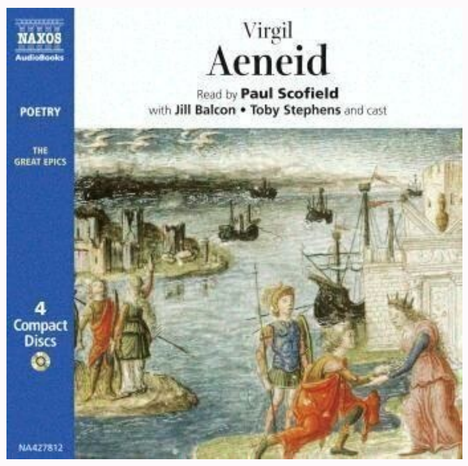


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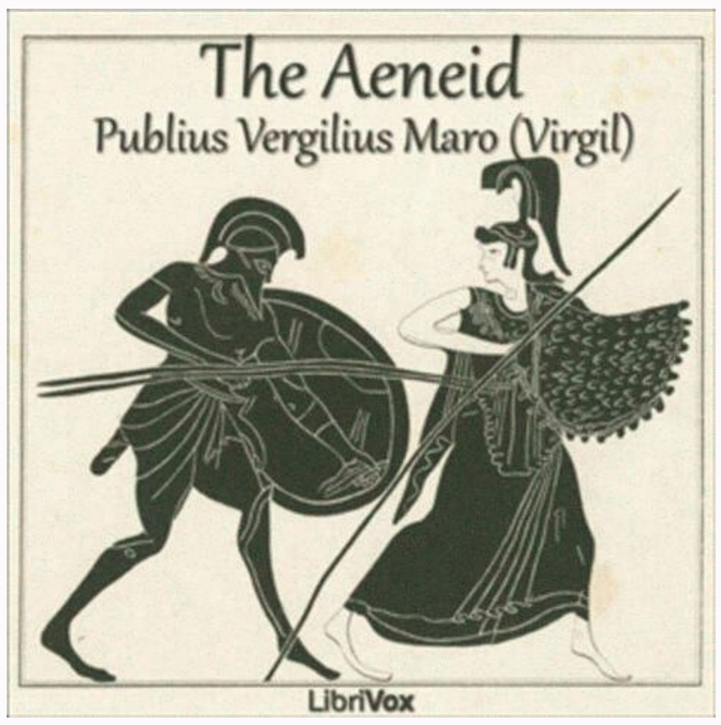
The aeneid full text with line numbers

Full Text Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram; multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5 inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum, Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae. Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso, quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10 impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae? Notes by Thomas Jenkins Summary: The famous and oft-quoted prologue to Vergil's Roman epic. The first two words, arma (meaning "weapons") and virum (meaning "man"), indicate the overall structure of the epic, though (in terms of broad sweep) one encounters the two themes in reverse. The first 6 books, roughly, of the Aeneid relate Aeneas's—"the man's"—wanderings after the fall of Troy, just as Homer's Odyssey narrates Odysseus's various peregrinations on his return voyage home.

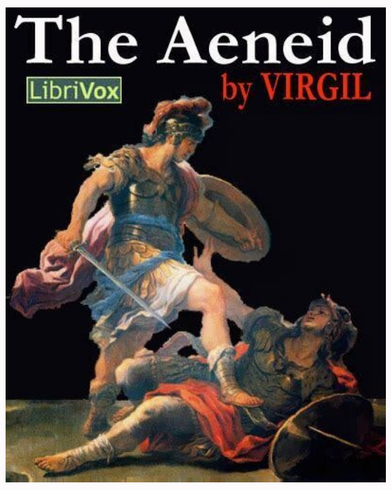


Vergil singles out Juno, queen of the gods, as the impetus for the events leading to both Aeneas' fantastic voyage and subsequent warfare; it is her wounded numen, her injured sense of self as a goddess and supernatural being, that spurs her vendetta against the mortal Aeneas, and which turns the wheels of the divine machinery omnipresent in the epic. The final line: "can immortal souls indeed harbor such terrible wrath?" is a novel twist to a prologue, a sudden anxious query on the part of the narrator about the ramifications of the story which he causing to be told. It is true enough that the story of Aeneas may be seen as a triumphant tale: Aeneas founds the city that shall, in time, become the most powerful in the western world. But throughout his journey Aeneas encounters so much wrath, ira, both from mortals (Dido, Turnus, Mezentius) and immortals (Juno, Aeolus' winds, Allecto) that this violent, intemperate force threatens to color darkly our view of the poem. Related content Virgil, Aeneid 1.1–11 (Dryden's translation), read by Kathleen M. Coleman The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Aeneid, by Virgil This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook. Title: The Aeneid Author: Virgil Translator: J. W. Mackail Release Date: August 29, 2007 [eBook #22456] [Most recently updated: September 6, 2021] Language: English Character set encoding: UTF-8 Produced by: David Clarke, Lisa Reigel, and the Project Gutenberg Online Distributed Proofreading Team *** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE AENEID *** Transcriber's Note: Numbers in the left margin refer to line numbers in Virgil's Aeneid. These numbers appeared at the top of each page of text and have been retained for reference. Obvious typographical errors have been corrected. A complete list follows the text. [Pg iii] THE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY J. W. MACKAIL, M.A. FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD London MACMILLAN AND CO. 1885 [Pg iv] Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. [Pg v] PREFACE There is something grotesque in the idea of a prose translation of a poet, though the practice is become so common that it has ceased to provoke a smile or demand an apology.

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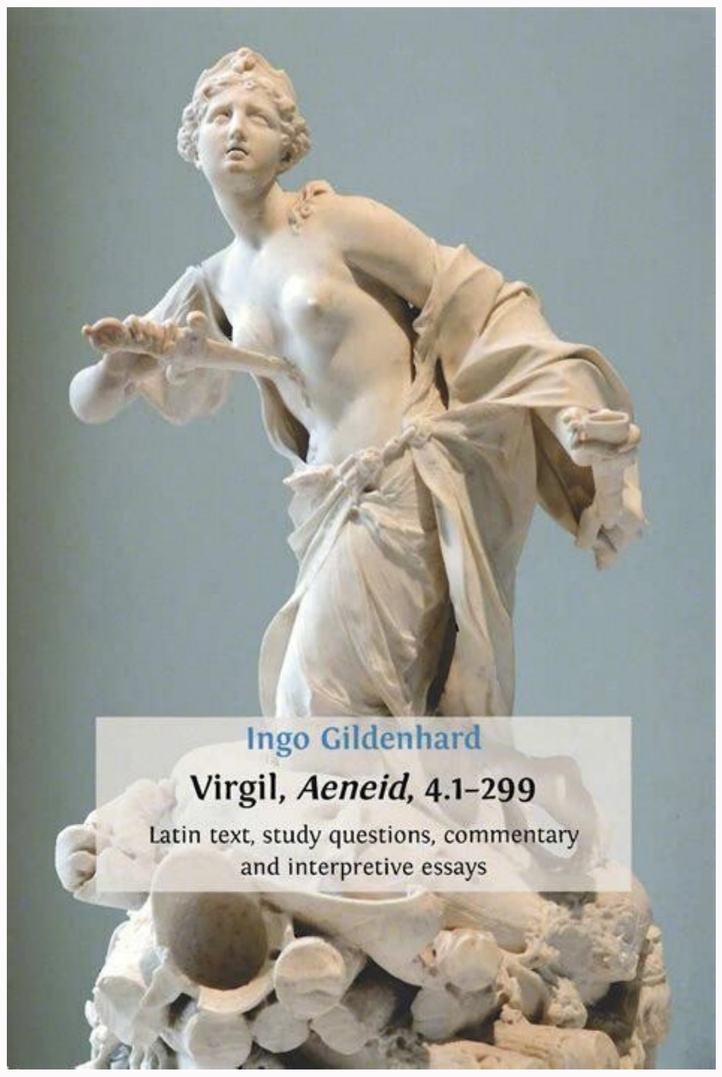
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Is anger so fierce in celestial spirits? There was a city of ancient days that Tyrian settlers dwelt in, Carthage, over against Italy and the Tiber mouths afar; rich of store, and mighty in war's fierce pursuits; wherein, they say, alone beyond all other lands had Juno her seat, and held Samos itself less dear. Here was her armour, here her chariot; even now, if fate permit, the goddess strives to nurture it for queen of the nations. Nevertheless she had heard a race was issuing of the blood of [Pg 2][20-53]Troy, which sometime should overthrow her Tyrian citadel; from it should come a people, lord of lands and tyrannous in war, the destroyer of Libya: so rolled the destinies. Fearful of that, the daughter of Saturn, the old war in her remembrance that she fought at Troy for her beloved Argos long ago,—nor had the springs of her anger nor the bitterness of her vexation yet gone out of mind: deep stored in her soul lies the judgment of Paris, the insult of her slighted beauty, the hated race and the dignities of ravished Ganymede; fired with this also, she tossed all over ocean the Trojan remnant left of the Greek host and merciless Achilles, and held them afar from Latium; and many a year were they wandering driven of fate around all the seas.
Such work was it to found the Roman people.
Hardly out of sight of the land of Sicily did they set their sails to sea, and merrily upturned the salt foam with brazen prow, when Juno, the undying wound still deep in her heart, thus broke out alone: 'Am I then to abandon my baffled purpose, powerless to keep the Teucrian king from Italy? and because fate forbids me? Could Pallas lay the Argive fleet in ashes, and sink the Argives in the sea, for one man's guilt, mad Oïlean Ajax? Her hand darted Jove's flying fire from the clouds, scattered their ships, upturned the seas in tempest; him, his pierced breast yet breathing forth the flame, she caught in a whirlwind and impaled on a spike of rock. But I, who move queen among immortals, I sister and wife of Jove, wage warfare all these years with a single people; and is there any who still adores Juno's divinity, or will kneel to lay sacrifice on her altars?' Such thoughts inly revolving in her kindled bosom, the goddess reaches Aeolia, the home of storm-clouds, the land laden with furious southern gales. Here in a desolate cavern Aeolus keeps under royal dominion and yokes in [Pg 3][54-85]dungeon fetters the struggling winds and loud storms. They with mighty moan rage indignant round their mountain barriers. In his lofty citadel Aeolus sits sceptred, assuages their temper and soothes their rage; else would they carry with them seas and lands, and the depth of heaven, and sweep them through space in their flying course. But, fearful of this, the lord omnipotent hath hidden them in caverned gloom, and laid a mountain mass high over them, and appointed them a ruler, who should know by certain law to strain and slacken the reins at command. To him now Juno spoke thus in suppliant accents: 'Aeolus—for to thee hath the father of gods and king of men given the wind that lulls and that lifts the waves—a people mine enemy sails the Tyrrhene sea, carrying into Italy the conquered gods of their Ilian home. Rouse thy winds to fury, and overwhelm their sinking vessels, or drive them asunder and strew ocean with their bodies. Mine are twice seven nymphs of passing loveliness; her who of them all is most excellent in beauty, Deïopea, I will unite to thee in wedlock to be thine for ever; that for this thy service she may fulfil all her years at thy side, and make thee father of a beautiful race.' Aeolus thus returned: 'Thine, O queen, the task to search whereto thou hast desire; for me it is right to do thy bidding. From thee have I this poor kingdom, from thee my sceptre and Jove's grace; thou dost grant me to take my seat at the feasts of the gods, and makest me sovereign over clouds and storms.' Even with these words, turning his spear, he struck the side of the hollow hill, and the winds, as in banded array, pour where passage is given them, and cover earth with eddying blasts. East wind and west wind together, and the gusty south-wester, falling prone on the sea, stir it up [Pg 4][86-120]from its lowest chambers, and roll vast billows to the shore. Behind rises shouting of men and whistling of cordage. In a moment clouds blot sky and daylight from the Teucrians' eyes; black night broods over the deep. Pole thunders to pole, and the air quivers with incessant flashes; all menaces them with instant death. Straightway Aeneas' frame grows unnerved and chill, and stretching either hand to heaven, he cries thus aloud: 'Ah, thrice and four times happy they who found their doom under high Troy town before their fathers' faces! Ah, son of Tydeus, bravest of the Grecian race, that I could not have fallen on the Ilian plains, and gasped out this my life beneath thine hand! where under the spear of Aeacides lies fierce Hector, lies mighty Sarpedon; where Simoïs so often bore beneath his whirling wave shields and helmets and brave bodies of men.' As the cry leaves his lips, a gust of the shrill north strikes full on the sail and raises the waves up to heaven. The oars are snapped; the prow swings away and gives her side to the waves; down in a heap comes a broken mountain of water.
These hang on the wave's ridge; to these the yawning billow shows ground amid the surge, where the sea churns with sand. Three ships the south wind catches and hurls on hidden rocks, rocks amid the waves which Italians call the Altars, a vast reef banking the sea. Three the east forces from the deep into shallows and quicksands, piteous to see, dashes on shoals and girdles with a sandbank. One, wherein loyal Orontes and his Lycians rode, before their lord's eyes a vast sea descending strikes astern.
The helmsman is dashed away and rolled forward headlong; her as she lies the billow sends spinning thrice round with it, and engulfs in the swift whirl. Scattered swimmers appear in the vast eddy, armour of men, timbers and Trojan treasure amid the water. Ere now the stout ship of Ilioneus, ere now of brave Achates, and she wherein [Pg 5][121-152]Abas rode, and she wherein aged Aletes, have yielded to the storm; through the shaken fastenings of their sides they all draw in the deadly water, and their opening seams give way.
Meanwhile Neptune discerned with astonishment the loud roaring of the vexed sea, the tempest let loose from prison, and the still water boiling up from its depths, and lifting his head calm above the waves, looked forth across the deep.
He sees all ocean strewn with Aeneas' fleet, the Trojans overwhelmed by the waves and the ruining heaven. Juno's guile and wrath lay clear to her brother's eye; east wind and west he calls before him, and thereon speaks thus: 'Stand you then so sure in your confidence of birth? Careless, O winds, of my deity, dare you confound sky and earth, and raise so huge a coil? you whom I—But better to still the aroused waves; for a second sin you shall pay me another penalty. Speed your flight, and say this to your king: not to him but to me was allotted the stern trident of ocean empire. His fastness is on the monstrous rocks where thou and thine, east wind, dwell: there let Aeolus glory in his palace and reign over the barred prison of his winds.' Thus he speaks, and ere the words are done he soothes the swollen seas, chases away the gathered clouds, and restores the sunlight. Cymothoë and Triton together push the ships strongly off the sharp reef; himself he eases them with his trident, channels the vast quicksands, and assuages the sea, gliding on light wheels along the water. Even as when oft in a throng of people strife hath risen, and the base multitude rage in their minds, and now brands and stones are flying; madness lends arms; then if perchance they catch sight of one reverend for goodness and service, they are silent and stand by with attentive ear; he with [Pg 6][153-190]speech sways their temper and soothes their breasts; even so hath fallen all the thunder of ocean, when riding forward beneath a cloudless sky the lord of the sea wheels his coursers and lets his gliding chariot fly with loosened rein.
The outworn Aeneadae hasten to run for the nearest shore, and turn to the coast of Libya. There lies a spot deep withdrawn; an island forms a harbour with outstretched sides, whereon all the waves break from the open sea and part into the hollows of the bay. On this side and that enormous cliffs rise threatening heaven, and twin crags beneath whose crest the sheltered water lies wide and calm; above hangs a background of flickering forest, and the dark shade of rustling groves.
Beneath the seaward brow is a rock-hung cavern, within it fresh springs and seats in the living stone, a haunt of nymphs; where tired ships need no fetters to hold nor anchor to fasten them with crooked bite. Here with seven sail gathered of all his company Aeneas enters; and disembarking on the land of their desire the Trojans gain the chosen beach, and set their feet dripping with brine upon the shore. At once Achates struck a spark from the flint and caught the fire on leaves, and laying dry fuel round kindled it into flame. Then, weary of fortune, they fetch out corn spoiled by the sea and weapons of corn-dressing, and begin to parch over the fire and bruise in stones the grain they had rescued.
Meanwhile Aeneas scales the crag, and seeks the whole view wide over ocean, if he may see aught of Antheus storm-tossed with his Phrygian galleys, aught of Capys or of Caïcus' armour high astern. Ship in sight is none; three stags he espies straying on the shore; behind whole herds follow, and graze in long train across the valley. Stopping short, he snatched up a bow and swift arrows, the arms trusty Achates was carrying; and first the leaders, their stately heads high with branching antlers, then the common [Pg 7][191-222]herd fall to his hand, as he drives them with his shafts in a broken crowd through the leafy woods. Nor stays he till seven great victims are stretched on the sod, fulfilling the number of his ships. Thence he seeks the harbour and parts them among all his company. The casks of wine that good Acestes had filled on the Trinacrian beach, the hero's gift at their departure, he thereafter shares, and calms with speech their sorrowing hearts: 'O comrades, for not now nor aforetime are we ignorant of ill, O tried by heavier fortunes, unto this last likewise will God appoint an end. The fury of Scylla and the roaring recesses of her crags you have been anigh; the rocks of the Cyclops you have trodden. Recall your courage, put dull fear away. This too sometime we shall haply remember with delight. Through chequered fortunes, through many perilous ways, we steer for Latium, where destiny points us a quiet home. There the realm of Troy may rise again unforbidden.
Keep heart, and endure till prosperous fortune come.' Such words he utters, and sick with deep distress he feigns hope on his face, and keeps his anguish hidden deep in his breast. The others set to the spoil they are to feast upon, tear chine from ribs and lay bare the flesh; some cut it into pieces and pierce it still quivering with spits; others plant cauldrons on the beach and feed them with flame.
Then they repair their strength with food, and lying along the grass take their fill of old wine and fat venison. After hunger is driven from the banquet, and the board cleared, they talk with lingering regret of their lost companions, swaying between hope and fear, whether they may believe them yet alive, or now in their last agony and deaf to mortal call. Most does good Aeneas inly wail the loss now of valiant Orontes, now of Amycus, the cruel doom of Lycus, of brave Gyas, and brave Cloanthus. [Pg 8][223-254]And now they ceased; when from the height of air Jupiter looked down on the sail-winged sea and outspread lands, the shores and broad countries, and looking stood on the cope of heaven, and cast down his eyes on the realm of Libya. To him thus troubled at heart Venus, her bright eyes brimming with tears, sorrowfully speaks: 'O thou who dost sway mortal and immortal things with eternal command and the terror of thy thunderbolt, how can my Aeneas have transgressed so grievously against thee? how his Trojans? on whom, after so many deaths outgone, all the world is barred for Italy's sake. From them sometime in the rolling years the Romans were to arise indeed; from them were to be rulers who, renewing the blood of Teucer, should hold sea and land in universal lordship. This thou didst promise: why, O father, is thy decree reversed? This was my solace for the wretched ruin of sunken Troy, doom balanced against doom. Now so many woes are spent, and the same fortune still pursues them; Lord and King, what limit dost thou set to their agony? Antenor could elude the encircling Achaeans, could thread in safety the Illyrian bays and inmost realms of the Liburnians, could climb Timavus' source, whence through nine mouths pours the bursting tide amid dreary moans of the mountain, and covers the fields with hoarse waters. Yet here did he set Patavium town, a dwelling-place for his Teucrians, gave his name to a nation and hung up the armour of Troy; now settled in peace, he rests and is in quiet. We, thy children, we whom thou beckonest to the heights of heaven, our fleet miserably cast away for a single enemy's anger, are betrayed and severed far from the Italian coasts. Is this the reward of goodness? Is it thus thou dost restore our throne?' Smiling on her with that look which clears sky and [Pg 9][255-289]storms, the parent of men and gods lightly kissed his daughter's lips; then answered thus: 'Spare thy fear, Cytherean; thy people's destiny abides unshaken. Thine eyes shall see the city Lavinium, their promised home; thou shalt exalt to the starry heaven thy noble Aeneas; nor is my decree reversed. He thou lovest (for I will speak, since this care keeps torturing thee, and will unroll further the secret records of fate) shall wage a great war in Italy, and crush warrior nations; he shall appoint his people a law and a city; till the third summer see him reigning in Latium, and three winters' camps pass over the conquered Rutulians. But the boy Ascanius, whose surname is now Iülus—Ilus he was while the Ilian state stood sovereign—thirty great circles of rolling months shall he fulfil in government; he shall carry the kingdom from its fastness in Lavinium, and make a strong fortress of Alba the Long. Here the full space of thrice an hundred years shall the kingdom endure under the race of Hector's kin, till the royal priestess Ilia from Mars' embrace shall give birth to a twin progeny. Thence shall Romulus, gay in the tawny hide of the she-wolf that nursed him, take up their line, and name them Romans after his own name. I appoint to these neither period nor boundary of empire: I have given them dominion without end. Nay, harsh Juno, who in her fear now troubles earth and sea and sky, shall change to better counsels, and with me shall cherish the lords of the world, the gowned race of Rome. Thus is it willed. A day will come in the lapse of cycles, when the house of Assaracus shall lay Phthia and famed Mycenae in bondage, and reign over conquered Argos. From the fair line of Troy a Caesar shall arise, who shall limit his empire with ocean, his glory with the firmament, Julius, inheritor of great Iülus' name.
Him one day, thy care done, thou shalt welcome to heaven loaded [Pg 10][290-321]with Eastern spoils; to him too shall vows be addressed. Then shall war cease, and the iron ages soften. Hoar Faith and Vesta, Quirinus and Remus brothers again, shall deliver statutes. The dreadful steel-riveted gates of war shall be shut fast; on murderous weapons the inhuman Fury, his hands bound behind him with an hundred fetters of brass, shall sit within, shrieking with terrible blood-stained lips.' So speaking, he sends Maia's son down from above, that the land and towers of Carthage, the new town, may receive the Trojans with open welcome; lest Dido, ignorant of doom, might debar them her land. Flying through the depth of air on winged oarage, the fleet messenger alights on the Libyan coasts. At once he does his bidding; at once, for a god willed it, the Phoenicians allay their haughty temper; the queen above all takes to herself grace and compassion towards the Teucrians. But good Aeneas, nightlong revolving many and many a thing, issues forth, so soon as bountiful light is given, to explore the strange country; to what coasts the wind has borne him, who are their habitants, men or wild beasts, for all he sees is wilderness; this he resolves to search, and bring back the certainty to his comrades. The fleet he hides close in embosoming groves beneath a caverned rock, amid shivering shadow of the woodland; himself, Achates alone following, he strides forward, clenching in his hand two broad-headed spears. And amid the forest his mother crossed his way, wearing the face and raiment of a maiden, the arms of a maiden of Sparta, or like Harpalyce of Thrace when she tires her coursers and outstrips the winged speed of Hebrus in her flight. For huntress fashion had she slung the ready bow from her shoulder, and left her blown tresses free, bared her knee, and knotted together her garments' flowing folds. 'Ha! my men,' she begins, 'shew me if [Pg 11][322-355]haply you have seen a sister of mine straying here girt with quiver and a lynx's dappled fell, or pressing with shouts on the track of a foaming boar.' Thus Venus, and Venus' son answering thus began: 'Sound nor sight have I had of sister of thine, O maiden unnamed; for thy face is not mortal, nor thy voice of human tone; O goddess assuredly! sister of Phoebus perchance, or one of the nymphs' blood? Be thou gracious, whoso thou art, and lighten this toil of ours; deign to instruct us beneath what skies, on what coast of the world, we are thrown. Driven hither by wind and desolate waves, we wander in a strange land among unknown men. Many a sacrifice shall fall by our hand before thine altars.' Then Venus: 'Nay, to no such offerings do I aspire. Tyrian maidens are wont ever to wear the quiver, to tie the purple buskin high above their ankle. Punic is the realm thou seest, Tyrian the people, and the city of Agenor's kin; but their borders are Libyan, a race unassailable in war. Dido sways the sceptre, who flying her brother set sail from the Tyrian town. Long is the tale of crime, long and intricate; but I will briefly follow its argument. Her husband was Sychaeus, wealthiest in lands of the Phoenicians, and loved of her with ill-fated passion; to whom with virgin rites her father had given her maidenhood in wedlock. But the kingdom of Tyre was in her brother Pygmalion's hands, a monster of guilt unparalleled.
Between these madness came; the unnatural brother, blind with lust of gold, and reckless of his sister's love, lays Sychaeus low before the altars with stealthy unsuspected weapon; and for long he hid the deed, and by many a crafty pretence cheated her love-sickness with hollow hope. But in slumber came the very ghost of her unburied husband; lifting up a face pale in wonderful wise, he exposed the merciless altars and [Pg 12][356-387]his breast stabbed through with steel, and unwove all the blind web of household guilt. Then he counsels hasty flight out of the country, and to aid her passage discloses treasures long hidden underground, an untold mass of silver and gold. Stirred thereby, Dido gathered a company for flight. All assemble in whom hatred of the tyrant was relentless or fear keen; they seize on ships that chanced to lie ready, and load them with the gold. Pygmalion's hoarded wealth is borne overseas; a woman leads the work. They came at last to the land where thou wilt descry a city now great, New Carthage, and her rising citadel, and bought ground, called thence Byrsa, as much as a bull's hide would encircle. But who, I pray, are you, or from what coasts come, or whither hold you your way?' At her question he, sighing and drawing speech deep from his breast, thus replied: 'Ah goddess, should I go on retracing from the fountain head, were time free to hear the history of our woes, sooner would the evening star lay day asleep in the closed gates of heaven. Us, as from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath haply passed through your ears) we sailed over alien seas, the tempest at his own wild will hath driven on the Libyan coast. I am Aeneas the good, who carry in my fleet the household gods I rescued from the enemy; my fame is known high in heaven. I seek Italy my country, my kin of Jove's supreme blood. With twenty sail did I climb the Phrygian sea; oracular tokens led me on; my goddess mother pointed the way; scarce seven survive the shattering of wave and wind. Myself unknown, destitute, driven from Europe and Asia, I wander over the Libyan wilderness.' But staying longer complaint, Venus thus broke in on his half-told sorrows: 'Whoso thou art, not hated I think of the immortals [Pg 13][388-420]dost thou draw the breath of life, who hast reached the Tyrian city. Only go on, and betake thee hence to the courts of the queen.
For I declare to thee thy comrades are restored, thy fleet driven back into safety by the shifted northern gales, except my parents were pretenders, and unavailing the augury they taught me. Behold these twelve swans in joyous line, whom, stooping from the tract of heaven, the bird of Jove fluttered over the open sky; now in long train they seem either to take the ground or already to look down on the ground they took. As they again disport with clapping wings, and utter their notes as they circle the sky in company, even so do these ships and crews of thine either lie fast in harbour or glide under full sail into the harbour mouth. Only go on, and turn thy steps where the pathway leads thee.' Speaking she turned away, and her neck shone roseate, her immortal tresses breathed the fragrance of deity; her raiment fell flowing down to her feet, and the godhead was manifest in her tread. He knew her for his mother, and with this cry pursued her flight: 'Thou also merciless! Why mockest thou thy son so often in feigned likeness? Why is it forbidden to clasp hand in hand, to hear and utter true speech?' Thus reproaching her he bends his steps towards the city. But Venus girt them in their going with dull mist, and shed round them a deep divine clothing of cloud, that none might see them, none touch them, or work delay, or ask wherefore they came. Herself she speeds through the sky to Paphos, and joyfully revisits her habitation, where the temple and its hundred altars steam with Sabaean incense, and are fresh with fragrance of chaplets in her worship. They meantime have hasted along where the pathway points, and now were climbing the hill which hangs enormous over the city, and looks down on its facing towers. [Pg 14][421-456]Aeneas marvels at the mass of building, pastoral huts once of old, marvels at the gateways and clatter of the pavements. The Tyrians are hot at work to trace the walls, to rear the citadel, and roll up great stones by hand, or to choose a spot for their dwelling and enclose it with a furrow. They ordain justice and magistrates, and the august senate. Here some are digging harbours, here others lay the deep foundations of their theatre, and hew out of the cliff vast columns, the lofty ornaments of the stage to be: even as bees when summer is fresh over the flowery country ply their task beneath the sun, when they lead forth their nation's grown brood, or when they press the liquid honey and strain their cells with nectarous sweets, or relieve the loaded incomers, or in banded array drive the idle herd of drones far from their folds; they swarm over their work, and the odorous honey smells sweet of thyme. 'Happy they whose city already rises!' cries Aeneas, looking on the town roofs below. Girt in the cloud he passes amid them, wonderful to tell, and mingling with the throng is descried of none. In the heart of the town was a grove deep with luxuriant shade, wherein first the Phoenicians, buffeted by wave and whirlwind, dug up the token Queen Juno had appointed, the head of a war horse: thereby was their race to be through all ages illustrious in war and opulent in living. Here to Juno was Sidonian Dido founding a vast temple, rich with offerings and the sanctity of her godhead: brazen steps rose on the threshold, brass clamped the pilasters, doors of brass swung on grating hinges. First in this grove did a strange chance meet his steps and allay his fears; first here did Aeneas dare to hope for safety and have fairer trust in his shattered fortunes. For while he closely scans the temple that towers above him, while, awaiting the queen, he admires the fortunate city, the emulous hands and elaborate work of her craftsmen, he sees ranged in order the [Pg 15][457-491]battles of Ilium, that war whose fame was already rumoured through all the world, the sons of Atreus and Priam, and Achilles whom both found pitiless. He stopped and cried weeping, 'What land is left, Achates, what tract on earth that is not full of our agony? Behold Priam! Here too is the meed of honour, here mortal estate touches the soul to tears. Dismiss thy fears; the fame of this will somehow bring thee salvation.' So speaks he, and fills his soul with the painted show, sighing often the while, and his face wet with a full river of tears. For he saw, how warring round the Trojan citadel here the Greeks fled, the men of Troy hard on their rear; here the Phrygians, plumed Achilles in his chariot pressing their flight. Not far away he knows the snowy canvas of Rhesus' tents, which, betrayed in their first sleep, the blood-stained son of Tydeus laid desolate in heaped slaughter, and turns the ruddy steeds away to the camp ere ever they tasted Trojan fodder or drunk of Xanthus. Elsewhere Troïlus, his armour flung away in flight—luckless boy, no match for Achilles to meet!—is borne along by his horses, and thrown back entangled with his empty chariot, still clutching the reins; his neck and hair are dragged over the ground, and his reversed spear scores the dust. Meanwhile the Ilian women went with disordered tresses to unfriendly Pallas' temple, and bore the votive garment, sadly beating breast with palm: the goddess turning away held her eyes fast on the ground. Thrice had Achilles whirled Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling the lifeless body for gold; then at last he heaves a loud and heart-deep groan, as the spoils, as the chariot, as the dear body met his gaze, and Priam outstretching unarmed hands. Himself too he knew joining battle with the foremost Achaeans, knew the Eastern ranks and swart Memnon's armour. Penthesilea leads her crescent-shielded Amazonian columns in furious heat with [Pg 16][492-524]thousands around her; clasping a golden belt under her naked breast, the warrior maiden clashes boldly with men. While these marvels meet Dardanian Aeneas' eyes, while he dizzily hangs rapt in one long gaze, Dido the queen entered the precinct, beautiful exceedingly, a youthful train thronging round her. Even as on Eurotas' banks or along the Cynthian ridges Diana wheels the dance, while behind her a thousand mountain nymphs crowd to left and right; she carries quiver on shoulder, and as she moves outshines them all in deity; Latona's heart is thrilled with silent joy; such was Dido, so she joyously advanced amid the throng, urging on the business of her rising empire. Then in the gates of the goddess, beneath the central vault of the temple roof, she took her seat girt with arms and high enthroned. And now she gave justice and laws to her people, and adjusted or allotted their taskwork in due portion; when suddenly Aeneas sees advancing with a great crowd about them Antheus and Sergestus and brave Cloanthus, and other of his Trojans, whom the black squall had sundered at sea and borne far away on the coast.
Dizzy with the shock of joy and fear he and Achates together were on fire with eagerness to clasp their hands; but in confused uncertainty they keep hidden, and clothed in the sheltering cloud wait to espy what fortune befalls them, where they are leaving their fleet ashore, why they now come; for they advanced, chosen men from all the ships, praying for grace, and held on with loud cries towards the temple. After they entered in, and free speech was granted, aged Ilioneus with placid mien thus began: 'Queen, to whom Jupiter hath given to found this new city, and lay the yoke of justice upon haughty tribes, we beseech thee, we wretched Trojans storm-driven over all [Pg 17][525-559]the seas, stay the dreadful flames from our ships; spare a guiltless race, and bend a gracious regard on our fortunes. We are not come to deal slaughter through Libyan homes, or to drive plundered spoils to the coast. Such violence sits not in our mind, nor is a conquered people so insolent. There is a place Greeks name Hesperia, an ancient land, mighty in arms and foison of the clod; Oenotrian men dwelt therein; now rumour is that a younger race from their captain's name have called it Italy. Thither lay our course . . . when Orion rising on us through the cloudrack with sudden surf bore us on blind shoals, and scattered us afar with his boisterous gales and whelming brine over waves and trackless reefs. To these your coasts we a scanty remnant floated up.
What race of men, what land how barbarous soever, allows such a custom for its own? We are debarred the shelter of the beach; they rise in war, and forbid us to set foot on the brink of their land. If you slight human kinship and mortal arms, yet look for gods unforgetful of innocence and guilt. Aeneas was our king, foremost of men in righteousness, incomparable in goodness as in warlike arms; whom if fate still preserves, if he draws the breath of heaven and lies not yet low in dispiteous gloom, fear we have none; nor mayest thou repent of challenging the contest of service. In Sicilian territory too is tilth and town, and famed Acestes himself of Trojan blood. Grant us to draw ashore our storm-shattered fleet, to shape forest trees into beams and strip them for oars; so, if to Italy we may steer with our king and comrades found, Italy and Latium shall we gladly seek; but if salvation is clean gone, if the Libyan gulf holds thee, dear lord of thy Trojans, and Iülus our hope survives no more, seek we then at least the straits of Sicily, the open homes whence we sailed hither, and Acestes for our king.' Thus Ilioneus, and all the Dardanian company [Pg 18][560-593]murmured assent. . . . Then Dido, with downcast face, briefly speaks: 'Cheer your anxious hearts, O Teucrians; put by your care. Hard fortune in a strange realm forces me to this task, to keep watch and ward on my wide frontiers. Who can be ignorant of the race of Aeneas' people, who of Troy town and her men and deeds, or of the great war's consuming fire? Not so dull are the hearts of our Punic wearing, not so far doth the sun yoke his steeds from our Tyrian town. Whether your choice be broad Hesperia, the fields of Saturn's dominion, or Eryx for your country and Acestes for your king, my escort shall speed you in safety, my arsenals supply your need. Or will you even find rest here with me and share my kingdom? The city I establish is yours; draw your ships ashore; Trojan and Tyrian shall be held by me in even balance. And would that he your king, that Aeneas were here, storm-driven to this same haven! But I will send messengers along the coast, and bid them trace Libya to its limits, if haply he strays shipwrecked in forest or town.' Stirred by these words brave Achates and lord Aeneas both ere now burned to break through the cloud. Achates first accosts Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, what purpose now rises in thy spirit? Thou seest all is safe, our fleet and comrades are restored. One only is wanting, whom our eyes saw whelmed amid the waves; all else is answerable to thy mother's words.' Scarce had he spoken when the encircling cloud suddenly parts and melts into clear air. Aeneas stood discovered in sheen of brilliant light, like a god in face and shoulders; for his mother's self had shed on her son the grace of clustered locks, the radiant light of youth, and the lustre of joyous eyes; as when ivory takes beauty under the artist's hand, or when silver or Parian stone is inlaid in gold. [Pg 19][594-625]Then breaking in on all with unexpected speech he thus addresses the queen: 'I whom you seek am here before you, Aeneas of Troy, snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou who alone hast pitied Troy's untold agonies, thou who with us the remnant of the Grecian foe, worn out ere now by every suffering land and sea can bring, with us in our utter want dost share thy city and home! to render meet recompense is not possible for us, O Dido, nor for all who scattered over the wide world are left of our Dardanian race. The gods grant thee worthy reward, if their deity turn any regard on goodness, if aught avails justice and conscious purity of soul. What happy ages bore thee? what mighty parents gave thy virtue birth? While rivers run into the sea, while the mountain shadows move across their slopes, while the stars have pasturage in heaven, ever shall thine honour, thy name and praises endure in the unknown lands that summon me.' With these words he advances his right hand to dear Ilioneus, his left to Serestus; then to the rest, brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus. Dido the Sidonian stood astonished, first at the sight of him, then at his strange fortunes; and these words left her lips: 'What fate follows thee, goddess-born, through perilous ways?
what violence lands thee on this monstrous coast? Art thou that Aeneas whom Venus the bountiful bore to Dardanian Anchises by the wave of Phrygian Simoïs? And well I remember how Teucer came to Sidon, when exiled from his native land he sought Belus' aid to gain new realms; Belus my father even then ravaged rich Cyprus and held it under his conquering sway. From that time forth have I known the fall of the Trojan city, known thy name and the Pelasgian princes. Their very foe would extol the Teucrians with highest praises, and boasted himself a branch [Pg 20][626-661]of the ancient Teucrian stem. Come therefore, O men, and enter our house. Me too hath a like fortune driven through

many a woe, and willed at last to find my rest in this land. Not ignorant of ill do I learn to succour the afflicted.' With such speech she leads Aeneas into the royal house, and orders sacrifice in the gods' temples. Therewith she sends his company on the shore twenty bulls, an hundred great bristly-backed swine, an hundred fat lambs and their mothers with them, gifts of the day's gladness. . . . But the palace within is decked with splendour of royal state, and a banquet made ready amid the halls. The coverings are curiously wrought in splendid purple; on the tables is massy silver and deeds of ancestral valour graven in gold, all the long course of history drawn through many a heroic name from the nation's primal antiquity. Aeneas—for a father's affection denied his spirit rest—sends Achates speeding to his ships, to carry this news to Ascanius, and lead him to the town: in Ascanius is fixed all the parent's loving care.

Presents likewise he bids him bring saved from the wreck of Ilium, a mantle stiff with gold embroidery, and a veil with woven border of yellow acanthus-flower, that once decked Helen of Argos, the marvel of her mother Leda's giving; Helen had borne them from Mycenae, when she sought Troy towers and a lawless bridal; the sceptre too that Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, once had worn, a beaded necklace, and a double circlet of jewelled gold. Achates, hasting on his message, bent his way towards the ships. But in the Cytherean's breast new arts, new schemes revolve; if Cupid, changed in form and feature, may come in sweet Ascanius' room, and his gifts kindle the queen to madness and set her inmost sense aflame. Verily she fears the uncertain house, the double-tongued race of Tyre; [Pg 21][662-698]cruel Juno frets her, and at nightfall her care floods back.

Therefore to winged Love she speaks these words: 'Son, who art alone my strength and sovereignty, son, who scornest the mighty father's Typhoïan shafts, to thee I fly for succour, and sue humbly to thy deity. How Aeneas thy brother is driven about all the sea-coasts by bitter Juno's malignity, this thou knowest, and hast often grieved in our grief. Now Dido the Phoenician holds him stayed with soft words, and I tremble to think how the welcome of Juno's house may issue; she will not be idle in this supreme turn of fortune.

Wherefore I counsel to prevent her wiles and circle the queen with flame, that, unalterable by any deity, she may be held fast to me by passionate love for Aeneas.

Take now my thought how to do this. The boy prince, my chiefest care, makes ready at his dear father's summons to go to the Sidonian city, carrying gifts that survive the sea and the flames of Troy. Him will I hide deep asleep in my holy habitation, high on Cythera's hills or in Idalium, that he may not know nor cross our wiles. Do thou but for one night feign his form, and, boy as thou art, put on the familiar face of a boy; so when in festal cheer, amid royal dainties and Bacchic juice, Dido shall take thee to her lap, shall fold thee in her clasp and kiss thee close and sweet, thou mayest imbreathe a hidden fire and unsuspected poison.' Love obeys his dear mother's words, lays by his wings, and walks rejoicingly with Iülus' tread. But Venus pours gentle dew of slumber on Ascanius' limbs, and lifts him lulled in her lap to the tall Idalian groves of her deity, where soft amaracus folds him round with the shadowed sweetness of its odorous blossoms. And now, obedient to her words, Cupid went merrily in Achates' guiding, with the royal gifts for the Tyrians. Already at his coming the queen hath sate her down in the midmost on her golden [Pg 22][699-733]throne under the splendid tapestries; now lord Aeneas, now too the men of Troy gather, and all recline on the strewn purple. Servants pour water on their hands, serve corn from baskets, and bring napkins with close-cut pile. Fifty handmaids are within, whose task is in their course to keep unfailing store and kindle the household fire. An hundred others, and as many pages all of like age, load the board with food and array the wine cups. Therewithal the Tyrians are gathered full in the wide feasting chamber, and take their appointed places on the broidered cushions. They marvel at Aeneas' gifts, marvel at Iülus, at the god's face aflame and forged speech, at the mantle and veil wrought with yellow acanthus-flower.

