamus resembling the great original, and a scanty rivulet bearing the name of Xanthus; and I embrace the threshold of the Scæan gate. The Trojans too, at the same time enjoy the friendly city. The king entertained them in his spacious galleries. In the midst of the court they quaffed brimmers of wine, while the banquet was served in gold, and each stood with a goblet in his hand.

And now one day, and a second, passed on, when the gales invite our sails, and the canvass bellies by the swelling south-wind. Then in these words I accost the prophetic Helenus, and question him thus: Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, who knowest the divine will of Phoebus,

1 Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, was married to Pyrrhus, (Neoptolemus,) the son of Achilles, but having been previously promised to Orestes, Pyrrhus was assassinated when she became the wife of Orestes.

2 Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and the faithful friend of Pylades. Having slain his mother Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus, because they had murdered his father, Orestes was tormented by the Furies, and exiled himself to Argos, the throne of which he afterwards filled.
the mysteries of the tripods, the laurels of the 1 Clarian god; who knowest the science of the stars, the ominous sounds of birds, and the prognostics of every wing that swiftly flies, come then, declare (for hitherto the omens of religion have pronounced my whole voyage to be prosperous, and all the gods, by indications of their divine will, have directed me to go in pursuit of Italy, and attempt a settlement in lands remote: the Harpy Celaeno alone predicts a prodigy strange and horrible to relate, and denounces against us direful vengeance, and foul unnatural famine) what are the principal dangers I am to shun? or by the pursuit of what means may I surmount toils so great? Upon this Helenus first solicits the peace of the gods by sacrificing bullocks in due form, then unbinds the fillets of his consecrated head, and himself leads me by the hand to thy temple, O Phoebus, anxious with great awe of the god; then the priest, from his lips divine, delivers these predictions: Goddess-born, (for that you steer through the deep on some enterprise of great moment to me is unquestionably evident; so the sovereign of the gods dispenses his decree; thus he fixes the series of revolving events; such a scheme of things is hastening to the birth,) that you may with greater safety cross the seas to which you are a stranger, and settle at last in the Ausonian port, I will unfold to you a few particulars of many; for the 2 Destinies hinder you from knowing the rest, and Saturnian Juno forbids Helenus to reveal it. First of all, a long intricate voyage, with a length of lands, divides you from Italy, which you ignorantly deem already near, and whose ports you are preparing to enter, as if they were just at hand. You must both ply the bending oar in the Trinacrian wave, and visit with your fleet the plains of the Ausonian sea, the infernal lakes, and the isle of Æeian Circe, before it be in your power to build a city in a quiet, peaceful land. I will declare the signs to you: keep them treasured up in your mind. When, thoughtfully musing by the streams of the secret river, you shall find a large sow that has brought forth a litter of thirty young, reclining on the ground, under the holms that shade the banks of the river, white the dam, the offspring white around her dug; that shall be the station of the city; there is the period fixed to all thy labours. Nor be disturbed at the future event of eating your tables: the fates will find out an expedient,

1 Clarian god, a name of Apollo, from Claros, a city of Ionia, where he had a famous temple and oracle.

2 The Destinies, or Fates; deities who presided over the birth and the life of mankind. They were three in number, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Nox and Erebus, or, according to others, of Jupiter and Themis.
and Apollo invoked will befriend you. But shun those
coasts, and those nearest limits of the Italian shore, which
are washed by the tide of our sea: all those cities are in-
habited by the mischievous Greeks. Here the Narycian
Locrians have raised their walls, and Cretan Idomeneus
with his troops has possessed the plains of Salentum: here
stands that little city Petilia defended by the walls of 1Phi-
loctetes the Meliboean chief. Remember also (when your
fleets, having crossed the seas, shall come to a station, and
you shall pay your vows at the altar raised on the shore)
to cover your head, muffling yourself up in a purple veil,
est the face of an enemy, amidst the sacred fires in honour
of the gods, appear, and disturb the omens. This custom,
in sacrifice, let your friends, this yourself, observe: to this
religious institution, let your pious descendants adhere.
But when, after setting out, the wind shall waft you to the
Sicilian coast, and the straits of narrow 2Pelorus shall open
wider to the eye, veer to the land on the left, and to the
sea on the left, by a long circuit; fly the right both sea and
shore. These lands, they say, once with violence and vast
desolation convulsed, (such revolutions a long course of
time is able to produce,) burst asunder; when in continuity
both lands were one, the sea rushed impetuously between,
and by its waves tore the Italian side from that of Sicily;
and now with a narrow frith runs between the fields and
cities separated by different shores. Scylla guards the right
side, implacable 5Charybdis the left, and thrice with the
deep eddies of its voracious gulf swallows up the vast bil-
lows into the broken abyss, and again spouts them out by
turns high into the air, and lashes the stars with the waves.
As to Scylla, a cave confines her within its dark recesses,
reaching forth her jaws, and sucking in vessels upon the
rocks. First she presents a human form, a lovely virgin
down to the middle; her lower parts are those of a hideous
pristis, with the tails of dolphins joined to the wombs of
wolves. It is better with delay to circuit round the extre-
mities of the Sicilian promontory 4Pachynus, and steer a
long winding course, than once to view the mis-shapen
Scylla under her capacious den, and those rocks that roar
with her sea-green dogs. Farther, if Helenus has any skill,

1 Philoctetes, the son of Pean, king of Meliboea in Thessaly. After
his return from the Trojan war, he settled in Italy, where he built the
town of Petilia (Strongoli) in Cala-
bria.

2 Pelorus, (Cape Pelor,) one of the
three principal promontories of Sicily,
separated from Italy by the Straits of
Messina.

3 Charybdis, a dangerous whirlpool
on the coast of Sicily, opposite Scylla,
on the coast of Italy. See note 16.
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4 Pachynus, (Cape Passaro,) the
south-eastern promontory of Sicily.
if any credit is due to him as a prophet, if Apollo stores his mind with truth, I will give you this one previous admonition, this one, O goddess-born, above all the rest, and I will inculcate it upon you again and again: Be sure you, in the first place, with supplications worship great Juno’s divinity; to Juno cheerfully in hymns address your vows, and vanquish the powerful empress of the skies with humble offerings: thus, at length, leaving Trinacria, you shall be dismissed victorious to the territories of Italy. When, wafted thither, you reach the city Cumae, the hallowed lakes, and the floods of Avernus resounding through the woods, you will see the raving prophetess, who, beneath a deep rock, reveals the decrees of heaven, and commits to the leaves of trees her characters and words. Whatever verses the virgin has inscribed on the leaves, she ranges in harmonious order, and leaves in the cave enclosed by themselves; uncovered they remain in their position, nor recede from their order. But when, upon turning the hinge, a small breath of wind has blown upon them, and the door, by opening, has discomposed the tender leaves, she never afterwards gives herself the trouble to catch the verses as they are fluttering in the hollow cave, nor to recover their situation, or join them together; thus her votaries depart without a response, and detest the Sibyl’s grot. Let not the loss of some time there seem of such consequence to you, (though your friends chide your delay, and though the necessities of your voyage strongly invite your sails into the deep, and you may have an opportunity to fill the bellying canvass with a prosperous gale,) as to hinder you from visiting the prophetess, and earnestly entreat her to deliver the oracles herself, and vouchsafe to open her lips in vocal accents. She will declare to you the Italian nations, your future wars, and by what means you may shun or sustain every hardship; and, with reverence addressed, will give you a successful voyage. These are all the instructions I am at liberty to give you. Go then, and by your achievements raise mighty Troy to heaven. Which words when the prophet had thus with friendly accent pronounced, he next orders presents of great value to be carried to the ships, consisting of gold and ivory: and, within the sides of my vessel, stows a large quantity of silver-plate, and caldrons of Dodonean brass, a mail thick-set with rings, and wrought in gold of triple tissue,

1 The Sibyls were certain women supposed to be inspired, who flourished in different parts of the world. According to Varro, the number of the Sibyls was ten, of whom the most celebrated was that of Cumae in Italy.
together with the cone and waving crest of a shining helmet, arms which belonged to Neoptolemus: my father too has proper gifts conferred on him. He gives us horses besides, and gives us guides. He supplies us with rowers, and at the same time furnishes our crew with arms. Meanwhile Anchises gave orders to equip our fleet with sails, that we might not lose the favouring gale: whom the interpreter of Apollo accosts with high respect: Anchises, honoured with the illustrious bed of Venus, the object of heaven’s peculiar care, twice saved from the ruins of Troy, lo, there the coast of Ausonia lies before you; thither speed your way with full sail: and yet you must steer your course beyond that coast. That part of Ausonia which Apollo opens to your hope lies remote. Go, says he, happy in the pious duty of your son: why do I farther insist, and by my discourse retard you from enjoying the rising gales? In like manner Andromache, grieved at our final departure, brings forth for Ascanius vestments wrought in figures of gold, and a Phrygian cloak; nor falls short of her dignity; she loads the boy besides with presents of her labours in the loom, and thus addresses him: Take these too, my child, which may be memorials to you of my handy-work, and testify the permanent affection of Andromache, the spouse of Hector: accept the last presents of thy friends. O the dear image, which is all that I have now left of my Astyanax! just such eyes, such hands, such looks he showed; and now of equal age with you, would have been blooming into youth. I, with tears in my eyes, thus addressed them at parting. Live in joy and felicity, ye whose fortune is now accomplished; we are summoned from fate to fate. To you tranquillity is secured; no expanse of sea have you to plough, or to pursue the lands of Ausonia still flying from us. You are blessed to see the image of Xanthus, and Troy which your own hands have built: Heaven grant it be with happier auspices, and be less obnoxious to the Greeks. If ever I shall enter the Tyber, and the lands that border on the Tyber, and view the walls allotted to my race, we will hereafter make of our kindred cities an allied people, yours in Epirus, and mine in Italy, who have both the same founder Dardanus, and the same fortune; we will, I say, make of both one Troy, in mutual affection and goodwill. Be this the future care of our posterity.

We pursue our voyage near the adjacent Ceraunian mountains; whence lies our way, the shortest course by sea to Italy. Meanwhile the sun goes down, and the opaque mountains are wrapped up in shade. On the bosom of the
wished-for earth we throw ourselves down by the waves, having distributed the oars by lot, and all along the dry beach indulge ourselves in soft repose: sleep diffuses its balmy dews over our weary limbs. Night, driven by the winged hours, had not yet reached her mid-way course, when Palinurus springs alert from his bed, examines every wind, and lends his ears to catch the coming breeze. He observes every gliding star in the silent sky, Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern Bears, and throws his eyes round Orion armed with gold. After having seen all appearances of settled weather in the serene sky, he gives the loud signal from the stern: we decamp, attempt our voyage, and expand the wings of our sails. And now the stars being chased away, blushing Aurora appeared, when far off we espy the hills obscure, and lowly plains of Italy. Italy Achates first called alond; Italy the crew with joyous acclamations hail. Then father Anchises decked a capacious bowl with a garland, and filled it up with wine; and thus invoked the gods, standing on the lofty stern: Ye gods who rule sea, and land, and storms, grant us a prosperous voyage by a favourable wind, and breathe propitious. The wished-for gales begin to swell; and now the port opens nearer to our view, and on the promontory appears the temple of Minerva. Our crew furl the sails, and turn about their prows to the shore. Where the wave breaks from the east, the port bends into an arch; the jutting cliffs foam with the sparkling brine; the port itself lies hidden: two turret-like rocks stretch out their arms on either side in a double wall, and the temple recedes from the shore. Here, on the grassy meadow, I saw, as our first omen, four snow-white steeds grazing the plain at large. And my father Anchises calls out, War, O foreign land, thou bringest us; for war, steeds are harnessed: war these cattle threaten: but yet the same quadrupeds having long been used to submit to the chariot, and in the yoke to bear the peaceful reins; there is hope, therefore, of peace, he says. Then we address our prayers to the sacred majesty of Pallas, with clashing arms arrayed, who first received us elated with joy; and before her altars we draw over our heads a Phrygian veil; and according to the instructions given us by Helenus, on which he laid the greatest stress, in due form we offer up to Argive Juno the honours enjoined. Without loss of time, as soon as we had regularly fulfilled our vows, we turn about the extremities of our sail-yards, and quit the abodes and suspected territories of the sons of Greece. Next is seen the bay of Tarentum, sacred to Hercules, if common report
be true; and on the opposite side of the bay, the temple of
the Lacinian goddess emerges; the towers of Caulon also
appear, and Scyllaceum infamous for shipwrecks. Then,
far from the waves, is seen Trinacrian Ætna; and from a
distance we hear the loud growling of the ocean, the beaten
rocks, and broken murmurs rolling to the shore: the shal-
lows exult, and sands are mingled with the whirling tide.
And, says my father Anchises, Doubtless this is the famed
Charybdis: that these shelves, these hideous rocks, would
endanger our course, Helenus foretold. Go quickly hence,
my friends, and with equal ardour rise on your oars. Just
as commanded they obey; and first Palinurus whirled about
the creaking prow to the left. The whole crew, with oars
and sails, bore to the left. We mount up to heaven on the
arched gulf, and down again we sink to the shades below,
the wave having slipped from under us. Thrice the rocks
bellowed amid their hollow caverns; thrice we saw the
foam dashed up, from the rocks, and the stars drenched with
its dewy moisture.

Meanwhile the wind with the sun forsook us spent with
toil; and not knowing our course, we approach the coasts of
the Cyclops. The port itself is ample, and undisturbed by
the access of the winds; but, near it, Ætna thunders with
horrible ruins, and sometimes sends forth to the skies a black
cloud, ascending in a pitchy whirlwind of smoke and glow-
ing embers; throws up globes of flame, and kisses the stars;
sometimes belching, flings on high the ribs and shattered
bowels of the mountain, and with a rumbling noise in
wreathy heaps convolves in air molten rocks, and boils up
from the lowest bottom. It is said that the body of Ence-
ladus, half consumed with lightning, is pressed down with
this pile, and that cumbersome Ætna, laid above him, is there-
fore still spouting forth flames from its burst furnaces; and
that, as often as he shifts his weary side, all Trinacia, with a
depth groan, inly trembles, and overspreads the heavens with
smoke. Lying that night under the covert of the woods,
we suffer from those hideous prodigies; nor see what cause
produced the dreadful sound. For neither had we the light
of the stars, nor was the sky enlightened from the starry

1 Lacinian goddess; that is, Juno
Lacinia, who had a celebrated temple
near Crotona, a city of Calabria in
Italy.
2 Caulon and Scyllaceum, (Quil-
lace,) both towns of Calabria, south
of Crotona.
3 Enceclus, the son of Titan and
Terra, and the most powerful of all
the giants, who conspired against Ju-
piter. According to the poets, he was
struck with Jupiter's thunders, and
overwhelmed under Mount Ætna.
4 Trinacia, an ancient name of the
island of Sicily, from its three pro-
montories. See note 6. Æneid, Book 1.
page 87.
f Firmament; but settled gloom prevailed over the dusky sky, and a night of extreme darkness muffled up the moon in clouds.

And now the next day with the first dawn was rising, and Aurora had dissipated the humid shades from the sky; when suddenly a strange figure of a person unknown to us, emaciated to the last degree, and in lamentable plight, stalks from the woods, and, with the air of a suppliant, stretches forth his hands to the shore. We look back: a spectacle he was of horrid filth, his beard overgrown, his garment tagged with thorns; but, in all besides, he was a Greek, and had formerly been sent to Troy accompanying the arms of his country. As soon as he descried our Trojan dress and arms, struck with terror at the sight, he paused a while, and stopped his progress: then, in an instant, rushed headlong to the shore with tears and prayers: I conjure you, says he, by the stars, by the powers above, by this celestial light of life, ye Trojans, snatch me hence; convey me to any climes whatever: I shall be satisfied. It is true, I am one who belonged to the Grecian fleet, and, I confess, I bore arms against the walls of Troy: for which, if the demerit of my crime be so heinous, scatter my limbs on the waves, and bury them in the vast ocean. If I die, I shall have the satisfaction of dying by the hands of men. He said: and clasping our knees, and wallowing on the ground, clung to us. We urge him to tell who he is, of what family born; and next to declare what hard fortune pursues him. My father Anchises frankly gives the youth his right-hand, and fortifies his mind by that kind pledge. At length, all fear removed, he thus begins: I am a native of Ithaca; a companion of the unfortunate Ulysses, Achaemenides by name. I went to Troy, my father Adamastus being poor, but I most sincerely wish that I had never changed my state of life: Here was I deserted in the huge den of the Cyclop by my companions, while in hurry and consternation they fled from his cruel abodes, unconcerned for me. The cell, horrid with gore and bloody banquets, within is gloomy and vast; the Cyclop himself, of towering height, beats the stars on high, (ye gods, avert such a pest from the earth!) fiercely scowling in his aspect, and inaccessible to every mortal: he feeds on the entrails and purple blood of wretches whom he has slain. I myself beheld, when having grasped in his rapacious hand two of our number, as he lay stretched on his back in the middle of the cave, he dashed them against the stones, and the bespattered pavement floated with their blood: I beheld, when he ground their members distilling black gore, and their throbbing limbs quivered under his
teeth. Not with impunity, it is true; such barbarity Ulysses suffered not to pass unavenged, nor was the prince of Ithaca wanting to himself in that critical hour. For as soon as the monster, glutted with his inhuman food, and buried in wine, reposed his reclined neck to rest, and lay at his enormous length along the cave, disgorging blood in his sleep, and gobbets intermixed with gory wine; we, having implored the great gods, and distributed our several parts by lot, pour in upon him on all hands at once, and with our pointed javelins bore out the huge single eye which was sunk under his louring front, like a Grecian buckler, or the solar orb; and thus at length we joyfully avenge the manes of our friends. But fly, ah, wretches! fly, and tear the cables from the shore. For such and so vast as Polyphemus pens in his hollow cave the fleecy flocks, and drains their ducts, a hundred other direful Cyclops commonly haunt these winding shores, and roam on the lofty mountains.—

The horned moon is now filling up her orb for the third time, while in these woods, among the desert dens and holds of wild beasts, I linger out my life, and descry from the rock the enormous Cyclops, and quake at every sound of their feet and voice. The berries and stony cornels, which the branches supply, form my wretched sustenance, and the herbs feed me with their plucked up roots. Casting my eyes around on every object, this fleet I espied first steering to the shore; to it I was resolved to give up myself, whatever it had been: it suffices me that I have escaped from that horrid crew. Do you destroy this life by any sort of death, rather than leave me to their mercy. Scarcely had he spoken, when on the summit of the mountain we observe the shepherd Polyphemus himself, stalking with his enormous bulk among his flocks, and seeking the shore, his usual haunt: a horrible monster, mis-shapen, vast, of sight deprived. The trunk of a pine guides his hand, and makes firm his steps; his fleecy sheep accompany him; this his sole delight, and the solace of his distresses: from his neck his whistle hangs. After he touched the deep floods, and arrived at the sea, he therewith washes away the trickling gore from his quenched orb, gnashing his teeth with a groan; and now he stalks through the midst of the sea, while the waves have not yet wetted his gigantic sides. We, in hurrying consternation, hasten our departure far from that shore, having received our suppliant, who thus merited our favour: we silently cut the cable, and bending

1 Polyphemus, a son of Neptune, and king of the Cyclops. He is represented as a monster of great strength, with one eye in the middle of the forehead, which Ulysses put out as he was asleep.
forward, sweep the sea with struggling oars. He perceived, and at the sound turned his steps. But when no opportunity is afforded him to reach us with his eager grasp, and he is unable in pursuing us to equal the Ionian waves, he raises a prodigious yell, wherewith the sea and every wave deeply trembled, and Italy, to its inmost bounds, was affrighted, and Ætna bellowed through its winding caverns. Meanwhile the race of the Cyclops, roused from the woods and lofty mountains, rush to the port, and crowd the shore. We perceive the Ætncean brothers, standing each with one eye, louring terrors on us in vain, bearing their heads aloft to heaven; a horrid assembly: as when aerial oaks, or cone-bearing cypresses, Jove's lofty wood, or Diana's grove, together rear their towering tops. Violent fear impels our crew to tack about to any quarter whatever, and spread their sails to any wind that would favour an escape. On the other hand, the commands of Helenus warn them not to continue their course between Scylla and Charybdis, a path which borders on death on either hand: our resolution therefore is, to sail backward.

And lo, the north-wind commissioned from the narrow seat of Pelorus comes to our aid. I am wafted beyond the mouth of 1Pantagia, fringed with natural rock, the bay of Megara, and low-lying Tapsus. These Achaemenides, the associate of accursed Úlysses, pointed out to us, as backward he cruised along the coasts that were the scene of his former wanderings.

Before the Sicilian bay outstretched lies an island opposite to rough 2Plemmyrium; the ancients called its name Ortygia. It is said, that Alpheus, a river of Elis, hath hither worked a secret channel under the sea; which river disemboguing by thy mouth, O Arethusa, is now blended with the Sicilian waves. We venerate the great divinities of the place, as commanded; and thence I pass the too luxuriant soil of the overflowing 3Helorus. Hence we skim along the high cliffs and prominent rocks of Pachynus; and at a distance appears the lake Camarina, by fate forbidden to be ever removed; the Geloian plains also appear, and huge Gela, called by the name of the river. Next towering 4Acragas shows from far its stately walls, once the breeder of generous steeds. And thee, Selinus, fruitful in palms, I

1 Pantagia, a small but rapid river on the eastern coast of Sicily, between Catana and Syracuse.—Tapsus, a peninsula in the bay of Megara, north of Syracuse.
2 Plemmyrium, a promontory in the bay of Syracuse.—Ortygia, a small island within the same bay, in which was the celebrated fountain Arethusa.
3 Helorus, (Abisso,) a river of Sicily, south of Syracuse, which overflowed its banks at certain seasons.—Camarina, a lake, and Gela, a city, on the southern coast of Sicily.
4 Acragas, called also Agrigentum, (Girgenti,) a celebrated city of Sicily, built on a mountain of the same name.—Selinus, a city in the south-west of Sicily, the vicinity of which abounded with palm trees.
leave, by means of the given winds; and I trace my way through the shallows of Lilybeum, rendered dangerous by many latent rocks. Hence the port and joyless coast of Drepanum receive me. Here, alas! after being tossed by so many storms at sea, I lose my sire Anchises, my solace in every care and suffering. Here thou, best of fathers, whom in vain, alas! I saved from so great dangers, here thou forsaakest me spent with toils. Neither prophetic Helenus, when he gave me many dreadful intimations, nor execrable Celeno, predicted this mournful stroke. This was my finishing disaster, this the termination of my long tedious voyage. Parting hence, a god directed me to your coasts.

Thus father Æneas, while all sat attentive, he the only speaker, recounted the destiny allotted to him by the gods, and gave a history of his voyage. He ceased at length, and, having here finished his relation, retired to rest.

BOOK IV.

In the Fourth Book, Queen Dido becomes deeply enamoured of Æneas, to whom she proffers her hand and her crown; but, on finding him determined, in obedience to the command of the gods, to leave Carthage, rage and despair took possession of the unhappy queen. At last, the sudden departure of Æneas led to the fatal catastrophe of her death, by her own hand, on the funeral pile which she had erected.

But, long before Æneas had concluded his narrative, the queen, pierced with love's painful darts, feeds a wound in every vein, and consumes by slow degrees in flames unseen. The many virtues of the hero, the many honours of his race, still to her thoughts by frequent starts recur: his looks and words dwell fixed in her soul; nor does care allow one moment's undisturbed rest to her weary limbs. Returning Aurora now illuminated the earth with the lamp of Phebus, and had chased away the dewy shades from the sky, when thus the love-sick queen addresses her affectionate and sympathizing sister: Sister Anna, what visionary dreams terrify and distract my mind! What think you of this wondrous guest now lodged within our walls? in mien how graceful he appears! in manly fortitude and warlike deeds how great, how god-like! I am fully persuaded (nor is my belief groundless) that he is the offspring of the gods. Fear argues a mind ignoble and degenerate. Ah, by what fatal disasters has he been tossed! what toils of war he sang, with invincible fortitude endured

1 Lilybeum, (Cape Boco,) one of the three famous promontories of Sicily. — Drepanum, (Trapani,) a town on the western coast of Sicily, near Mount Eryx, where Anchises died.
to the last! Had I not been fixed and stedfast in my resolution, never to join myself to any in the bonds of wedlock, since my first love by death mocked and disappointed my fond hopes of happiness: had I not been sick of the marriage-bed and nuptial torch: to this one frailty I might perhaps give way. Anna, (for I will frankly own it,) since the decease of my unhappy spouse Sichæus, and since the household gods were stained with his blood shed by a brother, this stranger alone has warped my inclinations, and interested my wavering mind: I feel the symptoms of my former flame. But sooner may earth from her centre open to swallow me up, or almighty Jupiter hurl me by his thunder to the shades, the pale shades of Erebus, and deepest night, than I violate thee, O sacred modesty! or break thy laws. He who first linked me to himself hath borne away my heart; may he possess it still, and retain it in his grave. This said, she filled her bosom with trickling tears. Anna replies: O dearer to your sister than the light, will you thus in mournful solitude waste all your bloom of youth, nor know the dear delights of children, and joys of love? Think you that cold ashes and the buried dead regard these your vows and promises? What though no lovers moved you before, when your sorrows were green, either here in Libya, or before in Tyre; what though you slighted 1 Iarbas, and other princes whom Afric, fertile in triumphs, maintains; will you also resist the flame which you approve? Will you not reflect in whose country you now reside? Here 2 Getulian cities, a race invincible in war, fierce, untamed Numidians, and inhospitable quicksands, enclose you round: there, a region by thirst into a desert turned, and the Barceans, who stretch their fury wide over the land. What occasion is there to mention the kindling wars from Tyre, and the menaces of your incensed brother? It was surely, I think, by the auspicious influence of the gods, and by the particular favour of Juno, that the Trojan ships steered their course to this our coast. O sister, how flourishing shall you see this city, how potent your kingdom rise from such a match! By what high exploits shall the Carthaginian glory be advanced, when the Trojan arms join your own! Wherefore, be this your sole concern; supplicate the favour of the gods, and, having by sacred rites rendered heaven propitious, freely indulge yourself in acts of hospitality,

1 Iarbas, a son of Jupiter and Ga-ramantis, and king of Getulia, from whom Dido bought land to build Carthage.—He was a lover of the queen at the time Eneas came to Carthage.
2 Getulians, Numidians, &c, the inhabitants of countries in Northern Africa, now Algiers, Barbary, &c.
and devise one pretence after another for detaining your guest, while winter's fury rages on the sea, and Orion charged with rain; while his ships are shattered, and the air is intolerably severe.

By this speech she fanned the fire of love kindled before in Dido's breast, buoyed up her wavering mind with hope, and banished her modesty. First to the temple they repair, and by sacrifice the peace of heaven implore: to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phoebus, and to father Bacchus, they offer ewes of the age of two years, as the manner was; above all to Juno, whose province it is to bind the nuptial tie. The queen herself, in all her beauty, holding in her right-hand the consecrated cup, pours it between the horns of a white heifer; or before the images of the gods in solemn pomp around the loaded altars walks, renewes one offering after another all the day long, and, prying into the disclosed breasts of the victims, consults their panting entrails. But ah! the blind credulity of augurs and diviners! what can prayers, what can temples avail a raging lover? The gentle flame preys all the while upon her vitals, and the secret wound rankles in her breast. Unhappy Dido burns, and frantic roves over all the town: like a wounded deer whom, heedless of her fate, a shepherd pursuing with his darts has pierced at a distance among the Cretan woods, and in the wound left the winged steel unknown: she flying bounds over the Dictæan woods and lawns: the fatal shaft sticks in her side. Now she conducts Æneas through the midst of her fortifications; shows him both what treasures she had brought from Tyre, and all the magnificence of her new city. She begins to speak, and stops short in the middle of a word. When day declines, she longs to have the same banquets renewed; and, fond even to madness, begs again to hear the Trojan disasters, and again hangs on the speaker's lips. Now, when all had severally retired, while the fading moon in her alternate course withdraws her light, and the setting stars invite to sleep, Dido mourns alone in the desert hall, presses the couch which Æneas had left; and in fancy hears and sees the absent hero; or, captivated with the father's image in the boy, hugs Ascanius in her bosom, if possibly she may divert the unutterable pangs of love. Her begun towers cease to rise: her youth neglect their warlike exercises, and the preparation of ports and bulwarks of defence for war: the works and the huge battlements on the walls are discontinued, and the engines that mate the skies are idle and unemployed.

Whom when Jove's beloved wife perceived to be thus stung with the poisonous darts of love, and that even sense
of honour could not resist its rage, she thus artfully addresses Venus: Distinguished praise, no doubt, and ample spoils, you and your boy have won, high and signal renown, if one poor woman is conquered by the wiles of you two deities. Nor am I quite ignorant, that you apprehend danger from these our walls, and view the structures of lofty Carthage with a jealous eye. But where will all this end? or what do we now propose by such hot contention? Why do we rather promote an eternal peace, and firm nuptial contract? You have accomplished your whole soul's desire; Dido burns in the flames of love, and has sucked the fury into her bones. Let us therefore rule this people in common, and show them equal favour: let Dido be at liberty to bind herself in wedlock to a Trojan lord, and into thy hand deliver over the Tyrians by way of dowry.

To whom Venus (for she perceived that Juno spoke in the craftiness and insincerity of her heart, with a design to transfer the seat of empire from Italy to the Libyan coasts) thus in her turn began: Who can be so absurd as to reject these terms, and rather choose to engage in war with you, would fortune but concur with the scheme which you mention? But by reason of the decrees of Heaven, I am driven to an uncertainty, not knowing whether it be the will of Jupiter that the Tyrians and Trojans should dwell in one city, or if he will approve the union of the two nations, and the formation of an incorporative alliance. You are his consort: to you it belongs by suppliant address to work upon, or try to bend his mind. Lead you the way; I will follow. Then imperial Juno thus replied: That task be mine: meanwhile (mark my words) I will briefly show by what means our present design may be accomplished. Æneas and unhappy Dido are preparing to hunt together in the forest, soon as to-morrow's sun shall have brought forth the early dawn, and enlightened the world with his returning beams. While the horsemen scampers over the plain, and enclose the lawn with toils, I will pour on them from above a blackening storm of rain with mingled hail, and with peals of thunder make heaven's whole frame to shake. Their retinue shall fly different ways for shelter, and be covered with a dark night of clouds. Dido and the Trojan prince shall repair to the same cave: there will I be present, and, if I have your firm consent, I will join them in the lasting bonds of wedlock, and consecrate her to be his sole property: this deed of mine 1 Hymen himself shall

1 Hymen, the God of Marriage, was the son of Bacchus and Venus, or, according to others, of Apollo and one of the Muses.
ratify. Venus without any opposition agreed to her proposal, and smiled at the fraud she discovered.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the ocean. Soon as the beams of day shot forth, the chosen youth issue through the gates: the wide nets, the toils, the broad-pointed hunting spears, the Massylian horsemen, and a pack of quick-scented hounds, pour forth together. Before the palace-gate the Carthaginian nobles wait the queen lingering in her alcove: her steed richly caparisoned with purple and gold ready stands, and fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length she comes attended by a numerous retinue, having a mantle of Tyrian dye, fringed with gold and embroidery, thrown round her shoulders: she has a quiver of gold, her tresses are tied in a golden knot, a golden buckle binds up her purple robe. The Trojan youth, too, and sprightly Ilus, accompany the procession. Aeneas, himself, distinguished in beauty from all the rest, mingles with the retinue, and adds his train to hers: as when Apollo leaving Lycia, his winter seat, and the streams of Xanthus, revisits his mother’s island Delos, and renews the religious dances: the Cretans, Dryopes, and painted Agathyrsi, mingle their joyful acclamations around his altars: the god himself moves majestic on Cynthus’ tops, and adjusting his waving hair, crowns it with a soft wreath, and infolds it in gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. With no less manly active grace Aeneas moved: such comeliness shines forth in his matchless mien. Soon as they reached the high mountains, and pathless haunts of the savage beasts, lo! from the summit of the craggv cliff the wild goats dislodged skip down the rocks: on the other side the stags scour along the open plains, and flying thicken their mingled troops involved in clouds of dust, and forsake the mountains. Now the boy Ascanius exulting drives his sprightly courser through the enclosed vales; and now these, now those he outrides, and devoutly wishes that a foaming boar would cross his way amidst the feeble flocks, or a tawny lion descend from the mountain.

Meanwhile the air begins to be overturned with a loud roaring tempest; a deluge of rain with mingled hail succeeds. And now here and there the Tyrian train, the Trojan youth, and Venus’ grandchild of Dardanian line, for

1. The Massylians, a warlike people of Mauritania in Africa, near Mount Atlas; when they went on horseback, they never used saddles or bridles, but only sticks.

2. Lycia, a country of Asia Minor, between Caria and Pamphylia. Apollo had a celebrated temple at Patara, its capital, where he resided during the winter, as he did at Delos during the summer.

3. Dryopes, a people of Greece, in the vicinity of Mount Eta and Parnassus.—Agathyrsi, an effeminate nation of Scythia.
fear sought different shelters through the fields, whilst whole rivers from the mountains came pouring down. Dido and the Trojan prince repair to the same cave. Then first the Earth, and Juno who presides over marriage, gave the signal: lightnings flashed, the sky brightened as conscious of the alliance, and nymphs were heard to yell on the mountain-tops. That day to Dido first proved the source of death, the source of all her woes: for now she is neither influenced by conscious worth, nor sense of shame, nor is she now studious to carry on clandestine love; what she has done she openly avows, and calls it marriage; she screened her guilt with that specious name.

Forthwith 1Fame through the populous cities of Libya runs: Fame, than whom no fiend is more swift, by exerting her agility grows more active, and acquires new strength by progressive motion: small at first through fear; soon she shoots up into the skies, and stalks upon the ground, while she hides her head among the clouds. Parent Earth, enraged by the vengeance of the gods on her gigantic race, produced her the youngest sister, it is said, of Cœus, and Enceladus, swift to move with feet and persevering wings; a monster hideous and enormous; who (wondrous to relate!) for as many plumes as are in her body, numbers so many wakeful eyes beneath, so many tongues, so many babbling mouths, pricks up so many listening ears. By night, through the mid region of the air, and through the shades of earth, she flies buzzing, nor ever inclines her eyes to balmy rest. Watchful by day she perches either on some high house-top, or on lofty turrets, and fills mighty cities with dismay; as obstinately bent on falsehood and iniquity as on reporting truth. She then with various rumours filled the people’s ears, pleased with her task, and uttered fictions and matters of fact indifferently; namely, that one Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood, had arrived, whom Dido, with all her charms, vouchsafed to wed; that now in revelling with each other they enjoyed all the long winter, unmindful of their kingdoms, and enslaved by a base passion.

With such news the cruel malignant goddess fills the mouths of the people. To king Larbas straight she turns her course; inflames his soul by her rumours, and aggravates his rage. This Larbas, the son of Ammon by the ravished nymph Garamantis, raised to Jove a hundred spacious temples within his extensive realms, with as many altars; and there had he consecrated the wakeful fire, with

1 Fame was worshipped by the ancients as a powerful goddess, and generally represented blowing a trumpet, &c.
a sacred watch to keep eternal guard, a piece of ground, fattened with victims' blood, and the gates adorned with wreaths of various flowers. He, inflamed even to madness by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, in the awful presence of the gods, to have thus importunately addressed Jupiter in suppliant form with uplifted hands: Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race, feasting on painted beds, now offer a libation of their choicest wine, seest thou these things? or do we vainly tremble and adore thee, when thou, O father! dar'st thy thunderbolts? and are those lightnings in the clouds that terrify our minds blind and fortuitous, and are we disturbed by mere idle sounds? A wandering woman, who hath built in our dominions a small city on a spot she purchased,—to whom we assigned a barren tract of land for tillage, and upon whom we imposed the laws of the country,—hath rejected our proffered match, and hath taken Æneas into her kingdom for her lord and husband: and now this other Paris, with his effeminate unmanly train, having his Lydian bonnet bound under the chin, and his locks bedewed with odours, enjoys the ravished prize: this we have deserved forsooth, because we bring offerings to thy temples, and please ourselves with the vain name of being thy offspring.

While in such haughty terms he addressed his prayer, and grasped the altar, the almighty heard, and turned his eyes towards the royal towers of Carthage, and the lovers regardless of their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him these instructions: Fly quick, my son, call the Zephyrs, and on thy pinions glide: to the Trojan prince, who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage, nor regards the cities allotted to him by the fates, address yourself; and bear to him this my message swiftly through the skies. Not such a prince did fair Venus promise us in her son, nor was it for this she saved him twice from the Grecian sword: but her views were directed to a hero who should rule Italy, a land big with future empire, and fierce in war, who should evince his descent from Æneas's noble blood, and bring the whole world under his subjection. If he is not to be fired by the glory of such heroic deeds, nor will attempt any laborious enterprise for his own personal renown, can it consist with his paternal affection to envy Ascanius the glory of founding Rome's imperial towers? What does he propose? or with what prospect lingers he so long among an unfriendly race, nor once regards his future Ausonian offspring, and the destined Lavinian fields? Bid him set sail. No more: be this our awful message.

He said: the god prepared to give obedience to his high
father's will: and first to his feet he binds his golden sandals, which by their wings waft him through the air sublime, whether over sea or land he soars, swift as the rapid gales. Next he takes his wand: with this he calls from hell pale ghosts, despatches others to gloomy Tartarus, gives sleep, or takes it away, and opens the eyes which death had sealed. Aided by this, he manages the winds, on whose wings he flies, and skims along the thick condensed clouds. And now in his flight he espies the top and lofty sides of flinty 1 Atlas, who with his summit supports the sky; Atlas, whose head crowned with waving pines, is always encircled with black clouds, and lashed with wind and rain; large sheets of snow enwrap his shoulders; from his aged chin headlong torrents roll, and stiffening icicles hang from his grisly beard. Here first 2 Cyllenius poising himself on even wings alighted; hence with the weight of his whole body he flings himself headlong to the floods; like the fowl, which hovering about the shores, about the fishy rocks, flies low near the surface of the seas: just so Maia's son, shooting from his maternal grandsire between heaven and earth, skimmed along the sandy shore of Libya, and cut the winds. As soon as he touched the cottages of Afric with his winged feet, he views Eneas founding towers, and raising new structures; at his side he wore a sword sparkling like stars, with gems of yellowish jasper, and a robe which glowed with Tyrian purple hung waving from his shoulders; presents which wealthy Dido had given him, and whose hands had interwoven the varied stuff with threads of gold. Forthwith he sharply accosts him: Is it for you to waste these important moments in laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and, the fond slave of a wife, raise a city for her? regardless, alas, of your kingdom and nearest concerns! Know then, I am sent down to you from the bright ethereal mansions by the sovereign of the gods, who governs heaven and earth by his awful nod. The same exalted personage ordered me to bear these his instructions swiftly through the air. What dost thou propose, or with what prospect dost thou waste thy peaceful hours in the territories of Libya? If thou art to be wrought upon by none of these so glorious incentives, and wilt attempt no laborious enterprise for thy

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1 Atlas, one of the Titans, son of Japetus and Clymene. He was king of Mauritania, and upon Perseus showing him the head of Medusa, was changed into the mountain which bears his name. Mount Atlas runs across the deserts of Africa, east and west, and is so high, that the ancients imagined that the heavens rested on its top, and that Atlas supported the world on his shoulders.

2 Cyllenius, a name of Mercury, from Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, where he was born.
own personal renown: yet have some regard at least to the rising Ascanius, and the hopes of thine heir Iulus, for whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman territories are destined by fate. When thus the god had spoken, he dropped his visionary human form in the midst of the conference, and far beyond the hero's sight vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile Aeneas was by the vision struck dumb, entranced in fear and wonder; his hair with horror stood erect, and his tongue cleaved to his jaws. He burns with impatience to be gone, and leave the dear enchanting land, awed by the thundering message and dread command of the gods. But ah! what can he do? in what terms can he now presume to solicit the consent of the raving queen? With what words shall he introduce the ungrateful discourse? And now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and rolls his shifting soul on every side. Thus fluctuating, he fixed on this resolution as the best: he calls to him Mnestheus, Sergestus, and the brave Cloanthus; and bids them with silent care equip the fleet, summon their social bands to the shore, furnish themselves with arms, and artfully conceal the cause of this sudden change: adding, that he himself, in the mean time, while indulging Dido was ignorant of what they were about, and had no apprehension that their loves so well confirmed were to be dissolved, would explore the avenues to her heart, watch the softest moments of address, and discover what means might most conduile to their design. With joyful speed they all obey their prince's commands, and put his orders in execution.

But the queen (who can deceive a lover?) was beforehand in perceiving the fraud, and the first who conjectured their future motions, dreading danger even where all seemed to be safe: the same malignant fame conveyed the news to the frantic queen, that they were equipping the fleet, and preparing to set sail. She rages even to madness, and, with soul inflamed, wildly roams through all the city: like a Bacchanal wrought up into enthusiastic fury in celebrating the sacred mysteries of her god, when the triennial orgies stimulate her rage at hearing the name of Bacchus, and the nocturnal howlings on mount Cithæron invite her. At length in these chiding accusations she first accosts Aeneas:

1 Mnestheus, a Trojan, descended from Assaracus; he obtained a prize at the funeral games of Anchises, and was the progenitor of the Memmii at Rome.—Sergestus, a sailor in the fleet of Aeneas, from whom the family of the Sergi at Rome were descended.—

Cloanthus, one of the companions of Aeneas, the ancestor of the Cluentii family at Rome.

2 Bacchanals; these were the worshippers of Bacchus, whose festivals, celebrated every third year, were a scene of extravagance and licentiousness.
And didst thou hope, too, perfidious traitor, to be able by dissembling arts to conceal from me this thy wicked purpose, and steal away in silence from my coasts? Can neither our mutual love, nor thy once plighted faith, nor the prevention of Dido's cruel untimely death, detain thee? Such, indeed, is your impatience to leave me, that you prepare your fleet even in the rigorous wintry season, and haste to launch into the deep amidst the roaring north-winds! Ah, barbarous man! what excuse can you plead? Suppose you were not bound for a foreign land and settlements unknown, say old Troy was still remaining; should you set sail even for Troy on this tempestuous sea? But though there were no danger in the voyage, yet will you fly from me? By these my flowing tears, by that plighted right-hand of thine, (since I have left nothing else to myself now, a wretch forlorn,) by our nuptial rites, by our conjugal loves just begun; if I have deserved any thanks at thy hand, or if ever you saw any charms in me, pity, I implore thee, a falling race, and, if yet there is any room for prayers, lay aside your cruel resolution. For thy sake have I incurred the hatred of the Libyan nations, of the Numidian princes, and made the Tyrians my enemies; for thy sake have I sacrificed my honour, and, what alone raised me to the stars, my former fame: to whom dost thou abandon dying Dido, ah, cruel guest! since, instead of a husband's endearing name, only this remains? What wait I for? is it till my brother Pygmaion lay this city of mine in ashes, or till Larbas, the Getulian prince, carry me away his captive? Had I but enjoyed offspring by thee before thy flight; had I a young Æneas to play in my hall, were it but to give me the image of your person and features, I should not indeed have thought myself quite a captive and forlorn.

She said. He, overawed by the commands of Jove, held his eyes unmoved, and with hard struggles suppressed the anxious passion in his heart. At length he briefly replies: That you, O bounteous queen, have conferred on me numerous obligations, which you may recount at large, I never shall disown; and I shall always remember Elisa, with pleasure, while I have any remembrance of myself, while I have a soul to actuate these limbs. But to the point in debate I shall briefly speak: believe me, I neither thought by stealth to have concealed from you this my flight, as you call it; nor can you charge me with breach of faith, since I never coloured over our loves with the name of lawful nuptials, nor came I hither to make such a contract. Had the fates left me free to conduct my life by my own direction, and ease my cares by means of my own choosing; my first
regards had been shown to Troy and the dear reliques of my country; Priam's lofty palace should now remain, and with this hand I had repaired the walls of Pergamus, raised again from ruin. But now to famed Italy Apollo worshipped at Gryneum, to Italy, the Lycian oracles have commanded me to repair. This is now by necessity become the object of my love, this my country. If you, a Phoenician born, have left your native home, and here fondly dote upon the towers of Carthage, and are captivated with the sight of a Libyan city, why need you be dissatisfied that we Trojans settle in the land of Ausonia? Let us too have the privilege to go in quest of foreign realms. Whenever the night overspreads the earth with humid shades, as often as the sparkling stars arise, the pale troubled ghost of my father Anchises visits me in my dreams, and with dreadful summons urges my departure: my son Ascanius calls me hence, and the injury done my darling boy, whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown, and his destined dominions. Even now the messenger of the gods, despatched from Jove himself, (I call them both to witness!) swift gliding through the air, bore to me his high commands: myself beheld the god in conspicuous brightness entering your walls, and with these ears I received his voice. Cease then to torment yourself and me by your vain complaints: the Italian coasts I pursue, not out of choice, but from the impulse of fate.

Thus while he speaks the queen views him all along from the beginning with looks of distaste and aversion, rolling her eyes hither and thither, and with silent glances surveys his whole person, then thus inflamed with wrath breaks forth: Nor goddess gave thee birth, perfidious monster! nor is Dardanus the founder of thy race, but frightful Caucasus on flinty cliffs brought thee forth, and 1 Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. For why should I dissemble? or for what greater injuries can I be reserved? Did he so much as sigh in my deepest distress? did he once move his eyes? Did he, overcome with pity, shed a tear, or compassionate me in the anguish of my love? Where shall I begin my complaint? Now neither Juno, our mighty protectress, will listen to me, nor does Jove himself, the common father of the world, consider these my wrongs with due regard. Firm faith nowhere subsists. I received him an outcast on my shores, an indigent wretch, and, fool that I was, settled him in partnership of my crown; his wrecked fleet I renewed, his friends from death I saved. Ah! I am all on fire, I am distracted with fury to hear him thus impudently allege: "Now the

1 Hyrcania, a country of Asia, on the south-east of the Caspian sea.
prophetic voice of Apollo warns me away; now the Ly- 
cian lots admonish me; and now the messenger of the gods, despatched 
from Jove himself, through the air conveys to me the horrid mandate.” A worthy employment, no doubt, for 
the powers above, a weighty concern to disturb them in their 
peaceful state! It is easy to confute you; but I neither de- 
tain you, nor argue against what you have said. Go, speed 
your way for Italy with the winds, pursue this kingdom of 
yours over the waves. I hope, however, (if the just gods 
have any power,) thou mayest suffer the punishment thy 
crimes deserve, by being shipwrecked on the intervening 
rocks, and there often call on injured Dido’s name. I, though 
absent, will pursue thy guilty mind like a fury, armed with 
black vengeful flames: and, when cold death shall separate 
these limbs from the soul, my ghost shall haunt thee in 
every place: vengeance, miscreant! awaits thee: I shall hear 
it; even in the deep infernal shades these glad tidings will 
reach me. With these words she breaks off in the middle of 
the conference, and sickening shuns the light: suddenly she 
turns about, and flings away out of the hero’s sight, leaving 
him greatly perplexed through fear, and preparing to make 
a thousand apologies. Her maids lift her up, bear her faint- 
ing limbs into her marble bed-chamber, and gently lay her 
on the royal couch.

Meanwhile the pious prince, though by all solacing means 
he is solicitous to ease her grief, and by soothing words to 
divert her anguish, heaving many a sigh, and staggered in 
his mind by the mighty power of love, yet gives obedience 
to the commands of the gods, and revisits his fleet. Then, 
indeed, the Trojans intensely ply their work, and launch 
the ships all along the shore. The pitchy keel now floats; 
through eager haste to sail they bring from the woods 
boats not cleared of leaves, and unfashioned timber. You 
might have seen them removing to the shore, and pouring 
from all quarters of the town, as when a swarm of ants, 
mindful of approaching winter, plunder a large granary of 
corn, and hoard it up in their cell; the black battalion 
marches over the plains, and along the narrow tract they 
convey their booty through the meadows; some, shoving 
with their shoulders, push forward the cumbersome grain; some 
rally the straggling bands, and chastise those that lag be- 
hind: the path all glows with the work.

Unhappy Dido, how wast thou then affected with so sad 
a prospect? What groans didst thou utter, when from thy 
lofty tower thou beheldest the shore in its wide extent 
filled with bustling crowds, and didst also observe, full in 
thy view, the whole watery plain resounding with such
mingled shouts of the departing crew? Imperious, unrelenting love, how irresistible is thy sway over the mind of mortals! She is constrained once more to have recourse to tears, once more to assail his heart by prayers, and in a suppliant strain to subject all the powers of her soul to love, lest, by leaving any means unattempted, she should throw away her life rashly, and without cause. Anna, thou seest over all the shore how they are hastening to be gone: the whole bands are drawn together, the hoisted canvass now invites the gales: and the joyful mariners have crowned their sterns with garlands. O sister, had I been able to foresee this fatal blow, I could also have borne it. And even as it is, I shall be able to bear it. Yet, my dearest Anna, deny not this one request to your wretched, despairing sister: for that perfidious man made you the sole object of his esteem, and even entrusted you with the secrets of his soul; you alone knew the fair occasions and soft approaches to his heart. Go, sister, and in suppliant terms bespeak the haughty foe: I never conspired with the Greeks at Aulis to extipate the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Troy; nor did I disturb the ashes and manes of his father Anchises. Why does he stop his unrelenting ears to my words? whither does he fly? Let him grant but this last favour to his unhappy, disconsolate lover; to defer his flight till it be safe, and till the winds blow fair. I plead no more the sacred venerable name of wedlock, which he has betrayed; nor that he should deprive himself of fair Latium, and relinquish his hopes of a kingdom. I ask but a few trilling, insignificant moments; a short respite and interval from distracting pain, till, subdued by fortune, I learn to sustain my woes. This favour I implore as the last, (pity thy sister!) which, when he has granted, I shall send him away completely happy in my death.

To this effect she prayed; and her sister, deeply distressed on her account, bears once and again the mournful message to Aeneas; but by none of her mournful messages is he moved, nor listens with calm regard to any expostulations. The fates stand in his way; and heaven renders him deaf to all entreaty. And as the Alpine north-winds by violent blasts, now on this side, now on that, strive with joint force to overturn a sturdy ancient oak; its howlings pierce the skies, and the leaves strew the ground in heaps, while the trunk bends to the shock: the tree itself cleaves fast to the rocks; and as high as it shoots up to the top in the ethereal regions, so deep it descends with its root towards

1 Aulis, a sea-port town of Boeotia, in Greece, where the Grecian forces assembled in the expedition against Troy.
the Tartarian shades: just so the hero on this side and that side is plied with importunate remonstrances, and thence feels deep pangs in his mighty soul: but his mind remains unmoved; only a few vain useless tears roll down his cheeks.

Then, indeed, unhappy Dido, struck to the heart by her untoward fate, longs for death; she hates the sight even of the canopy of heaven. The more to prompt her to execute her purpose, and to part with the light of life, while she was presenting her offerings upon the altar that smoked with incense, she beheld, horrid to relate! the sacred liquors grow black, and the shed wine turn into loathsomely inauspicious blood. This vision she revealed to none, not even to her sister. Besides, there was in the palace a marble shrine in honour of her former husband, to which she paid extraordinary veneration, having it encircled with snowy fillets of wool and festival garlands. Hence voices were heard, and the words of her husband calling her seemed to sound in her ears, when the darksome night shrouded the earth; and on the house-tops the solitary owl often complained in doleful ditty, and spun out his long notes in a mournful strain. Besides, many predictions of pious prophets terrify her with dreadful forebodings. Aeneas himself, now stern and cruel, disturbs her raving fancy in her sleep; and still she seems to be abandoned in solitude, still to be going a long tedious journey, with no attendance, and to be in quest of her Tyrrians in some desert country: as frantic 1Pentheus sees troops of Furies, two suns, and Thebes appear double; or like Orestes, Agamemnon's son, with distraction tossed on the stage, when he flies from his mother armed with firebrands and black snakes, and the avenging Furies are planted in the temple-gate.

When, therefore, overpowered with grief, she had taken the 2Furies into her breast, and determined on death, she ponders the time and manner with herself; and thus accosting her sister, the partner of her grief, covers her intention in her looks, and puts on a serene air of hope. Rejoice, O sister, with a sister! I have found an expedient, which will either restore him to me, or set my love-sick soul at liberty from him. Near the extremity of the ocean and the setting sun, the utmost boundary of Æthiopia lies, where mighty Atlas on his shoulder whirls about the celestial globe, spangled with refulgent stars: hence lately appear-

1 _Pentheus_, son of Echion and Agave, was king of Thebes in Boeotia. In consequence of his refusal to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, he was torn to pieces by the bacchantes.

2 _The Furies_, daughters of Acheron and Nox; they were three in number, Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto, and were supposed to be the ministers of the vengeance of the gods.
ed to me a priestess of the Massylian nation, the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who supplied the dragon with food, and watched the sacred branches on the tree, infusing liquid honey and soporiferous poppy. She undertakes, by charms, to release any souls, whom she will, from the power of love, and to entail on others a load of irksome, amorous cares: to stop the course of rivers, and turn the stars backward; she summons up ghosts by night. You shall see the earth bellowing under her feet, and the wild ashes from the mountains at her command descend. My dear sister, I call the gods, and you, and that sweet life of thine, to witness, that it is against my will I set about these magic arts. Do you in secrecy erect a funeral pile in the inner court, under the open air, and lay upon it his arms, which he, impiously base, left fixed in my bed-chamber, with all his clothes, and the nuptial bed in which I was undone. The priestess orders and directs me to destroy every monument of that execrable man. Having thus said, she ceases: at the same time, paleness overcasts her whole complexion. Yet Anna imagines not that her sister aimed at death under pretext of these unusual rites; nor once suspects that she had formed such a desperate purpose, nor dreads any thing worse than had happened at the death of Sichaeus. Therefore she makes the desired preparations.

But the queen, as soon as the vast pile was erected under the open air in the inner court, consisting of torches and faggots of oak, encircles the ground with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs: upon the bed she lays his clothes, the sword he left, and his image, well knowing what was to happen. Altars are raised around; and the priestess, her hair dishevelled, with thundering voice, invokes three hundred gods, and Erebus, and Chaos, and threefold Hecate, Virgin Diana’s triple form. She sprinkled also water counterfeiting that of the lake Avernus: ripe full-grown herbs, cut by moonlight with brazen sickles, are searched out, together with black poisonous juice: the knots of love, too, torn from the forehead of a new-foaled colt, and snatched away from the mother, are sought out. The queen herself, now resolute on death, having one foot bare, and her robe ungirt, standing by the altars, with the salt cake and pious hands, makes her last appeal to the gods,

1 Hesperides, three celebrated nymphs, daughters of Hesperus; they presided over the garden which contained the golden apples that Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials. This garden, according to the ancients, was situated near Mount Atlas, in Africa, and the tree bearing the golden apples was guarded by a huge dragon.

2 Hecate, the daughter of Perses and Astera, or rather of Jupiter and Latona; she was called Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate, or Proserpine, in hell.
and to the stars conscious of her fate: then, if any deity, just, and mindful of human affairs, regards lovers unequally yoked, him she invokes.

It was night, and weary bodies over the earth were enjoying a peaceful repose: the woods and raging seas were still; when the stars roll in the middle of their gliding course; when every field is hushed; the beasts, and speckled birds, both those that far and wide haunt the liquid lakes, and those that possess the fields with rough bushes overgrown, all stretched under the mantle of silent night, allayed their cares with sleep, and every heart forgot its toil. Not so the soul-distressed queen; not one moment is she lulled to rest, nor enjoys the blessing of the night with eyes or mind. Her cares redouble; and love, again arising, rages afresh, and fluctuates with a high tide of tumultuous passions. Thus then she persists, and revolves these secret reflections in her breast: What shall I do? Baffled as I am, shall I, in my turn, apply to my former suitors? shall I humbly sue for a match with one of the Numidians, whom I have so often disdained to wed? Shall I then attend the fleet of Ilium, and submit to the basest commands of the Trojans? and that, because I am well rewarded for having lent them my assistance, and their grateful hearts retain a just sense of my former kindness? But, if I had the will, who will put it in my power, or receive into their proud ships me, the object of their hate? Ah, undone Dido, art thou unacquainted with, art thou still to learn, the perniciousness of Laomedon’s race? What then is to be done? Shall I steal away by myself to accompany the triumphant crew? or, attended by my Tyrians, and all my people in a body, shall I pursue them, and again lead out to sea, and order those to spread their sails to the winds, whom, with much ado, I forced from Tyre? Nay, rather die, as you deserve, and end all your woes at once with the sword. You, sister, subdued and softened by my tears, you first oppressed my distracted mind with these woes, and exposed me to the mockery of this insulting enemy. Might I not have led an innocent unwedded life, like a savage of the field, and have avoided all such cares? Alas, I have violated the faith I plighted to the manes of Sicheus.

These heavy complaints she poured forth from her heart. Meanwhile Æneas, determined to depart, was enjoying sleep in his lofty stern, all things being now in readiness. That divine form, which he had seen before, returning with the same aspect, appeared to him in his sleep, and thus again seemed to summon him away; in every thing resembling Mercury, in voice, complexion, golden locks, and
comely youthful limbs: "Goddess-born, can you indulge yourself in sleep at this conjuncture? infatuated! not to see what dangers in a moment may beset you, nor listen to the breathing of the friendly Zephyrs! She, bent on death, is hatching guileful purposes and horrid wickedness in her breast, and fluctuates with a tide of various passions. Will you not fly hence with precipitation, while thus to fly is in your power? Forthwith you shall behold the sea all in commotion with her oars, and torches fiercely blaze; forthwith the shore lighted up with flames, if the morning reach you lingering on these coasts. Come then, quick, break off delay: woman is a fickle creature, and always changeable." This said, he mangled with the sable night.

Then, indeed, Æneas, in dreadful consternation with this sudden apparition, springs from his bed, and rouses up his companions: Awake, my mates, in haste, and plant yourselves on the benches; instantly unfurl the sails: lo, a god despatched from the high heavens, once more prompts me to hasten my departure, and cut the twisted cables. We follow thee, O holy power, whoever thou art, and once more with joy obey thy commands. Ah, be present, lend us thy propitious aid, and light up friendly stars in the heavens. He said, and snatches his keen flashing sword from the sheath, and cuts the halsers with the drawn steel. The same eagerness at once seize them all: they hale, they hurry away; and now they have quitted the shore: the sea lies hidden under the fleet; they with exerted vigour vex the foaming billows, and sweep the azure deep.