Above all the hapless Phoenician, victim to coming doom, cannot satiate her soul, but, stirred alike by the boy and the gifts, she gazes and takes fire. He, when hanging clasped on Aeneas' neck he had satisfied all the deluded parent's love, makes his way to the queen; the queen clings to him with her eyes and all her soul, and ever and anon fondles him in her lap, ah, poor Dido! witless how mighty a deity sinks into her breast; but he, mindful of his mother the Acidalian, begins touch by touch to efface Sychaeus, and sows the surprise of a living love in the long-since-unstirred spirit and disaccustomed heart. Soon as the noise of banquet ceased and the board was cleared, they set down great bowls and enwreathe the wine. The house is filled with hum of voices eddying through the spacious chambers; lit lamps hang down by golden chainwork, and flaming tapers expel the night. Now the queen called for a heavy cup of jewelled gold, and filled it with pure wine; therewith was the use of Belus and all of Belus' race: then the hall was silenced. 'Jupiter,' she cries, 'for thou art reputed lawgiver of hospitality, grant that this be a joyful day to the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy, a day to live in our children's memory. [Pg 23][734-756]Bacchus, the giver of gladness, be with us, and Juno the bountiful; and you, O Tyrians, be favourable to our assembly.' She spoke, and poured liquid libation on the board, which done, she first herself touched it lightly with her lips, then handed it to Bitias and bade him speed; he valiantly drained the foaming cup, and flooded him with the brimming gold. The other princes followed. Long-haired Iopas on his gilded lyre fills the chamber with songs ancient Atlas taught; he sings of the wandering moon and the sun's travails; whence is the human race and the brute, whence water and fire; of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the twin Oxen; why wintry suns make such haste to dip in ocean, or what delay makes the nights drag lingeringly. Tyrians and Trojans after them redouble applause. Therewithal Dido wore the night in changing talk, alas! and drank long draughts of love, asking many a thing of Priam, many a thing of Hector; now in what armour the son of the Morning came; now of what fashion were Diomede's horses; now of mighty Achilles. 'Nay, come,' she cries, 'tell to us, O guest, from their first beginning the treachery of the Grecians, thy people's woes, and thine own wanderings; for this is now the seventh summer that bears thee a wanderer over all the earth and sea.' [Pg 24] BOOK SECOND THE STORY OF THE SACK OF TROY All were hushed, and sate with steadfast countenance; thereon, high from his cushioned seat, lord Aeneas thus began: 'Dreadful, O Queen, is the woe thou bidst me recall, how the Grecians pitiably overthrew the wealth and lordship of Troy; and I myself saw these things in all their horror, and I bore great part in them. What Myrmidon or Dolopian, or soldier of stern Ulysses, could in such a tale restrain his tears! and now night falls dewy from the steep of heaven, and the setting stars counsel to slumber. Yet if thy desire be such to know our calamities, and briefly to hear Troy's last agony, though my spirit shudders at the remembrance and recoils in pain, I will essay. 'Broken in war and beaten back by fate, and so many years now slid away, the Grecian captains build by Pallas' divine craft a horse of mountainous build, ribbed with sawn fir; they feign it vowed for their return, and this rumour goes about. Within the blind sides they stealthily imprison chosen men picked out one by one, and fill the vast cavern of its womb full with armed soldiery. 'There lies in sight an island well known in fame, Tenedos, rich of store while the realm of Priam endured, [Pg 25][23-55]now but a bay and roadstead treacherous to ships. Hither they launch forth, and hide on the solitary shore: we fancied they were gone, and had run down the wind for Mycenae. So all the Teucrian land put her long grief away. The gates are flung open; men go rejoicingly to see the Doric camp, the deserted stations and abandoned shore. Here the Dolopian troops were tented, here cruel Achilles; here their squadrons lay; here the lines were wont to meet in battle. Some gaze astonished at the deadly gift of Minerva the Virgin, and wonder at the horse's bulk; and Thymoetes begins to advise that it be drawn within our walls and set in the citadel, whether in guile, or that the doom of Troy was even now setting thus. But Capys and they whose mind was of better counsel, bid us either hurl sheer into the sea the guileful and sinister gift of Greece, or heap flames beneath to consume it, or pierce and explore the hollow hiding-place of its womb. The wavering crowd is torn apart in high dispute. 'At that, foremost of all and with a great throng about him, Laocoön runs hotly down from the high citadel, and cries from far: "Ah, wretched citizens, what height of madness is this? Believe you the foe is gone? or think you any Grecian gift is free of treachery? is it thus we know Ulysses? Either Achaeans are hid in this cage of wood, or the engine is fashioned against our walls to overlook the houses and descend upon the city; some delusion lurks there: trust not the horse, O Trojans. Be it what it may, I fear the Grecians even when they offer gifts." Thus speaking, he hurled his mighty spear with great strength at the creature's side and the curved framework of the belly: the spear stood quivering, and the jarred cavern of the womb sounded hollow and uttered a groan. And had divine ordinance, had a soul not infatuate been with us, he had moved us to lay violent steel on the Argolic hiding place; [Pg 26][56-90]and Troy would now stand, and you, tall towers of Priam, yet abide. 'Lo, Dardanian shepherds meanwhile dragged clamorously before the King a man with hands tied behind his back, who to compass this very thing, to lay Troy open to the Achaeans, had gone to meet their ignorant approach, confident in spirit and doubly prepared to spin his snares or to meet assured death. From all sides, in eagerness to see, the people of Troy run streaming in, and vie in jeers at their prisoner. Know now the treachery of the Grecians, and from a single crime learn all. . . . For as he stood amid our gaze confounded, disarmed, and cast his eyes around the Phrygian columns, "Alas!" he cried, "what land now, what seas may receive me? or what is the last doom that yet awaits my misery?

who have neither any place among the Grecians, and likewise the Dardanians clamour in wrath for the forfeit of my blood." At that lament our spirit was changed, and all assault stayed: we encourage him to speak, and tell of what blood he is sprung, or what assurance he brings his captors. '"In all things assuredly," says he, "O King, befall what may, I will confess to thee the truth; nor will I deny myself of Argolic birth—this first—nor, if Fortune hath made Sinon unhappy, shall her malice mould him to a cheat and a liar. Hath a tale of the name of Palamedes, son of Belus, haply reached thine ears, and of his glorious rumour and renown; whom under false evidence the Pelasgians, because he forbade the war, sent innocent to death by wicked witness; now they bewail him when he hath left the light;—in his company, being near of blood, my father, poor as he was, sent me hither to arms from mine earliest years. While he stood unshaken in royalty and potent in the councils of the kings, we too wore a name and honour. When by subtle Ulysses' malice (no unknown tale do I tell) [Pg 27][91-124]he left the upper regions, my shattered life crept on in darkness and grief, inly indignant at the fate of my innocent friend. Nor in my madness was I silent: and, should any chance offer, did I ever return a conqueror to my native Argos, I vowed myself his avenger, and with my words I stirred his bitter hatred. From this came the first taint of ill; from this did Ulysses ever threaten me with fresh charges, from this flung dark sayings among the crowd and sought confederate arms. Nay, nor did he rest, till by Calchas' service—but yet why do I vainly unroll the unavailing tale, or why hold you in delay, if all Achaeans are ranked together in your mind, and it is enough that I bear the name? Take the vengeance deferred; this the Ithacan would desire, and the sons of Atreus buy at a great ransom." 'Then indeed we press on to ask and inquire the cause, witless of wickedness so great and Pelasgian craft. Tremblingly the false-hearted one pursues his speech: '"Often would the Grecians have taken to flight, leaving Troy behind, and disbanded in weariness of the long war: and would God they had! as often the fierce sea-tempest barred their way, and the gale frightened them from going. Most of all when this horse already stood framed with beams of maple, storm clouds roared over all the sky. In perplexity we send Eurypylus to inquire of Phoebus' oracle; and he brings back from the sanctuary these words of terror: With blood of a slain maiden, O Grecians, you appeased the winds when first you came to the Ilian coasts; with blood must you seek your return, and an Argive life be the accepted sacrifice. When that utterance reached the ears of the crowd, their hearts stood still, and a cold shudder ran through their inmost sense: for whom is doom purposed? who is claimed of Apollo? At this the Ithacan with loud clamour drags Calchas the soothsayer forth amidst them, and demands of him what is this the gods signify. And now many an one [Pg 28][125-158]foretold me the villain's craft and cruelty, and silently saw what was to come. Twice five days he is speechless in his tent, and will not have any one denounced by his lips, or given up to death. Scarcely at last, at the loud urgence of the Ithacan, he breaks into speech as was planned, and appoints me for the altar. All consented; and each one's particular fear was turned, ah me! to my single destruction.

And now the dreadful day was at hand; the rites were being ordered for me, the salted corn, and the chaplets to wreathe my temples.

I broke away, I confess it, from death; I burst my bonds, and lurked all night darkling in the sedge of the marshy pool, till they might set their sails, if haply they should set them. Nor have I any hope more of seeing my old home nor my sweet children and the father whom I desire. Of them will they even haply claim vengeance for my flight, and wash away this crime in their wretched death. By the heavenly powers I beseech thee, the deities to whom truth is known, by all the faith yet unsullied that is anywhere left among mortals; pity woes so great; pity an undeserving sufferer." 'At these his tears we grant him life, and accord our pity. Priam himself at once commands his shackles and strait bonds to be undone, and thus speaks with kindly words: "Whoso thou art, now and henceforth dismiss and forget the Greeks: thou shalt be ours.

And unfold the truth to this my question: wherefore have they reared this vast size of horse? who is their counsellor? or what their aim? what propitiation, or what engine of war is this?" He ended; the other, stored with the treacherous craft of Pelasgia, lifts to heaven his freed hands.

"You, everlasting fires," he cries, "and your inviolable sanctity be my witness; you, O altars and accursed swords I fled, and chaplets of the gods I wore as victim! unblamed may I break the oath of Greek allegiance, unblamed hate them and bring all to light that they [Pg 29][159-191]conceal; nor am I bound by any laws of country. Do thou only keep by thy promise, O Troy, and preserve faith with thy preserver, as my news shall be true, as my recompense great. '"All the hope of Greece, and the confidence in which the war began, ever centred in Pallas' aid. But since the wicked son of Tydeus, and Ulysses, forger of crime, made bold to tear the fated Palladium from her sanctuary, and cut down the sentries on the towered height; since they grasped the holy image, and dared with bloody hands to touch the maiden chaplets of the goddess; since then the hope of Greece ebbed and slid away backwards, their strength was broken, and the mind of the goddess estranged. Whereof the Tritonian gave token by no uncertain signs. Scarcely was the image set in the camp; flame shot sparkling from its lifted eyes, and salt sweat started over its body; thrice, wonderful to tell, it leapt from the ground with shield and spear quivering. Immediately Calchas prophesies that the seas must be explored in flight, nor may Troy towers be overthrown by Argive weapons, except they repeat their auspices at Argos, and bring back that divine presence they have borne away with them in the curved ships overseas. And now they have run down the wind for their native Mycenae, to gather arms and gods to attend them; they will remeasure ocean and be on you unawares. So Calchas expounds the omens. This image at his warning they reared in recompense for the Palladium and the injured deity, to expiate the horror of sacrilege. Yet Calchas bade them raise it to this vast size with oaken crossbeams, and build it up to heaven, that it may not find entry at the gates nor be drawn within the city, nor protect your people beneath the consecration of old. For if hand of yours should violate Minerva's offering, then utter destruction (the gods turn rather on himself his augury!) should be upon Priam's empire and [Pg 30][192-226]the Phrygian people. But if under your hands it climbed into your city, Asia should advance in mighty war to the walls of Pelops, and a like fate awaited our children's children." 'So by Sinon's wiles and craft and perjury the thing gained belief; and we were ensnared by treachery and forced tears, we whom neither the son of Tydeus nor Achilles of Larissa, whom not ten years nor a thousand ships brought down. 'Here another sight, greater, alas! and far more terrible meets us, and alarms our thoughtless senses. Laocoön, allotted priest of Neptune, was slaying a great bull at the accustomed altars. And lo! from Tenedos, over the placid depths (I shudder as I recall) two snakes in enormous coils press down the sea and advance together to the shore; their breasts rise through the surge, and their blood-red crests overtop the waves; the rest trails through the main behind and wreathes back in voluminous curves; the brine gurgles and foams. And now they gained the fields, while their bloodshot eyes blazed with fire, and their tongues lapped and flickered in their hissing mouths. We scatter, pallid at the sight. They in unfaltering train make towards Laocoön.

And first the serpents twine in their double embrace his two little children, and bite deep in their wretched limbs; then him likewise, as he comes up to help with arms in his hand, they seize and fasten in their enormous coils; and now twice clasping his waist, twice encircling his neck with their scaly bodies, they tower head and neck above him.

He at once strains his hands to tear their knots apart, his fillets spattered with foul black venom; at once raises to heaven awful cries; as when, bellowing, a bull shakes the wavering axe from his neck and runs wounded from the altar. But the two snakes glide away to the high sanctuary and seek the fierce Tritonian's citadel, [Pg 31][227-261]and take shelter under the goddess' feet beneath the circle of her shield. Then indeed a strange terror thrills in all our amazed breasts; and Laocoön, men say, hath fulfilled his crime's desert, in piercing the consecrated wood and hurling his guilty spear into its body. All cry out that the image must be drawn to its home and supplication made to her deity. . . .

We sunder the walls, and lay open the inner city. All set to the work; they fix rolling wheels under its feet, and tie hempen bands on its neck.

The fated engine climbs our walls, big with arms. Around it boys and unwedded girls chant hymns and joyfully lay their hand on the rope. It moves up, and glides menacing into the middle of the town. O native land! O Ilium, house of gods, and Dardanian city renowned in war! four times in the very gateway did it come to a stand, and four times armour rang in its womb. Yet we urge it on, mindless and infatuate, and plant the ill-ominous thing in our hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra opens her lips to the coming doom, lips at a god's bidding never believed by the Trojans.

We, the wretched people, to whom that day was our last, hang the shrines of the gods with festal boughs throughout the city. Meanwhile the heavens wheel on, and night rises from the sea, wrapping in her vast shadow earth and sky and the wiles of the Myrmidons; about the town the Teucrians are stretched in silence; slumber laps their tired limbs.

'And now the Argive squadron was sailing in order from Tenedos, and in the favouring stillness of the quiet moon sought the shores it knew; when the royal galley ran out a flame, and, protected by the gods' malign decrees, Sinon stealthily lets loose the imprisoned Grecians from their barriers of pine; the horse opens and restores them to the air; and joyfully issuing from the hollow wood, Thessander and Sthenelus the captains, and terrible Ulysses, [Pg 32][262-295]slide down the dangling rope, with Acamas and Thoas and Neoptolemus son of Peleus, and Machaon first of all, and Menelaus, and Epeüs himself the artificer of the treachery. They sweep down the city buried in drunken sleep; the watchmen are cut down, and at the open gates they welcome all their comrades, and unite their confederate bands. 'It was the time when by the gift of God rest comes stealing first and sweetest on unhappy men. In slumber, lo! before mine eyes Hector seemed to stand by, deep in grief and shedding abundant tears; torn by the chariot, as once of old, and black with gory dust, his swoln feet pierced with the thongs. Ah me! in what guise was he! how changed from the Hector who returns from putting on Achilles' spoils, or launching the fires of Phrygia on the Grecian ships! with ragged beard and tresses clotted with blood, and all the many wounds upon him that he received around his ancestral walls. Myself too weeping I seemed to accost him ere he spoke, and utter forth mournful accents: "O light of Dardania, O surest hope of the Trojans, what long delay is this hath held thee? from what borders comest thou, Hector our desire? with what weary eyes we see thee, after many deaths of thy kin, after divers woes of people and city! What indignity hath marred thy serene visage?

or why discern I these wounds?" He replies naught, nor regards my idle questioning; but heavily drawing a heart-deep groan, "Ah, fly, goddess-born," he says, "and rescue thyself from these flames. The foe holds our walls; from her high ridges Troy is toppling down. Thy country and Priam ask no more. If Troy towers might be defended by strength of hand, this hand too had been their defence. Troy commends to thee her holy things and household gods; take them to accompany thy fate; seek for them a city, which, after all the seas have known thy wanderings, thou shalt at last establish in [Pg 33][296-327]might." So speaks he, and carries forth in his hands from their inner shrine the chaplets and strength of Vesta, and the everlasting fire. 'Meanwhile the city is stirred with mingled agony; and more and more, though my father Anchises' house lay deep withdrawn and screened by trees, the noises grow clearer and the clash of armour swells. I shake myself from sleep and mount over the sloping roof, and stand there with ears attent: even as when flame catches a corn-field while south winds are furious, or the racing torrent of a mountain stream sweeps the fields, sweeps the smiling crops and labours of the oxen, and hurls the forest with it headlong; the shepherd in witless amaze hears the roar from the cliff-top. Then indeed proof is clear, and the treachery of the Grecians opens out. Already the house of Deïphobus hath crashed down in wide ruin amid the overpowering flames; already our neighbour Ucalegon is ablaze: the broad Sigean bay is lit with the fire. Cries of men and blare of trumpets rise up. Madly I seize my arms, nor is there so much purpose in arms; but my spirit is on fire to gather a band for fighting and charge for the citadel with my comrades. Fury and wrath drive me headlong, and I think how noble is death in arms. 'And lo! Panthus, eluding the Achaean weapons, Panthus son of Othrys, priest of Phoebus in the citadel, comes hurrying with the sacred vessels and conquered gods and his little grandchild in his hand, and runs distractedly towards my gates.

"How stands the state, O Panthus?

what stronghold are we to occupy?" Scarcely had I said so, when groaning he thus returns: "The crowning day is come, the irreversible time of the Dardanian land. No more are we a Trojan people; Ilium and the great glory of the Teucrians is no more.

Angry Jupiter hath cast all into the scale of Argos. The Grecians are lords of the burning [Pg 34][328-362]town. The horse, standing high amid the city, pours forth armed men, and Sinon scatters fire, insolent in victory. Some are at the wide-flung gates, all the thousands that ever came from populous Mycenae. Others have beset the narrow streets with lowered weapons; edge and glittering point of steel stand drawn, ready for the slaughter; scarcely at the entry do the guards of the gates essay battle, and hold out in the blind fight." 'Heaven's will thus declared by the son of Othrys drives me amid flames and arms, where the baleful Fury calls, and tumult of shouting rises up. Rhipeus and Epytus, most mighty in arms, join company with me; Hypanis and Dymas meet us in the moonlight and attach themselves to our side, and young Coroebus son of Mygdon. In those days it was he had come to Troy, fired with mad passion for Cassandra, and bore a son's aid to Priam and the Phrygians: hapless, that he listened not to his raving bride's counsels. . . . Seeing them close-ranked and daring for battle, I therewith began thus: "Men, hearts of supreme and useless bravery, if your desire be fixed to follow one who dares the utmost; you see what is the fortune of our state: all the gods by whom this empire was upheld have gone forth, abandoning shrine and altar; your aid comes to a burning city. Let us die, and rush on their encircling weapons. The conquered have one safety, to hope for none." 'So their spirit is heightened to fury. Then, like wolves ravening in a black fog, whom mad malice of hunger hath driven blindly forth, and their cubs left behind await with throats unslaked; through the weapons of the enemy we march to certain death, and hold our way straight into the town. Night's sheltering shadow flutters dark around us. Who may unfold in speech that night's horror and death-agony, or measure its woes in weeping?

The [Pg 35][363-397]ancient city falls with her long years of sovereignty; corpses lie stretched stiff all about the streets and houses and awful courts of the gods. Nor do Teucrians alone pay forfeit of their blood; once and again valour returns even in conquered hearts, and the victorious Grecians fall. Everywhere is cruel agony, everywhere terror, and the sight of death at every turn. 'First, with a great troop of Grecians attending him, Androgeus meets us, taking us in ignorance for an allied band, and opens on us with friendly words: "Hasten, my men; why idly linger so late? others plunder and harry the burning citadel; are you but now on your march from the tall ships?" He spoke, and immediately (for no answer of any assurance was offered) knew he was fallen among the foe. In amazement, he checked foot and voice; even as one who struggling through rough briers hath trodden a snake on the ground unwarned, and suddenly shrinks fluttering back as it rises in anger and puffs its green throat out; even thus Androgeus drew away, startled at the sight. We rush in and encircle them with serried arms, and cut them down dispersedly in their ignorance of the ground and seizure of panic. Fortune speeds our first labour. And here Coroebus, flushed with success and spirit, cries: "O comrades, follow me where fortune points before us the path of safety, and shews her favour. Let us exchange shields, and accoutre ourselves in Grecian suits; whether craft or courage, who will ask of an enemy? the foe shall arm our hands." Thus speaking, he next dons the plumed helmet and beautifully blazoned shield of Androgeus, and fits the Argive sword to his side. So does Rhipeus, so Dymas in like wise, and all our men in delight arm themselves one by one in the fresh spoils. We advance, mingling with the Grecians, under a protection not our own, and join many a battle [Pg 36][398-432]with those we meet amid the blind night; many a Greek we send down to hell. Some scatter to the ships and run for the safety of the shore; some in craven fear again climb the huge horse, and hide in the belly they knew. Alas that none may trust at all to estranged gods! 'Lo! Cassandra, maiden daughter of Priam, was being dragged with disordered tresses from the temple and sanctuary of Minerva, straining to heaven her blazing eyes in vain; her eyes, for fetters locked her delicate hands. At this sight Coroebus burst forth infuriate, and flung himself on death amid their columns. We all follow him up, and charge with massed arms. Here first from the high temple roof we are overwhelmed with our own people's weapons, and a most pitiful slaughter begins through the fashion of our armour and the mistaken Greek crests; then the Grecians, with angry cries at the maiden's rescue, gather from every side and fall on us; Ajax in all his valour, and the two sons of Atreus, and the whole Dolopian army: as oft when bursting in whirlwind West and South clash with adverse blasts, and the East wind exultant on the coursers of the Dawn; the forests cry, and fierce in foam Nereus with his trident stirs the seas from their lowest depth. Those too appear, whom our stratagem routed through the darkness of dim night and drove all about the town; at once they know the shields and lying weapons, and mark the alien tone on our lips. We go down, overwhelmed by numbers. First Coroebus is stretched by Peneleus' hand at the altar of the goddess armipotent; and Rhipeus falls, the one man who was most righteous and steadfast in justice among the Teucrians: the gods' ways are not as ours: Hypanis and Dymas perish, pierced by friendly hands; nor did all thy goodness, O Panthus, nor Apollo's fillet protect thy fall. O ashes of Ilium and death flames of my people! you I call to witness that in your ruin I [Pg 37][433-465]shunned no Grecian weapon or encounter, and my hand earned my fall, had destiny been thus. We tear ourselves away, I and Iphitus and Pelias, Iphitus now stricken in age, Pelias halting too under the wound of Ulysses, called forward by the clamour to Priam's house.

'Here indeed the battle is fiercest, as if all the rest of the fighting were nowhere, and no slaughter but here throughout the city, so do we descry the war in full fury, the Grecians rushing on the building, and their shielded column driving up against the beleaguered threshold. Ladders cling to the walls; and hard by the doors and planted on the rungs they hold up their shields in the left hand to ward off our weapons, and with their right clutch the battlements.

The Dardanians tear down turrets and the covering of the house roof against them; with these for weapons, since they see the end is come, they prepare to defend themselves even in death's extremity: and hurl down gilded beams, the stately decorations of their fathers of old. Others with drawn swords have beset the doorway below and keep it in crowded column. We renew our courage, to aid the royal dwelling, to support them with our succour, and swell the force of the conquered. 'There was a blind doorway giving passage through the range of Priam's halls by a solitary postern, whereby, while our realm endured, hapless Andromache would often and often glide unattended to her father-in-law's house, and carry the boy Astyanax to his grandsire. I issue out on the sloping height of the ridge, whence wretched Teucrian hands were hurling their ineffectual weapons. A tower stood on the sheer brink, its roof ascending high into heaven, whence was wont to be seen all Troy and the Grecian ships and Achaean camp: attacking it with iron round about, where the joints of the lofty flooring yielded, we wrench it from its deep foundations and shake it free; it gives way, and [Pg 38][466-498]suddenly falls thundering in ruin, crashing wide over the Grecian ranks. But others swarm up; nor meanwhile do stones nor any sort of missile slacken. . . . Right before the vestibule and in the front doorway Pyrrhus moves rejoicingly in the sparkle of arms and gleaming brass: like as when a snake fed on poisonous herbs, whom chill winter kept hid and swollen underground, now fresh from his weeds outworn and shining in youth, wreathes his slippery body into the daylight, his upreared breast meets the sun, and his triple-cloven tongue flickers in his mouth.

With him huge Periphas, and Automedon the armour-bearer, driver of Achilles' horses, with him all his Scyrian men climb the roof and hurl flames on the housetop. Himself among the foremost he grasps a poleaxe, bursts through the hard doorway, and wrenches the brazen-plated doors from the hinge; and now he hath cut out a plank from the solid oak and pierced a vast gaping hole. The house within is open to sight, and the long halls lie plain; open to sight are the secret chambers of Priam and the kings of old, and they see armed men standing in front of the doorway. 'But the inner house is stirred with shrieks and misery and confusion, and the court echoes deep with women's wailing; the golden stars are smitten with the din. Affrighted mothers stray about the vast house, and cling fast to the doors and print them with kisses. With his father's might Pyrrhus presses on; nor guards nor barriers can hold out. The gate totters under the hard driven ram, and the doors fall flat, rent from the hinge. Force makes way; the Greeks burst through the entrance and pour in, slaughtering the foremost, and filling the space with a wide stream of soldiers. Not so furiously when a foaming river bursts his banks and overflows, beating down the opposing dykes with whirling water, is he borne mounded over the fields, and sweeps herds and [Pg 39][499-529]pens all about the plains. Myself I saw in the gateway Neoptolemus mad in slaughter, and the two sons of Atreus, saw Hecuba and the hundred daughters of her house, and Priam polluting with his blood the altar fires of his own consecration. The fifty bridal chambers—so great was the hope of his children's children—their doors magnificent with spoils of barbaric gold, have sunk in ruin; where the fire fails the Greeks are in possession. 'Perchance too thou mayest inquire what was Priam's fate. When he saw the ruin of his captured city, the gates of his house burst open, and the enemy amid his innermost chambers, the old man idly fastens round his aged trembling shoulders his long disused armour, girds on the unavailing sword, and advances on his death among the thronging foe. 'Within the palace and under the bare cope of sky was a massive altar, and hard on the altar an ancient bay tree leaned clasping the household gods in its shadow. Here Hecuba and her daughters crowded vainly about the altar-stones, like doves driven headlong by a black tempest, and crouched clasping the gods' images. And when she saw Priam her lord with the armour of youth on him, "What spirit of madness, my poor husband," she cries, "hath stirred thee to gird on these weapons? or whither dost thou run? Not such the succour nor these the defenders the time requires: no, were mine own Hector now beside us. Retire, I beseech thee, hither; this altar will protect us all, or thou wilt share our death." With these words on her lips she drew the aged man to her, and set him on the holy seat. 'And lo, escaped from slaughtering Pyrrhus through the weapons of the enemy, Polites, one of Priam's children, flies wounded down the long colonnades and circles the empty halls. Pyrrhus pursues him fiercely with aimed [Pg 40][530-563]wound, just catching at him, and follows hard on him with his spear. As at last he issued before his parents' eyes and faces, he fell, and shed his life in a pool of blood. At this Priam, although even now fast in the toils of death, yet withheld not nor spared a wrathful cry: "Ah, for thy crime, for this thy hardihood, may the gods, if there is goodness in heaven to care for aught such, pay thee in full thy worthy meed, and return thee the reward that is due! who hast made me look face to face on my child's murder, and polluted a father's countenance with death. Ah, not such to a foe was the Achilles whose parentage thou beliest; but he revered a suppliant's right and trust, restored to the tomb Hector's pallid corpse, and sent me back to my realm." Thus the old man spoke, and launched his weak and unwounding spear, which, recoiling straight from the jarring brass, hung idly from his shield above the boss. Thereat Pyrrhus: "Thou then shalt tell this, and go with the message to my sire the son of Peleus: remember to tell him of my baleful deeds, and the degeneracy of Neoptolemus. Now die." So saying, he drew him quivering to the very altar, slipping in the pool of his child's blood, and wound his left hand in his hair, while in his right the sword flashed out and plunged to the hilt in his side. This was the end of Priam's fortunes; thus did allotted fate find him, with burning Troy and her sunken towers before his eyes, once magnificent lord over so many peoples and lands of Asia.

The great corpse lies along the shore, a head severed from the shoulders and a body without a name. 'But then an awful terror began to encircle me; I stood in amaze; there rose before me the likeness of my loved father, as I saw the king, old as he, sobbing out his life under the ghastly wound; there rose Creüsa forlorn, my plundered house, and little Iülus' peril. I look back [Pg 41][564-596]and survey what force is around me. All, outwearied, have given up and leapt headlong to the ground, or flung themselves wretchedly into the fire: ['Yes, and now I only was left; when I espy the daughter of Tyndarus close in the courts of Vesta, crouching silently in the fane's recesses; the bright glow of the fires lights my wandering, as my eyes stray all about. Fearing the Teucrians' anger for the overthrown towers of Troy, and the Grecians' vengeance and the wrath of the husband she had abandoned, she, the common Fury of Troy and her native country, had hidden herself and cowered unseen by the altars. My spirit kindles to fire, and rises in wrath to avenge my dying land and take repayment for her crimes. Shall she verily see Sparta and her native Mycenae unscathed, and depart a queen and triumphant? Shall she see her spousal and her home, her parents and children, attended by a crowd of Trojan women and Phrygians to serve her? and Priam have fallen under the sword? Troy blazed in fire? the shore of Dardania so often soaked with blood? Not so. For though there is no name or fame in a woman's punishment, nor honour in the victory, yet shall I have praise in quenching a guilty life and exacting a just recompense; and it will be good to fill my soul with the flame of vengeance, and satisfy the ashes of my people. Thus broke I forth, and advanced infuriate;] '——When my mother came visibly before me, clear to sight as never till then, and shone forth in pure radiance through the night, gracious, evident in godhead, in shape and stature such as she is wont to appear to the heavenly people; she caught me by the hand and stayed me, and pursued thus with roseate lips: '"Son, what overmastering pain thus wakes thy wrath?

Why ravest thou? or whither is thy care for us fled? Wilt thou not first look to it, where thou hast left Anchises, [Pg 42][597-630]thine aged worn father; or if Creüsa thy wife and the child Ascanius survive? round about whom all the Greek battalions range; and without my preventing care, the flames ere this had made them their portion, and the hostile sword drunk their blood. Not the hated face of the Laconian woman, Tyndarus' daughter; not Paris is to blame; the gods, the gods in anger overturn this magnificence, and make Troy topple down. Look, for all the cloud that now veils thy gaze and dulls mortal vision with damp encircling mist, I will rend from before thee. Fear thou no commands of thy mother, nor refuse to obey her counsels. Here, where thou seest sundered piles of masonry and rocks violently torn from rocks, and smoke eddying mixed with dust, Neptune with his great trident shakes wall and foundation out of their places, and upturns all the city from her base. Here Juno in all her terror holds the Scaean gates at the entry, and, girt with steel, calls her allied army furiously from their ships. . . . Even now on the citadel's height, look back! Tritonian Pallas is planted in glittering halo and Gorgonian terror. Their lord himself pours courage and prosperous strength on the Grecians, himself stirs the gods against the arms of Dardania. Haste away, O son, and put an end to the struggle. I will never desert thee; I will set thee safe in the courts of thy father's house." 'She ended, and plunged in the dense blackness of the night. Awful faces shine forth, and, set against Troy, divine majesties . . . 'Then indeed I saw all Ilium sinking in flame, and Neptunian Troy uprooted from her base: even as an ancient ash on the mountain heights, hacked all about with steel and fast-falling axes, when husbandmen emulously strain to cut it down: it hangs threateningly, with shaken top and quivering tresses asway; till gradually, overmastered with [Pg 43][631-662]wounds, it utters one last groan, and rending itself away, falls in ruin along the ridge. I descend, and under a god's guidance clear my way between foe and flame; weapons give ground before me, and flames retire. 'And now, when I have reached the courts of my ancestral dwelling, our home of old, my father, whom it was my first desire to carry high into the hills, and whom first I sought, declines, now Troy is rooted out, to prolong his life through the pains of exile. '"Ah, you," he cries, "whose blood is at the prime, whose strength stands firm in native vigour, do you take your flight. . . . Had the lords of heaven willed to prolong life for me, they should have preserved this my home. Enough and more is the one desolation we have seen, survivors of a captured city. Thus, oh thus salute me and depart, as a body laid out for burial. Mine own hand shall find me death: the foe will be merciful and seek my spoils: light is the loss of a tomb. This long time hated of heaven, I uselessly delay the years, since the father of gods and king of men blasted me with wind of thunder and scathe of flame." 'Thus held he on in utterance, and remained obstinate. We press him, dissolved in tears, my wife Creüsa, Ascanius, all our household, that our father involve us not all in his ruin, and add his weight to the sinking scale of doom. He refuses, and keeps seated steadfast in his purpose. Again I rush to battle, and choose death in my misery. For what had counsel or chance yet to give? Thoughtest thou my feet, O father, could retire and abandon thee? and fell so unnatural words from a parent's lips? "If heaven wills that naught be left of our mighty city, if this be thy planted purpose, thy pleasure to cast in thyself and thine to the doom of Troy; for this death indeed the gate is wide, and even now Pyrrhus will be here newly bathed in Priam's [Pg 44][663-695]blood, Pyrrhus who slaughters the son before the father's face, the father upon his altars. For this was it, bountiful mother, thou dost rescue me amid fire and sword, to see the foe in my inmost chambers, and Ascanius and my father, Creüsa by their side, hewn down in one another's blood? My arms, men, bring my arms! the last day calls on the conquered. Return me to the Greeks; let me revisit and renew the fight. Never to-day shall we all perish unavenged." 'Thereat I again gird on my sword, and fitting my left arm into the clasps of the shield, strode forth of the palace. And lo! my wife clung round my feet on the threshold, and held little Iülus up to his father's sight. "If thou goest to die, let us too hurry with thee to the end. But if thou knowest any hope to place in arms, be this household thy first defence. To what is little Iülus and thy father, to what am I left who once was called thy wife?" 'So she shrieked, and filled all the house with her weeping; when a sign arises sudden and marvellous to tell. For, between the hands and before the faces of his sorrowing parents, lo! above Iülus' head there seemed to stream a light luminous cone, and a flame whose touch hurt not to flicker in his soft hair and play round his brows. We in a flutter of affright shook out the blazing hair and quenched the holy fires with spring water. But lord Anchises joyfully upraised his eyes; and stretching his hands to heaven: "Jupiter omnipotent," he cries, "if thou dost relent at any prayers, look on us this once alone; and if our goodness deserve it, give thine aid hereafter, O lord, and confirm this thine omen." 'Scarcely had the aged man spoken thus, when with sudden crash it thundered on the left, and a star gliding through the dusk shot from heaven drawing a bright trail of light. We watch it slide over the palace roof, leaving [Pg 45][696-730]the mark of its pathway, and bury its brilliance in the wood of Ida; the long drawn track shines, and the region all about fumes with sulphur. Then conquered indeed my father rises to address the gods and worship the holy star. "Now, now delay is done with: I follow, and where you lead, I come. Gods of my fathers, save my house, save my grandchild. Yours is this omen, and in your deity Troy stands. I yield, O my son, and refuse not to go in thy company." 'He ended; and now more loudly the fire roars along the city, and the burning tides roll nearer. "Up then, beloved father, and lean on my neck; these shoulders of mine will sustain thee, nor will so dear a burden weigh me down. Howsoever fortune fall, one and undivided shall be our peril, one the escape of us twain. Little Iülus shall go along with me, and my wife follow our steps afar. You of my household, give heed to what I say. As you leave the city there is a mound and ancient temple of Ceres lonely on it, and hard by an aged cypress, guarded many years in ancestral awe: to this resting-place let us gather from diverse quarters.

Thou, O father, take the sacred things and the household gods of our ancestors in thine hand. For me, just parted from the desperate battle, with slaughter fresh upon me, to handle them were guilt, until I wash away in a living stream the soilure. . . ." So spoke I, and spread over my neck and broad shoulders a tawny lion-skin for covering, and stoop to my burden.

Little Iülus, with his hand fast in mine, keeps uneven pace after his father. Behind my wife follows. We pass on in the shadows. And I, lately moved by no weapons launched against me, nor by the thronging bands of my Grecian foes, am now terrified at every breath, startled by every noise, thrilling with fear alike for my companion and my burden.

'And now I was nearing the gates, and thought I had [Pg 46][731-764]outsped all the way; when suddenly the crowded trampling of feet came to our ears, and my father, looking forth into the darkness, cries: "My son, my son, fly; they draw near. I espy the gleaming shields and the flicker of brass." At this, in my flurry and confusion, some hostile god bereft me of my senses. For while I plunge down byways, and swerve from where the familiar streets ran, Creüsa, alas! whether, torn by fate from her unhappy husband, she stood still, or did she mistake the way, or sink down outwearied? I know not; and never again was she given back to our eyes; nor did I turn to look for my lost one, or cast back a thought, ere we were come to ancient Ceres' mound and hallowed seat; here at last, when all gathered, one was missing, vanished from her child's and her husband's company. What man or god did I spare in frantic reproaches? or what crueller sight met me in our city's overthrow? I charge my comrades with Ascanius and lord Anchises, and the gods of Teucria, hiding them in the winding vale. Myself I regain the city, girding on my shining armour; fixed to renew every danger, to retrace my way throughout Troy, and fling myself again on its perils. First of all I regain the walls and the dim gateway whence my steps had issued; I scan and follow back my footprints with searching gaze in the night. Everywhere my spirit shudders, dismayed at the very silence. Thence I pass on home, if haply her feet (if haply!) had led her thither. The Grecians had poured in, and filled the palace. The devouring fire goes rolling before the wind high as the roof; the flames tower over it, and the heat surges up into the air. I move on, and revisit the citadel and Priam's dwelling; where now in the spacious porticoes of Juno's sanctuary, Phoenix and accursed Ulysses, chosen sentries, were guarding the spoil. Hither from all quarters is flung in masses the treasure of Troy torn from burning shrines, [Pg 47][765-798]tables of the gods, bowls of solid gold, and raiment of the captives. Boys and cowering mothers in long file stand round. . . . Yes, and I dared to cry abroad through the darkness; I filled the streets with calling, and again and yet again with vain reiterance cried piteously on Creüsa. As I stormed and sought her endlessly among the houses of the town, there rose before mine eyes a melancholy phantom, the ghost of very Creüsa, in likeness larger than her wont. I was motionless; my hair stood up, and the accents faltered on my tongue. Then she thus addressed me, and with this speech allayed my distresses: "What help is there in this mad passion of grief, sweet my husband? not without divine influence does this come to pass: nor may it be, nor does the high lord of Olympus allow, that thou shouldest carry Creüsa hence in thy company. Long shall be thine exile, and weary spaces of sea must thou furrow through; and thou shalt come to the land Hesperia, where Lydian Tiber flows with soft current through rich and populous fields. There prosperity awaits thee, and a kingdom, and a king's daughter for thy wife. Dispel these tears for thy beloved Creüsa. Never will I look on the proud homes of the Myrmidons or Dolopians, or go to be the slave of Greek matrons, I a daughter of Dardania, a daughter-in-law of Venus the goddess. . . . But the mighty mother of the gods keeps me in these her borders. And now farewell, and still love thy child and mine." This speech uttered, while I wept and would have said many a thing, she left me and retreated into thin air. Thrice there was I fain to lay mine arms round her neck; thrice the vision I vainly clasped fled out of my hands, even as the light breezes, or most like to fluttering sleep. So at last, when night is spent, I revisit my comrades. 'And here I find a marvellous great company, newly flocked in, mothers and men, a people gathered for exile, [Pg 48][799-804]a pitiable crowd.

From all quarters they are assembled, ready in heart and fortune, to whatsoever land I will conduct them overseas. And now the morning star rose over the high ridges of Ida, and led on the day; and the Grecians held the gateways in leaguer, nor was any hope of help given. I withdrew, and raising my father up, I sought the mountain.' [Pg 49] BOOK THIRD THE STORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WANDERING 'After heaven's lords pleased to overthrow the state of Asia and Priam's guiltless people, and proud Ilium fell, and Neptunian Troy smokes all along the ground, we are driven by divine omens to seek distant places of exile in waste lands. Right under Antandros and the mountains of Phrygian Ida we build a fleet, uncertain whither the fates carry us or where a resting-place is given, and gather the people together. Scarcely had the first summer set in, when lord Anchises bids us spread our sails to fortune, and weeping I leave the shores and havens of my country, and the plains where once was Troy. I sail to sea an exile, with my comrades and son and the gods of household and state. 'A land of vast plains lies apart, the home of Mavors, in Thracian tillage, and sometime under warrior Lycurgus' reign; friendly of old to Troy, and their gods in alliance while our fortune lasted.

Hither I pass, and on the winding shore I lay under thwarting fates the first foundations of a city, and from my own name fashion its name, Aeneadae. 'I was paying sacrifice to my mother, daughter of Dione, and to all the gods, so to favour the work begun, and slew a shining bull on the shore to the high lord of [Pg 50][22-54]the heavenly people.

Haply there lay a mound hard at hand, crowned with cornel thickets and bristling dense with shafts of myrtle. I drew near; and essaying to tear up the green wood from the soil, that I might cover the altar with leafy boughs, I see a portent ominous and wonderful to tell. For from the first tree whose roots are rent away and broken from the ground, drops of black blood trickle, and gore stains the earth. An icy shudder shakes my limbs, and my blood curdles chill with terror. Yet from another I go on again to tear away a tough shoot, fully to fathom its secret; yet from another black blood follows out of the bark. With many searchings of heart I prayed the woodland nymphs, and lord Gradivus, who rules in the Getic fields, to make the sight propitious as was meet and lighten the omen. But when I assail a third spearshaft with a stronger effort, pulling with knees pressed against the sand; shall I speak or be silent? from beneath the mound is heard a pitiable moan, and a voice is uttered to my ears: "Woe's me, why rendest thou me, Aeneas? spare me at last in the tomb, spare pollution to thine innocent hands.

Troy bore me; not alien to thee am I, nor this blood that oozes from the stem. Ah, fly the cruel land, fly the greedy shore! For I am Polydorus; here the iron harvest of weapons hath covered my pierced body, and shot up in sharp javelins." Then indeed, borne down with dubious terror, I was motionless, my hair stood up, and the accents faltered on my tongue. 'This Polydorus once with great weight of gold had hapless Priam sent in secret to the nurture of the Thracian king, when now he was losing trust in the arms of Dardania, and saw his city leaguered round about. The king, when the Teucrian power was broken and fortune withdrew, following Agamemnon's estate and triumphant arms, [Pg 51][55-87]severs every bond of duty; murders Polydorus, and lays strong hands on the gold.

O accursed hunger of gold, to what dost thou not compel human hearts! When the terror left my senses, I lay the divine tokens before the chosen princes of the people, with my father at their head, and demand their judgment. All are of one mind, to leave the guilty land, and abandoning a polluted home, to let the gales waft our fleets.

So we bury Polydorus anew, and the earth is heaped high over his mound; altars are reared to his ghost, sad with dusky chaplets and black cypress; and around are the Ilian women with hair unbound in their fashion. We offer bubbling bowls of warm milk and cups of consecrated blood, and lay the spirit to rest in her tomb, and with loud voice utter the last call. 'Thereupon, so soon as ocean may be trusted, and the winds leave the seas in quiet, and the soft whispering south wind calls seaward, my comrades launch their ships and crowd the shores. We put out from harbour, and lands and towns sink away. There lies in mid sea a holy land, most dear to the mother of the Nereids and Neptune of Aegae, which strayed about coast and strand till the Archer god in his affection chained it fast from high Myconos and Gyaros, and made it lie immoveable and slight the winds. Hither I steer; and it welcomes my weary crew to the quiet shelter of a safe haven.

We disembark and worship Apollo's town. Anius the king, king at once of the people and priest of Phoebus, his brows garlanded with fillets and consecrated laurel, comes to meet us; he knows Anchises, his friend of old; we clasp hands in welcome, and enter his palace. I worshipped the god's temple, an ancient pile of stone. "Lord of Thymbra, give us an enduring dwelling-place; grant a house and family to thy weary servants, and a city to abide: keep Troy's second fortress, the remnant left of the Grecians and merciless Achilles. Whom follow [Pg 52][88-121]we? or whither dost thou bid us go, where fix our seat? Grant an omen, O lord, and inspire our minds." 'Scarcely had I spoken thus; suddenly all seemed to shake, all the courts and laurels of the god, the whole hill to be stirred round about, and the cauldron to moan in the opening sanctuary. We sink low on the ground, and a voice is borne to our ears: "Stubborn race of Dardanus, the same land that bore you by parentage of old shall receive you again on her bountiful breast. Seek out your ancient mother; hence shall the house of Aeneas sway all regions, his children's children and they who shall be born of them." Thus Phoebus; and mingled outcries of great gladness uprose; all ask, what is that city? whither calls Phoebus our wandering, and bids us return? Then my father, unrolling the records of men of old, "Hear, O princes," says he, "and learn your hopes. In mid ocean lies Crete, the island of high Jove, wherein is mount Ida, the cradle of our race. An hundred great towns are inhabited in that opulent realm; from it our forefather Teucer of old, if I recall the tale aright, sailed to the Rhoetean coasts and chose a place for his kingdom. Not yet was Ilium nor the towers of Pergama reared; they dwelt in the valley bottoms. Hence came our Lady, haunter of Cybele, the Corybantic cymbals and the grove of Ida; hence the rites of inviolate secrecy, and the lions yoked under the chariot of their mistress. Up then, and let us follow where divine commandments lead; let us appease the winds, and seek the realm of Gnosus. Nor is it a far journey away. Only be Jupiter favourable, the third day shall bring our fleet to anchor on the Cretan coast." So spoke he, and slew fit sacrifice on the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, fair Apollo, a black sheep to Tempest, a white to the prosperous West winds. 'Rumour flies that Idomeneus the captain is driven [Pg 53][122-154]forth of his father's realm, and the shores of Crete are abandoned, that the houses are void of foes and the dwellings lie empty to our hand. We leave the harbour of Ortygia, and fly along the main, by the revel-trod ridges of Naxos, by green Donusa, Olearos and snow-white Paros, and the sea-strewn Cyclades, threading the racing channels among the crowded lands. The seamen's clamour rises in emulous dissonance; each cheers his comrade: Seek we Crete and our forefathers. A wind rising astern follows us forth on our way, and we glide at last to the ancient Curetean coast. So I set eagerly to work on the walls of my chosen town, and call it Pergamea, and exhort my people, joyful at the name, to cherish their homes and rear the castle buildings. And even now the ships were drawn up on the dry beach; the people were busy in marriages and among their new fields; I was giving statutes and homesteads; when suddenly from a tainted space of sky came, noisome on men's bodies and pitiable on trees and crops, pestilence and a year of death. They left their sweet lives or dragged themselves on in misery; Sirius scorched the fields into barrenness; the herbage grew dry, and the sickly harvest denied sustenance. My father counsels to remeasure the sea and go again to Phoebus in his Ortygian oracle, to pray for grace and ask what issue he ordains to our exhausted state; whence he bids us search for aid to our woes, whither bend our course. 'Night fell, and sleep held all things living on the earth. The sacred images of the gods and the household deities of Phrygia, that I had borne with me from Troy out of the midst of the burning city, seemed to stand before mine eyes as I lay sleepless, clear in the broad light where the full moon poured through the latticed windows; then thus addressed me, and with this speech allayed my distresses: "What Apollo hath to tell thee when thou dost [Pg 54][155-188]reach Ortygia, he utters here, and sends us unsought to thy threshold. We who followed thee and thine arms when Dardania went down in fire; we who under thee have traversed on shipboard the swelling sea; we in like wise will exalt to heaven thy children to be, and give empire to their city. Do thou prepare a mighty town for a mighty people, nor draw back from the long wearisome chase. Thou must change thy dwelling. Not to these shores did the god at Delos counsel thee, or Apollo bid thee find rest in Crete. There is a region Greeks name Hesperia, an ancient land, mighty in arms and foison of the clod; Oenotrian men dwell therein; now rumour is that a younger race have called it Italy after their captain's name. This is our true dwelling place; hence is Dardanus sprung, and lord Iasius, the first source of our race. Up, arise, and tell with good cheer to thine aged parent this plain tale, to seek Corythus and the lands of Ausonia. Jupiter denies thee the Dictaean fields." 'Astonished at this vision and divine utterance (nor was that slumber; but openly I seemed to know their countenances, their veiled hair and gracious faces, and therewith a cold sweat broke out all over me) I spring from my bed and raise my voice and upturned hands skyward and pay pure offering on the hearth. The sacrifice done, I joyfully tell Anchises, and relate all in order. He recognises the double descent and twofold parentage, and the later wanderings that had deceived him among ancient lands.

Then he speaks: "O son, hard wrought by the destinies of Ilium, Cassandra only foretold me this fortune. Now I recall how she prophesied this was fated to our race, and often cried of Hesperia, often of an Italian realm. But who was to believe that Teucrians should come to Hesperian shores? or whom might Cassandra then move by prophecy? Yield we to Phoebus, and follow the better [Pg 55][189-222]way he counsels." So says he, and we all rejoicingly obey his speech. This dwelling likewise we abandon; and leaving some few behind, spread our sails and run over the waste sea in our hollow wood. 'After our ships held the high seas, nor any land yet appears, the sky all round us and all round us the deep, a dusky shower drew up overhead carrying night and tempest, and the wave shuddered and gloomed.

Straightway the winds upturn the main, and great seas rise; we are tossed asunder over the dreary gulf. Stormclouds enwrap the day, and rainy gloom blots out the sky; out of the clouds bursts fire fast upon fire. Driven from our course, we go wandering on the blind waves. Palinurus himself professes he cannot tell day from night on the sky, nor remember the way amid the waters. Three dubious days of blind darkness we wander on the deep, as many nights without a star. Not till the fourth day was land at last seen to rise, discovering distant hills and sending up wreaths of smoke. The sails drop; we swing back to the oars; without delay the sailors strongly toss up the foam, and sweep through the green water.

The shores of the Strophades first receive me thus won from the waves, Strophades the Greek name they bear, islands lying in the great Ionian sea, which boding Celaeno and the other Harpies inhabit since Phineus' house was shut on them, and they fled in terror from the board of old. Than these no deadlier portent nor any fiercer plague of divine wrath hath issued from the Stygian waters; winged things with maidens' countenance, bellies dropping filth, and clawed hands and faces ever wan with hunger. . . . 'When borne hitherward we enter the haven, lo! we see goodly herds of oxen scattered on the plains, and goats flocking untended over the grass. We attack them with the sword, and call the gods and Jove himself to share our [Pg 56][223-258]spoil. Then we build seats on the winding shore and banquet on the dainty food. But suddenly the Harpies are upon us, swooping awfully from the mountains, and shaking their wings with loud clangour, plunder the feast, and defile everything with unclean touch, spreading a foul smell, and uttering dreadful cries. Again, in a deep recess under a caverned rock, shut in with waving shadows of woodland, we array the board and renew the altar fires; again, from their blind ambush in diverse quarters of the sky, the noisy crowd flutter with clawed feet around their prey, defiling the feast with their lips. Then I bid my comrades take up arms, and proclaim war on the accursed race. Even as I bade they do, range their swords in cover among the grass, and hide their shields out of sight. So when they swooped clamorously down along the winding shore, Misenus from his watch-tower on high signals on the hollow brass; my comrades rush in and essay the strange battle, to set the stain of steel on the winged horrors of the sea. But they take no violence on their plumage, nor wounds on their bodies; and soaring into the firmament with rapid flight, leave their foul traces on the spoil they had half consumed. Celaeno alone, prophetess of ill, alights on a towering cliff, and thus breaks forth in deep accents: '"War is it for your slaughtered oxen and steers cut down, O children of Laomedon, war is it you would declare, and drive the guiltless Harpies from their ancestral kingdom? Take then to heart and fix fast these words of mine; which the Lord omnipotent foretold to Phoebus, Phoebus Apollo to me, I eldest born of the Furies reveal to you. Italy is your goal; wooing the winds you shall go to Italy, and enter her harbours unhindered. Yet shall you not wall round your ordained city, ere this murderous outrage on us compel you, in portentous hunger, to eat your tables with gnawing teeth." 'She spoke, and winged her way back to the shelter of [Pg 57][259-293]the wood. But my comrades' blood froze chill with sudden affright; their spirits fell; and no longer with arms, nay with vows and prayers they bid me entreat favour, whether these be goddesses, or winged things ill-ominous and foul. And lord Anchises from the beach calls with outspread hands on the mighty gods, ordering fit sacrifices: "Gods, avert their menaces! Gods, turn this woe away, and graciously save the righteous!" Then he bids pluck the cable from the shore and shake loose the sheets. Southern winds stretch the sails; we scud over the foam-flecked waters, whither wind and pilot called our course. Now wooded Zacynthos appears amid the waves, and Dulichium and Same and Neritos' sheer rocks. We fly past the cliffs of Ithaca, Laërtes' realm, and curse the land, fostress of cruel Ulysses. Soon too Mount Leucata's cloudy peaks are sighted, and Apollo dreaded of sailors.

Hither we steer wearily, and stand in to the little town. The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns are grounded on the beach. 'So at last having attained to land beyond our hopes, we purify ourselves in Jove's worship, and kindle altars of offering, and make the Actian shore gay with the games of Ilium. My comrades strip, and, slippery with oil, exercise their ancestral contests; glad to have got past so many Argive towns, and held on their flight through the encircling foe. Meanwhile the sun rounds the great circle of the year, and icy winter ruffles the waters with Northern gales. I fix against the doorway a hollow shield of brass, that tall Abas had borne, and mark the story with a verse: These arms Aeneas from the conquering Greeks. Then I bid leave the harbour and sit down at the thwarts; emulously my comrades strike the water, and sweep through the seas. Soon we see the cloud-capped Phaeacian towers sink away, skirt the shores of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian haven and approach high Buthrotum town.

[Pg 58][294-328]'Here the rumour of a story beyond belief comes on our ears; Helenus son of Priam is reigning over Greek towns, master of the bride and sceptre of Pyrrhus the Aeacid; and Andromache hath again fallen to a husband of her people. I stood amazed; and my heart kindled with marvellous desire to accost him and learn of so strange a fortune. I advance from the harbour, leaving the fleet ashore; just when haply Andromache, in a grove before the town, by the waters of a feigned Simoïs, was pouring libation to the dust, and calling Hector's ghost to a tomb with his name, on an empty turfed green with two altars that she had consecrated, a wellspring of tears. When she caught sight of me coming, and saw distractedly the encircling arms of Troy, terror-stricken at the vision marvellously shewn, her gaze fixed, and the heat left her frame. She swoons away, and hardly at last speaks after long interval: "Comest thou then a real face, a real messenger to me, goddess-born? livest thou? or if sweet light is fled, ah, where is Hector?" She spoke, and bursting into tears filled all the place with her crying. Just a few words I force up, and deeply moved gasp out in broken accents: "I live indeed, I live on through all extremities; doubt not, for real are the forms thou seest . . . Alas! after such an husband, what fate receives thy fall? or what worthier fortune revisits thee? Dost thou, Hector's Andromache, keep bonds of marriage with Pyrrhus?" She cast down her countenance, and spoke with lowered voice: '"O single in happy eminence that maiden daughter of Priam, sentenced to die under high Troy town at an enemy's grave, who never bore the shame of the lot, nor came a captive to her victorious master's bed! We, sailing over alien seas from our burning land, have endured the haughty youthful pride of Achilles' seed, and borne children in slavery: he thereafter, wooing Leda's Hermione and a Lacedaemonian [Pg 59][329-363]marriage, passed me over to Helenus' keeping, a bondwoman to a bondman. But him Orestes, aflame with passionate desire for his stolen bride, and driven by the furies of crime, catches unguarded and murders at his ancestral altars. At Neoptolemus' death a share of his realm fell to Helenus' hands, who named the plains Chaonian, and called all the land Chaonia after Chaon of Troy, and built withal a Pergama and this Ilian citadel on the hills. But to thee how did winds, how fates give passage? or whose divinity landed thee all unwitting on our coasts? what of the boy Ascanius? lives he yet, and draws breath, thy darling, whom Troy's . . . Yet hath the child affection for his lost mother? is he roused to the valour of old and the spirit of manhood by his father Aeneas, by his uncle Hector?" 'Such words she poured forth weeping, and prolonged the vain wail; when the hero Helenus son of Priam approaches from the town with a great company, knows us for his kin, and leads us joyfully to his gates, shedding a many tears at every word. I advance and recognise a little Troy, and a copy of the great Pergama, and a dry brook with the name of Xanthus, and clasp a Scaean gateway. Therewithal my Teucrians make holiday in the friendly town. The king entertained them in his spacious colonnades; in the central hall they poured goblets of wine in libation, and held the cups while the feast was served on gold. 'And now a day and another day hath sped; the breezes woo our sails, and the canvas blows out to the swelling south. With these words I accost the prophet, and thus make request: '"Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, whose sense is open to Phoebus' influences, his tripods and laurels, to stars and tongues of birds and auguries of prosperous flight, tell me now,—for the voice of revelation was all favourable to my course, and all divine influence counselled me to [Pg 60][364-396]seek Italy and explore remote lands; only Celaeno the Harpy prophesies of strange portents, a horror to tell, and cries out of wrath and bale and foul hunger,—what perils are the first to shun? or in what guidance may I overcome these sore labours?" 'Hereat Helenus, first suing for divine favour with fit sacrifice of steers, and unbinding from his head the chaplets of consecration, leads me in his hand to thy courts, O Phoebus, thrilled with the fulness of the deity, and then utters these prophetic words from his augural lips: '"Goddess-born: since there is clear assurance that under high omens thou dost voyage through the deep; so the king of the gods allots destiny and unfolds change; this is the circle of ordinance; a few things out of many I will unfold to thee in speech, that so thou mayest more safely traverse the seas of thy sojourn, and find rest in the Ausonian haven; for Helenus is forbidden by the destinies to know, and by Juno daughter of Saturn to utter more: first of all, the Italy thou deemest now nigh, and close at hand, unwitting! the harbours thou wouldst enter, far are they sundered by a long and trackless track through length of lands. First must the Trinacrian wave clog thine oar, and thy ships traverse the salt Ausonian plain, by the infernal pools and Aeaean Circe's isle, ere thou mayest build thy city in safety on a peaceful land. I will tell thee the token, and do thou keep it close in thine heart.

When in thy perplexity, beside the wave of a sequestered river, a great sow shall be discovered lying under the oaks on the brink, with her newborn litter of thirty, couched white on the ground, her white brood about her teats; that shall be the place of the city, that the appointed rest from thy toils. Neither shrink thou at the gnawn tables that await thee; the fates will find a way, and Apollo aid thy call.

These lands moreover, on this nearest border of the Italian shore [Pg 61][397-432]that our own sea's tide washes, flee thou: evil Greeks dwell in all their towns. Here the Locrians of Narycos have set their city, and here Lyctian Idomeneus beset the Sallentine plains with soldiery; here is the town of the Meliboean captain, Philoctetes' little Petelia fenced by her wall. Nay, when thy fleets have crossed overseas and lie at anchor, when now thou rearest altars and payest vows on the beach, veil thine hair with a purple garment for covering, that no hostile face at thy divine worship may meet thee amid the holy fires and make void the omens.

This fashion of sacrifice keep thou, thyself and thy comrades, and let thy children abide in this pure observance.

But when at thy departure the wind hath borne thee to the Sicilian coast, and the barred straits of Pelorus open out, steer for the left-hand country and the long circuit of the seas on the left hand; shun the shore and water on thy right.

These lands, they say, of old broke asunder, torn and upheaved by vast force, when either country was one and undivided; the ocean burst in between, cutting off with its waves the Hesperian from the Sicilian coast, and with narrow tide washes tilth and town along the severance of shore. On the right Scylla keeps guard, on the left unassuaged Charybdis, who thrice swallows the vast flood sheer down her swirling gulf, and ever again hurls it upward, lashing the sky with water.

But Scylla lies prisoned in her cavern's blind recesses, thrusting forth her mouth and drawing ships upon the rocks. In front her face is human, and her breast fair as a maiden's to the waist down; behind she is a sea-dragon of monstrous frame, with dolphins' tails joined on her wolf-girt belly.

Better to track the goal of Trinacrian Pachynus, lingering and wheeling round through long spaces, than once catch sight of misshapen Scylla deep in her dreary cavern, and of the rocks that ring to her sea-coloured hounds. Moreover, if [Pg 62][433-466]Helenus hath aught of foresight or his prophecy of assurance, if Apollo fills his spirit with the truth, this one thing, goddess-born, one thing for all will I foretell thee, and again and again repeat my counsel: to great Juno's deity be thy first prayer and worship; to Juno utter thy willing vows, and overcome thy mighty mistress with gifts and supplications; so at last thou shalt leave Trinacria behind, and be sped in triumph to the Italian borders.

When borne hither thou drawest nigh the Cymaean city, the haunted lakes and rustling woods of Avernus, thou shalt behold the raving prophetess who deep in the rock chants of fate, and marks down her words on leaves.

What verses she writes down on them, the maiden sorts into order and shuts behind her in the cave; they stay in their places unstirred and quit not their rank. But when at the turn of the hinge the light wind from the doorway stirs them, and disarranges the delicate foliage, never after does she trouble to capture them as they flutter about the hollow rock, nor restore their places or join the verses; men depart without counsel, and hate the Sibyl's dwelling. Here let no waste in delay be of such account to thee (though thy company chide, and the passage call thy sails strongly to the deep, and thou mayest fill out their folds to thy desire) that thou do not approach the prophetess, and plead with prayers that she herself utter her oracles and deign to loose the accents from her lips. The nations of Italy and the wars to come, and the fashion whereby every toil may be avoided or endured, she shall unfold to thee, and grant her worshipper prosperous passage. Thus far is our voice allowed to counsel thee: go thy way, and exalt Troy to heaven by thy deeds." 'This the seer uttered with friendly lips; then orders gifts to be carried to my ships, of heavy gold and sawn ivory, and loads the hulls with massy silver and cauldrons [Pg 63][467-502]of Dodona, a mail coat triple-woven with hooks of gold, and a helmet splendid with spike and tressed plumes, the armour of Neoptolemus. My father too hath his gifts. Horses besides he brings, and grooms . . .

fills up the tale of our oarsmen, and equips my crews with arms. 'Meanwhile Anchises bade the fleet set their sails, that the fair wind might meet no delay. Him Phoebus' interpreter accosts with high courtesy: "Anchises, honoured with the splendour of Venus' espousal, the gods' charge, twice rescued from the fallen towers of Troy, lo! the land of Ausonia is before thee: sail thou and seize it. And yet needs must thou float past it on the sea; far away lies the quarter of Ausonia that is revealed of Apollo. Go," he continues, "happy in thy son's affection: why do I run on further, and delay the rising winds in talk?" Andromache too, sad at this last parting, brings figured raiment with woof of gold, and a Phrygian scarf for Ascanius, and wearies not in courtesy, loading him with gifts from the loom. "Take these too," so says she, "my child, to be memorials to thee of my hands, and testify long hence the love of Andromache wife of Hector. Take these last gifts of thy kinsfolk, O sole surviving likeness to me of my own Astyanax! Such was he, in eyes and hands and features; and now his equal age were growing into manhood like thine." 'To them as I departed I spoke with starting tears: "Live happily, as they do whose fortunes are perfected! We are summoned ever from fate to fate. For you there is rest in store, and no ocean floor to furrow, no ever-retreating Ausonian fields to pursue. You see a pictured Xanthus, and a Troy your own hands have built; with better omens, I pray, and to be less open to the Greeks.

If ever I enter Tiber and Tiber's bordering fields, and see a city granted to my nation, then of these kindred towns [Pg 64][503-537]and allied peoples in Epirus and Hesperia, which have the same Dardanus for founder, and whose story is one, of both will our hearts make a single Troy. Let that charge await our posterity." 'We put out to sea, keeping the Ceraunian mountains close at hand, whence is the shortest passage and seaway to Italy. The sun sets meanwhile, and the dusky hills grow dim.

We choose a place, and fling ourselves on the lap of earth at the water's edge, and, allotting the oars, spread ourselves on the dry beach for refreshment: the dew of slumber falls on our weary limbs. Not yet had Night driven of the Hours climbed her mid arch; Palinurus rises lightly from his couch, explores all the winds, and listens to catch a breeze; he marks the constellations gliding together through the silent sky, Arcturus, the rainy Hyades and the twin Oxen, and scans Orion in his armour of gold. When he sees the clear sky quite unbroken, he gives from the stern his shrill signal; we disencamp and explore the way, and spread the wings of our sails.

And now reddening Dawn had chased away the stars, when we descry afar dim hills and the low line of Italy. Achates first raises the cry of Italy; and with joyous shouts my comrades salute Italy. Then lord Anchises enwreathed a great bowl and filled it up with wine; and called on the gods, standing high astern . . . "Gods sovereign over sea and land and weather! bring wind to ease our way, and breathe favourably." The breezes freshen at his prayer, and now the harbour opens out nearer at hand, and a temple appears on the Fort of Minerva. My comrades furl the sails and swing the prows to shore. The harbour is scooped into an arch by the Eastern flood; reefs run out and foam with the salt spray; itself it lies concealed; turreted walls of rock let down their arms on either hand, and the temple retreats from the beach. Here, an inaugural sight, four horses of snowy [Pg 65][538-570]whiteness are grazing abroad on the grassy plain. And lord Anchises: "War dost thou carry, land of our sojourn; horses are armed in war, and menace of war is in this herd. But yet these same beasts are wont in time to enter harness, and carry yoke and bit in concord; there is hope of peace too," says he. Then we pray to the holy deity, Pallas of the clangorous arms, the first to welcome our cheers. And before the altars we veil our heads in Phrygian garments, and duly, after the counsel Helenus had urged deepest on us, pay the bidden burnt-sacrifice to Juno of Argos. 'Without delay, once our vows are fully paid, we round to the arms of our sailyards and leave the dwellings and menacing fields of the Grecian people. Next is descried the bay of Tarentum, town, if rumour is true, of Hercules.

Over against it the goddess of Lacinium rears her head, with the towers of Caulon, and Scylaceum wrecker of ships. Then Trinacrian Aetna is descried in the distance rising from the waves, and we hear from afar a great roaring of the sea on beaten rocks, and broken noises by the shore: the channels boil up, and the surge churns with sand. And lord Anchises: "Of a surety this is that Charybdis; of these cliffs, these awful rocks did Helenus prophesy.

Out, O comrades, and rise together to the oars." Even as bidden they do; and first Palinurus swung the gurgling prow leftward through the water; to the left all our squadron bent with oar and wind. We are lifted skyward on the crescent wave, and again sunk deep into the nether world as the water is sucked away. Thrice amid their rocky caverns the cliffs uttered a cry; thrice we see the foam flung out, and the stars through a dripping veil. Meanwhile the wind falls with sundown; and weary and ignorant of the way we glide on to the Cyclopes' coast. 'There lies a harbour large and unstirred by the winds' [Pg 66][571-604]entrance; but nigh it Aetna thunders awfully in wrack, and ever and again hurls a black cloud into the sky, smoking with boiling pitch and embers white hot, and heaves balls of flame flickering up to the stars: ever and again vomits out on high crags from the torn entrails of the mountain, tosses up masses of molten rock with a groan, and boils forth from the bottom. Rumour is that this mass weighs down the body of Enceladus, half-consumed by the thunderbolt, and mighty Aetna laid over him suspires the flame that bursts from her furnaces; and so often as he changes his weary side, all Trinacria shudders and moans, veiling the sky in smoke. That night we spend in cover of the forest among portentous horrors, and see not from what source the noise comes. For neither did the stars show their fires, nor was the vault of constellated sky clear; but vapours blotted heaven, and the moon was held in a storm-cloud through dead of night. 'And now the morrow was rising in the early east, and the dewy darkness rolled away from the sky by Dawn, when sudden out of the forest advances a human shape strange and unknown, worn with uttermost hunger and pitiably attired, and stretches entreating hands towards the shore. We look back. Filthy and wretched, with shaggy beard and a coat pinned together with thorns, he was yet a Greek, and had been sent of old to Troy in his father's arms. And he, when he saw afar the Dardanian habits and armour of Troy, hung back a little in terror at the sight, and stayed his steps; then ran headlong to the shore with weeping and prayers: "By the heavens I beseech you, by the heavenly powers and this luminous sky that gives us breath, take me up, O Trojans, carry me away to any land soever, and it will be enough. I know I am one out of the Grecian fleets, I confess I warred against the household gods of Ilium; for that, if our wrong and guilt is so great, throw [Pg 67][605-639]me piecemeal on the flood or plunge me in the waste sea. If I do perish, gladly will I perish at human hands." He ended; and clung clasping our knees and grovelling at them. We encourage him to tell who he is and of what blood born, and reveal how Fortune pursues him since then. Lord Anchises after little delay gives him his hand, and strengthens his courage by visible pledge. At last, laying aside his terror, he speaks thus: '"I am from an Ithacan home, Achemenides by name, set out for Troy in luckless Ulysses' company; poor was my father Adamastus, and would God fortune had stayed thus! Here my comrades abandoned me in the Cyclops' vast cave, mindless of me while they hurry away from the barbarous gates. It is a house of gore and blood-stained feasts, dim and huge within. Himself he is great of stature and knocks at the lofty sky (gods, take away a curse like this from earth!) to none gracious in aspect or courteous of speech. He feeds on the flesh and dark blood of wretched men. I myself saw, when he caught the bodies of two of us with his great hand, and lying back in the middle of the cave crushed them on the rock, and the courts splashed and swam with gore; I saw when he champed the flesh adrip with dark clots of blood, and the warm limbs quivered under his teeth. Yet not unavenged. Ulysses brooked not this, nor even in such straits did the Ithacan forget himself. For so soon as he, gorged with his feast and buried in wine, lay with bent neck sprawling huge over the cave, in his sleep vomiting gore and gobbets mixed with wine and blood, we, praying to the great gods and with parts allotted, pour at once all round him, and pierce with a sharp weapon the huge eye that lay sunk single under his savage brow, in fashion of an Argolic shield or the lamp of the moon; and at last we exultingly avenge the ghosts of our comrades. But fly, O wretched men, fly [Pg 68][640-674]and pluck the cable from the beach. . . . For even in the shape and stature of Polyphemus, when he shuts his fleeced flocks and drains their udders in the cave's covert, an hundred other horrible Cyclopes dwell all about this shore and stray on the mountain heights. Thrice now does the horned moon fill out her light, while I linger in life among desolate lairs and haunts of wild beasts in the woodland, and from a rock survey the giant Cyclopes and shudder at their cries and echoing feet. The boughs yield a miserable sustenance, berries and stony sloes, and plants torn up by the root feed me. Sweeping all the view, I at last espied this fleet standing in to shore. On it, whatsoever it were, I cast myself; it is enough to have escaped the accursed tribe. Do you rather, by any death you will, destroy this life of mine." 'Scarcely had he spoken thus, when on the mountain top we see shepherding his flocks a vast moving mass, Polyphemus himself seeking the shores he knew, a horror ominous, shapeless, huge, bereft of sight. A pine lopped by his hand guides and steadies his footsteps. His fleeced sheep attend him, this his single delight and solace in ill. . . .

After he hath touched the deep flood and come to the sea, he washes in it the blood that oozes from his eye-socket, grinding his teeth with groans; and now he strides through the sea up to his middle, nor yet does the wave wet his towering sides. We hurry far away in precipitate flight, with the suppliant who had so well merited rescue; and silently cut the cable, and bending forward sweep the sea with emulous oars. He heard, and turned his steps towards the echoing sound.

But when he may in no wise lay hands on us, nor can fathom the Ionian waves in pursuit, he raises a vast cry, at which the sea and all his waves shuddered, and the deep land of Italy was startled, and Aetna's vaulted caverns moaned.

But the tribe of the [Pg 69][675-709]Cyclopes, roused from the high wooded hills, run to the harbour and fill the shore. We descry the Aetnean brotherhood standing impotent with scowling eye, their stately heads up to heaven, a dreadful consistory; even as on a mountain summit stand oaks high in air or coned cypresses, a high forest of Jove or covert of Diana. Sharp fear urges us to shake out the sheets in reckless haste, and spread our sails to the favouring wind. Yet Helenus' commands counsel that our course keep not the way between Scylla and Charybdis, the very edge of death on either hand. We are resolved to turn our canvas back. And lo! from the narrow fastness of Pelorus the North wind comes down and reaches us. I sail past Pantagias' mouth with its living stone, the Megarian bay, and low-lying Thapsus.

Such names did Achemenides, of luckless Ulysses' company, point out as he retraced his wanderings along the returning shores. 'Stretched in front of a bay of Sicily lies an islet over against wavebeat Plemyrium; they of old called it Ortygia.

Hither Alpheus the river of Elis, so rumour runs, hath cloven a secret passage beneath the sea, and now through thy well-head, Arethusa, mingles with the Sicilian waves. We adore as bidden the great deities of the ground; and thence I cross the fertile soil of Helorus in the marsh. Next we graze the high reefs and jutting rocks of Pachynus; and far off appears Camarina, forbidden for ever by oracles to move, and the Geloan plains, and vast Gela named after its river. Then Acragas on the steep, once the breeder of noble horses, displays its massive walls in the distance; and with granted breeze I leave thee behind, palm-girt Selinus, and thread the difficult shoals and blind reefs of Lilybaeum.

Thereon Drepanum receives me in its haven and joyless border. Here, so many tempestuous seas outgone, alas! my father, the solace of every care and chance, Anchises is [Pg 70][710-718]lost to me.

Here thou, dear lord, abandonest me in weariness, alas! rescued in vain from peril and doom. Not Helenus the prophet, though he counselled of many a terror, not boding Celaeno foretold me of this grief. This was the last agony, this the goal of the long ways; thence it was I had departed when God landed me on your coasts.' Thus lord Aeneas with all attent retold alone the divine doom and the history of his goings. At last he was hushed, and here in silence made an end.

[Pg 71] BOOK FOURTH THE LOVE OF DIDO, AND HER END But the Queen, long ere now pierced with sore distress, feeds the wound with her life-blood, and catches the fire unseen.

Again and again his own valiance and his line's renown flood back upon her spirit; look and accent cling fast in her bosom, and the pain allows not rest or calm to her limbs.

The morrow's dawn bore the torch of Phoebus across the earth, and had rolled away the dewy darkness from the sky, when, scarce herself, she thus opens her confidence to her sister: 'Anna, my sister, such dreams of terror thrill me through! What guest unknown is this who hath entered our dwelling? How high his mien! how brave in heart as in arms! I believe it well, with no vain assurance, his blood is divine. Fear proves the vulgar spirit. Alas, by what destinies is he driven! what wars outgone he chronicled! Were my mind not planted, fixed and immoveable, to ally myself to none in wedlock since my love of old was false to me in the treachery of death; were I not sick to the heart of bridal torch and chamber, to this temptation alone I might haply yield. Anna, I will confess it; since Sychaeus mine husband met his piteous doom, and our household was shattered by a brother's murder, he only hath [Pg 72][22-55]touched mine heart and stirred the balance of my soul. I know the prints of the ancient flame. But rather, I pray, may earth first yawn deep for me, or the Lord omnipotent hurl me with his thunderbolt into gloom, the pallid gloom and profound night of Erebus, ere I soil thee, mine honour, or unloose thy laws. He took my love away who made me one with him long ago; he shall keep it with him, and guard it in the tomb.' She spoke, and welling tears filled the bosom of her gown.

Anna replies: 'O dearer than the daylight to thy sister, wilt thou waste, sad and alone, all thy length of youth, and know not the sweetness of motherhood, nor love's bounty? Deemest thou the ashes care for that, or the ghost within the tomb? Be it so: in days gone by no wooers bent thy sorrow, not in Libya, not ere then in Tyre; Iarbas was slighted, and other princes nurtured by the triumphal land of Africa; wilt thou contend so with a love to thy liking?

nor does it cross thy mind whose are these fields about thy dwelling? On this side are the Gaetulian towns, a race unconquerable in war; the reinless Numidian riders and the grim Syrtis hem thee in; on this lies a thirsty tract of desert, swept by the raiders of Barca. Why speak of the war gathering from Tyre, and thy brother's menaces? . . . With gods' auspices to my thinking, and with Juno's favour, hath the Ilian fleet held on hither before the gale. What a city wilt thou discern here, O sister! what a realm will rise on such a union! the arms of Troy ranged with ours, what glory will exalt the Punic state! Do thou only, asking divine favour with peace-offerings, be bounteous in welcome and draw out reasons for delay, while the storm rages at sea and Orion is wet, and his ships are shattered and the sky unvoyageable.' With these words she made the fire of love flame up in her spirit, put hope in her wavering soul, and let honour slip away. [Pg 73][56-90]First they visit the shrines, and desire grace from altar to altar; they sacrifice sheep fitly chosen to Ceres the Lawgiver, to Phoebus and lord Lyaeus, to Juno before all, guardian of the marriage bond. Dido herself, excellent in beauty, holds the cup in her hand, and pours libation between the horns of a milk-white cow, or moves in state to the rich altars before the gods' presences, day by day renewing her gifts, and gazing athirst into the breasts of cattle laid open to take counsel from the throbbing entrails. Ah, witless souls of soothsayers! how may vows or shrines help her madness? all the while the subtle flame consumes her inly, and deep in her breast the wound is silent and alive. Stung to misery, Dido wanders in frenzy all down the city, even as an arrow-stricken deer, whom, far and heedless amid the Cretan woodland, a shepherd archer hath pierced and left the flying steel in her unaware; she ranges in flight the Dictaean forest lawns; fast in her side clings the deadly reed. Now she leads Aeneas with her through the town, and displays her Sidonian treasure and ordered city; she essays to speak, and breaks off half-way in utterance. Now, as day wanes, she seeks the repeated banquet, and again madly pleads to hear the agonies of Ilium, and again hangs on the teller's lips. Thereafter, when all are gone their ways, and the dim moon in turn quenches her light, and the setting stars counsel to sleep, alone in the empty house she mourns, and flings herself on the couch he left: distant she hears and sees him in the distance; or enthralled by the look he has of his father, she holds Ascanius on her lap, if so she may steal the love she may not utter. No more do the unfinished towers rise, no more do the people exercise in arms, nor work for safety in war on harbour or bastion; the works hang broken off, vast looming walls and engines towering into the sky. So soon as she perceives her thus fast in the toils, and [Pg 74][91-124]madly careless of her name, Jove's beloved wife, daughter of Saturn, accosts Venus thus: 'Noble indeed is the fame and splendid the spoils you win, thou and that boy of thine, and mighty the renown of deity, if two gods have vanquished one woman by treachery. Nor am I so blind to thy terror of our town, thine old suspicion of the high house of Carthage. But what shall be the end? or why all this contest now? Nay, rather let us work an enduring peace and a bridal compact. Thou hast what all thy soul desired; Dido is on fire with love, and hath caught the madness through and through. Then rule we this people jointly in equal lordship; allow her to be a Phrygian husband's slave, and to lay her Tyrians for dowry in thine hand.' To her—for she knew the dissembled purpose of her words, to turn the Teucrian kingdom away to the coasts of Libya—Venus thus began in answer: 'Who so mad as to reject these terms, or choose rather to try the fortune of war with thee? if only when done, as thou sayest, fortune follow. But I move in uncertainty of Jove's ordinance, whether he will that Tyrians and wanderers from Troy be one city, or approve the mingling of peoples and the treaty of union. Thou art his wife, and thy prayers may essay his soul. Go on; I will follow.' Then Queen Juno thus rejoined: 'That task shall be mine. Now, by what means the present need may be fulfilled, attend and I will explain in brief. Aeneas and Dido (alas and woe for her!) are to go hunting together in the woodland when to-morrow's rising sun goes forth and his rays unveil the world. On them, while the beaters run up and down, and the lawns are girt with toils, will I pour down a blackening rain-cloud mingled with hail, and startle all the sky in thunder. Their company will scatter for shelter in the dim darkness; Dido and the Trojan captain [Pg 75][125-159]shall take refuge in the same cavern. I will be there, and if thy goodwill is assured me, I will unite them in wedlock, and make her wholly his; here shall Hymen be present.' The Cytherean gave ready assent to her request, and laughed at the wily invention. Meanwhile Dawn rises forth of ocean. A chosen company issue from the gates while the morning star is high; they pour forth with meshed nets, toils, broad-headed hunting spears, Massylian horsemen and sinewy sleuth-hounds. At her doorway the chief of Carthage await their queen, who yet lingers in her chamber, and her horse stands splendid in gold and purple with clattering feet and jaws champing on the foamy bit. At last she comes forth amid a great thronging train, girt in a Sidonian mantle, broidered with needlework; her quiver is of gold, her tresses knotted into gold, a golden buckle clasps up her crimson gown. Therewithal the Phrygian train advances with joyous Iülus. Himself first and foremost of all, Aeneas joins her company and unites his party to hers: even as Apollo, when he leaves wintry Lycia and the streams of Xanthus to visit his mother's Delos, and renews the dance, while Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrsians mingle clamorous about his altars: himself he treads the Cynthian ridges, and plaits his flowing hair with soft heavy sprays and entwines it with gold; the arrows rattle on his shoulder: as lightly as he went Aeneas; such glow and beauty is on his princely face. When they are come to the mountain heights and pathless coverts, lo, wild goats driven from the cliff-tops run down the ridge; in another quarter stags speed over the open plain and gather their flying column in a cloud of dust as they leave the hills. But the boy Ascanius is in the valleys, exultant on his fiery horse, and gallops past one and another, praying that among the unwarlike herds a foaming boar may issue or a tawny lion descend the hill. [Pg 76][160-194]Meanwhile the sky begins to thicken and roar aloud. A rain-cloud comes down mingled with hail; the Tyrian train and the men of Troy, and the Dardanian boy of Venus' son scatter in fear, and seek shelter far over the fields. Streams pour from the hills. Dido and the Trojan captain take refuge in the same cavern. Primeval Earth and Juno the bridesmaid give the sign; fires flash out high in air, witnessing the union, and Nymphs cry aloud on the mountain-top. That day opened the gate of death and the springs of ill. For now Dido recks not of eye or tongue, nor sets her heart on love in secret: she calls it marriage, and with this name veils her fall. Straightway Rumour runs through the great cities of Libya,—Rumour, than whom none other is more swift to mischief; she thrives on restlessness and gains strength by going: at first small and timorous; soon she lifts herself on high and paces the ground with head hidden among the clouds. Her, one saith, Mother Earth, when stung by wrath against the gods, bore last sister to Coeus and Enceladus, fleet-footed and swift of wing, ominous, awful, vast; for every feather on her body is a waking eye beneath, wonderful to tell, and a tongue, and as many loud lips and straining ears. By night she flits between sky and land, shrilling through the dusk, and droops not her lids in sweet slumber; in daylight she sits on guard upon tall towers or the ridge of the house-roof, and makes great cities afraid; obstinate in perverseness and forgery no less than messenger of truth. She then exultingly filled the countries with manifold talk, and blazoned alike what was done and undone: one Aeneas is come, born of Trojan blood; on him beautiful Dido thinks no shame to fling herself; now they hold their winter, long-drawn through mutual caresses, regardless of their realms and enthralled by passionate dishonour. This the pestilent goddess [Pg 77][195-227]spreads abroad in the mouths of men, and bends her course right on to King Iarbas, and with her words fires his spirit and swells his wrath. He, the seed of Ammon by a ravished Garamantian Nymph, had built to Jove in his wide realms an hundred great temples, an hundred altars, and consecrated the wakeful fire that keeps watch by night before the gods perpetually, where the soil is fat with blood of beasts and the courts blossom with pied garlands. And he, distracted and on fire at the bitter tidings, before his altars, amid the divine presences, often, it is said, bowed in prayer to Jove with uplifted hands: 'Jupiter omnipotent, to whom from the broidered cushions of their banqueting halls the Maurusian people now pour Lenaean offering, lookest thou on this? or do we shudder vainly when our father hurls the thunderbolt, and do blind fires in the clouds and idle rumblings appal our soul?