And now Aurera, leaving Tithonus' saffron bed, first sowed the earth with new-born light: soon as the queen from her watch-towers marked the whitening dawn, and the Trojan fleet setting forward with balanced sails, and perceived the shore and vacant port without one rower; with repeated strokes beating her fair bosom, and tearing her golden locks: Oh, Jupiter! shall he go? she says: and shall the stranger thus mock my kingdom? Will they not bring forth arms, and pursue from all the city? and will not others tear my ships from the docks? run quick, fetch flames, unfurl the sails, ply the oars. What am I saying? or where am I? what madness turns my brain? Unhappy Dido! art thou then at length stung with the sense of his foul impious deeds? Then it had become thee so to act, when thou impartedst to him thy sceptre. Is this the honour, the faith! this the man who, they say, carries with him his country's gods! who bore on his shoulders his father spent with age! Might I not have torn in pieces his mangled body, and strewn it on the waves? might I not
with the sword have destroyed his friends, Ascanius himself, and served him up for a banquet at his father's table? But the fortune of the fight was dubious. Grant it had been so: *thus resolute on death, whom had I to fear?* I might have hurled fire-brands into his camp, filled the hatches with flames, extirpated the son, the sire, with the whole race, *and flung myself upon the pile.* Thou Sun, who with thy flaming beams surveyest all works on earth, and thou Juno, the interpreter of these my cares, and conscious to my wrongs; Heeate, with howlings invoked through the cities in the cross-ways by night; and ye avenging Furies, and gods of dying Elisa! receive these my words; in justice to my wrongs, turn to me your divine regard, and hearken to my prayers. If it must be, and Jove's decrees so require, if this be his fixed determination, that the execrable traitor reach the port, and get safe to land; yet, persecuted, at least, by war, and the hostilities of an audacious people, expelled from his own territories, torn from the embraces of Lithus, may he sue to others for relief, and see the ignominious deaths of his friends; and, after he shall have submitted to the terms of a disadvantageous peace, let him neither enjoy his crown, nor the wished-for light of life, but die before his time, and *lie unburied in the midst of the sandy shore.* These are my prayers; these the last words I pour forth with my blood. Thou, too, O Tyrians, with irreconcilable enmity, pursue his offspring and all his future race, and present those *grateful* offerings to my shade: let no amity or leagues between the two nations subsist. Arise some avenger from my ashes, who may persecute those Trojan fugitives with fire and sword, now, hereafter, at whatever time power shall be given. Let them take this curse from me, that their shores, their waves, their arms, and ours, may still be opposed to one another; and may their posterity too *and ours* be still in war engaged.

She said, and every way turned her shifting soul, seeking, as soon as possible, to bereave herself of the hated light. Then briefly thus she bespoke Barce, the nurse of Sicheus, (for the dark grave lodged her own in her ancient country:) Deare nurse, call hither to me my sister Anna; bid her make haste to sprinkle her body with running water, and bring with her the victims and the things for expiation of which I told her: thus let her come; and you yourself cover your temples with a holy fillet. I have a mind to finish the sacrifice begun with proper rites, which I have prepared for *Jupiter Stygius,* to put a period to my miseries, and to com-

1 Jupiter Stygius, i.e. Pluto.
mit to the flames the pile of the Trojan. She said; the other quickened her pace with an old woman's officiousness.

But Dido, fearfully perplexed, and wildly outrageous on account of her horrid purpose, rolling her blood-red eyes, her throbbing cheeks streaked with spots, and all pale with approaching death, bursts into the gate of the inner palace, in frantic disorder mounts the lofty pile, and unsheaths the Trojan sword: a present not provided for such purposes as these. Here, after she had viewed the Trojan vestments and the conscious bed, having wept and mused awhile, she threw herself on the bed, and spoke her last words: Ye remains, so dear to me, while god and fate permitted, receive this soul, and set me free from these my cares. I have lived, and finished the race which fortune gave me. And now my ghost shall descend illustrious to the shades below: I have raised a glorious city, have seen the walls of my own building, have avenged my husband, and punished an unnatural brother; happy, ah too happy, had but the Trojan ships never touched my shores! She said, and pressing her lips to the bed, Shall I then die unrevenged? but let me die, she says: thus, thus with pleasure I descend to the shades below. Let the cruel Trojan from the sea feed his eyes with these flames, and bear with him the ominous signs of my death. She said; and while she spoke, her attendants saw her fallen on the sword, and the weapon stained with foaming gore, and her hands therewith besmeared. The outcry is darted to the lofty palace; fame wildly flies through the alarmed city; the houses ring with lamentations, groans, and female yells, and the sky resounds with loud shrieks; just as if all Carthage, or ancient Tyre, in the hands of the invading enemy, were tumbling to the ground, and the furious flames were rolling over the tops of houses and temples.

Her sister was struck to the heart at the news, and with trembling haste all aghast, tearing her face with her nails, and beating her bosom with her hands, rushes through the midst of the crowd, and calls her dying sister by name: O sister, was this then your meaning? did you practise thus to deceive me? was this what I had to expect from that pile, those fires and altars? Abandoned! where shall I begin to complain? Did you disdain a sister for your companion in death? Had you invited me to share the same fate, one distress and one hour had snatched us both away by the same sword. Was it for this I raised that pile with these very hands, and with my voice invoked our country's gods, that I should cruelly absent myself from you, thus stretched on the funeral pile! Ah, sister, you have involved yourself
and me, your people, your Tyrian nobles, and your city, in one common ruin. Let me bathe her wounds with water, and catch with my mouth, if there be yet any straggling remains of breath about her lips. This said, she mounted the high steps, and in her bosom embracing, cherished her expiring sister with deep sighs, and dried up the black blood with her robe. She essaying to lift her eyes, again sinks down. The wound deep fixed in her breast kisses. Thrice leaning on her elbow she made an effort to raise herself up; thrice she fell back on the bed, and with swimming eyes sought the light of heaven, and, having found it, heaved a deepening groan.

Then all-powerful Juno, in pity to her lingering pain and uneasy death, sent down Iris from heaven, to separate her struggling soul and united limbs: for, since she neither fell by fate, nor by a deserved death, but unhappily died before her time, and stung with sudden rage, Proserpina had not yet cropped the yellow hair from the crown of her head, and condemned her to Stygian Pluto. Therefore dewy Iris, drawing a thousand various colours from the opposite sun, shoots downward through the sky on saffron wings, and alighted on her head: I, by command, bear away this hair, sacred to Pluto, and disengage you from that body. She said, and cut the lock with her right-hand: at once all the vital heat was extinguished, and life vanished into air.

BOOK V.

In the Fifth Book, Aeneas sails from Carthage for Italy, but is forced by a storm to revisit Drepanum in Sicily, where he celebrates the anniversary of his father’s death by various games and feats at arms. Here the Trojan women set fire to the fleet, which is saved by the interposition of Jupiter, with the loss of four ships. After this event, Aeneas pursues his voyage to Italy.

Meanwhile Aeneas unalterably resolved, had reached the open sea, and was cutting the black billows before the wind, looking back to the walls which now glare with the flames of unfortunate Elisa. What cause may have kindled such a blaze is unknown; but the thought of those cruel agonies that arise from violent love when injured, and the knowledge of what frantic outrageous woman can do, led the minds of the Trojans into dismal conjectures.

1 Iris, daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was one of the Oceanides, and messenger of the gods, more particularly of Juno. Her office was to cut the thread which seemed to detain the soul in the body of those that were expiring. She is represented with all the variegated and beautiful colours of the rainbow.
As soon as their ships were in the main sea, and no more land appears, sky and ocean all around; a dark lead-coloured watery cloud stood over his head, bringing on night, and storm; and the waves became horrid with darkness. The pilot Palinurus himself from the lofty stern exclaims: Ah! why have such threatening clouds invested the sky? or what, O father Neptune, hast thou in view? Thus having spoken, he next commands to furl the sails, and ply the sturdy oars; the bellying canvass he turns askance to the wind, and thus addresses Æneas: Magnanimous Æneas, should Jupiter on his authority assure me, I could not hope to reach Italy in this weather. The winds changed roar in our back-sail, and rise from the lurking west, and the whole air is condensed into cloud. We are neither able to struggle against the storm, nor make any progress: since fortune overpowers us, let us follow her, and turn our course where she invites us: the trusty shores of your brother Eryx, and the Sicilian ports, I deem not far off, if I but rightly remembering review the stars I observed before. Then the pious Æneas said, I indeed have observed long ago that the winds urge us to this, and that your contrary efforts are in vain. Shift your course by turning the sails. Can any land be more welcome to me, or where I would sooner choose to put in my weather-beaten ships, than that which preserves for me Trojan Acestes, and in its womb contains the bones of my father Anchises?—This said, they make towards the port, and the prosperous Zephyrs stretch the sails: the fleet swiftly rides on the flood; and at length the joyous crew are wafted to the well-known strand. But Acestes, from a mountain's lofty summit, struck with the distant prospect of their arrival, and knowing their friendly ships, comes up to them, roughly arrayed with javelins, and the hide of an African bear; whom, begotten by the river 1 Crinisius, a Trojan mother bore. He, not unmindful of his origin, congratulates them on their safe arrival, and cheerfully entertains them with rude magnificence, and refreshes them after their fatigue with friendly hospitable cheer.

When with the early dawn the ensuing bright day had chased away the stars, Æneas summons to council his followers from all the shore, and from the summit of a rising ground thus addresses them: Illustrious Trojans, whose descent is from the blood of the gods, the annual circle is completed by a full revolution of months, since we lodged in the

1 Crinisius, a river on the western side of the island of Sicily, near the city Segesta.—Elymus, a youth at the court of Acestes, who engaged in the foot-races at the tomb of Anchises.
earth the reliques and bones of my god-like sire, and consecrated to him the altars of mourning. And now the day, if I mistake not, is at hand, which I shall always account a day of sorrow, always a day to be honoured: such, ye gods, has been your pleasure. Were I to pass this day in exile among the quicksands of Getulia, or caught on the Grecian sea, and in the city of Mycene, yet would I regularly perform my annual vows, and the solemn funeral processions, and heap the altars with their proper offerings. Now, without premeditated design, though not, I judge, without the direction or the influence of the gods, we are come to the ashes and bones of my own dear father, and are wafted to the friendly port which we are now entering. Come then, and let us all celebrate the joyous rites. Let us pray to him for prosperous winds, and that, when our city is built, he will permit me to offer to him these rites annually in temples consecrated to his honour. Acestes, a son of Troy, gives you two oxen for each ship: invite to the feast your household and country gods, and those whom our host Acestes worships. Further, if the ninth morning shall bring forth the day fair and serene to mortals, and brighten up the world with its beams, I will propose to the Trojans the first trial of skill to be with the swiftest of their ships. And whoever excels in running, in strength who boldly dares, or is superior in darting the javelin, and shooting the nimble arrow, or who has courage to encounter with the bloody gauntlet; let all such be ready at hand, and expect prizes of victory suitable to their merit. Join your auspicious voices all, and encircle your temples with boughs.

This said, he crowns his temples with his mother's myrtle. The same does Elymus; the same Acestes ripened in years; the same the boy Ascanius, whose example the other youths follow. He went from the assembly to the tomb with many thousands, in the centre of a numerous retinue attending. Here in due form, by way of libation, he pours on the ground to Bacchus two bowls of wine, two of new milk, two of sacred blood; then scatters purple flowers, and thus speaks: Hail, holy sire! once more hail, ye ashes revisited in vain! ye ghosts and shades of my father, hail! Heaven would not allow us to go together in quest of Italy, and of the lands allotted to me by fate, or the Ausonian Tyber, whatever river that is. He said; when from the bottom of the shrine a slippery snake emerging, his huge bulk collected in seven circling spires, trailed

1 Elymus, a youth at the court of Acestes, who engaged in the foot-races at the tomb of Anchises.
along his sevenfold volumes, gently twining round the tomb, and gliding over the altars; whose back azure streaks, and whose scales drops of burnished gold brightened up; as the bow in the clouds draws a thousand various colours from the opposite sun. Æneas stood amazed at the sight. At length the reptile, shooting forward with a long train of moving folds between the bowls and smooth-polished goblets, gently tasted the banquet, re-entered into the bottom of the tomb, and left the altars on which he had fed. Æneas with the more zeal pursues the sacrifice begun in honour of his father, in doubt whether to think it the genius of the place, or the attendant of his parent. He sacrificed five ewes, two years old, according to custom; as many sows, and as many bullocks with sable backs: the wine he poured from the goblets, and invoked the soul of great Anchises, and his ghost from Acheron released. In like manner his mates offer gifts with joy, each according to his ability; they load the altars, and sacrifice bullocks. Others place the brazen caldrons in due order, and, stretched along the grass, apply burning coals under the spits, and roast the joints.

Now the wished-for day approached, and the steeds of the sun ushered in the ninth morning bright and serene; fame, and the renown of illustrious Acestes, had drawn together the neighbourhood. They filled the shores with jovial crowds, some to see the Trojans, some too prepared to try their skill. The prizes first are set before their eyes in the midst of the circus; namely, sacred tripods, green garlands, and palms, the reward of the conquerors; arms and vestments of purple dye, talents of gold and silver; and now the trumpet from the midst of the rising ground gives the signal that the games are begun.

Four ships, selected from all the fleet, equally matched with ponderous oars, first enter the lists. Mnestheus manages the swift-sailing Pristis, with stout rowers, destined soon to be the Italian Mnestheus, from which name the family of Memmius is derived; and Gyas commands the huge Chimera of stupendous bulk, a work like a city, which with a triple tier the Trojan youth impel; the oars rise together in a triple row. Sergestus, from whom the Sergian family has its name, rides in the bulky Centaur; and Cluentius in the sea-green Scylla, from whom, Cluentius, illustrious Roman, is thy descent. Far in the sea there lies a rock opposite to the foaming shore, which sometimes over-

1 Gyas, one of the companions of Æneas, who distinguished himself at the naval games exhibited by Æneas in honour of his father Anchises. Gyas commanded the ship Chimera, of which Menetes was the pilot.
whelmed is buffeted by the swelling surges, when the win-
try north-west winds overcloud the stars: in a calm sea
it lies hushed, and rises above the still wave as a plain, and
affords a delightful station for the cormorants basking in
the sun. Here father Æneas erected a verdant goal of
branching oak for a signal to the mariners; whence they
might know to turn back, and whence to wind about the
long circuits. Then they choose their places by lot; and
on the lofty decks the leaders, adorned with gold and pur-
ple, shine from afar with distinguished lustre. The rest of
the youth are crowned with poplar wreaths, and glitter,
having their naked shoulders besmeared with oil. They
take their seats on the benches, and stretch their arms to
the oars; with eager attention they wait the signal, and
their throbbing hearts beat high with impulse of fear, and
the generous thirst of praise. Then, as soon as the loud
trumpet gave the signal, in an instant all started from their
barrier: the seamen’s clamour strikes the skies; and the
seas, upturned by the force of their in-bent arms, foam. At
once they plough the watery wave; and the whole deep
seems to open, convulsed with oars and trident beaks. Not
with such violent speed the coursers in the two-yoked
chariot-race spring to the field, and start with full career
from the goal; nor with such ardour do the charioteers
shake the waving reins over the flying steeds, and, bending
forward, hang to give the lash. Then, with the applause
and uproar of the seamen, and the eager acclamations of the
favouring crowd, every neighbouring grove resounds: the
bounded shores roll the floating voices; the lashed hills
re-echo the sound. Amidst the bustle and uproar, Gyas
flies out before the rest, and scuds away the foremost on the
waves; whom next Cloanthus follows, a more skilful row-
er, but the vessel, encumbered by its bulk, retards him. Af-
ter these, at equal distance, the Pristis and Centaur strive to
gain the foremost place. And now the Pristis has the ad-
antage, now the huge Centaur gets before her vanquished
antagonist: anon both advance together with united fronts,
and with their long keels plough the briny waves. And
now they approach the rock, and had reached the goal,
when Gyas, the foremost, and hitherto victorious, thus in
mid-sea accosts Menetes, the pilot of his ship: Whither
are you going so far to the right? this way steer your
course; keep to the shore, and let the oar graze upon the
rocks to the left: let others stand out to sea. He said:
but Menetes, dreading the latent rocks, turns out his prow
towards the waves. Gyas with raised voice called to him
again, Menetes, whither are you steering so opposite? once
more, I say, keep to the rocks: And lo, he espies Cloanthus pressing on his rear, and fetching a nearer compass. He, between Gyas' ship and the roaring rocks, brushes along the left-hand path on the inside, and suddenly gets ahead of him who was before, and leaving the goal, gains the safe seas. Then indeed the soul of the youth was inflamed with severe anguish; nor were his cheeks free from tears; and, regardless both of his own dignity and the safety of his friends, he hurled dastardly Menoetes headlong from the lofty stern into the sea. Himself succeeds to the helm both as pilot and commander; encourages his men, and turns his rudder to the shore. But when encumbered Menoetes with difficulty at length had risen from the deep bottom, as being now in years, and languid by reason of his wet garments, he crawls up to the summit of the rock, and sat down on the dry cliff. The Trojans laughed both to see him fall, and to see him swimming; and they renew their laughter when from his breast he vomits up the briny wave. Here Sergestus and Mnestheus, the two last, were fired with joyous hope, to outstrip Gyas lagging behind. Sergestus gets the start; and makes up to the rock, nor yet had he the advantage by the whole length of the ship, only by a part: the rival Pristis partly presses him with her beak. But Mnestheus on the mid-deck walking among his crew animates them: My Hectorean hands, whom I chose associates in Troy's last fatal hour, now, now with keenness ply your oars; now exert that vigour, now that greatness of soul of which you were masters in the quicksands of Ge tulia, in the Ionian sea, and on Malea's coast, where waves succeeding waves pursued us. Your Mnestheus aspires not now to the foremost place, nor contends for the victory: though would to heaven! but may those conquer to whom thou, O Neptune, hast given that honour. Let us be ashamed to come in the last. Surmount, my countrymen, and repel that criminal disgrace. They bend to the oar with the greatest ardour; the brazen-beak galley trembles with the vast strokes, and the watery surface flies from under them. Then thick panting shakes their limbs and parched jaws: sweat flows from every pore in rivulets. Mere chance procured them the wished-for honour: for while Sergestus, between Mnestheus and the goal, in his furious career, is pressing up the head of the ship to the rocks, and steers in a disadvantageous place, he unluckily stuck among the jutting rocks. The cliffs receive a violent shock, and among the sharp craggy points the labouring oars with a crack

1 Malea, a promontory of Peloponnesus, on the southern coast of Laconia, dangerous to navigators.
were shivered, and the prow dashed against the rocks stood suspended. The mariners arise together, and with great clamour desist; and apply booms shod with iron, and poles with sharpened points, and gather up their shattered oars on the stream. Meanwhile Mnestheus, flushed with joy, and more animated by this same success, with the nimble impulse of the oars, and winds called to his aid, cuts the easy waves, and scuds away on the open sea. As a pigeon, whose nest and darling young are in some harbouring rock, suddenly roused from her covert, flies away into the fields, and, starting in a fright, gives a loud clap with her wings against the nest; then, shooting through the calm still air, skims along the liquid way, nor once moves her nimble pinions: thus Mnestheus, thus the Pristis herself in her career, cuts the utmost boundary of the watery plain; thus the mere vehemence of her motion carries her forward in her flying course. And first she leaves behind her Sergestus struggling against the high rocks and shallows, in vain imploring aid, and practising to row with shattered oars. Then he overtakes Gyas, and bulky Chimera's self: she yields, because she wants her pilot. And now, in the very end of the course, Cloanthus alone is before him; whom he therefore endeavours to reach, and, straining with the utmost vigour, pursues. Then, indeed, the shouts redouble, and all the spectators, with hearty applauses, stimulate him in the pursuit, and the sky resounds with roaring acclamations. These are fired with indignation, lest they should lose their possession of glory and the honour they have won; and they are willing to barter life for praise. Those success animates; they are enabled to exert themselves, because they are confident of their own power. And, perhaps, they had both been equally entitled to the prize, had not Cloanthus, stretching out his hands to the sea, poured forth prayers and invoked the gods in form of a vow: Ye gods, to whom belongs the empire of the main, over whose seas I sail, I, bound by vow, will cheerfully present before your altars a snow-white bull on this shore, and exhibit the entrails on the briny wave as an offering to you, and pour out pure wine by way of libation. He said; and the whole choir of Nereids, and Phorcus' train, and the virgin Panopea, heard him from the bottom of the waves; and father Portunus himself, with his ample hand, pushed on the galley in her course. She flies to land swifter than the wind or winged arrow, and lodged herself in the harbour's

1 Phorcus, a sea deity, son of Pontus and Terra, and father of the Gorgons.

2 Portunus, a name of Melicerta. See note 1. Georgics, Book I. page 35.
deep recess. Then Anchises' son, having assembled all in form, proclaims Cloanthus conqueror, by the loud voice of the herald, and crowns his temples with verdant laurel; allows him the choice of three bullocks designed for presents to the three victorious galleys, and gives him wine to carry away with him, and a great talent of silver. On the leaders themselves he confers peculiar honours: to the conqueror he presents a mantle embroidered with gold, round which a thick fringe of Melibeian purple ran in a double maze, and where the royal boy Ganymede inwoven pursues, with darts and full career, the fleet stags on woody Ida, eager, seeming to pant for breath; whom Jove's swift armour-bearer, with his crooked talons, snatched aloft from Ida. The aged keepers in vain stretch out their hands to the stars, and the baying of the dogs rages to the skies. To him who by his merit won the second place, he gives to wear a coat of mail, thick set with smooth polished rings, and wrought in gold with triple tissue, which his own victorious hands had torn from Demoleus by rapid Simois under lofty Ilium: he gives it to be his ornament and defence in war. The servants, Phegeus and Sagaris, with united force, scarcely bore the cumbrous armour on their shoulders: but Demoleus, formerly clad therein, chased before him the straggling Trojans. For the third present he bestows two kettles of brass, and two silver bowls of finished work, and rough with figures. And thus now all rewarded, and flushed with their wealth, walked in procession, having their temples bound with scarlet fillets, when Sergestus brought up his hooted galley without honour, hardly with much art disentangled from the cruel rock, with the loss of her oars, and in one tier quite disabled. As often a serpent surprised in the high-way, (which a brazen wheel hath gone athwart, or a traveller lending his weight at every stroke hath left half dead and mangled with stones,) attempting in vain to fly, shoots his body in long wreaths; in one part fierce, darting fire from his eyes, and rearing aloft his hissing neck; the other part maimed with the wound, retards him, twisting his body in knots, and winding himself up on his own limbs:—with such kind of steerage the ship slowly moved along: her sails, however, she expands, and enters the port with full sail. Æneas gladly confers on Sergestus the promised reward for preserving the vessel, and bringing the crew safe back. To him is given a female slave, not unskilful in the works of Minerva, Pholoe by name, a Cretan by extraction, with her two children on the breast.

This game being over, the pious hero advances to a grassy
plain, which woods on winding hills enclosed around; and in the mid valley was the circuit of a theatre, whither the hero, in the midst of many thousands, repaired, and took a high seat in the assembly. Here he offers inviting rewards to those who chanced to be inclined to enter the lists in the rapid race, and exhibits the prizes. The Trojans and Sici-
lians, in mingled throngs, convene from every quarter: 1 Nisus and Euryalus the first: Euryalus, distinguished by his lovely form and blooming youth; Nisus, by his tender affection to the boy; whom next Diore followed, a royal youth of Priam's illustrious line. After him Salius, and with him Patron; of whom the one was an Acarnanian, the other from Arcadia, of the blood of the Tegean race. Next appeared two Sicilian youths, Elymus and Panopes, trained to the woods, the companions of aged Acestes; and many more besides, whom fame hath buried in obscurity. In the midst of whom thus Aeneas spoke: Mark these my words, and attend with joy: none of this throng shall go unrewarded by me. Two bright 2 Cnossian darts of polished steel, and a carved battle-axe of silver, I will give each man to bear away. This honour shall be conferred equally on all. The first three shall receive prizes, and shall have their heads bound with a wreath of yellow olive. Let the first conqueror have a steed adorned with rich trappings; the second an 3 Amazonian quiver fraught with Thracian arrows, which a broad belt of gold around embraces, and a buckle clasps with a tapering diamond: and let the third content himself with this Grecian helmet. When he had thus said, they take their respective places, and upon hearing the signal, start in a trice, and quit the barrier, darting forward like a tempest: at the same time they mark the goal. Nisus gets the start, and springs away far before the rest, outflying the winds and winged lightning. Next to him, but, though next, yet widely distant, follows Salius: then after him Euryalus, with some space left between them; and Elymus follows Euryalus; close by whose side, lo! next Diore flies, and now jostles heel with heel, pressing on his shoulder; and, had more stages remained, he had skipped away before him, or left the victory dubious. And now they were almost in the utmost bound, and, breathless, were approaching towards the very goal; when unhappy Nisus slides

1 Nisus and Euryalus, two Trojans who accompanied Aeneas to Italy, and immortalized themselves by their mutual friendship. They fought with great bravery against the Rutulians, but at last Nisus perished in attempting the rescue of his friend Euryalus, who had fallen into the enemy's hands.

2 Cnossian darts, i.e. Cretan darts, from Cnosus, or Gnossus, a city of Crete.

3 Amazonian quivers; the Amazons were a warlike nation of women, who lived near the river Thermodon in Pontus.
in a slippery puddle of blood, as by chance it had been shed on the ground from victims slain, and soaked the verdant grass. Here the youth, already flushed with the joy of victory, could not support his tottering steps on the ground he trod, but fell headlong amidst the noisome filth and sacred gore. He, however, was not then forgetful of Euryalus, nor of their mutual loves; for, as he rose from the slippery mire, he opposed himself to Salius: he again, tumbling backward, lay at his length on the tough clammy sand. Euryalus springs forward, and, victorious by the kindness of his friend, holds the foremost place, and flies with favouring applause and acclamation. Elymus comes in next; and Diores, now entitled to the third prize. Here Salius deafens the whole assembly of the ample pit, and the fronting fathers, with loud expostulations, and demands the prize to be given to himself, from whom it was snatched away by unfair means. The favour of the spectators befriends Euryalus, and his graceful tears, and virtue that appears more lovely in so comely a person. Diores aids him, and exclaims with bawling voice; who succeeded to a prize, and had a claim to the last reward in vain, if the first honours be given to Salius. Then father Æneas said, Your rewards, brave youths, stand fixed, and none shall turn the prize out of its due course; give me leave to compassionate the disaster of my innocent friend. This said, he gives to Salius the huge hide of a Getulian lion, ponderous with shaggy fur and girt claws. Upon this Nisus says, If to the vanquished such rewards be given, and your pity be extended to those that fell, what gifts are due to Nisus? to me, who by my merit won the first prize, had not the same unkind fortune which bore Salius down overpowered me. And with these words he at the same time showed his face and limbs smeared with oozy filth. The best of princes smiled upon him, and ordered the buckler to be produced, Didymaon's ingenious work, which had been torn down by the Greeks from the sacred posts of Neptune's temple. With this signal present he rewards the illustrious youth.

Next, when the race was finished, and the prizes were distributed; Now, says he, whoever he may be in whose breast courage and resolution dwell, let him stand forth, and raise aloft his arms, having his hands with gauntlets bound. He said, and proposes a double prize for the combat; to the conqueror a bullock decked with gold and fillets; a sword and shining helmet, the solace of the vanquished. Without delay, Dares shows his face with strength prodigious, and rears himself amidst the loud murmurs of the spectators; he who alone was wont to enter the lists
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with Paris; the same at the tomb where mighty Hector lies, struck down victorious 1Butes of gigantic make, who boasted his descent from the race of Amycus, king of Bebrycia, and stretched him gasping on the yellow sand. Such Dares uprears his lofty head first in the lists, and presents his broad shoulders, and in alternate throws brands his arms around, and beats the air with his fists. For him a match is sought; nor dares one of all that numerous crowd look him in the face, and draw the gauntlets on his hands. Flushed therefore with joy, and imagining that all had quitted pretension to the prize, he stood before Æneas' feet: and then, without farther delay, with his left-hand he seizes the bull by the horns, and thus speaks: Goddess-born, if no one will venture himself to the combat, where will be the end of thus hanging on? how long must I be detained? Order the presents to be brought. At the same time all the Trojans murmured their consent, and ordered the promised prizes to be delivered to him. Then venerable Acestes thus chides Entellus, as he sat beside him on the verdant grassy couch: Entellus, in vain reputed the stoutest of champions once, will you then suffer prizes of such value to be carried off thus uncontested? where is now that god of ours, Eryx, whom you in vain gave out to be your master? where is your fame so celebrated through all Trinacria? where are the spoils that used to hang from your roof? He to this replies: It is not that my thirst of praise is gone, or that my sense of honour is by fear extinguished: but my frozen blood languishes through enfeebling age, and the strength worn out in my body is benumbed. Did I but now enjoy that youth which once I had, and wherein that varlet triumphs with vain confidence, then would I have taken the field; not indeed induced by the tempting prize of this fair bullock, for I regard not rewards. Thus having spoken, he then throws into the middle two gauntlets of huge weight: wherewith fierce Eryx was wont to arm for the fight, and brace his arms with the stubborn hide. Amazement seized their minds to see seven huge folds of vast oxen stiffening with lead and iron sewed within. Above all Dares himself stands aghast, and utterly declines the combat; and the magnanimous son of Anchises this way and that way poises the weight and complicated folds of the gauntlets. Then the aged champion thus addressed himself to the hero: What if any of you had seen

1 Butes, a descendant of Amycus, king of Bebrycia, (Bithynia,) killed by Dares at the tomb of Hector; at the funeral games of Anchises in Sicily, Dares was overcome at the combat of the cestus, by Entellus, a friend of Acestes.
the gauntlet and arms of Hercules himself, and the bloody combat on this very shore? These arms your brother Eryx formerly wore. You see them yet stained with blood and spattered brains. With these he stood against 1 Alcides; with these I was wont to combat, while better blood supplied me with strength, nor envious age as yet had scattered grey hairs over my temples. But if Trojan Dares decline these our arms, and if the pious Æneas be so determined, and Acestes, who prompts me to the fight, likewise approve, let us be equally matched: to oblige you, I lay aside the weapons of Eryx: dismiss your fears, and do you put off your Trojan gauntlets. This said, he flung from his shoulders his double vest, and bared his large sinewy limbs, his big bones and arms, and stood forth in his huge dimensions in the middle of the field. Then the princely son of Anchises brought forth equal gauntlets, and bound both their hands with equal arms. Forthwith each on his tip-toes stood erect, and undaunted raised his arms aloft in the air. Far from the blow they backward withdrew their towering heads: now hand to hand they join in close encounter, and provoke the fight; the one having the advantage in agility of foot, and relying on his youth; the other surpassing in limbs and bulk; but his feeble knees sunk under his trembling body; the thick pautings of age and decayed lungs shake his vast frame. The heroes deal many blows to one another with erring aim, and many on the hollow sides redouble; from their breasts the thumps resound aloud; and round their ears and temples thick strokes at random fly; their jaws crackle under the heavy blows. Entellus stands stiff and unmoved in the same firm posture, only with his body and watchful eyes evades the strokes. The other, as one who besieges a lofty city with batteries, or under arms besets a fort on a hill, explores now these, now those approaches, and artfully traverses the whole ground, and pursues his attack, with various assaults, still baffled. Entellus, rising to a stroke, extended his right arm, and lifted it on high: the other nimbly foresaw the blow descending from above, and with agility of body shifting, slipped from under it. Entellus spent his strength on the wind; and, both by the force of his own natural weight, and the violence of the motion, falls to the ground of himself with his vast ponderous bulk; as sometimes, on 2 Erymanthus or spacious Ida, a hollow pine torn from the roots tumbles down at once. The Trojan and Sicilian youth rise together with different affections: their acclamations pierce

1 Alcides, a name of Hercules.  
2 Erymanthus, a mountain of Ar.  
cadia, where Hercules slew the fa.  
mous Erymanthian boar.
the skies; and Acestes first advances in haste, and in pity raises from the ground his friend of equal age. But the hero, not disabled, or daunted by his fall, returns to the combat more fierce, and indignation rouses his spirit: then shame and conscious worth set all the powers of his soul on fire: and now inflamed he drives Dares headlong over the whole plain, redoubling blows on blows, sometimes with the right-hand, sometimes with the left. No stop; no stay: as thick showers of hail come rattling down on the house-tops, so with thick repeated blows, the hero thumps Dares with each hand, and tosses him hither and thither. Then father Æneas suffered not their fury longer to exert itself, nor Entellus to rage with such fierce animosity; but put a period to the combat, and rescued Dares quite overpowered, soothing him with soft address, and bespeaks him in these terms: Unhappy! what strong infatuation possessed your mind? Are you not sensible of his having foreign assistance, and that the gods have changed sides? Yield to the deity. He said, and by his word decided the combat. As for Dares, his trusty companions conduct him to the ships, dragging his feeble limbs, and tossing his head to either side, disgorging from his throat glotted gore, and teeth mingled with his blood; and, at Æneas’ call, they take the helmet and sword, but leave the palm and bull to Entellus. At this the conqueror, in soul elated, and proud of his prize, says: Goddess-born, and ye Trojans, hence know both what strength I have had in my youthful limbs, and from what imminent death you have saved Dares. He said, and stood against the front of the opposite bull that was set for the prize of the combat, and, rearing himself up, with his right-hand drawn back, levelled the cruel gauntlets directly between the horns, and, battering the skull, drove through the bones. Down drops the ox, and, in the pangs of death, falls sprawling to the ground. Then over him he utters these words: This life, more acceptable, O Eryx, I give thee in exchange for Dares’ death: here victorious I resign the gauntlets with my art.

Æneas forthwith invites such as may be willing to try their skill in shooting the swift arrow, and sets prizes in their view; and with his mighty hand raises a mast taken from Serestus’ ship, and from the high mast hangs a fluttering dove by a rope thrust through the mast, at which they may aim their shafts. The competitors assemble; and a brazen helmet received the shuffled lots. The lot of 1 Hippo-
pocoon, the son of Hyrtacus, comes out first of all with favouring shouts; whom follows Mnestheus, lately victorious in the naval strife, Mnestheus crowned with a green olive-wreath. The third is Eurytion, the brother, illusirious Pandarus, of thee, who, once urged by Minerva to violate the treaty, didst first hurl thy dart into the midst of the Greeks. Acestes remained the last, and in the bottom of the helmet; he too adventuring with his aged hand to essay the feats of youth. Then with manly force they bend their pliant bows, each according to his ability, and draw forth their arrows from their quivers. And first the arrow of young Hyrtacus' son, shot through the sky from the whizzing string, cleaves the fleeting air, reaches the mark, and fixes in the wood of the opposite mast. The mast quivered; and the frightened bird, by fluttering its wings, showed signs of fear; and all quarters rang with loud applause. Next keen Mnestheus stood with his bent bow, aiming on high, and directed his eye and arrow both together. But it was his misfortune not to be able to hit the bird itself with his shaft; but he burst the cords and hempen ligaments to which it hung tied by the foot from the high mast. She with winged speed shot into the air and dusky clouds. Then Eurytion in eager haste, having his arrow long before extended on the ready bow, poured forth a vow to his brother Pandarus, as he now beheld the joyful dove in the void sky, and pierced her under a dark cloud as she was clapping her wings. She dropped down dead, left her life among the stars of heaven! and, falling to the ground, brings back the arrow fastened in the wound. Acestes alone remained after the prize was lost; who, notwithstanding, discharged his shaft into the ærial regions, ostentatiously displaying both his address and twanging bow. Here is unexpectedly presented to view a prodigy, designed to be of high portent; this the important event afterwards declared, and the alarming soothsayers predicted the omens late. For the arrow, flying, among the watery clouds, took fire, and with the flames marked out a path, till, being quite consumed, it vanished into thin air; as often stars loosened from the firmament shoot across the sky, and flying draw after them a fiery train. The Sicilians and Trojans stood fixed in astonishment, and poured out prayers to the gods; nor does great Æneas reject the omen, but, embracing Acestes overjoyed, loads him with ample rewards, and thus bespeaks him: Accept these, venerable prince, for the great sovereign of heaven, by these omens, has signified his will, that you receive the honour of the victory, though out of course. This gift, which belonged
to aged Anchises' self, you shall enjoy,—a bowl embossed with figures, which Thracian 1 Cisseus formerly gave for a magnificent present to my sire, as a monument and pledge of his love. This said, he crowns his temples with verdant laurel, and in view of all pronounces Acestes the first conqueror. Nor does good Eurytion envy him the preference in honour, though he alone struck down the bird from the exalted sky. The next prize is given to him who broke the cords; the last is he who pierced the mast with his winged shaft.

But father Æneas, the games not being yet ended, calls to him the son of Apytus, young Ililus' guardian and companion, and thus whispers in his trusty ear: Go quick, says he, desire Ascanius (if he has now gotten ready his company of boys, and put himself and them in array for the cavalcade) to bring up his troops, and show himself in arms to do his grandsire honour. The hero himself orders the crowd to remove from the extended circus, and the field to be cleared. The boys advance in procession, and uniformly shine on managed steeds full in their parents' sight; in admiration of whom, as they march on, the whole Trojan and Trinacrian youth join in their acclamations. All in due form had their hair pressed with a trim garland. They bear two cornel spears pointed with steel; and some have polished quivers on their shoulders. A pliant circle of wreathed gold goes from the upper part of their breasts about their necks. Three troops of horsemen, and three leaders, range over the plain: twelve striplings follow each, shine in a separate body, and with commanders equally matched. One band of youths young Priam, bearing his grandsire's name, leads triumphant; thy illustrious offspring, O 2 Polites, who shall one day do honour to the Italians, whom a Thracian courser bears, dappled with grey spots; the fetlocks of his foremost feet are white, and, tossing his head high, he displays a starry front. The second is 3 Atys, from whom the Attii of Rome have derived their origin: little Atys, a boy beloved by the boy Ililus. Ililus the last, and in beauty distinguished from all the rest, rode on a Sidonian steed which fair Dido had given him as a monument and pledge of her love. The rest of the youths ride on Trinacrian horses of aged Acestes. The Trojans with shouts of applause receive them anxious for honour, and

1 Cisseus, a king of Thrace, and father to Hecuba.
2 Polites, a son of Priam and Hecuba, whose son, also named Priam, accompanied Æneas to Italy, and was one of the friends of young Ascanius.
3 Atys, who also accompanied Æneas, is supposed to have been the progenitor of the family of the Attii at Rome.
are well pleased with the sight, and trace the features of the aged sires in the children. Now when the joyous youths had paraded on horseback round the whole ring, and full in their parents' view, Epytus' son, from afar, gave a signal to them by a shout, as they stood ready, and clanked with the lash. They broke away in pairs, and the three leaders divided their troops into separate bands: and again, upon summons given, they wheeled about, and bore their hostile spears on one another. Then they again advance, and again retreat in their opposite grounds, and alternately form intricate orbs within orbs, and exhibit the representation of a fight in arms. And now flying they expose their defenceless backs; now in hostile manner turn their darts on each other: now peace being made up, they ride on together. As of old in lofty Crete was a labyrinth famed for having had a winding alley formed by dark intricate walls, and a puzzling maze perplexed by a thousand avenues, whereby the steps should still be lost in wandering and inextricable error; in just such mazy course the sons of the Trojans involve their motions, and frame promiscuous fighting and flying in sport; like dolphins, that, swimming through the watery abyss, cut the Carpathian or Libyan sea, and gambol amid the waves. This manner of tilting, and those mock fights, Ascanius first renewed, and taught the ancient Latins to celebrate, when he was enclosing Alba Longa with walls: as the boy himself, as the Trojan youth with him had practised them, so the Albans taught their posterity: hence, in after times imperial Rome received them, and preserved the same in honour of her ancestors: and at this day it is called the game of Troy, and the boys that perform it, the Trojan band.

Thus far the trials of skill were exhibited by Aeneas in honour of his venerable sire. Here shifting Fortune first became treacherous and unkind. While they are celebrating the anniversary at the tomb with various games, Saturnian Juno dispatched Iris from heaven to the Trojan fleet, and with the fanning winds speeds her way, forming many mischievous plots, and her old revenge not yet glutted. The virgin goddess accelerating her way, seen by none, amidst the bow with a thousand colours, shoots down the path with nimble easy motion. She describes the vast concourse at the games; then, surveying the shore, sees the port deserted, and the fleet left defenceless. But at a distance the Trojan dames apart were mourning the loss of Anchises on the desolate shore, and all of them with tears in their eyes viewed the deep ocean: Ah! that so many perils and such a length of sea should still remain for us
after all our toils! was the sole complaint of all. They pray for some city, are sick of enduring the hardships of the main. Therefore she, not unpractised in mischief, throws herself into the midst of them, and lays aside the mien and habit of a goddess. She assumes the figure of Beroe, the aged wife of Thracian 1Doryclus, who was nobly born, and once had renown, and an illustrious offspring. And thus she joins in discourse with the Trojan matrons: Ah! how hard is the lot of us, who were not dragged forth to die in the war by the Grecian host under our native walls! Ill-fated race! for what miserable doom are you reserved by fortune? The seventh summer from the destruction of Troy is already rolled away, while we, having measured all lands and seas, visited so many inhospitable rocks and barbarous climes, are driven about; while along the wide ocean we pursue Italy that flies before us, and are tossed on the waves. Here are the realms of his brother Eryx, and his friend Acestes: what prevents him from founding walls, and giving his subjects here a city? Ah my country, and our gods in vain saved from the enemy! shall a city never more arise to be named from Troy? Shall I never see the Hecatean rivers, Xanthus and Simois? Nay, rather come, and burn with me our cursed ships. For in my sleep I saw the ghosts of the prophetess Cassandra present me with flaming brands: Here, says she, seek for Troy, here is your fixed residence. Now is the time for action. Nor let us delay after such awful signs from heaven. Lo, here are four altars to Neptune: the god himself animates us to the enterprise, and supplies us with firebrands to put it in execution. With these words she violently snatches the destroying fire, and, lifting up her right-hand with exerted force, first waves at a distance, then throws it. Roused are the minds, and stunned the hearts of the Trojan matrons. Then one of the number, 2Pyrgo, the most advanced in years, the royal nurse to Priam's numerous sons, said, Matrons, this is not Beroe whom you see, it is not she from the Rhetium, the wife of Doryclus: mark here the characters of divine beauty, eyes bright and sparkling; what fragrance in her breath, what majesty in her looks; or mark the accents of her voice, or her gait as she moves. Myself lately, as I came hither, left Beroe sick, in great anguish that she alone was cut off from such a solemnity, and was not to pay the honours due to

1 Doryclus, a brother of Phineas, king of Thrace, and the husband of Beroe, whose form was assumed by Iris, when she advised the Trojan women to burn the fleet of Æneas in Sicily.  
2 Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's children, who followed Æneas in his flight from Troy.
Anchises. She said. But the matrons first began to view the ships with malignant eyes, dubious and wavering between their wretched fondness for the present land, and the realms to which they were by fate invited; when on equal poised wings the goddess mounted into the sky, and in her flight, cut the spacious bow beneath the clouds. Then, indeed, confounded at the prodigy, and seized with madness, they shriek out together, and snatch the flame from the hallowed hearths. Some rifle the altars, and fling boughs, and saplings, and brands together; the conflagration rages with uncontrollable fury amidst the rowers’ seats, and oars, and painted sterns of sir. Eumelus conveys the tidings to Anchises’ tomb, and to the benches of the theatre, that the ships were burned: and they themselves behold the sparks of fire flying up in a pitchy cloud. And first, Ascanius, as joyous he led the cavalcade, just as he was, with full speed rode up to the troubled camp; nor was it in the power of his guardians, half dead for fear, to check him. What strange frenzy is this? whither, he cries, ah, my wretched countrywomen, whither would you now? It is not the enemy, or the hostile camp of the Greeks, but your own hopes ye burn. Here am I, your own Ascanius. Then he threw at their feet the empty helmet, which he wore in exhibiting the images of war in sport. At the same time Æneas and the whole bands of the Trojans came up in haste. But the matrons for fear fly different ways up and down the shore, and skulking repair to the woods and hollow rocks wherever they might be concealed. They loathe their horrid deed, they loathe the light, and now penitent confess their friends; and Juno is dislodged from their breasts. But the flames and conflagration did not therefore abate their ungovernable fury. The smouldering tow lives under the moistened boards, disgorging tardy languid smoke; the smothered fire gradually consumes the keel, and the contagious ruin spreads through the whole body of the vessel. Neither the utmost efforts of the heroes, nor injected streams, avail. Then pious Æneas tore his robe from his shoulders, and invoked the gods to his aid, and stretched out his hands: Almighty Jove, if thou dost not yet abhor all the Trojans to a man, if thy ancient goodness regards human disasters with any commiseration, grant now, O father, that our fleet may escape from these flames, and save from desolation the state of the Trojans thus low reduced. Or, to complete thy vengeance, hurl me down to the realms of death with thy vindictive thunder, if I so deserve, and crush me here with thy right-hand. Scarcely had he spoken these words, when a black tempest of bursting rain rages with uncommon
fury: both hills and valleys quake with thunder; the shower descending in turbid rain, and condensed into pitchy darkness by the thick-beating south winds, pours down from the whole atmosphere. The ships are filled from above: the half-burned boards are drenched, till the whole smoke is extinguished, and all the ships, with the loss only of four, are saved from the fiery pest.

But father Aeneas, struck with the severe misfortune, turned his deeply anxious thoughts now this way, now that, pondering with himself whether he should settle in the territories of Sicily, regardless of the kingdom allotted to him by fate, or steer his course to the Italian coast. Then aged Nautes, whom Tritonian Pallas singularly taught, and rendered illustrious for deep penetration, gave forth these responses, intimating what either the high displeasure of the gods portended, or what the series of the fates required. And thus, solacing Aeneas, he begins: Goddess-born, let us follow the dictates of heaven, whether they invite us backward or forward: come what will, every fortune is to be surmounted by patience. You have Trojan Acestes of divine original: admit him the partner of your counsels, and unite yourself to him your willing friend: to him deliver up such as are supernumerary, now that you have lost some ships: choose out those who are sick of the great enterprise, and of your fortune: the old with length of years oppressed, and the matrons fatigued with the voyage; select the feeble part of your company, and such as dread the danger, and, since they are tired out, let them have a settlement in these territories: they shall call the city Acesta by a licensed name.

Then indeed Aeneas, fired by these words of his aged friend, is distracted in his mind amidst a thousand cares. Now sable Night, mounted on her chariot with two horses, possessed the heavens, when the shape of his father Anchises, gliding down from the skies, suddenly seemed to pour forth these words: Son, once dearer to me than life, while life remained; my son, severely tried by the fates of Troy; hither I come by the command of Jove, who averted the fire from your fleet, and at length showed pity towards you from high heaven. Comply with the excellent counsel which aged Nautes now offers; carry with you to Italy the choice of the youths, the stoutest hearts. In Latium you have to subdue a hardy race, rugged in manners. But first,

1 Nautes, a Trojan soothsayer, who consoled Aeneas when his fleet had been burnt in Sicily. He was the progenitor of the Nautii, at Rome, a family to whom the Palladium of Troy was afterwards entrusted.
2 Acesta, or Segesta, a city of Sicily, built by Aeneas in honour of king Acestes.
my son, visit Pluto’s infernal mansions, and, in quest of an interview with me, cross the deep floods of Avernus: for not accursed Tartarus, nor dreary ghosts, have me in their possession; but I inhabit the delightful seats of the blest, and Elysium. Hither the chaste Sibyl shall conduct thee after shedding profusely the blood of black victims. Then you shall learn your whole progeny, and what settlements are assigned to you. And now farewell: humid Night wheels about her mid course, and the dawning light, which fiercely summons me away, hath breathed upon me with panting steeds. He said; and vanished like smoke into the fleeting air. Whither so precipitant? says then Aeneas; whither dost thou whirl away? whom diest thou? or who debarst thee from my embraces? So saying, he awakes the embers and dormant fire, and suppliant pays veneration to his Trojan domestic god, and the shrine of hoary Vesta, with a holy cake, and censer full of incense. Fortwith he calls his followers, and first of all Acestes, and informs them of Jove’s command, and the instructions of his beloved sire, and of the present settled purpose of his soul. No obstruction is given to his resolution; nor is Acestes averse to the proposals made to him. They single out the matrons for the city, and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, souls that had no desire of high renown. Themselves renew the benches, and repair the boards half consumed by the flames; fit oars and cables to the ships: in number inconsiderable, but of animated valour for war.

Meanwhile Aeneas marked out a city with the plough, and assigns the houses by lot: here he orders a second Ilium to arise, and these places to be called after those of Troy. Trojan Acestes rejoices in his new kingdom; institutes a court of judicature; and having assembled his senators, dispenses laws to his subjects. Then on the top of mount Eryx a temple approaching the stars is raised to Idalian Venus; and a priest is assigned to the tomb of Anchises, with a grove hallowed far and wide. And now the whole people had kept the festival for nine days, and sacrifices had been offered on the altars, when peaceful breezes smoothe the seas, and the south wind in repeated whispering gales invites into the deep. Loud lamentations along the winding shores arise: in mutual embraces they linger out both night and day. Even the timorous matrons, and those to whom the face of the sea lately seemed grim and

1 Elysium, a place in the infernal regions, where, according to the mythology of the ancients, the souls of the virtuous were placed after death. The Elysian fields, according to Virgil, were situated in Italy.

2 Idalian Venus. See note 1. AEn, Book 1, page 103.
horrid, and its divinity intolerably severe, would willingly go, and submit to all the toil of the voyage: whom good Æneas solaces in friendly terms, and, weeping, recommends to his kinsman Acestes. Then he orders to sacrifice to Eryx three calves, and a female lamb to the tempests, and to weigh anchor after the due rites were performed. The hero himself, having his head bound with a trim garland of olive leaves, standing on the extremity of the prow, holds the consecrated cup, and presents the entrails on the briny waves as an offering to the sea-gods, and pours the limpid wine. A wind arising from the stern accompanies them in their course. The crew with emulous vigour lash the sea, and brush its smooth surface.

Meanwhile Venus, harassed with cares, addresses Neptune, and pours forth these complaints from her breast: The cruel resentment and insatiable malice of Juno compel me, O Neptune, to descend to all entreaties; Juno, whom neither length of time nor any piety softens: and who is not quelled and subdued to peace even by Jove's imperial sway, or by the fates. She is not satisfied to have consumed the city from among the Phrygian race by her merciless rage, nor to have dragged its relics through all sorts of suffering; she persecutes the ashes and bones of ruined Troy. The causes of such furious resentment are to her best known. Yourself can witness for me what a heaving tempest she suddenly raised of late on the Libyan waves. The whole seas she blended in confusion with the sky, vainly relying on Æolus' storms; this presuming even in your realms. Lo also, (O wickedness!) by acting on the Trojan matrons, she hath shamefully burned the ships, and forced their friends, now that they have lost their fleet, to abandon them in a land obscure and unknown. As to what remains, may they be allowed, I pray, to sail over the waves secure by thy protection: may they be allowed to reach 1Laurentian Tyber; if I ask what may be granted, if the Destinies assign to them those settlements. Then the imperial ruler of the deep ocean thus replied: Bright 2Cytherea, it is highly equitable that you confide in my realms, whence you derive your birth: besides, I have a just claim to your confidence; for often, in favour of your son, have I checked the furious rage and maddening tumult of sea and sky. Nor was I less careful of your Æneas on earth—I call Xanthus and Simois to witness. When Achilles, pursuing the troops of Troy fainting and breathless, dashed them against their walls, gave many thousands a prey to death, and choked

1 Laurentian Tyber, so called from Laurentum, (Paterno,) the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.

2 Cytherea. See note 1. Æneid, Book I. page 94.
rivers groaned, and Xanthus could not find his way, or disembogue himself into the sea; then in a hollow cloud I snatched away Æneas, while he was encountering the mighty Achilles with strength and gods unequal; though I was desirous of overthrowing from the lowest foundation the walls of perjured Troy, which my hands had reared. And still I continue in the same disposition: therefore banish your fear: he shall arrive safe at the port of Avernus, which you desire. Of one only, lost in the deep, shall he be bereft: one life shall be given for many. The father of the floods, having by these words soothed and cheered the heart of the goddess, yokes his steeds to the vehicle of gold, puts the foaming bit into their fierce mouths, and throws up all the reins. Then along the surface of the seas he nimbly glides in his azure car. The waves subside, and the swelling ocean smooths its liquid pavement under the thundering axle: the clouds fly off the face of the expanded sky. Then appear the various forms of his retinue, unwieldy whales, and the aged train of Glancus, and Æmon, Ino's son, the swift Tritons, and the whole band of Phorbus. On the left are Thetis, Melite, and the virgin Panopea, Nesaë, Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce. Upon this, soft joys in their turn diffuse themselves through the anxious soul of father Æneas. Forthwith he orders all the masts to be set up, and the sails to be stretched along the yards. At once they all tug at their halsers, and together unfurl sometimes the left-hand sheets, sometimes the right: at once they turn the high extremities of the sail-yards, sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other: friendly gales waft the fleet forward. Palinurus, the master-pilot, led the closely united squadron: towards him the rest were ordered to steer their course.

And now the dewy night had almost reached the middle of her course; the weary sailors, stretched along the hard benches under the oars, relaxed their limbs in peaceful repose; when the god of sleep, gliding down from the ethereal stars, parted the dusky air, and dispelled the shades; to you, O Palinurus, directing his course, visiting you, though innocent, with dismal dreams: and the god took his seat on the lofty stern, in the similitude of Phorbus, and poured forth these words: Palinurus, son of Iasius, the seas themselves carry forward the fleet; the gales blow fair and steady, the hour for rest is given you. Recline your head

1 Palémon, the same with Melier- 
da and Portunus. See note 1. Geor-
gics, Book I. page 39.— Triton, &c. 
est deities; the name Tritons was ge-
nerally applied to those only who were half men and half fishes.

2 Phorbas, a son of Priam, killed in 
the Trojan war by Memelaus. The 
god Sonnus, by assuming his shape, 
deceived Palinurus, and threw him in-
to the sea.
and steal your weary eyes from labour. Myself a while will discharge your duty. To whom Palinurus, with difficulty lifting up his eyes, answers: Would you then have me a stranger to the face of the sea, smiling as it now appears, and its waves thus still and calm? Shall I confide in this extraordinary apparition? Why should I trust Aeneas to the mercy of the fallacious winds, particularly after having been so often deceived by the treacherous aspect of a serene sky? These words he uttered, while fixed and clinging he did not part with the rudder, and held his eyes directed to the stars; when, lo! the god shakes over both his temples a branch drenched in the dew of Lethe, and impregnated with a soporific Stygian quality; and, while he is dallying with sleep, dissolves his swimming eyes. Scarcely had soft slumber, stealing on him by surprise, relaxed his first limbs, when the god incumbent on him, with part of the stern broke off, together with the helm, plunged him into the crystal waves headlong, and often calling on his friends in vain: then taking flight, he raised himself on his wings aloft into the thin air. Meanwhile, the fleet runs its watery course on the liquid plain with equal security, and fearless is conducted by virtue of father Neptune's promises. And now wafted forward, it was even coming up to the rocks of the 1 Sirens, once of difficult access, and white with the bones of many whom they had drawn to suffer shipwreck, (at that time the hoarse rocks resounded far by the continual buffeting of the briny waves;) when father Aeneas perceived the fluctuating galley to reel, having lost its pilot; and he himself steered her through the darkened waves, deeply affected and wounded in his soul for the misfortune of his friend: Ah, Palinurus, says he, who has too much confided in the fair aspect of the skies and sea! naked and unburied shalt thou lie on an unknown barbarous coast!

BOOK VI.

In the Sixth Book, Aeneas, on reaching the coast of Italy, visits, as he had been forewarned, the Sibyl of Cumæ, who attends him in his descent into the infernal regions, and conducts him to his father Anchises, from whom he learns the fate that awaited him and his descendants the Romans. The book closes with the well known beautiful panegyric on the younger Marcellus, who was prematurely cut off in the flower of his youth.

Thus he speaks with tears in his eyes, and gives his ship full sail, and at length he reaches the 2 Eubœan coast of Cu-

1 Sirens, these were three fabulous sisters who usually resided in a small island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily, and by their melodious voices decoyed mariners to their destruction on the fatal coast. Ulysses having, by an artifice, escaped their fascination, the disap-

pointed Sirens threw themselves into the sea, and perished.

2 Eubœan coast, applied to Cumæ in Italy, as having been built by a colony from Chalcis, a city of Eubœa, (Negropont,) an island in the Archipelago.
mae. They turn their prows out to the sea; then the anchor with its tenacious fluke moored the ships, and the winding sterns line the margin of the shore. The youthful crew spring forth with ardour on the Hesperian strand; some explore the seeds of fire latent in the veins of flint; some plunder the corpses, the close retreat of wild beasts, and point out rivers newly discovered. But the pious Æneas repairs to the towers over which exalted Apollo presides, and to the ample dreary cave, the cell of the Sibyl awful at a distance; whose great mind and soul the prophetic god of Delos inspires, and discloses to her future events. Now they enter Diana's groves, and Apollo's golden roofs. 1 Dædalus, as is famed, flying the realms of Minos, adventuring to commit himself to the sky on nimble wings, sailed aloft in air through an untried path to the cold regions of the north, and at length gently alighted on the tower of Chalcis. Having landed first on those coasts, to thee, O Phoebus, he consecrated his oary wings, and reared a spacious temple. On the gates the death of 2 Androgeos was represented; then appeared the Athenians, doomed, as an atonement for their crime, (a piteous case!) to pay the yearly tribute of seven of their children: there stands the urn whence the lots were drawn. In counterview answers the land of Crete raised above the sea: here Pasiphae's fierce passion for the bull is seen, and she is introduced by artifice humbled to his embrace, with the Minotaur, that mingled birth, and two-formed offsprings, all monuments of execrable lust. Here are seen the laboured work of the Labyrinth, and the inextricable mazes: but Dædalus, pitying the violent love of the princess Ariadne, unravels to 3 Theseus the intricacies and windings of the structure, himself guiding his dark mazy steps by a thread. You too, O Icarus, should have borne a considerable part in that great work, had the father's grief permitted. Twice he essayed to figure the disastrous story in gold; twice the parent's hand misgave him. And now the Trojans would survey the whole work in order, were not Achates sent before by Æneas, just at hand, and with him the priestess of Phoebus

1 Dædalus, a most ingenious artist of Athens, who, with his son Icarus, fled, by the help of wings, from Crete, to escape the resentment of Minos, but Icarus fell into that part of the Ægean sea which bears his name.

2 Androgeos, the son of Minos and Pasiphae, famous for his skill in wrestling, was put to death by Ægeus, king of Athens, who became jealous of him; to revenge his death, Minos made war upon the Athenians, and at last granted them peace, on condition that they sent yearly seven youths and seven virgins, from Athens to Crete, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a fabulous monster, half a man and half a bull.

3 Theseus, king of Athens, and son of Ægeus, was, next to Hercules, the most celebrated of the heroes of antiquity. He slew the Minotaur, and escaped from the labyrinth of Crete by means of a clue of thread given to him by Ariadne, daughter of Minos.
and Diana, 1 Deiphobe, Glaucus' daughter, who thus be-
speaks the king: This hour neither requires nor admits
such amusements. At present it will be more suitable to
sacrifice seven bullocks from a herd untouched with the
yoke, and as many chosen ewes, with usual rites. The
priestess having thus addressed Æneas, (nor are they back-
ward to obey her sacred orders,) calls the Trojans into the
lofty temple. The huge side of an Euboean rock is cut out
into a cave, whither a hundred broad avenues lead, a hun-
dred doors; whence rush forth as many voices, the responses
of the Sibyl. They had come to the entry of the cave, when
thus the virgin exclaims: Now is the time to consult
your fate: the god, lo the god approaches! While thus before
the gate she speaks, on a sudden her looks change, her co-
our comes and goes, her locks are dishevelled, her breast
heaves, and her fiercely untoward heart swells with enthu-
siastic rage; she appears in a larger and more majestic
form, her voice speaking her not a mortal, now that she is
inspired with the nearer influence of the god. Do you de-
lay, Trojan Æneas, she says, do you delay to pour forth
vows and prayers? Instantly begin; for not till then shall
the ample gates of this mansion, where the god thunders
with his voice, expand their jaws. And having thus said,
she ceased. Shivering horror ran thrilling cold through
the Trojans, and penetrated even to their hard bones; and
their king poured forth these prayers from the bottom of
his heart: Great Apollo, always disposed to pity the griev-
ous calamities of Troy, who guidedst the Trojan darts and
the hand of Paris to the body of Achilles; under thy con-
duct I have entered so many seas encompassing extensive
countries, and the Massilian nations far remote, and regions
whose frontiers are guarded by quicksands. Now, after all
our toils, we are in possession of the coast of Italy that flies
from us. Let it suffice that the fortune of Troy has per-
secuted us thus far. Now it is but equitable that you too
spare the Trojan race, ye gods and goddesses, all to whom
Ilium and the high renown of Dardania were obnoxious.
And thou most holy prophetess, skilled in futurity, grant
(for I ask no realms but what are destined to me by fate)
that the Trojans, their wandering gods, and the persecuted
deities of Troy, may settle in Latium. Then will I appoin-
to Phæbus and Diana, temples of solid marble, and festival
days, called by the name of Apollo. Thee too a spacious
sanctuary awaits in our realms: for there, propitious maid,
I will deposit thy oracles, and the secret fates declared to

1 Deiphobe, the Cumean Sibyl, daughter of Glaucus, who conducted Æneas
into the infernal regions.
my nation, and will consecrate chosen men for thy service. Only commit not thy prophetic verses to leaves, lest they fly about in disorder, the sport of the rapid winds: I beg you yourself will pronounce them. He ended his address.

But the prophetess, as yet impatient under the influence of Phoebus, raves with wild outrage in the cave, struggling if possible to disburthen her soul of the mighty god: so much the more he curbs and harasses her wildly rebellious jaws, subduing her ferocious heart, and, by bearing down her opposition, forms and makes her pliable. And now the hundred spacious gates of the dome expanded of their own accord, and pour forth these responses into the open air: O thou who hast at length overpassed the vast perils of the ocean! yet more afflictive trials by land await thee. The Trojans shall come to the realms of Lavinium, (dismiss that concern from your breast,) but they shall wish too they had never come thither. Wars, horrid wars I foresee, and Tyber foaming with a deluge of blood. Neither Simoës, nor Xanthus, nor Grecian camps, shall be wanting to you there. Another Achilles is prepared for thee in Latium; he too the son of a goddess. Nor shall Juno, the appointed scourge of the Trojans, leave them wherever they are: while in your distress, which of the Italian states, which of its cities, shall you not humbly supplicate for aid? Once more shall a consort, a hostess, once more shall a foreign match be the cause of so great calamity to the Trojans. Sink not under the weight of your sufferings, but encounter them with the greater fortitude, the more that fortune shall oppose you. What you least expect, your first means of deliverance shall arise from a Grecian city. Thus from her holy cell the Cumaean Sibyl delivers her awfully mysterious oracles, and, wrapping up truth in obscurity, bellows in her cave: with such rigour Apollo shakes the reins over her as she wildly rages, and deep in her breast exerts his stimulating power.

As soon as her fury ceased, and her maddening tongue was silent, the hero Æneas begins: To me, O virgin, no shape of sufferings can arise new or unexpected; I have anticipated all the ills of life, and acted them over beforehand in my mind. My sole request is, (since here the gate of the infernal king is said to be, and the darksome lake arising from the overflowing of Acheron,) that I may be so happy as to come into the sight and presence of my dear father; that you would show the way, and open to me the sacred avenues. On these shoulders I rescued him, through flames and a thousand darts pursuing, and saved him from the midst of the enemy. He accompanied my path, attend-
ed me in all my voyages, and, though weak and infirm, bore all the terrors both of the sea and sky, beyond what the power and condition of old age can usually bear. Nay more, he it was who earnestly requested and enjoined me to come to thee a suppliant, and visit thy temple. Propitious virgin, pity, I pray, the son and the sire: for thy power is unlimited: nor hath Hecate in vain given thee charge of the Avernian groves. If Orpheus had power to recall to light his consort’s ghost, assisted by his Thracian harp and harmonious strings; if 1 Pollux redeemed his brother Castor by alternate death, and goes and comes this way so often; I hope I may also be allowed to go and return: why need I mention Theseus, or great Alcides? I too derive my birth as well as they from Jove supreme.

In these terms he prayed, and held the altar, when thus the prophetess began to speak: Offspring of the gods, Trojan prince, son of Anchises, easy is the path that leads down to hell; grim Pluto’s gate stands open night and day: but to re-ascent, and escape thence to the upper regions, this is a work, this is a task indeed. Yet some few, whom favouring Jove loved, or illustrious virtue advanced to heaven, the sons of the gods, have effected it. Woods cover all the intervening space, and Cocytus gliding with his black winding flood surrounds it. But if your soul be possessed with so strong a love, so ardent a desire, twice to sail across the Stygian lake, twice to visit gloomy Tartarus, and you will needs fondly pursue the desperate enterprise, learn what first is to be done. On a tree of deepening shade there lies concealed a bough, with leaves and limber twigs of gold, pronounced sacred to infernal Juno: this the whole grove covers, and shades in dark valleys enclose. But to none is it given to enter the hidden recesses of the earth, till from the tree he pluck the bough with its golden locks. Fair Proserpine hath ordained this to be presented to her as her peculiar present. When the first is torn off, a second likewise of gold soon succeeds; and a new twig shoots forth leaves of the same metal. Therefore search for it with eyes erect, and, when found, pluck it with the hand in a proper manner; for, if the fates invite you, itself will come away spontaneous and easy; otherwise it will not be in your power to master by any natural strength, or to lop it off by the artificial means of stubborn steel. Besides, the

1 Pollux and Castor were twin brothers; according to ancient mythology, Pollux was the son of Jupiter, and so tenderly attached to his brother Castor, that he entreated Jupiter he might share his immortality, which being granted, they alternately lived and died every day. They were made constellations under the name of Gemini, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets.
body of your friend lies breathless, (whereof you, alas! are not aware,) and pollutes the whole shore with the effect of death, while you are prying into the secrets of heaven, and hang lingering at my gate. First convey him to his place of rest, and bury him in the grave. Then bring black cattle: let these first be the sacrifices of expiation. Thus at length you shall have a view of the Stygian groves, realms inaccessible to the living. She said, and, closing her lips, was silent.

Aeneas, with sorrow in his looks, his eyes fixed on the ground, takes his way, leaving the cave, and musing the dark event in his mind; whom faithful Achates accompanies, and moves on with equal concern. Many doubts they started between them in the variety of their conversation; who was the lifeless friend designed by the prophetess, what corpse was to be interred. And as they came, they saw Misenus on the dry beach, slain by a base ignoble death; Misenus, a son of Eolus, whom none excelled in rousing warriors by the brazen trumpet, and kindling the rage of war by martial sounds. He had been the companion of great Hector, and about Hector he fought, distinguished both for the use of the clarion and spear. After victorious Achilles had bereaved Hector of life, the valiant hero associated with Dardanian Aeneas, following a chief not inferior to the other. But at that time, while madly presumptuous he makes the seas resound with his hollow trumpet, and with bold notes challenges the gods to a trial of skill, Triton, jealous of his honour, (if the story be worthy of credit,) having inveigled him between two rocks, had overwhelmed him in the foaming billows. Therefore all murmured their lamentations around him with loud noise, especially the pious Aeneas; then forthwith they set about the Sibyl’s orders in mournful plight, and are emulous to heap up the altar of the funeral pile with trees, and raise it towards heaven. They repair to an ancient wood, the deep haunts of the savage kind: down drop the firs: the holm crashes, felled by the axes; and the ashen beams and yielding oak are cleft by wedges; down from the mountains they roll the huge wild ashes. Aeneas, too, in chief amidst these labours, animates his followers, and is arrayed in similar arms.

Meanwhile he thus ruminates in his distressed breast, surveying the spacious wood, and thus prays aloud: Would but that golden bough on the tree now present itself to our

1 Misenus, a son of Eolus, the trumpeter of Hector, after whose death he followed Aeneas to Italy, and was drowned on the coast of Campania.
view in this ample forest! since Misenus, all that the
prophetess declared of thee is true, alas, but too true. Scarce-
ly had he spoken these words, when it chanced that two
pigeons, in their airy flight, came directly into the hero's
view, and alighted on the verdant ground. Then the ex-
alted hero knows his mother's birds, and rejoicing prays:
Oh be my guides wherever is my way, and steer your
course through the air into the groves, where the precious
branch overshades the fertile soil. And thou, my goddess-
mother, oh be not wanting to me in this my perplexity!
Thus having said, he paused, observing what indications
they offer, and whither they wing their way. They, feed-
ing and flying by turns, advanced before as far as the eyes
of the followers could trace them with their ken. Then,
having come to the mouth of noisome Avernus, they mount
up swiftly, and, gliding through the pure air, both alight
on the wished-for place, on that tree from which the par-
ticoloured gleam of the gold shone through the branches.
As in the woods the mistletoe, which springs not from the
tree from whence it grows, is usually seen to flourish with
new leaves in the cold of winter, and to twine around the
tapering trunk with its yellow offspring: such was the ap-
pearance of the vegetable gold on the shady holm: in like
manner the metallic rind tinkled with every gentle breath
of wind. Forthwith Aneas grasps, and eagerly tears off
the lingering branch, and bears it to the grotto of the pro-
phetic Sibyl.

Meanwhile the Trojans were no less assiduously employ-
ed in mourning Misenus on the shore, and in paying the
last duties to his insensible, ungrateful shade. First they
rear a vast pile unctuous with pines and split oak, whose
sides they interweave with black baleful boughs, and place
in the front deadly cypresses, and deck it above with glit-
tering arms. Some get ready warm water, and caldrons
bubbling from the flames; and wash and anoint his cold
limbs. They groan in unison: then lay the bewailed body
on a couch, and throw over it the purple robes, his wonted
apparel. Others bore up the cumbrous bier, a mournful
office; and with their faces turned away from the pile,
after the manner of their ancestors, under it they held a
lighted torch. Amassed together, blaze offerings of in-
cense, the sacred viands, and whole goblets of oil poured
on the pile. After the ashes had sunk down, and the flames
relented, they drenched the reliques and soaking embers in
wine; and 1 Chorinaeus enclosed the collected bones in a

1 Chorinaeus, a priest who accompanied Aneas.
brazzen urn. Thrice too he made the circuit of the company with holy water, sprinkling them with a gentle dew, and a branch of the lucky olive; and thus he purified them, and pronounced the last farewell. But the pious humane Æneas erects a spacious tomb for the hero, with his arms upon it, and an oar and trumpet, under the brow of a lofty mountain, which now from him is called Misenus, and retains a name that will be perpetuated through ages.

This done, he speedily executes the Sibyl's injunctions. There stood a cave profound and hideous, with a wide yawning mouth, stony, fenced by a black lake and the gloom of woods; over which none of the flying kind were able to wing their way unhurt; such noxious exhalations, issuing from its grim jaws, ascended to the vaulted skies; for which reason the Greeks called the place by the name of 1 Aornus. Here first the priestess places four bullocks with backs of swarthy hue, and pours wine on their foreheads, and cropping the topmost hairs between the horns, lays them on the sacred flames as the first offerings, by mystic sounds invoking Hecate, whose power extends both to heaven and hell. Others employ the sacrificing-knives, and receive the tepid blood in bowls. Æneas himself smites with his sword an ewe-lamb of sable fleece, offering up the animal to the mother of the Furies, and her great sister, and in honour of thee, Proserpina, he kills a barren heifer. Then he sets about the nocturnal sacrifices to the Stygian king, and lays on the flames the carcasses of bulls, solid and unbroken, pouring fat oil on the broiling entrails. Lo now, at the early beams and rising of the sun, the ground beneath their feet began to rumble, the mountain-tops to quake, and dogs were seen to howl through the shade of the woods, at the approach of the goddess. Hence, far hence, O ye profane, exclaims the prophetess, and begone from all the grove: and do you, Æneas, boldly march forward, and snatch your sword from its sheath: now is the time for fortitude, now for firmness of resolution. This said, she furiously plunged into the open cave. He, with intrepid steps, keeps close by his guide as she leads the way.

Ye gods, to whom the empire of ghosts belongs, and ye silent shades, and 2 Chaos, and Phlegethon, places where silence reigns around in the realms of night! permit me to utter the secrets I have heard; may I have your divine per-

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1 Aornus, the same as Avernus, a lake of Campania in Italy, regarded by the ancients as the entrance of the internal regions.

2 Chaos is here invoked as one of the internal deities.—Phlegethon, one of the rivers of hell.
mission to disclose things buried in deep earth and darkness. Darkling they advanced under the solitary night through the shade, and through the desolate halls and empty realms of Pluto; their progress resembling a journey in woods by the precarious glimmering moon under a faint malignant light, when Jupiter hath wrapped up the heavens in shade, and sable night hath stripped objects of colour.

Before the very courts, and in the opening jaws of hell, Grief and vengeful tormenting Cares have fixed their couches, and pale diseases dwell, and disconsolate sullen Old Age, and Fear, and the evil counsellor Famine, and vile deformed Indigence, forms ghastly to the sight! and Death, and Toil; then Sleep that is a-kin to Death, and criminal Joys of the mind; and in the opposite confronting threshold murderous War, and the iron bed-chambers of the Furies, and frantic Discord, having her viperous locks bound with bloody fillets.

In the midst a gloomy elm displays its boughs and aged arms, which seat vain fantastic Dreams are commonly said to haunt, and under every leaf they dwell. Besides many monstrous savages of various forms; in the gates Centaurs stable, and double-formed Scyllas, and 1 Briareus with his hundred hands, and the enormous snake of 2 Lerna hissing dreadful, and Chimaera armed with flames; Gorgons, Harpies, and the form of Geryon’s three-bodied ghost. Here Æneas, disconcerted with sudden fear, grasps his sword, and presents the naked point to each approaching shade: and had not his skilful guide put him in mind that they were airy unembodied phantoms, fluttering about under an empty imaginary form, he had rushed in, and with his sword struck at the ghosts in vain.

Hence is a path, which leads to the floods of Tartarean Acheron: here a gulf turbid and impure boils up with mire and vast whirlpools, and disgorges all its sand into Cocytus. A grim ferryman guards these floods and rivers, 3 Charon, of frightful slovenliness; on whose chin a load of grey hair uncombed and neglected lies; his eyes all flame stand glaring: his vestments hang from his shoulders by a knot with filth overgrown. Himself works the barge with

1 Briareus, a famous giant, son of Cælus and Terra. The poets feigned he had 100 arms and 50 heads, and was thrown under Mount Ætna for having assisted the giants against the gods.

2 Lerna, a lake of Argolis in Greece, where Hercules killed the famous hydra. Chimaera, a fabulous monster, represented with three heads, that of a lion, of a goat, and of a dragon.—Geryon, a celebrated monster, whom Hercules slew. He was represented by the poets as having three bodies and three heads.

3 Charon, a god of hell, son of Erebus and Nox, who conducted the souls of the dead in a boat over the river Styx to the infernal regions.
a pole, and supplies with sails, and wafts over the bodies in his iron-coloured boat, now in years: but the god is of fresh and green old age. Hither the whole tribe of ghosts in swarms came pouring to the banks, matrons and men, the souls of magnanimous heroes who had gone through the labours of life, boys and unmarried maids, and young men who had been stretched on the funeral pile before the eyes of their parents; as numerous as withered leaves fall in the woods with the first nipping cold of autumn, or as numerous as birds flock to land from deep ocean, when the chilling year drives them beyond sea, and sends them to sunny climes. They stood praying to cross the flood the first, and were stretching forth their hands with fond desire to gain the further bank: but the sullen boatman admits sometimes these, sometimes those; whilst others, to a great distance removed, he debars from the banks.

Æneas (for he stood amazed and much moved with the tumult) thus speaks: O virgin, say what means that flocking to the river? what do the ghosts desire? or by what laws of distinction must these recede from the banks, while those sweep with oars the livid flood? To him the aged priestess thus briefly replied: Son of Anchises, undoubted offspring of the gods, you see the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, by whose divinity the gods dread to swear and violate their oath. All that crowd, which you see, consists of naked and unburied persons: the ferryman is Charon; these, whom the stream carries, are interred; for it is not permitted to transport them over the horrid banks, and hoarse-resounding waves, before their bones are quietly lodged in urns. They wander a hundred years, and flutter about these shores: then at length admitted, they visit the wished-for lakes.

The offspring of Anchises paused and repressed his steps, deeply musing, and pitying from his soul their unkind lot. There he espies 1Leucaspis, and Orontes, the commander of the Lycian fleet, mournful, and bereaved of the honours of the dead: whom, as they sailed from Troy, over the stormy seas, the south-wind sunk together, whelming both ship and crew in the waves. Lo, the pilot Palinurus slowly advanced, who lately in his Libyan voyage, while he was observing the stars, had dropped from the stern, plunged in the midst of the waves. When with difficulty, by reason of the thick shade, Æneas knew him in this mournful mood, he thus first accosts him: What god, O Palinurus, snatched

1 Leucaspis, one of Æneas' companions, lost during a storm in the Tyrrhenian sea.
you from us, and overwhelmed you in the middle of the ocean? come tell me. For Apollo, whom I never before found false, in this one response deceived my mind, declaring that you should be safe on the sea, and arrive at the Ausonian coasts: is this the amount of his plighted faith?

But he answers: Neither the oracle of Phoebus beguiled you, prince of the line of Anchises, nor a god plunged me in the sea; for, falling headlong, I drew along with me the helm, which I chanced with great violence to tear away, as I clung to it, and steered our course, being appointed guardian of the ship. By the rough seas I swear, that I was not so seriously apprehensive for myself, as that thy ship, despoiled of her rudder, dispossessed of her pilot, might sink while such high billows were rising. The south-wind drove me violently on the water over the spacious sea, three rough wintry nights: on the fourth day I descried Italy from the high ridge of a wave whereon I was raised aloft. I was swimming gradually towards land, and should have been out of danger, had not a cruel people fallen upon me with the sword, (encumbered with my wet garment, and grasping with crooked hands the rugged tops of a mountain,) and ignorantly taking me for a rich prey. Now the waves possess me, and the winds toss me on the shore. But by the pleasant light of heaven, and by the vital air, by him who gave thee birth, by thy hope of rising lūlus, I thee implore, invincible leader, release me from these woes: either throw on me some earth, (for it is in thy power,) and seek out the Veline port; or, if there be any means to bring it about, if thy goddess-mother should be inclined to point out any, (for thou dost not, I presume, without the will of the gods, attempt to cross such mighty rivers and the Stygian lake,) lend your hand to an unhappy wretch, and bear me with you over the waves, that in death at least I may rest in peaceful seats.

Thus he spoke, when thus the prophetess began: Whence, O Palinurus, rises in thee this so impious desire? Shall you unburied see the Stygian floods, and the grim river of the Furies, or reach the bank against the command of heaven? Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods are to be altered by prayers: but mindful take these predictions as the solace of your hard fate. For the neighbouring people, compelled by portentous plagues from heaven, shall through their several cities far and wide offer atonement to thy ashes, erect to thee a tomb, and stated anniversary offerings on that tomb present; and the place shall for ever retain the name of Palinurus. By these words his cares were remov-
ed, and grief was for a time banished from his disconsolate heart: he rejoices in the land that is to bear his name.

They therefore accomplish their begun journey, and approach the river: whom when the boatman soon from the Stygian wave beheld, as they were advancing through the silent grove, and moving forward to the bank, thus he first accosts them in these words, and chides them unprovoked: Whoever thou mayest be, who art now advancing armed to our rivers, say quick for what end thou comest; and from that very spot advance not one step further. This is the region of Ghosts, of Sleep, and drowsy Night: to waft over the bodies of the living in my Stygian boat is not permitted. Nor indeed was it joy to me that I received Alecides on the lake when he came hither, or that I received Theseus and Pirithous, though they were the offspring of the gods, and invincible in might. One with audacious hand put the keeper of Tartarus in chains, and dragged him trembling from the throne even of our king; the others attempted to carry off our queen from Pluto’s bed-chamber.

In answer to which the Amphryssian prophetess thus spoke: No such plots are here, be not disturbed, nor do these weapons bring violence: for us the huge porter may unmolested bay in his den for ever, to the terror of the incorporeal shades: Proserpine, inviolate in her chastity, may for ever remain in her uncle’s palace. Trojan Æneas, illustrious for piety and arms, descends to the deep shades of Erebus to visit his sire. If the image of such shining piety makes no impression on you, own a regard at least to this branch, (at the same time she shows the branch that was concealed under her robe.) Then his heart from swelling rage is stilled: nor passed more words than these. He with wonder gazing on the awful present of the fatal branch, seen after a long time intervening, turns towards them his leaden-coloured barge, and approaches the bank. Thence he dislodges the other souls that sat on the long benches, and clears the batches; at the same time, receives into the hold the weighty Æneas. The frail patched vessel groaned under the weight, and, being leaky, took in plenty of water from the lake. At length he lands the hero and the prophetess, safe on the other side of the river, on the foul slimy strand and sea-green weed. Huge Cerberus makes these

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1 Pirithous, a son of Ixion, and king of the Lapithæ, whose friendship with Theseus, king of Athens, was proverbial. According to the poets, the two friends descended into the infernal regions to carry away Proserpine, but Pluto, who was apprised of their intention, bound Pirithous to his father’s wheel, and Theseus to a huge stone.
realm to resound with barking from his triple jaws, stretched at his enormous length in a den that fronts the gate. To whom the prophetess, seeing his neck now begin to bristle with horrid snakes, flings a soporific cake of honey and medicated grain. He, in the mad rage of hunger, opening his three mouths, snatches the offered morsel, and, spread on the ground, relaxes his monstrous limbs, and is extended at vast length over all the cave. Æneas, now that the keeper of hell is buried in sleep, seizes the passage, and swift overpasses the bank of that flood whence there is no return.

Forthwith are heard voices, loud wailings, and weeping ghosts of infants, in the first opening of the gate; whom, bereaved of sweet life out of the course of nature, and snatched from the breast, a black unjoyous day cut off, and buried in an untimely grave.

Next to those, are such as had been condemned to death by false accusations. Nor yet were those seats assigned them without destination and appointment, or without the sentence of a judge. 1Minos, as inquisitor, shakes the urn: he convokes the council of the silent shades, and examines their lives and crimes.

The next apartments in order those mournful bands possess, who, though free from crimes that deserved death, procured death to themselves with their own hands, and, sick of the light, threw away their lives. How gladly would they now endure poverty and painful toils in the upper regions! But fate opposes, and the hateful lake of Acheron imprisons them with its dreary waves, and Styx, nine times rolling between, confines them.

Not far from this part, extended on every side, are shown the fields of mourning: for so they call those fields by name. Here by-paths remote conceal, and myrtle-groves cover those around, whom unrelenting love, with his cruel envenomed darts, consumed away. Their cares leave them not in death itself. In these apartments he sees 2Phaedra and 3Procris, and disconsolate Eriphyle pointing to the wounds she

1 Minos, a celebrated king and lawgiver of Crete, son of Jupiter and Europe. He was rewarded for his equity, after death, with the office of judge in the infernal regions, with Ἀδαμανθος and Ἁδαμανθος.

2 Phaedra, a daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, who married Theseus; her criminal passion for Hippolytus, and the tragical end of that young prince, by his chariot being overturned and dragged among rocks, so stung her with remorse, that she hanged herself.

3 Procris, a daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and wife of Cephalus. Eriphyle, a sister of Adrastus, king of Argos, and the wife of Amphiaratus; she was murdered by her son Alcmaeon, for having discovered where Amphiaratus was concealed, that he might not accompany the Argives in their expedition against Thebes.
had received from her cruel son; 1 Evadne also, and Pasiphae: these Laodamia accompanies, and Cæneus, once a man, now a woman, and again by fate transformed into his pristine shape. Amongst whom Phoenician Dido, fresh from her wound, was wandering in a spacious grove; whom as soon as the Trojan hero approached, and discovered faintly through the shades, (in like manner as ones sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising through the clouds in the beginning of her monthly course,) he dropped tears, and addressed her in love's sweet accents: Hapless Dido, was it then a true report I had of your being dead, and that you had finished your own destiny by the sword? Was I, alas! the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by the Powers above, and by whatever faith may be under the deep earth, that against my will, O queen, I departed from thy coast. But the mandates of the gods, which now compel me to travel through these shades, through noisome dreary regions and profound night, drove me from you by their authority; nor could I believe that I should involve you in such deep anguish by my departure. Stay your career, and withdraw not thyself from my sight. Whom dost thou fly? This is the last time fate allows me to have intercourse with you. With these words Æneas thought to soothe her soul inflamed, and eyeing him with stern regard, and provoked his tears to flow. She, loathing the sight of him, held her eyes fixed on the ground; nor alters her looks more in any respect, in consequence of the conversation he had begun, than if she were fixed immoveable like a stub- born flint, or rock of Parian marble. At length, she abruptly retired, and in detestation fled into a shady grove, where 2 Sichæus her first lord answers her with correspondent amorous cares, and returns her love for love. Æneas, nevertheless, in commotion for her disastrous fate, with weeping eyes, pursues her far, and melts with pity towards her as she goes from him.

Hence he holds on his destined way; and now they had reached the last fields, which by themselves apart renowned warriors frequent. Here 3 Tydeus appears to him, here

1 Evadne, the wife of Caphaneus, one of the seven chiefs who went against Thebes; she threw herself on his funeral pile, and perished in the flames.—Laodamia, a daughter of Acastus, and the wife of Protesilaus, whose departure for the Trojan war, and subsequent fall by the hand of Hector, caused her death from excessive grief.—Cæneus, a Thessalian woman, feigned by the poets to have had the power of changing her sex.

2 Sichæus, the husband of Dido, and the priest of Hercules, whom Pygma- lion, his brother-in-law, murdered, to obtain his riches.

3 Tydeus, a son of Æneas, king of Calydon, was one of the seven chiefs of the army of Adrastus, king of Argos, in the Theban war, where he be-
Parthenopaeus illustrious in arms, and the ghost of pale Adrastus. Here appear those Trojans, who had died in the field of battle, much lamented in the upper world; whom when he beheld all together in a numerous body, he inwardly groaned; particularly when he saw Glaucaus, Medon, Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, and Polyboetes devoted to Ceres, and Idaeus still handling his chariot, still his armour. The ghosts in crowds around him stand on the right and left: nor are they satisfied with seeing him once: they wish to detain him long, to come into close conference with him, and learn the reasons of his visit. But as soon as the Grecian chiefs and Agamemnon's battalions saw the hero, and his arms gleaming through the shades, they quaked with dire dismay: some turned their backs, as when they fled once to their ships; some raise their slender voices; the scream just begun dies in their gasping throats.

And here he espies Deiphobus, the son of Priam, mangled in every limb, his face and both his hands cruelly torn, his temples slashed, his ears cropped, and his nostrils slit with a hideously deformed wound. Thus he hardly knew him quaking for fear of being discovered, and seeking to hide his ghastly scars: and thus he first accosts him with well-known accents: Deiphobus, great in arms, sprung from Teucer's noble blood, who could choose to inflict on you such cruelties? Or who was allowed to exercise such power over you? To me, in that last night, a report was brought that you, tired with the vast slaughter of the Greeks, had fallen at last on a heap of mingled carcasses. Then, with my own hands, I raised to you an empty tomb on the Rhcean shore, and thrice with loud voice I invoked your manes. Your name and arms possess the place. Your body, my friend, I could not find, or, at my departure, deposit in thy native land. And upon this the son of Priam said: Nothing, my friend, has been omitted by you: you have discharged every duty to Deiphobus, and to the shadow of a corpse. But my own unhappy fate, and the cursed wickedness of Helen, plunged me in these woes: she hath left me these monuments of her love. For how we passed that last night amidst false ill grounded joys you know, and must remember but too well, when the fatal horse came bounding

haved with great courage, but was slain by Melanippus. He was father to Diomedes, who was therefore call'd Tydides.—Parthenopaeus, a son of Meleager and Atalanta, was also one of the seven chiefs who accompanied Adrastus in his expedition against Thebes.

1 Glaucaus, a son of Hippolochus, and grandson of Bellerophon; he assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and was slain by Ajax.—Thersilochus, a son of Antenor, and leader of the Peonians, was slain by Achilles.

2 Agamemnon was king of Mycenae and Argos. He was chosen commander-in-chief of the Greeks in the Trojan war.
over our lofty walls, and pregnant brought armed infantry in its womb. She pretending to celebrate a mingled dance, led her train of Phrygian matrons yelling around the orgies; herself in the midst of them held a large flaming torch, and called to the Greeks from the lofty tower. I, being at that time oppressed with care, and overpowered with sleep, was lodged in my unfortunate bed-chamber, where rest, balmy profound, and the perfect image of a calm peaceful death, pressed me as I lay. Meanwhile my incomparable wife removes all arms from my palace, and had withdrawn my trusty sword from my head: she calls 'Menelaus into the palace, and throws open the gates; hoping, no doubt, that would be a mighty favour to her amorous husband, and that thus the infamy of her former wicked deeds might be extinguished. In short, they burst into my chamber: that traitor of the race of Æolus, the promoter of villany, is joined in company with them. Ye gods, requite these cruelties to the Greeks, if I supplicate vengeance with pious lips! But come, now in thy turn, say what adventure hath brought thee hither alive. Dost thou come driven by the capricious casualties of the main, or by the direction of the gods? or what fortune stimulates thee to visit these dreary mansions, troublous regions, where the sun never shines?

In this conversation the sun in his rosy chariot had now passed the meridian in his ethereal course; and they perhaps would in this manner have passed the whole time assigned them; but the Sibyl, his companion, put him in mind, and thus briefly spoke: Æneas, the night comes on apace, while we waste the hours in vain lamentations. This is the place where the path divides in two: the right is what leads to great Pluto's walls; by this our way to Elysium lies: but the left carries on the punishments of the wicked, and conveys to cursed Tartarus. On the other hand, Deiphobus said, Be not incensed, great priestess; I shall begone; fill up the number of those disconsolate ghosts among whom I dwell, and be rendered back to my former darkness. Pass on, pass on, thou glory of our nation; mayest thou prove the fates more kind! This only he spoke, and at the word turned his steps.

Æneas on a sudden looks back, and under a rock on the left sees spacious prisons enclosed with a triple wall, which

1 Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, and the husband of Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus, with whom he received the crown of Sparta; this, however, he had enjoyed only a short time, when Helen was carried away by Paris, the son of Priam, which laid

the foundation of the Trojan war, where Menelaus behaved with great spirit and courage.

2 Race of Æolus; Ulysses is here meant, Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, being, according to some, his father.
Tartarean Phlegethon's rapid flood environs with torrents of flame, and whirs roaring rocks along. Fronting is a gate of huge dimensions, with columns of solid adamant, that no strength of men, nor the gods themselves, can with steel demolish. An iron tower rises high; and there Tisiphone, a wakeful Fury, clad in a bloody robe, sits to watch the gate both night and day. Hence groans are heard; the cruel lashes resound; the grating too of iron, and clank of dragging chains. Æneas stopped short, and starting, listened to the din. What scenes of guilt are these? O virgin, say; with what pains are they chastened? what hideous yelling ascends to the skies! Then thus the prophetess began: Renowned leader of the Trojans, no holy person is allowed to tread the accursed threshold: but Hecate, when she set me over the groves of Avernus, taught me herself the punishments appointed by the gods, and led me through every part. Cretan Rhadamanthus possesses these ruthless realms; examines and punishes frauds; and forces every one to confess what crimes committed in the upper world he had left unatoned till the late hour of death, hugging himself in secret crimes of no avail. Forthwith avenging Tisiphone, armed with her whip, scourges the guilty with cruel insult, and in her left-hand shaking over them her grim snakes, calls to her aid the fierce troops of her sister Furies.

Then at length the cursed gates, grating on their dreadful-sounding hinges, are thrown open. See you what kind of watch sits in the entry; what figure guards the gate? An overgrown Hydra, more fell than that of Lerna, with fifty black gaping mouths, has her seat within. Then Tartarus itself sinks deep down, and extends towards the shades twice as far as is the prospect upwards from the earth to the ethereal throne of heaven. Here Earth's ancient progeny, the young Titanian brood, hurled down with thunderbolts, welter in the profound abyss. Here too I saw the two sons of Aloeus, gigantic bodies, who attempted with impious hands to overturn the spacious heavens, and thrust down Jove from his exalted kingdom. Salmoneus likewise I beheld suffering punishment inflexibly severe, for

1 Rhadamanthus, a son of Jupiter and Europa, who reigned over the Cyclades, and many of the Greek cities in Asia, and for his justice and equity, was made one of the judges of hell.
2 Hydra, a fabulous monster of the serpent tribe; that which infested the neighbourhood of the lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus, was killed by Hercules.
3 Two Sons of Aloeus, the giants Otus and Ephialtes, who made war against the gods, and were killed by Apollo and Diana.
4 Salmoneus, a king of Elis, who for his impious in imitating the thunder of Jupiter, was feigned to have been struck with a thunderbolt, and placed in the infernal regions, near his brother Sisyphus.
having imitated Jove's flaming bolts, and the awful sounds of heaven. He, drawn in his chariot by four horses, and brandishing a torch, rode triumphant among the nations of Greece, and in the midst of the city Elis, and claimed to himself the honour of the gods; infatuate! who, with brazen wheels, and the prancing of his horn-hoofed steeds, would needs counterfeit the storms and inimitable thunder. But the almighty father amidst the thick clouds threw a bolt, (not mock thunder he, nor fire-brands, and smoky light from torches,) and hurled him down headlong in a vast fiery whirlwind. Here too you might have seen Tityus, the foster-child of all-bearing Earth; whose body is extended over nine whole acres: and a huge vulture, with her hooked beak, pouncing his immortal liver and bowels, the fruitful source of punishment, eagerly searches them for her everlasting meal, and dwells in the deep recesses of his breast; nor is any reprieve given to his fibres still springing up afresh. Why should I mention the Lapithæ, Ixion, and Pirithous, over whom hangs a black flinty rock every moment threatening to tumble down, and seeming to be actually falling? Golden pillars supporting lofty genial couches shine, and full in their view banquets furnished out with regal magnificence; while the chief of the Furies sits by them, and debars them from touching the provisions with their hands; and when they attempt it, starts up, lifting her torch on high, and thunders over them with her voice. Here are those who, while life remained; had been at enmity with their brothers, had beaten a parent, or wrought deceit against a client; or who alone brooded over their acquired wealth, nor assigned a portion to their own; which class is the most numerous: those too who were slain for adultery: who joined in impious wars, and did not scruple to violate the faith they had plighted to their masters: all these, shut up in those doleful prisons, await their punishment. But what kind of punishment seek not to be informed, in what shape of misery, or in what piteous state they are involved. Some roll a huge unwieldy stone, and hang fast bound to the spokes of wheels. There sits, and to eternity shall sit, the unhappy Theseus: and Phlegyas most wretched is a monitor to all, and with loud voice proclaims through the shades: "Warned by my example, learn righteousness, and not to contemn the gods." One sold his country for

1 Tityus, a celebrated giant, son of Terra, or, according to others, of Jupiter and Elara.
2 Phlegyas, a son of Mars, king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly, who plundered and burnt the temple of Apollo at Delphi; for this impiety he was killed by Apollo, who placed him in hell, where a huge stone was suspended over his head, which kept him in continual alarms.
gold, and imposed on it a domineering tyrant; made and unmade laws for money. Another invaded his daughter's bed, and joined himself to her in unlawful wedlock: all of them boldly dared some heinous crime, and accomplished what they dared. Had I a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, and iron lungs, I could not comprehend all the species of their crimes, nor enumerate the names of all their punishments.

When the aged priestess of Phoebus had uttered these words, she adds, But come now, set forward, and finish the task you have undertaken; let us haste on: I see the walls of Pluto wrought in the forges of the Cyclops, and the gates with their arch full in our view, where our instructions enjoin us to deposit this our offering. She said; and with equal pace advancing through the gloomy path, they speedily traverse the intermediate space, and approach the gates. Aeneas springs forward to the entry, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and fixes the bough in the fronting portal.

Having finished these rites, and performed the offering to the goddess, they came at length to the regions of eternal joy, delightful green retreats, and blessed abodes in groves, where happiness abounds. Here the air they breathe is more free and enlarged, and clothes the fields with radiant light: here the happy inhabitants know their own sun and their own stars. Some exercise their limbs on the grassy plain, in sports contend, and wrestle on the yellow sand: some beat harmony in the mingled dances, and sing hymns. Orpheus, too, the Thracian priest, in his long robe warbles in melodious lays the seven distinguished notes of music; and now strikes the same with his fingers, now with his ivory quill. Here may be seen Teucer's ancient race, a most illustrious line, magnanimous heroes, born in happier times, 'Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus, the founder of Troy. From far Æneas views with wonder the arms and empty chariots of the chiefs. Their spears stand fixed in the ground, and up and down their horses feed at large through the plain. The same fondness they had when alive for chariots and arms, the same concern for training up shining steeds, follow them when they have been deposited under the earth.

Lo! he views others on the right and left feasting upon the grass, and singing joyous hymns to Apollo in concert, amidst a fragrant grove of laurel; whence from on high the river Eridanus rolls in copious streams through the wood.

1 'Ilus, the fourth king of Troy, was son of Tros and Callirhoe, and father of Themis and Laomedon.
Here is a band composed of those who sustained wounds in fighting for their country; priests who preserved themselves pure and holy, while the temptations of life remained; pious poets, who sung in strains worthy of Apollo; those who improved human life by the invention of arts, and who by their worthy deeds made others remember them with gratitude: all these have their temples crowned with a snow-white fillet. Whom, gathered around, the Sibyl thus addressed, and Museus chiefly; for a numerous crowd had him in their centre, and admired him raised above them by the height of the shoulders: Say, happy souls, and thou, best of poets, what quarter, what apartment contains Anchises? on his account we have hither come, and crossed the great rivers of hell. And thus the hero briefly returned her an answer: None of us have a fixed abode; in shady groves we dwell, or lie on flowery couches all along the banks, and on meadows with rivulets ever fresh and green: but do you, if so your inclination leads, overpass this eminence, and I will set you in the easy path. He said, and advanced on before, and shows them from a rising ground the shining plains; then they descend from the summit of the mountain. But father Anchises, deep in a verdant vale, was surveying with studious cares the souls there enclosed, who were to revisit the upper regions of light, and happened then to be reviewing the whole number of his race, his dear descendants, their fates and fortunes, their manners and achievements. As soon as he beheld Æneas advancing towards him across the meads, he joyfully stretched out both his hands, and tears poured down his cheeks, and these words dropped from his mouth: Are you come at length, and has that piety, so much experienced by your sire, surmounted the arduous journey? Am I permitted, my son, to see thy face, to hear and return the well-known accents? So indeed I concluded in my mind, and reckoned it would happen, computing the time; nor have my anxious hopes deceived me. Over what lands, O son, over what immense seas have you, I hear, been tossed! with what dangers harassed! how I dreaded lest you had sustained harm from Libya's realms! But he said, Your ghost, your dreary ghost, my sire, oftentimes appearing, compelled me to set forward to these mansions. My fleet rides in the Tyrrhene sea. Permit me, father, to join my right-hand with thine; and withdraw not thyself from my embrace. So saying, he at the same time watered

1 Museus, an ancient Greek poet, supposed to have been the son or disciple of Linus or Orpheus, and to have lived about 1410 years B.C.

2 Tyrrhene Sea, that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Italy, from the gulf of Genoa to the island of Sicily.
his cheeks with a flood of tears. There thrice he attempted to throw his arms around his neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped his hold, like the fleet air, or resembling most a fugitive dream.

Meanwhile Æneas sees in the retired winding vale, a grove situate by itself, shrubs rustling in the woods, and the river Lethe which glides by those peaceful dwellings. Around this river unnumbered tribes and nations of ghosts were fluttering; as in meadows on a serene summer's day, when the bees sit on the various blossoms, and swarm around the snow-white lilies, all the plain buzzes with their humming noise. Æneas, confounded, shudders at the unexpected sight, and asks the causes of that appearance, what those rivers yonder are, or what ghosts have in such crowds filled the banks. Then father Anchises said, Those souls, from whom other bodies are destined by fate, at the streams of Lethe's flood quaff care-expelling draughts and lasting oblivion. Long indeed have I wished to give you a detail of these, pointing them out before you, and enumerate this my future race, that you may rejoice the more with me in the possession of Italy. O father, is it to be imagined that any souls of an exalted nature will go hence to the world above, and enter again into clumsy inactive bodies? what cursed love of life possesses the miserable beings? I, indeed, replied Anchises, will inform you, my son, nor hold you longer in suspense; and thus he unfolds each particular in order.

First then the divine spirit within sustains the heavens, the earth, and watery plains, the moon's enlightened orb, and shining stars: and the eternal mind, diffused through all the parts of nature, actuates the whole stupendous frame, and mingles with the vast body of the universe. Thence proceed the race of men and beasts, the vital principles of the flying kind, and the monsters which the ocean breeds under its smooth crystal plain. These principles have the active force of fire, and are of a heavenly original, which they exert so far as they are not clogged by noxious bodies, blunted by earth-born limbs and sickly dying members. From this union and encumbrance they are subjected to various passions; they fear and desire, grieve and rejoice; and, shut up in darkness and a gloomy prison, lose sight of their native skies. Even when with the last beams of light their life is gone, yet not every ill, nor all corporeal stains, are quite removed from the unhappy beings; and it is absolutely unavoidable that many vicious habits, which have long grown up with the soul, should be strangely confirmed and riveted therein. Therefore are they afflicted with pains, and pay
the penalties of their former ills. Some, hung on high, are
spread out to *whiten in the empty winds*; in others the guilt
not done away is washed out in a vast watery abyss, or burn-
ed away in fire. We have each of us a 1 Daemon, from whom
we suffer, till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed,
hath done away the inherent stains, and hath left celestial
reason pure from all irregular passions, and the soul, that
spark of heavenly fire, in its original purity and bright-
ness, simple and unmixed: then are we conveyed into Ely-
sium, and we, who are the happy few, possess the fields of
bliss. All these souls whom you see, after they have rolled
away a thousand years, are summoned forth by the god, in
a great body to the river Lethe; to the intent that, losing
memory of the past, they may revisit the upper regions, and
again become willing to return into bodies. Anchises thus
spoke, and leads his son, together with the Sibyl, into the
midst of the assembly and noisy throng; thence chooses a
rising ground, whence he may survey them all as they stand
opposite to him in a long row, and discern their looks as
they approach.

Now mark, I will explain to you what glory shall hence-
forth attend the Trojan race, what descendants await them
of the Italian nation, souls of distinguished worth, and who
shall succeed to our name; yourself too I will instruct in
your particular fate. See you that youth who leans on his
pointless spear? He by destiny holds a station nearest to
the regions of light; he shall ascend to the upper world the
first of your race who shall have a mixture of Italian blood
in his veins, 2 Sylvius, an Alban name, your last issue; whom
late your consort Lavinia shall in the woods bring forth to
you in your advanced age, himself a king, and the father of
kings; in whom our line shall reign over 3 Alba Longa.
The next is 4 Procas, the glory of the Trojan nation; then
Capys and Numitor follow, and Æneas Sylvius, who shall
represent thee in name, equally distinguished for pietie and
arms, if ever he receive the crown of Alba. See what brave
youths are these, what manly force they show! and bear
their temples shaded with a civic crown of oak; these to

1 Daemon, a kind of spirit which, as
the ancients supposed, presided over
the actions of mankind; some main-
tained that every man had two of these
Daemons, the one bad, and the other
good.
2 Sylvius, a son of Æneas by Lavi-
nia, from whom afterwards the kings
of Alba were called Sylvi. — Lavinia,
the daughter of Latinus and Amata,
who was betrothed to her relation,
king Turnus, but was after his death
given to Æneas.
3 Alba Longa, a city of Latium,
built by Ascanius.
4 Procas, a king of Alba, father of
Numitor and Amulius.— Numitor, the
father of Rhea Silvia, and grandfather
of Romulus and Remus, who restored
him to his throne, from which he had
been expelled by Amulius, his younger
brother.
thy honour shall build 1 Nomentum, Gabii, and the city Fidenae: these on the mountains shall raise the 2 Collatine towers, Pometia, the fort of Inuns, Bola, and Cora. These shall then be famous names; now they are lands nameless and obscure. Farther, martial Romulus, whom Ilia of the line Assaracus shall bear, shall associate with his grandsire Numitor. See you not how the double plumes stand on his head erect, and how the Father of the gods himself already marks him out with his distinguished honours! Lo, my son, under his auspicious influence Rome, that city of renown, shall measure her dominion by the earth, and her valour by the skies, and that one city shall for herself wall around seven strong hills, happy in a race of heroes; clothed with such majesty as mother Berecynthia displays, when, crowned with turrets, she rides in her chariot through the Phrygian towns, joyful in a progeny of gods, and embraces a hundred grand-children, all inhabitants of heaven, all seated in the high celestial abodes. This way now bend both your eyes; view this lineage, and your own Romans. This is Cæsar, and these are the whole race of 3Iulus, who shall one day rise to the spacious axle of the sky. This, this is the man whom you have often heard promised to you, Angustus Cæsar, the offspring of a god; who once more shall establish the golden age in Latium, through those lands where Saturn reigned of old; and shall extend his empire over the Garamantes and Indians: their land lies without the signs of the zodiac, beyond the sun’s annual course, where Atlas, supporting heaven on his shoulders, turns the axle studded with flaming stars. Against his approach even now both the 4 Caspian realms and the land about the Palus Maeotis are dreadfully dismayed at the responses of the gods, and the quaking mouths of seven-fold Nile hurry on their troubled waves. Even Hercules himself did not run over so many countries, though he transfixed the brazen-footed hind, quelled the forests of Erymanthus, and made Lerna tremble with his bow: nor did Bacchus proceed so far, who in triumph manages his car with reins wrapped about with vine-leaves,

1 Nomentum, (La Mentana,) a town of the Sabines in Italy.—Gabii, a city of the Volsci, between Rome and Praeneste, where Juno was worshipped, who was hence called Gabina.—Fidenæ, a town of the Sabines, on the Tiber, north of Rome.

2 Collatine towers, Collatia, a town of the Sabines on the river Anio, built on an eminence.—Pometia, a town of the Volsci, which was totally destroyed by the Romans because it had revolted.—Inuns, a town of Latium, on the shores of the Tyrrenian sea.—Bota, a town between Tibur and Praeneste. —Cora, a town of Latium, on the confines of the Volsci, built by a colony of Dardanians before the foundation of Rome.

3 Iulus, a name given to Ascanius; 

4 Caspian realms, the Scythian nations inhabiting the borders of the Caspian sea.—Palus Maeotis, (sea of Asoph,) see note 2, Georgics, Book III. p. 60.
driving the yoked tigers from 'Nyssa's lofty top. And doubt we yet to extend the fame of our virtue by heroic deeds? or is fear a bar to our settling in the Ausonian land?

But who is he at a distance, distinguished by the olive boughs, bearing the sacred utensils? I know the venerable locks and hoary beard of the Roman king, who first shall establish this city by laws, sent from his little city Cures and poor estate to vast empire; whom Tullus shall next succeed, who shall break the peace of his country, and rouse to arms his inactive subjects, and troops now unused to triumphs: whom follows next vain-glorious Ancus, even now too much tickled with the breath of popular applause. Will you also see the Tarquin kings, and the stern uns-submitting soul of Brutus the avenger of his country's wrongs, and the sovereignty recovered to the people? He first shall receive the consular power, and the sword of justice inflexibly severe; and the ill-fated sire shall, for the sake of glorious liberty, summon to death his own sons, raising civil war, till then new and unknown to Rome; however posterity shall interpret that action, love to his country, and the unbounded desire of praise, shall prevail over paternal affection. See besides at some distance the Decii, Drusi, Torquatus inflexibly severe in executing justice, and Camillus recovering the Roman standards from the enemy. But those two ghosts whom you observe to shine in equal arms, in perfect friendship now, and while they remain shut up in the realms of night, ah, what war, what battles and havock will they between them raise, if once they have attained to the light of life! the father-in-law ascending from the Alpine hills, and the tower of Monæcus; the son-in-law furnished with the

1 Nyssa, the name of several cities in various quarters of the world, sacred to Bacchus.

2 Cures, a town of the Sabines; it was the birth-place of Numa Pompi-
lius, the second king of Rome, a monarch distinguished by his love of peace. Numa was succeeded by Tullus Hosti-
lus, who was of a warlike disposition.—Ancus Martinus, the grandson of Numa, was the fourth king of Rome after the death of Tullus; he inherited the value of Romulus with the moder-
ation of Numa, and after a reign of 21 years, was succeeded by Tarquin the elder.

3 Brutus, (L. Junius,) son of M. Ju-
nius and Tarquinia, second daughter of Tarquin Priscus. He was the chief instrument in expelling the Tarquins from Rome, thus avenging Lucretia's violated honour, to which he had sworn.

4 Decii, see note 4, Georgics, Book II. p. 46.—Drusus, the surname of the Roman family of the Livii, of which was Livia Drusilla, the wife of Augustus.

5 Torquatus, a surname of Titus Manius, a celebrated Roman, whose severity in putting to death his son, because he had engaged the enemy without his permission, though he had gained an honourable victory, has been deservedly censured.—Camillus, see note 5, Georgics, Book II. p. 46.

6 Monæcus, a maritime town on the south-west coast of Liguria, where Hercules had a temple. The two war-
riors here referred to are Julius Cæsar and his son-in-law, Pompey the Great. The civil war between Cæsar and Pom-
pey, which terminated with the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48, led to the overthrow of the Roman republic.
troops of the east to oppose him. Make not, my sons, make not such unnatural wars familiar to your minds; nor turn the powerful supports of your country against its bowels. And thou, Caesar, first forbear, thou who derivest thy origin from heaven: fling those arms out of thy hand, O my offspring, my own blood! That one, having triumphed over Corinth, shall drive his chariot victorious to the lofty Capitol, illustrious in the blood of slaughtered Greeks. The other shall overthwart Argos, and Mycenae, Agamemnon’s seat, and Æacides himself, the descendant of valorous Achilles; avenging his Trojan ancestors, and the violated temple of Minerva. Who can in silence pass over thee, great Cato, or thee, Cossus? who the family of Gracchus, or both the Scipios, those two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Africa, and Fabricius in low fortune exalted? or thee, Serranus, sowing in the furrow which thy own hands had made? Whither, ye Fabii, do you hurry me already tired? Thou art that Fabius justly styled the greatest, who alone shalt repair our sinking state by wise delay. Others, I grant indeed, shall with more delicacy mould the breathing animated brass; from marble draw the features to the life; plead causes better; describe with the astronomer’s rod the courses of the heavens, and explain the rising stars; but to rule the nations with imperial sway be thy care, O Roman; these shall be thy arts; to impose terms of peace, to spare the humbled, and crush the proud stubborn foes.

Thus father Anchises speaks, and, as they are wondering, subjoins: Behold, how adorned with triumphal spoils Marcus

1 Corinth, the capital of Achaia in Greece, was situated on the isthmus between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. This famous city was totally destroyed by L. Mummius, the Roman consul, B.C. 146.

2 Æacides is here applied to Perseus, king of Macedon, who was descended from Achilles, the grandson of Æacus. Perseus was totally defeated and taken prisoner by Paulus Æmilius, the Roman consul, in the battle of Pydna, B.C. 168. Soon after this period, the whole of Greece fell under the Roman power.

3 Cato, surnamed Uticensis, great-grandson of Cato the censor, was distinguished for his integrity and justice. To prevent his falling into the hands of Caesar, he stabbed himself, after he had read Plato’s treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, at Utica, in Africa, whither he had fled, B.C. 46.

4 Cossus, a military tribune, who killed Tolumnus, king of Veii, in battle, and was the second who obtained the spolia opima, which he offered to Jupiter.

5 Gracchus, T. Sempronius, was distinguished both in the senate and the field; he was the father of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

6 Scipios, see note 5, Georgics, Book II. p. 46.

7 Fabricius, C. L., a celebrated Roman, the conqueror of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was remarkable for the great simplicity of his manners, and contempt of luxury and riches.

8 Serranus, a surname given to Cincinnatus, who was found sowing his fields when informed that the senate had chosen him dictator.

9 Fabii, a noble and powerful family at Rome, of whom sprung Quintus Fabius, the opponent of Hannibal.

10 Marcellus, Marcus Claudius, a famous Roman general, signalized himself against the Gauls, having obtained the spolia opima, by killing with his own hand their king, Viridomarus. After achieving the conquest of Syracuse, he was opposed in the field to Hannibal, but perished in an ambuscade.
cellus stalks along, and shines above the heroes all! He, mounted on his fierce steed, shall prop the Roman state in the rage of a formidable insurrection; the Carthaginians he shall humble, and the rebellious Gaul, and dedicate to father Quirinus the third triumphal spoils. And upon this Æneas says; for he beheld marching with him a youth distinguished by his beauty and shining arms, but his countenance not joyous, and his eyes sunk and dejected: What youth is he, O father, who thus accompanies the hero as he walks? is he a son, or one of the illustrious line of his descendants? What bustling noise of attendants round him! How great resemblance in him to the other! but sable Night with her dreary shade hovers around his head. Then father Anchises, while tears gushed from his eyes, thus began: Seek not, my son, to know the deep disaster of thy kindred: him the Fates shall just show on earth, nor suffer long to subsist. Ye gods, Rome's sons had seemed too powerful in your eyes, had these your gifts been permanent. What groans of heroes shall that field near the imperial city of Mars send forth! what solemn funeral pomp shall you, Ó Tiberinus, see, when you glide by his recent tomb! Neither shall any youth of the Trojan line in hope exalt the Latin fathers so high; nor shall the land of Romulus ever glory so much in any of her sons. Ah that piety! ah that faith and integrity of ancient times! and that right-hand invincible in war! none with impunity had encountered him in arms, either when on foot he rushed upon the foe, or when he pierced with his spur his foaming courser's flanks. Ah, youthful objects of sincere commiseration! if by any means thou canst burst the bonds of rigorous fate, thou shalt be a 1Marcellus. Give me lilies in handfuls; let me strew the purple blooming flowers; these offerings at least let me heap upon my descendant's shade, and discharge this unavailing duty. Thus up and down they roam through all the Elysian regions in spacious airy fields, and survey every object: through each of whom when Anchises had conducted his son, and fired his soul with the love of future fame, he next recounts to the hero what wars he must hereafter wage, informs him of the Laurentine people, and of the 2city of Latinus, and by what means he may surmount or shun every toil.

Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn; by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other shining, as being wrought of white ivory; but

1 Marcellus, the son of Octavia, the sister of Augustus. He married Julia, the emperor's daughter, and was intended for his successor, but died suddenly at the early age of 18. Virgil procured himself great favours by celebrating the virtues of this amiable prince.

2 City of Latinus; Laurentum, (Paterno,) which was the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.
through it the infernal gods send up false dreams to the upper world. When Anchises had addressed this discourse to his son and the Sibyl together, and dismissed them by the ivory gate, the hero speeds his way to the ships, and revisits his friends; then steers directly along the coast for the port of Caieeta: where when he had arrived, the anchor is thrown out from the forecastle, and the sterns rest upon the shore.

BOOK VII.

In the Seventh Book, Æneas reaches the destined land of Latium, and concludes a treaty with king Latinus, who promises him his only daughter Lavinia in marriage; the treaty is, however, soon broken by the interference of Juno, whose resentment still pursues the Trojans. The goddess excites Turnus to war, who calls to his aid the neighbouring princes; and the book concludes with an animated description of the enemy's forces, and their respective chiefs.

Thou, too, Caieeta, nurse to Æneas, expiring here, gavest to our coasts immortal fame; and now thy honour here resides, and the name Caieeta points to thy ashes in Hesperia the great, if that be any glory to thy departed ghost. And now that her funeral obsequies in due form were paid, and the grave raised high in decent order, the pious Æneas, soon as the swelling seas were hushed, sails on his destined course, and leaves the port behind. The gales breathe fair at the approach of night; nor does the silver moon oppose his voyage: under her trembling light the ocean shines. They skim along the coasts adjacent to Circe's land: where with incessant song the wealthy daughter of the Sun makes her inaccessible groves resound, and in her proud palace burns fragrant cedar for nocturnal lights, flying over the slender web with her shrill-sounding shuttle. Hence were heard groans, the rage of lions reluctant to their chains, and roaring at the late midnight hour: bristly boars and bears growl in their stalls, and wolves of prodigious form with horrid howlings strike the ear; whom Circe, cruel goddess, had by her potent magical herbs transformed from human shape into the features and limbs of wild beasts: which monstrous changes that the pious Trojans might not undergo, if carried to that port, nor land on those cursed shores, Neptune filled their sails with favouring winds, and sped their flight, and wafted them beyond those boiling shoals. And now the sea began to redden with the dawning beams,

1 Caieeta, (Gaeta,) a sea port town of Latium in Italy.
and from the lofty sky the saffron-coloured morn shone in her rosy car, when on a sudden the winds grew still, every breath of air died away, and the oars struggle on the smooth surface of the lazy main. And here from the deep, Æneas espies a spacious grove. Through this Tiberinus, god of the pleasant river Tyber, with rapid whirls and vast quantities of yellow sand discoloured, bursts forward into the sea. All around, and over head, various birds accustomed to the banks and channel of the river, charmed the listening skies with their songs, and fluttered in restless motion up and down the grove. Hither Æneas commands his mutes to bend their course, and turn their prows towards land; and with alacrity he enters the shady river.

Now come Erato, with thy aid will I unfold who were the kings, what the period of time, what the state of things in ancient Latium, when this foreign army first landed their fleet on the Ausonian coasts; and trace back the original of the rising war. Do thou, O goddess, do thou instruct thy poet. Henceforth will I sing of horrid wars, and kings by their fierce passions driven to mutual havock, the Tuscan troops, and all Hesperia in arms combined. A greater series of incident rises to my view; in a more arduous task I now engage. King Latinus, now full of days, ruled the country and its cities quiet and undisturbed in the enjoyment of a lasting peace. This prince, we are told, was the offspring of Faunus and Marica, a Laurentine nymph. Faunus had Picus for his sire: and he, O Saturn, claims thee for his: thou art the remotest founder of the race. To him, (Latinus,) by the appointment of the gods, no son, no male issue remained; each, as he grew up, was snatched away in the opening bloom of youth. An only daughter was to inherit his royal seat, and all those large possessions, now arrived at maturity, and fully ripe for marriage. Many from Latium’s wide bounds, and throughout Ausonia, were in courtship of her: Turnus too makes his addresses, in charms far surpassing all the rest, and powerfully recommended by ancestors illustrious for many generations: whom the royal consort, with Wonderful eagerness, urged to have united to the family as her son-in-law: but prodigies from heaven,

1 Erato, one of the muses, who presided over lyric, tender, and amatory poetry.

2 Latinus, the son of Faunus, and king of the Aborigines, in Italy, who from him were called Latins. He was succeeded on the throne of Latium by Æneas, who married his daughter Lavinia.