The woman who, wandering in our coasts, planted a small town on purchased ground, to whom we gave fields by the shore and laws of settlement, she hath spurned our alliance and taken Aeneas for lord of her realm. And now that Paris, with his effeminate crew, his chin and oozy hair swathed in the turban of Maeonia, takes and keeps her; since to thy temples we bear oblation, and hallow an empty name.' In such words he pleaded, clasping the altars; the Lord omnipotent heard, and cast his eye on the royal city and the lovers forgetful of their fairer fame. Then he addresses this charge to Mercury: 'Up and away, O son! call the breezes and slide down them on thy wings: accost the Dardanian captain who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage and casts not a look on destined cities; carry down my words through the fleet air. Not such an one did his mother most beautiful vouch him to [Pg 78][228-264]us, nor for this twice rescue him from Grecian arms; but he was to rule an Italy teeming with empire and loud with war, to transmit the line of Teucer's royal blood, and lay all the world beneath his law. If such glories kindle him in nowise, and he take no trouble for his own honour, does a father grudge his Ascanius the towers of Rome? with what device or in what hope loiters he among a hostile race, and casts not a glance on his Ausonian children and the fields of Lavinium? Let him set sail: this is the sum: thereof be thou our messenger.' He ended: his son made ready to obey his high command. And first he laces to his feet the shoes of gold that bear him high winging over seas or land as fleet as the gale; then takes the rod wherewith he calls wan souls forth of Orcus, or sends them again to the sad depth of hell, gives sleep and takes it away and unseals dead eyes; in whose strength he courses the winds and swims across the tossing clouds. And now in flight he descries the peak and steep sides of toiling Atlas, whose crest sustains the sky; Atlas, whose pine-clad head is girt alway with black clouds and beaten by wind and rain; snow is shed over his shoulders for covering; rivers tumble over his aged chin; and his rough beard is stiff with ice. Here the Cyllenian, poised evenly on his wings, made a first stay; hence he shot himself sheer to the water. Like a bird that flies low, skirting the sea about the craggy shores of its fishery, even thus the brood of Cyllene left his mother's father, and flew, cutting the winds between sky and land, along the sandy Libyan shore. So soon as his winged feet reached the settlement, he espies Aeneas founding towers and ordering new dwellings; his sword twinkled with yellow jasper, and a cloak hung from his shoulders ablaze with Tyrian sea-purple, a gift that Dido had made costly and shot the warp with thin gold. Straightway [Pg 79][265-299]he breaks in: 'Layest thou now the foundations of tall Carthage, and buildest up a fair city in dalliance? ah, forgetful of thine own kingdom and state! From bright Olympus I descend to thee at express command of heaven's sovereign, whose deity sways sky and earth; expressly he bids me carry this charge through the fleet air: with what device or in what hope dost thou loiter idly on Libyan lands? if such glories kindle thee in nowise, yet cast an eye on growing Ascanius, on Iülus thine hope and heir, to whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman land are due.' As these words left his lips the Cyllenian, yet speaking, quitted mortal sight and vanished into thin air away out of his eyes. But Aeneas in truth gazed in dumb amazement, his hair thrilled up, and the accents faltered on his tongue. He burns to flee away and leave the pleasant land, aghast at the high warning and divine ordinance. Alas, what shall he do? how venture to smooth the tale to the frenzied queen? what prologue shall he find? and this way and that he rapidly throws his mind, and turns it on all hands in swift change of thought. In his perplexity this seemed the better counsel; he calls Mnestheus and Sergestus, and brave Serestus, and bids them silently equip the fleet, gather their crews on shore, and order their armament, keeping the cause of the commotion hid; himself meanwhile, since Dido the gracious knows not nor looks for severance to so strong a love, will essay to approach her when she may be told most gently, and the way for it be fair. All at once gladly do as bidden, and obey his command. But the Queen—who may delude a lover?—foreknew his devices, and at once caught the presaging stir. Safety's self was fear; to her likewise had evil Rumour borne the maddening news that they equip the fleet and prepare [Pg 80][300-334]for passage. Helpless at heart, she reels aflame with rage throughout the city, even as the startled Thyiad in her frenzied triennial orgies, when the holy vessels move forth and the cry of Bacchus re-echoes, and Cithaeron calls her with nightlong din. Thus at last she opens out upon Aeneas: 'And thou didst hope, traitor, to mask the crime, and slip away in silence from my land? Our love holds thee not, nor the hand thou once gavest, nor the bitter death that is left for Dido's portion? Nay, under the wintry star thou labourest on thy fleet, and hastenest to launch into the deep amid northern gales; ah, cruel! Why, were thy quest not of alien fields and unknown dwellings, did thine ancient Troy remain, should Troy be sought in voyages over tossing seas? Fliest thou from me? me who by these tears and thine own hand beseech thee, since naught else, alas! have I kept mine own—by our union and the marriage rites preparing; if I have done thee any grace, or aught of mine hath once been sweet in thy sight,—pity our sinking house, and if there yet be room for prayers, put off this purpose of thine. For thy sake Libyan tribes and Nomad kings are hostile; my Tyrians are estranged; for thy sake, thine, is mine honour perished, and the former fame, my one title to the skies. How leavest thou me to die, O my guest? since to this the name of husband is dwindled down.

For what do I wait?

till Pygmalion overthrow his sister's city, or Gaetulian Iarbas lead me to captivity? At least if before thy flight a child of thine had been clasped in my arms,—if a tiny Aeneas were playing in my hall, whose face might yet image thine,—I would not think myself ensnared and deserted utterly.' She ended; he by counsel of Jove held his gaze unstirred, and kept his distress hard down in his heart. At last he briefly answers: 'Never, O Queen, will I deny that thy goodness hath [Pg 81][335-368]gone high as thy words can swell the reckoning; nor will my memory of Elissa be ungracious while I remember myself, and breath sways this body. Little will I say in this. I never hoped to slip away in stealthy flight; fancy not that; nor did I ever hold out the marriage torch or enter thus into alliance. Did fate allow me to guide my life by mine own government, and calm my sorrows as I would, my first duty were to the Trojan city and the dear remnant of my kindred; the high house of Priam should abide, and my hand had set up Troy towers anew for a conquered people. But now for broad Italy hath Apollo of Grynos bidden me steer, for Italy the oracles of Lycia. Here is my desire; this is my native country. If thy Phoenician eyes are stayed on Carthage towers and thy Libyan city, what wrong is it, I pray, that we Trojans find our rest on Ausonian land?

We too may seek a foreign realm unforbidden. In my sleep, often as the dank shades of night veil the earth, often as the stars lift their fires, the troubled phantom of my father Anchises comes in warning and dread; my boy Ascanius, how I wrong one so dear in cheating him of an Hesperian kingdom and destined fields. Now even the gods' interpreter, sent straight from Jove—I call both to witness—hath borne down his commands through the fleet air. Myself in broad daylight I saw the deity passing within the walls, and these ears drank his utterance. Cease to madden me and thyself alike with plaints. Not of my will do I follow Italy. . . .' Long ere he ended she gazes on him askance, turning her eyes from side to side and perusing him with silent glances; then thus wrathfully speaks: 'No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus founder of thy line, traitor! but rough Caucasus bore thee on his iron crags, and Hyrcanian tigresses gave thee suck. For why do I conceal it?

For what further outrage do I wait? [Pg 82][369-400]Hath our weeping cost him a sigh, or a lowered glance? Hath he broken into tears, or had pity on his lover? Where, where shall I begin? Now neither doth Queen Juno nor our Saturnian lord regard us with righteous eyes. Nowhere is trust safe. Cast ashore and destitute I welcomed him, and madly gave him place and portion in my kingdom; I found him his lost fleet and drew his crews from death. Alas, the fire of madness speeds me on. Now prophetic Apollo, now oracles of Lycia, now the very gods' interpreter sent straight from Jove through the air carries these rude commands! Truly that is work for the gods, that a care to vex their peace! I detain thee not, nor gainsay thy words: go, follow thine Italy down the wind; seek thy realm overseas. Yet midway my hope is, if righteous gods can do aught at all, thou wilt drain the cup of vengeance on the rocks, and re-echo calls on Dido's name. In murky fires I will follow far away, and when chill death hath severed body from soul, my ghost will haunt thee in every region. Wretch, thou shalt repay! I will hear; and the rumour of it shall reach me deep in the under world.' Even on these words she breaks off her speech unfinished, and, sick at heart, escapes out of the air and sweeps round and away out of sight, leaving him in fear and much hesitance, and with much on his mind to say. Her women catch her in their arms, and carry her swooning to her marble chamber and lay her on her bed. But good Aeneas, though he would fain soothe and comfort her grief, and talk away her distress, with many a sigh, and melted in soul by his great love, yet fulfils the divine commands and returns to his fleet. Then indeed the Teucrians set to work, and haul down their tall ships all along the shore. The hulls are oiled and afloat; they carry from the woodland green boughs for oars and massy logs unhewn, in hot haste to go. . . . One might descry them shifting [Pg 83][401-433]their quarters and pouring out of all the town: even as ants, mindful of winter, plunder a great heap of wheat and store it in their house; a black column advances on the plain as they carry home their spoil on a narrow track through the grass. Some shove and strain with their shoulders at big grains, some marshal the ranks and chastise delay; all the path is aswarm with work. What then were thy thoughts, O Dido, as thou sawest it? What sighs didst thou utter, viewing from the fortress roof the broad beach aswarm, and seeing before thine eyes the whole sea stirred with their noisy din? Injurious Love, to what dost thou not compel mortal hearts! Again, she must needs break into tears, again essay entreaty, and bow her spirit down to love, not to leave aught untried and go to death in vain. 'Anna, thou seest the bustle that fills the shore. They have gathered round from every quarter; already their canvas woos the breezes, and the merry sailors have garlanded the sterns. This great pain, my sister, I shall have strength to bear, as I have had strength to foresee. Yet this one thing, Anna, for love and pity's sake—for of thee alone was the traitor fain, to thee even his secret thoughts were confided, alone thou knewest his moods and tender fits—go, my sister, and humbly accost the haughty stranger: I did not take the Grecian oath in Aulis to root out the race of Troy; I sent no fleet against her fortresses; neither have I disentombed his father Anchises' ashes and ghost, that he should refuse my words entrance to his stubborn ears. Whither does he run? let him grant this grace—alas, the last!—to his lover, and await fair winds and an easy passage. No more do I pray for the old delusive marriage, nor that he give up fair Latium and abandon a kingdom. A breathing-space I ask, to give my madness rest and room, till my very [Pg 84][434-469]fortune teach my grief submission. This last favour I implore: sister, be pitiful; grant this to me, and I will restore it in full measure when I die.' So she pleaded, and so her sister carries and recarries the piteous tale of weeping. But by no weeping is he stirred, inflexible to all the words he hears. Fate withstands, and lays divine bars on unmoved mortal ears. Even as when the eddying blasts of northern Alpine winds are emulous to uproot the secular strength of a mighty oak, it wails on, and the trunk quivers and the high foliage strews the ground; the tree clings fast on the rocks, and high as her top soars into heaven, so deep strike her roots to hell; even thus is the hero buffeted with changeful perpetual accents, and distress thrills his mighty breast, while his purpose stays unstirred, and tears fall in vain. Then indeed, hapless and dismayed by doom, Dido prays for death, and is weary of gazing on the arch of heaven. The more to make her fulfil her purpose and quit the light, she saw, when she laid her gifts on the altars alight with incense, awful to tell, the holy streams blacken, and the wine turn as it poured into ghastly blood. Of this sight she spoke to none—no, not to her sister. Likewise there was within the house a marble temple of her ancient lord, kept of her in marvellous honour, and fastened with snowy fleeces and festal boughs. Forth of it she seemed to hear her husband's voice crying and calling when night was dim upon earth, and alone on the house-tops the screech-owl often made moan with funeral note and long-drawn sobbing cry. Therewithal many a warning of wizards of old terrifies her with appalling presage. In her sleep fierce Aeneas drives her wildly, and ever she seems being left by herself alone, ever going uncompanioned on a weary way, and seeking her Tyrians in a solitary land: even as frantic Pentheus sees the [Pg 85][470-503]arrayed Furies and a double sun, and Thebes shows herself twofold to his eyes: or Agamemnonian Orestes, renowned in tragedy, when his mother pursues him armed with torches and dark serpents, and the Fatal Sisters crouch avenging in the doorway.

So when, overcome by her pangs, she caught the madness and resolved to die, she works out secretly the time and fashion, and accosts her sorrowing sister with mien hiding her design and hope calm on her brow. 'I have found a way, mine own—wish me joy, sisterlike—to restore him to me or release me of my love for him. Hard by the ocean limit and the set of sun is the extreme Aethiopian land, where ancient Atlas turns on his shoulders the starred burning axletree of heaven. Out of it hath been shown to me a priestess of Massylian race, warder of the temple of the Hesperides, even she who gave the dragon his food, and kept the holy boughs on the tree, sprinkling clammy honey and slumberous poppy-seed. She professes with her spells to relax the purposes of whom she will, but on others to bring passion and pain; to stay the river-waters and turn the stars backward: she calls up ghosts by night; thou shalt see earth moaning under foot and mountain-ashes descending from the hills.

I take heaven, sweet, to witness, and thee, mine own darling sister, I do not willingly arm myself with the arts of magic. Do thou secretly raise a pyre in the inner court, and let them lay on it the arms that the accursed one left hanging in our chamber, and all the dress he wore, and the bridal bed where I fell. It is good to wipe out all the wretch's traces, and the priestess orders thus.' So speaks she, and is silent, while pallor overruns her face. Yet Anna deems not her sister veils death behind these strange rites, and grasps not her wild purpose, nor fears aught deeper than at Sychaeus' death.

So she makes ready as bidden. . . . [Pg 86][504-538]But the Queen, the pyre being built up of piled faggots and sawn ilex in the inmost of her dwelling, hangs the room with chaplets and garlands it with funeral boughs: on the pillow she lays the dress he wore, the sword he left, and an image of him, knowing what was to come. Altars are reared around, and the priestess, with hair undone, thrice peals from her lips the hundred gods of Erebus and Chaos, and the triform Hecate, the triple-faced maidenhood of Diana. Likewise she had sprinkled pretended waters of Avernus' spring, and rank herbs are sought mown by moonlight with brazen sickles, dark with milky venom, and sought is the talisman torn from a horse's forehead at birth ere the dam could snatch it. . . . Herself, the holy cake in her pure hands, hard by the altars, with one foot unshod and garments flowing loose, she invokes the gods ere she die, and the stars that know of doom; then prays to whatsoever deity looks in righteousness and remembrance on lovers ill allied.

Night fell; weary creatures took quiet slumber all over earth, and woodland and wild waters had sunk to rest; now the stars wheel midway on their gliding path, now all the country is silent, and beasts and gay birds that haunt liquid levels of lake or thorny rustic thicket lay couched asleep under the still night. But not so the distressed Phoenician, nor does she ever sink asleep or take the night upon eyes or breast; her pain redoubles, and her love swells to renewed madness, as she tosses on the strong tide of wrath. Even so she begins, and thus revolves with her heart alone: 'See, what do I? Shall I again make trial of mine old wooers that will scorn me? and stoop to sue for a Numidian marriage among those whom already over and over I have disdained for husbands? Then shall I follow the Ilian fleets and the uttermost bidding of the Teucrians? because it is good to think they were once raised up by my [Pg 87][539-570]succour, or the grace of mine old kindness is fresh in their remembrance? And how should they let me, if I would? or take the odious woman on their haughty ships? art thou ignorant, ah me, even in ruin, and knowest not yet the forsworn race of Laomedon? And then? shall I accompany the triumphant sailors, a lonely fugitive? or plunge forth girt with all my Tyrian train? so hardly severed from Sidon city, shall I again drive them seaward, and bid them spread their sails to the tempest? Nay die thou, as thou deservest, and let the steel end thy pain. With thee it began; overborne by my tears, thou, O my sister, dost load me with this madness and agony, and layest me open to the enemy. I could not spend a wild life without stain, far from a bridal chamber, and free from touch of distress like this! O faith ill kept, that was plighted to Sychaeus' ashes!' Thus her heart broke in long lamentation. Now Aeneas was fixed to go, and now, with all set duly in order, was taking hasty sleep on his high stern. To him as he slept the god appeared once again in the same fashion of countenance, and thus seemed to renew his warning, in all points like to Mercury, voice and hue and golden hair and limbs gracious in youth.

'Goddess-born, canst thou sleep on in such danger? and seest not the coming perils that hem thee in, madman! nor hearest the breezes blowing fair? She, fixed on death, is revolving craft and crime grimly in her bosom, and swells the changing surge of wrath.

Fliest thou not hence headlong, while headlong flight is yet possible? Even now wilt thou see ocean weltering with broken timbers, see the fierce glare of torches and the beach in a riot of flame, if dawn break on thee yet dallying in this land. Up ho! linger no more! Woman is ever a fickle and changing thing.' So spoke he, and melted in the black night. [Pg 88][571-603]Then indeed Aeneas, startled by the sudden phantom, leaps out of slumber and bestirs his crew. 'Haste and awake, O men, and sit down to the thwarts; shake out sail speedily. A god sent from high heaven, lo! again spurs us to speed our flight and cut the twisted cables. We follow thee, holy one of heaven, whoso thou art, and again joyfully obey thy command.

O be favourable; give gracious aid and bring fair sky and weather.' He spoke, and snatching his sword like lightning from the sheath, strikes at the hawser with the drawn steel. The same zeal catches all at once; rushing and tearing they quit the shore; the sea is hidden under their fleets; strongly they toss up the foam and sweep the blue water. And now Dawn broke, and, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, shed her radiance anew over the world; when the Queen saw from her watch-tower the first light whitening, and the fleet standing out under squared sail, and discerned shore and haven empty of all their oarsmen. Thrice and four times she struck her hand on her lovely breast and rent her yellow hair: 'God!' she cries, 'shall he go? shall an alien make mock of our realm? Will they not issue in armed pursuit from all the city, and some launch ships from the dockyards? Go; bring fire in haste, serve weapons, swing out the oars! What do I talk? or where am I? what mad change is on my purpose? Alas, Dido! now thou dost feel thy wickedness; that had graced thee once, when thou gavest away thy crown. Behold the faith and hand of him! who, they say, carries his household's ancestral gods about with him! who stooped his shoulders to a father outworn with age! Could I not have riven his body in sunder and strewn it on the waves? and slain with the sword his comrades and his dear Ascanius, and served him for the banquet at his father's table?

But the chance of battle had been dubious. If it had! whom did I fear [Pg 89][604-635]with my death upon me? I should have borne firebrands into his camp and filled his decks with flame, blotted out father and son and race together, and flung myself atop of all. Sun, whose fires lighten all the works of the world, and thou, Juno, mediatress and witness of these my distresses, and Hecate, cried on by night in crossways of cities, and you, fatal avenging sisters and gods of dying Elissa, hear me now; bend your just deity to my woes, and listen to our prayers. If it must needs be that the accursed one touch his haven and float up to land, if thus Jove's decrees demand, and this is the appointed term,—yet, distressed in war by an armed and gallant nation, driven homeless from his borders, rent from Iülus' embrace, let him sue for succour and see death on death untimely on his people; nor when he hath yielded him to the terms of a harsh peace, may he have joy of his kingdom or the pleasant light; but let him fall before his day and without burial on a waste of sand. This I pray; this and my blood with it I pour for the last utterance. And you, O Tyrians, hunt his seed with your hatred for all ages to come; send this guerdon to our ashes. Let no kindness nor truce be between the nations. Arise out of our dust, O unnamed avenger, to pursue the Dardanian settlement with firebrand and steel. Now, then, whensoever strength shall be given, I invoke the enmity of shore to shore, wave to water, sword to sword; let their battles go down to their children's children.' So speaks she as she kept turning her mind round about, seeking how soonest to break away from the hateful light. Thereon she speaks briefly to Barce, nurse of Sychaeus; for a heap of dusky ashes held her own, in her country of long ago: 'Sweet nurse, bring Anna my sister hither to me. Bid her haste and sprinkle river water over her body, and bring [Pg 90][636-667]with her the beasts ordained for expiation: so let her come: and thou likewise veil thy brows with a pure chaplet. I would fulfil the rites of Stygian Jove that I have fitly ordered and begun, so to set the limit to my distresses and give over to the flames the funeral pyre of the Dardanian.' So speaks she; the old woman went eagerly with quickened pace. But Dido, fluttered and fierce in her awful purpose, with bloodshot restless gaze, and spots on her quivering cheeks burning through the pallor of imminent death, bursts into the inner courts of the house, and mounts in madness the high funeral pyre, and unsheathes the sword of Dardania, a gift asked for no use like this. Then after her eyes fell on the Ilian raiment and the bed she knew, dallying a little with her purpose through her tears, she sank on the pillow and spoke the last words of all: 'Dress he wore, sweet while doom and deity allowed! receive my spirit now, and release me from my distresses. I have lived and fulfilled Fortune's allotted course; and now shall I go a queenly phantom under the earth. I have built a renowned city; I have seen my ramparts rise; by my brother's punishment I have avenged my husband of his enemy; happy, ah me! and over happy, had but the keels of Dardania never touched our shores!' She spoke; and burying her face in the pillow, 'Death it will be,' she cries, 'and unavenged; but death be it. Thus, thus is it good to pass into the dark.

Let the pitiless Dardanian's gaze drink in this fire out at sea, and my death be the omen he carries on his way.' She ceased; and even as she spoke her people see her sunk on the steel, and blood reeking on the sword and spattered on her hands. A cry rises in the high halls; Rumour riots down the quaking city. The house resounds with lamentation and sobbing and bitter crying of women; [Pg 91][668-700]heaven echoes their loud wails; even as though all Carthage or ancient Tyre went down as the foe poured in, and the flames rolled furious over the roofs of house and temple. Swooning at the sound, her sister runs in a flutter of dismay, with torn face and smitten bosom, and darts through them all, and calls the dying woman by her name.

'Was it this, mine own? Was my summons a snare? Was it this thy pyre, ah me, this thine altar fires meant? How shall I begin my desolate moan? Didst thou disdain a sister's company in death? Thou shouldst have called me to share thy doom; in the self-same hour, the self-same pang of steel had been our portion. Did these very hands build it, did my voice call on our father's gods, that with thee lying thus I should be away as one without pity? Thou hast destroyed thyself and me together, O my sister, and the Sidonian lords and people, and this thy city.

Give her wounds water: I will bathe them and catch on my lips the last breath that haply yet lingers.' So speaking she had climbed the high steps, and, wailing, clasped and caressed her half-lifeless sister in her bosom, and stanched the dark streams of blood with her gown. She, essaying to lift her heavy eyes, swoons back; the deep-driven wound gurgles in her breast. Thrice she rose, and strained to lift herself on her elbow; thrice she rolled back on the pillow, and with wandering eyes sought the light of high heaven, and moaned as she found it. Then Juno omnipotent, pitying her long pain and difficult decease, sent Iris down from heaven to unloose the struggling life from the body where it clung. For since neither by fate did she perish, nor as one who had earned her death, but woefully before her day, and fired by sudden madness, not yet had Proserpine taken her lock from the golden head, nor sentenced her to the Stygian under world. So Iris on dewy saffron pinions flits down through the sky [Pg 92][701-705]athwart the sun in a trail of a thousand changing dyes, and stopping over her head: 'This hair, sacred to Dis, I take as bidden, and release thee from that body of thine.' So speaks she, and cuts it with her hand. And therewith all the warmth ebbed forth from her, and the life passed away upon the winds. [Pg 93] BOOK FIFTH THE GAMES OF THE FLEET Meanwhile Aeneas and his fleet in unwavering track now held mid passage, and cleft the waves that blackened under the North, looking back on the city that even now gleams with hapless Elissa's funeral flame. Why the broad blaze is lit lies unknown; but the bitter pain of a great love trampled, and the knowledge of what woman can do in madness, draw the Teucrians' hearts to gloomy guesses.

When their ships held the deep, nor any land farther appears, the seas all round, and all round the sky, a dusky shower drew up overhead, carrying night and storm, and the wave shuddered and gloomed. Palinurus, master of the fleet, cries from the high stern: 'Alas, why have these heavy storm-clouds girt the sky? lord Neptune, what wilt thou?' Then he bids clear the rigging and bend strongly to the oars, and brings the sails across the wind, saying thus: 'Noble Aeneas, not did Jupiter give word and warrant would I hope to reach Italy under such a sky. The shifting winds roar athwart our course, and blow stronger out of the black west, and the air thickens into mist: nor are we fit to force our way on and across. Fortune is the stronger; let us follow her, and turn our course whither she calls. [Pg 94][23-55]Not far away, I think, are the faithful shores of thy brother Eryx, and the Sicilian haven, if only my memory retraces rightly the stars I watched before.' Then good Aeneas: 'Even I ere now discern the winds will have it so, and thou urgest against them in vain.

Turn thou the course of our sailing. Could any land be welcomer to me, or where I would sooner choose to put in my weary ships, than this that hath Dardanian Acestes to greet me, and laps in its embrace lord Anchises' dust?' This said, they steer for harbour, while the following west wind stretches their sails; the fleet runs fast down the flood, and at last they land joyfully on the familiar beach. But Acestes high on a hill-top, amazed at the friendly squadron approaching from afar, hastens towards them, weaponed and clad in the shaggy skin of a Libyan she-bear. Him a Trojan mother conceived and bore to Crimisus river; not forgetful of his parentage, he wishes them joy of their return, and gladly entertains them on his rustic treasure and comforts their weariness with his friendly store. So soon as the morrow's clear daylight had chased the stars out of the east, Aeneas calls his comrades along the beach together, and from a mounded hillock speaks: 'Great people of Dardanus, born of the high blood of gods, the yearly circle of the months is measured out to fulfilment since we laid the dust in earth, all that was left of my divine father, and sadly consecrated our altars. And now the day is at hand (this, O gods, was your will), which I will ever keep in grief, ever in honour. Did I spend it an exile on Gaetulian quicksands, did it surprise me on the Argolic sea or in Mycenae town, yet would I fulfil the yearly vows and annual ordinance of festival, and pile the altars with their due gifts. Now we are led hither, to the very dust and ashes of our father, not as I deem without [Pg 95][56-90]divine purpose and influence, and borne home into the friendly haven. Up then and let us all gather joyfully to the sacrifice: pray we for winds, and may he deign that I pay these rites to him year by year in an established city and consecrated temple. Two head of oxen Acestes, the seed of Troy, gives to each of your ships by tale: invite to the feast your own ancestral gods of the household, and those whom our host Acestes worships. Further, so the ninth Dawn uplift the gracious day upon men, and her shafts unveil the world, I will ordain contests for my Trojans; first for swift ships; then whoso excels in the foot-race, and whoso, confident in strength and skill, comes to shoot light arrows, or adventures to join battle with gloves of raw hide; let all be here, and let merit look for the prize and palm. Now all be hushed, and twine your temples with boughs.' So speaks he, and shrouds his brows with his mother's myrtle. So Helymus does, so Aletes ripe of years, so the boy Ascanius, and the rest of the people follow. He advances from the assembly to the tomb among a throng of many thousands that crowd about him; here he pours on the ground in fit libation two goblets of pure wine, two of new

milk, two of consecrated blood, and flings bright blossoms, saying thus: 'Hail, holy father, once again; hail, ashes of him I saved in vain, and soul and shade of my sire! Thou wert not to share the search for Italian borders and destined fields, nor the dim Ausonian Tiber.' Thus had he spoken; when from beneath the sanctuary a snake slid out in seven vast coils and sevenfold slippery spires, quietly circling the grave and gliding from altar to altar, his green chequered body and the spotted lustre of his scales ablaze with gold, as the bow in the cloud darts a thousand changing dyes athwart the sun: Aeneas stood amazed at the sight. At last he wound [Pg 96][91-126]his long train among the vessels and polished cups, and tasted the feast, and again leaving the altars where he had fed, crept harmlessly back beneath the tomb. Doubtful if he shall think it the Genius of the ground or his father's ministrant, he slays, as is fit, two sheep of two years old, as many swine and dark-backed steers, pouring the while cups of wine, and calling on the soul of great Anchises and the ghost rearisen from Acheron. Therewithal his comrades, as each hath store, bring gifts to heap joyfully on the altars, and slay steers in sacrifice: others set cauldrons arow, and, lying along the grass, heap live embers under spits and roast the flesh. The desired day came, and now the ninth Dawn rode up clear and bright behind Phaëthon's coursers; and the name and renown of illustrious Acestes had stirred up all the bordering people; their holiday throng filled the shore, to see Aeneas' men, and some ready to join in contest.

First of all the prizes are laid out to view in the middle of the racecourse; tripods of sacrifice, green garlands and palms, the reward of the conquerors, armour and garments dipped in purple, talents of silver and gold: and from a hillock in the midst the trumpet sounds the games begun. First is the contest of rowing, and four ships matched in weight enter, the choice of all the fleet. Mnestheus' keen oarsmen drive the swift Dragon, Mnestheus the Italian to be, from whose name is the Memmian family; Gyas the huge bulk of the huge Chimaera, a floating town, whom her triple-tiered Dardanian crew urge on with oars rising in threefold rank; Sergestus, from whom the Sergian house holds her name, sails in the tall Centaur; and in the sea-coloured Scylla Cloanthus, whence is thy family, Cluentius of Rome. Apart in the sea and over against the foaming beach, lies a rock that the swoln waves beat and drown what time the [Pg 97][127-159]north-western gales of winter blot out the stars; in calm it rises silent out of the placid water, flat-topped, and a haunt where cormorants love best to take the sun. Here lord Aeneas set up a goal of leafy ilex, a mark for the sailors to know whence to return, where to wheel their long course round. Then they choose stations by lot, and on the sterns their captains glitter afar, beautiful in gold and purple; the rest of the crews are crowned with poplar sprays, and their naked shoulders glisten wet with oil. They sit down at the thwarts, and their arms are tense on the oars; at full strain they wait the signal, while throbbing fear and heightened ambition drain their riotous blood. Then, when the clear trumpet-note rang, all in a moment leap forward from their line; the shouts of the sailors strike up to heaven, and the channels are swept into foam by the arms as they swing backward. They cleave their furrows together, and all the sea is torn asunder by oars and triple-pointed prows. Not with speed so headlong do racing pairs whirl the chariots over the plain, as they rush streaming from the barriers; not so do their charioteers shake the wavy reins loose over their team, and hang forward on the whip.

All the woodland rings with clapping and shouts of men that cheer their favourites, and the sheltered beach eddies back their cries; the noise buffets and re-echoes from the hills. Gyas shoots out in front of the noisy crowd, and glides foremost along the water; whom Cloanthus follows next, rowing better, but held back by his dragging weight of pine. After them, at equal distance, the Dragon and the Centaur strive to win the foremost room; and now the Dragon has it, now the vast Centaur outstrips and passes her; now they dart on both together, their stems in a line, and their keels driving long furrows through the salt water-ways. And now they drew nigh the rock, and were hard [Pg 98][160-193]on the goal; when Gyas as he led, winner over half the flood, cries aloud to Menoetes, the ship's steersman: 'Whither away so far to the right? This way direct her path; kiss the shore, and let the oarblade graze the leftward reefs. Others may keep to deep water.' He spoke; but Menoetes, fearing blind rocks, turns the bow away towards the open sea. 'Whither wanderest thou away?

to the rocks, Menoetes!' again shouts Gyas to bring him back; and lo! glancing round he sees Cloanthus passing up behind and keeping nearer. Between Gyas' ship and the echoing crags he scrapes through inside on his left, flashes past his leader, and leaving the goal behind is in safe water. Then indeed grief burned fierce through his strong frame, and tears sprung out on his cheeks; heedless of his own dignity and his crew's safety, he flings the too cautious Menoetes sheer into the sea from the high stern, himself succeeds as guide and master of the helm, and cheers on his men, and turns his tiller in to shore. But Menoetes, when at last he rose struggling from the bottom, heavy with advancing years and wet in his dripping clothes, makes for the top of the crag, and sits down on a dry rock.

The Teucrians laughed out as he fell and as he swam, and laugh to see him spitting the salt water from his chest. At this a joyful hope kindled in the two behind, Sergestus and Mnestheus, of catching up Gyas' wavering course.

Sergestus slips forward as he nears the rock, yet not all in front, nor leading with his length of keel; part is in front, part pressed by the Dragon's jealous prow. But striding amidships between his comrades, Mnestheus cheers them on: 'Now, now swing back, oarsmen who were Hector's comrades, whom I chose to follow me in Troy's extremity; now put forth the might and courage you showed in Gaetulian quicksands, amid Ionian seas and Malea's chasing waves. Not the first [Pg 99][194-227]place do I now seek for Mnestheus, nor strive for victory; though ah!—yet let them win, O Neptune, to whom thou givest it. But the shame of coming in last! Win but this, fellow-citizens, and avert that disaster!' His men bend forward, straining every muscle; the brasswork of the ship quivers to their mighty strokes, and the ground runs from under her; limbs and parched lips shake with their rapid panting, and sweat flows in streams all over them. Mere chance brought the crew the glory they desired. For while Sergestus drives his prow furiously in towards the rocks and comes up with too scanty room, alas! he caught on a rock that ran out; the reef ground, the oars struck and shivered on the jagged teeth, and the bows crashed and hung. The sailors leap up and hold her with loud cries, and get out iron-shod poles and sharp-pointed boathooks, and pick up their broken oars out of the eddies. But Mnestheus, rejoicing and flushed by his triumph, with oars fast-dipping and winds at his call, issues into the shelving water and runs down the open sea. As a pigeon whose house and sweet nestlings are in the rock's recesses, if suddenly startled from her cavern, wings her flight over the fields and rushes frightened from her house with loud clapping pinions; then gliding noiselessly through the air, slides on her liquid way and moves not her rapid wings; so Mnestheus, so the Dragon under him swiftly cleaves the last space of sea, so her own speed carries her flying on. And first Sergestus is left behind, struggling on the steep rock and shoal water, and shouting in vain for help and learning to race with broken oars. Next he catches up Gyas and the vast bulk of the Chimaera; she gives way, without her steersman. And now on the very goal Cloanthus alone is left; him he pursues and presses hard, straining all his strength. Then indeed the shouts redouble, as all together eagerly cheer on the pursuer, and [Pg 100][228-264]the sky echoes their din. These scorn to lose the honour that is their own, the glory in their grasp, and would sell life for renown; to these success lends life; power comes with belief in it. And haply they had carried the prize with prows abreast, had not Cloanthus, stretching both his open hands over the sea, poured forth prayers and called the gods to hear his vows: 'Gods who are sovereign on the sea, over whose waters I run, to your altars on this beach will I bring a snow-white bull, my vow's glad penalty, and will cast his entrails into the salt flood and pour liquid wine.' He spoke, and far beneath the flood maiden Panopea heard him, with all Phorcus' choir of Nereids, and lord Portunus with his own mighty hand pushed him on his way.

The ship flies to land swifter than the wind or an arrow's flight, and shoots into the deep harbour.

Then the seed of Anchises, summoning all in order, declares Cloanthus conqueror by herald's outcry, and dresses his brows in green bay, and gives gifts to each crew, three bullocks of their choice, and wine, and a large talent of silver to take away. For their captains he adds special honours; to the winner a scarf wrought with gold, encircled by a double border of deep Meliboean purple; woven in it is the kingly boy on leafy Ida, chasing swift stags with javelin and racing feet, keen and as one panting; him Jove's swooping armour-bearer hath caught up from Ida in his talons; his aged guardians stretch their hands vainly upwards, and the barking of hounds rings fierce into the air. But to him who, next in merit, held the second place, he gives to wear a corslet triple-woven with hooks of polished gold, stripped by his own conquering hand from Demoleos under tall Troy by the swift Simoïs, an ornament and safeguard among arms. Scarce could the straining shoulders of his servants Phegeus and Sagaris carry its heavy folds; yet with it on, Demoleos at [Pg 101][265-302]full speed would chase the scattered Trojans. The third prize he makes twin cauldrons of brass, and bowls wrought in silver and rough with tracery. And now all moved away in the pride and wealth of their prizes, their brows bound with scarlet ribbons; when, hardly torn loose by all his art from the cruel rock, his oars lost, rowing feebly with a single tier, Sergestus brought in his ship jeered at and unhonoured. Even as often a serpent caught on a highway, if a brazen wheel hath gone aslant over him or a wayfarer left him half dead and mangled with the blow of a heavy stone, wreathes himself slowly in vain effort to escape, in part undaunted, his eyes ablaze and his hissing throat lifted high; in part the disabling wound keeps him coiling in knots and twisting back on his own body; so the ship kept rowing slowly on, yet hoists sail and under full sail glides into the harbour mouth. Glad that the ship is saved and the crew brought back, Aeneas presents Sergestus with his promised reward. A slave woman is given him not unskilled in Minerva's labours, Pholoë the Cretan, with twin boys at her breast. This contest sped, good Aeneas moved to a grassy plain girt all about with winding wooded hills, and amid the valley an amphitheatre, whither, with a concourse of many thousands, the hero advanced and took his seat on a mound. Here he allures with rewards and offer of prizes those who will try their hap in the fleet foot-race.

Trojans and Sicilians gather mingling from all sides, Nisus and Euryalus foremost . . . Euryalus in the flower of youth and famed for beauty, Nisus for pure love of the boy. Next follows renowned Diores, of Priam's royal line; after him Salius and Patron together, the one Acarnanian, the other Tegean by family and of Arcadian blood; next two men of Sicily, Helymus and Panopes, foresters and attendants on old Acestes; many besides whose fame is hid in [Pg 102][303-338]obscurity. Then among them all Aeneas spoke thus: 'Hearken to this, and attend in good cheer. None out of this number will I let go without a gift. To each will I give two glittering Gnosian spearheads of polished steel, and an axe chased with silver to bear away; one and all shall be honoured thus. The three foremost shall receive prizes, and have pale olive bound about their head. The first shall have a caparisoned horse as conqueror; the second an Amazonian quiver filled with arrows of Thrace, girt about by a broad belt of gold, and on the link of the clasp a polished gem; let the third depart with this Argolic helmet for recompense.' This said, they take their place, and the signal once heard, dart over the course and leave the line, pouring forth like a storm-cloud while they mark the goal. Nisus gets away first, and shoots out far in front of the throng, fleeter than the winds or the winged thunderbolt. Next to him, but next by a long gap, Salius follows; then, left a space behind him, Euryalus third . . . and Helymus comes after Euryalus; and close behind him, lo! Diores goes flying, just grazing foot with foot, hard on his shoulder; and if a longer space were left, he would creep out past him and win the tie. And now almost in the last space, they began to come up breathless to the goal, when unfortunate Nisus trips on the slippery blood of the slain steers, where haply it had spilled over the ground and wetted the green grass. Here, just in the flush of victory, he lost his feet; they slid away on the ground they pressed, and he fell forward right among the ordure and blood of the sacrifice. Yet forgot he not his darling Euryalus; for rising, he flung himself over the slippery ground in front of Salius, and he rolled over and lay all along on the hard sand. Euryalus shoots by, wins and holds the first place his friend gave, and flies on amid prosperous clapping and cheers.

Behind Helymus comes [Pg 103][339-373]up, and Diores, now third for the palm.

At this Salius fills with loud clamour the whole concourse of the vast theatre, and the lords who looked on in front, demanding restoration of his defrauded prize. Euryalus is strong in favour, and beauty in tears, and the merit that gains grace from so fair a form. Diores supports him, who succeeded to the palm, so he loudly cries, and bore off the last prize in vain, if the highest honours be restored to Salius. Then lord Aeneas speaks: 'For you, O boys, your rewards remain assured, and none alters the prizes' order: let me be allowed to pity a friend's innocent mischance.' So speaking, he gives to Salius a vast Gaetulian lion-skin, with shaggy masses of hair and claws of gold. 'If this,' cries Nisus, 'is the reward of defeat, and thy pity is stirred for the fallen, what fit recompense wilt thou give to Nisus? to my excellence the first crown was due, had not I, like Salius, met Fortune's hostility.' And with the words he displayed his face and limbs foul with the wet dung. His lord laughed kindly on him, and bade a shield be brought forth, the workmanship of Didymaon, torn by him from the hallowed gates of Neptune's Grecian temple; with this special prize he rewards his excellence. Thereafter, when the races are finished and the gifts fulfilled: 'Now,' he cries, 'come, whoso hath in him valour and ready heart, and lift up his arms with gauntleted hands.' So speaks he, and sets forth a double prize of battle; for the conqueror a bullock gilt and garlanded; a sword and beautiful helmet to console the conquered. Straightway without pause Dares issues to view in his vast strength, rising amid loud murmurs of the people; he who alone was wont to meet Paris in combat; he who, at the mound where princely Hector lies, struck down as he came the vast bulk upborne by conquering Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian line, and stretched him in [Pg 104][374-410]death on the yellow sand.

Such was Dares; at once he raises his head high for battle, displays his broad shoulders, and stretches and swings his arms right and left, lashing the air with blows. For him another is required; but none out of all the train durst approach or put the gloves on his hands. So he takes his stand exultant before Aeneas' feet, deeming he excelled all in victories; and thereon without more delay grasps the bull's horn with his left hand, and speaks thus: 'Goddess-born, if no man dare trust himself to battle, to what conclusion shall I stand? how long is it seemly to keep me? bid me carry off thy gifts.' Therewith all the Dardanians murmured assent, and bade yield him the promised prize.

At this aged Acestes spoke sharply to Entellus, as he sate next him on the green cushion of grass: 'Entellus, bravest of heroes once of old in vain, wilt thou thus idly let a gift so great be borne away uncontested? Where now prithee is divine Eryx, thy master of fruitless fame? where thy renown over all Sicily, and those spoils hanging in thine house?'

Thereat he: 'Desire of glory is not gone, nor ambition checked by fear; but torpid age dulls my chilly blood, and my strength of limb is numb and outworn. If I had what once was mine, if I had now that prime of years, yonder braggart's boast and confidence, it had taken no prize of goodly bullock to allure me; nor heed I these gifts.' So he spoke, and on that flung down a pair of gloves of giant weight, with whose hard hide bound about his wrists valiant Eryx was wont to come to battle. They stood amazed; so stiff and grim lay the vast sevenfold oxhide sewed in with lead and iron. Dares most of all shrinks far back in horror, and the noble son of Anchises turns round this way and that their vast weight and voluminous folds.