3 Picus, a son of Saturn, and father of Faunus, reigned in Latium, and was feigned to have been changed by Circe into a woodpecker.

4 Turnus, son of Daunus and Venília, and king of the Rutuli, in Italy. He made war against Æneas, who was his rival for the hand of Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, but was defeated, and at last slain by Æneas in single combat.
with various circumstances of terror, oppose her inclination. In the midst of the palace, within the deep recesses of the inner court, stood a laurel, with sacred venerable locks, and for many years preserved with religious awe: which king Latinus having discovered when he was raising the first towers of his palace, was said to have consecrated to Phoebus, and from it to have given the name of Laurentines to the inhabitants. On the high summit of this tree thick clustering bees, strange to hear, wafted athwart the liquid sky with a great humming noise, planted themselves; and, having linked their feet together by a mutual hold, the swarm hung in a surprising manner from the leafy bough. Forthwith the prophet said, We behold a foreign hero hither advancing; and an army making towards the same parts, where the bees alight, from the same parts whence they came, and bearing sway in this lofty palace. Again, while with holy torches the virgin Lavinia fumes the altars, and is standing by her sire, she seemed, O horrid! to catch the fire in her long flowing hair, and to have her whole attire consumed in the crackling flames, all in a blaze both as to her royal locks and crown rich with gems: then in clouds of smoke, mingled with ruddy light she seemed to be involved, and to spread the conflagration over the whole palace. As to this, it was reputed an omen terrible, and of astonishing aspect: for from this incident, the soothsayers foretold, that Lavinia herself was to be illustrious, both in fame and fortune, but threatened her people with formidable war.

Meanwhile the king, anxious and perplexed by these portentous signs, repairs to the oracle of prophetic Faunus, his sire, and consults his sacred grove that lies beneath lofty Albunea, which, of woods the chief, resounds with a sacred fountain, and from its dark retreats sends forth a pernicious stream. Hence the Italian nations, and the whole land of Ænotria, seek responses when in distress. Hither when the priest had brought offerings, and in the deep silence of night laid himself down on the outspread skins of the victims slain, and disposed himself to sleep; he observes many visionary forms fluttering about in a wondrous manner, hears various sounds, and enjoys interviews with the gods, and converses with the fiends in the infernal regions. Here even father Latinus himself, being then in quest of a response, with due rites sacrificed an hundred fleecy ewes, and then lay supported on their skins and outspread fleeces. From the deep grove a sudden voice was delivered: Seek

1 Albunea, a wood near the city Tibur and the river Anio, sacred to the Muses.
not, my son, to join thy daughter in wedlock to a Latin prince, nor rest thy hopes on the match now designed. A foreigner comes, thy future son-in-law, who, by his noble blood, shall to the stars exalt our name, and from whose race our descendants springing, shall see all things reduced under their feet, and ruled by their sway, where the revolving sun visits either ocean.

These responses of father Faunus, and intimations given in the silence of night, Latinus himself shuts not up within the door of his lips; but fame, fluttering all around, had now wafted the tidings through the Ausonian cities, when Laomedon's sons had moored their fleet on the verdant rising bank. Aeneas, with the chief leaders, and blooming Iulus, lay their bodies at ease under the branches of a tall tree; prepare for a repast, and under their banquet spread cakes of fine wheat along the grass, (so great Jove himself admonished them,) and load the wheaten board with woodland fruits. Here as it chanced, having consumed their other provisions, as want of food compelled them to turn their teeth to the scanty cake, and violate with hands and chaps audacious the orb of the ominous biscuit, nor withheld their appetite from the dilated quadrants; See! Iulus laughing says, we eat up the tables too: nor added more. No sooner was the word heard than it brought them assurance that their toils and wandering were at an end; and instantly from the speaker's mouth his father snatched the word, and, transported with admiration at the accomplishment of the oracle, mused a while. Forthwith he thus spoke: Hail, O land destined to me by fate; and hail, ye gods, ye faithful tutelar gods of Troy! Here is our home, this our country. My sire Anchises (for now I recollect) bequeathed to me these secrets of fate: When famine shall compel thee, my son, wafted to an unknown shore, to eat up your tables after your provisions fail, then be sure you hope for a settlement after your toils, and there with your own hand found your first city, and fortify it with a rampart. This was that famine to which he alluded: these incidents (our last calamities) awaited us, which are to put a period to our woes. Come then, and with the sun's first light let us joyously explore what manner of country this may be, who are the inhabitants, or where the cities of the nation lie; and from the port let us pursue different ways. At present pour forth bowls in libation to Jove, and by prayers invoke my father Anchises, and plant the wine profusely on the boards.

Thus having said, he binds his temples next with a verdant bough, and supplicates the Genius of the country, and
Earth, the eldest of the gods, together with the Nymphs and rivers yet unknown; then Night, and the night’s rising constellations, and Idaean Jove, and Phrygian mother Cybele, he invokes in due form, and both his parents, the one in heaven, and the other in Erebus. Upon this almighty father Jove thrice from the lofty heavens thundered aloud, and from the sky displays a cloud refulgent with beams of golden light, brandishing it in his hand.

Here suddenly the rumour spreads through the Trojan bands, that the day was arrived whereon they were to build the destined city. Therefore with ardent emulation they renew the banquet, and, rejoicing in the important omen, place the bowls, and crown the wine. Soon as the next day arisen had enlightened the earth with its first beams, by different ways they explore the city, the limits of the country, and the coasts of the nation: they learn that these are the streams of the fountain Numicus, this the river Tyber, that here the valiant Latins inhabit. Then the son of Anchises orders a hundred ambassadors, selected from his whole troop, to repair to the imperial palace of the king, all of them crowned with Minerva’s boughs; and carry presents to the hero, and implore his peace and favour to the Trojans. Forthwith, commanded, they hasten to obey, and set forward with quick pace. Meanwhile Aeneas himself marks out the walls of his new city with a low trench, plans out the ground, and encloses the first settlement on the shore, in the form of a camp, with a parapet and rampart. And now the youths, having measured out their way, beheld the towers and lofty structures of the Latins, and approached the wall. Before the city, boys and youths in their primeval bloom are exercised in riding, and tame the yoked steeds on the dusty plain; or bend the stout bows, or, with the exerted strength of their arms, hurl the quivering dart, and challenge one another at the race or missile weapon; when a messenger riding before, bears the news to the ears of the aged king, that men of huge dimensions, in a strange garb, were arrived. He orders them to be invited into the palace, and seated himself in the midst on his ancient throne. On the highest part of the city stood a magnificent capacious structure, raised aloft on a hundred columns, the palace of Picus of Laurentum, commanding awful veneration by its sacred woods, and the religious monuments of the founders of the race. It was a sacred usage for the kings here to receive the sceptre, and assume the first

1 Numicus, (Torto,.) a small river of found, and where Anna, Dido’s sis. Latium, near Lavinium, where the ter, drowned herself. dead body of Aeneas was afterwards.
badges of royalty; this was their senate-house, their temple; this their apartment allotted for sacred banquets; here, after the sacrifice of a ram, the fathers were wont to take their seats together at the long extended tables. Besides, in the vestibule, ranged according to their order, the statues of their ancestors in antique cedar stood; 1 Italus, and father Sabinus, and old 2 Saturn, the planter of the vine, holding a crooked sithe under his figure, with the image of double-faced 3 Janus; and other monarchs traced from the original of the race, who martial wounds sustained in fighting for their country. Besides, on the sacred door-posts many arms, captive chariots, and crooked cimeters, are suspended, helmets, crested plumes, and massy bars of gates, and darts and shields, and beaks torn from ships. There Picus himself, for horsemanship renowned, sat with his augural wand, in his scanty robe succinctly dressed, and in his left-hand wielded a little target; whom Circe, his concubine, stung with fierce desire, having struck with her golden rod, and by her sorceries transformed, made a bird, and interspersed his wings with colours.

Within the temple of the gods, such as we have now described it, and on his hereditary throne Latinus seated, called to him the Trojans into the palace: to whom, when they had entered, he, in mild accent, first these words addressed: Say, ye sons of Dardanus, (for we are not unacquainted with your city or with your race, nor hither have you steered your course unheard of,) what are your demands? what cause, or pressing exigency, has wafted your fleet to the Ansonian coast, over such an extent of azure seas? Whether you have entered the banks of our river, and stationed yourself in our port, by wandering from your way, or driven by stress of weather, (disasters such as in many shapes seamen suffer in the deep,) decline not to accept from us the offices of hospitality, nor remain strangers to the Latins, Saturn's race, who practise equity, not by constraint or laws, but from spontaneous choice, and who regulate themselves by

1 Italus, an Arcadian prince, who is said to have established a kingdom in Italy, which received its name from him.—Sabinus, from whom the Sabines were named. He received divine honours after death, and was one of those deities whom Aeneas invoked when he entered Italy.

2 Saturn, the son of Cœlus and Terra, married his sister Ops, who is also called Rhea and Cybele. He was deified and imprisoned by his brother Titan, but was restored to liberty and to his throne by his son Jupiter, who, however, afterwears banished him from his kingdom, which he divided with his brothers Neptune and Pluto. Saturn fled to Italy, where his reign was so mild, that mankind have called it the Golden Age.

3 Janus, the most ancient king of Italy, was a native of Thessaly, and, according to some, the son of Apollo; after death he was ranked among the gods, and is represented with two faces. His temple at Rome, where he was chiefly worshipped, was always shut in time of peace, and open in time of war.
the conduct of that ancient god. And, indeed, I call to mind, (though the tradition is somewhat obscure through length of time,) that the old 1Aurunci thus informed; how Dardanus, a native of this country, reached the Idaean cities of Phrygia, and Thracian Samos, which now is called 2Samothracia. Hence he had set out from his Tuscan seat in the city 3Coritus; now enthroned, he sits in the golden palace of the starry heavens, and, honoured with an altar, adds to the number of the gods.

He said; and Ilioneus made the following reply: O king, the illustrious offspring of Faunus, neither grim storm forced us, by raving billows harassed, to enter your realms; nor did the false direction of the stars, or ignorance of the coast, mislead us from the course of our voyage. We all with design, and willing minds, are brought to this city; expelled from a kingdom, once the most powerful which the sun cursosing from the extremity of heaven surveyed. From Jove is the origin of our race; the sons of Dardanus rejoice in Jove their ancestor. Our king himself, Æneas the Trojan hero sprung from Jove's exalted line, sent us to your courts. What a terrible storm of war, bursting from cruel Mycene, hath overrun the plains of Ida, and under the influence of what fates both worlds of Europe and Asia in arms engaged; even those have heard, if such there are, whom earth's extremity removes far from us, the expanded ocean intervening; and those, if such there are, whom the regions of the intemperate sun, that lies extended in the midst of the other four, divides from the rest of mankind. From that sweeping deluge borne over so many vast oceans, we beg for our country's gods a small settlement, and a harmless shore, and water and air, which are open to all. We shall be no dishonour to your realm; nor shall trivial fame thence redound to you, or our grateful sense of so generous an action ever be effaced; nor shall the Ausonians repent that they received Troy into their bosom. I swear by the fates of Æneas, and by his right-hand that excels, whether any one has experienced it in faith, or in war and martial deeds; many people, many nations (contemn us not, because of ourselves we bring in our hands the wreaths, and in our mouths the words of suppliants) have not only been willing, but courted us to associate with them. But the counsel of the gods, by their commanding influence, compelled us to go in quest of your territories. Dardanus, who sprang from this country, hither re-demands his offspring; and Apollo, by his awful

1 Aurunci, an ancient people of Latium, south-east of the Volsci. 2 Archipelago, off the coast of Thrace. 3 Coritus, see note 2, Æneid, Book III. p. 145.
summons, urges our course to the Tuscan Tyber, and the sacred streams of the fountain Numicus. Our chief offers you, besides, some small presents, the remains of his former fortune, saved from the flames of Troy. From this golden bowl father Anchises performed libations at the altar: these were Priam's ornaments when he gave laws in form to the assembled people, the sceptre, and sacred diadem, and the royal robes, the work of the Trojan dames.

At these words of Ilioneus, Latinus keeps his countenance fixed in steady regard, and remains unmoved on the ground, rolling his eyes intent. Neither the embroidered purple robe, nor Priam's sceptre, move him so much, as he muses on his daughter's nuptials, and deep in his breast revolves the oracles of ancient Faunus; concluding, that this is he who came from foreign parts, by the Fates ordained his son-in-law, and called to share the regal power with equal sway: that from him a race would come in valour eminent, and who, by their power, should master the whole world. At length, with joy, he says: May the gods crown with success our enterprise and their own presage. Trojan, what you demand shall be given: nor do I reject your present. While Latinus sways the sceptre, not the fatness of a luxuriant soil, nor the opulence of Troy, shall be wanting to you. Only let Æneas come in person, if he has so great affection to us, if he longs to be joined with us in hospitable league, and to be called our ally; nor let him dread our friendly presence. To me it will be a considerable advance towards peace to have an interview with your prince, and touch his hand. Do you now, on your part, report these my instructions to your king; I have a daughter, whom neither the oracles from my father's shrine, nor numerous prodigies from heaven, permit me to match with a husband of our own nation; they foretel that this destiny awaits Latium, that its sons-in-law shall come from foreign coasts, who, in their descendants, shall to the stars exalt our name. That this is he whom the fates ordain I both judge, and (if aught of truth my mind divines) I wish it too.

This said, the aged monarch chooses out steeds from his whole number: in lofty stalls, three hundred of them stood shining, and in full plight: forthwith for all the Trojans he commands the winged coursers, caparisoned with purple and embroidered trappings, to be led forth in order. Golden poitrels hang low down from their breasts; arrayed in gold, they champ the yellow gold under their teeth. For the absent hero, he orders a chariot, and a pair of harnessed steeds of ethereal breed, from their nostrils snorting fire, of the race of those which crafty Circe produced, when, having
stolen horses from the chariot of her father the Sun, she raised up a spurious breed by a substituted mare. With these generous presents and friendly speeches from Latinus, the Trojans, mounted on their steeds, return, and bring back peace.

But lo, the unreleenting wife of Jove was on her return from Inachian Argos, and, wafted in her chariot, possessed the aerial regions; and, from on high, at the distance of Pachynus, the Sicilian promontory, far off she spied Æneas full joyous, and the Trojan fleet. She sees the Trojans already labouring on the buildings, already settled in the land, and that they have abandoned their ships. Pierced with sharp pangs of grief she stood; then tossing her head, she poured forth these words from her enraged breast: Ah race detested, and fates of Troy still opposite to ours! how have they baffled the utmost efforts of my revenge! Was it in the compass of my power to overpower them in the plains of Sigeum? enthralled could they be held in chains? when Troy was burned to ashes, were they consumed? through the midst of armies, through the midst of flames, have they then found their way? But, I suppose, the power of my divinity, tired out now, lies dead and inactive; or, glutted with full revenge, I have dropt my resentment. Yet, with hostile intention, I dared to pursue them over the waves, when they had been driven out of their country, and on the wide ocean to oppose myself to the exiles. The powers of heaven and sea have been spent on the Trojans. Of what avail to me were the quicksands of Afric, or Scylla, or the vast Charybdis? Now in Tiber's wished-for channel they are lodged, secure against the raging seas and me. Mars was able to destroy the gigantic race of the Lapithæ; the father of the gods himself gave up his beloved Calydon to Diana's resentment: what crime, either of the Lapithæ, or of Calydon, had deserved such severe punishment? But I, the great consort of Jove, who had power to leave no means untired, who had recourse to all expedients, unhappy! am vanquished by Æneas. But if my own divinity is not powerful enough, surely I need not hesitate to implore whatever deity any where subsists: if I cannot move the powers above, I will solicit those of hell. Grant I be not

1 Inachian Argos, the capital of Argolis, in Peloponnesus, was so called from Inachus, a son of Oceanus and Tethys, who founded the kingdom of Argos.
2 Sigeum, see note 1, Æneid, Book II. p. 116.
3 Calydon, a city of Ætolia in Greece, where Æneas, the father of Meleager, reigned. The king having neglected to pay homage to Diana, the goddess sent a wild boar to ravage the country, which at last was killed by Meleager. All the princes of the age assembled to hunt this boar, which event is greatly celebrated by the poets, under the name of the Chase of Calydon, or of the Calydonian Boar.
permitted to bar him from the kingdom of Latium, and Lavinia be unalterably destined his spouse by fate: yet I may protract, and throw obstacles in the way of those mighty events; yet I may with the sword of war cut off the subjects of both kings. With this costly price of their people's blood; let the father and son-in-law unite. Thy dowry, virgin, shall be paid in Trojan and Rutulian blood; and Bellona waits thee for thy bride's-maid: nor did teeming Hecuba alone, impregnated with a firebrand, bring forth a blazing nuptial torch: to Venus too this production of hers shall prove the same, even a second Paris, and a firebrand fatal to Troy again tottering to its fall.

Having uttered these words, dreadful down to earth she plunged. From the mansion of the dire sisters, and the infernal glooms, she calls up baleful Alecto; whose heart's delight are rueful wars, strives, and deceits, and noxious crimes. Her even her father Pluto's self abhors, her hellish sisters abhor the monster; into so many shapes she turns herself, so hideous are her forms, with so many snakes the grim Fury sprouts up. Whom Juno stimulates with these words, and thus addresses: Virgin, offspring of Night, perform for me this task, this service, your own peculiar province; that our honour and wounded fame be not quite baffled, nor the Ænean race be able fawningly to circumvent Latmus by this intended match, or take possession of the Italian territories. Thou canst arm to war the most cordial brothers, and by hates and animosities embroil families; thou canst introduce unto houses scourges and firebrands of death; with thee are a thousand specious pretexts, a thousand arts of doing mischief: ransack thy fruitful bosom, unhinge the established peace, sow crimes, the seeds of war: let the youth incline to, and at once demand and snatch up arms.

Forthwith Alecto, infected with Gorgonian poisons, repairs first to Latium, and the lofty palace of the Laurentine monarch, and took possession of Amata's silent pensive gate; in whose inflamed breast a thousand female cares, and angry commotions boiled on account of the arrival of the Trojans, and the match with Turnus. At her the goddess flings from her serpentine locks one of her snakes, and plunges it deep in her bosom down to its inmost recesses, that, by the monster, driven to fury, she may the whole fa-

1 Bellona, the Goddess of War, daughter of Phorcys and Ceto, and, according to some, the sister and wife of Mars.
2 Hecuba, daughter of Dymas, a Phrygian prince, or, according to others, of Cisseus, a Thracian king, was the second wife of Priam, king of Troy, and the mother of Paris.
3 Amata, the wife of king Latinus; she zealously favoured the interest of Turnus against Æneas.
mily embroil. He, sliding between her robes and smooth breast, rolls on with imperceptible touch, and, in the transport of her rage, steals on her unawares, infusing into her a viperish soul: the huge snake becomes a chain of wretched gold around her neck, he becomes a long winding fillet, and entwines her hair, and in slippery mazes, creeps over all her limbs. And while the first infection, downward gliding, diffuses its humid poison through her senses, and blends the mingling fire with her bones; and while her mind, in all its powers, has not yet caught the flame; she spoke with softer accents, and in the wonted manner of tender mothers making many a heavy lamentation about her daughter and the Phrygian match: And is Lavinia given in marriage to Trojan exiles? and have you, her father, no pity on your daughter, or on yourself, or on her mother, whom with the first fair wind the perfidious pirate will abandon, and return to sea, carrying off the virgin? Did not the Phrygian shepherd thus steal into Lacedæmon, and bear away Ledaean Helen to the Trojan towers? What becomes of your solemnly plighted faith, that fond regard: you have always shown for your people, and your right-hand of promise, so often given to your kinsman Turnus? If the Latins must have a son-in-law from a foreign nation, and this be determined, and the commands of your father Faunus press you, for my part I reckon every land foreign, which, independent, is disjoined from our dominion, and that thus the gods intend. And (if the first origin of his family be traced back) Turnus has Inachus and 1 Acrisius for his progenitors, and Mycææ, in the midst of Greece, for his country.

When, having tried him by these words in vain, she finds Latinus resolutely fixed against her, and the serpent's infuriated poison had now sunk deep into her bowels, and crept through all her frame; then, indeed, in wretched disorder, startled by hideous monsters, she rages frantic with unexampled fury through the ample bounds of the city: as at times a top whirling under the twisted lash, which boys intend on their sport exercise and torture in a large circuit round some empty court; the engine driven about by the scourge is hurried round and round in circling spires; the unpractised throng and beardless band are lost in admiration of the voluble wood: they lend their souls to the stroke. With no less impetuous career is the queen impelled through the midst of cities, and among crowds all in fierce commotion. Aiming even at a more atrocious deed,

1 Acrisius, king of Argos, was descended from Inachus, its founder, and accidentally slain by his grandson Perseus. He was one of Turnus' ancestors. He was
and ushering in a higher scene of madness, having counterfeited the enthusiasm of Bacchus, she flies out into the forest, and conceals her daughter in the woody mountains, that from the Trojans she may wrest the match, and retard the nuptials: exclaiming, Ewe Bacchus, and bawling out, that thou alone art worthy of the virgin; for that, in honour of thee, she wields the tender ivy-spears, round thee she circuits with her virgin-choir, for thee she feeds her sacred locks. The rumour hereof flies; and forthwith the same enthusiasm at once actuates all the matrons, inflamed by the Furies in their breasts, to seek out new habitations: they instantly abandon their homes; to the winds they expose their necks and hair. Others again fill the skies with tremulous yells, and wrapped in skins wield their vine-dressed spears. She herself, in the midst of them, all on fire, sustains a blazing pine, and sings the nuptial song for her daughter and Turnus, whirling her bloody eye-balls round; and, suddenly with a stern air, she cries: Io! ye Latin matrons, hear, whatever you may chance to be: if any affection for unhappy Amata dwells in your humane souls, if concern for a mother’s right touches you to the quick, unbind the fillets of your hair, with me take up the orgies. In this manner among the woods, among the deserts of wild beasts, Alecto, with the stimulating fury of Bacchus, all around goads on the queen.

After she seemed sufficiently to have kindled the first transports of rage, and embroiled the counsel and whole family of Latinus; forthwith the baleful goddess hence is borne on dusky wings to the walls of the bold Rutulian; which city Danae, waived to Italy by the impetuous south-wind, is said to have founded for her Acrisian colony. The place was formerly called Ardua by the ancient inhabitants, and now Ardea it remains, an illustrious name: but its fortune was now gone. Here, in his lofty palace, was Turnus enjoying repose at the black hour of midnight. Alecto lays aside her hideous aspect, and Fury’s limbs; she transforms herself into the shape of an old hag, ploughs with wrinkles her obscene loathed front, assumes grey hairs with a fillet, and binds on them an olive-bough: she becomes Calybe, the aged priestess of Juno’s temple, and with these words presents herself to the youth full in his view: O Turnus, will you suffer so many toils thus to be lost and thrown away, and your sceptre to be transferred to a Trojan colony? The king absolutely refuses you the match and

1 Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos; she fled to Italy, and founded the city Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli.
dowry you have purchased with your blood; and a foreigner is sought to inherit his crown. Go now, thus baffled, expose yourself to thankless dangers; go, overthrow the Tuscan armies; in peace protect the Latins. And now, in these very terms, the all-powerful queen of heaven herself commanded me plainly to address you, reclining on the still silent night. Wherefore despatch, and with alacrity order the youth to be armed, and march forth to war; in flames consume both the Phrygian leaders, who are stationed in the fair river, and their painted vessels. So the awful majesty of heaven commands. Let king Latinus himself, unless he consents to grant the promised match, and stand to his word, know, and at length experience Turnus in arms.

Upon this the youth, deriding the prophetess, thus in his turn replies: The intelligence has not escaped my ears, as you imagine, that a fleet is arrived in the Tiber's channel. Forge not to me such grounds of fear and jealousy: for of us imperial Juno is not unmindful. But old age, O dame, oppressed with dotage, and barren of truth, in vain harasses thee with cares; and with false alarms deludes thee a prophetess, whose business lies not among the arms of kings. Your province is to guard the statues and temples of the gods: let men have the management of peace and war, by whom war ought to be managed.

By these words Alecto kindled into rage. As for the youth, while yet the words were in his mouth, a sudden trembling seized his limbs; his eyes stiffened: with so many snakes the Fury hisses, and a shape so horrid discloses itself to his view: then, as he hesitates, and purposes more to say, rolling her fiery eye-balls, she repelled his words, and reared the double snakes in her hair, clanked her whip, and thus further spoke in outrageous accent: Lo, here am I oppressed with dotage, whom old age, barren of truth, deludes with false alarms amidst the arms of kings. Turn thy eyes to these signs: I came from the abode of the dire sisters; wars and death in my hand I bear. Thus having spoken, she flung a firebrand at the youth, and deep in his breast fixed the torch smoking with grim horrid light. Excessive terror broke his rest, and sweat bursting from every pore completely drenched his bones and limbs. Frantic for arms he raves, for arms he searches the bed and every corner of the palace: a passion for the sword, a cursed madness after war, and indignation besides, warmly rage in his breast: as when with loud crackling noise a fire of sticks is applied to the sides of a bubbling caldron, and by the heat in frisky bells the liquors dance; within, the violence of the water rages, and high the smoky fluid in foam overflows; nor can
the wave now contain itself; in pitchy steam it flies all abroad. Therefore, now that the peace is profanely violated, he enjoins the chief of the youth to repair to king Latinus, and orders arms to be prepared to defend Italy, to expel the enemy from their territories: adding, that he is a sufficient match for Trojans and Latins both. When he had thus spoken, and in vows had addressed the gods, Rutulians with emulous ardour animate one another to the war. One is incited by his distinguished gracefulness of form and youth; another by his regal ancestors, a third by his right-hand for glorious deeds renowned.

While Turnus inspires the Rutulians with courageous souls, Alecto on Stygian wings against the Trojans speeds her flight; having with new fraudulent design espied the place where on the shore fair Iulus was by secret snares and open chase pursuing beasts of prey. Here the imp of hell throws on his hounds a sudden madness, and affects their nostrils with the well-known scent, with keen ardour to pursue a stag; which was the first source of the ensuing calamities, and to war inflamed the peasants' rustic minds. The stag was of exquisite beauty, and large branching horns; which, snatched from its mother's dugs, the sons of Tyrrhus nursed up, and Tyrrhus, the father, to whom the royal herds are in subjection, and the charge of the fields all around intrusted. The animal trained to discipline, their sister Sylvia with her utmost care was wont to deck, interweaving his horns with soft garlands; she combed and washed him in the limpid stream. He, patient of the touch, and accustomed to his master's board, ranged in the woods by day; and again at night, however late, to his home, his familiar retreat, of himself repaired. Him at a distance in his roving hour the mad hounds of the young huntsman Iulus roused, when by chance he had been gliding down the river with the stream, and on the verdant bank was now allaying his heat. Ascanius himself too, fired with the love of distinguished praise, from his bended bow shot arrows at him; nor was the god unaiding to his erring hand; and with a loud whizzing sound the shaft impelled, pierced his flanks and his vitals. The wounded animal fled homeward to his own habitation, and groaning entered his stall; and all bloody, like one imploring pity, filled the house with moans. Sylvia, the sister, first, beating her arms with her palms, implores aid, and calls together the hardy swains. They (for the fierce fiend that hurries them on lurks in the secret

1 Sylvia, the daughter of Tyrrhus, shepherd of king Latinus, whose favourite stag was killed by Ascanius, which was the cause of war between Aeneas and the Latins.
woods) suddenly appear; one armed with a brand hardened in the fire, one with a sturdy knotted club: whatever by each in rummaging was found, his rage makes a weapon. Tyrrhus, as by chance with driven wedges he was cleaving an oak in four, breathing fury, snatches up his axe, and summons his rustic bands. But the atrocious goddess, having from her watch-house found the opportunity of executing her mischievous plot, mounts the high roof of the stall, and from the lofty summit sounds the shepherd's signal, and in the winding horn strains her hellish voice; with which every grove forthwith quaked, and the deep recesses of the woods only trembled. Even the lake of Diana heard it from afar; the river Nar, white with sulphureous water, heard it, as well as the springs of Velino; and frightened mothers pressed their infants to their breasts. Then, indeed, wherever the cornet direful gave the alarm, the wild unpolished swains, snatching up arms, hasten in concert from every quarter; and, in like manner, from their open tents the Trojan youth pour forth supplies to Ascanius. They ranged their battalions. Nor now in rustic skirmish are they engaged with hardened clubs, and stakes burned at the point; but with two-edged steel they encounter, and a hideous crop of drawn swords shoot up with horrid aspect, far and wide, and the arms of brass struck with the sunbeams glitter, and dart their radiance to the clouds: as when with the first breath of wind the wave begins to whiten, the sea rises by degrees, and higher and higher heaves its billows, then from the lowest bottom swells up together to the skies. Here, before the foremost line of battle, young Almon, the eldest of the sons of Tyrrhus, is by a whizzing arrow slain; for deep in his throat the wounding weapon stuck fast, and with the blood rushing through the wound choked up the passage of the humid voice and slender breath of life. Round him many bodies of heroes fall, and amongst the rest aged Galesus, while he is offering to mediate peace; a man who was of all others the most upright, and formerly the richest in Ausonian lands. Five flocks of bleating sheep, with five herds of larger cattle, passed and repassed on his farm; and with a hundred ploughs he turned the soil.

Now while in the plains these actions are going on with equal fury, the goddess, having accomplished her promise,

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1 Nar, (Nera,) a river of Italy, rises in the Apennines, and forming a junction with the Velino, flows with great rapidity, and falls into the Tiber. Its waters are celebrated for their sulphureous properties.—Velino also rises in the Apennines, and by its stagnant waters, forms a lake near the town of Reate, and falls into the Nar, near Spoletium.
when she had drenched the field of war in blood, and ushered in the havoc of the first encounter, leaves Hesperia, and, up-borne through the aerial sky in triumph, addresses Juno with haughty speech: See discord brought for you to its consummation by baleful war! now bid them combine in friendship, and contract alliances, since I have tinctured the Trojans with Ausonian blood. To these my exploits this will I add; if I be assured of your consent, the neighbouring towns by rumours will I urge on to the war, and inflame their minds with the passion which furious Mars inspires, that from all hands they may come as auxiliaries; war will I spread over all the country. Then Juno said in return: Of terrors and fraud we have enough: fixed are the causes of the war; in arms they combat hand to hand; those arms, which chance first gave, recent blood hath stained. Such espousals and such nuptial joys let Venus' peerless offspring and king Latinus celebrate. Father Jove, the great ruler of heaven supreme, permits you not to roam with farther licence in these higher regions. Hence then return. Whatever turn of fortune our labours may henceforth take, myself will manage. These words Saturnia uttered. At which the Fury lifts up her wings hissing with snakes, and hies to the mansion of Cocytus, leaving the high places in this upper world. In the centre of Italy, under lofty mountains, lies a place of high renown, and celebrated by fame in many regions, called the valleys of Amsanctus: the side of a grove, gloomy with thick boughs, hems it in on either hand, and in the midst a torrent, in hoarse murmurs and with whirling eddies, roars along the rocks. Here are shown a horrible cave and the breathing holes of grisly Pluto; and a vast gulf, having burst hell's barriers, expands his pestilential jaws; into which the Fury, abhorred demon, having plunged out of sight, disburthened heaven and earth.

Not less active meanwhile is Juno, the imperial daughter of Saturn, in conducting the begun war to its final consummation. The whole body of the shepherds rush from the field of battle into the city; and bring back their slain, the young Almon, and the corpse of Galaesns with ghastly wounds dishonoured: they implore the gods, and call Latinus to witness for vengeance. Turnus too comes up, and, in the midst of the charge of fire and sword, aggravates the terror; complains that the Trojans are invited to share the crown, and the Phrygian race incorporated with the Latins, and he himself driven from court and favour. Then those

1 Amsanctus, a pestilential lake near Capua, in Italy, supposed, by the poets, to be the entrance to the infernal regions.
whose mothers struck with Bacchanal fury, bound over the pathless unfrequented groves in choirs collected from every quarter combine, and importunately urge the war; for not inconsiderable is the influence of Amata's name. All these forthwith against the omens, against the decrees of the gods, in defiance of the thwarting power of heaven, crave the impious war. With impious ardour they beset the palace of king Latinus. He, like a rock in the sea unmoved, withstands them: like a rock in the sea, which, when the mighty shock comes on, while numerous waves around it roar, supports itself by its own huge weight; in vain the cliffs and foamy rocks rage around, and the sea-weed dashed against its sides, is repulsed. But when he finds no means will avail to defeat their blind inconsiderate resolution, and things go on by the direction of fierce inexorable Juno, the aged monarch, having poured forth many protestations to the gods and skies in vain, exclaims, Alas! by the fates are we overpowered, and borne down by the storm. Yourselves, O wretches! with your sacrilegious blood shall pay the atonement of this your wickedness; and thee, O Turnus, the impious promoter of this war, thee dire vengeance shall in time overtake; and thou shalt supplicate the gods by vows too late. For, as to me, my rest is provided, and all my security is near in view; a splendid funeral is all I lose. Nor more he said, but shut himself up in his palace, and quitted the reins of government.

In Hesperian Latium it was a custom, which the Alban cities all along have observed as sacred, and which Rome, the mistress of the world, now religiously observes, when first they rouse Mars to battle; whether with the Getes they intend to wage the disastrous war, or with the Canians, or the Arabs, or march against the Indians, and pursue the morning, and from the Parthians re-demand the Roman standards. There are two gates of war (for so they are called) deemed sacred from a principle of religion, and awful regard to ferocious Mars: a hundred brazen bolts, and the eternal strength of iron, shut them fast; and guardian Janus stirs not from the threshold. When the senatorian fathers have fixed the firm sentence of war, the consul himself, distinguished by his royal robe and Gabine cincture, unlocks these gates, or the jarring portals; himself rouses the combat: him all the youth follow, and the brazen cornets with hoarse assent conspire. In this fashion Latinus then too was urged to declare war against the Trojans, and

1 Getes were a people of European Scythia, inhabiting that part of Dacia near the mouth of the Danube.
unfold the dreary gates. The aged prince refrained from touching them, and with abhorrence shrunk back from the shocking office, and shut himself up in the dark shades. Then Saturnia, the queen of the gods, shooting from the sky, herself with her own hand shoved the lingering doors, and, turning the hinge, burst the brazen portals of war.

Ausonlia, before at rest and unmoved, is all on fire. Some prepare to take the field on foot; some, mounted on lofty steeds, amidst clouds of dust, rush with fury to the war; all are importunate for arms. Some with fat seam polish their smooth bucklers and glittering spears, and on the whetstone grind their battle-axes: well pleased they bear the standards, and hear the trumpets sound. Moreover five great cities renew their arms, on anvils raised,—namely, the powerful 1 Atina, and proud Tivoli, Ardea, and Crustummeri, and Antemmera, with turrets crowned. They hollow trusty coverings for their heads, and bend the ozier hurdles for the bosses of their bucklers: others hammer out the brazen corslets, or from ductile silver mould the smooth cuisses. To this all regard of the share and sithes, for this all love for the plough gave way. In furnaces they forge their fathers' swords anew. And now the trumpets sound: the tally, the private signal for the war, is issued forth. One in a hurry and trepidation snatches a helmet from the roof: another joins his neighing steeds to the yoke, and braces on his buckler and habergeon wrought in gold of triple texture, and girds on his trusty sword.

Now open to me the springs of 2 Helicon, ye sacred Muses, inspire and conduct me while I sing: what kings were incited to the war; what troops following each leader filled the plain; with what heroes the auspicious land of Italy flourished even in those early days, with what arms it blazed. For you, ye goddesses, both remember, and can record the same: to us a slight breath of fame is scarcely derived.

First enters on the war, fierce from the Tuscan coasts, 3 Mezentius, the contenmer of the gods, and arms his troops. Next to him appears Lausus his son, than whom no one

1 Atina, a city of the Volsci.—Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, a city of the Sabines, about 16 miles north-east of Rome, delightfully situated on the banks of the Anio; it was the favourite country residence of the Romans. —Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli.—Crummerium and Antennae, towns of the Sabines; the latter was situated near the confluence of the Anio and Tiber.

2 Helicon, a celebrated mountain of Boeotia, sacred to Apollo, and the Muses, from which issued the fountains Hippocrene and Aganippe.

3 Mezentius, king of the Tyrhenians, was expelled by his subjects on account of his cruelties, when he fled to Turnus, who employed him in his war against the Trojans. He and his son Lausus were slain by Æneas.
was more graceful, except the fair person of Lauretine Turnus. Lausus for horsemanship renowned, and a mighty huntsman, leads from the city Agylla a thousand followers in vain, since he was never to return: worthy to have had more joy in obeying a father's commands, and to whom Mezentius ought not to have been the father. Next to these Aventinians of fair renown, sprung from renowned Hercules, proudly displays upon the grassy plain his chariot distinguished by the palm, the trophy of victory, and his victorious steeds! and on his buckler wears his paternal ensign, a hundred snakes, and a hydra environed with serpents: whom in a wood on the Aventine hill the priestess Rhea clandestinely brought forth into the ethereal light, a woman mixing with a god; at the time when the victorious Tirynthian hero, having slain Geryon, reached the Lauretine fields, and washed his Iberian heifers in the Tuscan river Tyber. Javelins in their hands, and goring pikes, they bear into the field of war; and fight with the tapering point of the Sabine rapier. Himself appeared on foot, shaking a lion's enormous hide, shaggy with threatening bristles, its white grinning tusks displayed, having it thrown over his head; thus he entered the royal palace, a horrid figure, and his shoulders mantled with the attire of Hercules. Two brothers next, Catillus and fierce Coras, Argive youths, forsake the walls of Tibur, its people called by their brother Tiburtus' name; and before the van, amidst thick flying darts, are hurried into action: as when two cloud-born Centaurs from the high mountain's top descend, with impetuous career leaving Omole and snowy Othrys; the spacious wood gives way to them as they move, and the shrubs with loud rustling noise retreat. Nor did the founder of the city Praeneste absent himself from the war; king Caeculus, whom every age believed to have been begotten by Vulcan amidst the rural herds, and to have been found near the fire. Him a rustic legion accompanies from all the neighbourhood around: both those who inhabit high Praeneste, and those who cultivate the fields of Gabine Juno, or occupy the cool banks of Anio, and the mountainous towns of the Hernicians watered with descending rills: whom thou, rich Anag-

1 Tirynthian hero, a name of Hercules, from Tirynthus, a town of Argolis in Peloponnesus, where he generally resided.
2 Catillus, a son of Amphiarauus, who with his brothers Coras and Tiburtus assisted Turnus against Eneas.
3 Omole and Othrys, two lofty mountains in Thessaly, once the residence of the Centaurs.
4 Praeneste, (Palestrina,) a city of Latium, about 24 miles east from Rome, supposed to have been built by Caeculus, the son of Vulcan.
5 Hernicius, a people of Campania, who were inveterate enemies of the Romans.—Anagnia, a city of the Herici.—Amaseus, (La Toppa,) a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrhene sea.
nia, and whom thou, father Amasenus, feedest. These are not all supplied with arms, or shields, or rattling cars: the greatest part sling balls of livid lead; some wield two javelins in the hand, and for covering to their heads wear tawny beavers of the fur of wolves; with the left foot naked they tread the ground; a shoe of unwrought leather covers the other. 1 Messapus next, a gallant horseman, Neptune’s offspring, whom none had power by fire or steel to overthrow, suddenly calls to arms his people sunk in indolence through long inaction, and his troops disused to war, and handles the sword once more. These command the Fescennine troops, and the 2 Falisci famed for equity; those possess the strength of 3 Soracete, and the Flavinian land, and the lake and mountain of Ciminus, and Capena’s groves. Uniformly they moved in harmonious order, and sang the praises of their king: as when at times the snow-white swans, soaring through the liquid sky, are homeward borne from pasture, and through their long necks pour melodious notes: the river Cayster and the Asian lake adjacent, struck from far, return the sound. Nor would any one, who had heard their music at a distance, have taken them for armed troops of such a vast body promiscuously joined, but for an airy cloud of sonorous fowls driven to the shore from the deep abyss. Lo, 4 Clausus, of the ancient blood of the Sabines, came, leading a mighty host; Clausus, from whom the Claudian tribe and clan are now through Latium diffused, since Rome has been shared with the Sabines. With them appeared 5 Amiterna’s numerous bands, and the ancient 6 Quirites, the whole power of Eretum, and olive-bearing Mutuscae: those who inhabit the city Nomentum, and the dewy fields of Velino, the horrid rocks of 7 Tetrica, and mount Severus, Casperia, and Foruli, and the river of 8 Himella: those who drink the Tyber and the Fabaris; those whom cold Nursia sent forth, the Hortine squadrons, and the Latin nations: and those whom 9 Allia, an inauspicious name, dividing runs between;

1 Messapus, a son of Neptune, who left Boeotia, and came to settle in Italy, where he assisted Turnus against Æneas.
2 Falisci, a people of Etruria, originally a Macedonian colony.—Fescennina, also a town of Etruria.
3 Soracete, (M. S. Oreste,) a mountain of Etruria, about 26 miles north of Rome, sacred to Apollo.—Flavinia and Capena, towns of Etruria.—Ciminus, a mountain and lake of Etruria.
4 Clausus, king of the Sabines, who assisted Turnus against Æneas; he was the progenitor of Ap. Claudius, the founder of the Claudian family.
5 Amiterna, Eretum, and Mutusca, towns of the Sabines.
6 Quirites, the Sabines were so called from the town of Cures, which they inhabited; the name was also given to the citizens of Rome after their union with the Sabines.
7 Tetrica and Severus, mountains in the country of the Sabines, near the river Fabaris.—Casperia and Foruli, towns of the Sabines.
8 Himella and Fabaris, (Farfa,) rivers of the Sabines; the former falls into the Tiber below Cures.—Nursia and Hortia, towns of the Sabines.
9 Allia, (Aia,) a river of Italy, fall-
in such numbers as the billows are rolled on the surface of the Libyan main, when surly Orion sets in the wintry waves; or as numerous as are the thick ears of corn, scorched by the first heat of the summer's sun, either on the plain of Hermes, or in Lycia's yellow fields. Their bucklers ring, and earth, struck with the trampling of their feet, trembles. Next 1 Halesus, of Agamemmon's race, foe to the Trojan name, yokes his steeds in the chariot, and expedites to Turnus' aid a thousand warlike tribes; those who with harrows turn the soil of Massicus fertile in vines, and whom those ancient fathers the Aurunci sent from their lofty hills, and the adjacent plains of 2 Sidicium; those who march from Cales, and who border on the fordable river Vulturnus, together with these the hardy inhabitants of 3 Saticula, and the troops of the Osci. Short tapering darts are their weapons; but their fashion is to fasten them to their arms, by a limber thong. A short target covers their left-arms; and hand to hand they fight with crooked falchions. Nor shall you, 4 Ebalus, be in my numbers left unnamed, whom Telon is said to have engendered on the Nymph Sebethis, when, now advanced in years, he possessed Capree, the realms of the Teleboans; and the son likewise, not content with his paternal lands, even then extended his dominion far and wide over the people named 5 Sarrastes, and the plains which Sarnus waters. Those also came who inhabit Rufe and Batulum, and the fields of Celenna, and those whom the turrets of fruit-bearing Abella overlook; who, after the Teutonic fashion, are wont to sling barbed darts, whose helmets are the rind from the cork-tree torn, and whose half-moon shields and swords are formed of glittering brass. And thee too, 6 Ufens, mountainous Nursæ sent forth to battle, signalized by fame and happy feats of arms; whose subjects are the Equicole, a race peculiarly rough, bred in a hardened

1 Halesus, a son of Agamemnon, by Briseis or Clytemnestra; having been driven from home, he came to Italy, where he settled on Mount Massicus, in Campania, and was killed by Pallas in the war between Turnus and Aneas.
2 Sidicium and Cales, towns of Campania, in Italy.—Vulturnus, a river of Campania, rising in the Apennines, and falling into the Tyrrenian sea, after passing near the city of Capua.
3 Saticula, a town of the Samnites, in Italy, east of Capua.—Osci, a people between Campania and the country of the Volsci.
4 Ebalus, a son of Telon, king of the Teleboans, a people of Ætolia, in Greece, and the Nymph Sebethis. The Teleboans under Ebalus settled in Capree, (Capri,) an island on the coast of Campania in Italy.
5 Sarrastes, a people of Campania on the river Sarnus, which divides that country from the Picentini, and falls into the bay of Naples.—Rufe, &c. towns of Campania.
6 Ufens, a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrrenian sea near Tarracina.—Nurseæ, a town of Umbria in Italy.—Æquicoli, a people of Latium near Tibur.
soil, and inured to frequent hunting in the woods. In arms they vex the earth, and ever take delight to carry off fresh spoils, and live by plunder. And Umbro too, of singular fortitude, came by commission from his prince Archippus, priest of the Marrubian nation, his helmet decked with a wreath of the auspicious olive: who by enchantment and magical operation was wont to sprinkle the dews of sleep on the viper’s race, and the noxious-breathing hydras; their fury he assuaged, and by his art their stings he healed. But to cure the hurt of pointed Dardanian steel surpassed his power and skill; nor soporific charms, nor potent herbs gathered on the Marsian mountains, availed him aught against those wounds. For the Angitia’s grove, for thee, Fucinus, with his crystal flood, for thee the clear translucent lakes did mourn. Virbius too, the beauteous offspring of Hippolytus, marched to the war; whom his mother Aricia sent forth illustriously accomplished, having been educated in the groves of Egeria, near those humid shores, where, rich with offerings, and not implacable, Diana’s altar stands. For they tell us that Hippolytus, when by his mother’s fraudful art he had fallen, and with his blood had satiated his father’s vengeance, having been torn in pieces by his frightened steeds, again visited the ethereal stars, and the superior regions of this world, recalled to life by herbs of sovereign virtue, and Diana’s love. Then the almighty father, incensed that any mortal should rise to the light of life from the infernal shades, himself with thunder hurled down to the Stygian floods Apollo’s offspring, the inventor of such medicine and art. But propitious Diana conceals Hippolytus in a secret recess, and consigns him to the nymph of the Egerian grove; where in solitude and obscurity he passed his life in the Italian woods, and changing his name was called Virbius: whence too from Trivia’s temple and sacred groves horn-hoofed steeds are debarred, because, frightened by sea monsters, they overturned the chariot and the youth on the shore. Yet not the less eagerly his son managed his fiery steeds on the level plain, and in his chariot rushed on the war. Turnus himself, a comely personage, moves in the van, wielding his arms, and by the

1 Umbro, a general of the Marsi, whose capital, Marrubium, was situated on the banks of the lake Fucinus.—Angitia, a wood in the country of the Marsi, between Alba and the lake Fucinus. (L. di Celano.)

2 Virbius, a name given to Hippolytus after he had been restored to life by Esculapius at the instance of Diana, who pitied his unfortunate end.

3 Aricia, an Athenian, whom Hippolytus married, after he had been restored to life by Esculapius.—Egeria, a nymph of Aricia in Italy, where Diana was particularly worshipped.

4 Trivia a name given to Diana, because she presided over all places where three roads met.
head entire surmounts the rest; whose towering helmet, plumed with a triple crest of hair, sustains a Chimæra breathing from her jaws Ætnean fires; the more outrageous was she, and tremendous with baleful flames, in proportion as with the effusion of blood the combat deepens and grows more fierce. An Io, wrought in gold with horus erect adorned his polished steel;—Io now overgrown with fur, now a heifer, (an illustrious device,) and Argus the virgin’s keeper, and Inachus her sire pouring the river from his embossed urn. A cloud of infantry succeeds, and shielded battalions in condensed array overspread the whole plain: the Argive youth, the Ausonian bands, the Rutuli, and ancient Sicanians, the Sacranian hosts, and the Labici with their painted bucklers; those Tiberinus, who cultivate thy lawns, and the sacred banks of Numicus, and with the plough-share labour the Rutulian hills and Circe’s mount; over which fields presides Jupiter of Anxur, and also Feronia rejoicing in her verdant grove: where lie Saturn’s black dreary feus, and where chill Ufens through deep valleys shapes his winding way, and sinks into the sea. Besides all these came Camilla of the Volscian nation, leading a squadron of horse, and troops gorgeously arrayed in arms of brass; a virgin-warrior. Not to the distaff or Minerva’s soft employments had she accustomed her female hands; but, though a virgin, was inured to bear the hardships of war, and in swiftness of foot to outstrip the winds. Even over the topmost stalks of standing corn she could have lightly skimmed, nor once had hurt the tender ears in her career; or along the surface of the main, suspended on the heaving surge, could glide, nor in the liquid plain once dip her nimble feet. Her all the youth pouring from city and country, as well as crowds of matrons, view with wonder, and gaze after her as she goes, gaping with minds aghast to see how the regal ornament of purple mantles her smooth alabaster neck; how the buckle interlaces her hair in a caul of gold collected; with what grace she bears her Lycian quiver, and her pastoral myrtle-spear tipped with steel.

1 Argus, feigned to have a hundred eyes, of which only two were asleep at once. Juno sent him to watch Io.

2 Anxur, a city of the Volsci in Latium, sacred to Jupiter.—Feronia, a Roman goddess, the mother of Hercules; she had the care of woods and orchards.

3 Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was the daughter of Metabus and Camilla. She assisted Turnus in the war against Æneas, and signalized herself by undaunted bravery.
BOOK VIII.

In the Eighth Book, Æneas forms an alliance with Evander, who sends to his assistance a chosen body of men under his son Pallas. Venus presents Æneas with a suit of armour, fabricated by Vulcan; on the shield are represented the future glory and triumph of the Romans.

Soon as from the tower of Laurentum Turnus had displayed the signal, and with hoarse clanging the trumpets rattled; soon as he roused the sprightly coursers, and clashed the din of arms; forthwith the minds of all are driven to high commotion; all Latium at once with hurrying tumultuous haste combine, and the maddened youth burn with fury. The chief leaders, Messapus and Ufens, and that contemner of the gods, Mezentius, draw together their succours from every quarter, and of the labourers depopulate the lands around. 1 Venulus too is sent to the city of great Diomede to crave a supply, and to give him intelligence, that the Trojans were settled in Latium; that Æneas had landed with a fleet, and was introducing his conquered gods, and gave out that he was designed by fate to be the king of Latium; that many nations joined themselves to the Trojan, and his fame began to be spread abroad all over Latium. What he proposes by these measures, and what events and resolutions in consequence of the war he longs to bring about, (if fortune attend him,) appear more obvious to (Diomede) himself than to king Turnus, or king Latinus.

Such in Latium was the state of affairs; all which the Trojan hero perceiving fluctuates with a high tide of anxious care; and now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and shifts himself every way: as when in brazen vats of water the trembling beams of light, reflected from the sun, or from the image of the radiant moon, swiftly float over every place around, and now are darted up on high, and strike the ceilings of the lofty roof. It was night, and sleep profound held fast in his soft chains weary animals, the cattle and flying kind over all the earth; when on the bank, and under the canopy of heaven, father Æneas, disturbed in mind with the thought of disastrous war, laid himself down, and indulged his weary limbs in late repose. To his view Tiberinus himself, the old venerable god of the place, from his smooth gliding stream, was seen to lift up his head among

1 Venulus, an ambassador sent by Turnus to demand the assistance of Diomede.
the poplar boughs: a fine robe of lawn enwrapped his limbs in its sea-green folds, and shady reeds covered his locks. Then thus he addressed Æneas, and with these words eased him of his cares: Hail, sprung from the race of gods, who to us bringest home the remains of our city Troy saved from their foes, and preservest Pergamus destined to stand for ever, a welcome expected guest to the Laurentine soil and lands of Latium; here is thy fixed abode, thy sure dwelling-place: flinch not from thy design, nor be dismayed by the threats of war. All indignation and anger of the gods are overpast. And now that you may not imagine sleep forms in your mind these visionary ideas, under the elms on the banks of the river you will find a sow lying, that has brought forth a litter of thirty young, white the dam, reclining on the ground, her offspring white around her dugs. That place shall be the station for your city, a sure harbour of rest from your toils; in consequence of which, after a revolution of thrice ten years, Ascanius shall build the city Alba of illustrious name. Events I foretell not uncertain. Now attend, I will briefly show by what means you may accomplish with the desired success the work in hand. On these coasts the Arcadians, a race from Pallas descended, (who, hither accompanying their king 1 Evander and his standard, have chosen their place of residence, and in the mountains built a city called Pallanteum, from the name of their ancestor Pallas,) perpetually carry on war with the Latin nation: admit them the confederates of your camp, and with them join league. Myself will conduct you along my banks and river right on your way, that borne up by my aid you may with oars surmount the adverse stream. Arise, bestir yourself, O goddess-born, and with the first-setting stars offer prayers to Juno in due form, and by suppliant vows vanquish her resentment and threats. To me you shall pay honour when victorious over all your foes. I am he whom you behold gliding along the banks with my full stream, and dividing the fertile lands: the azure Tyber, a river highly favoured by heaven. Here is my spacious mansion; near lofty cities my fountain springs. He said, then in the deep pool the river-god plunged, diving to the bottom: from Æneas night and sleep departed. He started up: and viewing the rising beams of the ethereal sun, in his hollow palms with pious form he raised water from the river, and poured forth to heaven these words: Ye nymphs, ye Laurentine nymphs, whence rivers have their origin;

1 Evander, a king of Arcadia, subsequently of that part of Italy where Rome was afterwards founded. He assisted Æneas against the Rutuli.—Pallanteum, a town or citadel built by Evander on Mount Palatine.
and thou, O Father Tyber, with thy sacred river! receive Aeneas into your protection, and defend him at length from dangers. In whatever source thy subterraneous lake contains thee compassionate to our misfortunes, from whatever soil thou springest forth, most beauteous sovereign river of the Italian streams, graced with the horns of power, thou shalt ever be honoured with my veneration, ever with my offerings: oh grant us but thy present aid, and by nearer signs confirm thy oracles divine. Thus he speaks; and from his fleet singles out two galleys, and furnishes them with implements for rowing; at the same time supplies his friends with arms. But lo, a prodigy sudden and strange to sight, a milk-white sow of similar colour with her white young, lay along the wood, and was seen on the verdant bank; which to thee, O sovereign Juno, (for to thee he was enjoined,) the pious Aeneas devotes as a sacred offering, and presents before thy altar with her offspring. The Tyber, all that night long, calmed his swelling river, and refulgent with a silent stream stood poised; so that, like a mild unruffled pool and peaceful lake, he smoothed his watery plain, that there might be no need of struggling with the oar. Therefore with auspicious acclaim they speed their commenced voyage: the pitchy fire glides along the stream; the waves admire, the woods, unaccustomed to such scenes, survey with wonder the far-gleaming shields of heroes, and painted keels floating on the river. Their steerage night and day they labouring ply, overpass the long windings of the river, are screened on each side with various trees, and cut the green-wood shades in the smooth glassy plain.

The flaming sun had ascended the mid region of the sky, when at a distance they descry the city-walls, the fort, and the roofs of houses scattered here and there, which now the Roman power hath raised to heaven: Evander then possessed the poor domains. Thither they turn their prows without delay, and approach the city. On that day the Arcadian monarch chanced to be offering a solemn anniversary sacrifice before the city in a grove to the great Hercules, Amphitryon’s foster son, and his tutelar gods. At the same time his son 1 Pallas, and with him all the youth of quality, and the poor senate, were offering incense; and the tepid victims’ blood smoked at the altars. Soon as they observe the tall vessels gliding towards them amidst the shady grove, and the crew incumbent on their silent oars, they are startled at the sudden sight, and leaving their ban-

1 Pallas, the son of Evander, was sent with a body of troops to assist Aeneas, and, after performing many gallant deeds, was killed by Turnus.
The peace and silence Land, the worthiest Ilium, then but the the quets, all rise up at once; whom Pallas boldly forbids to interrupt the sacred rites, and snatching up a javelin flies himself to meet them, and at a distance speaks from a rising ground: Youths, what motive hath induced you hither to attempt your unknown way? whither are you bound? who are you by descent? whence came you? peace bring you hither or war? Then father Æneas thus from the lofty deck replies, and in his hand before him extends a branch of peaceful olive: The sons of Troy you see, and arms hostile to the Latins, who have exiled and driven us out by proud licentious war. To Evander we repair. Bear him these tidings, and say, Dardania's chosen chiefs are come, exploring his confederate arms. Pallas, struck with so great a name, stood amazed: Land, he says, whoever thou art, address my father in person, and come under our roof a welcome guest. Then he grasped him by the hand, and hung upon him in close embrace. Advancing, they enter the grove, and leave the river. Then with courteous accents Æneas thus addresses the king: Worthiest of the sons of Greece, to whom fortune hath led me to make my supplication, and to spread forth these boughs, with suppliant wreaths adorned; I truly had no apprehension from your being a Grecian leader and an Arcadian, or from your being originally allied to the two sons of Atreus; but consciousness of my own uprightness, the holy oracles of the gods, the affinity of our ancestors, and your fame propagated over the earth, have bound you to me in friendship, and by fate urged me hither a willing guest. Dardanus, the first father and founder of the city Ilium, born of Electra, the daughter of Atlas, as the Greeks record, to the Trojans steered his course: the mighty Atlas, who on his shoulder props the celestial orbs, gave to the world Electra. Your father is Mercury, whom bright Maia having conceived, on Cyllene's frozen top brought forth. But Atlas, if we may give any credit to tradition, the same Atlas who supports the stars of heaven, procreated Maia. Thus from one stock both our stems divide. Relying on these circumstances, I had not recourse to embassies, nor artfully employed preliminary means of sounding your inclination: myself and my own life I have exposed, and am come a suppliant to your court. The same Daunian nation persecutes us, which pursues you with cruel war: us if they once expel, nothing they presume will hinder them from entirely reducing all

1 Ilium, the citadel of Troy, generally taken for the city itself, so named from Ily, one of the Trojan kings.
2 Daunian nation; Daunts, a son of Pilumnus and Danae, and father of Turnus, came from Illyricum into Apulia, where he reigned over part of the country, from him called Daunia.
Hesperia under their yoke, and from being masters of the sea, both that above, and that which washes it below. Take, then, and give \textit{pledges of faith}. With us are personages stout and robust for war, with us are \textit{martial} souls, and youth tried and approved in action.