Then the old man spoke thus in deep accents: 'How, had they seen the gloves [Pg 105][411-444]that were Hercules' own armour, and the fatal fight on this very beach? These arms thy brother Eryx once wore; thou seest them yet stained with blood and spattered brains. In them he stood to face great Alcides; to them was I used while fuller blood supplied me strength, and envious old age had not yet strewn her snows on either temple. But if Dares of Troy will have none of these our arms, and good Aeneas is resolved on it, and my patron Acestes approves, let us make the battle even.

See, I give up the gauntlets of Eryx; dismiss thy fears; and do thou put off thy Trojan gloves.' So spoke he, and throwing back the fold of his raiment from his shoulders, he bares the massive joints and limbs, the great bones and muscles, and stands up huge in the middle of the ground. Then Anchises' lordly seed brought out equal gloves and bound the hands of both in matched arms. Straightway each took his stand on tiptoe, and undauntedly raised his arms high in air. They lift their heads right back and away out of reach of blows, and make hand play through hand, inviting attack; the one nimbler of foot and confident in his youth, the other mighty in mass of limb, but his knees totter tremulous and slow, and sick panting shakes his vast frame. Many a mutual blow they deliver in vain, many an one they redouble on chest and side, sounding hollow and loud: hands play fast about ear and temple, and jawbones clash under the hard strokes. Old Entellus stands immoveable and astrain, only parrying hits with body and watchful eye.

The other, as one who casts mounts against some high city or blockades a hill-fort in arms, tries this and that entrance, and ranges cunningly over all the ground, and presses many an attack in vain. Entellus rose and struck clean out with his right downwards; his quick opponent saw the descending blow before it came, [Pg 106][445-481]and slid his body rapidly out of its way. Entellus hurled his strength into the air, and all his heavy mass, overreaching, fell heavily to the earth; as sometime on Erymanthus or mighty Ida a hollow pine falls torn out by the roots. Teucrians and men of Sicily rise eagerly; a cry goes up, and Acestes himself runs forward, and pityingly lifts his friend and birthmate from the ground. But the hero, not dulled nor dismayed by his mishap, returns the keener to battle, and grows violent in wrath, while shame and resolved valour kindle his strength. All afire, he hunts Dares headlong over the lists, and redoubles his blows now with right hand, now with left; no breath nor pause; heavy as hailstones rattle on the roof from a storm-cloud, so thickly shower the blows from both his hands as he buffets Dares to and fro. Then lord Aeneas allowed not wrath to swell higher or Entellus to rage out his bitterness, but stopped the fight and rescued the exhausted Dares, saying thus in soothing words: 'Unhappy! what height of madness hath seized thy mind? Knowest thou not the strength is another's and the gods are changed? Yield thou to Heaven.' And with the words he proclaimed the battle over. But him his faithful mates lead to the ships dragging his knees feebly, swaying his head from side to side, and spitting from his mouth clotted blood mingled with teeth. At summons they bear away the helmet and shield, and leave palm and bull to Entellus. At this the conqueror, swelling in pride over the bull, cries: 'Goddess-born, and you, O Trojans! learn thus what my strength of body was in its prime, and from what a death Dares is saved by your recall.' He spoke, and stood right opposite in face of the bullock as it stood by, the prize of battle; then drew back his hand, and swinging the hard gauntlet sheer down between the horns, smashed the bones in upon the shattered brain. The ox rolls over, and quivering and [Pg 107][482-516]lifeless lies along the ground. Above it he utters these deep accents: 'This life, Eryx, I give to thee, a better payment than Dares' death; here I lay down my gloves and unconquered skill.'

Forthwith Aeneas invites all that will to the contest of the swift arrow, and proclaims the prizes. With his strong hand he uprears the mast of Serestus' ship, and on a cord crossing it hangs from the masthead a fluttering pigeon as mark for their steel. They gather, and a helmet of brass takes the lots as they throw them in. First in rank, and before them all, amid prosperous cheers, comes out Hippocoön son of Hyrtacus; and Mnestheus follows on him, but now conqueror in the ship race, Mnestheus with his chaplet of green olive. Third is Eurytion, thy brother, O Pandarus, great in renown, thou who of old, when prompted to shatter the truce, didst hurl the first shaft amid the Achaeans. Last of all, and at the bottom of the helmet, sank Acestes, he too venturing to set hand to the task of youth. Then each and all they strongly bend their bows into a curve and pull shafts from their quivers. And first the arrow of the son of Hyrtacus, flying through heaven from the sounding string, whistles through the fleet breezes, and reaches and sticks fast full in the mast's wood: the mast quivered, and the bird fluttered her feathers in affright, and the whole ground rang with loud clapping. Next valiant Mnestheus took his stand with bow bent, aiming high with levelled eye and arrow; yet could not, unfortunate! hit the bird herself with his steel, but cut the knotted hempen bands that tied her foot as she hung from the masthead; she winged her flight into the dark windy clouds.

Then Eurytion, who ere now held the arrow ready on his bended bow, swiftly called in prayer to his brother, marked the pigeon as she now went down the empty sky exultant on clapping wings; and as she passed under a dark cloud, [Pg 108][517-553]struck her: she fell breathless, and, leaving her life in the aery firmament, slid down carrying the arrow that pierced her. Acestes alone was over, and the prize lost; yet he sped his arrow up into the air, to display his lordly skill and resounding bow. At this a sudden sign meets their eyes, mighty in augural presage, as the high event taught thereafter, and in late days boding seers prophesied of the omen.

For the flying reed blazed out amid the swimming clouds, traced its path in flame, and burned away on the light winds; even as often stars shooting from their sphere draw a train athwart the sky. Trinacrians and Trojans hung in astonishment, praying to the heavenly powers; neither did great Aeneas reject the omen, but embraces glad Acestes and loads him with lavish gifts, speaking thus: 'Take, my lord: for the high King of heaven by these signs hath willed thee to draw the lot of peculiar honour.

This gift shalt thou have as from aged Anchises' own hand, a bowl embossed with figures, that once Cisseus of Thrace gave my father Anchises to bear, in high token and guerdon of affection.' So speaking, he twines green bay about his brows, and proclaims Acestes conqueror first before them all. Nor did gentle Eurytion, though he alone struck the bird down from the lofty sky, grudge him to be preferred in honour.

Next comes for his prize he who cut the cord; he last, who pierced the mast with his winged reed. But lord Aeneas, ere yet the contest is sped, calls to him Epytides, guardian and attendant of ungrown Iülus, and thus speaks into his faithful ear: 'Up and away, and tell Ascanius, if he now holds his band of boys ready, and their horses arrayed for the charge, to defile his squadrons to his grandsire's honour in bravery of arms.' So says he, and himself bids all the crowding throng withdraw from the long racecourse and leave the lists free. The boys move in before their parents' faces, glittering in rank on their [Pg 109][554-590]bitted horses; as they go all the people of Troy and Trinacria murmur and admire. On the hair of them all rests a garland fitly trimmed; each carries two cornel spear-shafts tipped with steel; some have polished quivers on their shoulders; above their breast and round their neck goes a flexible circlet of twisted gold. Three in number are the troops of riders, and three captains gallop up and down; following each in equal command rides a glittering division of twelve boys. One youthful line goes rejoicingly behind little Priam, renewer of his grandsire's name, thy renowned seed, O Polites, and destined to people Italy; he rides a Thracian horse dappled with spots of white, showing white on his pacing pasterns and white on his high forehead. Second is Atys, from whom the Latin Atii draw their line, little Atys, boy beloved of the boy Iülus.

Last and excellent in beauty before them all, Iülus rode in on a Sidonian horse that Dido the bright had given him for token and pledge of love. The rest of them are mounted on old Acestes' Sicilian horses. . . . The Dardanians greet their shy entrance with applause, and rejoice at the view, and recognise the features of their parents of old. When they have ridden merrily round all the concourse of their gazing friends, Epytides shouts from afar the signal they await, and sounds his whip. They gallop apart in equal numbers, and open their files three and three in deploying bands, and again at the call wheel about and bear down with levelled arms. Next they start on other charges and other retreats in corresponsive spaces, and interlink circle with circle, and wage the armed phantom of battle. And now they bare their backs in flight, now turn their lances to the charge, now plight peace and ride on side by side. As once of old, they say, the labyrinth in high Crete had a tangled path between blind walls, and a thousand ways of doubling treachery, where tokens to follow failed in the [Pg 110][591-625]maze unmastered and irrecoverable: even in such a track do the children of Troy entangle their footsteps and weave the game of flight and battle; like dolphins who, swimming through the wet seas, cut Carpathian or Libyan. . . . This fashion of riding, these games Ascanius first revived, when he girt Alba the Long about with walls, and taught their celebration to the Old Latins in the way of his own boyhood, with the youth of Troy about him. The Albans taught it their children; on from them mighty Rome received it and kept the ancestral observance; and now it is called Troy, and the boys the Trojan troop. Thus far sped the sacred contests to their holy lord. Just at this Fortune broke faith and grew estranged. While they pay the due rites to the tomb with diverse games, Juno, daughter of Saturn, sends Iris down the sky to the Ilian fleet, and breathes a gale to speed her on, revolving many a thought, and not yet satiate of the ancient pain. She, speeding her way along the thousand-coloured bow, runs swiftly, seen of none, down her maiden path. She discerns the vast concourse, and traverses the shore, and sees the haven abandoned and the fleet left alone. But far withdrawn by the solitary verge of the sea the Trojan women wept their lost Anchises, and as they wept gazed all together on the fathomless flood. 'Alas! after all those weary waterways, that so wide a sea is yet to come!' such is the single cry of all. They pray for a city, sick of the burden of their sea-sorrow. So she darts among them, not witless to harm, and lays by face and raiment of a goddess: she becomes Beroë, the aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus, who had once had birth and name and children, and in this guise goes among the Dardanian matrons.

'Ah, wretched we,' she cries, 'whom hostile Achaean hands did not drag to death beneath our native city! ah hapless race, for what destruction does Fortune hold thee back? The [Pg 111][626-660]seventh summer now declines since Troy's overthrow, while we pass measuring out by so many stars the harbourless rocks over every water and land, pursuing all the while over the vast sea an Italy that flies us, and tossing on the waves. Here are our brother Eryx' borders, and Acestes' welcome: who denies us to cast up walls and give our citizens a city? O country, O household gods vainly rescued from the foe! shall there never be a Trojan town to tell of? shall I nowhere see a Xanthus and a Simoïs, the rivers of Hector? Nay, up and join me in burning with fire these ill-ominous ships. For in sleep the phantom of Cassandra the soothsayer seemed to give me blazing brands: Here seek your Troy, she said; here is your home. Now is the time to do it; nor do these high portents allow delay. Behold four altars to Neptune; the god himself lends the firebrand and the nerve.' Speaking thus, at once she strongly seizes the fiery weapon, and with straining hand whirls it far upreared, and flings: the souls of the Ilian women are startled and their wits amazed. At this one of their multitude, and she the eldest, Pyrgo, nurse in the palace to all Priam's many children: 'This is not Beroë, I tell you, O mothers; this is not the wife of Doryclus of Rhoeteum. Mark the lineaments of divine grace and the gleaming eyes, what a breath is hers, what a countenance, and the sound of her voice and the steps of her going. I, I time agone left Beroë apart, sick and fretting that she alone must have no part in this our service, nor pay Anchises his due sacrifice.'

So spoke she. . . . But the matrons at first, dubious and wavering, gazed on the ships with malignant eyes, between the wretched longing for the land they trod and the fated realm that summoned them: when the goddess rose through the sky on poised wings, and in her flight drew a vast bow beneath the clouds. Then indeed, amazed at the tokens and driven by madness, they raise a cry and snatch fire from the [Pg 112][661-694]hearths within; others plunder the altars, and cast on brushwood boughs and brands. The Fire-god rages with loose rein over thwarts and oars and hulls of painted fir. Eumelus carries the news of the burning ships to the grave of Anchises and the ranges of the theatre; and looking back, their own eyes see the floating cloud of dark ashes. And in a moment Ascanius, as he rode gaily before his cavalry, spurred his horse to the disordered camp; nor can his breathless guardians hold him back. 'What strange madness is this?' he cries; 'whither now hasten you, whither, alas and woe! O citizens? not on the foe nor on some hostile Argive camp; it is your own hopes you burn. Behold me, your Ascanius!' and he flung before his feet the empty helmet, put on when he roused the mimicry of war. Aeneas and the Trojan train together hurry to the spot. But the women scatter apart in fear all over the beach, and stealthily seek the woods and the hollow rocks they find: they loathe their deed and the daylight, and with changed eyes know their people, and Juno is startled out of their breast. But not thereby do the flames of the burning lay down their unconquered strength; under the wet oak the seams are alive, spouting slow coils of smoke; the creeping heat devours the hulls, and the destroyer takes deep hold of all: nor does the heroes' strength avail nor the floods they pour in. Then good Aeneas rent away the raiment from his shoulders and called the gods to aid, stretching forth his hands: 'Jupiter omnipotent, if thou hatest not Troy yet wholly to her last man, if thine ancient pity looks at all on human woes, now, O Lord, grant our fleet to escape the flame, and rescue from doom the slender Teucrian estate. Or do thou plunge to death this remnant, if I deserve it, with levelled thunderbolt, and here with thine own hand smite us down.' Scarce had he uttered this, when a black tempest rages in streaming showers; earth trembles [Pg 113][695-726]to the thunder on plain and steep; the water-flood rushes in torrents from the whole heaven amid black darkness and volleying blasts of the South. The ships are filled from overhead, the half-burnt timbers are soaking; till all the heat is quenched, and all the hulls, but four that are lost, are rescued from destruction. But lord Aeneas, dismayed by the bitter mischance, revolved at heart this way and that his shifting weight of care, whether, forgetting fate, he should rest in Sicilian fields, or reach forth to the borders of Italy. Then old Nautes, whom Tritonian Pallas taught like none other, and made famous in eminence of art—she granted him to reply what the gods' heavy anger menaced or what the order of fate claimed—he then in accents of comfort thus speaks to Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, follow we fate's ebb and flow, whatsoever it shall be; fortune must be borne to be overcome. Acestes is of thine own divine Dardanian race; take him, for he is willing, to join thee in common counsel; deliver to him those who are over, now these ships are lost, and those who are quite weary of thy fortunes and the great quest. Choose out the old men stricken in years, and the matrons sick of the sea, and all that is weak and fearful of peril in thy company. Let this land give a city to the weary; they shall be allowed to call their town Acesta by name.' Then, indeed, kindled by these words of his aged friend, his spirit is distracted among all his cares.

And now black Night rose chariot-borne, and held the sky; when the likeness of his father Anchises seemed to descend from heaven and suddenly utter thus: 'O son, more dear to me than life once of old while life was yet mine; O son, hard wrought by the destinies of Ilium! I come hither by Jove's command, who drove the [Pg 114][727-760]fire from thy fleets, and at last had pity out of high heaven.

Obey thou the fair counsel aged Nautes now gives. Carry through to Italy thy chosen men and bravest souls; in Latium must thou war down a people hard and rough in living. Yet ere then draw thou nigh the nether chambers of Dis, and in the deep tract of hell come, O son, to meet me. For I am not held in cruel Tartarus among wailing ghosts, but inhabit Elysium and the sweet societies of the good. Hither with much blood of dark cattle shall the holy Sibyl lead thee. Then shalt thou learn of all thy line, and what city is given thee.

And now farewell; dank Night wheels her mid-career, and even now I feel the stern breath of the panting horses of the East.' He ended, and retreated like a vapour into thin air. 'Ah, whither hurriest thou?' cries Aeneas; 'whither so fast away? From whom fliest thou? or who withholds thee from our embrace?' So speaking, he kindles the sleeping embers of the fire, and with holy meal and laden censer does sacrifice to the tutelar of Pergama and hoar Vesta's secret shrine. Straightway he summons his crews and Acestes first of all, and instructs them of Jove's command and his beloved father's precepts, and what is now his fixed mind and purpose. They linger not in counsel, nor does Acestes decline his bidden duty: they enrol the matrons in their town, and plant a people there, souls that will have none of glory. The rest repair the thwarts and replace the ships' timbers that the flames had gnawed upon, and fit up oars and rigging, little in number, but alive and valiant for war. Meanwhile Aeneas traces the town with the plough and allots the homesteads; this he bids be Ilium, and these lands Troy. Trojan Acestes, rejoicing in his kingdom, appoints a court and gathers his senators to give them statutes. Next, where the crest of Eryx is neighbour to the stars, a dwelling is founded to Venus the Idalian; [Pg 115][761-793]and a priest and breadth of holy wood is attached to Anchises' grave.

And now for nine days all the people hath feasted, and offering been paid at the altars; quiet breezes have smoothed the ocean floor, and the gathering south wind blows, calling them again to sea. A mighty weeping arises along the winding shore; a night and a day they linger in mutual embraces. The very mothers now, the very men to whom once the sight of the sea seemed cruel and the name intolerable, would go on and endure the journey's travail to the end. These Aeneas comforts with kindly words, and commends with tears to his kinsman Acestes' care. Then he bids slay three steers to Eryx and a she-lamb to the Tempests, and loose the hawser as is due. Himself, his head bound with stripped leaves of olive, he stands apart on the prow holding the cup, and casts the entrails into the salt flood and pours liquid wine. A wind rising astern follows them forth on their way. Emulously the crews strike the water, and sweep through the seas. But Venus meanwhile, wrought upon with distress, accosts Neptune, and thus pours forth her heart's complaint: 'Juno's bitter wrath and heart insatiable compel me, O Neptune, to sink to the uttermost of entreaty: neither length of days nor any goodness softens her, nor doth Jove's command and fate itself break her to desistence. It is not enough that her accursed hatred hath devoured the Phrygian city from among the people, and exhausted on it the stores of vengeance; still she pursues this remnant, the bones and ashes of murdered Troy. I pray she know why her passion is so fierce. Thyself art my witness what a sudden stir she raised of late on the Libyan waters, flinging all the seas to heaven in vain reliance on Aeolus' blasts; this she dared in thy realm. . . . Lo too, driving the Trojan matrons into guilt, she hath foully [Pg 116][794-826]burned their ships, and forced them, their fleet lost, to leave the crews to an unknown land. Let the remnant, I beseech thee, give their sails to thy safe keeping across the seas; let them reach Laurentine Tiber; if I ask what is permitted, if fate grants them a city there.' Then the son of Saturn, compeller of the ocean deep, uttered thus: 'It is wholly right, O Cytherean, that thy trust should be in my realm, whence thou drawest birth; and I have deserved it: often have I allayed the rage and full fury of sky and sea. Nor less on land, I call Xanthus and Simoïs to witness, hath been my care of thine Aeneas. When Achilles pursued the Trojan armies and hurled them breathless on their walls, and sent many thousands to death,—when the choked rivers groaned and Xanthus could not find passage or roll out to sea,—then I snatched Aeneas away in sheltering mist as he met the brave son of Peleus outmatched in strength and gods, eager as I was to overthrow the walls of perjured Troy that mine own hands had built. Now too my mind rests the same; dismiss thy fear. In safety, as thou desirest, shall he reach the haven of Avernus. One will there be alone whom on the flood thou shalt lose and require; one life shall be given for many. . . .' With these words the goddess' bosom is soothed to joy. Then their lord yokes his wild horses with gold and fastens the foaming bits, and letting all the reins run slack in his hand, flies lightly in his sea-coloured chariot over the ocean surface. The waves sink to rest, and the swoln water-ways smooth out under the thundering axle; the storm-clouds scatter from the vast sky. Diverse shapes attend him, monstrous whales, and Glaucus' aged choir, and Palaemon, son of Ino, the swift Tritons, and Phorcus with all his army. Thetis and Melite keep the left, and maiden Panopea, Nesaea and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce. [Pg 117][827-860]At this lord Aeneas' soul is thrilled with soft counterchange of delight. He bids all the masts be upreared with speed, and the sails stretched on the yards. Together all set their sheets, and all at once slacken their canvas to left and again to right; together they brace and unbrace the yard-arms aloft; prosperous gales waft the fleet along. First, in front of all, Palinurus steered the close column; the rest under orders ply their course by his. And now dewy Night had just reached heaven's mid-cone; the sailors, stretched on their hard benches under the oars, relaxed their limbs in quiet rest: when Sleep, sliding lightly down from the starry sky, parted the shadowy air and cleft the dark, seeking thee, O Palinurus, carrying dreams of bale to thee who dreamt not of harm, and lit on the high stern, a god in Phorbas' likeness, dropping this speech from his lips: 'Palinurus son of Iasus, the very seas bear our fleet along; the breezes breathe steadily; for an hour rest is given. Lay down thine head, and steal thy worn eyes from their toil. I myself for a little will take thy duty in thy stead.' To whom Palinurus, scarcely lifting his eyes, returns: 'Wouldst thou have me ignorant what the calm face of the brine means, and the waves at rest? Shall I have faith in this perilous thing? How shall I trust Aeneas to deceitful breezes, and the placid treachery of sky that hath so often deceived me?' Such words he uttered, and, clinging fast to the tiller, slackened hold no whit, and looked up steadily on the stars. Lo! the god shakes over either temple a bough dripping with Lethean dew and made slumberous with the might of Styx, and makes his swimming eyes relax their struggles. Scarcely had sleep begun to slacken his limbs unaware, when bending down, he flung him sheer into the clear water, tearing rudder and half the stern away with him, and many a time crying vainly on his comrades: himself [Pg 118][861-871]he rose on flying wings into the thin air. None the less does the fleet run safe on its sea path, and glides on unalarmed in lord Neptune's assurance. Yes, and now they were sailing in to the cliffs of the Sirens, dangerous once of old and white with the bones of many a man; and the hoarse rocks echoed afar in the ceaseless surf; when her lord felt the ship rocking astray for loss of her helmsman, and himself steered her on over the darkling water, sighing often the while, and heavy at heart for his friend's mischance. 'Ah too trustful in sky's and sea's serenity, thou shalt lie, O Palinurus, naked on an alien sand!' [Pg 119] BOOK SIXTH THE VISION OF THE UNDER WORLD So speaks he weeping, and gives his fleet the rein, and at last glides in to Euboïc Cumae's coast. They turn the prows seaward; the ships grounded fast on their anchors' teeth, and the curving ships line the beach.

The warrior band leaps forth eagerly on the Hesperian shore; some seek the seeds of flame hidden in veins of flint, some scour the woods, the thick coverts of wild beasts, and find and shew the streams. But good Aeneas seeks the fortress where Apollo sits high enthroned, and the lone mystery of the awful Sibyl's cavern depth, over whose mind and soul the prophetic Delian breathes high inspiration and reveals futurity. Now they draw nigh the groves of Trivia and the roof of gold. Daedalus, as the story runs, when in flight from Minos' realm he dared to spread his fleet wings to the sky, glided on his unwonted way towards the icy northern star, and at length lit gently on the Chalcidian fastness. Here, on the first land he retrod, he dedicated his winged oarage to thee, O Phoebus, in the vast temple he built. On the doors is Androgeus' death; thereby the children of Cecrops, bidden, ah me! to pay for yearly ransom seven souls of their sons; the urn stands there, and the lots are drawn. Right [Pg 120][23-55]opposite the land of Gnosus rises from the sea; on it is the cruel love of the bull, the disguised stealth of Pasiphaë, and the mingled breed and double issue of the Minotaur, record of a shameful passion; on it the famous dwelling's laborious inextricable maze; but Daedalus, pitying the great love of the princess, himself unlocked the tangled treachery of the palace, guiding with the clue her lover's blind footsteps. Thou too hadst no slight part in the work he wrought, O Icarus, did grief allow. Twice had he essayed to portray thy fate in gold; twice the father's hands dropped down. Nay, their eyes would scan all the story in order, were not Achates already returned from his errand, and with him the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deïphobe daughter of Glaucus, who thus accosts the king: 'Other than this are the sights the time demands: now were it well to sacrifice seven unbroken bullocks of the herd, as many fitly chosen sheep of two years old.' Thus speaks she to Aeneas; nor do they delay to do her sacred bidding; and the priestess calls the Teucrians into the lofty shrine. A vast cavern is scooped in the side of the Euboïc cliff, whither lead an hundred wide passages by an hundred gates, whence peal forth as manifold the responses of the Sibyl. They had reached the threshold, when the maiden cries: It is time to enquire thy fate: the god, lo! the god! And even as she spoke thus in the gateway, suddenly countenance nor colour nor ranged tresses stayed the same; her wild heart heaves madly in her panting bosom; and she expands to sight, and her voice is more than mortal, now the god breathes on her in nearer deity. 'Lingerest thou to vow and pray,' she cries, 'Aeneas of Troy? lingerest thou?

for not till then will the vast portals of the spellbound house swing open.' So spoke she, and sank to silence. A cold shiver ran through the Teucrians' iron frames, and the king pours heart-deep supplication: [Pg 121][56-89]'Phoebus, who hast ever pitied the sore travail of Troy, who didst guide the Dardanian shaft from Paris' hand full on the son of Aeacus, in thy leading have I pierced all these seas that skirt mighty lands, the Massylian nations far withdrawn, and the fields the Syrtes fringe; thus far let the fortune of Troy follow us. You too may now unforbidden spare the nation of Pergama, gods and goddesses to whomsoever Ilium and the great glory of Dardania did wrong. And thou, O prophetess most holy, foreknower of the future, grant (for no unearned realm does my destiny claim) a resting-place in Latium to the Teucrians, to their wandering gods and the storm-tossed deities of Troy. Then will I ordain to Phoebus and Trivia a temple of solid marble, and festal days in Phoebus' name. Thee likewise a mighty sanctuary awaits in our realm. For here will I place thine oracles and the secrets of destiny uttered to my people, and consecrate chosen men, O gracious one. Only commit not thou thy verses to leaves, lest they fly disordered, the sport of rushing winds; thyself utter them, I beseech thee.' His lips made an end of utterance. But the prophetess, not yet tame to Phoebus' hand, rages fiercely in the cavern, so she may shake the mighty godhead from her breast; so much the more does he tire her maddened mouth and subdue her wild breast and shape her to his pressure. And now the hundred mighty portals of the house open of their own accord, and bring through the air the answer of the soothsayer: 'O past at length with the great perils of the sea! though heavier yet by land await thee, the Dardanians shall come to the realm of Lavinium; relieve thy heart of this care; but not so shall they have joy of their coming. Wars, grim wars I discern, and Tiber afoam with streams of blood. A Simoïs shall not fail thee, a Xanthus, a Dorian camp; another Achilles is already found for Latium, he too [Pg 122][90-123]goddess-born; nor shall Juno's presence ever leave the Teucrians; while thou in thy need, to what nations or what towns of Italy shalt thou not sue! Again is an alien bride the source of all that Teucrian woe, again a foreign marriage-chamber. . . . Yield not thou to distresses, but all the bolder go forth to meet them, as thy fortune shall allow thee way. The path of rescue, little as thou deemest it, shall first open from a Grecian town.' In such words the Sibyl of Cumae chants from the shrine her perplexing terrors, echoing through the cavern truth wrapped in obscurity: so does Apollo clash the reins and ply the goad in her maddened breast.

So soon as the spasm ceased and the raving lips sank to silence, Aeneas the hero begins: 'No shape of toil, O maiden, rises strange or sudden on my sight; all this ere now have I guessed and inly rehearsed in spirit. One thing I pray; since here is the gate named of the infernal king, and the darkling marsh of Acheron's overflow, be it given me to go to my beloved father, to see him face to face; teach thou the way, and open the consecrated portals.

Him on these shoulders I rescued from encircling flames and a thousand pursuing weapons, and brought him safe from amid the enemy; he accompanied my way over all the seas, and bore with me all the threats of ocean and sky, in weakness, beyond his age's strength and due. Nay, he it was who besought and enjoined me to seek thy grace and draw nigh thy courts. Have pity, I beseech thee, on son and father, O gracious one! for thou art all-powerful, nor in vain hath Hecate given thee rule in the groves of Avernus. If Orpheus could call up his wife's ghost in the strength of his Thracian lyre and the music of the strings,—if Pollux redeemed his brother by exchange of death, and passes and repasses so often,—why make mention of great Theseus, why of Alcides? I too am of Jove's sovereign race.' [Pg 123][124-157]In such words he pleaded and clasped the altars; when the soothsayer thus began to speak: 'O sprung of gods' blood, child of Anchises of Troy, easy is the descent into hell; all night and day the gate of dark Dis stands open; but to recall thy steps and issue to upper air, this is the task and burden. Some few of gods' lineage have availed, such as Jupiter's gracious favour or virtue's ardour hath upborne to heaven.

Midway all is muffled in forest, and the black coils of Cocytus circle it round. Yet if thy soul is so passionate and so desirous twice to float across the Stygian lake, twice to see dark Tartarus, and thy pleasure is to plunge into the mad task, learn what must first be accomplished. Hidden in a shady tree is a bough with leafage and pliant shoot all of gold, consecrate to nether Juno, wrapped in the depth of woodland and shut in by dim dusky vales. But to him only who first hath plucked the golden-tressed fruitage from the tree is it given to enter the hidden places of the earth. This hath beautiful Proserpine ordained to be borne to her for her proper gift. The first torn away, a second fills the place in gold, and the spray burgeons with even such ore again. So let thine eyes trace it home, and thine hand pluck it duly when found; for lightly and unreluctant will it follow if thine is fate's summons; else will no strength of thine avail to conquer it nor hard steel to cut it away. Yet again, a friend of thine lies a lifeless corpse, alas! thou knowest it not, and defiles all the fleet with death, while thou seekest our counsel and lingerest in our courts. First lay him in his resting-place and hide him in the tomb; lead thither black cattle; be this first thine expiation; so at last shalt thou behold the Stygian groves and the realm untrodden of the living.' She spoke, and her lips shut to silence. Aeneas goes forth, and leaves the cavern with fixed eyes and sad countenance, his soul revolving inly the unseen [Pg 124][158-194]issues. By his side goes faithful Achates, and plants his footsteps in equal perplexity. Long they ran on in mutual change of talk; of what lifeless comrade spoke the soothsayer, of what body for burial? And even as they came, they see on the dry beach Misenus cut off by untimely death, Misenus the Aeolid, excelled of none other in stirring men with brazen breath and kindling battle with his trumpet-note. He had been attendant on mighty Hector; in Hector's train he waged battle, renowned alike for bugle and spear: after victorious Achilles robbed him of life the valiant hero had joined Dardanian Aeneas' company, and followed no meaner leader.

But now, while he makes his hollow shell echo over the seas, ah fool! and calls the gods to rival his blast, jealous Triton, if belief is due, had caught him among the rocks and sunk him in the foaming waves. So all surrounded him with loud murmur and cries, good Aeneas the foremost. Then weeping they quickly hasten on the Sibyl's orders, and work hard to pile trees for the altar of burial, and heap it up into the sky. They move into the ancient forest, the deep coverts of game; pitch-pines fall flat, ilex rings to the stroke of axes, and ashen beams and oak are split in clefts with wedges; they roll in huge mountain-ashes from the hills. Aeneas likewise is first in the work, and cheers on his crew and arms himself with their weapons. And alone with his sad heart he ponders it all, gazing on the endless forest, and utters this prayer: 'If but now that bough of gold would shew itself to us on the tree in this depth of woodland! since all the soothsayer's tale of thee, Misenus, was, alas! too truly spoken.' Scarcely had he said thus, when twin doves haply came flying down the sky, and lit on the green sod right under his eyes. Then the kingly hero knows them for his mother's birds, and joyfully prays: 'Ah, be my guides, if way there be, and direct your aëry passage into the groves [Pg 125][195-230]where the rich bough overshadows the fertile ground! and thou, O goddess mother, fail not our wavering fortune.' So spoke he and stayed his steps, marking what they signify, whither they urge their way. Feeding and flying they advance at such distance as following eyes could keep them in view; then, when they came to Avernus' pestilent gorge, they tower swiftly, and sliding down through the liquid air, choose their seat and light side by side on a tree, through whose boughs shone out the contrasting flicker of gold. As in chill mid-winter the woodland is wont to blossom with the strange leafage of the mistletoe, sown on an alien tree and wreathing the smooth stems with burgeoning saffron; so on the shadowy ilex seemed that leafy gold, so the foil tinkled in the light breeze. Immediately Aeneas seizes it and eagerly breaks off its resistance, and carries it beneath the Sibyl's roof. And therewithal the Teucrians on the beach wept Misenus, and bore the last rites to the thankless ashes. First they build up a vast pyre of resinous billets and sawn oak, whose sides they entwine with dark leaves and plant funereal cypresses in front, and adorn it above with his shining armour. Some prepare warm water in cauldrons bubbling over the flames, and wash and anoint the chill body, and make their moan; then, their weeping done, lay his limbs on the pillow, and spread over it crimson raiment, the accustomed pall. Some uplift the heavy bier, a melancholy service, and with averted faces in their ancestral fashion hold and thrust in the torch.

Gifts of frankincense, food, and bowls of olive oil, are poured and piled upon the fire. After the embers sank in and the flame died away, they soaked with wine the remnant of thirsty ashes, and Corynaeus gathered the bones and shut them in an urn of brass; and he too thrice encircled his comrades with fresh water, and cleansed them with light spray sprinkled from a [Pg 126][231-267]bough of fruitful olive, and spoke the last words of all. But good Aeneas heaps a mighty mounded tomb over him, with his own armour and his oar and trumpet, beneath a skyey mountain that now is called Misenus after him, and keeps his name immortal from age to age. This done, he hastens to fulfil the Sibyl's ordinance. A deep cave yawned dreary and vast, shingle-strewn, sheltered by the black lake and the gloom of the forests; over it no flying things could wing their way unharmed, such a vapour streamed from the dark gorge and rose into the overarching sky. Here the priestess first arrays four black-bodied bullocks and pours wine upon their forehead; and plucking the topmost hairs from between the horns, lays them on the sacred fire for first-offering, calling aloud on Hecate, mistress of heaven and hell. Others lay knives beneath, and catch the warm blood in cups. Aeneas himself smites with the sword a black-fleeced she-lamb to the mother of the Eumenides and her mighty sister, and a barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee. Then he uprears darkling altars to the Stygian king, and lays whole carcases of bulls upon the flames, pouring fat oil over the blazing entrails. And lo! about the first rays of sunrise the ground moaned underfoot, and the woodland ridges began to stir, and dogs seemed to howl through the dusk as the goddess came. 'Apart, ah keep apart, O ye unsanctified!' cries the soothsayer; 'retire from all the grove; and thou, stride on and unsheath thy steel; now is need of courage, O Aeneas, now of strong resolve.' So much she spoke, and plunged madly into the cavern's opening; he with unflinching steps keeps pace with his advancing guide. Gods who are sovereign over souls! silent ghosts, and Chaos and Phlegethon, the wide dumb realm of night! as I have heard, so let me tell, and according to your will unfold things sunken deep under earth in gloom. [Pg 127][268-303]They went darkling through the dusk beneath the solitary night, through the empty dwellings and bodiless realm of Dis; even as one walks in the forest beneath the jealous light of a doubtful moon, when Jupiter shrouds the sky in shadow and black night blots out the world. Right in front of the doorway and in the entry of the jaws of hell Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed; there dwell wan Sicknesses and gloomy Eld, and Fear, and ill-counselling Hunger, and loathly Want, shapes terrible to see; and Death and Travail, and thereby Sleep, Death's kinsman, and the Soul's guilty Joys, and death-dealing War full in the gateway, and the Furies in their iron cells, and mad Discord with bloodstained fillets enwreathing her serpent locks. Midway an elm, shadowy and high, spreads her boughs and secular arms, where, one saith, idle Dreams dwell clustering, and cling under every leaf. And monstrous creatures besides, many and diverse, keep covert at the gates, Centaurs and twy-shaped Scyllas, and the hundredfold Briareus, and the beast of Lerna hissing horribly, and the Chimaera armed with flame, Gorgons and Harpies, and the body of the triform shade. Here Aeneas snatches at his sword in a sudden flutter of terror, and turns the naked edge on them as they come; and did not his wise fellow-passenger remind him that these lives flit thin and unessential in the hollow mask of body, he would rush on and vainly lash through phantoms with his steel. Hence a road leads to Tartarus and Acheron's wave. Here the dreary pool swirls thick in muddy eddies and disgorges into Cocytus with its load of sand. Charon, the dread ferryman, guards these flowing streams, ragged and awful, his chin covered with untrimmed masses of hoary hair, and his glassy eyes aflame; his soiled raiment hangs knotted from his shoulders. Himself he plies the pole and trims the sails of his vessel, the steel-blue galley with freight [Pg 128][304-336]of dead; stricken now in years, but a god's old age is lusty and green. Hither all crowded, and rushed streaming to the bank, matrons and men and high-hearted heroes dead and done with life, boys and unwedded girls, and children laid young on the bier before their parents' eyes, multitudinous as leaves fall dropping in the forests at autumn's earliest frost, or birds swarm landward from the deep gulf, when the chill of the year routs them overseas and drives them to sunny lands. They stood pleading for the first passage across, and stretched forth passionate hands to the farther shore. But the grim sailor admits now one and now another, while some he pushes back far apart on the strand. Moved with marvel at the confused throng: 'Say, O maiden,' cries Aeneas, 'what means this flocking to the river? what are the souls so fain?

or what difference makes these retire from the banks, those go with sweeping oars over the leaden waterways?' To him the long-lived priestess thus briefly returned: 'Seed of Anchises, most sure progeny of gods, thou seest the deep pools of Cocytus and the Stygian marsh, by whose divinity the gods fear to swear falsely. All this crowd thou discernest is helpless and unsepultured; Charon is the ferryman; they who ride on the wave found a tomb. Nor is it given to cross the awful banks and hoarse streams ere the dust hath found a resting-place. An hundred years they wander here flitting about the shore; then at last they gain entrance, and revisit the pools so sorely desired.' Anchises' son stood still, and ponderingly stayed his footsteps, pitying at heart their cruel lot. There he discerns, mournful and unhonoured dead, Leucaspis and Orontes, captains of the Lycian squadron, whom, as they sailed together from Troy over gusty seas, the south wind overwhelmed and wrapped the waters round ship and men. [Pg 129][337-369]Lo, there went by Palinurus the steersman, who of late, while he watched the stars on their Libyan passage, had slipped from the stern and fallen amid the waves. To him, when he first knew the melancholy form in that depth of shade, he thus opens speech: 'What god, O Palinurus, reft thee from us and sank thee amid the seas?

forth and tell. For in this single answer Apollo deceived me, never found false before, when he prophesied thee safety on ocean and arrival on the Ausonian coasts. See, is this his promise-keeping?' And he: 'Neither did Phoebus on his oracular seat delude thee, O prince, Anchises' son, nor did any god drown me in the sea. For while I clung to my appointed charge and governed our course, I pulled the tiller with me in my fall, and the shock as I slipped wrenched it away. By the rough seas I swear, fear for myself never wrung me so sore as for thy ship, lest, the rudder lost and the pilot struck away, those gathering waves might master it. Three wintry nights in the water the blustering south drove me over the endless sea; scarcely on the fourth dawn I descried Italy as I rose on the climbing wave. Little by little I swam shoreward; already I clung safe; but while, encumbered with my dripping raiment, I caught with crooked fingers at the jagged needles of mountain rock, the barbarous people attacked me in arms and ignorantly deemed me a prize. Now the wave holds me, and the winds toss me on the shore.

By heaven's pleasant light and breezes I beseech thee, by thy father, by Iülus thy rising hope, rescue me from these distresses, O unconquered one! Either do thou, for thou canst, cast earth over me and again seek the haven of Velia; or do thou, if in any wise that may be, if in any wise the goddess who bore thee shews a way,—for not without divine will do I deem thou wilt float across these vast rivers and the Stygian pool,—lend me a pitying [Pg 130][370-403]hand, and bear me over the waves in thy company, that at least in death I may find a quiet resting-place.' Thus he ended, and the soothsayer thus began: 'Whence, O Palinurus, this fierce longing of thine?

Shalt thou without burial behold the Stygian waters and the awful river of the Furies? Cease to hope prayers may bend the decrees of heaven. But take my words to thy memory, for comfort in thy woeful case: far and wide shall the bordering cities be driven by celestial portents to appease thy dust; they shall rear a tomb, and pay the tomb a yearly offering, and for evermore shall the place keep Palinurus' name.' The words soothed away his distress, and for a while drove grief away from his sorrowing heart; he is glad in the land of his name. So they complete their journey's beginning, and draw nigh the river. Just then the waterman descried them from the Stygian wave advancing through the silent woodland and turning their feet towards the bank, and opens on them in these words of challenge: 'Whoso thou art who marchest in arms towards our river, forth and say, there as thou art, why thou comest, and stay thine advance. This is the land of Shadows, of Sleep, and slumberous Night; no living body may the Stygian hull convey. Nor truly had I joy of taking Alcides on the lake for passenger, nor Theseus and Pirithoüs, born of gods though they were and unconquered in might. He laid fettering hand on the warder of Tartarus, and dragged him cowering from the throne of my lord the King; they essayed to ravish our mistress from the bridal chamber of Dis.' Thereto the Amphrysian soothsayer made brief reply: 'No such plot is here; be not moved; nor do our weapons offer violence; the huge gatekeeper may bark on for ever in his cavern and affright the bloodless ghosts; Proserpine may keep her honour within her uncle's gates. Aeneas of Troy, renowned [Pg 131][404-437]in goodness as in arms, goes down to meet his father in the deep shades of Erebus. If the sight of such affection stirs thee in nowise, yet this bough' (she discovers the bough hidden in her raiment) 'thou must know.' Then his heaving breast allays its anger, and he says no more; but marvelling at the awful gift, the fated rod so long unseen, he steers in his dusky vessel and draws to shore. Next he routs out the souls that sate on the long benches, and clears the thwarts, while he takes mighty Aeneas on board. The galley groaned under the weight in all her seams, and the marsh-water leaked fast in. At length prophetess and prince are landed unscathed on the ugly ooze and livid sedge. This realm rings with the triple-throated baying of vast Cerberus, couched huge in the cavern opposite; to whom the prophetess, seeing the serpents already bristling up on his neck, throws a cake made slumberous with honey and drugged grain. He, with threefold jaws gaping in ravenous hunger, catches it when thrown, and sinks to earth with monstrous body outstretched, and sprawling huge over all his den. The warder overwhelmed, Aeneas makes entrance, and quickly issues from the bank of the irremeable wave. Immediately wailing voices are loud in their ears, the souls of babies crying on the doorway sill, whom, torn from the breast and portionless in life's sweetness, a dark day cut off and drowned in bitter death. Hard by them are those condemned to death on false accusation. Neither indeed are these dwellings assigned without lot and judgment; Minos presides and shakes the urn; he summons a council of the silent people, and inquires of their lives and charges. Next in order have these mourners their place whose own innocent hands dealt them death, who flung away their souls in hatred of the day. How fain were they now in upper air to endure their poverty and [Pg 132][438-472]sore travail! It may not be; the unlovely pool locks them in her gloomy wave, and Styx pours her ninefold barrier between. And not far from here are shewn stretching on every side the Wailing Fields; so they call them by name. Here they whom pitiless love hath wasted in cruel decay hide among untrodden ways, shrouded in embosoming myrtle thickets; not death itself ends their distresses. In this region he discerns Phaedra and Procris and woeful Eriphyle, shewing on her the wounds of her merciless son, and Evadne and Pasiphaë; Laodamia goes in their company, and she who was once Caeneus and a man, now woman, and again returned by fate into her shape of old. Among whom Dido the Phoenician, fresh from her death-wound, wandered in the vast forest; by her the Trojan hero stood, and knew the dim form through the darkness, even as the moon at the month's beginning to him who sees or thinks he sees her rising through the vapours; he

let tears fall, and spoke to her lovingly and sweet: 'Alas, Dido! so the news was true that reached me; thou didst perish, and the sword sealed thy doom! Ah me, was I cause of thy death? By the stars I swear, by the heavenly powers and all that is sacred beneath the earth, unwillingly, O queen, I left thy shore. But the gods, at whose orders now I pass through this shadowy place, this land of mouldering overgrowth and deep night, the gods' commands drove me forth; nor could I deem my departure would bring thee pain so great as this. Stay thy footstep, and withdraw not from our gaze. From whom fliest thou? the last speech of thee fate ordains me is this.' In such words and with starting tears Aeneas soothed the burning and fierce-eyed soul. She turned away with looks fixed fast on the ground, stirred no more in countenance by the speech he essays than if she stood in iron flint or Marpesian stone. At length she started, and fled wrathfully [Pg 133][473-508]into the shadowy woodland, where Sychaeus, her ancient husband, responds to her distresses and equals her affection. Yet Aeneas, dismayed by her cruel doom, follows her far on her way with pitying tears. Thence he pursues his appointed path. And now they trod those utmost fields where the renowned in war have their haunt apart. Here Tydeus meets him; here Parthenopaeus, glorious in arms, and the pallid phantom of Adrastus; here the Dardanians long wept on earth and fallen in the war; sighing he discerns all their long array, Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus, the three children of Antenor, and Polyphoetes, Ceres' priest, and Idaeus yet charioted, yet grasping his arms. The souls throng round him to right and left; nor is one look enough; lingering delighted, they pace by his side and enquire wherefore he is come.

But the princes of the Grecians and Agamemnon's armies, when they see him glittering in arms through the gloom, hurry terror-stricken away; some turn backward, as when of old they fled to the ships; some raise their voice faintly, and gasp out a broken ineffectual cry. And here he saw Deïphobus son of Priam, with face cruelly torn, face and both hands, and ears lopped from his mangled temples, and nostrils maimed by a shameful wound. Barely he knew the cowering form that hid its dreadful punishment; then he springs to accost it in familiar speech: 'Deïphobus mighty in arms, seed of Teucer's royal blood, whose wantonness of vengeance was so cruel? who was allowed to use thee thus? Rumour reached me that on that last night, outwearied with endless slaughter, thou hadst sunk on the heap of mingled carnage. Then mine own hand reared an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore, mine own voice thrice called aloud upon thy ghost. Thy name and armour keep the spot; thee, O my friend, I could not see nor lay in the native earth I left.' [Pg 134][509-541]Whereto the son of Priam: 'In nothing, O my friend, wert thou wanting; thou hast paid the full to Deïphobus and the dead man's shade. But me my fate and the Laconian woman's murderous guilt thus dragged down to doom; these are the records of her leaving. For how we spent that last night in delusive gladness thou knowest, and must needs remember too well. When the fated horse leapt down on the steep towers of Troy, bearing armed infantry for the burden of its womb, she, in feigned procession, led round our Phrygian women with Bacchic cries; herself she upreared a mighty flame amid them, and called the Grecians out of the fortress height. Then was I fast in mine ill-fated bridal chamber, deep asleep and outworn with my charge, and lay overwhelmed in slumber sweet and profound and most like to easeful death. Meanwhile that crown of wives removes all the arms from my dwelling, and slips out the faithful sword from beneath my head: she calls Menelaus into the house and flings wide the gateway: be sure she hoped her lover would magnify the gift, and so she might quench the fame of her ill deeds of old. Why do I linger? They burst into the chamber, they and the Aeolid, counsellor of crime, in their company. Gods, recompense the Greeks even thus, if with righteous lips I call for vengeance! But come, tell in turn what hap hath brought thee hither yet alive. Comest thou driven on ocean wanderings, or by promptings from heaven?

or what fortune keeps thee from rest, that thou shouldst draw nigh these sad sunless dwellings, this disordered land?' In this change of talk Dawn had already crossed heaven's mid axle on her rose-charioted way; and haply had they thus drawn out all the allotted time; but the Sibyl made brief warning speech to her companion: 'Night falls, Aeneas; we waste the hours in weeping. Here is the place where the road disparts; by this that runs to the right [Pg 135][542-574]under great Dis' city is our path to Elysium; but the leftward wreaks vengeance on the wicked and sends them to unrelenting hell.' But Deïphobus: 'Be not angered, mighty priestess; I will depart, I will refill my place and return into darkness. Go, glory of our people, go, enjoy a fairer fate than mine.' Thus much he spoke, and on the word turned away his footsteps. Aeneas looks swiftly back, and sees beneath the cliff on the left hand a wide city, girt with a triple wall and encircled by a racing river of boiling flame, Tartarean Phlegethon, that echoes over its rolling rocks. In front is the gate, huge and pillared with solid adamant, that no warring force of men nor the very habitants of heaven may avail to overthrow; it stands up a tower of iron, and Tisiphone sitting girt in bloodstained pall keeps sleepless watch at the entry by night and day. Hence moans are heard and fierce lashes resound, with the clank of iron and dragging chains. Aeneas stopped and hung dismayed at the tumult. 'What shapes of crime are here? declare, O maiden; or what the punishment that pursues them, and all this upsurging wail?' Then the soothsayer thus began to speak: 'Illustrious chief of Troy, no pure foot may tread these guilty courts; but to me Hecate herself, when she gave me rule over the groves of Avernus, taught how the gods punish, and guided me through all her realm. Gnosian Rhadamanthus here holds unrelaxing sway, chastises secret crime revealed, and exacts confession, wheresoever in the upper world one vainly exultant in stolen guilt hath till the dusk of death kept clear from the evil he wrought. Straightway avenging Tisiphone, girt with her scourge, tramples down the shivering sinners, menaces them with the grim snakes in her left hand, and summons forth her sisters in merciless train. Then at last the sacred gates are flung open and grate on the jarring hinge. Markest thou what sentry is seated in [Pg 136][575-609]the doorway? what shape guards the threshold? More grim within sits the monstrous Hydra with her fifty black yawning throats: and Tartarus' self gapes sheer and strikes into the gloom through twice the space that one looks upward to Olympus and the skyey heaven. Here Earth's ancient children, the Titans' brood, hurled down by the thunderbolt, lie wallowing in the abyss. Here likewise I saw the twin Aloïds, enormous of frame, who essayed with violent hands to pluck down high heaven and thrust Jove from his upper realm. Likewise I saw Salmoneus in the cruel payment he gives for mocking Jove's flame and Olympus' thunders. Borne by four horses and brandishing a torch, he rode in triumph midway through the populous city of Grecian Elis, and claimed for himself the worship of deity; madman! who would mimic the storm-cloud and the inimitable bolt with brass that rang under his trampling horse-hoofs. But the Lord omnipotent hurled his shaft through thickening clouds (no firebrand his nor smoky glare of torches) and dashed him headlong in the fury of the whirlwind. Therewithal Tityos might be seen, fosterling of Earth the mother of all, whose body stretches over nine full acres, and a monstrous vulture with crooked beak eats away the imperishable liver and the entrails that breed in suffering, and plunges deep into the breast that gives it food and dwelling; nor is any rest given to the fibres that ever grow anew. Why tell of the Lapithae, of Ixion and Pirithoüs? over whom a stone hangs just slipping and just as though it fell; or the high banqueting couches gleam golden-pillared, and the feast is spread in royal luxury before their faces; couched hard by, the eldest of the Furies wards the tables from their touch and rises with torch upreared and thunderous lips. Here are they who hated their brethren while life endured, or struck a parent or entangled a client in wrong, or who brooded [Pg 137][610-643]alone over found treasure and shared it not with their fellows, this the greatest multitude of all; and they who were slain for adultery, and who followed unrighteous arms, and feared not to betray their masters' plighted hand.

Imprisoned they await their doom. Seek not to be told that doom, that fashion of fortune wherein they are sunk. Some roll a vast stone, or hang outstretched on the spokes of wheels; hapless Theseus sits and shall sit for ever, and Phlegyas in his misery gives counsel to all and witnesses aloud through the gloom, Learn by this warning to do justly and not to slight the gods.

This man sold his country for gold, and laid her under a tyrant's sway; he set up and pulled down laws at a price; this other forced his daughter's bridal chamber and a forbidden marriage; all dared some monstrous wickedness, and had success in what they dared. Not had I an hundred tongues, an hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, could I sum up all the shapes of crime or name over all their punishments.' Thus spoke Phoebus' long-lived priestess; then 'But come now,' she cries; 'haste on the way and perfect the service begun; let us go faster; I descry the ramparts cast in Cyclopean furnaces, and in front the arched gateway where they bid us lay the gifts foreordained.' She ended, and advancing side by side along the shadowy ways, they pass over and draw nigh the gates. Aeneas makes entrance, and sprinkling his body with fresh water, plants the bough full in the gateway. Now at length, this fully done, and the service of the goddess perfected, they came to the happy place, the green pleasances and blissful seats of the Fortunate Woodlands. Here an ampler air clothes the meadows in lustrous sheen, and they know their own sun and a starlight of their own. Some exercise their limbs in tournament on the greensward, contend in games, and wrestle on the yellow sand. Some [Pg 138][644-676]dance with beating footfall and lips that sing; with them is the Thracian priest in sweeping robe, and makes music to their measures with the notes' sevenfold interval, the notes struck now with his fingers, now with his ivory rod. Here is Teucer's ancient brood, a generation excellent in beauty, high-hearted heroes born in happier years, Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus, founder of Troy. Afar he marvels at the armour and chariots empty of their lords: their spears stand fixed in the ground, and their unyoked horses pasture at large over the plain: their life's delight in chariot and armour, their care in pasturing their sleek horses, follows them in like wise low under earth. Others, lo! he beholds feasting on the sward to right and left, and singing in chorus the glad Paean-cry, within a scented laurel-grove whence Eridanus river surges upward full-volumed through the wood. Here is the band of them who bore wounds in fighting for their country, and they who were pure in priesthood while life endured, and the good poets whose speech abased not Apollo; and they who made life beautiful by the arts of their invention, and who won by service a memory among men, the brows of all girt with the snow-white fillet. To their encircling throng the Sibyl spoke thus, and to Musaeus before them all; for he is midmost of all the multitude, and stands out head and shoulders among their upward gaze: 'Tell, O blissful souls, and thou, poet most gracious, what region, what place hath Anchises for his own? For his sake are we come, and have sailed across the wide rivers of Erebus.' And to her the hero thus made brief reply: 'None hath a fixed dwelling; we live in the shady woodlands; soft-swelling banks and meadows fresh with streams are our habitation. But you, if this be your heart's desire, scale this ridge, and I will even now set you on an easy [Pg 139][677-708]pathway.' He spoke, and paced on before them, and from above shews the shining plains; thereafter they leave the mountain heights. But lord Anchises, deep in the green valley, was musing in earnest survey over the imprisoned souls destined to the daylight above, and haply reviewing his beloved children and all the tale of his people, them and their fates and fortunes, their works and ways. And he, when he saw Aeneas advancing to meet him over the greensward, stretched forth both hands eagerly, while tears rolled over his cheeks, and his lips parted in a cry: 'Art thou come at last, and hath thy love, O child of my desire, conquered the difficult road? Is it granted, O my son, to gaze on thy face and hear and answer in familiar tones? Thus indeed I forecast in spirit, counting the days between; nor hath my care misled me.

What lands, what space of seas hast thou traversed to reach me, through what surge of perils, O my son! How I dreaded the realm of Libya might work thee harm!' And he: 'Thy melancholy phantom, thine, O my father, came before me often and often, and drove me to steer to these portals. My fleet is anchored on the Tyrrhenian brine. Give thine hand to clasp, O my father, give it, and withdraw not from our embrace.' So spoke he, his face wet with abundant weeping. Thrice there did he essay to fling his arms about his neck; thrice the phantom vainly grasped fled out of his hands even as light wind, and most like to fluttering sleep. Meanwhile Aeneas sees deep withdrawn in the covert of the vale a woodland and rustling forest thickets, and the river of Lethe that floats past their peaceful dwellings. Around it flitted nations and peoples innumerable; even as in the meadows when in clear summer weather bees settle on the variegated flowers and stream round the snow-white [Pg 140][709-742]lilies, all the plain is murmurous with their humming. Aeneas starts at the sudden view, and asks the reason he knows not; what are those spreading streams, or who are they whose vast train fills the banks? Then lord Anchises: 'Souls, for whom second bodies are destined and due, drink at the wave of the Lethean stream the heedless water of long forgetfulness. These of a truth have I long desired to tell and shew thee face to face, and number all the generation of thy children, that so thou mayest the more rejoice with me in finding Italy.'—'O father, must we think that any souls travel hence into upper air, and return again to bodily fetters? why this their strange sad longing for the light?' 'I will tell,' rejoins Anchises, 'nor will I hold thee in suspense, my son.' And he unfolds all things in order one by one. 'First of all, heaven and earth and the liquid fields, the shining orb of the moon and the Titanian star, doth a spirit sustain inly, and a soul shed abroad in them sways all their members and mingles in the mighty frame. Thence is the generation of man and beast, the life of winged things, and the monstrous forms that ocean breeds under his glittering floor. Those seeds have fiery force and divine birth, so far as they are not clogged by taint of the body and dulled by earthy frames and limbs ready to die. Hence is it they fear and desire, sorrow and rejoice; nor can they pierce the air while barred in the blind darkness of their prison-house. Nay, and when the last ray of life is gone, not yet, alas! does all their woe, nor do all the plagues of the body wholly leave them free; and needs must be that many a long ingrained evil should take root marvellously deep. Therefore they are schooled in punishment, and pay all the forfeit of a lifelong ill; some are hung stretched to the viewless winds; some have the taint of guilt washed out beneath the dreary deep, or burned away in fire. We [Pg 141][743-777]suffer, each a several ghost; thereafter we are sent to the broad spaces of Elysium, some few of us to possess the happy fields; till length of days completing time's circle takes out the ingrained soilure and leaves untainted the ethereal sense and pure spiritual flame. All these before thee, when the wheel of a thousand years hath come fully round, a God summons in vast train to the river of Lethe, that so they may regain in forgetfulness the slopes of upper earth, and begin to desire to return again into the body.' Anchises ceased, and leads his son and the Sibyl likewise amid the assembled murmurous throng, and mounts a hillock whence he might scan all the long ranks and learn their countenances as they came.

'Now come, the glory hereafter to follow our Dardanian progeny, the posterity to abide in our Italian people, illustrious souls and inheritors of our name to be, these will I rehearse, and instruct thee of thy destinies. He yonder, seest thou? the warrior leaning on his pointless spear, holds the nearest place allotted in our groves, and shall rise first into the air of heaven from the mingling blood of Italy, Silvius of Alban name, the child of thine age, whom late in thy length of days thy wife Lavinia shall nurture in the woodland, king and father of kings; from him in Alba the Long shall our house have dominion. He next him is Procas, glory of the Trojan race; and Capys and Numitor; and he who shall renew thy name, Silvius Aeneas, eminent alike in goodness or in arms, if ever he shall receive his kingdom in Alba. Men of men! see what strength they display, and wear the civic oak shading their brows. They shall establish Nomentum and Gabii and Fidena city, they the Collatine hill-fortress, Pometii and the Fort of Inuus, Bola and Cora: these shall be names that are now nameless lands. Nay, Romulus likewise, seed of Mavors, shall join [Pg 142][778-810]his grandsire's company, from his mother Ilia's nurture and Assaracus' blood. Seest thou how the twin plumes straighten on his crest, and his father's own emblazonment already marks him for upper air? Behold, O son! by his augury shall Rome the renowned fill earth with her empire and heaven with her pride, and gird about seven fortresses with her single wall, prosperous mother of men; even as our lady of Berecyntus rides in her chariot turret-crowned through the Phrygian cities, glad in the gods she hath borne, clasping an hundred of her children's children, all habitants of heaven, all dwellers on the upper heights. Hither now bend thy twin-eyed gaze; behold this people, the Romans that are thine. Here is Caesar and all Iülus' posterity that shall arise under the mighty cope of heaven. Here is he, he of whose promise once and again thou hearest, Caesar Augustus, a god's son, who shall again establish the ages of gold in Latium over the fields that once were Saturn's realm, and carry his empire afar to Garamant and Indian, to the land that lies beyond our stars, beyond the sun's yearlong ways, where Atlas the sky-bearer wheels on his shoulder the glittering star-spangled pole. Before his coming even now the kingdoms of the Caspian shudder at oracular answers, and the Maeotic land and the mouths of sevenfold Nile flutter in alarm. Nor indeed did Alcides traverse such spaces of earth, though he pierced the brazen-footed deer, or though he stilled the Erymanthian woodlands and made Lerna tremble at his bow: nor he who sways his team with reins of vine, Liber the conqueror, when he drives his tigers from Nysa's lofty crest. And do we yet hesitate to give valour scope in deeds, or shrink in fear from setting foot on Ausonian land? Ah, and who is he apart, marked out with sprays of olive, offering sacrifice? I know the locks and hoary chin of the king of Rome who shall establish the infant city in his [Pg 143][811-843]laws, sent from little Cures' sterile land to the majesty of empire. To him Tullus shall next succeed, who shall break the peace of his country and stir to arms men rusted from war and armies now disused to triumphs; and hard on him over-vaunting Ancus follows, even now too elate in popular breath. Wilt thou see also the Tarquin kings, and the haughty soul of Brutus the Avenger, and the fasces regained? He shall first receive a consul's power and the merciless axes, and when his children would stir fresh war, the father, for fair freedom's sake, shall summon them to doom. Unhappy! yet howsoever posterity shall take the deed, love of country and limitless passion for honour shall prevail. Nay, behold apart the Decii and the Drusi, Torquatus with his cruel axe, and Camillus returning with the standards. Yonder souls likewise, whom thou discernest gleaming in equal arms, at one now, while shut in Night, ah me! what mutual war, what battle-lines and bloodshed shall they arouse, so they attain the light of the living! father-in-law descending from the Alpine barriers and the fortress of the Dweller Alone, son-in-law facing him with the embattled East. Nay, O my children, harden not your hearts to such warfare, neither turn upon her own heart the mastering might of your country; and thou, be thou first to forgive, who drawest thy descent from heaven; cast down the weapons from thy hand, O blood of mine. . . . He shall drive his conquering chariot to the Capitoline height triumphant over Corinth, glorious in Achaean slaughter. He shall uproot Argos and Agamemnonian Mycenae, and the Aeacid's own heir, the seed of Achilles mighty in arms, avenging his ancestors in Troy and Minerva's polluted temple. Who might leave thee, lordly Cato, or thee, Cossus, to silence? who the Gracchan family, or these two sons of the Scipios, a double thunderbolt of war, Libya's bale? and Fabricius potent in poverty, or [Pg 144][844-875]thee, Serranus, sowing in the furrow? Whither whirl you me all breathless, O Fabii? thou art he, the most mighty, the one man whose lingering retrieves our State. Others shall beat out the breathing bronze to softer lines, I believe it well; shall draw living lineaments from the marble; the cause shall be more eloquent on their lips; their pencil shall portray the pathways of heaven, and tell the stars in their arising: be thy charge, O Roman, to rule the nations in thine empire; this shall be thine art, to lay down the law of peace, to be merciful to the conquered and beat the haughty down.' Thus lord Anchises, and as they marvel, he so pursues: 'Look how Marcellus the conqueror marches glorious in the splendid spoils, towering high above them all! He shall stay the Roman State, reeling beneath the invading shock, shall ride down Carthaginian and insurgent Gaul, and a third time hang up the captured armour before lord Quirinus.' And at this Aeneas, for he saw going by his side one excellent in beauty and glittering in arms, but his brow had little cheer, and his eyes looked down: 'Who, O my father, is he who thus attends him on his way? son, or other of his children's princely race? How his comrades murmur around him! how goodly of presence he is! but dark Night flutters round his head with melancholy shade.' Then lord Anchises with welling tears began: 'O my son, ask not of the great sorrow of thy people. Him shall fate but shew to earth, and suffer not to stay further.

Too mighty, lords of heaven, did you deem the brood of Rome, had this your gift been abiding. What moaning of men shall arise from the Field of Mavors by the imperial city! what a funeral train shalt thou see, O Tiber, as thou flowest by the new-made grave! Neither shall the boyhood of any [Pg 145][876-901]of Ilian race raise his Latin forefathers' hope so high; nor shall the land of Romulus ever boast of any fosterling like this. Alas his goodness, alas his antique honour, and right hand invincible in war! none had faced him unscathed in armed shock, whether he met the foe on foot, or ran his spurs into the flanks of his foaming horse. Ah me, the pity of thee, O boy! if in any wise thou breakest the grim bar of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus. Give me lilies in full hands; let me strew bright blossoms, and these gifts at least let me lavish on my descendant's soul, and do the unavailing service.' Thus they wander up and down over the whole region of broad vaporous plains, and scan all the scene. And when Anchises had led his son over it, each point by each, and kindled his spirit with passion for the glories on their way, he tells him thereafter of the war he next must wage, and instructs him of the Laurentine peoples and the city of Latinus, and in what wise each task may be turned aside or borne. There are twin portals of Sleep, whereof the one is fabled of horn, and by it real shadows are given easy outlet; the other shining white of polished ivory, but false visions issue upward from the ghostly world. With these words then Anchises follows forth his son and the Sibyl together there, and dismisses them by the ivory gate. He pursues his way to the ships and revisits his comrades; then bears on to Caieta's haven straight along the shore. The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns are grounded on the beach. [Pg 146] BOOK SEVENTH THE LANDING IN LATIUM, AND THE ROLL OF THE ARMIES OF ITALY Thou also, Caieta, nurse of Aeneas, gavest our shores an everlasting renown in death; and still thine honour haunts thy resting-place, and a name in broad Hesperia, if that be glory, marks thy dust. But when the last rites are duly paid, and the mound smoothed over the grave, good Aeneas, now the high seas are hushed, bears on under sail and leaves his haven. Breezes blow into the night, and the white moonshine speeds them on; the sea glitters in her quivering radiance. Soon they skirt the shores of Circe's land, where the rich daughter of the Sun makes her untrodden groves echo with ceaseless song; and her stately house glows nightlong with burning odorous cedarwood, as she runs over her delicate web with the ringing comb. Hence are heard afar angry cries of lions chafing at their fetters and roaring in the deep night; bears and bristly swine rage in their pens, and vast shapes of wolves howl; whom with her potent herbs the deadly divine Circe had disfashioned, face and body, into wild beasts from the likeness of men. But lest the good Trojans might suffer so dread a change, might enter her haven or draw nigh the ominous shores, Neptune filled [Pg 147][23-55]their sails with favourable winds, and gave them escape, and bore them past the seething shallows. And now the sea reddened with shafts of light, and high in heaven the yellow dawn shone rose-charioted; when the winds fell, and every breath sank suddenly, and the oar-blades toil through the heavy ocean-floor.

And on this Aeneas descries from sea a mighty forest. Midway in it the pleasant Tiber stream breaks to sea in swirling eddies, laden with yellow sand. Around and above fowl many in sort, that haunt his banks and river-channel, solaced heaven with song and flew about the forest. He orders his crew to bend their course and turn their prows to land, and glides joyfully into the shady river.

Forth now, Erato! and I will unfold who were the kings, what the tides of circumstance, how it was with ancient Latium when first that foreign army drew their fleet ashore on Ausonia's coast; I will recall the preluding of battle. Thou, divine one, inspire thou thy poet. I will tell of grim wars, tell of embattled lines, of kings whom honour drove on death, of the Tyrrhenian forces, and all Hesperia enrolled in arms. A greater history opens before me, a greater work I essay.

Latinus the King, now growing old, ruled in a long peace over quiet tilth and town. He, men say, was sprung of Faunus and the nymph Marica of Laurentum. Faunus' father was Picus; and he boasts himself, Saturn, thy son; thou art the first source of their blood. Son of his, by divine ordinance, and male descent was none, cut off in the early spring of youth. One alone kept the household and its august home, a daughter now ripe for a husband and of full years for marriage. Many wooed her from wide Latium and all Ausonia. Fairest and foremost of all [Pg 148][56-93]is Turnus, of long and lordly ancestry; but boding signs from heaven, many and terrible, bar the way. Within the palace, in the lofty inner courts, was a laurel of sacred foliage, guarded in awe through many years, which lord Latinus, it was said, himself found and dedicated to Phoebus when first he would build his citadel; and from it gave his settlers their name, Laurentines. High atop of it, wonderful to tell, bees borne with loud humming across the liquid air girt it thickly about, and with interlinked feet hung in a sudden swarm from the leafy bough. Straightway the prophet cries: 'I see a foreigner draw nigh, an army from the same quarter seek the same quarter, and reign high in our fortress.' Furthermore, while maiden Lavinia stands beside her father feeding the altars with holy fuel, she was seen, oh, horror! to catch fire in her long tresses, and burn with flickering flame in all her array, her queenly hair lit up, lit up her jewelled circlet; till, enwreathed in smoke and lurid light, she scattered fire over all the palace. That sight was rumoured wonderful and terrible. Herself, they prophesied, she should be glorious in fame and fortune; but a great war was foreshadowed for her people. But the King, troubled by the omen, visits the oracle of his father Faunus the soothsayer, and the groves deep under Albunea, where, queen of the woods, she echoes from her holy well, and breathes forth a dim and deadly vapour. Hence do the tribes of Italy and all the Oenotrian land seek answers in perplexity; hither the priest bears his gifts, and when he hath lain down and sought slumber under the silent night on the spread fleeces of slaughtered sheep, sees many flitting phantoms of wonderful wise, hears manifold voices, and attains converse of the gods, and hath speech with Acheron and the deep tract of hell. Here then, likewise seeking an answer, lord Latinus paid fit sacrifice of an hundred woolly ewes, and [Pg 149][94-127]lay couched on the strewn fleeces they had worn. Out of the lofty grove a sudden voice was uttered: 'Seek not, O my child, to unite thy daughter in Latin espousals, nor trust her to the bridal chambers ready to thine hand; foreigners shall come to be thy sons, whose blood shall raise our name to heaven, and the children of whose race shall see, where the circling sun looks on either ocean, all the rolling world swayed beneath their feet.' This his father Faunus' answer and counsel given in the silent night Latinus restrains not in his lips; but wide-flitting Rumour had already borne it round among the Ausonian cities, when the children of Laomedon moored their fleet to the grassy slope of the river bank. Aeneas, with the foremost of his captains and fair Iülus, lay them down under the boughs of a high tree and array the feast. They spread wheaten cakes along the sward under their meats—so Jove on high prompted—and crown the platter of corn with wilding fruits. Here haply when the rest was spent, and scantness of food set them to eat their thin bread, and with hand and venturous teeth do violence to the round cakes fraught with fate and spare not the flattened squares: Ha! Are we eating our tables too? cries Iülus jesting, and stops. At once that accent heard set their toils a limit; and at once as he spoke his father caught it from his lips and hushed him, in amazement at the omen. Straightway 'Hail, O land!' he cries, 'my destined inheritance! and hail, O household gods, faithful to your Troy! here is home; this is our native country.

For my father Anchises, now I remember it, bequeathed me this secret of fate: "When hunger shall drive thee, O son, to consume thy tables where the feast fails, on the unknown shores whither thou shalt sail; then, though outwearied, hope for home, and there at last let thine hand remember to set thy house's foundations and bulwarks." This was [Pg 150][128-162]the hunger, this the last that awaited us, to set the promised end to our desolations . . . Up then, and, glad with the first sunbeam, let us explore and search all abroad from our harbour, what is the country, who its habitants, where is the town of the nation. Now pour your cups to Jove, and call in prayer on Anchises our father, setting the wine again upon the board.' So speaks he, and binding his brows with a leafy bough, he makes supplication to the Genius of the ground, and Earth first of deities, and the Nymphs, and the Rivers yet unknown; then calls on Night and Night's rising signs, and next on Jove of Ida, and our lady of Phrygia, and on his twain parents, in heaven and in the under world. At this the Lord omnipotent thrice thundered sharp from high heaven, and with his own hand shook out for a sign in the sky a cloud ablaze with luminous shafts of gold. A sudden rumour spreads among the Trojan array, that the day is come to found their destined city. Emulously they renew the feast, and, glad at the high omen, array the flagons and engarland the wine. Soon as the morrow bathed the lands in its dawning light, they part to search out the town, and the borders and shores of the nation: these are the pools and spring of Numicus; this is the Tiber river; here dwell the brave Latins. Then the seed of Anchises commands an hundred envoys chosen of every degree to go to the stately royal city, all with the wreathed boughs of Pallas, to bear him gifts and desire grace for the Teucrians. Without delay they hasten on their message, and advance with swift step. Himself he traces the city walls with a shallow trench, and builds on it; and in fashion of a camp girdles this first settlement on the shore with mound and battlements. And now his men had traversed their way; they espied the towers and steep roofs of the Latins, and drew near the wall. Before the city boys and men in their early [Pg 151][163-196]bloom exercise on horseback, and break in their teams on the dusty ground, or draw ringing bows, or hurl tough javelins from the shoulder, and contend in running and boxing: when a messenger riding forward brings news to the ears of the aged King that mighty men are come thither in unknown raiment. He gives orders to call them within his house, and takes his seat in the midst on his ancestral throne.

His house, stately and vast, crowned the city, upreared on an hundred columns, once the palace of Laurentian Picus, amid awful groves of ancestral sanctity. Here their kings receive the inaugural sceptre, and have the fasces first raised before them; this temple was their senate-house; this their sacred banqueting-hall; here, after sacrifice of rams, the elders were wont to sit down at long tables. Further, there stood arow in the entry images of the forefathers of old in ancient cedar, Italus, and lord Sabinus, planter of the vine, still holding in show the curved pruning-hook, and gray Saturn, and the likeness of Janus the double-facing, and the rest of their primal kings, and they who had borne wounds of war in fighting for their country. Armour besides hangs thickly on the sacred doors, captured chariots and curved axes, helmet-crests and massy gateway-bars, lances and shields, and beaks torn from warships. He too sat there, with the divining-rod of Quirinus, girt in the short augural gown, and carrying on his left arm the sacred shield, Picus the tamer of horses; he whom Circe, desperate with amorous desire, smote with her golden rod and turned by her poisons into a bird with patches of colour on his wings. Of such wise was the temple of the gods wherein Latinus, sitting on his father's seat, summoned the Teucrians to his house and presence; and when they entered in, he thus opened with placid mien: 'Tell, O Dardanians, for we are not ignorant of your city and race, nor unheard of do you bend your course [Pg 152][197-228]overseas, what seek you?

what the cause or whereof the need that hath borne you over all these blue waterways to the Ausonian shore? Whether wandering in your course, or tempest-driven (such perils manifold on the high seas do sailors suffer), you have entered the river banks and lie in harbour; shun not our welcome, and be not ignorant that the Latins are Saturn's people, whom no laws fetter to justice, upright of their own free will and the custom of the god of old. And now I remember, though the story is dimmed with years, thus Auruncan elders told, how Dardanus, born in this our country, made his way to the towns of Phrygian Ida and to the Thracian Samos that is now called Samothrace. Here was the home he left, Tyrrhenian Corythus; now the palace of heaven, glittering with golden stars, enthrones and adds him to the ranged altars of the gods.' He ended; and Ilioneus pursued his speech with these words: 'King, Faunus' illustrious progeny, neither hath black tempest driven us with stress of waves to shelter in your lands, nor hath star or shore misled us on the way we went. Of set purpose and willing mind do we draw nigh this thy city, outcasts from a realm once the greatest that the sun looked on as he came from Olympus' utmost border. From Jove hath our race beginning; in Jove the men of Dardania rejoice as ancestor; our King himself of Jove's supreme race, Aeneas of Troy, hath sent us to thy courts. How terrible the tempest that burst from fierce Mycenae over the plains of Ida, driven by what fate Europe and Asia met in the shock of two worlds, even he hath heard who is sundered in the utmost land where the ocean surge recoils, and he whom stretching midmost of the four zones the zone of the intolerable sun holds in severance. Borne by that flood over many desolate seas, we crave a scant dwelling [Pg 153][229-261]for our country's gods, an unmolested landing-place, and the air and water that are free to all. We shall not disgrace the kingdom; nor will the rumour of your renown be lightly gone or the grace of all you have done fade away; nor will Ausonia be sorry to have taken Troy to her breast. By the fortunes of Aeneas I swear, by that right hand mighty, whether tried in friendship or in warlike arms, many and many a people and nation—scorn us not because we advance with hands proffering chaplets and words of supplication—hath sought us for itself and desired our alliance; but yours is the land that heaven's high ordinance drove us forth to find. Hence sprung Dardanus: hither Apollo recalls us, and pushes us on with imperious orders to Tyrrhenian Tiber and the holy pools of Numicus' spring.

Further, he presents to thee these small guerdons of our past estate, relics saved from burning Troy. From this gold did lord Anchises pour libation at the altars; this was Priam's array when he delivered statutes to the nations assembled in order; the sceptre, the sacred mitre, the raiment wrought by the women of Ilium. . . .' At these words of Ilioneus Latinus holds his countenance in a steady gaze, and stays motionless on the floor, casting his intent eyes around. Nor does the embroidered purple so move the King, nor the sceptre of Priam, as his daughter's marriage and the bridal chamber absorb him, and the oracle of ancient Faunus stirs deep in his heart. This is he, the wanderer from a foreign home, foreshewn of fate for his son, and called to a realm of equal dominion, whose race should be excellent in valour and their might overbear all the world. At last he speaks with good cheer: 'The gods prosper our undertaking and their own augury! What thou desirest, Trojan, shall be given; nor do I spurn your gifts.

While Latinus reigns you shall not [Pg 154][262-294]lack foison of rich land nor Troy's own riches. Only let Aeneas himself come hither, if desire of us be so strong, if he be in haste to join our friendship and be called our ally. Let him not shrink in terror from a friendly face.

A term of the peace for me shall be to touch your monarch's hand. Do you now convey in answer my message to your King. I have a daughter whom the oracles of my father's shrine and many a celestial token alike forbid me to unite to one of our own nation; sons shall come, they prophesy, from foreign coasts, such is the destiny of Latium, whose blood shall exalt our name to heaven. He it is on whom fate calls; this I think, this I choose, if there be any truth in my soul's foreshadowing.' Thus he speaks, and chooses horses for all the company. Three hundred stood sleek in their high stalls; for all the Teucrians in order he straightway commands them to be led forth, fleet-footed, covered with embroidered purple: golden chains hang drooping over their chests, golden their housings, and they champ on bits of ruddy gold: for the absent Aeneas a chariot and pair of chariot horses of celestial breed, with nostrils breathing flame; of the race of those which subtle Circe bred by sleight on her father, the bastard issue of a stolen union. With these gifts and words the Aeneadae ride back from Latinus carrying peace.

And lo! the fierce wife of Jove was returning from Inachian Argos, and held her way along the air, when out of the distant sky, far as from Sicilian Pachynus, she espied the rejoicing of Aeneas and the Dardanian fleet. She sees them already house-building, already trusting in the land, their ships left empty. She stops, shot with sharp pain; then shaking her head, she pours forth these words: 'Ah, hated brood, and doom of the Phrygians that thwarts our doom! Could they perish on the Sigean [Pg 155][295-326]plains? Could they be ensnared when taken? Did the fires of Troy consume her people? Through the midst of armies and through the midst of flames they have found their way.

But, I think, my deity lies at last outwearied, or my hatred sleeps and is satisfied? Nay, it is I who have been fierce to follow them over the waves when hurled from their country, and on all the seas have crossed their flight. Against the Teucrians the forces of sky and sea are spent. What hath availed me Syrtes or Scylla, what desolate Charybdis? they find shelter in their desired Tiber-bed, careless of ocean and of me. Mars availed to destroy the giant race of the Lapithae; the very father of the gods gave over ancient Calydon to Diana's wrath: for forfeit of what crime in the Lapithae, what in Calydon?

But I, Jove's imperial consort, who have borne, ah me! to leave naught undared, who have shifted to every device, I am vanquished by Aeneas. If my deity is not great enough, I will not assuredly falter to seek succour where it may be; if the powers of heaven are inflexible, I will stir up Acheron. It may not be to debar him of a Latin realm; well; and Lavinia is destined his bride unalterably.

But it may be yet to defer, to make all this action linger; but it may be yet to waste away the nation of either king; at such forfeit of their people may son-in-law and father-in-law enter into union. Blood of Troy and Rutulia shall be thy dower, O maiden, and Bellona is the bridesmaid who awaits thee. Nor did Cisseus' daughter alone conceive a firebrand and travail of bridal flames. Nay, even such a birth hath Venus of her own, a second Paris, another balefire for Troy towers reborn.' These words uttered, she descends to earth in all her terrors, and calls dolorous Allecto from the home of the Fatal Sisters in nether gloom, whose delight is in woeful wars, in wrath and treachery and evil feuds: hateful to [Pg 156][327-360]lord Pluto himself, hateful and horrible to her hell-born sisters; into so many faces does she turn, so savage the guise of each, so thick and black bristles she with vipers. And her Juno spurs on with words, saying thus: 'Grant me, virgin born of Night, this thy proper task and service, that the rumour of our renown may not crumble away, nor the Aeneadae have power to win Latinus by marriage or beset the borders of Italy. Thou canst set brothers once united in armed conflict, and overturn families with hatreds; thou canst launch into houses thy whips and deadly brands; thine are a thousand names, a thousand devices of injury. Stir up thy teeming breast, sunder the peace they have joined, and sow seeds of quarrel; let all at once desire and demand and seize on arms.' Thereon Allecto, steeped in Gorgonian venom, first seeks Latium and the high house of the Laurentine monarch, and silently sits down before Amata's doors, whom a woman's distress and anger heated to frenzy over the Teucrians' coming and the marriage of Turnus. At her the goddess flings a snake out of her dusky tresses, and slips it into her bosom to her very inmost heart, that she may embroil all her house under its maddening magic. Sliding between her raiment and smooth breasts, it coils without touch, and instils its viperous breath unseen; the great serpent turns into the twisted gold about her neck, turns into the long ribbon of her chaplet, inweaves her hair, and winds slippery over her body. And while the gliding infection of the clammy poison begins to penetrate her sense and run in fire through her frame, nor as yet hath all her breast caught fire, softly she spoke and in mothers' wonted wise, with many a tear over her daughter and the Phrygian bridal: 'Is it to exiles, to Teucrians, that Lavinia is proffered in marriage, O father? and hast thou no compassion on [Pg 157][361-392]thy daughter and on thyself?

no compassion on her mother, whom with the first northern wind the treacherous rover will abandon, steering to sea with his maiden prize? Is it not thus the Phrygian herdsman wound his way to Lacedaemon, and carried Leda's Helen to the Trojan towns? Where is thy plighted faith? Where thine ancient care for thy people, and the hand Turnus thy kinsman hath so often clasped? If one of alien race from the Latins is sought for our son, if this stands fixed, and thy father Faunus' commands are heavy upon thee, all the land whose freedom severs it from our sway is to my mind alien, and of this is the divine word. And Turnus, if one retrace the earliest source of his line, is born of Inachus and Acrisius, and of the midmost of Mycenae.' When in this vain essay of words she sees Latinus fixed against her, and the serpent's maddening poison is sunk deep in her vitals and runs through and through her, then indeed, stung by infinite horrors, hapless and frenzied, she rages wildly through the endless city. As whilome a top flying under the twisted whipcord, which boys busy at their play drive circling wide round an empty hall, runs before the lash and spins in wide gyrations; the witless ungrown band hang wondering over it and admire the whirling boxwood; the strokes lend it life: with pace no slacker is she borne midway through towns and valiant nations. Nay, she flies into the woodland under feigned Bacchic influence, assumes a greater guilt, arouses a greater frenzy, and hides her daughter in the mountain coverts to rob the Teucrians of their bridal and stay the marriage torches.