\textit{Aeneas thus said:} he had all along with attention surveyed his mouth and eyes, and whole body as he spoke. Then thus he briefly replies: Most gallant of the Trojan race, how heartily do I receive and own you \textit{for my friend!} how well I recollect the words, the voice and features of your great sire Anchises! For I remember, that Priam, Laomedon's son, in his way to \textit{Salamis} to visit the realms of his sister Hesione, \textit{continuing his progress} forward, visited likewise Arcadia's frozen coasts. Then manhood first shaded my cheek with down: I admired the Trojan chiefs; Laomedon's son \textit{in particular} I admired; but Anchises walked more majestic than all of them: my soul burned with youthful desire to accost the hero, and join hand in hand. I came up and fondly led him to the walls of \textit{Pheneus.} He at departing gave me a splendid quiver, and Lycian arrows, a mantle interwoven with \textit{threads of gold}, and two bridles \textit{with golden bosses}, of which my son Pallas is now possessed. Therefore I both join my right-hand with you in league as you desire; and, when first the morrow's light shall to earth return, I will dismiss you joyful with supplies, and aid you with my power. Meanwhile, since hither you are come our friends, courteously celebrate with us this anniversary festival, which to defer \textit{would be} impiety, and even now accustom yourselves to the banquets of your allies. Thus having said, he orders the dishes and cups which had been removed to be replaced, and himself plants the heroes on the grassy seat: and \textit{Aeneas} in chief he compliments with a couch and the fur of a shaggy lion, and invites him to share his maple throne. Then with great earnestness the chosen youths and priest of the altar bring forward the roasted joints of the bullocks, heap in canisters the gifts of Ceres laboured \textit{for use}, and dispense \textit{the joys} of Bacchus. \textit{Aeneas}, and at the same time the Trojan youth, feast on the chine and hallowed entrails of a solid ox.

As soon as hunger was assuaged, and the lust of eating stayed, king Evander says: Not superstition, vain and ignorant, of the ancient gods, hath imposed on us these solemn rites, these banquets in due form \textit{prepared}, this sacrifice to

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\footnote{1 \textit{Salamis}, (Coulouri,) an island of Greece in the Saronic gulf, near the coast of Attica.---\textit{Hesione}, a daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy, and sister to Priam. Hercules having delivered her from a sea monster to which she was exposed, gave her in marriage to Telamon, king of Salamis.}

\footnote{2 \textit{Pheneus}, (Phonia,) a town of Arcadia, near mount Cyllene.}
so great a deity: from cruel dangers saved my Trojan guest, in gratitude we perform these rites, and merited honours renewed. Now first observe this rock suspended on crags; how the huge piles are scattered far abroad, and the mountainous abode stands desolate, and the loosened cliffs have drawn down on the plain prodigious ruin. Here, in a vast recess, far from sight removed, was a cave, which the hideous figure of Cacus, that human savage, possessed, inaccessible to the sun-beams; still with recent bloodshed smoked the pavement; and to the proud inhuman gates the heads of men affixed hung forth to view all pale with piteous gore. Vulcan was the monster’s father; whose sooty flames belching from his mouth, he stalked with bulk enormous. Time at length to us also brought the wished-for aid and presence of a god: for Hercules, the illustrious avenger of wrongs, seasonably arrived in proud triumph from the death and spoils of three-bodied Geryon; and this way the victorious hero drove his stately bulls: and the heifers possessed the valley and the banks of the river. But the wildly-licentious soul of thievish Cacus, lest any villany or fraudulent practice by him had been unattempted or unessayd, carries off from their stalls four bullocks of exquisite make, and as many heifers of form surpassing: and these, lest there should be any prints of their feet direct, having dragged towards the cave by the tail, and hurried along with the traces of their way reversed, he concealed in his gloomy den. Thus no signs led the searcher to the cave. Meanwhile, when now the hero was moving from their stalls his full-fed herds, and preparing to be gone, the heifers, at parting, began to low, the whole grove was filled with their plaintive notes, and the hills with clamorous din were left. One of the heifers returned the sound, and pent up in the depth of the spacious cave rebellowed, and frustrated the hope of Cacus. Then, indeed, from his black gall the hero’s indignation bursting kindled into fury: in his hand he snatches up arms, and his oak ponderous with knots, and with speed seeks the summit of the airy mountain. Then first our men beheld Cacus dismayed, and by his eyes betraying confusion and disorder. Instantly he flies swifter than the east-wind, and seeks the sheltering cave: fear added wings to his feet. Soon as he had shut himself in, and, bursting the chains in haste, let down the enormous rock, which, by the power of iron and his father’s art, was suspended, and on bolts relying made fast the gates; lo, the Tirynthian hero transported with fury was upon him, and, examining every passage to the cave,

1 Cacus, the son of Vulcan and Medusa, a notorious robber, slain by Hercules.
hither and thither rolled his eyes, gnashing with his teeth. Boiling with ire he thrice surveys the whole Aventine mount; thrice in vain essays to storm the gates of massy rock; thrice in the vale fatigued and breathless he sat down to rest. A sharp flinty rock stood forth, with cliffs ragged and broken in the points around; and on the ridge of the cave rose, towering to the sight, a convenient shelter for the nests of dire inauspicious birds. This, where, bending forward with its brow, it overhung the river on the left, the hero, opposite to it on the right, with strained effort shook, and from the deep roots uptorn disjoined; then on a sudden impelled it; with which impulse the sky in its wide extent resounds, the shattered banks leap hither and thither, and the affrighted river runs back. And now the den, and spacious hall of Cacus, bared of covering appeared, and his gloomy caverns in their inmost recesses were laid open; just as if by some violence the earth, in her deep recesses yawning wide, should unlock the infernal mansions, and disclose those pale realms abhorred by the gods, and from above the hideous gulf be seen, and the ghosts be terrified at the light darted in upon them. Him, therefore, thus suddenly surprised in the unexpected light, imprisoned in his excavated rock, and in uncouth manner braying, Alcides from above galls with darts, calls every weapon to his aid, and plies him with stubs of trees and ponderous millstones. But he (for now no refuge from the danger remains) from his jaws vomits up vast quantities of smoke, wondrous to tell! and involves the cave in pitchy vapour, snatching all prospect from the hero's eyes; and deep in his cave shoots up in wreaths a night of smoke, intermingling fire with darkness. This Alcides in his rage could not bear, but with an impetuous spring threw himself amidst the flame, where in thickest volleys the smoke drives its waves, and the capacious den fluctuates with rolling tides of pitchy vapour. Here, in his darkened cell, he seizes Cacus disgorging unavailing flames, grasping him hard as in a knot; then griping fast, squeezes his eyes starting from their sockets, and his throat till it is quite parched and drained of blood. Forthwith the doors being wrenched, the grim mansion is laid open; the heifer that had been filched away, and the stolen effects abjured, are exposed to the view of heaven; and the deformed carcass is dragged forth by the feet. They are unable to satiate their curiosity with gazing on his haggard eyes, his horrid aspect, and the breast of the demi-savage shagged with bristly hair, and the extinguished fires in his throat. From that time the honours of the god have been celebrated in Italy, and posterity with joy have observed
the day: and Potitius, the first founder, and the Pinarian family, the depository of this institution sacred to Hercules, erected this altar in the grove, which shall both be styled by us the Great, and the Great shall be for ever. Wherefore come, noble youths, in celebrating virtue so illustrious, encircle your locks with a garland, and extend your goblets in your hands, invoke our common god, and offer the wine with good will. He said; when with its Herculean shade the poplar of varying hue both decked his locks, and with its leaves entwined hung down; and a sacred goblet filled his right-hand. Forthwith all with joy pour libations on the table, and supplicate the gods. Meanwhile the sphere of day declining, evening draws nearer on; and now the priests, and Potitius at their head, marched in procession, clad in skins, according to form, and in their hands bore flaming torches. They renew the feast, and introduce the grateful offerings of the second service, and heap the altars with chargers richly loaded. Then round the altars smoking with perfumes, the Salii amidst songs advance, having their temples bound with poplar boughs; in two bands they divide, the one a choir of youths, the other of aged men; who celebrate the praises of Hercules, and his deeds in verse; how in his cradle with his mighty hand he slew the first monsters of his step-mother Juno, and squeezing strangled her two snakes; how in war the same hero overthrew illustrious cities, both Troy and Æchalia; how, under king Eurystheus, by the destination of unfriendly Juno, he endured a thousand grievous toils. Thou, invincible, dost with thy arm subdue the cloud-born, double-membered Centaurs, Hylæus and Pholus; thou subduest Cretan monsters, and the huge overgrown lion under the rock of Nemea. For fear of thee the Stygian lakes, for fear of thee the porter of hell did tremble, cowering down in his bloody den upon his half-gnawed bones: nor did any forms throw thee into consternation: even Typhæus himself, of towering height, with arms in hand, did not thee intimidate; thee,

1 Potitius and Pinarius, Arcadians who came with Evander to Italy, and were entrusted with the sacrifices of Hercules.

2 Salii, an order of priests at Rome, who had the charge of the sacred shields called Ancilia, which they carried every year, on the first of March, in a solemn procession round the walls of Rome, dancing and singing praises to the god Mars.

3 Æchaia, a country of Laconia in Peloponnesus, with a town of the same name, where Eurystheus reigned, and which was destroyed by Hercules.

4 Eurystheus, see note 5, Georgics, Book IIII, page 56.

5 Nemea, a town of Argolis in Peloponnesus, near which Hercules performed his first labour by killing the celebrated Nemean lion.

6 Typhæus, a famous giant, son of Tartarus and Terra, said to have had a hundred heads like those of a serpent or a dragon. He made war upon the gods, but Jupiter put him to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Ætna in Sicily, or, according to some, under the island Inarime, (Ischia.)
not perplexed and disconcerted, the Lernæan snake, that many-headed monster, around beset. Hail, undoubted offspring of Jove, added to the gods as an ornament to their assembly: visit both us and these thy sacred rites with thy auspicious presence. Such heroic deeds they celebrate in song: above all they subjoin the den of Cacus, and the robber himself, breathing his soul in flames. The whole grove rings with the melodious din, and the hills rebound.

Then, having finished the divine service, all hie back to the city. The king, with age oppressed, set forward; and, as he walked along, had Æneas to accompany him, and his son by his side, and with various discourse relieved the tediousness of the way. Æneas admires, and turns his rolling eyes around on every object; is charmed with the various scenes and landscapes; and eagerly inquires and fondly learns the several monuments of the men of antiquity.

Then king Evander, the founder of the Roman power, thus began: These groves the native Fauns and Nymphs possessed, and a race of men sprung from the trunks of trees and stubborn oak; who had neither laws nor policy; knew neither to yoke the labouring steer, nor to gather wealth, nor to use their acquisitions with moderation; but the products of the branches, and savage hunting, supplied them with food. From the ethereal sky first Saturn came, flying from the hostilities of Jove, and an exile dispossessed of his realms. He formed into society a race undisciplined and dispersed among the high mountains, and introduced laws; and chose to have the country named Latium, because in these regions he had lurked secure. Under his reign was the golden age which they so much celebrate: in such undisturbed tranquillity he ruled his subjects; till by degrees an age more depraved, and of a different complexion, and the fury of war, and love of gain, succeeded. Then came in the Ausonian bands, and the Sicilian nations; and the Saturnian land often changed its name. Then came a succession of kings, and among the rest fierce Tybris of gigantic make, from whom we Italians in after-times named the river Tyber: thus ancient Albula lost its true, its proper name. Me, from my country driven, and tracing the utmost perils of the sea, almighty fortune and uncontrollable destiny fixed in these regions: and the awful predictions of my mother the nymph ¹Carmentis, and the god Apollo by his authority urged me hither.

Searcely had he spoken, when setting forward he shows him next both the altar, and the gate filled by a Roman

¹ Carmentis, a prophetess of Arcadia, mother of Evander, with whom she came to Italy. One of the gates of Rome was named after her.
name Carmentalis, which they record to be the ancient monument in honour of the prophetic nymph Carmentis, who first foretold the future grandeur of the Aenean race, and the renown of Pallanteum. Next he points out the spacious grove which Romulus reduced into a sanctuary, and under a cold bleak rock the Lupercal, so called from the Arcadian manner of worshipping Lycen Pan. He likewise shows the grove of Argileum, sacred to Argus; and calls the place to witness his innocence, and relates the death of Argus his guest. He leads him next to the Tarpeian Rock and the Capitol, now of gold, but in those days rough and horrid with wild bushes. Even then the religious horrors of the place awed the minds of the timorous swains; even then they revered the wood and rock. This grove, says he, this wood-topped hill, a god inhabits, but what god is uncertain: here the Arcadians believe they have seen Jove himself, when often with his right-hand he shook the blackening tremendus aegis, and roused the clouds of thunder. Farther, says he, yon two cities you see with their walls demolished, the remains and monuments of ancient heroes: this city father Janus, that Saturnus built; the one was named Janiculum, the other Saturnia. In such mutual talk they came up to the palace of poor Evander; and in that place where now the Roman forum and magnificent streets arise, they beheld around herds of cattle lowing. Soon as they reached his seat, These gates, he says, the victorious Alcides entered; him this palace received: have then, my noble guest, the greatness of mind to undervalue magnificence, and do you too form yourself into a temper becoming a god, and come not disgusted with these our mean accommodations. He said, and under the roof of his narrow mansion conducted the magnanimous Aeneas, and set him down to rest on a bed of leaves, and the fur of a Libyan bear.

Night comes on apace, and with her dusky wings mantles the earth. Meanwhile Venus, the parent-goddess, not without cause alarmed in mind, and disturbed both by the threats and fierce uproar of the Laurentines, addresses Vulcan,
and in her husband's golden bed-chamber, thus begins, and by her accents breathes into him love divine: While the Grecian kings by war brought fated Troy to desolation, and its towers doomed to fall by hostile flames, not any succour to the wretches, nor arms of thy art and power, I craved; nor, my dearest spouse, was I willing to employ you or your labours in vain; though I both owed much to the sons of Priam, and often mourned the severe sufferings of Aeneas. Now, by Jove's command, he hath settled on the coasts of the Rutulians: therefore I the self-same fond wife appear as a suppliant, and implore arms from thy divinity to me adorable, a mother for a son. Thee the daughter of Nereus, thee the wife of Tithonus, by tears could persuade. See what nations combine, what towns have shut up their gates, whet their swords against me, and for the extirpation of my people! The goddess said, and, throwing her snowy arms around him, in soft embrace caresses him, hesitating: suddenly he caught the wonted flame; and the accustomed warmth pierced his marrow, and ran thrilling through his shaken bones: just as when at times, with forked thunder burst, a chinky stream of fire in flashy lightning shoots athwart the skies. This his spouse, well pleased with her wiles, and conscious of her charms, perceived.

Then father Vulcan, fast bound in the eternal chains of love, thus speaks: Why hast thou recourse to such far-fetch ed reasons? whither, goddess, hath thy confidence in me fled? hadst thou been under the like concern before, then too it had been a righteous and practicable thing in me at thy desire to arm the Trojans. Nor did almighty father Jove, or the fates, forbid that Troy should stand, or Priam survive for ten years more. And now if war you meditate, and this be your resolution; whatever zeal to serve you in my art I can promise; whatever can be done by steel or liquid metals, as far as the power of fire and breathing engines reach, you may depend on me; wherefore forbear by solicitation to bring your power and influence in question. Having spoken these words, he gave her the wished embrace, and, on the bosom of his spouse dissolved away, courted soft repose to every limb.

Then, soon as the first interval of rest, now that the mid-career of night had rolled away, had driven sleep from his eyes; what time the housewife, whose chief concern it is to earn her living by the distaff and poor handy-work, awakes the heaped-up embers and the dormant fires, adding night to her labour, and by the lighted tapers employs her maids in their long tedious tasks, that chaste she may pre-
serve her husband’s bed, and bring up her little babes: not otherwise, nor at that time less industrious, the mighty god of fire rises from the soft couch to his mechanic labours.

Near the side of Sicily and Æolian Lipari an island rises, of steep ascent, with smoking rocks; under which a den, and the caves of Ætna, embowelled by the forges of the Cyclops, thunder, and from the anvils the sturdy strokes in echoing groans resound, the red-hot bars of steel hiss in the caverns, and the fire in the furnace pants; Vulcan’s habitation and the land Vulcanian called. Hither then the fiery power descended from the lofty sky. The Cyclops in their capacious cave were vexing the steel, Brontes, and Steropes, and naked-limbed Pyracmon. In their hands half-formed with one part already polished off, was a thunderbolt, such as those which in profusion the eternal Father from all quarters of the sky hurls on the earth! the other part unfinished remained. Three spikes they had added of the wrought hail, three more of watery cloud; three of glaring fire, and winged wind. Now they were mingling in the work alarming flashes, the thunder’s roaring noise and terror, and in the resistless flames vindictive rage. In another part they were hastening forward a chariot and nimble wheels for Mars, by which he rouses men and cities to war; and were polishing amain the tremendous aegis, the armour of enraged Pallas, with serpent’s scales and burnished gold, and the snakes in mutual folds entwined, and (to be worn on the breast of the goddess) the Gorgon’s self, rolling her eyes in death after decapitation.

Away with all, he says, ye Ætnean Cyclops, these your begun labours set aside, and hither turn your attentive minds. Arms for a valiant hero must be forged; now it is requisite to ply your strength, now your nimble hands, now all your masterly skill. Shake off all indolence and delay. Nor more he said. All instantly began to work, and equally the labour shared. Brass and mines of gold in rivulets flow; and wounding steel in the capacious furnace melts. A spacious shield they form, alone sufficient against all the weapons of the Latins, and orbs in orbs sevenfold involve. Some with the puffing bellows receive and explode the air by turns; others dip the sputtering metals in the trough: the cave groans with the incumbent anvils. They with vast force alternately lift their arms in equal time, and with the gripping pincers turn the mass.

While in the Æolian regions the Lemnian god is urging on these works, the cheering vital light, and the early morn-

1 Lipari, anciently the Æolian islands, on the northern coast of Sicily; they are evidently of volcanic origin.
ing songs of birds under his roof, rouse Evander from his humble mansion. The veteran arises, and in his tunic sheathes his limbs, and binds the Tuscan sandals round his feet; then to his side and shoulders girds his Arcadian sword, doubling back on the right shoulder a panther’s skin that hung down from his left. Two guardian-dogs too from the lofty gate march forth, and attend their master’s steps. The hero, mindful of the last day’s conversation, and the service he had promised, hies to the apartment and recess of his guest Aeneas. Meanwhile Aeneas no less early was advancing toward him. With the one his son Pallas, with the other Achates came in company. At meeting they join hands, seat themselves in the midst of the court, and at length enjoy free unrestrained conversation. The king thus first begins: Great leader of the Trojans, during whose life I truly will never admit that the power and realms of Troy are overthrown; small are our abilities to support the war in proportion to so great a name: on the one hand we are bounded by the Tuscan river Tyber: on the other hand the Rutulians press upon us, and round our walls with clashing arms beset. But I intend with you to join mighty nations and camps rich and royally magnificent, which saving relief unexpected fortune opens to our view; hither you come invited by the fates. Not far from this spot stands inhabited the city of 1Agylla of ancient foundation, where heretofore the Lydian nation, illustrious in war, planted a colony on the Tuscan mountains. This city, having flourished for many years, Mezentius at last came to rule with imperious sway and cruel arms. Why should I mention his unutterable barbarities? or why the tyrant’s horrid deeds? May the gods recompense them on his own head, and on his race. He even bound to the living the bodies of the dead, joining together hands to hands, and face to face, a horrid kind of torture: and the victims of his cruelty, pining away with gore and putrefaction in this loathed embrace, he thus with lingering death destroyed. But at length his subjects, weary of his cruelties, in arms around beset both the tyrant himself raging past utterance, and all his house: they assassinate his adherents, hurl flames against his roof. He, amidst the massacre making his escape, flies for shelter to the territories of the Rutulians, and finds protection from the arms of Turnus, his hospitable friend. Therefore all Etruria, with just fury incensed, rose in arms; and the people by present war re-demand their king for punishment. Over these thousands, Aeneas I will assign you leader. For all along the shore the vessels ranged

1 Agylla, afterwards called Cares, a town of Etruria.
in thick array storm for war; and urge the banners to be displayed. Them an aged soothsayer restrains, this oracle in prophetic strains delivering: Ye chosen youths of Lydia, the flower and excellence of ancient heroes, whom just indignation urges against the foe, and Mezentius fires with due resentment; no native of Italy is destined to subdue that powerful nation: make choice of foreign leaders. Then, overawed by the declaration of the gods, the Tuscan army, respiting their fury, encamped on this plain. Tar- chon himself hath sent ambassadors with the royal crown and sceptre, and to me commends these ensigns; imploring me to repair to the camp, and assume the Tuscan admini-

Then, overawed by the declaration of the gods, the Tuscan army, respiting their fury, encamped on this plain. Tar-

in thick array storm for war; and urge the banners to be displayed. Them an aged soothsayer restrains, this oracle in prophetic strains delivering: Ye chosen youths of Lydia, the flower and excellence of ancient heroes, whom just indignation urges against the foe, and Mezentius fires with due resentment; no native of Italy is destined to subdue that powerful nation: make choice of foreign leaders. Then, overawed by the declaration of the gods, the Tuscan army, respiting their fury, encamped on this plain. Tar-

1 Tarchon, an Etrurian chief, who assisted Æneas against the Rutulians.
Vulcanian arms through the aerial regions to my aid. Ah, what havock awaits the unhappy Laurentines! what ample satisfaction shall you, Turnus, give me! what numerous shields, and helmets, and bodies of gallant heroes, shalt thou, father Tyber, roll down thy streams! Let them challenge our armies, and violate their leagues.

Having said these words, he raised himself from his lofty throne: and first of all he wakes the dormant fires from Herecles' altars, and visits with joy the 1Lar whom yesterday he had first worshipped, and the little household-gods: with accustomed rites he offers a sacrifice of chosen ewes; and in like manner Evander, in like manner the Trojan youth. After this he repairs to the ships, and revisits his friends; from whose number he chooses out such as excellent in valour to accompany him to the war: the rest by the descending stream are borne along, and with no effort glide down with the current of the river, to bring Ascanius tidings of his father, and of the affairs in hand. The Trojans repairing to the Tuscan territories, are supplied with steeds: for Æneas they lead forth one distinguished from the rest, which a lion's tawny hide, shining before with gilded claws, completely covers.

Suddenly through the narrow city blazed the rumour flies, that a band of horse were swiftly marching to the court of the Tuscan king. Through fear the matrons redouble their vows; and the nearer they are to the danger, the more the terror grows, and the image of Mars appears more formidable and enlarged. Then the venerable father Evander, grasping the hand of his son as he was going away, clings to him, weeping beyond measure, and utters these expressions: O that Jupiter would recall my past years! or that I were now what I was when, under the very walls of Prænestæ, I mowed down the foremost ranks, and victorious set heaps of shields on fire, and with his right-hand sent king 2Herilus down to Tartarus; to whom at his birth, dreadful to relate, his mother Feronia had given three lives, and triple arms to wield; thrice by death was he to be overthrown; whom this right-hand, however, then of all these lives bereft, and stripped of as many suits of armour! nothing now, my son, should part me from your loved embrace; nor had ever our neighbour Mezentius, insulting over this person of mine, by the sword effected so many cruel deaths, drained the city of so many

1 Lar, the Lares were two in number, sons of Mercurius and Lara, one of the Naiads. The Romans paid them divine honours, and they resided over houses and families.

2 Herilus, king of Prænestæ, was son of Feronia, the Goddess of Woods and Orchards; as he is said to have received three lives from his mother, he was killed three times by Evander.
inhabitants. But, O ye powers, and thou Jupiter, great ruler of the gods, compassionate, I pray, a distressed Arcadian king, and hear a father’s prayer: if your providence divine, if the fates reserve Pallas for me in safety, if I live destined to see him again, and to have a happy meeting with him, I pray for life; and I will submit to endure any hardship whatever. But if, O Fortune, thou threatenest him with some disaster not to be named, oh let me now, even now, break off the thread of my cruel wretched life, while my cares are still hovering in suspense between fear and hope, while I have some hope of the future, however uncertain; while thee, loved boy, my late, my only joy, I hold in my embrace: lest more mournful tidings wound my ears. In these accents the father poured forth his grief at final parting with his son: his attendants bear him to the palace fainting away.

And now the horse had rushed forth by the expanded gates; among the foremost were Æneas and his true friend Achates; then other peers of Troy. Pallas himself, in the centre of his troop, appears conspicuous in his mantling robe and painted arms; in such brightness as when, bathed in the ocean’s waves, fair Lucifer, whom Venus loves beyond the other starry orbs, hath displayed his venerable aspect in the heaven, and dispersed the darkness. On the walls the timorous matrons stand, and follow with their eyes the dusty cloud, and troops gleaming with arms of brass. Through the thickets, where nearest lies the boundary of their way, they march in armour sheathed. Their acclamations rise; and, when they have formed themselves into squadrons, the horny hoof of the horse beats with prancing din the mouldering plain.

Near the cold river of 1Cares is a spacious grove, sacred all around by the religion of the ancient fathers; hollow hills on every side have enclosed, and encompass the grove with gloomy air. There is a tradition, that to Sylvanus, god of the fields and flocks, the ancient 2Pelasgi, who were once the first possessors of the Latin coasts, consecrated this grove and a festival-day. Not far from this Tarcho and the Tuscans kept their camp, defended by the situation of the ground; and now from the hill the whole legion could be surveyed, and had pitched their tents upon the spacious plains. Hither Æneas, the father of his country, and his youthful band, selected for the war, advance, and fatigued induce their horses and themselves in ease.

1 Cares, anciently Agydia, a city of Etruria, once the capital of the whole country, situated on a small river east of Rome.
2 Pelasgi, the ancient inhabitants of Greece, supposed to be one of the most ancient people in the world.
Meanwhile the goddess Venus in bright beauty shining among the ethereal clouds, drew near, bearing the armour, her divine present; and soon as at a distance she espied her son in a recluse valley, retired near the chill river, she voluntarily presented herself, and addressed him in these words: Behold, my son, the presents finished by my consort’s promised aid; that so this instant you need not demur to challenge either the insolent Laurentines or fierce Turnus to the combat. *Fair Cytherea* said, and rushed into the embraces of her son; under an oak, full in his view, she placed the radiant arms. He, overjoyed with the presents of the goddess, and such signal honour, gazes on them with insatiable fondness, and rolls his eyes over them one by one; he admires, and in his hands or arms shifts to every point of view the helmet waving its dreadful crest and shooting flames, and the sword pointed with death, the corset stiff with brass, immense, of sanguine hue; as when the azure cloud by the sun-beam grows more and more inflamed, and darts afar its refulgent brightness: then he admires the polished greaves of electrum and gold refined, the spear and the texture of the shield curious beyond expression. There the fiery power, a prophet not unskilful or ignorant of futurity, had represented the Italian history and triumphs of the Romans; there all the descendants of the future race from Ascanius, and their battles fought in order. There, too, he had figured the fostering wolf lying in the verdant cave of Mars; had made the twin boys, hanging about her dogs, carelessly play, and fearless suck their savage dam; while she, with tapering neck reclined, fondly licked them by turns, and formed their bodies with her tongue. Not far from this he had added Rome, and the Sabine virgins licentiously ravished in the crowded circus at the great *Circensian games*, and suddenly an unusual storm of war bursting upon the sons of Rome, and old *Tatius*, and the Cures rigid in *virtue*. Next the same princes, now that mutual hostilities are laid aside, sheathed in armour, and with the sacred goblets in their hands, before Jove’s altars stood, and, having sacrificed a sow, struck up a league of peace. Not far from that part of the sculpture rapid chariots had torn *Metius* limb from limb asunder, (but thou,

1 *Circensian games* were first established by Romulus, and performed in the Circus at Rome. The Romans having invited their neighbours the Sabines to the celebration of these games, forcibly carried away all their females who had attended.
2 *Tatius*, king of Cures among the Sabines, made war against the Romans after the rape of the Sabine women. Peace having been made between the two nations, Tatus shared the royal authority with Romulus.
3 *Metius*, dictator of Alba in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. He became subject to the Romans by the combat of the Horatii and Curatii, but afterwards proving faithless, Tullus put him to death by placing him between two chariots, which were drawn by four horses different ways.
Alban, shouldst have adhered to thy stipulations,) and Tullus was dragging the traitor's entrails through the wood; and the bushes, sprinkled with his blood, distilled. Here, too, Porsenna was commanding the Romans to receive Tarquiniius expelled, and invested the city with close siege. The Romans in defence of liberty were rushing on the sword. Him (Porsenna) you might have seen like one storming with rage, and like one breathing threats, because Coles had boldly dared to beat down the bridge; and Cloelia, having burst her chains, swam across the river. On the summit of the shield Manlius, guardian of the Tarpeian tower, before the temple stood, and defended the lofty Capitol; and the palace, as newly thatched with Romulean straw, appeared rough. And here a goose in silver, fluttering athwart the gilded galleries, gave warning that the Gauls were just at hand: the Gauls were seen advancing along the thickets, and were now seizing the fort, protected by the darkness and benefit of dusky night. Of gold their tresses were, and of gold their vestments; in streaked mantlets they shine; then their milk-white necks are bound in chains of gold: brandishes two Alpine javelins each in his hand, both having their bodies protected with long bucklers. Here he had embossed the dancing Salii, and the naked priests of Pan, the sacred caps tufted with wool, and the shields that fell from heaven: chaste matrons in soft sedans were conducting the sacred pageants through the city. To these in remoter prospect he likewise adds the Tartarean mansions, Pluto's profound realms, the sufferings of the damned; and thee, Catiline, suspended from a rock that still threatens to fall, and trembling at the grim aspect of the Furies; and the good apart from the wicked, with Cato dispensing laws to them. Amidst these scenes the image of the swelling ocean was widely diffused in gold; but the seas foamed with hoary silver waves, and all around conspicuous in silver the wheeling dolphins swept the seas with their tails, and cut the tide. In the midst were to be seen

1 Porsenna, king of Etruria, who made war upon the Romans in favour of Tarquin, and attempted in vain to replace him on the throne. Coles, (Pub. Horat.) a noble Roman, who greatly signalized himself by alone opposing for a time the whole army of Porsenna.

2 Cloelia, a Roman virgin, who having been given with other maidens as hostages to Porsenna, escaped from her confinement, and swam across the Tiber to Rome.

3 Manlius, (Marcus,) a celebrated Roman, surnamed Capitolinus, for his gallant defence of the Capitol against the Gauls under Brennus. Manlius was afterwards accused of ambitious designs, and having been condemned, he was thrown down from the Tarpeian Rock.

4 Catiline, a noble Roman, but cruel, and of the most depraved habits. He conspired against the liberties of his country, and perished in battle, B.C. 63.

5 Cato, see note 3, Æneid, Book VI. page 242.
fleets with brazen prows, the fight of Actium; and you could discern Leucate all in a ferment with the marshalled war, and the billows brightly displayed in gold. On one side is Augustus Cæsar conducting the Italians to the engagement, with the senators and people, the domestic gods, and the great guardian deities of empire, standing on the lofty stern; whose graceful auspicious temples dart forth two flames, and on whose crest his father's star is displayed. In another part Agrippa, with winds and gods propitious, sublime appears leading his squadron; whose brows are adorned with a naval crown's refulgent beak. On the other side victorious Mark Antony, with his barbarian supplies and various troops, brings up with him, from the nations of the morning, and the coasts of the Red Sea, Egypt, the strength of the east, and Bactra, the boundary of his empire; and him follows, oh foul disgrace! his Egyptian spouse Cleopatra. All are rushing on together, and the whole watery plain foams convulsed with the labouring oars and trident-beaks. They make for the deep: you would have imagined, that the Cyclades upturned were floating on the main, or lofty mountains encountering mountains: with such stupendous force the warriors in their turret-bearing ships urge on the attack. From their hands flaming balls of tow, and from missile engines the winged steel is flung: Neptune's watery fields reddened with uncommon slaughter. In the midst the queen (Cleopatra) rouses her squadrons with her country's timbrel; nor as yet regards the two snakes behind her. Her monstrous gods of every form, and barking Anubis, opposed to Neptune, Venus, and Minerva, are wielding their weapons. In the midst of the combat Mars sculptured in iron storms, and the grim Furies rage, shooting from the sky; and Discord with her mantle rent stalks here well pleased, whom Bellona follows with her bloody scourge. Apollo of Actium, viewing all these objects from above, was bending his bow: with the terror thereof all Egypt and the Indians, the Arabs and Sabæans,

1 Actium, see note 5, Aeneid, Book III. page 136.
2 Agrippa, a celebrated Roman, who favoured the interest of Augustus at the battles of Actium and Philippi, where he behaved with great valour.
3 Mark Antony, the Roman triumvir. After his defeat in the battle of Actium, he fled to Alexandria in Egypt, where he stabbed himself, B. C. 30.
4 Egypt, a celebrated country of Africa, watered by the Nile; bounded by the Red Sea (Arabian Gulf) on the east, and by Libya on the west.
5 Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, was celebrated for her beauty and mental acquirements, as also for her intrigues and licentious life. Cleopatra supported the cause of her favourite Antony against Augustus at the battle of Actium, but by flying with sixty sail, contributed to his defeat; where, to avoid falling into the hands of Augustus, she destroyed herself by the bite of an asp, B. C. 30. At her death Egypt became a Roman province.
6 Anubis, an Egyptian god, represented with the head of a dog.
all were turning their backs. The queen herself, invoking the winds to aid her flight, seemed to sail, and with eager haste to fling away the loosened cables. Her the god of fire had represented amidst the slaughter, driven along by waves and winds, pale with the terrors of approaching death; and, opposite, he had sculptured the Nile with his gigantic form in deep distress, expanding his skirts, and with all his robe displayed, calling his vanquished sons into his azure bosom and harbouring streams. Cesar again, having in triple triumph entered the gates of Rome, was consecrating through all the city three hundred stately temples, his immortal vow to the Italian gods. The streets rung with joy, and games, and acclamations. In all the temples are choirs of matrons, paying their grateful offerings; and in all the temples altars smoke with incense. Before the altars the sacrificed bullocks cover the ground. Augustus himself, seated in the snow-white porch of shining Phoebus, reviews the offerings of the people, and in due order hangs them on the stately pillars. In long orderly procession the vanquished nations march, as various in the fashion of their garb and arms, as in their language. Here the all-subduing god had figured the Numidian race, and the Africans loose in their attire; here the Leleges, the Carrians, and Geloni armed with arrows. Euphrates now flowed with gentler streams; the Morini, remotest of the human race, appeared, and the two-horned Rhine, the untamed Dahae, and the Araxes, that once disdained to admit a bridge.

Such curious scenes on Vulcan's shield, the present of his parent-goddess, the hero views with wonder, and though a stranger to the events, yet rejoices in her figure and representation, and on his shoulder bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK IX.

In the Ninth Book, Turnus, availing himself of Aeneas' absence, makes a furious assault upon his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the utmost extremity, despatch to Aeneas, Nisus and Euryalus, whose immortal friendship, in this perilous adventure, is painted in the most glowing language. Turnus attacks the city, but is forced, after making a great slaughter, to save himself by swimming the Tiber.

And now, while these transactions are carrying on in a quarter far distant from the camp, Saturnian Juno sent Iris

1 Nile, see note 4, Georgics, Book III. page 57.
2 Leleges, wandering people who originally inhabited Caria in Asia Minor, and who fought in the Trojan war under their king Altes.
3 Morini, a people of Belgic Gaul, on the shores of the British Ocean.
4 Araxes, (Arras,) a large river of Asia, falling into the Caspian Sea; it swept away a bridge which Alexander the Great built over it.
from heaven to daring Turnus. Turnus then by chance was reposing himself in the grove of his progenitor Pilumnus, which lay in a consecrated vale; whom thus the daughter of Thaumas with rosy lips bespoke: What none of the gods, O Turnus, could dare to promise to thy wishes, lo! revolving time hath of itself brought about! Æneas, having abandoned his city, his friends, and fleet, hath repaired to the realms and royal seat of Palantine Evander. And, not content with taking that step, he hath penetrated to the remotest cities of Coritus, and arms a band of Lydians, rustics, whom he has drawn together. Why do you demur? now is the time to call for your steeds, now your chariots. Break off all delay, and seize his camp while in disorder. She said, and on poised wings raised herself to heaven, and in her flight cut the spacious bow beneath the clouds. The youth knew the goddess, and, stretching forth both hands to heaven, with these accents pursued her flying: Iris, bright ornament from heaven, who sent thee down to me on earth shot from the clouds! whence arises this so sudden flash of light? I see heaven in the midst asunder cleave, and stars wandering athwart the firmament. Signs so illustrious will I obey, whoever thou art who summonest me to arms. And thus having said, he repaired to the river, and from the pure surface of the stream drew water, invoking the gods at large; and loaded heaven with vows.

And now on the open plains his whole army marched, rich in proud steeds, rich in embroidered vests and gold. Messapus commands the van, the sons of Tyrhhus the rear: in the centre king Turnus moves, wielding his arms, and overtops the rest by the whole head. Silent and sedate they move, as the deep Ganges, fed with seven peaceful rivers, in silence flows; or, as the Nile, with its fertilizing waters, when from the plains he hath retired, and now lodges himself within his channel. Here the Trojans desire a sudden cloud condensed in wreaths of blackening dust, and darkness rising on the plains. Cæicus first from the opposite rampart calls forth: What numerous bands, O citizens, are hither rolling in a black cloud of dust? Quick bring arms, give me darts, mount the walls: haste, the foe is at hand. With loud outcry the Trojans block themselves up within all their gates, and man the walls: for thus Æneas, most accomplished in arms, at departing had ordered; that, if any chance of war in the interim should befal, they would not venture to set their army in array, nor trust to the field;

1 Thaumas, a son of Neptune and Terra, who married Electra, one of the Oreades, by whom he had Iris, the Harpies, &c.
only guard their camp and walls secured by a rampart. Therefore, though shame and indignation prompt them to engage, yet they barricade their gates against the foe, execute the orders of their chief, and in arms expect the enemy within their holy turrets.

Turnus, flying out before, had got the start of his tardy army, accompanied with twenty chosen horse, and unexpected comes upon the city; whom bears a Thracian steed marked with white spots, and a golden helmet with crimson crest defends. Which of you gallant youths, first will join me to attack the foe? See here, he cries, and brandishing his javelin, darts it into the air, the prelude of the fight; and in form majestic rushes to the field. With shouts his friends second the motion, and follow with dreadful blustering din; they wonder at the faint-heartedness of the Trojans, that they venture not themselves in the equal field, nor oppose arms to arms, but lie loitering in their camp. He, turbulent with ire, hither and thither on his fierce steed surveys the walls, and by every pathless pass explores access. As when a wolf, in ambush for a full cot of sheep, lies growling at the folds, enduring winds and rains at the hour of midnight; under their dams the lambkins in safety bleat; he, fierce and felonious with ire, rages against the absent prey; his ravenous hunger by length of time contracted, and his blood-thirsty jaws, pinch him incessantly: just so the Rutulian's anger kindles, while he views the walls and camp; and within the hard bones his anguish burns, exploring by what means he may tempt access, and now force the enclosed Trojans from their entrenchment, and pour them forth into the plain. Their fleet, which, adjoining the side of their camp, lay concealed, fenced around with ramparts and the streams of the river, he assails; loudly calls for flames from his followers joyous to obey; and ardent fills his hand with a blazing pine. Then indeed they exert themselves strenuously: the presence of Turnus urges them on, and the whole youth are armed with black torches. They rapidly plunder the hearths: the smoky brand sends up a pitchy light, and the fiery element to the stars.

Ye muses, say, what god averted from the Trojans so fierce a conflagration? who from the ships repelled such disastrous flames? Ancient is the testimony of the fact, but immortal is its fame.

When Æneas first formed his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and prepared to launch into the deep, Berecynthia herself, the mother of the gods, is said to have addressed great Jove in

1 Berecynthia, a name of Cybele, from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, where she was worshipped.
these words: At my request, O son, bestow what thy dear parent from thee craves, now that Olympus is to thy power subdued. On a lofty mountain stood a piny wood by me many years beloved, embowered with gloomy firs, and the maples’ shady boughs, whither they brought me sacred offerings: these trees I with pleasure gave to the young Trojan hero, when he wanted a fleet: now anxious dread on their account presses my unquiet mind. Dissipate my fears, and let a parent by her prayers obtain, that by no voyage they may be shattered, or by whirling blast of wind subdued: let it avail them that from our mountains they sprung. Thus to her in reply said her son, who rolls the stars of the celestial world: Whither, my parent-goddess, art thou urging destiny? or what is thy aim in this request? Shall vessels built by mortal hands an immortal privilege enjoy, and Æneas, ensured of safety, run the round of dubious peril? in what god is so great power lodged? However, when, having finished their destined course, they shall reach the goal and the Ansonian ports, whichever of them hereafter shall have escaped the waves, and carried the Dardanian chief to the territories of Laurentum, I will divest them of their mortal form, and command to be goddesses of the spacious ocean; such as are the daughters of Nereus, Doto and Galatea, who eat with their breasts the foaming deep. He said: and in sign of its being ratified by the rivers of his Stygian brother, by those banks that roll with torrents of pitch and black whirlpools, nods his head; and with that nod he made heaven’s whole frame to tremble.

The promised day was therefore come, and the Fates had filled up the destined periods of time, when this outrage of Turnus called on the mother of the gods to repel the fire-brands from her sacred ships. Here first an unusual light flashed forth on the eyes of the Trojans, and from the east a vast refulgent cloud was seen to shoot athwart the sky, and with the goddess appeared her choirs of priests; then through the air a tremendous voice drops from above, and fills the hosts both of Trojans and Rutulians: Be in no hurry, ye Trojans, to protect my ships, nor arm your hands; sooner to Turnus it shall be given to burn up the seas than those sacred pines. Glide on now at your liberty, glide ye on, goddesses of the main; the parent of the gods commands. And forthwith from the banks the ships break each away her halsers, and dolphin-like diving with their beaks plunge to the bottom of the sea. Thence, wondrous prodigy, so many virgin-forms rise up, and ride along the main, as ships with brazen prows had before been ranked on the shore. The Rutulians stood astonished in their minds; Messapus
himself, unable to check his startling steeds, is seized with consternation; the river too makes a pause, resounding hoarsely, and Tiberinus recalls his current from the deep.

But the confidence of daring Turnus abated not; he briskly raises their spirits with his words, and briskly chides their fears: Against the Trojans these portents are aimed; from them even Jove himself hath withdrawn his wonted aid; their ships wait not the darts or fires of the Rutulians. Therefore the seas are inaccessible to the Trojans, nor have they any hopes of escaping by flight; from one half of the globe they are cut off; and the land, the other half, is in our hands; so many armed thousands the Italian nations bring to our aid. To me the fatal responses of the gods, whatever they are to which the Phrygians pretend, give no concern. To the Fates and Venus enough is given, that the Trojans have reached the lands of fruitful Ausonia. I too on the other hand have my destiny, to extirpate with the sword the accursed race, being robbed by them of my promised spouse; nor does the painful sense of that indignity move only the sons of Atreus, nor to Mycenæ alone is licence given to take up arms in such a cause. But perhaps it is enough that they fell once: doubtless, had they thought it enough to commit the same crime but once before, had they, instead of committing rapes, conceived almost a total aversion to the whole race of women. They whom this confidence in their intervening rampart, whom the temporary defences of their trenches, narrow partitions that screen them from death, inspire with so much courage; have they not seen the walls of Troy, built by the hand of Neptune, sink down in flames? But say, ye select warriors, who prepares to storm their rampart sword in hand, and with me invades their disordered camp? To me there is no need of divine armour, or of a thousand ships against the Trojans. Let all the Tuscans this instant connect themselves with them in alliance: they need not fear that we will take advantage of the night, and repeat the dastardly theft of the Palladium, slaying the guards of Minerva's lofty tower; nor will we, like cowards, hide ourselves in the dark womb of the Trojan horse; we are resolved openly by day to surround their walls with fire. I shall make them sensible that they have not to do with Greeks and Argive striplings, whom Hector kept at bay till the tenth year. Now then, since the better part of the day is past, for what remains, my valiant men, as things have thus far succeeded well, cheerfully refresh your bodies, and prepared expect the fight. Meanwhile to Messapus is assigned the charge to beset their gates with sentinels, and enclose their ramparts with beam-
ing fires. Twice seven Rutulians are chosen out to guard the walls; and those are followed each by a hundred youths waving their purple plumes, and glittering with gold: around the walls they patrole, and mount guard by turns, and by turns stretched along the grass they indulge the wine, and quaff the brazen bowls. The fires together shine; in play the guards spend the sleepless night. These scenes the Trojans above from the rampart survey, and in arms guard their high posts; their gates too in hurrying consternation they strictly watch, and with bridges join the bulwarks: they stand to their arms. Mnestheus and fierce Serestus urge them on; whom father Ἀεneas appointed directors of the youthful bands, and managers of affairs, if at any time cross accidents should call them. The whole legion, having shared the danger, by lot keep guard along the walls, and perform the alternate duties of the post which each has assigned him to maintain.

1 Nisus, the son of Hyrtacus, in arms most fierce, stood sentinel of the gate: whom Ida, famed for hunting, sent the attendant of Ἀεneas, nimble at the javelin and fleet arrow: and by his side was his companion Euryalus, than whom of all the followers of Ἀεneas no one was more comely, and none more graceful wore the arms of Troy; a mere boy, whose cheeks were streaked with the first bloom of youth. Their love, their souls were one, and with equal eagerness they rushed to the war: then too they were posted in common to guard the gate. Nisus says, Do the gods, Euryalus, this ardour into our minds infuse? or is each one's predominant inclination his god? Long has my mind been instigating me either to attempt the fight, or some great enterprise; for it is not content with peaceful rest and inaction. You see what confidence in the state of their affairs possesses the Rutulians: their lights twinkle here and there; dissolved in sleep and wine they have laid themselves down; the places all around are hushed in silence. Advert farther to what my doubting thoughts suggest, and to the purpose which now rises in my soul. That Ἀεneas should be invited home, all, both the people and the higher orders, importantly crave; and that messengers be despatched to inform him of the true state of our affairs. If to thee they will promise what I demand, (for, to myself the glory of the exploit is a sufficient reward,) I think I can find a way under the brow of yon hills to the walls and fortifications of Pallanteum. Euryalus, stung with violent desire of praise, stood astonished; at the same time he thus addresses

1 Nisus, see note 1, Ἀειδ, Book V. page 175.
his ardent friend: Do you then, Nisus, decline to admit me
as your companion in those high enterprises? Shall I send
you away alone on such perilous adventures? It was not
thus my warlike father Opheltes instructed me, bred up
amidst the alarms of Greece and the disasters of Troy; nor
have I acted such a cowardly part in your company, follow-
ing the magnanimous Æneas and his fortune in all extremi-
ties. This soul, this soul of mine, contemns mere life, and
deems that honour, to which you aspire, well bought, even
at the expense of life itself. To this Nisus replied: Be-
lieve me, I had no such apprehensions of you; nor have I
reason. No, so may great Jove, or whatever god with an
equal eye regards what we are about, return me to you
triumphant. But if any chance (as many such you see in
enterprises of this hazardous nature) or deity hurry me
on to adverse fate, I wish that you may survive: your age
has a juster claim to life. Let me leave a friend behind who
may deposit me in the earth among the dead, snatched from
the field, or redeemed by ransom; or who (if any fortune
shall stand in the way of this) may pay funeral obsequies to
my absent corpse, and honour me with an empty tomb: nor
let me be the cause of such deep anguish to thy wretched
mother, who, favourite boy, of many mothers alone adven-
turous follows thee, nor minds the stately structures of the
great Acestes. But he rejoined: In vain you weave those
fruitless remonstrances; nor is my resolution now staggered
in the least: let us despatch: at the same time he awakes
the guard. They succeed, and take their turns of duty:
them, having resigned his post, he sets forward in company
with Nisus, and they seek the king together.

All other creatures over the whole earth with sleep re-
laxed their cares, and lost their toils in sweet oblivion. But
the Trojan chiefs and select youth, instead of taking repose,
were holding consultation about the important concerns of
the state; what they ought to do, or who should be the
messenger to Æneas. Leaning on their long spears they
stand, wielding their targets, in the centre of the camp and
plain. Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus, with prompt
alacrity, beg to be admitted; alleging that their business
was important, and would compensate the delay and inter-
ruption of their counsels. In this their hurry and trepida-
tion Ílius first received them, and ordered Nisus to speak.
Then thus Hyrtacides spoke: Ye followers of Æneas, listen
with unbiased minds; nor be these overtures we bring
judged of by our years. The Rutulians, buried in sleep

1 Hyrtacides, Nisus and Hippocoon are so styled, from their father Hyr-
tacus, who was a Trojan of Mount Ida.
and wine, have composed themselves to rest; we ourselves have seen a place fit for our clandestine design, that lies obvious in the two-forked way before the gate which is next the sea. Their fires are dying away, and a pitchy smoke ascends to heaven. If you give us leave to embrace the fortunate occasion, you shall soon see Æneas, in quest of whom we go to the walls of Pallanteum, here present with spoils, and after vast havock made: nor set we out strangers to the way; often in the shady vales at hunting have we seen the skirts of the town, and have surveyed the whole river.

At this Alethes, loaded with years and matured in judgment, said: Ye gods of my country, under whose divine protection Troy always is, though you have been angry with us for a time, yet you do not intend utterly to destroy the Trojans, since you have produced such courageous souls, such resolute hearts in our youth. So saying, he grasped the shoulders and hands of both, and with tears his face and cheeks bedewed. What rewards, brave youths, what rewards of worth proportioned to such enterprises can I judge possible to be conferred upon you? the fairest shall the gods in the first place and your own virtues give; then the rest the pious Æneas shall anon bestow, and Ascanius, in his prime of life, who never will forget so high an obligation.

But, subjoins Ascanius, I, whose sole happiness depends on my father’s safe return, conjure you, Nisus, by our great domestic gods, by the tutelar deity of Assaracus, and the shrines of hoary Vesta, (whatever credit I have now, or whatever fortune I may have hereafter, I pledge in your own bosoms,) recall my dear parent, give me back his presence: at his return all our sorrows will disappear. Two goblets of silver will I give of finished work, and high embossed with figures, which my father won from sacked Arisba; and a pair of tripods, two great talents of gold, with a bowl of antique cast, which Sidonian Dido gave me. But if it shall be my fortune to be victorious, and thus possess myself of Italy, enjoy the crown, and divide the spoils by lot; saw you on what stead, in what arms Turnus rode all in gold? that very shield and crimson-crested helmet I will exempt from the lot; prizes, O Nisus, which are already your own. Besides, twelve select matrons my sire shall give, and as many captives of the other sex, and the arms that to them all belong; besides these, that ground which king Latinus himself possesses. And as for you,

1 Arisba, a colony of the Mitylenians in Troas, destroyed by the Trojans.
idolized boy, whom my age follows in the nearer stages of life, I now receive you with my whole soul, and embrace you for my companion in all events. Without thee no glory shall be won by my exploits, whether I am engaged in peace or war; to thee I chiefly will intrust my acts and counsels. To whom Euryalus thus replies: No day shall evince me degenerate from enterprises so heroic; only let fortune fall out prosperous, not adverse. But one thing above all favours I of thee implore: I have a mother of Priam's ancient race, whom unhappy neither the land of Ilium, nor the city of king Acestes, could withhold from going along with me. Her now I leave a stranger to this perilous adventure, whatever it is, and without taking farewell; night, and this right-hand of thine, be witness for me, that it was not for want of duty, but that I cannot bear a mother's tears: but comfort her forlorn, I beg, and succour her in her desolation. Let me bear away this hope from thee; so shall I go with greater intrepidity on all adventures. The Trojans with minds deeply affected shed tears; above all comely Ilulus wept; and so fair an image of paternal duty touched his soul to the quick. Then thus he addresses Euryalus: I promise all that is due to your glorious undertakings. For that mother of yours shall be mine, and only the name of Creusa shall be wanting; nor small gratitude awaits her for blessing the world with such a son, whatever fortune may attend the heroic deed. I swear by this head of mine, by which my father before me was wont to swear, whatever I promise to yourself, if you return in safety, and the event be prosperous, the same shall be made good to your mother and kindred. Thus weeping over him he speaks; at the same time divests his shoulder of his gilded sword, which Cretan Lycaon with curious art had made, and dexterously fitted to the ivory sheath. On Nisus Mnestheus bestows the skin and spoil of a grim shaggy lion; trusty Alethes exchanges with him his helmet. Fortwith they march thus armed; whom the whole body of the nobles, both young and old, with ardent prayers accompany in their way to the gates; and the comely Ilulus too, endued with a soul and manly concern beyond his years, gave them many instructions to carry to his sire; but the winds disperse them all, and fruitless give them to the clouds away.

Having set out, they overpass the trenches, and amidst the shades of night advance to the camp of their perdition; destined, however, first to be the death of many. In loose disorder they behold bodies overpowered with wine and sleep, stretched along the grass, chariots with their poles
erect along the banks, men between the traces and the wheels; arms together lying, together wine. First the son of Hyrtacus thus spoke: The right-hand, Euryalus, must be boldly exerted: now the fair occasion itself invites us. Here lies our way: watch you, and explore that no hand be able to lift itself against us from behind. These fields will I render waste, and lead thee through a spacious tract of desolation. This said, he suppresses his speech; at the same time with his sword attacks Rhamnes lying in proud state; who, as it chanced, on lofty carpets raised high, was snorting forth sleep from his whole breast; at once a king himself, and an angur in highest favour with king Turnus: but not by his angur's art could he ward off the stroke of death. Three servants by his side lying at random among the arms, and the armour-bearer of Remus, and (whom he found beneath the very horses' feet) the charioteer he stabs, and with his sword cuts off their reclining necks; then from the master himself takes off the head, and leaves the trunk gulping with blood; in purple gore the reeking earth and beds are drenched. Add to these Lamyrus, Lamus, and also young Serranus, who, of distinguished beauty, had been much engaged that night in play, and now was lying in every limb overpowered with the fulness of the god; happy if without intermission he had equalled that play with the night, and lengthened it out till day. As a famished lion, making wild havock amidst a sheep-fold, (for ravenous hunger prompts him on,) grinds and tears the flock feeble and dumb with fear, and gnashes his bloody jaws: nor less was the carnage made by Euryalus: he too all on fire rages throughout, and in the middle falls upon a vulgar nameless throng, Fadus and Hedesus, Rheutus and Abaris, not dreaming of their fate; Rheutus broad awake, and viewing all; but who, for fear, was hiding himself behind a capacious jar; in whose opposed breast, now close at hand, he plunges the whole blade just as he rises on its point, and receives him with copious death. He vomits up the purple stream of life, and in death renders back his wine mingled with blood. The other with ardour pursues his clandestine revenge. And now he was advanced toward the social bands of Messapus, where he saw the fire just in its extremity dying away, and the horses in order tied cropping the grass; when Nisus thus briefly says, (for he perceived that they were hurried on by excessive slaughter and lust of revenge,) Let us desist; for the unfriendly light approaches. We have glutted ourselves with vengeance to the full: a passage is made through our foes. This said, they pursue their way. Many arms of the heroes slain, of solid silver
elaborately wrought, they leave behind, and, together with them, gobbets and beautiful carpets. But Euryalus seized the rich trappings of Rhamnes, and the belts with golden bosses; presents which opulent Caecidius of old had sent to Tiburtine Remulus, when in absence he formed with him a league of hospitality, (he at death bequeaths the same into the possession of his grandson; and after his death the Rutulians, masters of the field and booty, won them:) these he seizes, and adjusts to his valiant shoulders, but in vain. Then he puts on the helmet of Messapus, of ingenious work, and with plumes adorned. And now they quit the camp, and take possession of safe ground.

Meanwhile three hundred horse, all shielded, with Volscens at their head, despatched before from the city of Latinus, (while the rest of the legion in battle-array slow on the plains advance,) were marching up, and bore to kind Turnus answers to his message. And now they were approaching the camp, and just entering the rampart, when at a distance they espy them turning away on the left-hand path; and in the glimmering shade of night the helmet betrayed the unwary Euryalus, and opposed to the beams of the moon, shot a gleamy light. Sarcely was the object seen, when Volscens from the troop exclaims aloud: Stand, fellows; what motive brings you hither? or who are ye thus in armour? or whither are ye bound? They aimed not at making a reply; but hastened their flight into the woods, and trusted to the night. On each side the horsemen oppose themselves to their escape at the known passes, and encircle every avenue with a guard. There was a wood wide overgrown with horrid bushes and gloomy holms, which thick Brambles had choked up on every side; only here and there a path led through hidden tracks. The thick shade of boughs and cumbrous booty embarrass Euryalus, and fear misleads him from the straight way. Nisus retires; and now heedless of his friend, had from the foe escaped, and from the lakes which in after times were called Albanian from Alba’s name: then king Latinus had there his lofty stables. Soon as he stopped, and for his absent friend looked back in vain, he exclaimed: Unfortunate Euryalus, in what quarter have I left thee? or where shall I seek thee? Again measuring back the whole perplexed path of the mazy wood, he at once with accurate survey re-

1 Remulus, a chief of Tibur, whose arms were seized by the Rutulians, and became part of the plunder which Euryalus obtained.
2 Volscens, a Latin chief, who attacked Nisus and Euryalus as they returned from the plunder of the Rutulians. He killed Euryalus, but was himself immediately slain by Nisus.
traces all his steps, and ranges over the silent thickets: he hears the steeds, he hears the bustling noise, and signals of the pursuers. Nor long time intervened, when a general shout assails his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom the whole band are now dragging along, with sudden tumultuous uproar, betrayed and intercepted by the treachery of the place and night, and struggling hard in vain. What shall he do? by what power, by what arms shall he attempt the youth to rescue? shall he, resolute on death, fling himself into the midst of his foes, and through wounds open a quick passage to glorious death? Straight with the full force of his contracted arm brandishing a javelin, thus to the exalted moon with eyes turned up he addresses his prayer: Do thou, O goddess, thou propitious aid my enterprise, ornament of the stars, and fair daughter of Latona, guardian of the groves: if ever my father Hyrtaeus for me brought offerings to thy altars; if ever I added to the number by my sylvan spoils, or suspended any in the ceiling of thy temple, or affixed to thy sacred roof; suffer me to confound this congregated rout, and guide my weapons through the air. He said, and strained at once with the whole force of his body, hurls the missile steel. The flying spear cuts the shades of night, and lights on the back of Sulmo, who stood opposite to him: and there is shivered, and with the splintered wood pierces through his vitals. Down he falls into the cold arms of death, discharging from his breast the warm stream of life, and with long heaving sobs beats his flanks. They throw their eyes around different ways. Lo he, animated the more with this success, poised from the tip of his ear another weapon, while they are bustling about. The whizzing spear through both the temples of Tagus pierced, and warmed in his transfix'd brain stuck fast. Volscens furious storms, nor any where discerns the owner of the weapon, or one on whom in his burning rage he may wreak his vengeance. But you, meanwhile, he says, with your warm blood shall pay the forfeit of both: at the same time with sword unsheathed he rushed on Euryalus. Then indeed in terrible agony Nisus frantic screams aloud; nor longer was able to conceal himself in darkness, or to support such deep distress: On me, on me, here am I who did the mischief, O turn your swords on me, Rutulians: mine is all the offence: he neither durst nor could do aught: these heavens and conscious stars I call to witness: only he loved his unhappy friend too much. Thus he spoke: but the sword with force driven home pierces through his sides, and bursts a passage in his snow-white breast. Euryalus is overwhelmed in death, the blood flows
down his beauteous limbs, and on his shoulders the drooping neck reclines: as when a purple flower, cut down by the plough, pines away in death, or the poppies on their weary necks drop down their heads, when with rain they chance to be overcharged. But Nisus rushes into the midst of them, and seeks Volscens alone through all: on Volscens alone he fixes his attention; whom (Nisus) the foes encircling close, this way and that way drive off. He not less keenly presses on, and whirls his flashing sword, till he plunged it into the mouth, full opposite, of the bawling Rutulian, and dying bereft his foe of life. Then covered with wounds he flung himself on his breathless friend, and there at length in peaceful death reposed. Happy pair! if my verses can aught avail, no day shall ever erase you from the records of time; while the race of Æneas shall inhabit the immovable Capitoline rock, and a Roman monarch hold the empire of the world.