'Hail, Bacchus!' she shrieks and clamours; 'thou only art worthy of the maiden; for to thee she takes up the lissom wands, thee she circles in the dance, to thee she trains and consecrates her tresses.' Rumour flies abroad; and the matrons, their breasts kindled by the furies, run all at once [Pg 158][393-426]with a single ardour to seek out strange dwellings. They have left their homes empty, they throw neck and hair free to the winds; while others fill the air with ringing cries, girt about with fawnskins, and carrying spears of vine. Amid them the infuriate queen holds her blazing pine-torch on high, and chants the wedding of Turnus and her daughter; and rolling her bloodshot gaze, cries sudden and harsh: 'Hear, O mothers of Latium, wheresoever you be; if unhappy Amata hath yet any favour in your affection, if care for a mother's right pierces you, untie the chaplets from your hair, begin the orgies with me.' Thus, amid woods and wild beasts' solitary places, does Allecto goad the queen with the encircling Bacchic madness. When their frenzy seemed heightened and her first task complete, the purpose and all the house of Latinus turned upside down, the dolorous goddess flies on thence, soaring on dusky wing, to the walls of the gallant Rutulian, the city which Danaë, they say, borne down on the boisterous south wind, built and planted with Acrision's people. The place was called Ardea once of old; and still Ardea remains a mighty name; but its fortune is no more. Here in his high house Turnus now took rest in the black midnight. Allecto puts off her grim feature and the body of a Fury; she transforms her face to an aged woman's, and furrows her brow with ugly wrinkles; she puts on white tresses chaplet-bound, and entwines them with an olive spray; she becomes aged Calybe, priestess of Juno's temple, and presents herself before his eyes, uttering thus: 'Turnus, wilt thou brook all these toils poured out in vain, and the conveyance of thy crown to Dardanian settlers? The King denies thee thy bride and the dower thy blood had earned; and a foreigner is sought for heir to the kingdom.

Forth now, dupe, and face thankless perils; forth, cut down the Tyrrhenian lines; give the [Pg 159][427-458]Latins peace in thy protection. This Saturn's omnipotent daughter in very presence commanded me to pronounce to thee, as thou wert lying in the still night. Wherefore arise, and make ready with good cheer to arm thy people and march through thy gates to battle; consume those Phrygian captains that lie with their painted hulls in the beautiful river. All the force of heaven orders thee on. Let King Latinus himself know of it, unless he consents to give thee thy bridal, and abide by his words, when he shall at last make proof of Turnus' arms.' But he, deriding her inspiration, with the words of his mouth thus answers her again: 'The fleets ride on the Tiber wave; that news hath not, as thou deemest, escaped mine ears. Frame not such terrors before me. Neither is Queen Juno forgetful of us. . . . But thee, O mother, overworn old age, exhausted and untrue, frets with vain distress, and amid embattled kings mocks thy presage with false dismay. Thy charge it is to keep the divine image and temple; war and peace shall be in the hands of men and warriors.' At such words Allecto's wrath blazed out. But amid his utterance a quick shudder overruns his limbs; his eyes are fixed in horror; so thickly hiss the snakes of the Fury, so vast her form expands. Then rolling her fiery eyes, she thrust him back as he would stammer out more, raised two serpents in her hair, and, sounding her whip, resumed with furious tone: 'Behold me the overworn! me whom old age, exhausted and untrue, mocks with false dismay amid embattled kings! Look on this! I am come from the home of the Dread Sisters: war and death are in my hand. . . .' So speaking, she hurled her torch at him, and pierced his breast with the lurid smoking brand. He breaks from sleep in overpowering fear, his limbs and body bathed in [Pg 160][459-494]sweat that breaks out all over him; he shrieks madly for arms, searches for arms on his bed and in his palace. The passion of the sword rages high, the accursed fury of war, and wrath over all: even as when flaming sticks are heaped roaring loud under the sides of a seething cauldron, and the boiling water leaps up; the river of water within smokes furiously and swells high in overflowing foam, and now the wave contains itself no longer; the dark steam flies aloft. So, for the stain of the broken peace, he orders his chief warriors to march on King Latinus, and bids prepare for battle, to defend Italy and drive the foe from their borders; himself will suffice for Trojans and Latins together.

When he uttered these words and called the gods to hear his vows, the Rutulians stir one another up to arms. One is moved by the splendour of his youthful beauty, one by his royal ancestry, another by the noble deeds of his hand. While Turnus fills the Rutulian minds with valour, Allecto on Stygian wing hastens towards the Trojans. With fresh wiles she marked the spot where beautiful Iülus was trapping and coursing game on the bank; here the infernal maiden suddenly crosses his hounds with the maddening touch of a familiar scent, and drives them hotly on the stag-hunt. This was the source and spring of ill, and kindled the country-folk to war. The stag, beautiful and high-antlered, was stolen from his mother's udder and bred by Tyrrheus' boys and their father Tyrrheus, master of the royal herds, and ranger of the plain. Their sister Silvia tamed him to her rule, and lavished her care on his adornment, twining his antlers with delicate garlands, and combed his wild coat and washed him in the clear spring. Tame to her hand, and familiar to his master's table, he would wander the woods, and, however late the night, return home to the door he knew. Far astray, he floated idly down the stream, and allayed his heat on the green bank, when Iülus' [Pg 161][495-528]mad hounds started him in their hunting; and Ascanius himself, kindled with desire of the chief honour, aimed a shaft from his bended bow. A present deity suffered not his hand to stray, and the loud whistling reed came driven through his belly and flanks. But the wounded beast fled within the familiar roof and crept moaning to the courtyard, dabbled with blood, and filling all the house with moans as of one beseeching.

Sister Silvia, smiting her arms with open hands, begins to call for aid, and gathers the hardy rustics with her cries. They, for a fell destroyer is hidden in the silent woodland, are there before her expectation, one armed with a stake hardened in the fire, one with a heavy knotted trunk; what each one searches and finds, wrath turns into a weapon. Tyrrheus cheers on his array, panting hard, with his axe caught up in his hand, as he was haply splitting an oaken log in four clefts with cross-driven wedges. But the grim goddess, seizing from her watch-tower the moment of mischief, seeks the steep farm-roof and sounds the pastoral war-note from the ridge, straining the infernal cry on her twisted horn; it spread shuddering over all the woodland, and echoed through the deep forests: the lake of Trivia heard it afar; Nar river heard it with white sulphurous water, and the springs of Velinus; and fluttered mothers clasped their children to their breast. Then, hurrying to the voice of the terrible trumpet-note, on all sides the wild rustics snatch their arms and stream in: therewithal the men of Troy pour out from their camp's open gates to succour Ascanius. The lines are ranged; not now in rustic strife do they fight with hard trunks or burned stakes; the two-edged steel sways the fight, the broad cornfields bristle dark with drawn swords, and brass flashes smitten by the sunlight, and casts a gleam high into the cloudy air: as when the wind begins to blow and the flood [Pg 162][529-560]to whiten, gradually the sea lifts his waves higher and yet higher, then rises from the bottom right into the air. Here in the front rank young Almo, once Tyrrheus' eldest son, is struck down by a whistling arrow; for the wound, staying in his throat, cut off in blood the moist voice's passage and the thin life. Around many a one lies dead, aged Galaesus among them, slain as he throws himself between them for a peacemaker, once incomparable in justice and wealth of Ausonian fields; for him five flocks bleated, a five-fold herd returned from pasture, and an hundred ploughs upturned the soil. But while thus in even battle they fight on the broad plain, the goddess, her promise fulfilled, when she hath dyed the war in blood, and mingled death in the first encounter, quits Hesperia, and, glancing through the sky, addresses Juno in exultant tone: 'Lo, discord is ripened at thy desire into baleful war: tell them now to mix in amity and join alliance. Insomuch as I have imbued the Trojans in Ausonian blood, this likewise will I add, if I have assurance of thy will. With my rumours I will sweep the bordering towns into war, and kindle their spirit with furious desire for battle, that from all quarters help may come; I will sow the land with arms.' Then Juno answering: 'Terror and harm is wrought abundantly. The springs of war are aflow: they fight with arms in their grasp, the arms that chance first supplied, that fresh blood stains. Let this be the union, this the bridal that Venus' illustrious progeny and Latinus the King shall celebrate. Our Lord who reigns on Olympus' summit would not have thee stray too freely in heaven's upper air.

Withdraw thy presence. Whatsoever future remains in the struggle, that I myself will sway.' Such accents uttered the daughter of Saturn; and the [Pg 163][561-594]other raises her rustling snaky wings and darts away from the high upper air to Cocytus her home. There is a place midmost of Italy, deep in the hills, notable and famed of rumour in many a country, the Vale of Amsanctus; on either hand a wooded ridge, dark with thick foliage, hems it in, and midway a torrent in swirling eddies shivers and echoes over the rocks. Here is shewn a ghastly pool, a breathing-hole of the grim lord of hell, and a vast chasm breaking into Acheron yawns with pestilential throat. In it the Fury sank, and relieved earth and heaven of her hateful influence. But therewithal the queenly daughter of Saturn puts the last touch to war. The shepherds pour in full tale from the battlefield into the town, bearing back their slain, the boy Almo and Galaesus' disfigured face, and cry on the gods and call on Latinus. Turnus is there, and amid the heat and outcry at the slaughter redoubles his terrors, crying that Teucrians are bidden to the kingdom, that a Phrygian race is mingling its taint with theirs, and he is thrust out of their gates. They too, the matrons of whose kin, struck by Bacchus, trample in choirs down the pathless woods—nor is Amata's name a little thing—they too gather together from all sides and weary themselves with the battle-cry. Omens and oracles of gods go down before them, and all under malign influence clamour for awful war. Emulously they surround Latinus' royal house.

He withstands, even as a rock in ocean unremoved, as a rock in ocean when the great crash comes down, firm in its own mass among many waves slapping all about: in vain the crags and boulders hiss round it in foam, and the seaweed on its side is flung up and sucked away. But when he may in nowise overbear their blind counsel, and all goes at fierce Juno's beck, with many an appeal to gods and void sky, 'Alas!' he cries, 'we are broken of fate and driven helpless in the [Pg 164][595-626]storm. With your very blood will you pay the price of this, O wretched men! Thee, O Turnus, thy crime, thee thine awful punishment shall await; too late wilt thou address to heaven thy prayers and supplication. For my rest was won, and my haven full at hand; I am robbed but of a happy death.' And without further speech he shut himself in the palace, and dropped the reins of state. There was a use in Hesperian Latium, which the Alban towns kept in holy observance, now Rome keeps, the mistress of the world, when they stir the War-God to enter battle; whether their hands prepare to carry war and weeping among Getae or Hyrcanians or Arabs, or to reach to India and pursue the Dawn, and reclaim their standards from the Parthian. There are twain gates of War, so runs their name, consecrate in grim Mars' sanctity and terror.

An hundred bolts of brass and masses of everlasting iron shut them fast, and Janus the guardian never sets foot from their threshold. There, when the sentence of the Fathers stands fixed for battle, the Consul, arrayed in the robe of Quirinus and the Gabine cincture, with his own hand unbars the grating doors, with his own lips calls battles forth; then all the rest follow on, and the brazen trumpets blare harsh with consenting breath. With this use then likewise they bade Latinus proclaim war on the Aeneadae, and unclose the baleful gates. He withheld his hand, and shrank away averse from the abhorred service, and hid himself blindly in the dark. Then the Saturnian queen of heaven glided from the sky, with her own hand thrust open the lingering gates, and swung sharply back on their hinges the iron-bound doors of war.

Ausonia is ablaze, till then unstirred and immoveable. Some make ready to march afoot over the plains; some, mounted on tall horses, ride amain in clouds of dust. All seek out arms; and now they rub their shields smooth and make their spearheads glitter with [Pg 165][627-659]fat lard, and grind their axes on the whetstone: rejoicingly they advance under their standards and hear the trumpet note. Five great cities set up the anvil and sharpen the sword, strong Atina and proud Tibur, Ardea and Crustumeri, and turreted Antemnae. They hollow out head-gear to guard them, and plait wickerwork round shield-bosses; others forge breastplates of brass or smooth greaves of flexible silver. To this is come the honour of share and pruning-hook, to this all the love of the plough: they re-temper their fathers' swords in the furnace. And now the trumpets blare; the watchword for war passes along. One snatches a helmet hurriedly from his house, another backs his neighing horses into the yoke; and arrays himself in shield and mail-coat triple-linked with gold, and girds on his trusty sword. Open now the gates of Helicon, goddesses, and stir the song of the kings that rose for war, the array that followed each and filled the plains, the men that even then blossomed, the arms that blazed in Italy the bountiful land: for you remember, divine ones, and you can recall; to us but a breath of rumour, scant and slight, is wafted down. First from the Tyrrhene coast savage Mezentius, scorner of the gods, opens the war and arrays his columns. By him is Lausus, his son, unexcelled in bodily beauty by any save Laurentine Turnus, Lausus tamer of horses and destroyer of wild beasts; he leads a thousand men who followed him in vain from Agylla town; worthy to be happier in ancestral rule, and to have other than Mezentius for father. After them beautiful Aventinus, born of beautiful Hercules, displays on the sward his palm-crowned chariot and victorious horses, and carries on his shield his father's device, the hundred snakes of the Hydra's serpent-wreath. Him, in the wood of the hill Aventine, Rhea the priestess [Pg 166][660-693]bore by stealth into the borders of light, a woman mingled with a god, after the Tirynthian Conqueror had slain Geryon and set foot on the fields of Laurentum, and bathed his Iberian oxen in the Tuscan river. These carry for war javelins and grim stabbing weapons, and fight with the round shaft and sharp point of the Sabellian pike.

Himself he went on foot swathed in a vast lion skin, shaggy with bristling terrors, whose white teeth encircled his head; in such wild dress, the garb of Hercules clasped over his shoulders, he entered the royal house. Next twin brothers leave Tibur town, and the people called by their brother Tiburtus' name, Catillus and valiant Coras, the Argives, and advance in the forefront of battle among the throng of spears: as when two cloud-born Centaurs descend from a lofty mountain peak, leaving Homole or snowy Othrys in rapid race; the mighty forest yields before them as they go, and the crashing thickets give them way. Nor was the founder of Praeneste city absent, the king who, as every age hath believed, was born of Vulcan among the pasturing herds, and found beside the hearth, Caeculus.

On him a rustic battalion attends in loose order, they who dwell in steep Praeneste and the fields of Juno of Gabii, on the cool Anio and the Hernican rocks dewy with streams; they whom rich Anagnia, and whom thou, lord Amasenus, pasturest. Not all of them have armour, nor shields and clattering chariots. The most part shower bullets of dull lead; some wield in their hand two darts, and have for head-covering caps of tawny wolfskin; their left foot is bare wherewith to plant their steps; the other is covered with a boot of raw hide. But Messapus, tamer of horses, the seed of Neptune, whom none might ever strike down with steel or fire, calls quickly to arms his long unstirred peoples and bands [Pg 167][694-727]disused to war, and again handles the sword. These are of the Fescennine ranks and of Aequi Falisci, these of Soracte's fortresses and the fields of Flavina, and Ciminus' lake and hill, and the groves of Capena.

They marched in even time, singing their King; as whilome snowy swans among the thin clouds, when they return from pasturage, and utter resonant notes through their long necks; far off echoes the river and the smitten Asian fen. . . . Nor would one think these vast streaming masses were ranks clad in brass; rather that, high in air, a cloud of hoarse birds from the deep gulf was pressing to the shore.

Lo, Clausus of the ancient Sabine blood, leading a great host, a great host himself; from whom now the Claudian tribe and family is spread abroad since Rome was shared with the Sabines. Alongside is the broad battalion of Amiternum, and the Old Latins, and all the force of Eretum and the Mutuscan oliveyards; they who dwell in Nomentum town, and the Rosean country by Velinus, who keep the crags of rough Tetrica and Mount Severus, Casperia and Foruli, and the river of Himella; they who drink of Tiber and Fabaris, they whom cold Nursia hath sent, and the squadrons of Horta and the tribes of Latinium; and they whom Allia, the ill-ominous name, severs with its current; as many as the waves that roll on the Libyan sea-floor when fierce Orion sets in the wintry surge; as thick as the ears that ripen in the morning sunlight on the plain of the Hermus or the yellowing Lycian tilth. Their shields clatter, and earth is amazed under the trampling of their feet. Here Agamemnonian Halaesus, foe of the Trojan name, yokes his chariot horses, and draws a thousand warlike peoples to Turnus; those who turn with spades the Massic soil that is glad with wine; whom the elders of Aurunca sent from their high hills, and the Sidicine low country [Pg 168][728-761]hard by; and those who leave Cales, and the dweller by the shallows of Volturnus river, and side by side the rough Saticulan and the Oscan bands. Polished maces are their weapons, and these it is their wont to fit with a tough thong; a target covers their left side, and for close fighting they have crooked swords.

Nor shalt thou, Oebalus, depart untold of in our verses, who wast borne, men say, by the nymph Sebethis to Telon, when he grew old in rule over Capreae the Teleboïc realm: but not so content with his ancestral fields, his son even then held down in wide sway the Sarrastian peoples and the meadows watered by Sarnus, and the dwellers in Rufrae and Batulum, and the fields of Celemnae, and they on whom from her apple orchards Abella city looks down. Their wont was to hurl lances in Teutonic fashion; their head covering was stripped bark of the cork tree, their shield-plates glittering brass, glittering brass their sword. Thee too, Ufens, mountainous Nersae sent forth to battle, of noble fame and prosperous arms, whose race on the stiff Aequiculan clods is rough beyond all other, and bred to continual hunting in the woodland; they till the soil in arms, and it is ever their delight to drive in fresh spoils and live on plunder. Furthermore there came, sent by King Archippus, the priest of the Marruvian people, dressed with prosperous olive leaves over his helmet, Umbro excellent in valour, who was wont with charm and touch to sprinkle slumberous dew on the viper's brood and water-snakes of noisome breath. Yet he availed not to heal the stroke of the Dardanian spear-point, nor was the wound of him helped by his sleepy charms and herbs culled on the Massic hills. Thee the woodland of Angitia, thee Fucinus' glassy wave, thee the clear pools wept. . . . Likewise the seed of Hippolytus marched to war, Virbius [Pg 169][762-796]most excellent in beauty, sent by his mother Aricia. The groves of Egeria nursed him round the spongy shore where Diana's altar stands rich and gracious. For they say in story that Hippolytus, after he fell by his stepmother's treachery, torn asunder by his frightened horses to fulfil a father's revenge, came again to the daylight and heaven's upper air, recalled by Diana's love and the drugs of the Healer. Then the Lord omnipotent, indignant that any mortal should rise from the nether shades to the light of life, launched his thunder and hurled down to the Stygian water the Phoebus-born, the discoverer of such craft and cure. But Trivia the bountiful hides Hippolytus in a secret habitation, and sends him away to the nymph Egeria and the woodland's keeping, where, solitary in Italian forests, he should spend an inglorious life, and have Virbius for his altered name. Whence also hoofed horses are kept

away from Trivia's temple and consecrated groves, because, affrighted at the portents of the sea, they overset the chariot and flung him out upon the shore. Notwithstanding did his son train his ruddy steeds on the level plain, and sped charioted to war. Himself too among the foremost, splendid in beauty of body, Turnus moves armed and towers a whole head over all. His lofty helmet, triple-tressed with horse-hair, holds high a Chimaera breathing from her throat Aetnean fires, raging the more and exasperate with baleful flames, as the battle and bloodshed grow fiercer. But on his polished shield was emblazoned in gold Io with uplifted horns, already a heifer and overgrown with hair, a lofty design, and Argus the maiden's warder, and lord Inachus pouring his stream from his embossed urn. Behind comes a cloud of infantry, and shielded columns thicken over all the plains; the Argive men and Auruncan forces, the Rutulians and old Sicanians, the Sacranian ranks and Labicians with [Pg 170][797-817]painted shields; they who till thy dells, O Tiber, and Numicus' sacred shore, and whose ploughshare goes up and down on the Rutulian hills and the Circaean headland, over whose fields Jupiter of Anxur watches, and Feronia glad in her greenwood: and where the marsh of Satura lies black, and cold Ufens winds his way along the valley-bottoms and sinks into the sea. Therewithal came Camilla the Volscian, leading a train of cavalry, squadrons splendid with brass: a warrior maiden who had never used her woman's hands to Minerva's distaff or wool-baskets, but hardened to endure the battle shock and outstrip the winds with racing feet. She might have flown across the topmost blades of unmown corn and left the tender ears unhurt as she ran; or sped her way over mid sea upborne by the swelling flood, nor dipt her swift feet in the water. All the people pour from house and field, and mothers crowd to wonder and gaze at her as she goes, in rapturous astonishment at the royal lustre of purple that drapes her smooth shoulders, at the clasp of gold that intertwines her tresses, at the Lycian quiver she carries, and the pastoral myrtle shaft topped with steel. [Pg 171] BOOK EIGHTH THE EMBASSAGE TO EVANDER When Turnus ran up the flag of war on the towers of Laurentum, and the trumpets blared with harsh music, when he spurred his fiery steeds and clashed his armour, straightway men's hearts are in tumult; all Latium at once flutters in banded uprisal, and her warriors rage furiously. Their chiefs, Messapus, and Ufens, and Mezentius, scorner of the gods, begin to enrol forces on all sides, and dispeople the wide fields of husbandmen. Venulus too is sent to the town of mighty Diomede to seek succour, to instruct him that Teucrians set foot in Latium; that Aeneas in his fleet invades them with the vanquished gods of his home, and proclaims himself the King summoned of fate; that many tribes join the Dardanian, and his name swells high in Latium.

What he will rear on these foundations, what issue of battle he desires, if Fortune attend him, lies clearer to his own sight than to King Turnus or King Latinus. Thus was it in Latium. And the hero of Laomedon's blood, seeing it all, tosses on a heavy surge of care, and throws his mind rapidly this way and that, and turns it on all hands in swift change of thought: even as when the quivering light of water brimming in brass, struck back [Pg 172][23-56]from the sunlight or the moon's glittering reflection, flickers abroad over all the room, and now mounts aloft and strikes the high panelled roof. Night fell, and over all lands weary creatures were fast in deep slumber, the race of fowl and of cattle; when lord Aeneas, sick at heart of the dismal warfare, stretched him on the river bank under the cope of the cold sky, and let sleep, though late, overspread his limbs. To him the very god of the ground, the pleasant Tiber stream, seemed to raise his aged form among the poplar boughs; thin lawn veiled him with its gray covering, and shadowy reeds hid his hair. Thereon he addressed him thus, and with these words allayed his distresses: 'O born of the family of the gods, thou who bearest back our Trojan city from hostile hands, and keepest Troy towers in eternal life; O long looked for on Laurentine ground and Latin fields! here is thine assured home, thine home's assured gods. Draw not thou back, nor be alarmed by menace of war. All the anger and wrath of the gods is passed away . . . And even now for thine assurance, that thou think not this the idle fashioning of sleep, a great sow shall be found lying under the oaks on the shore, with her new-born litter of thirty head: white she couches on the ground, and the brood about her teats is white.

By this token in thirty revolving years shall Ascanius found a city, Alba of bright name. My prophecy is sure. Now hearken, and I will briefly instruct thee how thou mayest unravel and overcome thy present task. An Arcadian people sprung of Pallas, following in their king Evander's company beneath his banners, have chosen a place in these coasts, and set a city on the hills, called Pallanteum after Pallas their forefather. These wage perpetual war with the Latin race; these do thou take to thy camp's alliance, and join with them in league. Myself I [Pg 173][57-89]will lead thee by my banks and straight along my stream, that thou mayest oar thy way upward against the river.

Up and arise, goddess-born, and even with the setting stars address thy prayers to Juno as is meet, and vanquish her wrath and menaces with humble vows.

To me thou shalt pay a conqueror's sacrifice. I am he whom thou seest washing the banks with full flood and severing the rich tilth, glassy Tiber, best beloved by heaven of rivers. Here is my stately home; my fountain-head is among high cities.' Thus spoke the River, and sank in the depth of the pool: night and sleep left Aeneas. He arises, and, looking towards the radiant sky of the sunrising, holds up water from the river in fitly-hollowed palms, and pours to heaven these accents: 'Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom is the generation of rivers, and thou, O father Tiber, with thine holy flood, receive Aeneas and deign to save him out of danger. What pool soever holds thy source, who pitiest our discomforts, from whatsoever soil thou dost spring excellent in beauty, ever shall my worship, ever my gifts frequent thee, the hornèd river lord of Hesperian waters. Ah, be thou only by me, and graciously confirm thy will.' So speaks he, and chooses two galleys from his fleet, and mans them with rowers, and withal equips a crew with arms. And lo! suddenly, ominous and wonderful to tell, the milk-white sow, of one colour with her white brood, is espied through the forest couched on the green brink; whom to thee, yes to thee, queenly Juno, good Aeneas offers in sacrifice, and sets with her offspring before thine altar. All that night long Tiber assuaged his swelling stream, and silently stayed his refluent wave, smoothing the surface of his waters to the fashion of still pool and quiet mere, to spare [Pg 174][90-121]labour to the oar. So they set out and speed on their way with prosperous cries; the painted fir slides along the waterway; the waves and unwonted woods marvel at their far-gleaming shields, and the gay hulls afloat on the river. They outwear a night and a day in rowing, ascend the long reaches, and pass under the chequered shadows of the trees, and cut through the green woodland in the calm water. The fiery sun had climbed midway in the circle of the sky when they see afar fortress walls and scattered house roofs, where now the might of Rome hath risen high as heaven; then Evander held a slender state. Quickly they turn their prows to land and draw near the town. It chanced on that day the Arcadian king paid his accustomed sacrifice to the great son of Amphitryon and all the gods in a grove before the city. With him his son Pallas, with him all the chief of his people and his poor senate were offering incense, and the blood steamed warm at their altars.

When they saw the high ships, saw them glide up between the shady woodlands and rest on their silent oars, the sudden sight appals them, and all at once they rise and stop the banquet. Pallas courageously forbids them to break off the rites; snatching up a spear, he flies forward, and from a hillock cries afar: 'O men, what cause hath driven you to explore these unknown ways? or whither do you steer? What is your kin, whence your habitation? Is it peace or arms you carry hither?' Then from the lofty stern lord Aeneas thus speaks, stretching forth in his hand an olive bough of peace-bearing: 'Thou seest men born of Troy and arms hostile to the Latins, who have driven us to flight in insolent warfare. We seek Evander; carry this message, and tell him that chosen men of the Dardanian captains are come pleading for an armed alliance.' Pallas stood amazed at the august name. 'Descend,' [Pg 175][122-154]he cries, 'whoso thou art, and speak with my father face to face, and enter our home and hospitality.' And giving him the grasp of welcome, he caught and clung to his hand. Advancing, they enter the grove and leave the river.

Then Aeneas in courteous words addresses the King: 'Best of the Grecian race, thou whom fortune hath willed that I supplicate, holding before me boughs dressed in fillets, no fear stayed me because thou wert a Grecian chief and an Arcadian, or allied by descent to the twin sons of Atreus. Nay, mine own prowess and the sanctity of divine oracles, our ancestral kinship, and the fame of thee that is spread abroad over the earth, have allied me to thee and led me willingly on the path of fate.

Dardanus, who sailed to the Teucrian land, the first father and founder of the Ilian city, was born, as Greeks relate, of Electra the Atlantid; Electra's sire is ancient Atlas, whose shoulder sustains the heavenly spheres. Your father is Mercury, whom white Maia conceived and bore on the cold summit of Cyllene; but Maia, if we give any credence to report, is daughter of Atlas, that same Atlas who bears up the starry heavens; so both our families branch from a single blood. In this confidence I sent no embassy, I framed no crafty overtures; myself I have presented mine own person, and come a suppliant to thy courts. The same Daunian race pursues us and thee in merciless warfare; we once expelled, they trust nothing will withhold them from laying all Hesperia wholly beneath their yoke, and holding the seas that wash it above and below. Accept and return our friendship. We can give brave hearts in war, high souls and men approved in deeds.' Aeneas ended. The other ere now scanned in a long gaze the face and eyes and all the form of the speaker; then thus briefly returns: 'How gladly, bravest of the Teucrians, do I hail and [Pg 176][155-188]own thee! how I recall thy father's words and the very tone and glance of great Anchises! For I remember how Priam son of Laomedon, when he sought Salamis on his way to the realm of his sister Hesione, went on to visit the cold borders of Arcadia. Then early youth clad my cheeks with bloom. I admired the Teucrian captains, admired their lord, the son of Laomedon; but Anchises moved high above them all. My heart burned with youthful passion to accost him and clasp hand in hand; I made my way to him, and led him eagerly to Pheneus' high town. Departing he gave me an adorned quiver and Lycian arrows, a scarf inwoven with gold, and a pair of golden bits that now my Pallas possesses. Therefore my hand is already joined in the alliance you seek, and soon as to-morrow's dawn rises again over earth, I will send you away rejoicing in mine aid, and supply you from my store. Meanwhile, since you are come hither in friendship, solemnise with us these yearly rites which we may not defer, and even now learn to be familiar at your comrades' board.' This said, he commands the feast and the wine-cups to be replaced whence they were taken, and with his own hand ranges them on the grassy seat, and welcomes Aeneas to the place of honour, with a lion's shaggy fell for cushion and a hospitable chair of maple. Then chosen men with the priest of the altar in emulous haste bring roasted flesh of bulls, and pile baskets with the gift of ground corn, and serve the wine. Aeneas and the men of Troy with him feed on the long chines of oxen and the entrails of the sacrifice. After hunger is driven away and the desire of food stayed, King Evander speaks: 'No idle superstition that knows not the gods of old hath ordered these our solemn rites, this customary feast, this altar of august sanctity; saved from bitter perils, O Trojan guest, do we worship, and [Pg 177][189-225]most due are the rites we inaugurate. Look now first on this overhanging cliff of stone, where shattered masses lie strewn, and the mountain dwelling stands desolate, and rocks are rent away in vast ruin. Here was a cavern, awful and deep-withdrawn, impenetrable to the sunbeams, where the monstrous half-human shape of Cacus had his hold: the ground was ever wet with fresh slaughter, and pallid faces of men, ghastly with gore, hung nailed on the haughty doors. This monster was the son of Vulcan, and spouted his black fires from his mouth as he moved in giant bulk. To us also in our desire time bore a god's aid and arrival. For princely Alcides the avenger came glorious in the spoils of triple Geryon slain; this way the Conqueror drove the huge bulls, and his oxen filled the river valley. But savage Cacus, infatuate to leave nothing undared or unhandled in craft or crime, drives four bulls of choice shape away from their pasturage, and as many heifers of excellent beauty. And these, that there should be no straightforward footprints, he dragged by the tail into his cavern, the track of their compelled path reversed, and hid them behind the screen of rock. No marks were there to lead a seeker to the cavern.

Meanwhile the son of Amphitryon, his herds filled with food, was now breaking up his pasturage and making ready to go. The oxen low as they depart; all the woodland is filled with their complaint as they clamorously quit the hills. One heifer returned the cry, and, lowing from the depth of the dreary cave, baffled the hope of Cacus from her imprisonment. At this the grief and choler of Alcides blazed forth dark and infuriate. Seizing in his hand his club of heavy knotted oak, he seeks with swift pace the aery mountain steep. Then, as never before, did we see Cacus afraid and his countenance troubled; he goes flying swifter than the wind and seeks his cavern; fear wings his feet. As he shut himself in, and, bursting the [Pg 178][226-260]chains, dropped the vast rock slung in iron by his father's craft, and blocked the doorway with its pressure, lo! the Tirynthian came in furious wrath, and, scanning all the entry, turned his face this way and that and ground his teeth. Thrice, hot with rage, he circles all Mount Aventine; thrice he assails the rocky portals in vain; thrice he sinks down outwearied in the valley. There stood a sharp rock of flint with sides cut sheer away, rising over the cavern's ridge a vast height to see, fit haunt for foul birds to build on. This—for, sloping from the ridge, it leaned on the left towards the river—he loosened, urging it from the right till he tore it loose from its deep foundations; then suddenly shook it free; with the shock the vast sky thunders, the banks leap apart, and the amazed river recoils. But the den, Cacus' huge palace, lay open and revealed, and the depths of gloomy cavern were made manifest; even as though some force tearing earth apart should unlock the infernal house, and disclose the pallid realms abhorred of heaven, and deep down the monstrous gulf be descried where the ghosts flutter in the streaming daylight. On him then, surprised in unexpected light, shut in the rock's recesses and howling in strange fashion, Alcides from above hurls missiles and calls all his arms to aid, and presses hard on him with boughs and enormous millstones. And he, for none other escape from peril is left, vomits from his throat vast jets of smoke, wonderful to tell, and enwreathes his dwelling in blind gloom, blotting view from the eyes, while in the cave's depth night thickens with smoke-bursts in a darkness shot with fire. Alcides broke forth in anger, and with a bound hurled himself sheer amid the flames, where the smoke rolls billowing and voluminous, and the cloud surges black through the enormous den. Here, as Cacus in the darkness spouts forth his idle fires, he grasps and twines tight round him, till his eyes start out and his throat [Pg 179][261-295]is drained of blood under the strangling pressure. Straightway the doors are torn open and the dark house laid plain; the stolen oxen and forsworn plunder are shewn forth to heaven, and the misshapen carcase dragged forward by the feet. Men cannot satisfy their soul with gazing on the terrible eyes, the monstrous face and shaggy bristling chest, and the throat with its quenched fires. Thenceforth this sacrifice is solemnised, and a younger race have gladly kept the day; Potitius the inaugurator, and the Pinarian family, guardians of the rites of Hercules, have set in the grove this altar, which shall ever be called of us Most Mighty, and shall be our mightiest evermore. Wherefore arise, O men, and enwreathe your hair with leafy sprays, and stretch forth the cups in your hands; call on our common god and pour the glad wine.' He ended; when the twy-coloured poplar of Hercules hid his shaded hair with pendulous plaited leaf, and the sacred goblet filled his hand. Speedily all pour glad libation on the board, and supplicate the gods. Meanwhile the evening star draws nigher down the slope of heaven, and now the priests went forth, Potitius at their head, girt with skins after their fashion, and bore torches aflame. They renew the banquet, and bring the grateful gift of a second repast, and heap the altars with loaded platters. Then the Salii stand round the lit altar-fires to sing, their brows bound with poplar boughs, one chorus of young men, one of elders, and extol in song the praises and deeds of Hercules; how first he strangled in his gripe the twin terrors, the snakes of his stepmother; how he likewise shattered in war famous cities, Troy and Oechalia; how under Eurystheus the King he bore the toil of a thousand labours by Juno's malign decrees. Thine hand, unconquered, slays the cloud-born double-bodied race, Hylaeus and Pholus, the Cretan monster, and the huge lion in the hollow Nemean rock.

Before thee the Stygian pools [Pg 180][296-329]shook for fear, before thee the warder of hell, couched on half-gnawn bones in his blood-stained cavern; to thee not any form was terrible, not Typhoeus' self towering in arms; thou wast not bereft of counsel when the snake of Lerna encompassed thee with thronging heads. Hail, true seed of Jove, deified glory! graciously visit us and these thy rites with favourable feet.

Such are their songs of praise; they crown all with the cavern of Cacus and its fire-breathing lord. All the woodland echoes with their clamour, and the hills resound. Thence all at once, the sacred rites accomplished, retrace their way to the city. The age-worn King walked holding Aeneas and his son by his side for companions on his way, and lightened the road with changing talk. Aeneas admires and turns his eyes lightly round about, pleased with the country; and gladly on spot after spot inquires and hears of the memorials of earlier men. Then King Evander, founder of the fortress of Rome: 'In these woodlands dwelt Fauns and Nymphs sprung of the soil, and a tribe of men born of stocks and hard oak; who had neither law nor grace of life, nor did they know to yoke bulls or lay up stores or save their gains, but were nurtured by the forest boughs and the hard living of the huntsman. Long ago Saturn came from heaven on high in flight before Jove's arms, an exile from his lost realm. He gathered together the unruly race scattered on the mountain heights, and gave them statutes, and chose Latium to be their name, since in these borders he had found a safe hiding-place. Beneath his reign were the ages named of gold; thus, in peace and quietness, did he rule the nations; till gradually there crept in a sunken and stained time, the rage of war, and the lust of possession. Then came the Ausonian clan and the tribes of Sicania, and many a time the land of Saturn put away her name. Then were kings, [Pg 181][330-364]and fierce Thybris with his giant bulk, from whose name we of Italy afterwards called the Tiber river, when it lost the true name of old, Albula. Me, cast out from my country and following the utmost limits of the sea, Fortune the omnipotent and irreversible doom settled in this region; and my mother the Nymph Carmentis' awful warnings and Apollo's divine counsel drove me hither.' Scarce was this said; next advancing he points out the altar and the Carmental Gate, which the Romans call anciently by that name in honour of the Nymph Carmentis, seer and soothsayer, who sang of old the coming greatness of the Aeneadae and the glory of Pallanteum. Next he points out the wide grove where valiant Romulus set his sanctuary, and the Lupercal in the cool hollow of the rock, dedicate to Lycean Pan after the manner of Parrhasia. Therewithal he shows the holy wood of Argiletum, and calls the spot to witness as he tells the slaying of his guest Argus. Hence he leads him to the Tarpeian house, and the Capitol golden now, of old rough with forest thickets. Even then men trembled before the wood and rock. 'This grove,' he cries, 'this hill with its leafy crown, is a god's dwelling, though whose we know not; the Arcadians believe Jove himself hath been visible, when often he shook the darkening aegis in his hand and gathered the storm-clouds. Thou seest these two towns likewise with walls overthrown, relics and memorials of men of old. This fortress lord Janus built, this Saturn; the name of this was once Janiculum, of that Saturnia.' With such mutual words they drew nigh the house of poor Evander, and saw scattered herds lowing on the Roman Forum and down the gay Carinae. When they reached his dwelling, 'This threshold,' he cries, 'Alcides the Conqueror stooped to cross; in this palace he rested. Dare thou, my guest, to despise riches; mould thyself to [Pg 182][365-396]like dignity of godhead, and come not exacting to our poverty.' He spoke, and led tall Aeneas under the low roof of his narrow dwelling, and laid him on a couch of stuffed leaves and the skin of a Libyan she-bear. Night falls and clasps the earth in her dusky wings.

But Venus, stirred in spirit by no vain mother's alarms, and moved by the threats and stern uprisal of the Laurentines, addresses herself to Vulcan, and in her golden bridal chamber begins thus, breathing divine passion in her speech: 'While Argolic kings wasted in war the doomed towers of Troy, the fortress fated to fall in hostile fires, no succour did I require for her wretched people, no weapons of thine art and aid: nor would I task, dear my lord, thee or thy toils for naught, though I owed many and many a debt to the children of Priam, and had often wept the sore labour of Aeneas. Now by Jove's commands he hath set foot in the Rutulian borders; I now therefore come with entreaty, and ask armour of the god I worship. For the son she bore, the tears of Nereus' daughter, of Tithonus' consort, could melt thine heart. Look what nations are gathering, what cities bar their gates and sharpen the sword against me for the desolation of my children.' The goddess ended, and, as he hesitates, clasps him round in the soft embrace of her snowy arms. He suddenly caught the wonted flame, and the heat known of old pierced him to the heart and overran his melting frame: even as when, bursting from the thunder peal, a sparkling cleft of fire shoots through the storm-clouds with dazzling light.

His consort knew, rejoiced in her wiles, and felt her beauty. Then her lord speaks, enchained by Love the immortal: 'Why these far-fetched pleas? Whither, O goddess, is thy trust in me gone? Had like distress been thine, [Pg 183][397-431]even then we might unblamed have armed thy Trojans, nor did doom nor the Lord omnipotent forbid Troy to stand, and Priam to survive yet ten other years. And now, if thou purposest war, and this is thy counsel, whatever charge I can undertake in my craft, in aught that may be made of iron or molten electrum, whatever fire and air can do, cease thou to entreat as doubtful of thy strength.' These words spoken, he clasped his wife in the desired embrace, and, sinking in her lap, wooed quiet slumber to overspread his limbs. Thereon, so soon as sleep, now in mid-career of waning night, had given rest and gone; soon as a woman, whose task is to sustain life with her distaff and the slender labours of the loom, kindles the ashes of her slumbering fire, her toil encroaching on the night, and sets a long task of fire-lit spinning to her maidens, that so she may keep her husband's bed unsullied and nourish her little children,—even so the Lord of Fire, nor slacker in his hours than she, rises from his soft couch to the work of his smithy. An island rises by the side of Sicily and Aeolian Lipare, steep with smoking cliffs, whereunder the vaulted and thunderous Aetnean caverns are hollowed out for Cyclopean forges, the strong strokes on the anvils echo in groans, ore of steel hisses in the vaults, and the fire pants in the furnaces: the house of Vulcan, and Vulcania the land's name. Hither now the Lord of Fire descends from heaven's height. In the vast cavern the Cyclopes were forging iron, Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon with bared limbs. Shaped in their hands was a thunderbolt, in part already polished, such as the Father of Heaven hurls down on earth in multitudes, part yet unfinished.

Three coils of frozen rain, three of watery mist they had enwrought in it, three of ruddy fire and winged south wind; now they were mingling in their work the awful splendours, the sound and terror, and the [Pg 184][432-469]angry pursuing flames. Elsewhere they hurried on a chariot for Mars with flying wheels, wherewith he stirs up men and cities; and burnished the golden serpent-scales of the awful aegis, the armour of wrathful Pallas, and the entwined snakes on the breast of the goddess, the Gorgon head with severed neck and rolling eyes. 'Away with all!' he cries: 'stop your tasks unfinished, Cyclopes of Aetna, and attend to this; a warrior's armour must be made. Now must strength, now quickness of hand be tried, now all our art lend her guidance. Fling off delay.' He spoke no more; but they all bent rapidly to the work, allotting their labours equally. Brass and ore of gold flow in streams, and wounding steel is molten in the vast furnace. They shape a mighty shield, to receive singly all the weapons of the Latins, and weld it sevenfold, circle on circle. Some fill and empty the windy bellows of their blast, some dip the hissing brass in the trough. They raise their arms mightily in responsive time, and turn the mass of metal about in the grasp of their tongs.