The victorious Rutulians, masters of the prey and spoils, in mournful procession bore lifeless Volscens to the camp. Nor in the camp was the mourning less, when they found Rhamnes pale in death, and so many chiefs slain by one common massacre, and Serranus, and Numa. There is a great concourse about the bodies, about the expiring warriors, the ground recent with warm slaughter, and rivulets full of foaming blood. By comparing circumstances they find out the spoils, and among the rest Messapus' shining helmet, and the trappings with much sweat and toil regained.

And now in her early hour Aurora, leaving Tithonus' saffron-coloured bed, sprinkled the earth with new-born light; the sun having now shed on the world his beams, and objects by his light again revealed; Turnus rouses his men to arms, himself with arms begirt around, and each leader rallies to the battle his troops arrayed in brass; and by various rumours they stimulate their martial rage. Even the heads of Nisus and Euryalus, a piteous spectacle, on spears erect they in the front affix, and with vast acclamation follow. On the left side of the walls the hardy Trojans opposed to them their host, (for the right is bounded by the river;) and they maintain their ample trenches, and on their lofty turrets mournful stand, as soon as they held the heads of the youths fixed up to view before the host, to the unhappy spectators too well known, distilling black gore.

Meanwhile the winged messenger Fame, flying through the frightened city, pours along, and glides to the ears of the mother of Euryalus; then suddenly with misery over-
whelmed, the vital warmth forsook her bones. The weaving instruments dropt from her trembling hands, and her labours were unravelled. In extreme agony she flies out, and with female shrieks tearing her hair, distracted takes her way with speed to the walls and nearest bands. Not of men, or of darts, or of danger, was she heedful: then with these complaints she fills the sky: Is this you I see, my own Euryalus? art thou that late solace I promised myself in my old age? Ah cruel! couldst thou leave me all alone? and to thy wretched mother didst thou not allow access to address to thee her last farewell, when on such perilous adventures sent? Ah! in a strange land, given a prey to Latian dogs and fowls, thou liest! nor I, thy own mother, laid thee out for thy funeral obsequies, nor closed thy eyes, nor bathed thy wounds, covering this body with the robe, which for thee in haste I forwarded both night and day, and with the loom solaced my aged cares. Whither shall I go in pursuit of thee? Or what land now holds thy tender limbs, thy mangled members, and lacerated corpse? Is this all of thee, my son, thou bringest me back? is this what I have followed both by land and sea? Transfix me, O Rutulians, (if you have any tenderness of affection,) at me hurl all your darts; let me be the first you with the sword cut off: or thou, great father of the gods, compassionate my misery, and with thy bolts thrust down to Tartarus this detested head, since I can by no other means shake off this cruel life. By these doleful lamentations the minds of the Trojans are deeply struck, and a pitying groan is heaved from every breast; quite broken and benumbed are all their powers for battle. Idaeus and Actor, by the direction of Ilioneus and deeply afflicted Illus, seize her while she is thus inflaming the general grief, and in their arms bear her back to her apartments.

Meanwhile the trumpet from afar, with its shrill-sounding brass, rattled the dreadful din of war. Loud acclaim follows, and heaven echoes back the sound. The Volscians, with uniformity advancing the target-fence, speed their march, and prepare to fill up the trenches, and demolish the rampart. Some explore access, and by scaling-ladders seek to mount the walls, where the troops are but thin, and where, not so thick of men, the circling bands are seen through. On the other hand the Trojans, practised by long war to defend their walls, poured on them every kind of missile weapons, and pushed them down with sturdy poles. They rolled down rocks too of ruinous weight, trying whether they could break through their fenced battalion; while the Rutulians notwithstanding, under the close
fence of their serried shields, are willing all dangers to sustain. Yet not long, nor now, are they able to stand the shock; for, where thick embodied ranks press on the attack, the Trojans roll and hurl down an enormous pile, which made wide havoc among the Rutulians, and broke the fence-works of their shields. Nor care the bold Rutulians longer to contend in covered fight, but by missile weapons strive to beat them from the rampart. In another quarter Mezentius, of horrid aspect, brandished a Tuscan pine, and threw smoky firebrands. Again in another quarter Messapus, a horseman brave, the progeny of Neptune, makes a breach in the rampart, and calls for ladders to scale the walls.

Ye sacred Nine, and thou, Calliope in chief, aid me while I sing, what deaths, what desolations there Turnus then with the sword effected, what hero each sent down to Pluto; and trace with me the comprehensive limits of this war: for you, ye goddesses, both remember, and can rehearse the same.

Of height prodigious, and stages above stages raised aloft, there stood a tower commodious in its situation, which with their utmost efforts all the Latins strove to storm, and with full energy of their might to overthrow: the Trojans on the other hand defended it with stones, and darts in thick volleys through the hollow loop-holes flung. Turnus in the van tossed a blazing brand, and to the sides of the tower fixed the flaming mischief, which by the wind diffusely spread, seized the boards, and to the pillars clung until they were consumed. The Trojans all aghast raised a fearful bustle within, and shelter from the disaster sought in vain. While they crowd together, and retreat into that part which is free from the contagious ruin, then suddenly the tower with the weight overburthened tumbled down, and with the mighty crash all heaven thunders: down to the ground half-dead they come, an immense pile of ruins following, pierced with their own weapons, and their breasts transfixed with the iron pointed wood. Helenor alone, and Lycus with great difficulty escaped: whereof the elder Helenor (whom the slave Licymnia by a stolen embrace had born to the Lydian king, and sent to Troy in prohibited arms) was lightly armed with a naked sword, and inglorious with his escutcheon blank. And as soon as he amidst Turnus’ thousands saw himself enclosed, and on either hand around him ranged the Latin troops; as a beast of chase, which, by a thick band of huntsmen hemmed in, rages against their darts, wilfully flings herself on death, and with a bound springs on the hunters’ spears; just so the youth, in despair,
rushes on his foes, and where he sees the thickest showers of darts, advances. But Lycus, far more swift of foot, through the midst of foes, through the midst of arms, by flight reaches the walls, and strives with his hand to grasp their high summits, and get hold of the helping arms of his friends: whom victorious Turnus at once with swift career and a winged dart pursuing, thus upbraids: Fool, didst thou hope thou wouldst be able to escape our hands? At the same time he gripes him hanging, and with a great fragment of the wall pulls him down: as when Jove’s armour-bearer, soaring on high, hath in his crooked talons raised aloft either a hare, or snow-white swan; or, sacred to Mars, the wolf hath snatched from the folds a lambkin, by the dam with many a mournful bleeting sought. The shout from every quarter rises. They fall on, and with heaps of earth fill up the trenches; while others to the battlements toss the blazing brands. With a rock, and vast fragment of a mountain, Ilioneus overthrows Lucetius, approaching to the gate, and armed with flames; so does Liger Emathion, Asylas Chorinaeus, the one skilled in the javelin, the other in the far-deceiving arrow; Cæneus overthrows Ortygius, and Turnus the victorious Cæneus; with Itys, Clonius, Dioxippus, Promulus, Sagaris, and Idas standing in defence of the lofty turrets; Capys Prichernus stays. Him the spear of Themilla at first had slightly wounded; on which he, infatuate, throwing away his shield, applied his hand to the wound; up to him then the winged arrow swiftly glides, and to the left-side his hand was nailed: and deep lodged within, with a deadly wound, it burst the breathing engines of the soul. In arms illustrious the son of 1 Arcens stood, clad in an embroidered cassock, and shining in Iberian purple, of distinguished form; whom his father Arcens sent, in the grove of Mars bred up about the streams of 2 Simæthus, where, fat with offerings and placable, the altar of Palicis stands. Mezentius himself, having laid aside his arms, thrice whirling around his head the thong, discharged a hissing sling, and with the half-melted lead clove his temples asunder as he stood full opposite to him, and stretched him at his full length on a large space of the sandy plain. Then for the first time in war Ascanius is said to have directed the fleet arrow, wherewith he was wont before only to fright the timorous fugitive beasts of chase, and by his hand to

1 Arcens, a Sicilian who permitted his son to accompany Æneas into Italy, where he was killed by Mezentius.
2 Simæthus, (Giaretti,) a river of Sicily which falls into the sea between Catana and Leonitini. In its neighbourhood the gods Palici were born, and particularly worshipped.
have overthrown robust Numanus, whose surname was Remulus, and who had to wife the younger sister of Turnus, with her in wedlock lately joined. Before the van, bawling aloud whatever first occurred, whether decent or indecent to hear, and in heart elated with his new regal honour, he stalked, and thus with vast clamour made his vaunt: Ye Phrygians, twice enslaved, are you not ashamed to be thus a second time by blockade and entrenchments shut up, and to screen yourselves from death within your walls? Lo, these are they, who, by force of arms, claim to themselves our brides! What god, what madness rather, drove you to Italy? They are not the sons of Atreus you have here to do with, nor the crafty-tongued Ulysses; but a race hardy from their original. Our infants soon as born to the rivers we first convey, and in the rigid icy streams we harden. In the chase our boys are keen, and vex the woods; their pastime is to manage the fierce steed, and dart the arrow from the horned bow. Our youth again of labour patient, and to frugality inured, either by the harrow subdue the ground, or batter towns in war. Our whole lifetime is worn out in arms, and with the inverted spear we goad the backs of our labouring steers; nor slow unwieldy age impairs our strength of mind, or alters our vigour. Our grey hairs we with the helmet press; and still take delight to sweep together fresh booty, and to live on plunder. Your very dress embroidered with saffron-colours and gaudy purple, bespeaks you cowards; indolence is your heart's delight; to indulge in halls you love; to your vests you wear effeminate sleeves, and to your mitres soft unmanly ribbands. O Phrygian women surely, for men you cannot be! go range along the lofty tops of 'Dindymus, where the pipe sounds the discordant note to your accustomed ears. The timbrels and Cymothian flute of the Idate mother Cybele invite you: leave arms to men, and from the sword refrain. Him blustering thus in haughty style, and proclaiming horrid indignities, Ascanius could not bear; and, fronting him full, on the horse-hair string extended his arrow, and drawing both his arms to a wide distance, paused, first addressing Jove by vows in supplicant strain: Almighty Jove, assist my daring enterprise. So to thy temples will I bring thee solemn offerings, and before thy altars present a bullock with a gilded forehead of snowy whiteness, and bearing his head of equal stature with his dam, who already butts with his horn, and spurns the sand with his feet. The father of gods and men gave ear, and from a serene quarter of the sky thundered on the left. At the same time twanged the deadly bow;

1 Dindymus, a mountain of Galatia in Asia Minor, where Cybele was worshipped.
and whizzing dreadful flies the discharged arrow, and through
the head of the Rutulian finds its way, and with the steel
point transfixes his hollow temples. Go, insult valour in
haughty terms. To the Rutulians your twice subdued
Phrygians remit this answer. Ascanius said no more. The
Trojans second him with loud acclamation, ring with joy-
ful applause, and extol his valour to the stars.

In the ethereal region Apollo, the god with golden locks,
was then by chance surveying from above the Ausonian
troops and city, seated on a cloud, and thus he bespeaks
victorious Ælius: Go on, hopeful boy, improve in virtue early
begun; thus mortals to the stars ascend, descendant of the
gods, and from whom gods are to descend. Under the line
of Assaracus all wars by fate ordained in justice shall sub-
side; nor is Troy capable of containing thee. At the same
time, having pronounced these words, he throws himself
from the lofty sky, divides the whispering gales, and seeks
Ascanius; then in the features of his face he is transform-
ed into old Butes. To Dardanian Anchises this man had
formerly been armour-bearer, and faithful guardian at the
gate; then father Æneas assigned him the companion of
Ascanius. Thus marched Apollo in every thing resem-
bling the aged sire, both in voice and complexion, in silver
locks, and arms fierce with rattling din: and in these words
he addresses Ælius ardent for the fight: Great offspring of
Æneas, let it suffice that by thy shafts Numanus hath fallen,
thyself unhurt: to thee this first honour great Apollo vouch-
safes, and envies not thy similar feats of arms. For what re-
 mains illustrious boy, from fight abstain. This said, Apollo
dropped his human appearance, in the midst of the inter-
view, and into thin air far vanished out of sight. The Dar-
danian chiefs knew the god and his divine shafts, and in his
flight perceived his rattling quiver. Therefore, by the man-
date and divine authority of Phœbus, they restrain Asca-
nius panting for the fight: themselves once more to the
combat advance, and on apparent dangers throw their lives.
Along the battlements round the whole compass of the
walls their acclamations run; they bend the valiant bows,
and whirl the slings. All the ground is strewn with darts;
then shields and hollow helmets in the conflict ring: a fierce
engagement ensues: with such fury as a shower by the in-
fluence of the rainy Kids arising from the west lashes the
ground; or as thick as storms of hail come rattling down
precipitately into the floods, when Jupiter in the south-
wind riding tremendous hurls a watery tempest, and bursts
the hollow clouds in the sky.

Pandarus and Bitias, sprung from Alcanor of mount Ida,
whom sylvan Hiera trained up in Jupiter's sacred grove, youths tall as their native firs and mountains, on their arms relying, throw open the gate which by their general's command was committed to their charge, and from the ramparts forwardly challenge the foe. Themselves within, on right and left, before the turrets stand, armed with steel, and their heads with waving plumes adorned: as about the crystal streams, whether on the banks of Po, or by the pleasant Adige, two aerial oaks together rise, and shoot up to heaven their unshorn heads, and wave their towering tops. The Rutulians, soon as they saw a passage opened, rush in. Forthwith Quercens, Equiculus graceful in arms, and Tarus in mind precipitant, and martial Haemon, with all their troops, either routed turned their backs, or at the very threshold of the gate laid down their lives. Then the hostile minds within grow more fierce with rage; and thither now the Trojans flock in thick embodied troops, and dare to encounter hand to hand, and make excursions on the foe. To Turnus the leader, in a different quarter spending his fury, and throwing the troops into disorder, intelligence is brought that the enemy rages with uncommon slaughter, and had set the gates wide open. He quits his present enterprise, and agitated with hideous rage, rushes forward to the Trojan gate, and the two haughty brothers; and first Antiphates, (for he presented himself the first,) the spurious issue of noble Sarpedon by a Theban mother, with a javelin hurled he overthrows. The Italian shaft flies through the thin air, and, piercing the stomach, sinks deep into his breast: the grisly wound emits a foamy tide of blood, and in his transfixed lungs the steel is warmed. Then Merops, Erymas, and Aphidnaus, with his hand he stretches on the plain; next Bitias, flashing fire from his eyes, and in soul outrageous; not by a common javelin, for to the javelin he would not have resigned his life; but a brandished fiery dart loud hissing flew, like a bolt of thunder shot, which neither the two bulls' hides which formed his shield, nor his trusty corslet with double plates and scales of gold, were able to sustain: his enormous limbs fall prostrate on the ground. Earth gives a groan, and over him his buckler thunders loud. As on Baia's Eubean shore falls at times a rocky pile, which before built of enormous bulk: they in the ocean place: thus tumbling headlong it draws ruin with it, and dashed against the shallows, sinks to its rest quite

1 Adige, the ancient Athesis, a river of Cisalpine Gaul; it rises in the Rhetian Alps, and falls into the Adriatic.

2 Baia, a city of Campania, on a small bay west of Naples, and opposite Puteoli, said to have been founded by Baurus, a companion of Ulysses.
down: the seas are all embroiled, and the black sands are heaved on high; then at the roaring noise high Procyta trembles, and also Inarime's hard adamantine bed, thrown on Typhæus by Jove's command. Here Mars armipotent inspired the Latins with additional courage and prowess, and deep in their breast infixes his sharp stings; and on the Trojans he threw flight and grim terror. The Latins from every quarter gather, now that opportunity of a battle is offered, and the warrior god hath illapsed on their minds. Pandarus, soon as he perceives his brother stretched at his length, in what situation their fortune stands, and what an unexpected turn is given to their affairs, hurls the gate with vast force on the turned hinge, shoving it along with his broad shoulders, and leaves many of his friends shut out from the city in the rigid combat; but others with himself he encloses, and admits them as they pour forward; infatuate! who did not mark the Rutulian prince amidst the troops rushing upon him, or eagerly confined him within the city, as a hideous tiger among the feeble flocks. Instantly an unusual light flashed from his eyes, and his arms sounded dreadful; his flaming crests tremble on his head, and from his shield he gleamy lightning darts. The Trojans suddenly discover his detested face and hideous limbs, and are confounded at the sight. Then mighty Pandarus springs out, and, inflamed with rage for his brother's death, thus addresses him aloud: Not Amata's palace thy promised dowry this, nor is it the heart of Ardea that now contains Turnus within his native walls. A hostile camp you see; there is no possibility of your escaping hence. Turnus with mind sedate thus smiling on him says: Begin then, if any courage be in thy soul, and hand to hand with me engage: to Priam you shall report that here too you found an Achilles. He said. The other, exerting his utmost force, hurls at him a spear rough with knots, and the green rind just as it grew. The air received the wound; Saturnian Juno interposing turned it aside, and the spear fixes in the gate. But not so this weapon, which my right-hand wields with might, shall you escape: for not so feeble is he who owns the weapon, or who inflicts the wound. He said; and rises to his sword lifted high, and in the middle just between the temples, his forehead with the blade asunder cleaves, and pierces his beardless cheeks with a hideous wound. A sound ensues; with his ponderous weight earth receives a shock.

1 Procyta, (Procida,) an island of Campania, between the island of Inarime and the coast Inarime, (Ischia,) an island near the coast of Campania, with a mountain, under which Jupiter is feigned to have confined the giant Typhæus.
In death he stretches on the ground his stiffening limbs, and arms bespattered with blood and brains; and on this side and that side his head in equal parts from either shoulder hung. In tumultuous consternation the Trojans turning their backs fly hither and thither: and had the conqueror immediately conceived the thought of tearing away the bolts with his hands, and admitting his friends by the gates, that day both to the war and Trojan race had been the last: but fury and exorbitant desire of slaughter drove him on the foes now full in his view. First Phalaris and Gyges (having smitten the ham of the latter) he receives with death; then, snatching up their spears, darts them into the backs of the fugitives: Juno supplies him with force and courage. He joins Halys their companion in death, and Phegeus, through the transfixed shield having reached his heart; next Alexander and Halius, Noemon and Prytanis, as on the walls they stood unapprised of his admission, and rousing the martial spirit of their friends. Lynceus advancing against him, and calling on his friends, he from the rampart full dexterously with his glittering sword assails, straining every nerve: his head, together with the helmet, at one close blow struck off, far from its trunk was laid; he next attacks and kills Amycus, that destroyer of the savage kind, than whom no one was more skilful to anoint the dart, and arm its pointed steel with poison; and Clytius, a son of Æolus, and Creteus, a friend to the Muses, Creteus, the Muses’ companion, who in the song and lyre still took delight, and was wont in melodious lays to stretch the strings: of steeds, and arms, and combats of heroes, he for ever sang.

At length the Trojan leaders, Mnestheus and fierce Sesturus, apprised of the slaughter of their troops, assemble; and perceive their friends in flight dispersed, and the enemy within the city. And first Mnestheus calls: Whither, whither next bend ye your flight? what other walls, what other fortifications have you now beyond this? Shall one man, O citizens, by ramparts every way hemmed in, spread such vast havock through the city with impunity? shall he despatch to Pluto so many victims, the most illustrious of our youths? Can neither shame nor pity towards your unhappy country, your ancient gods, and great Æneas, touch your recreant breasts? Fired by these words they are fortified with courage, and in a close body stand firm. Turnus now begins by slow degrees to retreat from the fight, and make towards the river, and that part of the wall which is bounded by the stream. So much the more keenly the Trojans press upon him with loud acclaim, and form a clus-
tering band around him: as with annoying darts a troop of hunters persecute a fierce lion; while the appalled savage, surly, louring stern, flinches back; nor rage, nor courage, suffer him to fly; nor can he, for darts and men, (though fain indeed he would,) make head against them; just so Turnus hovering in suspense backward withdraws his lingering steps; and just so his soul with rage tumultuous boils. Even then twice had he attacked the enemy in the centre; twice along the walls he chased the troops in confusion routed. But issuing from the camp in haste, the whole host against him alone combine; nor dares Saturnian Juno supply him with strength against them: for Jupiter sent down from heaven Iris, the aerial goddess, bearing mandates to his sister of import not mild, unless Turnus quit the lofty walls of the Trojans. Therefore neither with his mighty shield nor with his valiant arm is the youth now able to withstand so great a shock: he is so over-whelmed on all hands with showers of darts. With incessant clang the helmet round his hollow temples rings, and the solid arms of brass are riven with battering stones; from his head the plumes are struck off; nor is his buckler's boss sufficient to support the blows: The Trojans, and thundering Mnestheus himself at their head, with spears redouble thrust on thrust. Then all over his body the sweat comes trickling down, and pours a black clammy tide; nor has he power to breathe; languid panting heave his weary limbs. Then at length in all his arms with a bound he flung himself headlong into the river. He, expanding his yellow bosom, received him at coming up, and upbore him on his peaceful streams; and, having washed away his stains of blood, returned him joyous to his friends.

BOOK X.

In the Tenth Bock, Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and attempts in vain a reconciliation between Juno and Venus, who favour the opposite parties. The fight is renewed. Æneas returns and joins battle with the Latins, when Pallas is killed by Turnus, who is saved from the avenging hand of Æneas by the interposition of Juno.

Meanwhile the palace of all-surrounding heaven is opened, and the parent of the gods, the sovereign of men, summons a council into the starry mansion, whence, high enthroned, he views all lands, the Trojan camp, and Latin nations. In the magnificent domes, the deities take their seats; then Jove himself begins: Ye high celestials, why is your purpose backward turned: and why so fiercely do ye with hostile minds contend? It was my will that with the
Trojans Italy should not engage in war: whence all this dissension against my prohibition? what jealousy hath prompted these or those to pursue hostilities, and rouse the sword of war? The just, the determined time for fight will come, (anticipate it not,) when hereafter fierce Carthage shall on Roman towers pour down mighty ruin, and the opened Alps: then shall leave be given you to fight with mutual animosities, then to plunder and harass. At present forbear, and cheerfully ratify the destined league. Thus Jupiter briefly said; but bright Venus on the other hand not briefly replies: O sire, O sovereign eternal of gods and men! (for what other power subsists whom now we can implore?) seest thou how the Rutulians insult, and how Turnus on his steed conspicuous is rapt through the ranks, and swollen with successful war pours along? now not even their fenced bulwarks protect the Trojans; even within the gates, and on the very turrets of the walls, they join battle, and the trenches are deluged with blood. Æneas, unapprised of all, is absent. Will you never suffer us from blockade to be relieved? Once more our enemies, another army too, are hovering over the walls of Troy just rising from its ashes; and once more Tydides from Ætolian Arpi takes arms against the Trojans. I truly believe new wounds are reserved for me; and I, your own progeny, am in pain for a mortal’s arms. If without thy permission, and in defiance of thy divine authority, the Trojans have come to Italy, let them alone for their offence; and do not support them with thy aid: but if they came in pursuance of so many oracular responses, which powers celestial and infernal both delivered, why now has any one the power to pervert thy commands, or to frame new schemes of fate? What need have I to recall to mind the firing of their fleet in the Sicilian shore? or why the king of storms and his furious winds raised from Æolia, or Iris sent down from the clouds? Now even to the powers of hell (that quarter of the universe alone unsolicited remained) she has recourse; and Alecto, suddenly let loose upon the upper world, infuriate hath roamed through the midst of the Italian cities. For empire I am no farther solicitous; these hopes we entertained while fortune was kind; but now let those prevail whom thou wilt rather have prevail. If there be no spot on earth which thy rigid spouse will vouchsafe to the Trojans, thee I conjure, O father, by the smoking ruins of demolished Troy, permit me to dismiss Ascanius safe from arms; permit my grandchild to survive. For

1 Arpi, called also Argyripa, a city of Apulia in Italy, built by Diomedes after the Trojan war.
Æneas, truly let him on seas unknown be tossed, and pursue whatever course fortune shall give him: let me but have power to protect the darling boy, and rescue him from the horrid fray. Amathus is mine: lofty Paphos, and Cythera, and the mansion of Idalia, are also mine: here, laying arms aside, let him inglorious spend his days. Command Carthage, if you will, to rule Ausonia with powerful sway; from him no opposition shall to the Tyrian cities arise. What hath it availed Æneas to escape the ravages of war, and to have fled through the midst of Grecian flames; and to have exhausted so many dangers both by sea and land immense, while the Trojans are in quest of this unhappy settlement in Latium, and of another Pergamus again tottering to its fall? Would it not have been better for them to settle on the last remains of their country, and the soil where Troy once stood? Give back, I pray, to the wretched exiles their Xanthus and Simois; and, father, permit the Trojans, rather than continue in this deplorable state, to struggle once more with the disasters of Troy. Then imperial Juno, stung with fierce rage, thus spoke: Why do you compel me to break my profound silence, and by words proclaim my smothered grief? Did any of the gods or human race constrain Æneas to pursue war, and present himself as a foe to king Latinus? He set out for Italy, you say, by the authority of fate: I grant it; impelled by Cassandra's mad predictions. Did we advise him to abandon his camp, or to commit his life to the mercy of the winds? or to trust a boy with the chief administration of the war, or with the government of the city; or to solicit the protection of the Tuscan monarch, and embroil nations that were at peace? What god, or what rigid power of mine, urged him to these guileful measures? Where was Juno on this occasion, or Iris, who, you tell us, has been despatched from above? A high indignity, no doubt, it is, that the Latins should surround your infant Troy with flames, and that Turnus should settle in his native land; he whose grandsire is the god 1 Pilumnus, whose mother is the goddess Venilia. What think you then of the Trojans assaulting the Latins with foul hostilities, or of their enthralling kingdoms not their own, and bearing away the plunder? What think you of their suborning fathers-in-law, and carrying off betrothed spouses from the bosoms of their plighted lords? What think you of their suing for peace like suppliants, while on their ships they displayed

1 Pilumnus, a deity worshipped at Prytaneion, sister to Amata, and mother of Turnus by Daunus. Being lineally descended.—Venilia, a
the ensigns of war? You can privately convey Æneas from the hands of the Greeks, and in his stead spread before their eyes a misty cloud and empty air: you too can transform his ships into so many nymphs; but for us to have aided the Rutulians against him ever so little is a heinous crime. Æneas, you say, in ignorance of all is absent: and absent let him remain in ignorance. Paphos is yours, Idalium also, and lofty Cythera are yours; why then do you solicit a city big with war, and hearts of so rough a mould? Do we attempt to overturn from its foundation thy frail Phrygian state? is it we? or rather he who to the Greeks exposed the wretched Trojans? Who was the cause that Europe and Asia rose together in arms, and by a perfidious crime violated the ancient league that was between them? Was it under my conduct that the Trojan adulterer stormed Sparta? or did I supply him with arms, or foment the war by lust? Then it became you to be in fear for your minions: now too late against us you rise with unjust complaints, and throw out reproaches of no avail. Thus Juno pleaded her cause; and all the celestials murmured out various assent; as when the rising gales, pent in the woods, begin to mutter, and roll along soft whispers, that to mariners betoken an approaching storm of wind.

Then the almighty sire, whose is the supreme command of the universe, begins. While he speaks, the sublime mansion of the gods is hushed, and earth from its foundation trembles; the lofty sky is silent; then the zephyrs are still; the sea levels its peaceful surface. Listen, therefore, and these my words fix in your minds: since it is not permitted that with the Trojans the Ausonians be joined in league, and your dissensions receive no end; whatever fortune to-day is for each reserved, in whatever channel the hopes of each run, be he Trojan or Rutulian, I will regard them both without distinction; whether the camp of the Trojans be now besieged with fates unkind to Latium, or in consequence of Troy's fatal error, and inauspicious presages given them. Nor do I exempt the Rutulians from destiny. To each his own enterprise shall procure disaster or success. Sovereign Jove shall be to all the same. The fates shall take their course. Then, nodding his head, he confirmed the promise by the streams of his Stygian brother, by those banks that roll with torrents of pitch and black whirlpools, and by his nod made heaven's whole frame to tremble. Here the consultation ended: then Jupiter rises from his golden throne, whom in their centre the celestial powers conduct to his palace.
Meanwhile the Rutulians at all the gates are keenly employed in slaughtering the troops, and encompassing the walls with flames. On the other hand the host of the Trojans within their ramparts are closely shut up; nor have they any hope of escape. Forlorn and distressed they stand on the lofty turrets, in vain aiming at defence, and with thin bands beset the walls. Asius, the son of Imbræus, and Thymætes, the son of Hicetaon, the two Assaraci, and aged Tybris, with Castor, lead the van: those both the brothers of Sarpedon and Clarus, and Hæmon, from lofty Lycia accompany. Acmon of Lyrnessus, neither to his father Clytius nor to his brother Mnæstheus inferior, strain ing with his whole body, bears a huge rock, no inconsider able portion of a mountain. Some with darts, some with rocks, strive to defend the town; others hurl fire-brands, and fit their arrows to the string. Lo, in the midst, Venus' most worthy care, the young prince of Troy, with his comely head uncovered, sparkles like the diamond which divides the yellow gold, an ornament either for the neck, or for the head: or as shines the ivory by art enchaired in box-wood, or 1Oriican ebony; whose spreading locks his milk-white neck sustains, and a circle of pliant ductile gold upbinds. Thee too, O Ismarus, the magnanimous nations saw aiming wounds, and arming thy shafts with poison; Ismarus, descended from a noble Lydian family, where the swains man nure, and 2Pactolus waters with his golden streams, rich fertile lands. Mnæstheus too lent his aid, whom his former glory of having beaten Turnus from the bastion greatly exalts: and Capys: from him the name of the city is derived. Thus they in the combats of rugged war were mutually engaged: while Æneas at midnight was ploughing the waves. For soon as by commission from Evander, entering the Tuscan camp, he repairs to the king, and lays before him his name and nation: informs him what is his demand, what proposals he brings; what troops Mezentius is procuring for himself; speaks also of Turnus' outrageous temper; reminds him how little confidence is to be reposed in human affairs, and intermixes prayers: no delay ensues. Tarchon joins his forces, and strikes up a league. Then the Lydian nation, disengaged from the restraint of fate, enter the fleet, by order of the gods put under the conduct of a foreign leader. Æneas' galley leads the way, under whose beak are Phrygian lions yoked: Ida towers above, a moun-

1 Oriican ebony, from Oriicum, a town of Epirus in Greece, on the Adriatic.
2 Pactolus, a river of Lydia in Asia Minor, issuing from Mount Tmolus, and falling into the Hermus below Sardes. The sands of the Pactolus, like those of the Hermus, were ming led with gold.
tain most grateful to the Trojan exiles. Here great Æneas sits, and revolvs with himself the various events of war: Pallas, attached to his left-side, now questions him of the stars that point their way in the darksome night; now of the sufferings he sustained both by land and sea.

Now open Helicon, ye goddesses, and me inspire to sing; what troops meanwhile accompany Æneas from the Tuscan coasts, man his ships, and are borne on the main.

First Massicus in the brazen-beaked Tigris ploughs the waves; under whom is a band of a thousand youths, who the walls of 1Clausium, and who the city Cosœ left; whose weapons are arrows and light quivers on their shoulders, and the deadly bow. With him stern Abas goes: his whole squadron with burnished arms, and his stern with a gilded Apollo shone. To this warrior, Populonia, his mother-city, had given six hundred youths expert in arms; but 2Ilva, an island ennobled by inexhaustible mines of steel, only three hundred. The third, Asylas, the famed interpreter of gods and men, to whom the fibres of victims, to whom the stars of heaven are in subjection, and the languages of birds, and the flashes of presaging thunder, pours along his thousand close-ranged in battle-array, and with horrent spears. These 3Pisa, a Tuscan city in its foundation, a colony from Alphæan Pisa, to him put in subjection. Follows Astur, a most comely personage, Astur confiding in his steed and party-coloured arms. Those who in 4Cere, who in the plains of Minio dwell, and ancient Pyrgi, and unwholesome Graviscae, join with him three hundred, (these are all animated with one resolution to follow their valiant leader.) These, 5Cycnus, chief of the Ligurians, most valorous in war, I cannot pass in silence; nor thee, Cupavo, by few troops accompanied, on whose crest a swan's snowy plumes arise; your crime was too much love, and hence you bear the ensign of your father's transformation. For they tell us that Cycnus, while for grief of his beloved Phaeton he sings among the poplar boughs, his sister's shade, and with music

1 Clausium, the ancient Clusium, a town of Etruria, on the banks of the Clanis, where Porssenna was buried.—Cose and Populonia, maritime towns of Etruria.

2 Ilva, (Elba,) an island of the Tyrrhene sea, between Italy and Corsica; it was famous for its iron mines.

3 Pisa, a town of Etruria, at the mouth of the Arnum, built by a colony from Pisa in Elis.

4 Cere, a city of Etruria, of which Mezentius was king when Æneas came to Italy.—Minio, (Mignone,) a river of Etruria, falling into the Tyrrhene sea.—Pyrgi and Gravisca, maritime towns of Etruria.

5 Cycnus, a son of Sthenelus, king of Liguria, who was deeply affected at the death of his friend Phaeton, and was metamorphosed into a swan.—Phaeton, the son of Phoebus and Clymene, according to the poets, was entrusted by his father with the chariot of the sun for one day; when, by his unskilful driving, he nearly set the world on fire, upon which Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt, and he fell into the river Po.
soothes his disconsolate love, by transformation clothed with the downy plumes of a swan, thus spent his hoary age, leaving the earth, and soaring to the stars with a melodious voice. The son, in the fleet accompanying his coeval troops, with oars impels the bulky Centaur: the monster stands touring on the flood, and reared high threatens the waves with an enormous rock, and with his long keel ploughs the deep seas. The famed 'Ocnus too leads on a squadron from his native coasts, son of the prophetic Manto and the Tuscan river Tyber, who gave thee walls, O Mantua, and his mother's name; Mantua rich and illustrious in ancestors: but they are not all of one lineage. Three clans to her belong; under each clan are four communities; of those communities she herself is the capital city. The strength and prime of her inhabitants are of Tuscan blood. Hence too Mezentius arms five hundred against himself, whom Mincius, sprung from the parent-lake Benacus, crowned with azure reed, to the sea along his stream in hostile ships of pine conveyed. The stern Auletes advances, and, rising to the stroke, lashes the wave with a hundred oars: the surface overturned, the billows foam. The enormous Triton bears him with his shell-trumpet affrighting the azure floods; whose hairy front, as he swims along, displays a human form down to the waist, white his belly terminates in a pristis, and under his half-savage breast the foamy surges murmur. So many chosen chiefs in thirty vessels rode to the aid of Troy, and ploughed with prows of brass the briny plains.

And now day had from the heavens withdrawn, and auspicious Phoebe in her night-wandering car was shaking the mid-region of the sky. Æneas (for his primeely care gives not sleep to his limbs) himself, seated at the helm, both steers and manages the sails. And, lo, in his mid-course there came up to him a choir of those who were his attendants in another shape before, nymphs, whom propitious Cybele had appointed to enjoy divinity in the sea, and from ships to become nymphs: with equable motion they swam along, and cut the waves; as numerous as the brazen-beaked vessels which had before been drawn up on the shore. Their king at a distance they desery, and in circling dances him surround: of whom the most accomplish ed speaker, Cymodocea, following with her right-hand grasps the stern, while with her back she rises above the flood, and with her left-hand gently rows her way along the silent waves. Then him unknowing she thus addresses: Wakest thou, Æneas, offspring of the gods? awake and

1 Ocnus, the son of Tiber and Manto, who assisted Æneas against Turnus. He built a town which he called Mantua, after his mother's name.
give your ship full sails. We are the pines of Ida, from that mountain’s sacred top, once thy fleet, now nymphs of the sea. When the perfidious Rutulian pressed us with fire and sword till we were on the brink of ruin, constrained we burst thy cables, and go in quest of thee through the ocean. The mother of the gods (Cybele) in pity new-fashioned us into this form, and permitted us to become goddesses, and to live under the waves. But know that the boy Ascanius is blocked up in the wall and trenches, amidst showers of darts, and among the Latins arrayed in all the terrors of Mars. Now the Arcadian horse, united with the valiant Tuscans, have reached the place appointed: Turnus is determined with his troops to intercept their march, that they may not join the camp. Come then, arise, and at the approach of morn first command thy troops to be summoned to arms; and take thy shield impenetrable, which the power of fire gave to thee, and encircled its borders with gold. To-morrow’s sun (if you deem not my words vain) shall behold vast heaps of Rutulian slaughter. She said; and, parting, with her right-hand shoved forward the lofty stern, not unskilful in the art: the vessel flies along the waves swifter than the javelin, and the arrow that keeps pace with the winds. The rest then speed their course. The Trojan prince, the son of Anchises, himself not knowing the cause, is lost in wonder; yet by the conspicuous omen raises the spirits of his troops. Then surveying the high vault of heaven, he briefly prays: Bounteous parent of the gods, Idaean Cybele, whose dear delight is Dindymus, whom turret-bearing cities please, and lions yoked in pairs submissive to thy reins, be thou my leader in the fight; do thou, O goddess, in due form render the omen propitious, and with thy propitious influence aid the Trojans.

This only he said: and meanwhile the day revolved, was now with perfect light advanced, and had chased away the night. First he enjoins his troops to observe the signal, and to dispose their minds for feats of war, and prepare themselves for the combat. And now he has the Trojans and his camp in view, standing on his lofty deck. Then next on his left-arm he raised aloft his flaming buckler. The Trojans from their walls raise acclamations to the stars. Additional hope rouses up their fury. Darts from their hands they hurl: as under the black louring clouds Strymonian cranes give the signal, and swim along the skies with obstreperous din, and from the stormy south-winds with joyous clamour fly. But to the Rutulian prince and Ausonian leaders this new turn amazing seemed; till looking back they observe the fleet turned towards the shore,
and the whole channel of the river gliding along with vessels. The tufted helmet on his head blazes, and from the top of his crest a flame is shot forth, and the golden boss of his buckler darts copious fires; just as when in a clear night a sanguine darting comet baleful glares: or, as the dog-star, that burning constellation, when he brings droughts and diseases on sickly mortals, rises and saddens the sky with inauspicious light. Yet daring Turnus dropped not his bold purpose to pre-occupy the shore, and, as they approached, beat them from the land. Then eagerly addressing his men, he raises their courage, and briskly chides their fears: Lo the hour which ardently you wished is come, by dint of valour to crush your foes; Mars himself, the whole war, brave men, is in your power. Now each man be mindful of his wife and home; now let him reflect on the illustrious deeds, the honours of his ancestors. Let us of ourselves make head against them by the stream, while they are in hurry and disorder, and their first steps at landing stagger. Fortune assists the brave. He said, and ponders within himself whom to lead against the enemy, or to whom he may intrust the siege of the town.

Meanwhile Æneas by bridges lands his troops from their lofty ships. Many watched the retreat of the ebbing sea, and with a spring committed themselves to the shallows; others row themselves ashore. Tarchon having surveyed the strand where he hopes to find no shallows, and where no dashing wave re-murmurs, but the sea unbroken glides with the swelling tide, suddenly turns hither his prow, and thus addresses his associates: Now, my select band, ply the sturdy oars; push briskly, urge on your vessels; cleave with your beaks this hostile soil, and let the keel plough a way for itself. Nor shall I refuse to dash my ship in pieces in such a port, had we once seized the land. Which as soon as Tarchon thus had said, his mates rose to their oars at once. And full on the Latin coast their foaming galleys bear, till the beaks rest on the dry dock, and all the keels without harm are moved: but not so thy vessel, Tarchon; for while against the shallows dashed she hangs on the fatal ridge, long balanced in suspense, and tires the beating waves, at length she is staved to pieces, and exposes the crew in the midst of the waves; whom fragments of oars and floating benches embarrass, while the tide retreating repels their steps.

Then no supine delay withholds Turnus; but impetuous he drives on his whole host against the Trojans, and on the shore ranges them full opposite. They sound the alarm. Æneas first attacked the rustic troops, a prelude to the fight:
and routed the Latins, having slain Theron, their giant chief, who boldly makes up to Æneas: through the brazen texture of his buckler, and through his corset rough with gold, he with the sword drains the blood from his transfixed side. Next he smites Lycus, who was cut out of his mother when dead, and to thee, O Phebus, devoted, because in infancy he was permitted to escape the perilous chances of steel. Not far from this scene of blood, he overthrows in death hardy Cisseus, and gigantic Gyas, as they were felling the troops with clubs. Neither the weapons of Hercules, nor their strength of arm, aught availed them; nor did they profit by having Melampus for their father, who was the companion of Alcides, as long as earth with toilsome labours him supplied. Lo at Pharus hurling a javelin, he fixes it full in his bowling mouth, while he vaunts dastardly speeches. Thou too, Cydon, (while thou hapless art pursuing Clytius, thy new charmer, shading his cheeks with the first yellow down,) overthrown by the Trojan hero's arm, regardless of those loves which still thou entertainest for boys, hadst lain an object of compassion, had not a band of brothers, the progeny of Phorcus, in close array made head against him: seven they are in number, and seven darts they fling; part from his helm and shield ineffectual rebound: part just grazing on his skin indulgent Venus turned aside. Æneas thus bespeaks his trusty Achates: Supply me with darts, (not one against the Rutulians shall my right-hand hurl in vain,) those which on the Trojan plains pierced so many of the Greeks. Then he grasps at once and tosses a mighty spear; it flying pierces through the brazen plates of Mæon's shield, and his cuirass together with his breast transfixed. To him comes up his brother Alcanor, and with his right-hand sustains his falling brother; piercing whose arm, the darted spear flies with uninterrupted progress, and drenched in blood holds on its course; and from the shoulder by the nerves the arm hung impotent and dead. Then Numitor, from his brother's body having snatched a javelin, aims it at Æneas: but to him it is not permitted in his turn to transfix the hero, and it grazed on the thigh of great Achates. Here Clausus of Cures, confiding in his youthful person, comes up, and wounds Dryops at a distance with a rigid spear, under his chin with force driven home; and, transfixing his throat while the word is in his mouth, at once of speech and life bereaves him: but he with his front knocks the ground, and at his mouth disgorges clotted blood.—Three Thracians, too, of Boreas' exalted line, and three whom their father Idas and Ismara their parent soil sent to the war, by various catastrophe he overthrows. Him Ha-
liesus encounters, and the Auruncian bands also approached him; Messapus, too, the son of Neptune, with his steeds conspicuous comes up: now these, now those, strive each other to beat off. In the very confines of Ausonia they combat. As in the spacious sky jarring winds with equal rage and force raise war; nor they to one another, nor clouds, nor sea, on either side give way: long is the combat dubious; all struggling against them stand: just so the Trojan and the Latin hosts encounter: foot to foot is fixed, and man to man closely joined. But in another quarter, where the torrent had far and wide dispersed whirling stones, and thickets from the banks upturned, as soon as Pallas saw the Arcadians, unused to combat on foot, turning their backs to Latium fierce in the pursuit, since the rugged nature of the ground induced them to quit their steeds: now with entreaty, now with bitter expostulation, (the sole expedient left him in this distress,) he rouses their valour: Whither, my fellow-soldiers, do you fly? By yourselves and your own gallant deeds, by the name of Evander your chief, by the battles you have won, and by my hopes, which now emulating my father's glory rise, trust not to your heels. With sword in hand you must burst a passage through your foes, where that globe of men in thickest array press on us: this way your ennobled country calls you and Pallas your leader. They are not gods who pursue us: mortal ourselves as we are, so by a mortal foe are we urged: to us as many souls, as many hands, as to them belong. Lo, the ocean, with his immense barrier of sea hems us in: now land too is wanting for us to fly to: whether into the bosom of the deep, or for Troy, shall we bend our course? He said, and into the midst of the thick-embodied foes bursts away. Him Lagus first opposes impelled by his inauspicious fate; him, while he is tugging a stone of enormous weight, he transfixes with a whirled lance, where along the middle of the back the chine divides the ribs; and forces away the spear fast sticking in the bones: whom stooping over the body Hisbon prevents not with a blow, though this, indeed, he hoped; for, as he rushes on unguarded, while, by the cruel death of his companion, he is driven to madness, Pallas surprises him first, and buries the sword in his swollen lungs. Next Sthenelus he attacks, and, of the ancient race of Rhætus, Anchemolus, who dared to violate, by incest, his stepdame's bed. In the Rutulian plains, likewise, you twin-brothers fell, Laridus and Thymber, Dæcus' exactly similar offspring, undistinguished by your own parents, and the objects of their pleasing error. But now Pallas on you fixed cruel marks of distinction; for from thee, O Thymbrus, the Evandrian blade
lopped off the head; and thy dismembered hand, O Laridus, seeks for thee its owner; the dying fingers quiver, and gripe once more the steel. Against their foes mixed indignation and shame arm the Arcadians fired by these suggestions, and viewing the hero's glorious deeds. Then Pallas transfixes Rhœteus flying across him in his chariot. This gave Ilus space to live, and just so long respite from death; for at Ilus he had aimed from far the sturdy spear; which Rhœteus coming between intercepts, as thee he flies, most valiant Teuthras, and thy brother Tyres; and, rolled from his chariot, half dead, he spurns the Rutulian fields. And as in summer, the winds having risen to his wish, the shepherd lets loose scattered fires among the woods; in a trice Vulcan's squadrons, having seized the intermediate trees, are at once extended in horrid array over all the spacious plains; and the victorious shepherd sits viewing the flames triumphant; just so the whole valour of thy troops in one combines, and supports thee, O Pallas. But Halaesus, fierce in war, advances against the hostile bands, and within the covert of his arms himself collects. Ladon, Pheres, and Demodocus, he knocks down, and from Strymonius with his shining blade strikes off the right-hand just raised against his throat; with a rock he batters Thoas' front, and dashes in pieces the bones mingled with bloody brains. His father in the woods had concealed Halaesus, presaging his fate. Soon as the aged sire in death relaxed his whitening eyes, the destinies laid hands on him, and devoted him to the arms of Evander, whom Pallas approaches, thus addressing his prayer: Grant now, O father Tyber, to this missile steel I poise, success, and a passage through the breast of stern Halaesus; so shall thy oak possess these arms and spoils of the hero. To this address the god gave ear; while Halaesus screened Imaon, in an unhappy hour he exposes his defenceless breast to the Arcadian dart. But Lausus, no small portion of the war, suffers not his troops to be dispirited by the vast havock which the hero made. First Abas to him opposed he kills, the champion and stay of the battle. Down drop Arcadia's sons, down drop the Tuscans, and you, ye Trojans, who escaped the havock of the Greeks. Both hosts in hot encounter join, with leaders and with forces equal; those in the rear press on the ranks before; nor does the throng leave room for them to wield their hands or weapons. Here Pallas drives on and urges the attack; there, in opposition to him, Lausus; nor is there great difference in their ages; in comeliness they are both distinguished; but their return to their country fortune had denied. Yet he who reigns in heaven supreme permitted not
that with each other they should engage; their destiny awaits them soon from the hand of a superior foe.

Meanwhile Turnus, who through the midst of the host in his fleet chariot cuts his way, his gentle sister warns to fly to Lausus' relief. Soon as his friends he viewed, he exclaimed, It is time for others from battle to desist: against Pallas I alone am bound; to me alone is Pallas doomed: would to heaven his sire himself were spectator of the combat. He said; and from the plain the troops at his command retired. But the youth, struck with the retreat of the Rutulians, and such imperious orders, on Turnus gazes with astonishment; over his huge body he rolls his eyes, and with ferocious aspect all the man aloof surveys. Then with these words in return to the tyrant's speech moves up: Now, or by bearing away triumphal spoils, or by illustrious death, shall I be signalized. For either chance my sire is equally fortified. Away then with your vain-glorious threats. This said, he advances into the middle of the plain. Round the Arcadian hearts the cold blood congeals. Down from his chariot Turnus sprang; on foot prepares to meet him hand to hand. And as a lion, when from his lofty watch-tower he hath espied a bull standing on the plains aloof, meditating the fight, to him flies up; such is the image of Turnus rushing to the combat. Soon as Pallas supposed him to be within reach of the darted lance, he makes the first advance with strength unequal, trying if fortune by any means will aid his bold enterprise; and thus to the lofty heavens himself addresses: By my father's hospitality, and those boards which thou his guest didst visit, Alcides, aid, I thee implore, my arduous attempt: may Turnus in the pangs of death behold me strip him of his bloody armour, and let his dying eyes endure the painful sight of a victorious foe. Alcides heard the youth, and deep in the bottom of his heart a heavy groan suppresses, and pours forth unavailing tears. Then the almighty sire with these kind words his son bespeaks: To every one his day is fixed: a short and irretrievable term of life is given to all: but by great actions to lengthen out fame, this is virtue's task. Under the lofty walls of Troy so many sons of gods have fallen: with them even Sarpedon, my own offspring, fell: Turnus too his destiny calls, and to the utmost verge of life he is arrived. He said; and from the fields of the Rutulians he averts his eyes.

But Pallas with vast force hurls a spear, and from the hollow scabbard tears his shining blade. The weapon flying lighted where the high armour rises on the shoulders, and, opening its way through the extremity of the shield,
at length too on the great body of Turnus grazed. At this
Turnus, long poising a javelin tipped with sharpened steel,
darts it at Pallas, and thus speaks: See whether ours be not
the more penetrating dart. He said: and with a quivering
stroke the steel point pierces through the mid-shield,
through so many plates of iron, so many of brass, while the
bull’s hide so many times encompasses it, and through the
corslet’s cumbrous folds transfixes his breast with a hideous
gash. He in vain wrenches out the reeking weapon from the
wound: at one and the same passage the blood and
soul issue forth. Down on his wound he rushes: over him
his armour gave a clang; and in death with bloody jaws he
bites the hostile ground. Whom Turnus bestriding, says,
Ye Arcadians, to Evander faithfully these my words record:
in such plight as he deserved I send his Pallas back.
Whatever honour is in a tomb, whatever solace is in interment,
I freely give him. His league of friendship with Aeneas
shall cost him not a little. And thus having spoken, he
pressed with his left-foot the breathless corpse, tearing away
his belt’s enormous weight, and the horrid story with which
it was embossed, (in one nuptial night a band of youths
barbarously murdered, and their bridal beds bathed in blood,)
which the ingenious Eurytion had carved in copious gold;
in which spoil Turnus now triumphs, and exults in the pos-
session. How blind are the minds of men to fate and fu-
ture events! how unwilling to practise moderation, and still
with prosperity elated! the time will come when Turnus
shall wish with all his soul that Pallas by him had not been
touched, and when these spoils and this day he shall detest.
But Pallas stretched on his shield, a numerous retinue of
his friends, with many a groan and tear back to the camp
carry. O ill-fated youth, who to thy parent shall return
his grief and ample glory both! This day first gave thee to
the war, the same snatches thee away; yet after thou
hast left vast heaps of slaughtered Rutulians.
And now not mere rumour, but an unquestionable vouch-
er of great disaster flies to Aeneas; that his friends were
on the verge of utter ruin, and that it was high time to suc-
cour the flying Trojans. With his sword he mows down
whatever was near him, and with the steel impetuous forces
a wide passage through the host, in quest of thee, O Turnus,
proud of thy recent slaughter. Pallas, Evander, all are full
before his eyes; particularly the first banquets in which
then a guest he joined, and their right-hands of friendship
given. Here four youths, the progeny of Sulmo, and as
many more whom Uiiens bred, alive he snatches; whom as
victims he may offer to the shade of Pallas, and drench
with their captive blood the flames of his funeral-pile. Next, when at Magus he aimed from afar his hostile lance, he artfully stoops, and over his head the quivering javelin flies; and embracing his knees, him suppliant he thus addresses: By thy father’s manes, and the hopes of thy rising son Lulius, I implore thee, spare this life, both for a son and for a father’s sake. A stately mansion I possess; talents of silver embossed lie deep-lodged under ground; masses of wrought and unwrought gold I have; it is not upon this that the victory of the Trojans can be supposed to turn: one poor life will not so great a difference make. He said; to whom Æneas thus, on the other hand, replies: Those many talents of gold and silver you mention reserve for your sons: all those laws and mutual stipulations of war Turnus first cancelled from the moment Pallas by him was slain. So thinks the manes of my sire Anchises, so thinks my son Lulius. This said, he grasps his helmet with his left-hand, and bowing back his neck, as he begged for mercy, plunged in his throat his sword up to the hilt. Not far from this part of the field stood Æmonides, the priest of Phœbus and Diana, whose temples a mitre with holy fillets bound, in his robe and burnished armour all refulgent: him encountering he drives along the plain, and standing over him fallen, offers him a victim, and covers him with the deep shades of death. Serestus, gathering up his arms, bears them on his shoulders as a trophy to thee, O Mars, stern monarch of the field. Caeculus, born of Vulcan’s race, and Umbro, who came from the Marsian mountains, renew the fight. The Trojan prince burns with fury against them. Anxur’s left arm and his buckler’s whole circumference he with his sword had struck off. Some mighty spell he had pronounced, and imagined there would be virtue in the word: perhaps he exalted his soul to heaven with vain hopes, and promised himself gray hairs and length of years. On the other hand, Tarquintus, whom to sylvan Faunus the nymph Dryope bore, in his refulgent arms exulting, to the incensed hero himself opposed. He, darting a spear with full force, renders his corslet and buckler’s vast bulk useless for defence: then strikes down to the ground his head as he begs in vain, and is in act to plead at large; and, tumbling the warm trunk, over it pronounces these words from his hostile breast: There now, redoubted champion, lie. Thee in the earth thy gracious mother shall not lodge, nor in thy native soil load thy limbs with a grave; to birds of prey thou shalt be left; or sunk in the deep, the waves shall bear thee down, and hungry fishes suck thy wounds. Forthwith Anteus and Lycas, Turnus’ foremost leaders, he
pursues, and valiant Numia, and Camers in yellow gold refulgent, from magnanimous Volscens sprung; who of all Ausonia's sons was richest in land estate, and over Amycle, the city of silence, reigned. As 1 Esæon who, they say, had a hundred arms and a hundred hands, and flashed fire from fifty mouths and breasts; when against the thunderbolts of Jove he on so many equal bucklers clashed, unsheathed so many swords: just so the victorious Æneas wrecked his fury all over the plain, when once his pointed steel was warmed with blood, even against the four harnessed steeds of Nipheus and their fiery chests he advances: but, as soon as from far they saw him marching up, and breathing dire revenge, with affright wheeling about, and rushing back, they tumble out the chief, and whirl the chariot to the shore. Meanwhile Lucagus, in his chariot drawn by two white steeds, flings himself into the midst of the squadrons, as does also his brother Liger: but with the reins his brother guides the steeds: fierce Lucagus flourishes the naked sword. Æneas could not patiently see them raging with such impetuosity: on he rushed, and majestic stood before them with his lance opposed. To whom Liger said, You see not here the steeds of Diomede, nor the chariot of Achilles, or the plains of Troy: now on this ground shall a period to the war and thy life be given. Such insulting words from raving Liger fly: but somewhat instead of words the Trojan hero in return prepares: for against his foe a javelin he hurls. As Lucagus stooping forward to the lash with a dart urged his yoked steeds, while with his left foot thrown out before he prepares himself for the fight; the spear passes through the lowest border of his shining buckler, then pierces his left groin: tossed from the chariot in the pangs of death he wallows: whom Æneas, though compassionate, in bitter terms addresses: Lucagus, it is not the slowness of thy steeds in flight thy chariot hath betrayed, nor have empty shadows and phantoms turned them from the foe; thyself springing from the wheels, desertest the chariot. Thus having said, he seized the steeds. His hapless brother, leaping down from the same car, stretched forth his defenceless hands: By thy own self, O Trojan hero, by the parents who begot thee thus illustrious, spare this life, and pity a wretch who begs for mercy. To whom pleading at greater length Æneas thus replies: It was not language like this you lately uttered: die, and like a dutiful brother desert not a brother. Then with the pointed steel he discloses his breast, the latent seat of the soul. Such ha.

1 Esæon, the son of Carus and Terra, the same with Briareus; see note 1, Æneid, Book VI. page 197.
vock made the Trojan chief over the field, raging like an
impetuous flood or boisterous whirlwind. At length the
boy Ascanius, and the youth in vain blocked up, sally forth
and quit the camp.

Meanwhile Jupiter, of his own free motion, thus ad-
dresses Juno: My sister, and my dearest consort both! it
is Venus, as you alleged, who supports the Trojan powers;
nor do you err in your judgment; no active hands for war
have the men themselves, no souls courageous or patient of
danger. To whom Juno, all submission, says, My lord, in
whom the perfection of beauty dwells, why dost thou tease
me oppressed with anguish, and dreading thy severe man-
dates? Had I that influence over your affection, which
once I had, and which it became me to have, thou the Om-
nipotent couldst not surely refuse me this; but I might
have it in my power both to rescue Turnus from the fight,
and preserve him in safety for his father Daunus. Now let
him die, and glut the vengeance of the Trojans with his
pious blood: yet from our stock he derives his name, and
Pilumnus is his father in the fourth degree: and often with
liberal hand and many offerings has he heaped thy courts.
To whom the sovereign of the ethereal heaven thus briefly
speaks: If you plead for a respite from present death, and
a breathing-time to the short-lived youth, and if it be thy
will that I should settle it thus; bear off Turnus by flight,
and save him from impending fate. Thus far to indulge
thee is allowed. But if any higher favour be couched un-
der these petitions, and you imagine that the whole face of
the war is to be shifted or reversed, you feed yourself with
empty hopes. To whom Juno replies with tears: What if
thou shouldst grant with thy heart what in words thou de-
clinest, and this life to Turnus were to be continued fixed
by thy decree? Now a woeful catastrophe awaits the
guiltless youth, or vain are my pretensions to the knowl-
dge of futurity: but oh that I may rather be with ground-
less fears misled, and that thou, to whom the power be-
longs, mayst alter thy purposes for the better!

When these words she had pronounced, forthwith she
shot down from the lofty sky arrayed in a cloud, driving
storm and tempest through the air; and sought the Trojan
army and Latin camp. Then of a hollow cloud, strange
monster to behold! the goddess, in the shape of Æneas,
dresses up in Trojan armour an airy powerless phantom,
and imitates to the life both his shield and the crested hel-
met of his divine head; gives it empty words, and gives it
sound without sense, and counterfeits the hero's gait as he
walks: such as those forms which after death are said to
flatter about, or those dreams which mock the senses locked in sleep. But the phantom frisky exults before the foremost ranks, and the hero with darts provokes, and with the tongue defies: on whom Turnus presses, and at a distance hurls a hissing spear: the spectre, wheeling about, turned its steps. But then, as soon as Turnus imagined that Æneas with his back turned was giving ground, and boisterous in soul drank in illusive hope, he cried out, Æneas, whither dost thou fly? Desert not thy plighted nuptials: by this right-hand shall the settlement be given you in quest of which you have traversed the seas. Thus vociferating, he pursues him, and brandishes his naked sword; nor sees that the winds bear his boasted joys away.

By chance there stood a ship adjoining to the margin of a steep rock with extended ladders, and a bridge prepared, in which king Osuinins had been wafted from the Clusian shores. Hither in fearful haste the image of Æneas flying throws itself into a hiding-place: and Turnus with no less speed pursues; surmounts all obstacles, and overleaps the lofty bridges. Scarcely had he reached the prow, when Æneas bursts the cable, and over the rolling waves hurries the vessel torn from the shore away. But him absent Æneas with impatience to the combat seeks; and many a hero whom he met, he despatches to the shades below. Then the fleeting image now no further concealment seeks, but soaring aloft blended itself with a dusky cloud; when in the meantime the whirlwind drives Turnus on the mid ocean. Back on the shore he casts his eyes quite at a loss, and thankless for the preservation of his life, and both hands to heaven he raises with his voice: Almighty Father, couldst thou judge me worthy of such criminal shame, and appoint me to suffer such infamous punishment? Whither am I borne? Whence am I come? What an ignominious flight carries me off, and in what disgrace will it bring me back? Shall I have the face again to see the walls of Laurentum, or the Ausonian camp? What will that band of warriors say, who followed me and my arms, and whom, O foul impiety! I abandoned in the horrible jaws of death? And now I see them struggling, and hear the groans of the falling. What can I do? or what earth will now yawn to receive me deep enough in proportion to my crime? Or rather, on me, ye winds, have pity; on rocks, on crags (I Turnus heartily adore you) drive my vessel, and fling it on the cruel shelves of quicksands, whither neither the Rutulians nor conscious fame may follow me. So saying, now hither, now thither, he fluctuates in his soul, whether in

1 Saturnia, a name given to Juno, as being the daughter of Saturn.
frantic despair he should sheathe the pointed steel in his bosom on account of such a flagrant disgrace, and through his sides drive home the cruel sword, or should throw himself into the midst of the waves, by swimming seek the winding shore, and rush again amidst the Trojan arms. Thrice he essayed either expedient: thrice imperial Juno restrained, and pitying him from her soul, checked the youth. He glides away cutting the deep, with prosperous wind and tide, and is wafted to the ancient city of his father Daunus.

Meanwhile, by Jove's suggestion, furious Mezentius succeeds him in the fight, and assaults the Trojans flushed with success. The Tuscan troops rush on him at once, and with all their rage and darts thick following each other press on him, on him alone. He stands firm as a rock that projects into the vast ocean, obnoxious to the fury of the winds, and exposed to the rage of the main, and which thus endures all the violence and terrors of the sky and sea, itself remaining unmoved. He stretches on the ground Hebrus, the son of Dolicao, and with him Latagus and fugitive Palmus; but to Latagus with a rock and vast fragment of a mountain he gives a preventing blow on his jaws and adverse face: Palmus harastring he suffers recreant on the ground to roll; and gives 1Lausus to wear his armour on his shoulders, and on his helmet's top to fix his plumes. Evas the Phrygian too he overthrows, and 2Mimas, the companion of Paris, and his equal in age; whom Theano brought forth to his father Amycus in the same night that queen Hecuba, the daughter of Cissens, pregnant with a firebrand, bore Paris: he in his native city buried lies, while the Laurentine coast possesses Mimas obscure and unknown. And as a huge boar by baying hounds pursued from the high mountains, (whom pine-bearing 3Vesulus had sheltered for many years, and the lake of Laurentum,) that in the reedy wood had fed, makes a stand soon as he has arrived among the toils, stern and ferocious roars aloud, and bristles up the horrors of his shoulders: nor has any one the courage to wreak his fury on him, or even approach him, but aloft they ply him with darts and shoots secure from harm: undaunted, however, he resists their attacks on every side, gnashing his tusks, and shakes the lances from his back: in the same manner, of those whom just

1 Lausus, a son of king Mezentius, killed by Aeneas.
2 Mimas, a Trojan, son of Amycus and Theano, and the intimate friend of Paris. He accompanied Aeneas to Italy, and was slain by Mezentius.
3 Vesulus, (Viso,) a large mountain in the range of the Alps, between Liguria and Gaul, where the Po takes its rise.
rage against Mezentius fires, not one has sufficient spirit to encounter him with the naked sword; but at distance they gall him with missile weapons and loud clamour. From the ancient coasts of Coritus had Acrón come, a Grecian, who deserted to Æneas, leaving his nuptials unconsummated; him when from far Mezentius saw breaking through the midst of the ranks, gaily arrayed in the plumes and purple favours of his betrothed spouse; as a famished lion that often ranges over the lofty stalls, (for maddening hunger prompts him,) if by chance he espies a timorous goat, or stag rising on his stately horns, exults yawning hideously, rears his hair on end, and, couching down over his prey, fast to the entrails clings, while black gore bathes his ravenous jaws: thus Mezentius rushes with alacrity on the embodied foes. Ill-fated Acrón is overthrown, and expiring spurns with his heels the swarthy ground, and with his blood besmears the broken lance. The same warrior deigned not to cut off Orodes as he fled, or with the darted spear to give him a wound unseen: but, overtaking him, he confronted face to face, and encountered man to man; superior not in stratagem, but valiant arms. Then, trampling on him overthrown, and resting on his lance, he says: Friends, here stately Orodes lies, no mean portion of the war. His associates in acclamation join, repeating the joyful Pæan. But he expiring says: Whoever thou art, not over me unreavenged, nor long shalt thou victorious rejoice; thee too a like destiny awaits, and soon shalt thou on these same fields be stretched. To whom Mezentius, smiling with a mixture of indignation, replied: Now die; but of me let the father of gods and king of men dispose. So saying, he from the body extracted the dart. Cruel slumbers and the iron sleep of death press down his eyes; his orbs are sealed in everlasting night. Caedicus slays Alcathous, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo Parthenius, and Orses extremely hardy and robust; Messapus kills Clonius, and Ericetes the Lycaonian; the one by a fall from his unruly steed thrown on the ground; the other on foot himself on foot assaulted: against him Lycian Agis too had stepped forth; but him Valerus, not degenerate from the valour of his ancestors, overthrows: Authroniús by Salins falls, and Salius by Neales, skilled in the javelin and far-deceiving arrow. Now stern Mars on either side equalled the distresses and mutual deaths: the victors and the vanquished equally slew, and equally fell: nor these, nor those, know what it is to fly. In the courts of Jove the gods compassionate the fruitless rage of both, and seem to lament that such toils are appointed to mortals. On the one side Venus.
takes a survey: on the other Saturnian Juno sits spectator. 
Pale Tisiphone in the midst of thousands wreaks her fury.

But now Mezentius all turbulent and boisterous advances
in the field, brandishing his massy spear; as huge Orion,
when on foot he marches, cutting his way through the vast
watery fields of the mid-ocean, with his shoulder overtops
the waves; or, conveying an aged ash from the high moun-
tains, stalks on the ground, and hides his head among the
clouds; just so Mezentius in vast armour strides along.

Him on the other hand Æneas, having described him in the
long battalion, prepares to encounter. He unterrified re-
mains expecting his magnanimous foe, and stands firm on
his own huge basis; and, measuring with his eye, as much
space as his javelin could reach, saus, Now let this right-
hand, my god, and the missile weapon which I poise, be
my aid; I vow that you, my own Lausus, shall be clad in
the spoils torn from the pirate's body, the trophy of Æneas.
He said, and hurled from afar the hissing dart: but the
winged dart is by glancing on the shield flung off; and deep-
pierces illustrious Antores between the side and flank;
Antores, the attendant of Hercules, who from Argos sent
had joined Evander, and settled in his Italian city. He
falls, unhappy, by another's wound, looks up to heaven, and
in death remembers his beloved Argos. Then the pious
Æneas darts his spear: through the concave orb of triple
brass, through the linen folds, and the complicated work with
three bulls' hides inwoven, it made way, and settled low
down in the groin; but had spent its force. Instantly Æneas,
overjoyed at seeing the Tuscan's blood, snatches his
sword from his thigh, and darts impetuous on his foe, stunned
with the stroke. Lausus, soon as he saw it, heaved a deep
groan in fond pity to his beloved sire, and the tears came
trickling down his cheeks. Here be assured I shall not
pass in silence either thee, praise-worthy youth, or the cat-
tastrophe of thy piteous death, or thy virtuous deeds, thou
best of sons, if any future age will give credit to an act so
noble. The father, drawing back his steps, quite disabled
and encumbered, gave ground, and in his buckler trailed the
hostile spear. The youth sprang forward, and flung him-
self amidst the armed troops; and stood under the point of
Æneas' sword, just as he was rising with his arm, and fetch-
ing the stroke; and keeping him a while at bay, sustained
his shock. His friends second him with loud acclamation,
till, by the target of the son protected, the father withdrew;
flung showers of darts, and at a distance repel the foe with
missile weapons. Æneas storms, and keeps himself under
the covert of his shield. And as, if at times the clouds in a
drift of hail rush down, every labouring hind flies from the
fields away, and every swan, and the traveller lurks in some
secure retreat, either on the banks of a river, or in the cleft
of a high rock, till on the earth the shower be over-
blown; that, when the sun returns, they may pursue the
labours of the day: just so Æneas, with darts from every
quarter overwhelmed, sustains the whole storm of war, till
the thunder spends its rage; and chides Lausus from the
field, and threatens him thus: Whither dost thou rush to
thy own destruction, and why dost thou attempt what ex-
ceeds thy strength? Thy pious duty blindfolds thee un-
guarded to thy ruin. He infatuated with no less insolence
still braves the hero. And now the fierce wrath of the
Trojan leader rises to a greater height, and the Destinies to
Lausus wind up the last threads of life; for Æneas into
the youth through the middle of his body plunges his
mighty sword, and buries it quite within his bosom. The
pointed steel pierced both through the thin shield, the light
armour of the vaunting youth, and the vest, which with soft
thread of gold his mother had spun: and the blood his bos-
sum filled: then to the shades the soul fled mourning
through the air, and left the body. But soon as the off-
spring of Anchises saw his visage and dying looks, his looks
wondrously pale and ghastly, in pity he drew a heavy groan,
and stretched forth his hand; and the image of his filial piety
penetrated deep into his soul. Lamented youth, what recom-
pence proportioned to those virtues of thine, what honour be-
coming so great excellence, shall the pious Æneas on thee
now confer? Thy arms, wherein thou rejoicedest, still retain:
and to the manes and ashes of thy parents, if that be any ob-
ject of thy care, I thee resign. Yet, hapless youth, with this
thou shalt solace thy wretched death; by the right-hand of
great Æneas thou failest. Then straight he chides his lin-
gerine followers, and from the ground raises up the youth,
with his blood marring the beauty of those locks that were
in comely order dressed.

Meanwhile the father at the stream of the river Tyber
stanched his wounds with water, and gave a more easy pos-
ture to his body, leaning on the trunk of a tree. From the
boughs apart his brazen helmet hangs, and his unwieldy
arms rest on the mead. Chosen youths around him stand:
himself quite faint, and panting for breath, cases his droop-
ing neck, having spread on his breast a length of waving
beard. Of Lausus he incessantly inquires, and many mes-
sengers he sends again and again to recall him from the
fight, and bear to him the orders of his afflicted father.
But his weeping friends were carrying lifeless Lausus on their arms, a mighty corpse, and with mighty wound overthrown.

The father's ill-boding mind at a distance understood their groans. His hoary locks with vile ashes he deforms, to heaven stretches both his hands, and fast to the body clings; O my son, was I with such fond desire of life possessed, to suffer him whom I begot to substitute himself for me to the foe's avenging arm? by these wounds of thine am I thy father saved, living by thy death? Ah! now at length on wretched me my exile heavy lies, now a wound is driven home deep into my heart. I too, my son, the same unhappy cause of thy death, have by my guilt sullied the glory of thy fame, for odious misdeeds driven from my throne and paternal sceptre. It is I that to my country satisfaction owed, and to the odium of my subjects ought to have paid the forfeit of my guilty life by a thousand deaths. And still I live, unworthy as I am; nor yet from men and this hated light withdraw; but I will withdraw. Then with these words he raises himself on his maimed thigh; and, though the violent smart of the deep wound retards him, yet, not broken in mind, he orders his courser to be brought. This was his ornament, this his solace; by this he came off victorious in all his wars. The sympathising animal he bespeaks, and thus begins: Long, Rhoëbus, have we lived, if aught can be said to subsist long with mortals. To-day you shall either bear away in triumph the head of Æneas, and those spoils all bathed in his blood, and with me avenge the griefs of Lausus; or, if no efforts open a way to this, you shall fall with me: for never, I presume, wilt thou, most generous animal, deign to bear the commands of another, and Trojan lords. He said; and, received on his willing back, placed his limbs on the accosted seat, and with pointed javelins loaded each hand, his head gleaming with brass, and roughly garnished with a crest of horse-hair. Thus with rapid speed he drove into the midst. Deep in his heart boils overwhelming shame: and frantic rage also arises, with intermingled grief, and love racked with furious despair, and conscious worth: and here thrice with loud voice he called Æneas. Æneas knew him well; and, pleased with the challenge, thus his prayer addresses: So may the great father of the gods, so may exalted Apollo influence thee to begin the combat. This only he said, and with his menacing spear advances against him. But he exclaimed, Most barbarous man, why thinkest thou to affright me, now that my son is from me snatched? This was the only way whereby thou couldst destroy me. I ne-
ther fear death, nor any of your gods regard. Your blustering threats forbear: now I am come to die, but first to thee these gifts I bring. He said, and hurled a dart against the foe; then after that another and another he fixes fast, and flies over the field in a spacious circuit; but the golden boss sustains their shock. Thrice round Æneas, as he stood against him, he rode in circles to the left, still throwing javelins with his hand: thrice the Trojan hero, wheeling as he wheels, bears about with him in his brazen shield a frightful grove of spears. And now when he is tired with spinning out so long delays, and drawing out so many darts, and when he is severely harassed, being engaged in an unequal fight, revolving many thoughts in his mind, at length he springs forth to vengeance, and between the hollow temples of the warrior-steed darts his lance. The horse raises himself upright, then with his heels buffetst the air, and falling upon his dismounted rider, keeps him down, and floundering forward, overlays his prostrate shoulder. The Trojans and Latins both with acclamations rend the sky. Æneas flies to him, and snatchest his sword from the scabbard, and over him these words he pronounces: Where is now the stern Mezentius? where is that wild impetuosity of soul? On the other hand, the Tuscan, as soon as lifting up his eyes to heaven he began to breathe the air, and recover his senses, said, Despightful foe, why insultest thou and threatenest death? There is no crime in shedding my blood, that either you should demur, or I be afraid of it; nor engaged I in the combat on such terms that you should spare my life, nor did my Lausus make such a contract with you on my behalf. One thing I implore, by that grace, if any grace to a vanquished foe belongs, suffer my body to be covered round with earth. I know the cruel resentment of my subjects besets me round, who want to deprive me of burial; defend me, I pray, from this outrage, and to a grave consign me in partnership with my son. He said, and in his throat, not unprepared, receives the blade, and pours forth life in the blood streaming on his armour.

BOOK XI.

In the Eleventh Book, the funeral of Pallas is solemnized. Latinus, in council, attempts a reconciliation with Æneas, which is prevented by Turnus, and by the hostile approach of the Trojan army. Camilla greatly signalises herself, but is at last slain, when night puts an end to the combat.

MEANWHILE Aurora rising left the ocean. Æneas (though both his princely cares hurry him to allot time for interring
his friends, and his mind is perplexed about the funeral of Pallas) first, in consequence of his victory, paid to the gods his vows soon as the dawn appeared. A huge oak, with its boughs on every side lopt off, he erected on a rising ground, and adorned it with shining arms, the spoils of king Mezentius: to thee a trophy, thou great warrior-god! He fits to the trunk his crest distilling blood, and the hero's shattered arms, and his breast-plate in twice six places dent- ed and transfix'd; and to the left-arm he fastens his target of brass, and from the neck suspends his ivory-hilted sword. Then thus beginning he encourages his jovous friends, (for all the chiefs in a crowded body enclosed him:) Illustrious warriors, our most important work is done: henceforth all fear be banished. For what remains, these are the spoils, the first-fruit of victory won from that insolent tyrant; and to this state the redoubted Mezentius is by my arm reduced. Now to the king and the walls of Latium our way lies open: your arms make ready for the siege, and with stout hearts and hopes anticipate the war, that obstacles may not detain you unprovided, or a wavering resolution retard you clogged with fear, when first the gods permit us to pluck up the standard, and from the camp to lead forth the youth. Meanwhile let us to earth commit our friends, and the un-buried corpses of the slain; which is the sole honour regard- ed in the infernal world. Go, he says, with the last duties grace those illustrious souls who for us have won this country with their blood; and first to the mourning city of Evander let Pallas be conveyed, whom, not deficient in heroic virtue, a black inauspicious day cut off, and sunk in an untimely death. Thus weeping he speaks, and to the threshold takes his way, where aged Accetes watched the corpse of lifeless Pallas laid out: Accetes, who formerly was armour-bearer to Arcadian Evander, and now with less auspicious omens came to the war, appointed guardian to his darling foster-son. Around the dead the whole retinue of his servants stood, a band of Trojans and mourning dames of Ilium with tresses in usual form dishevelled. But soon as Æneas entered the lofty gates, beating their breasts they raise to heaven a hideous groan, and the palace rings with mournful lamentation. When he himself beheld the bolstered head and face of Pallas, white and cold as snow, and in his smooth breast the gaping wound of the Ausonian spear, he thus with gushing tears begins: Oh, lamented youth, how envious was Fortune, just when she began to smile, to snatch thee from me, that thou shouldst not see my kingdom, nor be borne in triumph to thy paternal seats? Not such things of thee I at parting promised to thy sire
Evander, when taking leave of me with embraces, he sent me against a mighty empire, and trembling warned me that the men we had to do with were fierce, and that we were to engage a rough and warlike nation. And now he, highly deceived with empty hope, is, perhaps, both making vows, and loading the altars with offerings; while we in grief with unavailing pomp attend the youth, a lifeless corpse, and now released from his allegiance to the powers above. Ill-fated sire, thou shalt see the dismal funeral of thy own son! Is it thus we return? are these our promised triumphs? is this my boasted confidence? Yet for thy consolation, Evander, thou shalt not see him with inglorious wounds repulsed; nor on thy son thus saved by disgrace shalt thou, in spite of paternal affection, imprecate an accursed death. Ah me, how glorious a protector thou Ausonia, and thou Iulus, in him hast lost!

When thus he had vented his grief, he orders them to bear away the woeful corpse, and sends a thousand men, selected from the whole army, to accompany these last honours, and bear a part in the parent's tears; small consolation for such mighty woe, but due to the unhappy sire! others with forward zeal weave hurdles, and a pliant bier of arbute-rods and oaken-twigs, and with a covering of boughs shade the funeral bed high raised. Here on the rural couch sublime they lay the youth: like a flower, either of the tender violet or drooping hyacinth, cropped by a virgin's hand, from which not the gay bloom, or its own fair form, hath yet departed; the parent soil no longer feeds it, or supplies it with strength. Then two rich vests, stiff with embroidery of gold and purple, Æneas brought forth; which formerly Sidonian Dido, pleased with the task, with her own hands for him had wrought, and striped the stuff with slender threads of gold. In one of these, his last ornament, the hero with a sorrowful heart arrays the youth, and muffles up in a veil his hair devoted to the flames. Besides, he amasses many rich prizes of the Laurentine war, and orders the booty to be led in long procession. He adds the steeds and arms whereof he had disposed the foe. And to their backs he had bound the hands of those whom to his shade as offering he would send, to sprinkle with their shed blood the funeral flame; and the chiefs themselves he commands to bear trunks of trees decked with hostile arms, and the names of the enemies to be inscribed upon them. Unhappy Acetes, worn out with age, is by supporters led, now with his fists tearing his breasts, now with his nails his face; and bending forward with his whole body, he grovels on the ground. His chariots too they lead besmeared with Rutu-
lian blood. Next his warrior-horse, Æthón, his trappings laid aside, moves on weeping, and with the big drops bedews his cheeks. Others bear his spear and helmet; for of the rest victorious Turnus is possessed. Then in mournful plight, the phalanx, the Trojan and the Tuscan leaders follow, and the Arcadians with their arms inverted. After the whole body of attendants had advanced before the corpse in long procession, Æneas paused, and with a deep groan subjoined these words: We to other scenes of woe, by the same horrid fate of war, are summoned hence. Farewell for ever, illustrious Pallas, and adieu for ever. This said, he bent his course to the high walls, and directed his steps back to the camp.

And now from the city of king Latinus ambassadors came crowned with olive-boughs, supplicating grace from Æneas; requesting that he would deliver to them the bodies of their dead which by the sword lay scattered over the field, and permit them to be entombed in the earth; alleging that with the vanquished and the lifeless war is at an end; and hoping that he would spare a people to whose hospitality and alliance he was once invited.

Whom, not unreasonable in their demands, the courteous Æneas receives with grace, and adds these words: What undeserved fate, ye Latinus, hath involved you in so disastrous a war, who thus decline us your friends? Is it for the dead, and the slain by the chance of war, you implore peace? I truly would grant it to the living too. I should not have come hither unless the Fates had here assigned my settlement and place of residence; nor with the Latin nation wage I war. With us your king renounced hospitality, and rather trusted himself to the arms of Turnus. More just had it been for Turnus to expose himself to this death. If to terminate the war by personal valour, if to expel the Trojans he intends, me in these arms, he ought to have encountered: he of us two had lived, to whom God or his own right-hand life had given. Now go, and under your unfortunate countrymen apply the funeral fire. Æneas said. They in silence stood astonished, and turning held their eyes and faces to each other.

Then aged Drances, who still by calumny and invectives on young Turnus vented his animosity, alternate thus replies: Trojan hero, mighty in fame, but mightier still in arms, by what encomiums shall I exalt thee to heaven? which shall I most admire, thy justice or thy achievements in war? We truly with grateful hearts will bear this an-

1 Drances, a friend of king Latinus, remarkable for his eloquence and weakness.
swifer back to our city; and, if any fortune shall open the
way, will associate thee to king Latinus: let Turnus seek
alliances for himself. We will even with pleasure rear up
the fabric of your destined walls, and on our shoulders bear
the stones of Troy.

He said; and all with one voice murmured their assent.
They settled a truce for twice six days: and during the in-
termediate peace, Trojans and Latins promiscuous without
hostility ranged the woods along the mountains. Felled by
the two-edged steel crashes the tall ash; pines shot up to
the stars they overthrow; they neither cease to cleave with
wedges the oaken planks and fragrant cedar, nor to convey
in groaning waggons the mountain-ashes.

And now flying fame, the harbinger of so great woe, fills
Evander and Evander's palace and city; fame, which just
now to Latium bore the news that Pallas was victorious.
The Arcadians rush to the gates, and, as the ancient man-
ner was, snatched up funeral torches. With a long train of
flames the path all shines, and far and wide illuminates the
fields. The band of Trojans advancing opposite to them
join the lamenting troops; whom, soon as the matrons be-
held approaching the walls, they inflame the mourning city
with their shrieks. But no force can restrain Evander
from rushing through the midst. The bier being laid down,
on Pallas he falls prostrate, and with sobs and groans clings
to the corpse; and at length with much ado for grief is a
passage opened to these words: These, O Pallas, are not
the promises thou gavest thy parent, that with more cau-
tion thou wouldst trust thyself to the bloody combat. I
was not ignorant how far rising fame in arms, and the be-
witching charms of honour, might in the first action carry
you. Ah, fatal to the youth have been his first essays, hard
his probation in early war! Alas! my vows and prayers
are by none of the gods regarded! Thou most holy part-
er of my bed, happy in thy death, and not to this woe re-
served! whilst I by living on have overpassed my mutual
bounds to remain a childless father. When I followed the
confederate arms of Troy, the Rutulians should have over-
whelmed me with their darts: my life with joy I had re-
signed, and me, not Pallas, this funeral pomp had home
conveyed. Nor you, ye Trojans, will I accuse, nor your al-
liance, nor those right-hands we joined in hospitable
league: this stroke of fortune was destined to my old age.
However, if untimely death awaited my son, it will be
some satisfaction, that ushering the Trojans into Latium he
fell, having first slain thousands of the Volscians. And now
with no other funeral obsequies, O Pallas, can I thee
grace, than what the pious Aeneas, and the noble Trojans, the Tuscan leaders, and whole army of the Tuscan, have given thee. Thy illustrious trophies they bear, those whom victims to death thy right-hand offered. Thou too, O Turnus, shouldst have stood among them a huge trunk in arms, had my age been equal, and my strength from years the same with yours. But why do I, hapless man, detain the Trojans from the war? Go, and faithfully bear back these mandates to your king: If I linger out a hated life, after my Pallas is slain, it is in consequence of the hopes I derive from thy right-hand; from which you see vengeance on Turnus is justly due to a son and sire. This post of honour is alone reserved for thee and thy fortune. It is not any joy in life I seek, nor is it fit I should; but I wish to carry the joyful tidings to my son down to the shades below.

Meanwhile to wretched mortals Aurora had brought forth the auspicious light, renewing the works and labours of the day. Now father Aeneas, now Tarchon, on the winding shore erected funeral piles. Hither they conveyed, each after the manner of his ancestors, the bodies of their dead; and, the baleful fires being applied under them, the lofty sky, with smouldering smoke, is hidden in darkness. Thrice round the blazing piles on foot they ran in shining armour clad; thrice they encompassed the mournful funeral fire on horseback, and sent forth doleful yells. With their tears bedewed is the earth, bedewed are their arms. The shrieks of men and clangor of the trumpets pierce the sky. Next into the fire some throw the spoils torn from the Latins slain, helmets, and glittering swords, bits, and glowing chariot-wheels: some, presents to the dead well known, their own bucklers and unsuccessful darts. Many heads of oxen all around are offered victims to death; and over the flames they stab bristly boars, and sheep snatched from all the fields: then along the whole shore they view their burning friends, and watch their half-consumed piles; nor can they be torn from them, before humid night inverts the face of heaven, bespangled with shining stars.

Nor with less pious care the wretched Latins in a different quarter reared numberless piles; and they bury in the earth many bodies of their heroes, forming a part of the mass of slain: and part carried off they to the neighbouring fields convey, and send back to the city. The rest, and a vast heap of promiscuous slaughter, without number and without honour, they burn: then on all sides the spacious fields, as rivalling each other, blaze together with frequent fires. The third day's light had from the sky removed the
chill shades of night; when with melancholy aspect they huddled together on the hearths the heaped-up ashes and bones mingled in confusion, and loaded them with a smoking mount of earth. But now in the courts of opulent Latinus, and in the city, is the chief uproar, and by far the deepest scene of mourning. Here mothers and hapless brides, here tender-hearted sisters in deep anguish, and striplings of their sires bereft, curse the ruinful war, and the nuptials of Turnus; and himself they urge by arms, himself by the sword to decide the quarrel with his rival, since for himself alone he claims the crown of Italy and the first honours. These the malicious Drances aggravates, and protests that Turnus alone is called, alone is challenged to the combat. On the other side the votes of many, in various speech, are given for Turnus, and him the queen's illustrious name protects; and his own distinguished fame, for trophies justly won, supports the hero.

Amidst these commotions, in the heat of this raging tumult, lo, to complete the distress, the ambassadors, from Diomede's imperial city returning sorrowful, their answer bring; that nothing was effected by all the expense of so great labour; that neither the gifts, nor gold, nor importunate prayers, had aught availed; that the Latins must have recourse to other arms, or sue for peace from the Trojan prince. With great grief king Latinus himself faints away. Now the wrath of the gods, and the recent tombs before his face, declare that Æneas, the messenger of fate, is led on by a manifest divine impulse.

Therefore within the lofty palace he assembles his great council, and the peers of his realm, summoned by his imperial order. They meet according to the requisition, and flock to the royal apartments along the crowded ways. In the centre, with unjoyous aspect, sits Latinus, both most advanced in age, and first in sway. And here he orders the ambassadors of the Ætolian city, now returned, to say what message they bring back, and demands each particular answer in its order. Then silence sat on every tongue; and Venulus thus, in obedience to command, begins: We have seen, O citizens, great Diomede and the Argive camp, and measuring a length of way, have a thousand dangers overpassed, and touched that hand by which Troy's kingdom fell. He victorious was raising in the plains of Apulian Garganus the city called Argyripa, from the name of his native country. After we were admitted, and had permission

1 Garganus, (St. Angelo,) a lofty mountain of Apulia, projecting in the form of a promontory into the Adriatic sea.

2 Argyripa, see Arpi, note 1, Æneid, Book X. page 279.
given to speak in the royal presence, we first present our gifts; declare our name and country; who made war upon us; what errand drew us to Arpi. Our message heard, he thus with mild accent replied: O happy nations, once Saturn's realm, ancient Ausonians, what untoward fortune disturbs you, a peaceful race, and prompts you to rouse unusual wars? As many of us as with the sword violated the lands of Ilium, (I wave those extremities of woe which in fighting under its lofty walls we sustained, what illustrious heroes that Simois of theirs swept away,) have borne unutterable sufferings over the world, and all punishments for our crime; a band whom even Priam would pity. Minerva's disastrous constellation knows, and the Eubocean rocks, and vengeful mount Caphareus. Ever since that expedition, have we severally on different coasts been driven; Menelaus, the son of Atreus, is exiled as far as the pillars of Proteus; Ulysses hath seen the Cyclops of mount Ætna. Shall I mention the tragic fate of Neoptolemus' realms, and the overthrow of Idomeneus' settlement, or the dispersion of the Locri who inhabit Libya's barren coast? The prince of Mycenae himself, the leader of the illustrious Greeks, fell by the hand of his unnatural spouse, in the first entrance to his palace; and his adulterous assassin by traitorous means possessed himself of conquered Asia. Or shall I mention how the envious gods forbade that I myself, restored to my native country, should see my much-loved queen, and lovely Calydon? Even now prodigies of horrid aspect pursue me; my associates, lost to me for ever, into the aerial regions have winged their way, and, to birds transformed, wander along the rivers, (ah dire vengeance on my friends!) and fill the rocks with doleful notes. And indeed I had reason to apprehend these calamities ever since that time, when with the sword I madly assaulted the celestial beings, and violated the hand of Venus with a wound. But urge not, urge not me again to fight like these: neither with the Trojans wage I any war, now that Troy is overthrown; nor remember I with joy their former woes. Those gifts, which to me you brought from your native coasts, transfer to Æneas. We against his keen darts have stood, and engaged him hand to hand: trust me, who by experience know how stern he rises to

1 Simois, see note 5, Æneid, Book I, page 89.
2 Caphareus, (Cape D'Oro,) a lofty promontory on the south-east coast of Euboea, an island in the Egean sea.
3 Proteus, a king of Egypt, on whose coasts Menelaus, in his return from the Trojan war, was forced by stress of weather.
4 Prince of Mycenae; Agamemnon, who was chosen chief commander of the Grecian forces in the war against Troy. After the destruction of that city, Agamemnon returned to Argos, where he was murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour Ægisthus.
his shield, with what a whirl he throws his lance. Had Ida's land produced two such heroes more, the Trojans had first advanced to the cities of Inachus, and Greece by a reverse of fortune would have mourned. Whatever obstruction was given at the walls of stubborn Troy, the victory of the Greeks was suspended by the hand of Hector and Aeneas, and was retarded till the tenth year. Both for valour are distinguished, both for noble feats of arms; this in piety excels. Let your right-hands be joined in league, by whatever means it may be done: but beware of opposing arms to arms. Thus, best of kings, you have at once both heard his answer, and his resolution on this important war. Scarcely had the legates spoken, when through Ausonia's troubled sons a various and confused noise ran; as, when rocks retard a river's rapid course, from the pent-up flood murmurs arise, and with the beating waves the neighbouring banks resound.

Soon as their minds were calmed, and their tumultuous tongues were hushed, the king, having first addressed the gods, thus from his lofty throne begins: I indeed could wish, ye Latins, and it had been better, that we had before determined on the common cause, and not to call a council at such a juncture, when the foe lays siege to our walls. Incommodious war, O citizens, we wage with a nation of gods and heroes invincible, whom no battles tire out, and who, when vanquished, cannot lay down the sword. What hope you entertained from the invited arms of the Ætolians, now dismiss: each must be the centre of his own hope: but how feeble this is, too well you see. In what ruin the rest of our affairs are involved, I need not say, since all is by yourselves both seen and felt. Nor yet accuse I any: what the highest pitch of valour could, has been achieved; with the whole strength of the realm we have bravely struggled. Now then, (lend your attention,) I will unfold, and briefly show what purpose rises in my wavering soul. To me an ancient tract of land belongs near the Tuscan river, in length extended to the west, even beyond Sicania's bounds: the Arruncians and Rutulians sow the soil, and vex with the share the stubborn hills, and turn to pasture their most rugged parts. Let this whole region, and the lofty mountain's piny tracts, be given away to the friendship of the Trojans; and let us pronounce equal terms of peace, and, as our allies, invite them into our realms. There let them settle, if they have such strong

1 Sicania, an ancient name of Sicily, Italy, and afterwards into Sicily, where which it received from the Sicanii, a people of Spain, who first passed into
desire, and build cities. But if they have a mind to take possession of other territories and another country, and if from our land they can consistently with fate withdraw, let us build for them twice ten ships of Italian timber, or more, if they are able to man them: all the materials lie along the river; let themselves order the number and fashion of the vessels; let us with money, men, and naval stores, supply them. Besides, our pleasure is, that a hundred ambassadors of the first rank from Latium go to bear our instructions, and confirm the alliance, and in their hands extend the boughs of peace, bearing presents of ivory, and sums of gold, the chair of state, and royal robe, the ensigns of our crown. Advise for the common good, and relieve a distressed state.

Then the same resentful Drances rises, (whom the glory of Turnus inflamed with oblique envy and malignant stings; abounding in wealth, and abounding more in tongue, but a cold champion in war, yet of no mean authority deemed in consultations; in faction powerful; him his mother’s quality inspired with the pride of noble blood, but by the father’s side he was of birth obscure,) and loads Turnus with these invectives, and aggravates the animosity conceived against him: Gracious sovereign, you ask counsel in an affair which to none is mysterious, nor requires our debate. All must own that they well know what the state of the nation demands; but through fear they hesitate to speak their mind. Let him allow that freedom of speech, and moderate his vaunts, for whose inauspicious influence and perverse conduct, (for my part I will speak out, even though he should threaten me with hostility and death,) we have seen so many illustrious chiefs perish, and the whole city sit in mourning; while he tempts the Trojan camp, trusting to flight, and heaven with his arm defies.

To those numerous presents which you order to be sent and delivered to the Trojans, this one, this one more, O best of sovereigns, add; nor let any one’s violent remonstrances deter thee from giving away your daughter, by a father’s right, to an illustrious son-in-law, (a worthy match,) and from confirming this peace by a perpetual alliance. And if such dread of Turnus haunts our minds and souls, him let us implore, and from him sue for grace; that to his sovereign he may resign, and to his country give up his proper right. Why dost thou so often expose thy wretched citizens to open dangers? O thou, the source and origin of these ills to Latium! no safety is for us in war: to thee, O Turnus, we all sue for grace, and at the same time for the sole inviolable pledge of peace. Lo, I the first, (whom
as your malicious foe you image to yourself, nor am I concerned to disprove the charge, ) lo, I come thy suppliant: have pity on thy own; lay aside thy fierceness, and baffled quit the field. Full many deaths have we with loss of victory seen, and brought the extended fields to desolation. Or, if fame have influence on you, if in your breast such fortitude you lodge, and if your heart be so much set on a palace for your dowry; act the hero, and bravely expose your breast adverse to the foe. Forsooth, that Turnus may be blessed with a royal consort, we abject souls may be strewn on the field, an unburied and un lamented throng. And now, if you have any spirit, if you have aught of your country's warlike genius, look him in the face who gives you the challenge. With these invectives the fierce mind of Turnus was inflamed: he groans, and from the bottom of his breast forces out these accents: Drances, I own, you have always a rich profusion of words at the time when wars call for action; and when a council is convened, you are there the foremost: but this is not a time to fill the court with words, which in big torrents from thee in safety flow, while the bulwarks of our walls keep off the foe, and the trenches float not with blood. Wherefore thunder on in noisy eloquence, as thou art wont, and arraign me of cowardice, thou the valiant Drances, since thy right-hand hath raised so many heaps of slaughtered Trojans, and every where thou deckest the fields with trophies. You may, however, put that animated valour of yours to the proof: for not far have we to seek our foes; they all around beset our walls. March we against the adversary? I am content; why do you demur? will your prowess always lie in your blustering tongue, and in those feet only swift to fly? Am I routed? or will any one, thou most abject wretch, justly tax me with being routed, who shall view the swollen Tyber rise with Trojan blood, and Evander's whole family with his race stretched on the ground, and the Arcadians stripped of their armour? Not so Bitias and bulky Pandarus me proved, nor those thousands whom, in one day, I victorious sent down to Tartarus, enclosed within the walls, and shut up by the rampart of the foe. No safety, you say, is in war. Go, madman, vent such language to the Dardanian chief, and the Trojans, thy own party. Wherefore cease not to embroil all with dreadful alarms, to extol the strength of the twice vanquished race, and on the other hand to depress the arms of Latinus. Add in favour of your new friends: Now the Myrmidonian chiefs tremble at the Phrygian arms! now Diomed
and Larissæan Achilles! and the river 1 Aufidus, affrighted at seeing their fleet, flies back from the Adriatic waves; for this is the language of his dastardly soul, even when the wicked dissembler feigns himself under terror of my menaces, and by his own fear aggravates the charge against me. Cease from being disturbed; never shalt thou lose that worthless soul of thine by this right-hand: let it dwell with thee, and rest in that ignoble breast. Now I return from this digression to thee, great father of the state, and to the subject of thy debate. If in our arms you repose no further confidence: if we are so desolate, and utterly undone by our army being once defeated, and our fortune is capable of no redress; let us sue for peace, and, as suppliants, extend our hands unarmed. Yet oh! did any of our wonted worth remain, how should we blush at the proposal! Happy he in my judgment, beyond others happy, even in his toils, and truly heroic in soul, who, that he might not see aught like this, fell once for all, and dying bit the ground. But if we both have forces, and youthful troops still fresh, and Italian cities and nations left to our aid; if the Trojans purchase their honour with the expense of much blood; if they too have their funerals, and the storm of war has raged through all with equal fury; why faint we inglorious in the first entrance to the war? why does trembling seize our limbs, even before the trumpet sounds? Length of days, and the various labour of changeful time, have reduced many things to a better state: fortune, that visits men alternately with good and ill, hath baffled the hopes of many, and again placed them in a state of solid felicity. The Ætolian prince, it seems, and his city, Arpi will not support us; but Messapus will, and the fortunate 2 Tolumnius and those brave leaders whom so many nations have sent: nor shall small glory attend the select troops from Latium and the Laurentine fields. With us too is 3 Camilla, of the illustrious race of the Volscians, who leads a squadron of horse, and troops gaily glittering with brass. But if the Trojans demand me alone to the fight, and if this be your pleasure, and I so much obstruct your common good; I have not hitherto been so much abandoned by victory, as to decline any enterprise for so glorious a prospect. I will advance against Æneas with confidence, though he should even approve himself a great Achilles,

1 Aufidus, (Cifanto,) a river of Apulia in Italy, falling into the Adriatic. The battle of Cannæ was fought on the banks of the Aufidus.

2 Tolumnius, an augur in the army of Turnus against Æneas, who violated the league between the Rutulians and Trojans, and was afterwards slain.

3 Camilla, see note 3, Æneid, Book VII. page 237.
and sheathe himself in similar armour forged by Vulcan's hands. To you, and to Latinus, my promised father-in-law, I, Turnus, not inferior in valour to any of the ancient heroes, have this life of mine devoted. Does Æneas challenge me alone! Heaven grant he may. Nor, whether this issue in vengeance from the gods, shall Drances rather than myself by death make the atonement; or, whether in glory and valour, shall he bear away the prize.

Thus, while they in mutual contention were debating on the perplexed state of their affairs, Æneas was advancing his camp and army towards the city of Laurentum. Lo, in great hurry a messenger rushes through the court, and fills the city with dreadful alarms; intimating, that, from the Tyber's stream, the Trojans, arranged in battle-array, and also the Tuscan host, were marching down over all the plains. Forthwith all minds are seized with perturbation, the hearts of the populace are stunned, and their rage with keen stimulating impulse is roused. In hurry they call for arms in hand; for arms, the storming youth exclaim: the fathers in sadness mourn and repine. Here, from every quarter, the loud clamour ascends with various discordant notes to the skies: just as when by chance in some tall grove flocks of birds alight, or in Padusa's fishy streams sonorous swans raise a clattering din through the loquacious resounding floods. Citizens, says Turnus, seizing the occasion, convene your council, and seated there harangue in praise of peace, whilst they rush into our kingdom in arms. This said, he instantly put himself in motion, and quick from the lofty hall withdrew. You, Volusus, he says, command to arms the Volscian troops, and lead on the Rutulians; ye Messapus, and Coras with your brother, pour abroad the armed horsemen over the extended plains; let some secure the passes to the city, and man the towers; the rest employ their arms with me where I shall command. Instant to the walls they flock from all quarters of the town. The royal sire, Latinus himself, quits the council and his great designs of peace, and distracted with the present dismal conjuncture, adjourns; himself he much accuses, that he had not directly accepted the Trojan hero, and to the city admitted him as his son-in-law. Others dig trenches before the gates, or heave up to them rocks and palisades; the hoarse trumpet sounds the bloody signal for the war; then in various circling crowds matrons and boys crowned the ramparts: the extremity of distress ur-

1 Padusa, the most southern mouth of the Po, from which there was a Tiburtus, who fought against Æneas, cut to the town of Ravenna.

2 Coras, a brother of Catillus and
gently calls every one to assist. Meanwhile the queen, with a great retinue of matrons, is borne aloft to the temple and high towers of Dallas, carrying offerings to the goddess; and by her side attends the virgin Lavinia, the cause of so great woe, fixing on the ground her beauteous eyes. The matrons advance, and with incense fume the temple, and from the lofty threshold pour forth their doleful prayers: Armipotent patroness of war, 1 Tritonian virgin, crush with thine arm the Phrygian pirate's lance, and stretch the intruder himself prostrate on the ground, and overthrow him under our lofty gates.

Turnus himself with emulous ardour raging is armed for battle; and now, clad in his Rutulian corset, with brazen scales he shot a horrid glare, and had sheathed his legs in gold, his temples yet naked and unarmed; to his side he had buckled on his sword, and from the high forl speed his way shone all in gold; with martial pride he exults, and already in hope anticipates the foe: as when the courser, having burst his bonds, flies from the stall, at length at liberty, and possessed of the open plain; either to the pastures and herds of mares he bents his way, or accustomed to be laved in the well-known flood, springs forth, and rearing up his crest on high, neighs with wanton pride; and his waving mane plays on his neck and shoulders. Whom fall in the face Camilla, attended by her Volscian squadron, meets, and under the very gates the queen leaps down from her horse; after whose example the whole troop quitting their steeds, slid down to earth. Then thus she speaks: Turnus, if justly in themselves the brave may aught confide, I dare, and promise to stand the shock of the whole Trojan host, and singly to make head against the Tuscan horse. Suffer me with this arm to tempt the first dangers of the war: near the walls stay you behind on foot, and guard the city. To this Turnus with eyes fixed on the redoubted maid, replies: O heroine, thy country's ornament, what thanks can I prepare to express, or what return can I make to thee? But now since that soul of thine is superior to all dangers, share with me the toil. Æneas, as fame and the scouts we sent bring sure advice, with wicked purpose hath sent before light armed horse to scour the plains: himself along the desert height of the mountain, hastening down its brow, marches against the city. Therefore, to foil his cunning, a stratagem of war I devise, in a winding path of yonder wood to beset with an armed band the two-fold defile. Do you in close fight en-

1 Tritonian Virgin; Minerva. See note 2, Æneid, Book II, page 142.
gage the Tuscan horse. The brave Messapus will join you, and the Latin troops, and the Tiburtine band; and assume you the general's charge. He said, and in like terms animates Messapus and the confederate chiefs to the fight, and himself marches on against the foe. In a mazy winding tract a valley lies, commodious for ambush and the wiles of war; which a gloomy flank of wood with thick boughs encloses: whither a scanty path conveys, narrow defiles and malignant passes lead. Over this, in the mountain's prospective brow and lofty summit, lie a concealed plain and safe retreats; whether from right or left you choose to attack an enemy, or from the ridge to gall him, and tumble on him ponderous rocks. Hither young Turnus repairs along the path's well known direction; he with expedition seized the post, and in the entangled thickets insidiously lay.

Meanwhile Diana in the superior mansions addressed swift 1 Opis, one of her virgin train and sacred retinue, and with sad accent pronounced these words: O nymph, Camilla to cruel war sets out, and is with our arms in vain arrayed, she whom I love above her fellows: nor is this a new passion that rises in Diana, and with a sudden fondness moves my soul. When 2 Metabus, expelled from his kingdom for invidious measures, and insolent abuse of power, quitted his ancient city Privernum, flying amidst the tempest of war, he carried off the infant his companion in exile, and from her mother's name Casmilla, with small variation, called her Camilla. He, in his bosom bearing her before him, to the remote mountains and solitary groves took his way; while cruel darts pursued him on all hands, and the Volscians hovered about with troops around him spread. Lo, in the midst of his flight, Amasenus overflowing foamed over his highest banks; such a torrent of rain had burst from the clouds: he, preparing to swim, is retarded by his tenderness for the child, and fears for his darling charge. As he was pondering every expedient within himself, suddenly this resolution with reluctance settled in his breast. There was an enormous javelin, which in his mighty hand the warrior chanced to wield, solid with knots and oak well seasoned; to this he fastens the babe wrapped up in bark and sylvan cork, and with dexterity binds her about the middle of the spear; which, poising in his vast hand, he thus addresses himself to hea-

1 Opis, a nymph among Diana's attendants, who avenged the death of Camilla by shooting Aruns, by whose hand the queen had fallen. 2 Metabus, king of Privernum, a city of the Volsci in Latium, and father of Camilla.
ven: To thee, Diana, virgin goddess, auspicious inmate of the woods, this child, thy handmaid, I in a father's right devote: wielding thy weapons first she flies through the air, thy suppliant, from the foe: O goddess, I thee implore, receive thy own, who now is committed to the uncertain winds. He said, and with unbent arm flung the whirled lance; the waves resound; over the rapid stream ill-fated Camilla on the whizzing javelin flies. But Metabus, a numerous troop now pursuing him more closely, flings himself into the flood, and, master of his wish, plucks from the grassy turf the spear, with the infant nymph, now Diana's consecrated gift. Him no cities, houses, or walls received; nor, by reason of his savage nature, would he have descended to live in society: but in the lonely mountains he led a shepherd's life. There among the brakes and horrid haunts of wild beasts, he nursed his child from the dugs of a brood-mare, and with animal milk, milking the teats into her tender lips. And soon as the infant with the first prints of her feet had marked the ground, he loaded her hands with the pointed javelin, and from the shoulders of the little Amazon hung a bow and arrows. Instead of ornaments of gold for the hair, instead of being arrayed in a long trailing robe, a tiger's hide hangs over her back down from her head. Even then with tender hand she flung childish darts, and whirled round her head a smooth-thonged sling, and struck down a Strymonian crane or milk-white swan. Many matrons through the Tuscan towns in vain wished her for their daughter-in-law. She with Diana alone content, a spotless maid, cherishes the perpetual love of darts and virginity. Would she had never been in love with war like this, nor attempted to assault the Trojans! My favourite virgin, and one of my retinue, she might now have been. But come, O nymph, it is so determined by cruel fates, slide down the sky, and visit the Latin coast, where with inauspicious omens the woeful fight is ushered in. Take these weapons, and from my quiver draw forth a vengeful arrow: by this, whoever with a wound shall violate her sacred body, whether Trojan or Italian, let him to me without distinction pay the forfeit with his blood. Then in a hollow cloud will I into a tomb convey the corpse and uncaptured arms of my lamented maid, and restore her to her native land. Diana said: but she, shooting down through the light airy regions of the sky, rattled along, her body wrapped around in a black whirlwind.

But the Trojan host meanwhile approach the walls, and the Tuscan chiefs and the whole army of horsemen in order were arranged. The prancing courser neighs aloud
over all the plain, and curvets on the tightened reins, this way and that way wheeling about: then far and wide an iron field of spears rises horrid to the view, and the plains shoot a fiery glare with arms raised aloft. Again on the other side opposed to these appear in the field Messapus, and the swift Latins, and Coras with his brother, and virgin Camilla's wing: and with right-hands drawn back portend their spears far before them, and brandish their darts: the march of the heroes and neighing of the steeds appear more and more fierce. And now each army, advancing within a javelin's throw, made a halt: then with a sudden shout they spring forth, and cheer their sprightly steeds: at once from all quarters they pour thick showers of darts, like snow, and with their shade the face of heaven is covered. Forthwith Tyrrenenus and fierce Aconteus, exerting their whole force, rush on each other with lance to lauce opposed, and first with mighty noise give a thundering charge, and with a violent shock dash their horses' breasts against each other. Aconteus, tossed from his steed after the manner of a thunderbolt, or weight shot from an engine, is flung headlong to a distance, and disperses his life in air. Instantly the lines are thrown into disorder; and the Latins, put to flight, cast their shields behind, and turn the horses to the city. The Trojans pursue: Asylas chief leads on the troops. And now they approached the gates: when the Latins again raise a shout, and wheel about the pliant necks of their steeds; the others fly, and, giving their horses full reins, retreat: as when the sea rolling with alternate tides now rushes on the land, and foaming throws over the rocks its waves, and with its spreading skirts overflows the extremity of the strand: now with rapid motion, and sucking in again the stones rolled back with the tide, it retreats, and with the ebbing current leaves the shore. Twice the Tuscans drove the flying Rutulians to their walls: twice the repulsed Rutulians face about on their foes, who fly in their turn, and with their targets defend their backs. But, after joining battle the third time, they mingled their whole armies in close fight, and man singles out his man; then dying groans are heard, and arms, and bodies, and expiring steeds, mingled with slaughtered heaps of men, roll in deep blood: a furious combat ensues. Orsilochus against the horse of Remulus, when he dreaded to attack the rider himself, hurled a lance, and left the steel beneath his ear: with which blow the courser rages bounding high, and impatient of the wound, tosses his legs aloft, rearing up his breast. His lord dismounted, falls to the ground. Catillus overthrows Iolas, and Her-
minius, equally formidable for courage, for size, and arms; whose yellow locks waved on his bare head, and whose shoulders were also uncovered. Even wounds do not dismay him: so strong, and of such huge dimensions, he stands to arms opposed. The spear, driven through his broad shoulders, trembles, and, transfixing the warrior, doubles him down with pain. Black gore is poured forth all around: vying with each other, they deal destruction with the sword, and by wounds seek glorious death. But amidst heaps of slain the Amazon Camilla, armed with a quiver, proudly prances over the field, with one breast bared for the fight; and now with her hand in showers tough javelins she throws, now with unwearied arm she snatches her sturdy halberd. From her shoulder rattles her golden bow, and the arms of Diana resound. Even if at any time repulsed she gave ground, still from her bow turned against the foe she aimed the winged shafts. Around her rode her select retinue, the virgin Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing her brazen axe, Italian nymphs; whom sacred Camilla herself had chosen for her ornament, and as faithful ministers in war and auspicious peace: like Thracian Amazons, when they beat the banks of 1Thermodon, and war with particoloured arms, either round their queen 2Hippolyte, or about Penthesilea, when that martial queen in her chariot returns; and with loud yelling uproar the female troops with half-moon shields exult. Whom first, whom last, didst thou, fierce virgin, with thy shafts overthrow? or how many bodies didst thou stretch gasping on the ground? First Eumenius, the son of Clytius, whose exposed breast, as he stood right against her, she transfixes with the long spear of fire. He, vomiting up torrents of blood, falls and bites the bloody ground, and dying writhes himself on his wound. Then she slew Liris and Pagasus besides; of whom the one tumbling backward from his horse wounded under him while he gathers up the reins, the other, as he comes up, and reaches his unavailing hand to his falling friend, both headlong and at once rush to the ground. To these she joins Amastrus, the son of Hippotas; and at distance keenly plying with darts pursues Tereas, Harpalycus, Demophoon, and Chromis; and as many shafts as shot from her hand the virgin hurled, so many Trojan heroes fell. Afar the hunter Ornytus in strange arms rides on his Apulian steed; his broad shoulders a hide torn from a fierce bullock over-

1 Thermodon, (Thermeh,) a river of Pontus, in Asia Minor, in the country of the Amazons, falling into the Luxine sea, near Themiscyra.

2 Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, given in marriage to Theseus, by Hercules, who had conquered her.
spreads; his head a wolf's vast yawning mouth and jaws with white grinning teeth cover, and a rustic lance arms his hand. In the midst of the troops he moves about, and overtops the rest by the whole head. Him intercepted (nor hard was the task, now that she had put his troop to flight) she transfixes, and over him these words with spiteful heart pronounces: Tuscan, didst thou fancy that thou wast hunting beasts of chase in the woods? The day is come, that by a female arm confutes your vaunts: yet to the manes of thy fathers this no inconsiderable honour shalt thou bear, that thou didst fall by the weapon of Camilla. In order next Orsilochus and Butes, the two most bulky bodies of the Trojans, she assaults: but Butes right against her with the pointed lance she transfixes, between the corset and the helmet, where, as he sits upon the horse, the shining neck appears, and where down from his left arm the buckler hangs: Orsilochus she mocks with dissembled flight, and wheeling round in a spacious orb, turns short upon him in a narrower circle, and pursues the pursuer. Then rising high with redoubled strokes, she drives her sturdy axe through his arms, and through his bones, while he prays and earnestly begs his life: with his warm brains the wound besmears his face. The warrior son of Aunus, the Apennine mountaineer, casually encountered her, and startled with the sudden sight stopped short; not the last of the Ligurians, while the fates suffered him to practise fraud. Soon as he perceives that now by no flight he can evade the combat, nor avert the queen who presses him close, with policy and craft attempting to execute his wishes, he thus begins: What mighty courage, female, can you boast, if on a warlike steed you rely? but throw away the means of flight, and trust thyself with me hand to hand on fair equal ground, and prepare for the combat on foot: soon shalt thou know which of us shall smart for his vain-glorious boasting. He said: but she, breathing fury, and stung with fierce resentment, delivers her steed to an attendant, and confronts him in equal arms with the naked sword on foot, and with her maiden shield undaunted. But the youth presuming that he had now overcome his foe by artifice, instantly flies off, and, turning about his horse's head, is borne away with precipitation, and tires his fleet courser with the iron spur. Pond Ligurian, says she, flushed with unavailing pride of soul, in vain hast thou perfidious tried thy country's slippery arts; nor shall all thy artifice bring thee off safe to Aunus, thy fallacious sire. Thus the virgin said, and with nimble foot, all on fire, outruns his courser's speed, and, grasping the reins, engages
him face to face, and takes vengeance on his hostile blood; with the same ease as from a lofty rock the falcon, sacred bird of Mars, with winged speed overtakes a dove soaring aloft among the clouds, and seizing gripes her fast, and scoops out the bowels with his hooked talons: then from the sky her blood and torn plumes drop down.

But not with regardless aspect the sire of gods and men these scenes surveying, on high Olympus exalted sits. The almighty parent rouses Tuscan Tarchon to bloody battles, and with no gentle incentives inflames his rage. Therefore, amidst the scenes of slaughter and flying squadrons, Tarchon is hurried by his steed, and with various remonstrances animates the wings, calling each by his name; and rallies the broken troops to battle. Oh never to be moved with just indignation! Oh still dastardly faint-hearted Tuscons, what fear, what cowardice so base has seized your souls? Does a woman drive you thus straggling, and put all these squadrons to flight! What avails the sword? or why wield we in our hands these useless weapons? But not so slothful are ye in the service of Venus and her nocturnal wars, or when the winding pipe of Bacchus hath summoned the choirs to wait for the banquets and bowls at the sumptuous board. This is your delight, this your ambition, while the auspicious augur declares the sacred rites begun, and the fat victim invites you to the deep groves. This said, he spurs on his steed into the midst, he too bent on death, and in furious perturbation advances directly up against Venulus; and with his right-hand grasps the foe torn off his steed, and precipitant with huge violence bears him off before him. A shout is raised to heaven; and all the Latins turned their eyes that way. Fiery Tarchon flies over the plain, bearing both the warrior and his arms: then from the top of his lance he breaks off the steel, and explores the open chinks where he may inflict the mortal wound. He, on the other hand, struggling against him, wards off his hand from his throat, and force by force evades. And as when the tawny eagle soaring high bears off a serpent whom she hath seized, hath fixed in him her feet, and with her talons griped him fast; the wounded serpent writhes his curling volumes, and—with erected scales looks horrid, and hisses with his mouth, rising high against his foe; she not the less with hooked beak squeezes him struggling, at the same time flaps the air with her wings: just so, from the army of the Tiburtines Tarchon in triumph bears off his prey. The Tuscons, following the example and fortune of their leader, rush on.
Then 1 Aruns, to death devoted, with his javelin and much artifice first courses round the swift Camilla, and watches what most favourable opportunity may occur. Wherever amidst the troops the furious maid drove on, there Aruns follows, and silently surveys her steps. Wherever she victorious returns, and from the foe withdraws her steps, that way the youth secretly winds about the reins with speed. And now he tries these, now those approaches, and the whole circuit he traverses, and with mischievous purpose shakes his unerring lance. 2 Chloreus, sacred to Cybele, and long her priest, at distance shone conspicuous in bright Phrygian arms, and spurred on his foaming steed; which a hide compact with gilt scaly plates of brass, in form of plumes, in a great measure covered. The rider himself, gaudy in barbaric attire of blue and purple dye, shot Cretan arrows from his Lycian bow. Of gold the bow hung rattling from his shoulders, and of gold was the helmet of the priest: then in a knot of yellow gold he had collected his saffron symar, and its rustling plaits of lawn, having his tunic and Phrygian cuisses embroidered with needle-work. Him the virgin, whether with a view to fix Trojan arms in the front of the temple, or to show herself at the chase in captive gold, of all the warring chiefs alone blindly pursued; and through the whole host, from a woman's longing for the prey and spoils, with heedless armour roamed: when at length Aruns snatching the occasion, from his covert throws a dart, and thus to the powers above addresses his prayer: Apollo, greatest of gods, guardian of the holy hill Soracte, whom we chiefly adore: for whom the fire of pine by us with heaps of fuel is fed: and in whose honour, through the midst of the flames, we thy votaries, relying on our piety, walk over a length of burning coals; grant, almighty sire, that by our arms this infamy may be blotted out. Not pillage or trophy, or any spoils of a vanquished maid, I seek: to me my other exploits will procure renown. If, smitten by a wound from me, this rueful pest shall fall, I to my native city shall willingly return inglorious. Phoebus heard, and with himself ordained that part of the vow should be fulfilled: part in fleet air he dispersed. By sudden death to overthrow Camilla in this hour of perturbation he granted to his suppliant; that his illustrious country should see him safely return he denied, and that petition the tempests turned adrift among the winds.

1 Aruns, a Trojan, who slew Camilla, and was killed by a dart of Diana, came with Aeneas into Italy, and was killed by Turnus.
2 Chloreus, a priest of Cybele, who
Therefore, soon as sent from his hand the speer gave a whizzing sound through the air, the armies turned their attention, and all the Volscians on the queen their eyes directed. Neither air nor whizzing sound did she regard, or the weapon flying from the sky, till plunged beneath her naked breast the spear stuck fast, and driven home drank deep her virgin blood. Her attendants in fearful haste pour in together, and lift up their falling queen. Above all Aruns, stunned with joy and mingled fear, flies; and now no longer dares trust to his spear, or make head against the weapons of the virgin warrior. And as some fierce wolf, after he has slain a shepherd or lusty bullock, conscious of his audacious act, forthwith by some unbeaten path hath to the lofty mountains made his retreat, before the hostile darts pursue him; and cowering hides his cowardly tail under him, and hastens to the woods: just so Aruns in hurrying perturbation from sight withdrew, and pleaded with his flight mixed among the armed troops. She dying wrenches out the weapon with her hand; but between the bones in her side the steel point stands fixed with a deep wound. Down she sinks bloodless; down sink her cold eyes in death; and now her once blooming hue hath forsaken her face. Then thus, breathing her last, she addresses Acca, one of her compeers, who, beyond the rest, was singularly trusty to Camilla, with whom she used to divide her cares; and thus these words she speaks: So far, O sister Acca, have I held out; now a cruel wound undoes me, and all objects around me put on a face of darkness. Fly quick, and bear these, my last commands, to Turnus: let him advance to the combat, and repel the Trojans from the city. And now farewell. At the same time with these words she dropped the reins, sinking to the ground involuntarily: then of vital heat bereft, she disengages herself from the whole body by degrees; and reclined her languid drooping neck, and head subdued by death, leaving her arms; and with a groan her life indignant fled to the infernal shades. Then indeed a prodigious outcry arising strikes the golden stars. The combat grows more bloody, now that Camilla is overthrown. At once in thick array rush on the whole strength of the Trojans, the Tuscan chiefs, and the wings of Arcadian Evander.

But Opis, appointed by Diana to watch the fair, a long while had sat aloft on the high mountains, and fearless viewed the combat. And soon as from far she espied Camilla by a lamentable death overthrown amidst the bustle of the infuriate youths, sheinlygroaned, and from the bottom of her breast uttered these words: Ah hapless virgin, too,
too cruel punishment hast thou sustained, for offering to defy the Trojans in war! nor hath it aught availed thee that lonely in the woods thou wast a votary to Diana, and on thy shoulder didst bear our quivers: yet not without due honours will thy queen forsake thee now in death's extremity, nor shall this thy death be unrecorded amongst the nations, nor shalt thou bear the infamy of being unrepressed: for whoever with a wound hath violated thy sacred body, shall by just death his crime atone. Under the lofty mountain stood the stately tomb of Dercennus, the ancient king of Laurentum, formed of a mount of earth, and shaded with gloomy holm. Here first the goddess, pre-eminent in beauty, with a rapid effort of her wings alights, and Aruns from the high eminence surveys. Soon as she saw him shining in armour, and vainly swelling, she said, Why dost thou move off that way? hither direct thy course, hither come to meet thy doom, that from Camilla thou mayest receive thy due reward. Shalt thou too, poltroon, have the honour to die by Diana's shafts? She said, and from her gilded quiver the Thracian nymph drew forth a winged arrow, and wrathful bent her bow, and stretched it to its full length, till the crooked points together met, and now with both hands alike she touched, with the left, the steel point, with the right and bow-string her breast. Fortwith Aruns heard at once the hissing of the shaft and sound- ing air, and in his body the steel stuck fast. Him, expiring and groaning his last, his regardless friends abandon in the dusty plain unknown: Opis to the ethereal sky on wings is borne away.

First fly the warriors of Camilla's lightarmed wing, now that their queen is lost; the Rutulians in confusion fly; valiant Atinas flies; the discomfited leaders, and the desolate companies, both seek safe retreats, and turning their backs, on flying coursers bend their way towards the town. Nor is any one now able with arms to sustain, or stand against the Trojans pressing the attack, and dispensing death; but on their languid shoulders they bear off their bows unbent, and with swift career the courser's hoof beats the mouldering plain. Dust, in thick clouds of black vapour, rolls towards the walls; and from the towers the matrons beating their breast raise the female shriek to the stars of heaven. On those who first with speed burst within the expanded gates a hostile throng in a mingled body presses; nor escape they deplorable death, but in the very entrance, under their native walls, and amidst the shelter of the houses, transfixed together, they breathe out their souls. Some shut the gates; nor dare to open a passage even to their friends, or within
the walls to receive them imploring admission; and a most lamentable slaughter ensues of such as guarded with their arms the passes, and such as rushed on those arms. The excluded before the eyes and faces of their grieving parents, tumble headlong into the deep trenches, ruin closely pursuing. Some giving their horses loose reins, blindfold and with rapid speed rush upon the gates, and the firmly barricaded posts. Even the trembling matrons, soon as from the walls they espied the corpse of Camilla, with the greatest eagerness (since affection to their country prompts them) throw darts with their hands, and, rushing precipitant with hardened oaks, stakes, and poles burnt at the point, imitate iron weapons, and are ambitious to die the first before the walls. Meanwhile this horrid intelligence fills the ears of Turnus as he lies ambushed in the woods, and to the youth Acca reports the dreadful disorder; that the troops of the Volscians were cut in pieces, Camilla had fallen, the vengeful foes were making a furious onset, and by a successful war had made themselves masters of all; that the consternation was now propagated to the city. He in furious haste (for so the inflexible decrees of Jove require) quits the hills he had beset, forsakes the rugged woods. Scarcely had he gone out of sight, and possessed the plain, when prince Æneas, entering the open lawns, overpasses the mountain's ridge, and safe through the gloomy wood takes his way. Thus both impetuous, and with their whole army, towards the city advance; nor are they many paces distant from each other. And at once Æneas at a distance espied the plain smoking with dust, and saw the Laurentine bands; and Turnus descried Æneas fierce in arms, and heard the tread of feet, and the snorting of the steeds. Forthwith they would engage in fight, and essay the combat, did not the rosy sun now dip in the western ocean his tired steeds, and day declining, bring back the night. In their camps before the town they rest, and entrench the walls.

BOOK XII.

In the Twelfth Book, Juno prevents the single combat agreed upon by Turnus and Æneas. The Trojans are defeated in the absence of their king, who had retired wounded, but is miraculously cured by Venus. On his return, he again challenges Turnus to the combat, with whose death the poem concludes.

As soon as Turnus saw that the Latins, broken with unsuccessful war, had lost heart; that now his promise was claimed, himself marked out by the eyes of all; with in-
bred ardour he pants for the combat implacably fierce, and raises his martial spirit to a great height. As in the fields of Carthage, a spirited lion, whose breast is pierced by the hunters with a smart wound, then at length rouses all his terrors, and springs to the fight with joy, shaking the brawny muscles of his shaggy neck, and with undaunted pride breaks the infixed weapon of his murderous foe, and roars with bloody jaws: just so in Turnus' inflamed breast impetuous fury rises, then thus he addresses the king, and thus in the perturbation of his soul begins: In Turnus is no delay; from him the dastardly Trojans have no handle to retract their challenge, or to decline what they have agreed to. I enter the lists: order thou, O royal sire, the sacred rites, and ratify the truce. Either I with this right-hand shall despatch to Tartarus the Trojan, the renegade of Asia, (let the Latins sit still and look on,) and alone shall with the sword repel the common charge; or let him rule us vanquished, let Lavinia be resigned his spouse. To him with mind composed Latinus replied: O youth heroic in soul, the more you excel in fierce daring valour, the more solicitously it concerns me to consult your safety, and with fearful precaution to weigh the dangers of this proposed combat. You are heir to the kingdom of your father Daunus, to which you have added many cities won by your valour; wealth also, rank, and a high spirit, belong to Latinus. Choice too there is of other virgins unwedded in Latium and the territories of Laurentum, not ignoble in their birth. Give me leave to lay before you without guile these truths, however ungrateful; at the same time, let me entreat you to imbibe them with deep attention. Heaven had decreed that I should wed my daughter to none of the princes of Lavinium, her former suitors; and this decree both gods and men unanimous pronounced. Yet, overpowered by my love to thee, overpowered by the ties of kindred blood, and by the tears of my afflicted consort, I broke through all restraints; wrested my daughter from the son-in-law to whom she was promised; and even took up impious arms against him. From that time, Turnus, you see what calamities, what wars pursue me; and what disasters you in chief endure. In two great battles routed, with difficulty we defend our hopes of Italy in this city: the streams of Tyber still run warm with our blood, and the spacious fields are white with the bones of our slain. Whither am I so often driven back from my purpose? what infatuation changes my mind? If, upon Turnus' death, I am resolved to invite the Trojans to be my allies, why not rather put an
end to all dissensions while he lives? What will my
kinsmen the Rutulians, what will the rest of Italy say, if
to death (Heaven disappoint my fears!) I betray you, who
court my daughter and alliance by marriage? Consider
the various chances of war: pity your aged sire, whom
now disconsolate his native Ardea separates far from you.
By these remonstrances the rage of Turnus is by no means
checked: he swells up the more, and by medicine grows
more distempered. As soon as he was able to speak, he
thus began: Whatever care for me you entertain, most ex-
cellent prince, I beseech you, for my sake, lay aside, and
suffer me to purchase death in exchange for glory. Why
should we be dismayed? We too, great monarch, can fling
the dart and spear with no feeble arm, and blood flows
from the wounds which we inflict. Nought shall his god-
dess-mother him avail, who in a female cloud screens the
fugitive, and conceals herself in delusive shades. But the
queen, terribly alarmed with the new state of the fight, was
all in tears, and, ready to die with grief, grasped her ou-
trageous son-in-law: O Turnus, by these tears, by whatever
regard for Amata touches your soul: thou art now the
only hope, the only solace of my wretched age; on
thee depends the glory and crown of king Latinus; on
thee our whole family now in its decline relies: this one
request I make, forbear to engage with the Trojans.
Whatever fortune awaits thee in that combat, O Turnus,
awaits me also; with you will I quit this hated light, nor
to be treated as a captive, will I see Æneas my son-in-law.
Lavinia, bathing her glowing cheeks in tears, listens to the
expostulations of her mother; Lavinia, in whom profound
modesty lighted up a burning flush, and diffused itself over
her inflamed face. As if one had stained the Indian ivory
with ruddy purple; or as white lilies mingled with co-
pious roses blush; such colours the virgin in her visage
showed. Love raises a tumult in his soul, and fixes his
looks upon the maid. He burns for arms the more, and
briefly thus addresses Amata: O mother, do not, I beseech
thee, do not with tears, do not with so inauspicious an omen
send me from you, now that I am in my way to the com-
batt of rigid wars; for Turnus is not at liberty to retard
his death. Thou, Idmon, my faithful herald, report from
me this no pleasing message to the Phrygian tyrant: when
first the ensuing morn, borne in her crimson car, shall blush
in the sky, let him not lead his Trojans against the Rutu-
lians; let the arms of Trojans and Rutulians rest; by our
blood be the war decided; in that field the beauteous bride
Lavinia be won. When he had pronounced these words,
and with great speed retired into the palace, he calls for his steeds, and exults to see them neighing in his presence; which steeds 1 Orithyia gave (a royal present) to Turnus, such as in whiteness might surpass the snow, in speed the winds. The officious grooms stand around, and with their hollow hands cheer their stroked chests, and comb their waving manes. Then he himself wraps about his shoulders his corslet rough with gold and pale mountain brass: at the same time fits for use his sword and buckler, and the forks of his flaming crest; the sword which the god of fire himself had forged for his father Daunus, and plunged, when glowing, in the Stygian wave. Next with force he grasps his strong spear, which in the middle of the palace stood resting on a mighty column, Auruncian Actor's spoil, and brandishes it quivering, exclaiming thus: Now, O trusty spear, that never balked my call, the time is now at hand. Thee heroic Actor once, thee the right-hand of Turnus now wields: grant that I may stretch the body on the ground, and with my forceful hand rend the corslet torn from the Phrygian eunuch, and soil in the dust his locks frizzled with hot irons, and dripping with myrrh. With such furies is he tossed, and from the whole face of the inflamed warrior sparks incessant fly: from his fierce eyes the fire flashes: as when a bull to usher in the fight raises hideous bellowings, and on his horns essays his rage, goring against the trunk of a tree; with blows he beats the air, and preludes to the fight by spurning the sand. Meanwhile Æneas, fierce in his divine arms, with no less ardour whets his martial fury, and kindles up his rage, pleased to find that the war was to be decided on the proffered terms. Then he solaces his friends and the fears of dejected Ilius, teaching them the fates; and orders the messengers to carry back his positive answer to king Latinus, and prescribe the terms of peace.

The next day arisen had scarcely sprinkled the tops of the mountains with light, when first from the deep ocean's gulf the horses of the sun lift up their heads, and from their erected nostrils breathe forth day. Under the walls of the spacious city both the Rutulians and Trojans, having measured the ground, prepared it for the combat; and in the centre raised hearths and altars of turf to their common gods: others attired in linen veils, and having their temples bound with vervain, bore fountain-water and conse-

1 Orithyia, a daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and wife of Boreas, king of Thrace.
crated fire. The Ausonian legion advances, and the armed squadrons pour forth at the crowded gates: on the other side the whole Trojan and Tuscan army with various arms rush to the field, no otherwise arranged in battle-array, with sword in hand, than if summoned to the fierce combat of Mars. The leaders too, in gold and purple decked, amidst the thousands scamper over the plain; Mnestheus, the offspring of Assaracus, and brave Asylas; and Messapus, a renowned horseman, Neptune's son. And soon as, upon the signal given, each man to his station retired, they fix down their spears in the ground, and rest their shields. Then with eagerness to see the combat, matrons in crowds, the populace unarmed, and feeble old men, occupy the towers and roofs of houses; others stand near the lofty gates. But from the summit of the hill, which is now called Alban, (then the mount had neither name, nor fame, nor honour,) Juno, stretching her view, surveyed the field, and both armies of Laurentines and Trojans, and the city of Latinus. Forthwith the sister of Turnus she thus addressed, a goddess to the deity who over pools and sounding stream presides; on her this sacred honour Jove, the high sovereign of the sky, for her ravished virginity conferred. O nymph, the ornament of rivers, dearest to my soul, thou knowest how thee in chief, to all the maids of Latium who mounted the ungrateful bed of mighty Jove, I have preferred, and willingly settled thee partner of the skies: learn now, 1Juturna, lest me you should accuse, your sad disaster. As far as fortune seemed to suffer, and the Fates permitted the states of Latium to prosper, Turnus and your city I protected: now I see the youth engaging with unequal fates; the day and untoward power of the destinies approach. With these eyes I am not able to behold this combat, or this league. If aught thou darest more present for a brother, proceed; it well becomes thy care; perhaps better fortune will attend the wretched Latins. Scarcely had she spoken, when from her eyes Juturna poured forth tears, and thrice and four times with the hand beat her comely breast. This is no time for tears, Saturnian Juno says; despatch, and if there be any means to effect it, rescue your brother from death: or kindle now the war anew, and dissolve the concerted league. I authorise you in the daring attempt. Having thus advised, she left her perplexed and alarmed, and distracted with dreadful agony of soul.

1 Juturna, the sister of king Turnus, changed into a fountain of the same name, the waters of which were used in the sacrifices of Vesta.
Meanwhile into the field the kings advance, Latinus with a great retinue rides in a chariot by four horses drawn, whose refulgent temples twelve golden rays encompass, the emblem of his grandsire the sun: Turnus moves in a car drawn by two white steeds, flourishing in his hand two javelins tipped with broad steel. On the other side, father Æneas, the founder of the Roman race, blazing with his starry shield and arms divine, and Ascanius by his side, the other hope of mighty Rome, advance from the camp: in a pure vestment the priest brought up the youngling of a bristly sow, and an ewe-lamb that had never been shorn, and presented the victims at the blazing altars. They turning their eyes towards the rising sun, sprinkle with their hands the salt cakes, and mark with the sword the top of the victims’ foreheads, and from the sacred goblets pour libations on the altars. Then the pious Æneas, having unsheathed his sword, thus prays: Thou, O sun, be witness now to my prayer, and this land, for whose sake I have been able to sustain such grievous toils; and thou, almighty father, and thou Saturnian Juno, now goddess, now more propitious, hear, I pray: and thou, glorious father Mars, who by thy sovereign will disposest the fate of battles: the fountains and rivers I invoke, and whatever objects of religion in the heavens above reside, and the deities that in the azure ocean dwell. If the victory should chance to fall to Ausonian Turnus, it is agreed that the vanquished Trojans shall to Evander’s city retire: Iulus shall quit these territories: nor in future shall the Æneads, violating the peace, make war again on Latium to harass these realms with the sword. But if victory shall declare Mars on our side, (as I rather presume, and rather may the gods confirm by their divine sanction,) never shall I compel the Italians to be subject to the Trojans, nor aim I at empire for myself: let both nations unsnubbed submit on equal terms to an everlasting league. I shall ordain the sacred rites and worship of the gods: let my father-in-law Latinus enjoy the power of peace and war, his wonted sovereign rule: to me my Trojans shall raise a city, and to that city Lavinia shall give the name. Thus Æneas first said: then thus Latinus, raising his eyes to heaven, succeeds, and to the stars stretches forth his right-hand: By those same powers, Æneas, by the earth, the sea, the stars, I swear, by Latona’s double offspring, and two-faced Janus, by the majesty of the gods infernal, and the awful courts of grisly Pluto. These oaths let the almighty father hear, who by his thunder ratifies

1. Æneads, a name given to the companions of Æneas.
our leagues. On the altars I lay my hand; and the sacred fires in the midst of them, and the gods I call to witness: no day shall ever violate this peace, this treaty, on the part of the Italians, whatever way the event shall fall out: nor shall any power make me swerve from them with my will, even though it should overwhelm the earth in the waves, blending sea and land in a general deluge, and, by a dissolution of nature, plunge heaven into hell. As this sceptre (for a sceptre in his hand he chanced to wield) shall never more, sprouting with light leaves, diffuse twigs or shady boughs, since once lopped in the wood from the low stem it was severed, from its mother-tree, and forced by the axe, laid down its locks, and branching arms: once a tree, now the artist’s skilful hand hath ensnared it in beauteous brass, and fashioned it for the Latin kings to wield. By such asseverations they mutually confirmed the league full in the view of the chiefs: then over the flames they stab the victims consecrated in due form, and tear out their entrails from them yet alive, and heap the altars with loaded chargers.

But to the Rutulians the match had long seemed unequal; and their breasts were agitated with various mixed emotions; but then the more, as they discern more nearly that the chiefs are of unequal strength. Turnus advancing with a silent pensive gait, and in supplicant form with downcast eyes venerating the altars, his wan cheeks, and the pale- ness over his youthful body, aggravate their fears: which surmises soon as his sister Juturna observed to be spread abroad, and that the giddy minds of the populace were wa- vering; into the midst of the troops, personating the form of Camertus, (who was of a noble ancient line, and from his father’s valour derived an illustrious name, himself too in arms most valiant,) into the midst of the troops she throws herself, not unskilled in expediends, sows various rumours among the ranks, and thus harangues them: Are you not ashamed, O Rutulians, to expose one life for all these? are we not equal in numbers and in strength? Lo Trojans and Arcadians both, and the fatal band, Etruria, inveterate to Turnus, all are here ranged before us: yet should but every second man of us engage, we hardly have a foe. He, (Turnus,) it is true, by fame shall be advanced to the gods, at whose altars he devotes himself, and in the mouths of men shall ever live; but we who now as idle spectators are seat- ed on the plain, shall, after having lost our country, be con- strained to submit to haughty lords.

By these words the resolution of the heroic youths was now more and more inflamed, and through the troops the
murmur glides. Even the Laurentines are changed in their resolution, and those very Latins, who were recently promising themselves repose from war, and prosperity to the state, now are to arms inclined, wish the league unmade, and pity the hard fate of Turnus. To these incentives Juturna adds another yet stronger, and gives a sign from high heaven, than which none more effectually alarmed the minds of the Italians, and misled them by its portentous influence. For in the ruddy sky the tawny bird of Jove with winged speed pursued a flock of sea-fowl, and a noisy tribe of the feathered kind; when suddenly stooping to the waves, cruelly rapacious, he snatched up in his crooked pounces a goodly swan. The Italians roused their attention: and all the fowls with screaming noise turn their flight, amazing to see! and darken the sky with their wings, and forming a cloud, pursue their foe through the air; till, by the force of their attacks, and the very encumbrance of his burthen, overpowered, the bird gave way, and from his talons dropped his prey into the river, and flew far out of sight among the clouds. Then indeed with acclamation the Rutulians salute the omen, and put their troops in array: and first Tolumnius the augur says, This is what with ardent prayers I often wished; I welcome the omen, and own the interposition of the gods; myself, myself at your head, snatch up your swords, O Rutulians, whom this injurious foreigner thus like weak fowls with war dismay, and by violence plunders your coasts. He shall betake himself to flight, and far hence set sail into the deep. Ye all with one accord close and condense your squadrons, and from the combat save your king, whom they would ravish from you.

He said, and rushing forth, hurled a dart full in the face of the enemy: the whizzing shaft gives a twang, and with unerring aim cuts the air. At once it is done, at once a loud shout arises, and the whole ranks are alarmed, and their hearts inflamed with tumultuous rage. The flying javelin, as against it stood nine brothers, (most comely personages, whom one faithful consort of Tuscan blood had born to Arcadian Gilippus,) pierces one of these, a youth distinguished by his mien and shining arms, just in the middle, where the stitched belt embraces the waist, and the buckle strains the joints of the sides: it penetrates the ribs, and stretches him on the yellow sand. But among the brothers, a resolute band, and stung with grief, some draw their swords, some snatch the missile steel, and rush blindfold; against whom the troops of Laurentum spring forth: then in close array Trojans, and Tuscons, and Arcadians with painted arms, again deluge the plain. One com-
mon ardour so strongly possesses all to decide the strife by dint of sword. They rifled the very altars; a thick tempest of darts flies through all the air, and an iron shower pours down amain; and the sacred hearths and goblets they overturn. Latinus himself, the league now broken, flies, bearing off his baffled and insulted gods. Some rein their chariots, or with a bound vault on their steeds, and with drawn swords are ready to fall on. Messapus, eager to violate the truce, gives a terrible shock to the Tuscan Aulestes, a king, and bearing the ensigns of a king, by jostling against him with his horse: he retreating falls, and unhappily among the altars planted behind him tumbles on his head and shoulders. But Messapus fierce flies up with his lance, and with the heavy weapon from on high, raising himself on his steed, smites him with a grievous blow, earnestly imploring his life, and thus speaks: He has met with his reward: this victim is given to the great gods as a more grateful offering. The Italians flock toward him, and strip his limbs, yet warm. From the altar Chorimneus snatches a burning brand, and confronting Ebusus, as he is coming up and aiming a blow, prevents him, by dashing the flames full in his face. His bushy beard blazed, and singed all over, diffused a smell. The other, pursuing the blow, with his left-hand grasps the hair of his confounded foe, and with exerted force, pressing his knee against him, nails him fast to the ground; in this posture he plunges the cruel poniard into his side. Next Podalirius with naked sword pursuing the shepherd Alsus, as in the front of the battle he rushes through showers of darts, presses close upon him: he (Alsus) drawing back his axe, cleaves asunder in the middle the forehead and chin of his opponent, and with the bespattered brains besmears his arms. Cruel slumbers and the iron sleep of death press down his eyes; quenched are their orbs in everlasting light.

But the pious Æneas, with his head uncovered, stretched forth his unarmed hand in sign of truce, and with loud exclamation called to his men: Whither rush you? what sudden discord has thus arisen? Oh restrain your rage! the league is now struck up, and all the articles are settled: I alone have a right to engage; permit me, and banish your fears: this hand of mine shall make the league firm and sure: those sacred rites give me security for Turnus. Amidst these words, amidst such expostulations, lo, a hissing arrow with winged speed alighted on the hero: by whose hand shot, by whose whirling force impelled, who acquired such glory to the Rutulians, whether a god or
chance, is uncertain; smothered was the fame of the illustrious action; nor did any one boast the honour of having inflicted a wound on Æneas.

Soon as Turnus saw the chief retreating from the army, and the Trojan leaders all in disorder, with sudden hope impetuous he burns: for his steeds and arms at once he calls, and proudly springs into the chariot with a bound, and with his own hands guides the reins. Then, flying over the field, he gives to death many gallant heroes; many half-dead he rolls along, or with his chariot tramples down the troops, or plies their flying backs with hasty showers of darts. As when upon the banks of the cold Hebrus bloody Mars with fierce commotion clashes on his shield, and kindling war, lets loose his furious steeds: they over the plain outfly the south-winds and zephyr: Thrace to its utmost bounds groans beneath the trampling of their feet, and the features of grim Terror, Rage, and Stratagem, the retinue of the god, stalk around: with like fury Turnus through the midst of the embattled plain exulting drives his steeds smoking with sweat, prancing over his miserably-slaughtered foes: their rapid hoofs scatter the dewy drops of blood, and gore with mingled sand is spurned up. And now to death he gave Sthenelus, and Thamyris, and Pholus, encountering the two last hand to hand, the other at a distance; at a distance also he slew both the sons of Imbrasus, Glauceus and Lades, whom in Lycia Imbrasus had bred, and furnished with equal skill in arms, either to fight on foot hand to hand, or on horseback to outfly the wind. In another quarter Õuemedes rushes into the midst of the field, the warlike son of the ancient ÕDolon, representing his grandsire in name, in soul and action his sire; who once, sent as a spy to visit the Grecian camp, durst claim for his reward the chariot of Achilles. On him Tydides for so audacious an attempt a very different reward conferred; and now no more aspires he to the steeds of Achilles. Him as soon as Turnus at a distance espied on the open plain, having first sent after him a fleet arrow through the extended void, he stops his harnessed steeds, down from the chariot springs, and flies up to him expiring and prostrate; and, pressing his foot on his neck, wrests the poniard from his hand, and deep in his throat plunged the shining blade, and withal added these insulting words: Lo, Trojan, stretched at your length measure the lands, and that Hesperia which by war you sought: these rewards they reap who dare attack me with the sword; thus they build their

1 Dolon, a Trojan remarkable for his swiftness, having been sent as a spy to the Grecian camp, he was seized, and put to death by Diomedes.
promised walls. Then hurling his lance he sends Butes to bear him company: and Chloroeas, and Sybaris, Dares, and Thersilochus, and Thymoëtes, who had fallen from the neck of his foundering horse. And as, when the blast of Thracian Boreas roars on the Ægean sea, and to the shore pursues the waves, wherever the winds exert their incumbent force, the clouds fly racking through the air: just so before Turnus, wherever he cuts his way, the troops retire, and the routed squadrons fly: his impetuous ardour bears him on, and the wind blowing right against his chariot, shakes his fluttering crest. Him thus bearing all before him, and raging with boisterous fury, Phegeus could not endure; he opposed himself to the chariot, and, with his right-hand, twisted the mouths of the rapt steeds foaming with the bit. In this struggle while he is dragged along, and hangs upon the pole, Turnus' broad lance reaches him where he was undefended, and piercing bursts his double-tissued coat of mail, and with a slight wound grazes the surface of his body. But he, with shield opposed turning on the foe, advanced, and from his unsheathed poniard sought assistance; when the wheel, and the axle accelerated in its career, hurled him headlong, and stretched him on the ground; and Turnus following, with his sword struck off his head, between the lower extremity of the helmet, and the upper border of the corslet, and left him on the sand a headless trunk.

Now while in the field victorious Turnus makes such havoc, in the interim Mnestheus, and trusty Achates, and Ascanius, accompanying, placed in the camp Æneas bleeding from his wound, and on a long spear propping his alternate steps. He storms, and, having broken off the shaft, struggles to wrench out the dart, and demands the speediest means; bids them make an incision with the broad sword, and quite lay open the weapon's deep recess, and send him back to the war. And now came to his aid Iapyx, the son of Iasius, by Phœbus above others beloved; to whom Apollo himself, captivated with a violent passion for him, heretofore had given the option of his arts, his gifts, his skill in augury, the lyre, and winged shafts. He, to prolong his dying father's fate, chose to understand the powers of herbs and use of medicine, and inglorious to practise those silent humble arts. Raving violently with impatience Æneas stood, leaning on his massy spear, unmoved, amidst the vast confluence, either by the tears of the youths or of grieving Lulus. The skilful sage, in his robe doubled back, succinctly

1 Iapyx, a Trojan, the son of Iasius, and a favourite of Apollo, who instructed him in medicine.
girt after the physician's mode, with anxious trepidation makes many efforts in vain with his healing hand, and the potent herbs of Phoebus; in vain with his right-hand tugs the dart, and with tenacious pincers gripes the steel. No success attends the means; his patron god Apollo lends no aid; and now the fierce terror of the field spreads more and more, and the mischief is nearer. Now they see the air stand thick with dust: Turnus' cavalry advance even to their trenches, and thick showers of darts fall in the midst of the camp: to heaven ascend the dismal shouts of youth, some fighting, and some falling under the cruel stroke of Mars.

Here the parent-goddess Venus, deeply affected with the undeserved suffering of her son, from Cretan Ida crops a stalk of dittany with downy leaves, and diffusely spread with purple flowers: to the wild goats those herbs are not unknown; 

*for from them they seek relief*, when in their backs the winged shafts have stuck. This Venus, her face muffled in a black cloud, conveyed; with this she tinctured of a blackish hue the water in the shining vase, *whereinto the simples of Iapyx were infused*, secretly preparing the medicine; and injects the juice of healing ambrosia, and fragrant panacea. With this liquor aged Iapyx, not knowing *its communicated virtue*, fomented the wound; and suddenly (for all the pain *instantly* fled from his body, and all the blood in the deep wound was stanched; and now the arrow, following the hand, without any compulsion dropped out, and to its pristine state his vigour returned anew) Iapyx exclaims, Quick fly for the hero's arms; why do you stand? *thus* he first kindles their courage against the foe. 

*He adds, Not from human aid, or from any masterly art of man, proceeds this cure, nor, Æneas, is it my right-hand that saves thee: a god more powerful is the agent, and releases thee for enterprises of greater moment. He, panting for the combat, had incased his legs in gold, is impatient of delay, and brandishes his lance. When his shield was fitted to his side, and the corslet to his back, within his armed folds he embraces Ascanius, and, through his helmet, gently touching his lips, *thus* addresses him: From me, my son, learn valour and true fortitude; thy fortune learn from others. Now shall my hand by war set thee in safety from thy foes, and lead thee to the glorious fruits of victory. Be sure you this remember, when ere long your age shall reach maturity; and, calling often to mind the examples of your ancestors, let your father Æneas, and uncle Hector, incite you still to virtue.*

Soon as he uttered these words, from the gates he issued forth majestic; in his hand brandishing a ponderous
javelin: at the same time in a thick body rush forth Anteus and Mnestheus, and all the troops from the abandoned camp pour along. Then with mingled clouds of blinding dust the plain is overspread, and the earth, shaking by the trampling of their feet, trembles. Them marching Turnus saw from an opposite hill; the Ausonians saw, and cold tremulous fear ran thrilling through their innmost bones. Before all the Latins Juturna first heard and recognised the sound, and in deep consternation fled. The hero (Aeneas) speeds his way, and along the open plain drives his fiery squadron. As when under some furious constellation a stormy cloud moves athwart the mid ocean towards the land; ah! how the hearts of the desponding swains, from far presaging the disasters, shudder! well knowing that it will bring ruin on the trees, and desolation on the fields of corn, and lay all waste around: the winds before it fly, and waft hoarse murmurs to the shore:—with such fury the Trojan chief leads on his squadron against the opposing foes: in the thick array they crowd upon each other, closing their serried files. Thymbreus with the sword smites to the ground the stern Osiris, Mnestheus beats down Archetius, Achates kills Epulo, and Gyas Ufens. The augur's self Tolumnius falls, who first had hurled his lance against the adverse foes. To heaven a shout of joy on the Trojan side is raised; and now the Rutulians, routed in their turn, show their backs involved in dust all over the field. Aeneas himself neither deigns to put the fugitives to death, nor does he pursue those who engage in close fight, or who at a distance throw the javelin: Turnus alone, with accurate survey, he searches out, amidst the thick clouds of dust: him alone he demands to the combat.

With dread of this the warlike maid Juturna struck to the heart, overthrows 'Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, between the harness, and leaves him far behind fallen from the beam. Herself succeeds, and with her hand guides the waving reins, assuming all,—the voice, the person, and arms of Metiscus. As when throughout the spacious mansions of some wealthy lord the sable swallow flutters, and on the wing traverses the lofty courts, picking up her scanty fare, and food for her loquacious young; and now in the empty cloisters, now about the liquid pools chatters: in like manner through the midst of the foes Juturna rides, and flying in her rapid chariot, circuits all the plain: and

1 Metiscus, the charioteer of Turnus, whose form was assumed by Juturna, the sister of Turnus.
now here, now there, exhibits her brother in triumph, nor
suffers him to engage in single combat; but far from Æneas
devious flies.

Æneas, with no less eagerness, unravels the mazy orbs
to intercept him, traces out the warrior, and with a loud
voice calls after him through the broken dissipated troops.
As often as he casts his eyes on the foe, and by his agility
attempted the winged courser's speed; so often Juturna
wheeled about the chariot, turning it from him. Alas,
what can I do? in vain he fluctuates with a tide of various
passions, and varied cares urge his mind to opposite
schemes. At him Messapus, as in his swift career he
chanced in the left-hand to wield two javelins pointed with
steel, levels one of them, hurling it with a well-aimed blow.
Æneas stopped short, and shrunk himself up behind his
shield, stooping on his knee: yet the impetuous dart bore
away the tufted top of the helmet, and from his head struck
off the towering crest. Then indeed his rage swells; and
by the deceitful arts of his foe forced to extremity, when
he perceived that the steeds and chariot were driven back
in a different career, he makes large protestations to Jove,
and the altars of the broken league. At length he rushes
into the midst of the lines, and under the auspicious influence
of Mars, arrayed in terrors, ushers in a hideous undistin-
guished slaughter, and gives loose reins to all his fury.

What god in song can now to me unfold so many disas-
trons scenes, who can particularize the various havoc and
death of the chiefs, whom by turns now Turnus chases over
all the plain, and now the Trojan hero? Was it thy plea-
sure, great Jove, that nations, which were one day to be
joined in everlasting peace, should with such fierce com-
motion engage? Æneas, not losing time, full in the side
smote Sucro the Rutulian, (this combat first checked the
Trojans in their career,) and, where lies the way to speed-
est death, through the ribs and wattled fences of his breast
drives home the cruel blade. Turnus on foot encountering
Amynus from his horse overthrown, and his brother Diores,
smiles the one with his long spear as he comes up, the
other with his sword; and, having cut off the heads of
both, suspends them on his chariot, and bears them along
bedewed with blood. The other hero despatches Talos,
Tanais, and stout Cethicus, all three at one assault, and
dejected Onytes, of Theban extraction, the son of Peridia.
Turnus again overthrows the brothers sent from Lycia and
Apollo's lands, and Menetes, an Arcadian youth, in vain
to war averse; whose art and poor abode had been about
the streams of Lerna, abounding in fishes; a stranger to
the levees of the great, while in farmed land his father sow-
ed. And as two fires rage, let loose from different quarters, upon a withered copse, and crackling laurel groves; or as with impetuous fall from the steep mountains two foaming rivers roar along, and roll to the sea, each laying his passage waste: with no less impetuosity Æneas and Turnus both rush through the embattled plain; now, now their rage boils up within: their invincible breasts are ready to burst with fury: now with full career they drive into the midst of wounds and slaughter. The one, (Æneas) with a rock and the whirling force of a huge stone, over-
throws headlong, and at his length stretches on the ground Mu'rranus, vaunting loud his ancestry, and the ancient names of his forefathers, and his whole line through the Latin kings derived; him beneath the harness and yoke the wheels dragged along, and with rap on rap the rapid hoofs of his steeds, now regardless of their master, trample upon him. The other (Turnus) encounters Ilus rushing on, and storming hideous with ire, and against his gilded temples hurls a javelin; through his helmet transfixed his brain, the spear stood quivering. Nor could thy right-hand, O Creteus, bravest of Greeks, save thee from Turnus; nor did his own gods pro-
tect Cupencus from the assault of Æneas. The sword of the assailant found easy access to his heart; nor did the resistance of the brazen shield aught avail its hapless owner. Laurentum's fields, O Æolus, saw thee too fall, and stretch-
ed on thy back widely cover the earth. Here thou, whom neither the Grecian squadrons could overthrow, nor Achil-
les, the destroyer of Priam's empire, meetest thy doom. Here were the boundaries of thy life: under mount Ida thy stately palace, in Lynnessus thy stately palace stood; but these you now resign for a grave in Laurentine ground. Thus now both hosts are on each other turned, both Latins and Trojans all: Mnestheus, and stern Serestus, and Messa-
pus, a horseman renowned, and gallant Asylas, the Tuscan phalanx, and Arcadian Evander's cavalry, the warriors each to his power their utmost efforts exert. No stop, no stay; with vast emulation they strain their utmost.

Here his lovely parent, Venus, inspired Æneas with the resolution to march to the walls, and forthwith advance his army against the city, and with an unexpected blow con-
found the Latins. While through the various ranks in quest of Turnus he rolled his eyes hither and thither around, he sees the city exempt from the disastrous war, and in safety undisturbed. Instantly the image of a more deci-
sive battle inflames his soul: he calls the chiefs, Mneste-
hus, Sergestus, and brave Serestus, and takes a rising ground,
where the rest of the Trojan army assemble in thick array, nor lay their targets or darts aside. He in the centre, posted on the eminence thus addresses them: Let no obstruction be given to my proposal: for Jove himself stands by us, and he directs our counsels: nor, because the design is sudden, let me find any the more backward in its execution. The city, the cause of the war, and the empire itself of Latinus, unless the people consent to receive our yoke, and vanquished to submit, this day will I overturn, and lay their smoking towers level with the ground. Am I forsooth to wait till Turnus deign to accept our offered challenge, and so often beaten, be again disposed to take the field? No, no, my fellow-citizens, on this city let us turn our arms; this is the source, this the great hinge of the execrable war. Quickly bring flaming brands, and with fire and sword re-assert the violated league. He said; and all at once with emulous armour form the wedged battalion, and to the walls in a condensed body move. Suddenly the scaling ladders, and unexpected flames appear. Some fly to the gates, and butcher the first they meet; others hurl the missile steel, and darken the sky with showers of darts. Æneas himself among the foremost beneath the walls extends his hand, and with a loud voice accuses king Latinus; the gods he calls to witness, that he is a second time compelled to the fight; that the Italians are now twice become his foes, and this the second league they broke. Among the trembling citizens dissension arises: some press to dismantle the town, and open the gates to the Trojans, and drag the king himself to the ramparts. Others take up arms, and march on to defend the walls. As when a shepherd hath traced out a swarm of bees enclosed in some harbouring cleft, and filled their cells with bitter suffocating smoke; they within alarmed for their little state in trepidation run hither and thither through the waxen camp, and with loud buzzing whet their rage: through their cells the black baneful stench is rolled; then with faint murmur the caverns within resound; while to the empty regions of air the smoke ascends.

This new disaster too befell the distressed Latins, which with overwhelming woe shook the whole city to the foundation. The queen, soon as she saw the enemy advancing to the town, the walls assaulted, the flames flying up to the roofs; no where the Rutulian bands, no troops of Turnus to be seen; had the misfortune to believe the youth slain in the heat of battle, and, with sudden grief, distracted, cries, that she had been the cause, the criminal author, and source of all their woes; and frantic in her raving anguish, pour-
ing forth many wild exclamations, with her own hands in despair asunder tears her purple robes, and from a lofty beam ties the fatal noose of her unseemly death. Which disaster having soon reached the unhappy Latin dames, first her daughter Lavinia tore her golden tresses and rosy cheeks with her hands; then all the rest run maddling about. With shrieks the palace far and wide resounds. Hence the doleful intelligence is blazed through the town. Their souls despond. Latinus, thunderstruck with the woeful destiny of his queen, and the ruin of his city, goes about tearing his robe, deforming his hoary locks, sprinkled over with sordid ashes; and much himself accuses, for not having before received the Trojan prince Æneas, and cordially admitted him as his son-in-law.

Meanwhile the warrior Turnus in the extremity of the field pursues a few straggling troops, now more languid, and less and less elated with the cheap victory of his horses. The wind wafted to him this distant outcry mingled with unseen terrors; the din and unjoyous murmurs of the distracted city struck his listening ears. Ah me! why with such shrieks of woe are our walls disturbed? What alarming shouts burst from the various quarters of the town? He said, and, pulling in the reins, stands listening in amazement lost. Then his sister, now that she was transformed into the figure of the charioteer Metiscus, and guided the chariot, the horses, and the reins, in these words replies: This way, Turnus, let us pursue the sons of Troy, where our first conquest opens the way. Others there are who by their prowess can defend the walls: Æneas assails the Italians, and with them joins battle. Let us too, by exerting our activity, dispense death to the Trojans without pity; nor shall you quit the field inferior to him in the number of the slain, or in the honour of the fight. To this Turnus replied: O sister, think not to impose on me; I knew you long ago, when first by artifice you broke the truce, and engaged yourself in these wars; and now, though a goddess, in vain you wear disguise. But say what god commissioned you to quit the skies in order to sustain such toils? are you come to be witness of your unhappy brother's cruel death? For what can I do? or what success now can fortune promise, now that I have lost the dearest of my friends? Myself before my eyes saw Murranus, than whom there survives not one to me more dear; I saw him fall as he called on me with his expiring breath, mighty the man, and with a mighty wound subdued. Ill-fated Ufens fell, that he might not be a spectator of my disgrace: The Trojans are in possession of his corpse and
arms. Shall I suffer our city to be razed, the only thing that was wanting to *complete* our distress—nor by *this* right-hand refute the calumnies of Drances? Shall I turn my back? and shall this earth see Turnus fly? Is it then so grievous a misfortune to die? Oh infernal powers befriend me, since the powers above prove so unkind. To you I shall descend a spotless soul, from that imputation clear, and at no time degenerate from my great ancestors.

Scarce had he said, *when* lo, Sages, hurried by his foaming steed, flies through the midst of the foes, wounded with an arrow athwart the face, and imploring Turnus by name he rushes forward: Turnus, on thee our last relief *depends*; have pity on thy own. Æneas thunders in arms, and threatens to overthrow the stately towers of Latium, and raze them to the ground: and now to our roofs the fire-brands fly. On thee their eyes, on thee their whole regard the Latins turn: king Latinus himself demurs, whom to call his son-in-law, or to which alliance to incline. Besides, the queen, most faithful to your interest, has fallen by her own hand, and, abandoned to despair, has fled from life. Before the gates Messapus and brave Atinas alone sustain the fight. Around those on each side the battalions stand in thick array, and an iron crop of naked swords shoot a horrid glare: *yet, during these public alarms*, you are wheeling your chariot along the desert field.

Confounded with the varied image of distress, Turnus was stunned, and stood in silent gaze. Deep in his breast boils overwhelming shame, also frantic rage with intermingled grief, and love racked with furious despair, and conscious worth. Soon as the clouds were dispelled, and light to his mind restored, towards the walls he rolled his flaming eye-balls in turbulence of soul, and from his car surveyed the spacious city. When lo, among the planks a whirling torrent of flames in rolling waves ascended to heaven, and had seized the tower; the tower which himself of jointed beams had reared, and under it wheels applied, and with stately bridges overlaid. Sister, *he cries*, now, now, Destiny prevails; forbear to stop me; let us follow where the god *within me*, and rigid fortune calls. I am resolved to enter the lists with Æneas; whatever bitterness is in death, I am resolved to bear it: nor, sister, shall you see me longer in disgrace. Permit me first, I pray, to give vent to this fury.

He said, and instantly from his chariot sprang with a bound upon the plain; through foes, through darts he rushes, and leaves his mourning sister, and with rapid speed bursts through the middle ranks. And as when a rock
tumbles precipitately down from a mountain's top, torn by the winds, whether furious rains have washed it by degrees away, or undermining time by length of years hath loosened it; down the precipice abrupt the pertinacious fragment of the mountain with vast impulse is hurried, and bounds over the ground, sweeping away with it woods, and flocks, and men: just so through the broken troops Turnus rushes to the walls of the city, where to a vast extent the earth is drenched in effused blood, and the air hisses with javelins. With his hand he makes a sign, and at the same time thus with a loud voice begins: Now, Rutulians, forbear, and, ye Latins, withhold your darts; whatever fortune of the war remains is mine: it is more equitable that I alone expiate the violated league in your stead, and by the sword decide the strife. At this all the troops retired from between them, and made room for the combat.

But prince Æneas, having heard Turnus' name, forsakes the walls, and forsakes the lofty towers, and spurns at all delays: all his begun enterprises he breaks off, exulting with joy, and thunders dreadful in arms; as grand and majestic as Athos, grand as Eryx, or grand as the parent mountain 1 Apenninus himself, when with his waving oaks he roars, and glorious in his snowy top, exalting himself to the skies. And now both Rutulians, and Trojans, and all the Italians eagerly turned their eyes: both those who on high guarded the battlements, and those who with the ram battered the walls below: their arms they laid down from their shoulders. Latinus himself with amazement views the mighty heroes, born in distant quarters of the globe, encountering each other, and deciding their quarrel with the sword. They, soon as the lists in the spacious plain were cleared, having with rapid onset flung their javelins from afar, rush to the combat with shields and arms of brass resounding. Earth gives a groan; then stroke on stroke they redouble. Chance and courage are blended together. And as in 2 Sila's spacious grove, or on lofty mount Taburnus, when two bulls with butting fronts rush on the hostile combat, the herdsmen in consternation have fled; all the cattle stand dumb with fear, the heifers faintly low, dubious which shall rule the herd, whom the whole drove are to obey: they with prodigious force deal promiscuous wounds to each other, and struggling keenly infix their horns, and with profusion of blood clave their necks and shoulders; the whole grove

1 Apenninus, a ridge of high mountains, running through the middle of Italy.
2 Sila, a large wood in the south of Italy, abounding with pitch.
rebellows with their groans. Just so impetuous the Trojan prince Æneas and the Daunian hero, with shields against each other tilting, rush forward: their arms loud clashing fill the skies. Great Jove on high sustains two equally-poised scales, and puts into them the different fates of both; to show whom the toilsome combat destines to victory, and in which scale death sinks down. Here Turnus, presuming he might with safety, springs forth, and on his tiptoes rises with the force of his whole body to his uplifted sword, and discharges a blow. The Trojans and trembling Latins shriek aloud, and both armies are fixed in suspense. But the treacherous sword breaks short, and in the middle of the stroke leaves the inflamed chief at the mercy of his foe, unless flight should succeed to his relief. Swifter than the east wind he flies, soon as he saw the hilt of an unknown sword, and his right-hand disarmed. It is said, that in his headlong haste, when he mounted his yoked steeds for the first onset, while he was in hurry and trepidation, he snatched the sword of his charioteer Metiscus, leaving his father's heavenly-tempered steel behind: and long that served his purpose, while the Trojans offered to him their flying backs: but, when it came to Vulcan's arms divine, the mortal blade, like brittle ice, in shivers flew with the stroke; along the yellow sand its splinters shine. Therefore Turnus, perplexed by flight, traverses the several quarters of the field, and now hither, then thither, wheels in uncertain mazes. For on every hand the Trojans in close circling bands enclosed him; and on this side a vast morass, on that steep mountainous environ him. Nor less eagerly Æneas, though by the wounding shaft disabled, his weak knees sometimes check and oppose his speed, pursues, and fervent presses close upon the heels of his trembling foe. As a hound, when he has found a stag enclosed by a river, or hedged around by the terror of the crimson plumes, pursues him with speed and full cry; he, meanwhile, scared by the toils and steep bank, backward and forward flies a thousand ways: but the staunch Umbrian dog closes upon him, with open mouth, is just in act to gripe his prey, and, as if now he gripped him, chides with sounding jaws, and with delusive bite is mocked: then shouts arise, the banks and lakes around re-echo, and the whole sky thunders with uproar. At once he (Turnus) flies, at once chides the Rutulians all, calling on each by name, and importunately craves his trusty well-known sword. Æneas, on the other hand, denounces death and present destruction, if any one should approach him; and overawes the trembling troops, threatening to raze the city, and, wounded as he was, presses on
his foe. Five rounds of the listed field they finish in their
career, and trace back as many more, this way and that
way. For no slight or frivolous prize is sought; but for
the life and blood of Turnus they strive.

Sacred to Faunus here chanced to stand a wild olive with
its bitter leaves, a tree by seamen long revered; where
saved from the waves they used to fix their offerings to the
Laurentine god, and suspend their devoted garments. But
the Trojans without distinction had cut down the sacred
stock, that they might combat in the field quite clear.
Here stood the spear of Aeneas: here fixed the hurling
force of his right-hand had it conveyed, and riveted it in
the tough root. The Trojan stooped, and attempted with
his hand to wrench out the steel, that with the missile
weapon he might pursue, whom by speed he could not
overtake. Then Turnus, with fear distracted, cries: O
Faunus, pity, I pray; and thou, propitious earth, detain
the weapon, if I have always held your honours sacred,
which, on the contrary, the sons of Troy have by war
profaned. He said, and invoked the aid of the god by vows
not vain. For Aeneas long struggling, after loss of time in
essaying the tenacious root, was unable, by his utmost ef-
forts, to disengage the firm hold of the wood. While he
keenly strains and presses, the Daunian goddess, again
transformed into the shape of the charioteer Metiscus, runs
forward, and restores to her brother the sword. Venus,
indignant that such licence should to the audacious nymph
be given, approached, and from the deep root tore up the
spear. The towering chiefs, in arms and courage renewed,
the one relying on his trusty sword, the other stern and
majestic with his spear, stand opposed to each other, breath-
less in the martial combat.

Meanwhile the sovereign of immense Olympus addresses
Juno, as from a yellow cloud she viewed the fight: Con-
sort, when shall this strife be at an end? what farther en-
terprise remains? You yourself know, and own you are
not ignorant, that Aeneas is destined to be a denizen of the
sky, and by the Fates is to be advanced to the stars. What
then do you propose, or with what view are you hovering
in the cold clouds? Was it seemly for a god elect to be
violated by a wound from a mortal? or that Turnus (for
without you what could Juturna?) should have his wrest-
ed sword restored, and to the vanquished new strength
accrue? Now at length desist, and be swayed by my en-
treaty: nor let such discontent prey upon you in silence;

1 Faunus, the son of Picus, who is said to have reigned in Italy about 1500
B. C.
and often from those sweet lips be your sullen cares to me imparted. Now affairs are come to a crisis: you have been empowered to harass the Trojans by sea and land, to kindle execrable war, entail dishonour on the house of Latinus, and blend sorrows with this fatal match of Æneas and his daughter; farther to attempt I forbid you. Thus Jupiter spoke: thus on the other hand the Saturnian goddess with downcast look rejoined: I own, great Jove, it was, because I knew this to be your will, that I, against my inclination, from Turnus and the earth withdrew. Nor had you seen me else now sitting alone in this airy recess, patient under such spectacles of indignity; but, girt with vengeful flames, I had been planted in the very field of battle, drawing the Trojans on to adverse fight. It is true that I advised Juturna to relieve her unhappy brother, and I approved that for his life she should make higher attempts; yet not that she should throw a dart or bend a bow; this I swear by the inexorable source of the Stygian lake, which is set forth the sole object of religious horror to the gods above. And now for my part I yield to fate, and loathing renounce all combats for ever. This one favour, which by no law of fate is withheld, I implore thee in behalf of Latium, and for the honour of its princes, thy own blood; that when by this auspicious match (so be it) they shall establish peace, when they shall unite in laws and leagues, you will not command the natives of Latium to change their ancient name, or become Trojans, and be called Teucri, or compel them to change their language or alter their dress. Let Latium subsist; let the kings of Alba subsist through ages; let the sons of Rome rise to imperial power by means of the Italian valour: Troy hath perished, and suffer it to perish with its name for ever. To her the founder of men and things thus smiling spoke: Sister of Jove, and Saturn's other offspring, do you still roll in your breast such tides of passion? But come now, and at length quell the fury indulged in vain. I grant what you desire; by your prayers I am subdued, and willingly myself resign. Their native language and customs the Ausonians shall retain: and, as it now is, the name shall be: only incorporated with them the Trojans shall settle in Latium; the institutions and ceremonials of religion I will add, and make them all Latins of one speech. Hence a race mingled with Ausonian blood shall rise, which by its piety you shall see exalted above men, above gods; nor shall any nation with equal zeal celebrate your honour. To these intimations Juno assents, and, filled with complacency, gave her mind
a contrary bias. Meanwhile she quitted the sky, and from the cloud withdrew.

This done, the almighty sire revolves another purpose with himself, and meditates to dismiss Juturna from aiding her brother’s arms. Two pests there are, the dire sisters called; whom, with hellish 1Megæra, joyless Night at one birth brought forth, and bound with equal spires of serpents, and added to them wings swift as the wind. These at the throne of Jove, and in the court of the incensed sovereign of heaven, wait as ministers of his wrath, and awaken terror in the minds of feeble mortals, what time the king of gods prepares baleful death and diseases against the earth, or terrifies guilty cities with war. Of these Jove sends down one in haste from the lofty sky, and bids her before Juturna stand as a portentous sign. She flies and in a rapid whirlwind to earth is borne: just as through a cloudy sky an arrow shot from the string, which tinged with the quintessence of malignant poison a Parthian (a Parthian or Cydonian) hath hurled an incurable dart, flies hissing and unseen athwart the fleeting shades; in like manner the offspring of Night shot away and hied to the earth. Soon as she perceives the Trojan battalions and the troops of Turnus, she suddenly shrinks up into the form of the little fowl, which at times sitting by night on tombs or desolate towers, late inauspicious, hoots amidst the shades: into this shape transformed, the fiend in sight of Turnus flies backward and forward screaming, and flaps on his buckler with her wings. Unusual numbness relaxed his limbs with fear, his hair with horror stood on end, and his speech close to his parched jaws. But, when his sister Juturna at a distance knew the shrill noise and the Fury’s wings, in deep distress she tears her dishevelled tresses, mangling her face with her nails, and her breasts with blows: Oh Turnus! what can thy sister now avail thee? wretch that I am, what expedient have I now left? by what art can I prolong thy life: so rueful a portent can I withstand? Now, now I quit the field. Add not terror to my fear, ye inauspicious fowls: the beating of your wings, your deadly screams I know; nor am I a stranger to the stern mandates of imperious Jove. Are these the returns he makes for my virginity? Why gave he me immortal life? why was I exempt from the law of mortality? surely now I might have put a period to such oppressive woes, and accompanied my wretched brother through the shades below. I immortal! or can I, brother, relish aught

1 Megæra, one of the Furies, daughter of Nox and Acheron.
of my enjoyments without thee? Oh, what earth to me will yawn full deep, and despatch a goddess to the shades below? This said, the goddess muffled up her head in a sea-green veil, drawing many a groan, and plunged herself into the deep river.

On the other hand, Aeneas urges the attack, majestic waves his massy spear, and thus with wrathful soul be-speaks his foe: What means this delay now after all? or why, O Turnus, do you now decline battle? It is not in running that we must try our skill, but in close fight with rigid arms. Turn thee into all shapes, collect whatever assistance you can draw, whether from valour or from artifice: wish to reach on wings the lofty stars, or shut up within the hollow earth to lie concealed. He, shaking his head, replies: Not from thy boisterous words, insulting foe, do my fears arise: the gods, and adverse Jove, intimidate, and overawe me. Nor more he said, but casts his eye on a huge stone, a stone antique, of huge dimensions, which in the field by chance was lying, set for a land-mark, to distinguish the controverted bounds of the fields. Scarcely would twelve chosen men support it or their shoulders, such bodies of men as earth now produces. The hero snatched it up with trembling hand; then raising himself aloft, and rushing on with speed, hurled it against his foe. But, so disordered in his senses, he knows not within himself, whether he runs or goes, or how he lifts up with his hand, or how he wields the enormous stone. His knees sink under him; his chill blood with shuddering terror is congealed. Then the stone itself, rolled through the empty air, neither reached the hero’s whole length, nor bore home the intended blow. And as in dreams by night, when languid sleep hath closed our eyes, we seem in vain to make effort to prolong a race on which we are intent, and in midst of our efforts sink down quite faint: nor power is in the tongue, nor in the body competency of wonded strength, nor voice nor words obey the dictates of our will; just so from Turnus the cursed fiend withholds success, by whatever efforts of valour he sought the way. Then various thoughts are rolling in his breast. Now he turns his eyes on the Rutulians, now on the city of Laurentum, now stands hovering in dread, with his eyes fixed on the foe, and trembles for the approach of his dart. Nor perceives he whither he can fly, nor how he may make head against his foe, nor sees he any where the chariot or his sister charioteer. In this perplexity Aeneas brandishes against him the dart of fate, having with his eye marked out the destined wound, and with the whole force of his
body hurls it from afar. Never did stones shot from a battering engine roar so loud, nor from the thunder burst such mighty peals. Like a black whirlwind flies the javelin winged with dire destruction; it opens a passage through his corset’s border, and the utmost orb of his seven-fold shield: then hissing passes through his mid-thigh. Down to earth the mighty Turnus wounded sinks on his double knee.

Up rise the Rutulians together with a general groan, and the whole mountain around rebellows, and the deep groves far and near return the sound. He, humble, and in a suppliant posture, stretching his eyes and imploring hand, says, I have indeed deserved this fate, nor do I deprecate thy vengeance: improve thy fortune. Yet if any regard to a wretched father can move thee, (thou too hadst such a sire, thine own Anchises,) have compassion, I pray thee, on the age of Daunus; and me, or, if you rather choose my death, this body, despoiled of life, unto my friends restore. You have overcome, and the Ausonians have seen thy vanquished foe stretch forth his suppliant hands: thine is Lavinia the royal bride. Persist not farther in thy hate. Æneas, fierce as he was, from the heat of action pausing stood rolling his eyes, and repressed his lifted hand: and still more and more the pathetic speech had begun to move his wavering mind, when on the high shoulder of his adversary the inauspicious belt appeared, and with its well-known bosses, the girdle of youthful Pallas shone, whom vanquished, and at his mercy, Turnus with an ungenerous wound had slain, and on his shoulders wore the hostile badge. Soon as the hero espied the memorials of his cruel grief and the spoils of his friend, inflamed with fury and terribly enraged, he exclaimed, And shalt thou from me hence escape clad in the spoils of my friends? Thee Pallas, Pallas, with this wound a victim makes, and takes vengeance on thy devoted blood. With these words deep in his bosom opposed to the stroke he furious plunged the sword. Then instantly with mortal cold are his limbs relaxed, and with a groan the soul indignant hurries down to the Stygian shades.

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