While the lord of Lemnos is busied thus in the borders of Aeolia, Evander is roused from his low dwelling by the gracious daylight and the matin songs of birds from the eaves. The old man arises, and draws on his body raiment, and ties the Tyrrhene shoe latchets about his feet; then buckles to his side and shoulder his Tegeaean sword, and swathes himself in a panther skin that droops upon his left. Therewithal two watch-dogs go before him from the high threshold, and accompany their master's steps. The hero sought his guest Aeneas in the privacy of his dwelling, mindful of their talk and his promised bounty. Nor did Aeneas fail to be astir with the dawn. With the one went his son Pallas, with the other Achates. They meet and clasp hands, and, sitting down within the house, at length enjoy unchecked converse. The King begins thus: . . . [Pg 185][470-505]'Princely chief of the Teucrians, in whose lifetime I will never allow the state or realm of Troy vanquished, our strength is scant to succour in war for so great a name. On this side the Tuscan river shuts us in; on that the Rutulian drives us hard, and thunders in arms about our walls. But I purpose to unite to thee mighty peoples and the camp of a wealthy realm; an unforeseen chance offers this for thy salvation. Fate summons thy approach. Not far from here stands fast Agylla city, an ancient pile of stone, where of old the Lydian race, eminent in war, settled on the Etruscan ridges.

For many years it flourished, till King Mezentius ruled it with insolent sway and armed terror. Why should I relate the horrible murders, the savage deeds of the monarch?

May the gods keep them in store for himself and his line! Nay, he would even link dead bodies to living, fitting hand to hand and face to face (the torture!), and in the oozy foulness and corruption of the dreadful embrace so slay them by a lingering death.

But at last his citizens, outwearied by his mad excesses, surround him and his house in arms, cut down his comrades, and hurl fire on his roof. Amid the massacre he escaped to the refuge of Rutulian land and the armed defence of Turnus' friendship. So all Etruria hath risen in righteous fury, and in immediate battle claim their king for punishment. Over these thousands will I make thee chief, O Aeneas; for their noisy ships crowd all the shore, and they bid the standards advance, while the aged diviner stays them with prophecies: "O chosen men of Maeonia, flower and strength of them, of old time, whom righteous anger urges on the enemy, and Mezentius inflames with deserved wrath, to no Italian is it permitted to hold this great nation in control: choose foreigners to lead you." At that, terrified by the divine warning, the Etruscan lines have encamped on the plain; Tarchon himself hath sent ambassadors to me with the crown [Pg 186][506-539]and sceptre of the kingdom, and offers the royal attire will I but enter their camp and take the Tyrrhene realm. But old age, frozen to dulness, and exhausted with length of life, denies me the load of empire, and my prowess is past its day. I would urge it on my son, did not the mixture of blood by his Sabellian mother make this half his native land. Thou, to whose years and race alike the fates extend their favour, on whom fortune calls, enter thou in, a leader supreme in bravery over Teucrians and Italians. Mine own Pallas likewise, our hope and comfort, I will send with thee; let him grow used to endure warfare and the stern work of battle under thy teaching, to regard thine actions, and from his earliest years look up to thee.

To him will I give two hundred Arcadian cavalry, the choice of our warlike strength, and Pallas as many more to thee in his own name.' Scarce had he ended; Aeneas, son of Anchises, and trusty Achates gazed with steadfast face, and, sad at heart, were revolving inly many a labour, had not the Cytherean sent a sign from the clear sky. For suddenly a flash and peal comes quivering from heaven, and all seemed in a moment to totter, and the Tyrrhene trumpet-blast to roar along the sky. They look up; again and yet again the heavy crash re-echoes. They see in the serene space of sky armour gleam red through a cloud in the clear air, and ring clashing out. The others stood in amaze; but the Trojan hero knew the sound for the promise of his goddess mother; then he speaks: 'Ask not, O friend, ask not in any wise what fortune this presage announces; it is I who am summoned of heaven. This sign the goddess who bore me foretold she would send if war assailed, and would bring through the air to my succour armour from Vulcan's hands. . . . Ah, what slaughter awaits the wretched Laurentines! what a price, O Turnus, wilt thou pay me! how many shields and helmets and brave bodies of men shalt thou, [Pg 187][540-573]Lord Tiber, roll under thy waves! Let them call for armed array and break the league!' These words uttered, he rises from the high seat, and first wakes with fresh fire the slumbering altars of Hercules, and gladly draws nigh his tutelar god of yesternight and the small deities of the household. Alike Evander, and alike the men of Troy, offer up, as is right, choice sheep of two years old. Thereafter he goes to the ships and revisits his crew, of whose company he chooses the foremost in valour to attend him to war; the rest glide down the water and float idly with the descending stream, to come with news to Ascanius of his father's state. They give horses to the Teucrians who seek the fields of Tyrrhenia; a chosen one is brought for Aeneas, housed in a tawny lion skin that glitters with claws of gold. Rumour flies suddenly, spreading over the little town, that they ride in haste to the courts of the Tyrrhene king. Mothers redouble their prayers in terror, as fear treads closer on peril and the likeness of the War God looms larger in sight. Then Evander, clasping the hand of his departing son, clings to him weeping inconsolably, and speaks thus: 'Oh, if Jupiter would restore me the years that are past, as I was when, close under Praeneste, I cut down their foremost ranks and burned the piled shields of the conquered! Then this right hand sent King Erulus down to hell, though to him at his birth his mother Feronia (awful to tell) had given three lives and triple arms to wield; thrice must he be laid low in death; yet then this hand took all his lives and as often stripped him of his arms. Never should I now, O son, be severed from thy dear embrace; never had the insolent sword of Mezentius on my borders dealt so many cruel deaths, widowed the city of so many citizens.

But you, O heavenly powers, and thou, Jupiter, Lord and Governor of Heaven, have compassion, I pray, on [Pg 188][574-609]the Arcadian king, and hear a father's prayers. If your deity and decrees keep my Pallas safe for me, if I live that I may see him and meet him yet, I pray for life; any toil soever I have patience to endure. But if, O Fortune, thou threatenest some dread calamity, now, ah now, may I break off a cruel life, while anxiety still wavers and expectation is in doubt, while thou, dear boy, my one last delight, art yet clasped in my embrace; let no bitterer message wound mine ear.' These words the father poured forth at the final parting; his servants bore him swooning within. And now the cavalry had issued from the open gates, Aeneas and trusty Achates among the foremost, then other of the Trojan princes, Pallas conspicuous amid the column in scarf and inlaid armour; like the Morning Star, when, newly washed in the ocean wave, he shews his holy face in heaven, and melts the darkness away. Fearful mothers stand on the walls and follow with their eyes the cloud of dust and the squadrons gleaming in brass. They, where the goal of their way lies nearest, bear through the brushwood in armed array. Forming in column, they advance noisily, and the horse hoof shakes the crumbling plain with four-footed trampling. There is a high grove by the cold river of Caere, widely revered in ancestral awe; sheltering hills shut it in all about and girdle the woodland with their dark firs. Rumour is that the old Pelasgians, who once long ago held the Latin borders, consecrated the grove and its festal day to Silvanus, god of the tilth and flock. Not far from it Tarchon and his Tyrrhenians were encamped in a protected place; and now from the hill-top the tents of all their army might be seen outspread on the fields. Lord Aeneas and his chosen warriors draw hither and refresh their weary horses and limbs. But Venus the white goddess drew nigh, bearing her gifts through the clouds of heaven; and when she saw her [Pg 189][610-646]son withdrawn far apart in the valley's recess by the cold river, cast herself in his way, and addressed him thus: 'Behold perfected the presents of my husband's promised craftsmanship: so shalt thou not shun, O my child, soon to challenge the haughty Laurentines or fiery Turnus to battle.' The Cytherean spoke, and sought her son's embrace, and laid the armour glittering under an oak over against him.

He, rejoicing in the magnificence of the goddess' gift, cannot have his fill of turning his eyes over it piece by piece, and admires and handles between his arms the helmet, dread with plumes and spouting flame, as when a blue cloud takes fire in the sunbeams and gleams afar; then the smooth greaves of electrum and refined gold, the spear, and the shield's ineffable design. There the Lord of Fire had fashioned the story of Italy and the triumphs of the Romans, not witless of prophecy or ignorant of the age to be; there all the race of Ascanius' future seed, and their wars fought one by one. Likewise had he fashioned the she-wolf couched after the birth in the green cave of Mars; round her teats the twin boys hung playing, and fearlessly mouthed their foster-mother; she, with round neck bent back, stroked them by turns and shaped their bodies with her tongue. Thereto not far from this he had set Rome and the lawless rape of the Sabines in the concourse of the theatre when the great Circensian games were celebrated, and a fresh war suddenly arising between the people of Romulus and aged Tatius and austere Cures. Next these same kings laid down their mutual strife and stood armed before Jove's altar with cup in hand, and joined treaty over a slain sow. Not far from there four-horse chariots driven apart had torn Mettus asunder (but thou, O Alban, shouldst have kept by thy words!), and Tullus tore the flesh of the liar through the forest, his splashed blood dripping from the briars. Therewithal Porsena commanded [Pg 190][647-681]to admit the exiled Tarquin, and held the city in the grasp of a strong blockade; the Aeneadae rushed on the sword for liberty. Him thou couldst espy like one who chafes and like one who threatens, because Cocles dared to tear down the bridge, and Cloelia broke her bonds and swam the river. Highest of all Manlius, warder of the Tarpeian fortress, stood with the temple behind him and held the high Capitoline; and the thatch of Romulus' palace stood rough and fresh. And here the silver goose, fluttering in the gilded colonnades, cried that the Gauls were there on the threshold. The Gauls were there among the brushwood, hard on the fortress, secure in the darkness and the dower of shadowy night. Their clustering locks are of gold, and of gold their attire; their striped cloaks glitter, and their milk-white necks are entwined with gold. Two Alpine pikes sparkle in the hand of each, and long shields guard their bodies. Here he had embossed the dancing Salii and the naked Luperci, the crests wreathed in wool, and the sacred shields that fell from heaven; in cushioned cars the virtuous matrons led on their rites through the city.

Far hence he adds the habitations of hell also, the high gates of Dis and the dooms of guilt; and thee, O Catiline, clinging on the beetling rock, and shuddering at the faces of the Furies; and far apart the good, and Cato delivering them statutes. Amidst it all flows wide the likeness of the swelling sea, wrought in gold, though the foam surged gray upon blue water; and round about dolphins, in shining silver, swept the seas with their tails in circle as they cleft the tide. In the centre were visible the brazen war-fleets of Actium; thou mightest see all Leucate swarm in embattled array, and the waves gleam with gold. Here Caesar Augustus, leading Italy to battle with Fathers and People, with gods of household and of state, stands on the lofty stern; prosperous flames jet round his brow, and his [Pg 191][682-715]ancestral star dawns overhead. Elsewhere Agrippa, with favouring winds and gods, proudly leads on his column; on his brows glitters the prow-girt naval crown, the haughty emblazonment of the war.

Here Antonius with barbarian aid and motley arms, from the conquered nations of the Dawn and the shore of the southern sea, carries with him Egypt and the Eastern forces of utmost Bactra, and the shameful Egyptian woman goes as his consort. All at once rush on, and the whole ocean is torn into foam by straining oars and triple-pointed prows. They steer to sea; one might think that the Cyclades were uptorn and floated on the main, or that lofty mountains clashed with mountains, so mightily do their crews urge on the turreted ships. Flaming tow and the winged steel of darts shower thickly from their hands; the fields of ocean redden with fresh slaughter. Midmost the Queen calls on her squadron with the timbrel of her country, nor yet casts back a glance on the twin snakes behind her.

Howling Anubis, and gods monstrous and multitudinous, level their arms against Neptune and Venus and against Minerva; Mars rages amid the havoc, graven in iron, and the Fatal Sisters hang aloft, and Discord strides rejoicing with garment rent, and Bellona attends her with blood-stained scourge. Looking thereon, Actian Apollo above drew his bow; with the terror of it all Egypt and India, every Arab and Sabaean, turned back in flight. The Queen herself seemed to call the winds and spread her sails, and even now let her sheets run slack. Her the Lord of Fire had fashioned amid the carnage, wan with the shadow of death, borne along by the waves and the north-west wind; and over against her the vast bulk of mourning Nile, opening out his folds and calling with all his raiment the conquered people into his blue lap and the coverture of his streams. But Caesar rode into the city of Rome in triple triumph, and dedicated his vowed [Pg 192][716-731]offering to the gods to stand for ever, three hundred stately shrines all about the city. The streets were loud with gladness and games and shouting. In all the temples was a band of matrons, in all were altars, and before the altars slain steers strewed the ground. Himself he sits on the snowy threshold of Phoebus the bright, reviews the gifts of the nations and ranges them on the haughty doors. The conquered tribes move in long line, diverse as in tongue, so in fashion of dress and armour. Here Mulciber had designed the Nomad race and the ungirt Africans, here the Leleges and Carians and archer Gelonians. Euphrates went by now with smoother waves, and the Morini utmost of men, and the hornèd Rhine, the untamed Dahae, and Araxes chafing under his bridge. These things he admires on the shield of Vulcan, his mother's gift, and rejoicing in the portraiture of unknown history, lifts on his shoulder the destined glories of his children. [Pg 193] BOOK NINTH THE SIEGE OF THE TROJAN CAMP And while thus things pass far in the distance, Juno daughter of Saturn sent Iris down the sky to gallant Turnus, then haply seated in his forefather Pilumnus' holy forest dell. To him the child of Thaumas spoke thus with roseate lips: 'Turnus, what no god had dared promise to thy prayer, behold, is brought unasked by the circling day. Aeneas hath quitted town and comrades and fleet to seek Evander's throne and Palatine dwelling-place. Nor is it enough; he hath pierced to Corythus' utmost cities, and is mustering in arms a troop of Lydian rustics. Why hesitate?

now, now is the time to call for chariot and horses. Break through all hindrance and seize the bewildered camp.' She spoke, and rose into the sky on poised wings, and flashed under the clouds in a long flying bow. He knew her, and lifting either hand to heaven, with this cry pursued her flight: 'Iris, grace of the sky, who hath driven thee down the clouds to me and borne thee to earth? Whence is this sudden sheen of weather?

I see the sky parting asunder, and the wandering stars in the firmament. I follow the high omen, whoso thou art that callest me to arms.' And with these words he drew nigh the wave, and [Pg 194][23-58]caught up water from its brimming eddy, making many prayers to the gods and burdening the air with vows. And now all the army was advancing on the open plain, rich in horses, rich in raiment of broidered gold. Messapus rules the foremost ranks, the sons of Tyrrheus the rear. Turnus commands the centre: even as Ganges rising high in silence when his seven streams are still, or the rich flood of Nile when he ebbs from the plains, and is now sunk into his channel. On this the Teucrians descry a sudden cloud of dark dust gathering, and the blackness rising on the plain. Caïcus raises a cry from the mound in front: 'What mass of misty gloom, O citizens, is rolling hitherward? to arms in haste! serve out weapons, climb the walls. The enemy approaches, ho!' With mighty clamour the Teucrians pour in through all the gates and fill the works. For so at his departure Aeneas the great captain had enjoined; were aught to chance meanwhile, they should not venture to range their line or trust the plain, but keep their camp and the safety of the entrenched walls. So, though shame and wrath beckon them on to battle, they yet bar the gates and do his bidding, and await the foe armed and in shelter of the towers.

Turnus, who had flown forward in advance of his tardy column, comes up suddenly to the town with a train of twenty chosen cavalry, borne on a Thracian horse dappled with white, and covered by a golden helmet with scarlet plume. 'Who will be with me, my men, to be first on the foe? See!' he cries; and sends a javelin spinning into the air to open battle, and advances towering on the plain. His comrades take up the cry, and follow with dreadful din, wondering at the Teucrians' coward hearts, that they issue not on even field nor face them in arms, but keep in shelter of the camp. Hither and thither he rides furiously, tracing the walls, and seeking entrance where way is none.

And as a wolf prowling [Pg 195][59-92]about some crowded sheepfold, when, beaten sore of winds and rains, he howls at the pens by midnight; safe beneath their mothers the lambs keep bleating on; he, savage and insatiate, rages in anger against the flock he cannot reach, tired by the long-gathering madness for food, and the throat unslaked with blood: even so the Rutulian, as he gazes on the walled camp, kindles in anger, and indignation is hot in his iron frame. By what means may he essay entrance?

by what passage hurl the imprisoned Trojans from the rampart and fling them on the plain? Close under the flanking camp lay the fleet, fenced about with mounds and the waters of the river; it he attacks, and calls for fire to his exultant comrades, and eagerly catches a blazing pine-torch in his hand. Then indeed they press on, quickened by Turnus' presence, and all the band arm them with black faggots. The hearth-fires are plundered; the smoky brand trails a resinous glare, and the Fire-god sends clouds of glowing ashes upward. What god, O Muses, guarded the Trojans from the rage of the fire? who repelled the fierce flame from their ships? Tell it; ancient is the assurance thereof, but the fame everlasting.

What time Aeneas began to shape his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and prepared to seek the high seas, the Berecyntian, they say, the very Mother of gods, spoke to high Jove in these words: 'Grant, O son, to my prayer, what her dearness claims who bore thee and laid Olympus under thy feet. My pine forest beloved of me these many years, my grove was on the mountain's crown, whither men bore my holy things, dim with dusky pine and pillared maples. These, when he required a fleet, I gave gladly to the Dardanian; now fear wrings me with sharp distress. Relieve my terrors, and grant a mother's prayers such power that they may yield to no stress of voyaging or of stormy gust: be birth on our hills their avail.' [Pg 196][93-126]Thus her son in answer, who wheels the starry worlds: 'O mother, whither callest thou fate? or what dost thou seek for these of thine? May hulls have the right of immortality that were fashioned by mortal hand? and may Aeneas traverse perils secure in insecurity? To what god is power so great given? Nay, but when, their duty done, they shall lie at last in their Ausonian haven, from all that have outgone the waves and borne their Dardanian captain to the fields of Laurentum, will I take their mortal body, and bid them be goddesses of the mighty deep, even as Doto the Nereïd and Galatea, when they cut the sea that falls away from their breasts in foam.' He ended; and by his brother's Stygian streams, by the banks of the pitchy black-boiling chasm he nodded confirmation, and shook all Olympus with his nod. So the promised day was come, and the destinies had fulfilled their due time, when Turnus' injury stirred the Mother to ward the brands from her holy ships. First then a strange light flashed on all eyes, and a great glory from the Dawn seemed to dart over the sky, with the choirs of Ida; then an awful voice fell through air, filling the Trojan and Rutulian ranks: 'Disquiet not yourselves, O Teucrians, to guard ships of mine, neither arm your hands: sooner shall Turnus burn the seas than these holy pines. You, go free; go, goddesses of the sea; the Mother bids it.' And immediately each ship breaks the bond that held it, as with dipping prows they plunge like dolphins deep into the water: from it again (O wonderful and strange!) they rise with maidens' faces in like number, and bear out to sea.

The Rutulians stood dumb: Messapus himself is terror-stricken among his disordered cavalry; even the stream of Tiber pauses with hoarse murmur, and recoils from sea. But bold Turnus fails not a whit in confidence; nay, he [Pg 197][127-158]raises their courage with words, nay, he chides them: 'On the Trojans are these portents aimed; Jupiter himself hath bereft them of their wonted succour; nor do they abide Rutulian sword and fire. So are the seas pathless for the Teucrians, nor is there any hope in flight; they have lost half their world. And we hold the land: in all their thousands the nations of Italy are under arms. In no wise am I dismayed by those divine oracles of doom the Phrygians insolently advance. Fate and Venus are satisfied, in that the Trojans have touched our fruitful Ausonian fields. I too have my fate in reply to theirs, to put utterly to the sword the guilty nation who have robbed me of my bride; not the sons of Atreus alone are touched by that pain, nor may Mycenae only rise in arms. But to have perished once is enough! To have sinned once should have been enough, in all but utter hatred of the whole of womankind.

Trust in the sundering rampart, and the hindrance of their trenches, so little between them and death, gives these their courage: yet have they not seen Troy town, the work of Neptune's hand, sink into fire?

But you, my chosen, who of you makes ready to breach their palisade at the sword's point, and join my attack on their fluttered camp? I have no need of Vulcanian arms, of a thousand ships, to meet the Teucrians. All Etruria may join on with them in alliance: nor let them fear the darkness, and the cowardly theft of their Palladium, and the guards cut down on the fortress height. Nor will we hide ourselves unseen in a horse's belly; in daylight and unconcealed are we resolved to girdle their walls with flame.

Not with Grecians will I make them think they have to do, nor a Pelasgic force kept off till the tenth year by Hector. Now, since the better part of day is spent, for what remains refresh your bodies, glad that we have done so well, and expect the order of battle.' [Pg 198][159-192]Meanwhile charge is given to Messapus to blockade the gates with pickets of sentries, and encircle the works with watchfires. Twice seven are chosen to guard the walls with Rutulian soldiery; but each leads an hundred men, crimson-plumed and sparkling in gold. They spread themselves about and keep alternate watch, and, lying along the grass, drink deep and set brazen bowls atilt. The fires glow, and the sentinels spend the night awake in games. . . . Down on this the Trojans look forth from the rampart, as they hold the height in arms; withal in fearful haste they try the gates and lay gangways from bastion to bastion, and bring up missiles. Mnestheus and valiant Serestus speed the work, whom lord Aeneas appointed, should misfortune call, to be rulers of the people and governors of the state. All their battalions, sharing the lot of peril, keep watch along the walls, and take alternate charge of all that requires defence. On guard at the gate was Nisus son of Hyrtacus, most valiant in arms, whom Ida the huntress had sent in Aeneas' company with fleet javelin and light arrows; and by his side Euryalus, fairest of all the Aeneadae and the wearers of Trojan arms, showing on his unshaven boy's face the first bloom of youth. These two were one in affection, and charged in battle together; now likewise their common guard kept the gate. Nisus cries: 'Lend the gods this fervour to the soul, Euryalus? or does fatal passion become a proper god to each? Long ere now my soul is restless to begin some great deed of arms, and quiet peace delights it not. Thou seest how confident in fortune the Rutulians stand. Their lights glimmer far apart; buried in drunken sleep they have sunk to rest; silence stretches all about. Learn then what doubt, what purpose, now rises in my spirit.

People and senate, they all cry that Aeneas [Pg 199][193-226]be summoned, and men be sent to carry him tidings. If they promise what I ask in thy name—for to me the glory of the deed is enough—methinks I can find beneath yonder hillock a path to the walls of Pallanteum town.' Euryalus stood fixed, struck through with high ambition, and therewith speaks thus to his fervid friend: 'Dost thou shun me then, Nisus, to share thy company in highest deeds? shall I send thee alone into so great perils? Not thus did my warrior father Opheltes rear and nurture me amid the Argive terror and the agony of Troy, nor thus have I borne myself by thy side while following noble Aeneas to his utmost fate. Here is a spirit, yes here, that scorns the light of day, that deems lightly bought at a life's price that honour to which thou dost aspire.' To this Nisus: 'Assuredly I had no such fear of thee; no, nor could I; so may great Jupiter, or whoso looks on earth with equal eyes, restore me to thee triumphant. But if haply—as thou seest often and often in so forlorn a hope—if haply chance or deity sweep me to adverse doom, I would have thee survive; thine age is worthier to live. Be there one to commit me duly to earth, rescued or ransomed from the battlefield: or, if fortune deny that, to pay me far away the rites of funeral and the grace of a tomb. Neither would I bring such pain on thy poor mother, she who singly of many matrons hath dared to follow her boy to the end, and slights great Acestes' city.' And he: 'In vain dost thou string idle reasons; nor does my purpose yield or change its place so soon.

Let us make haste.' He speaks, and rouses the watch; they come up, and relieve the guard; quitting their post, he and Nisus stride on to seek the prince. The rest of living things over all lands were soothing their cares in sleep, and their hearts forgot their pain; the foremost Trojan captains, a chosen band, held council [Pg 200][227-261]of state upon the kingdom; what should they do, or who would now be their messenger to Aeneas? They stand, leaning on their long spears and grasping their shields, in mid level of the camp. Then Nisus and Euryalus together pray with quick urgency to be given audience; their matter is weighty and will be worth the delay. Iülus at once heard their hurried plea, and bade Nisus speak. Thereon the son of Hyrtacus: 'Hear, O people of Aeneas, with favourable mind, nor regard our years in what we offer. Sunk in sleep and wine, the Rutulians are silent; we have stealthily spied the open ground that lies in the path through the gate next the sea. The line of fires is broken, and their smoke rises darkly upwards. If you allow us to use the chance towards seeking Aeneas in Pallanteum town, you will soon descry us here at hand with the spoils of the great slaughter we have dealt. Nor shall we miss the way we go; up the dim valleys we have seen the skirts of the town, and learned all the river in continual hunting.' Thereon aged Aletes, sage in counsel: 'Gods of our fathers, under whose deity Troy ever stands, not wholly yet do you purpose to blot out the Trojan race, when you have brought us young honour and hearts so sure as this.' So speaking, he caught both by shoulder and hand, with tears showering down over face and feature. 'What guerdon shall I deem may be given you, O men, what recompense for these noble deeds? First and fairest shall be your reward from the gods and your own conduct; and Aeneas the good shall speedily repay the rest, and Ascanius' fresh youth never forget so great a service.'—'Nay,' breaks in Ascanius, 'I whose sole safety is in my father's return, I adjure thee and him, O Nisus, by our great household gods, by the tutelar spirit of Assaracus and hoar Vesta's sanctuary—on your knees I lay all my fortune and trust—recall my father; [Pg 201][262-296]give him back to sight; all sorrow disappears in his recovery. I will give a pair of cups my father took in vanquished Arisba, wrought in silver and rough with tracery, twin tripods, and two large talents of gold, and an ancient bowl of Sidonian Dido's giving. If it be indeed our lot to possess Italy and grasp a conquering sceptre, and to assign the spoil; thou sawest the horse and armour of Turnus as he went all in gold; that same horse, the shield and the ruddy plume, will I reserve from partition, thy reward, O Nisus, even from now. My father will give besides twelve mothers of the choicest beauty, and men captives, all in their due array; above these, the space of meadow-land that is now King Latinus' own domain. Thee, O noble boy, whom mine age follows at a nearer interval, even now I welcome to all my heart, and embrace as my companion in every fortune.

No glory shall be sought for my state without thee; whether peace or war be in conduct, my chiefest trust for deed and word shall be in thee.' Answering whom Euryalus speaks thus: 'Let but the day never come to prove me degenerate from this daring valour; fortune may fall prosperous or adverse. But above all thy gifts, one thing I ask of thee. My poor mother of Priam's ancient race, whom neither the Ilian land nor King Acestes' city kept from following me forth, her I now leave in ignorance of this danger, such as it is, and without a farewell, because—night and thine hand be witness!—I cannot bear a parent's tears. But thou, I pray, support her want and relieve her loneliness. Let me take with me this hope in thee, I shall go more daringly to every fortune.' Deeply stirred at heart, the Dardanians shed tears, fair Iülus before them all, as the likeness of his own father's love wrung his soul.

Then he speaks thus: . . . 'Assure thyself all that is due to thy mighty enterprise; [Pg 202][297-330]for she shall be a mother to me, and only in name fail to be Creüsa; nor slight is the honour reserved for the mother of such a son. What chance soever follow this deed, I swear by this head whereby my father was wont to swear, what I promise to thee on thy prosperous return shall abide the same for thy mother and kindred.' So speaks he weeping, and ungirds from his shoulder the sword inlaid with gold, fashioned with marvellous skill by Lycaon of Gnosus and fitly set in a sheath of ivory.

Mnestheus gives Nisus the shaggy spoils of a lion's hide; faithful Aletes exchanges his helmet.

They advance onward in arms, and as they go all the company of captains, young and old, speed them to the gates with vows. Likewise fair Iülus, with a man's thought and a spirit beyond his years, gave many messages to be carried to his father. But the breezes shred all asunder and give them unaccomplished to the clouds. They issue and cross the trenches, and through the shadow of night seek the fatal camp, themselves first to be the death of many a man. All about they see bodies strewn along the grass in drunken sleep, chariots atilt on the shore, the men lying among their traces and wheels, with their armour by them, and their wine. The son of Hyrtacus began thus: 'Euryalus, now for daring hands; all invites them; here lies our way; see thou that none raise a hand from behind against us, and keep far-sighted watch. Here will I deal desolation, and make a broad path for thee to follow.' So speaks he and checks his voice; therewith he drives his sword at lordly Rhamnes, who haply on carpets heaped high was drawing the full breath of sleep; a king himself, and King Turnus' best-beloved augur, but not all his augury could avert his doom. Three of his household beside him, lying carelessly among their arms, and the armour-bearer and charioteer of Remus go [Pg 203][331-364]down before him, caught at the horses' feet. Their drooping necks he severs with the sword, then beheads their lord likewise and leaves the trunk spouting blood; the dark warm gore soaks ground and cushions. Therewithal Lamyrus and Lamus, and beautiful young Serranus, who that night had played long and late, and lay with the conquering god heavy on every limb; happy, had he played out the night, and carried his game to day! Even thus an unfed lion riots through full sheepfolds, for the madness of hunger urges him, and champs and rends the fleecy flock that are dumb with fear, and roars with blood-stained mouth. Nor less is the slaughter of Euryalus; he too rages all aflame; an unnamed multitude go down before his path, and Fadus and Herbesus and Rhoetus and Abaris, unaware; Rhoetus awake and seeing all, but he hid in fear behind a great bowl; right in whose breast, as he rose close by, he plunged the sword all its length, and drew it back heavy with death. He vomits forth the crimson life-blood, and throws up wine mixed with blood in the death agony. The other presses hotly on his stealthy errand, and now bent his way towards Messapus' comrades, where he saw the last flicker of the fires go down, and the horses tethered in order cropping the grass; when Nisus briefly speaks thus, for he saw him carried away by excess of murderous desire; 'Let us stop; for unfriendly daylight draws nigh. Vengeance is sated to the full; a path is cut through the enemy.' Much they leave behind, men's armour wrought in solid silver, and bowls therewith, and beautiful carpets. Euryalus tears away the decorations of Rhamnes and his sword-belt embossed with gold, a gift which Caedicus, wealthiest of men of old, sends to Remulus of Tibur when plighting friendship far away; he on his death-bed gives them to his grandson for his own; after his death the Rutulians captured them as spoil of war; these he fits on the shoulders valiant [Pg 204][365-396]in vain, then puts on Messapus' light helmet with its graceful plumes. They issue from the camp and make for safety. Meanwhile an advanced guard of cavalry were on their way from the Latin city, while the rest of their marshalled battalions linger on the plains, and bore a reply to King Turnus; three hundred men all under shield, in Volscens' leading. And now they approached the camp and drew near the wall, when they descry the two turning away by the pathway to the left; and in the glimmering darkness of night the forgotten helmet betrayed Euryalus, glittering as it met the light. It seemed no thing of chance. Volscens cries aloud from his column: 'Stand, men! why on the march, or how are you in arms? or whither hold you your way?' They offer nothing in reply, but quicken their flight into the forest, and throw themselves on the night. On this side and that the horsemen bar the familiar crossways, and encircle every outlet with sentinels. The forest spread wide in tangled thickets and dark ilex; thick growth of briars choked it all about, and the muffled pathway glimmered in a broken track. Hampered by the shadowy boughs and his cumbrous spoil, Euryalus in his fright misses the line of way. Nisus gets clear; and now unthinkingly he had passed the enemy, and the place afterwards called Albani from Alba's name; then the deep coverts were of King Latinus' domain; when he stopped, and looked back in vain for his lost friend. 'Euryalus, unhappy! on what ground have I left thee? or where shall I follow, again unwinding all the entanglement of the treacherous woodland way?' Therewith he marks and retraces his footsteps, and wanders down the silent thickets.

He hears the horses, hears the clatter and signal-notes of the pursuers. Nor had he long to wait, when shouts reach his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom even now, in the perplexity of ground and [Pg 205][397-431]darkness, the whole squadron have borne down in a sudden rush, and seize in spite of all his vain struggles. What shall he do? with what force, what arms dare his rescue?

or shall he rush on his doom amid their swords, and find in their wounds a speedy and glorious death? Quickly he draws back his arm with poised spear, and looking up to the moon on high, utters this prayer: 'Do thou give present aid to our enterprise, O Latonian goddess, glory of the stars and guardian of the woodlands: by all the gifts my father Hyrtacus ever bore for my sake to thine altars, by all mine own hand hath added from my hunting, or hung in thy dome, or fixed on thy holy roof, grant me to confound these masses, and guide my javelin through the air.' He ended, and with all the force of his body hurls the steel. The flying spear whistles through the darkness of the night, and comes full on the shield of Sulmo, and there snaps, and the broken shaft passes on through his heart. Spouting a warm tide from his breast he rolls over chill in death, and his sides throb with long-drawn gasps. Hither and thither they gaze round. Lo, he all the fiercer was poising another weapon high by his ear; while they hesitate, the spear went whizzing through both Tagus' temples, and pierced and stuck fast in the warm brain.

Volscens is mad with rage, and nowhere espies the sender of the weapon, nor where to direct his fury. 'Yet meanwhile thy warm blood shalt pay me vengeance for both,' he cries; and unsheathing his sword, he made at Euryalus. Then indeed frantic with terror Nisus shrieks out; no longer could he shroud himself in darkness or endure such agony. 'On me, on me, I am here, I did it, on me turn your steel, O Rutulians! Mine is all the guilt; he dared not, no, nor could not; to this heaven I appeal and the stars that know; he only loved his hapless friend too well.' Such words he was uttering; but the sword driven hard home is gone [Pg 206][432-464]clean through his ribs and pierces the white breast. Euryalus rolls over in death, and the blood runs over his lovely limbs, and his neck sinks and settles on his shoulder; even as when a lustrous flower cut away by the plough droops in death, or weary-necked poppies bow down their head if overweighted with a random shower.

But Nisus rushes amidst them, and alone among them all makes at Volscens, keeps to Volscens alone: round him the foe cluster, and on this side and that hurl him back: none the less he presses on, and whirls his sword like lightning, till he plunges it full in the face of the shrieking Rutulian, and slays his enemy as he dies. Then, stabbed through and through, he flung himself above his lifeless friend, and there at last found the quiet sleep of death. Happy pair! if my verse is aught of avail, no length of days shall ever blot you from the memory of time, while the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the Capitoline's stedfast stone, and the lord of Rome hold sovereignty.

The victorious Rutulians, with their spoils and the plunder regained, bore dead Volscens weeping to the camp. Nor in the camp was the wailing less, when Rhamnes was found a bloodless corpse, and Serranus and Numa and all their princes destroyed in a single slaughter. Crowds throng towards the corpses and the men wounded to death, the ground fresh with warm slaughter and the swoln runlets of frothing blood. They mutually recognise the spoils, Messapus' shining helmet and the decorations that cost such sweat to win back. And now Dawn, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, scattered over earth her fresh shafts of early light; now the sunlight streams in, now daylight unveils the world. Turnus, himself fully armed, awakes his men to arms, and each leader marshals to battle his brazen lines and whets their ardour with varying rumours. Nay, pitiable sight! they [Pg 207][465-499]fix on spear-points and uprear and follow with loud shouts the heads of Euryalus and Nisus. . . . The Aeneadae stubbornly face them, lining the left hand wall (for their right is girdled by the river), hold the deep trenches and stand gloomily on the high towers, stirred withal by the faces they know, alas, too well, in their dark dripping gore. Meanwhile Rumour on fluttering wings rushes with the news through the alarmed town and glides to the ears of Euryalus' mother. But instantly the warmth leaves her woeful body, the shuttle starts from her hand and the threads unroll. She darts forth in agony, and with woman's wailing and torn hair runs distractedly towards the walls and the foremost columns, recking naught of men, naught of peril or weapons; thereon she fills the air with her complaint: 'Is it thus I behold thee, O Euryalus?
Couldst thou, the latest solace of mine age, leave me alone so cruelly?
nor when sent into such danger was one last word of thee allowed thine unhappy mother?

Alas, thou liest in a strange land, given for a prey to the dogs and fowls of Latium! nor was I, thy mother, there for chief mourner, to lay thee out or close thine eyes or wash thy wounds, and cover thee with the garment I hastened on for thee whole nights and days, an anxious old woman taking comfort from the loom. Whither shall I follow? or what land now holds thy mangled corpse, thy body torn limb from limb? Is this all of what thou wert that returns to me, O my son? is it this I have followed by land and sea? Strike me through of your pity, on me cast all your weapons, Rutulians; make me the first sacrifice of your steel. Or do thou, mighty lord of heaven, be merciful, and with thine own weapon hurl this hateful life to the nether deep, since in no wise else may I break away from life's cruelty.' At this weeping cry their courage falters, and a sigh of sorrow passes all along; their strength is benumbed and broken for battle. Her, while [Pg 208][500-535]her grief kindled, at Ilioneus' and weeping Iülus' bidding Idaeus and Actor catch up and carry home in their arms. But the terrible trumpet-note afar rang on the shrill brass; a shout follows, and is echoed from the sky. The Volscians hasten up in even line under their advancing roof of shields, and set to fill up the trenches and tear down the palisades. Some seek entrance by scaling the walls with ladders, where the defenders' battle-line is thin, and light shows through gaps in the ring of men. The Teucrians in return shower weapons of every sort, and push them down with stiff poles, practised by long warfare in their ramparts' defence: and fiercely hurl heavy stones, so be they may break the shielded line; while they, crowded under their shell, lightly bear all the downpour. But now they fail; for where the vast mass presses close, the Teucrians roll a huge block tumbling down that makes a wide gap in the Rutulians and crashes through their armour-plating. Nor do the bold Rutulians care longer to continue the blind fight, but strive to clear the rampart with missiles. . . . Elsewhere in dreadful guise Mezentius brandishes his Etruscan pine and hurls smoking brands; but Messapus, tamer of horses, seed of Neptune, tears away the palisading and calls for ladders to the ramparts.

Thy sisterhood, O Calliope, I pray inspire me while I sing the destruction spread then and there by Turnus' sword, the deaths dealt from his hand, and whom each warrior sent down to the under world; and unroll with me the broad borders of war.

A tower loomed vast with lofty gangways at a point of vantage; this all the Italians strove with main strength to storm, and set all their might and device to overthrow it; the Trojans in return defended it with stones and hurled showers of darts through the loopholes. Turnus, leading the attack, threw a blazing torch that caught flaming on the [Pg 209] [536-570]side wall; swoln by the wind, the flame seized the planking and clung devouring to the standards. Those within, in hurry and confusion, desire retreat from their distress; in vain; while they cluster together and fall back to the side free from the destroyer, the tower sinks prone under the sudden weight with a crash that thunders through all the sky.

Pierced by their own weapons, and impaled on hard splinters of wood, they come half slain to the ground with the vast mass behind them. Scarcely do Helenor alone and Lycus struggle out; Helenor in his early prime, whom a slave woman of Licymnos bore in secret to the Maeonian king, and sent to Troy in forbidden weapons, lightly armed with sheathless sword and white unemblazoned shield. And he, when he saw himself among Turnus' encircling thousands, ranks on this side and ranks on this of Latins, as a wild beast which, girt with a crowded ring of hunters, dashes at their weapons, hurls herself unblinded on death, and comes with a bound upon the spears; even so he rushes to his death amid the enemy, and presses on where he sees their weapons thickest.

But Lycus, far fleeter of foot, holds by the walls in flight midway among foes and arms, and strives to catch the coping in his grasp and reach the hands of his comrades. And Turnus pursuing and aiming as he ran, thus upbraids him in triumph: 'Didst thou hope, madman, thou mightest escape our hands?' and catches him as he clings, and tears him and a great piece of the wall away: as when, with a hare or snowy-bodied swan in his crooked talons, Jove's armour-bearer soars aloft, or the wolf of Mars snatches from the folds some lamb sought of his mother with incessant bleating. On all sides a shout goes up.

They advance and fill the trenches with heaps of earth; some toss glowing brands on the roofs. Ilioneus strikes down Lucetius with a great fragment of mountain rock as, carrying fire, he draws [Pg 210][571-606]nigh the gate. Liger slays Emathion, Asylas Corinaeus, the one skilled with the javelin, the other with the stealthy arrow from afar. Caeneus slays Ortygius; Turnus victorious Caeneus; Turnus Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus, and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas where he stood in front of the turret top; Capys Privernus: him Themillas' spear had first grazed lightly; the madman threw down his shield to carry his hand to the wound; so the arrow winged her way, and pinning his hand to his left side, broke into the lungs with deadly wound. The son of Arcens stood splendid in arms, and scarf embroidered with needlework and bright with Iberian blue, the beautiful boy sent by his father Arcens from nurture in the grove of our Lady about the streams of Symaethus, where Palicus' altar is rich and gracious.

Laying down his spear, Mezentius whirled thrice round his head the tightened cord of his whistling sling, pierced him full between the temples with the molten bullet, and stretched him all his length upon the sand. Then, it is said, Ascanius first aimed his flying shaft in war, wont before to frighten beasts of the chase, and struck down a brave Numanian, Remulus by name, but lately allied in bridal to Turnus' younger sister. He advancing before his ranks clamoured things fit and unfit to tell, and strode along lofty and voluble, his heart lifted up with his fresh royalty. 'Take you not shame to be again held leaguered in your ramparts, O Phrygians twice taken, and to make walls your fence from death?

Behold them who demand in war our wives for theirs! What god, what madness, hath driven you to Italy? Here are no sons of Atreus nor glozing Ulysses. A race of hardy breed, we carry our newborn children to the streams and harden them in the bitter icy water; as boys they spend wakeful nights over the chase, and tire out the woodland; but in manhood, [Pg 211][607-639]unwearied by toil and trained to poverty, they subdue the soil with their mattocks, or shake towns in war. Every age wears iron, and we goad the flanks of our oxen with reversed spear; nor does creeping old age weaken our strength of spirit or abate our force. White hairs bear the weight of the helmet; and it is ever our delight to drive in fresh spoil and live on our plunder. Yours is embroidered raiment of saffron and shining sea-purple. Indolence is your pleasure, your delight the luxurious dance; you wear sleeved tunics and ribboned turbans. O right Phrygian women, not even Phrygian men! traverse the heights of Dindymus, where the double-mouthed flute breathes familiar music. The drums call you, and the Berecyntian boxwood of the mother of Ida; leave arms to men, and lay down the sword.' As he flung forth such words of ill-ominous strain, Ascanius brooked it not, and aimed an arrow on him from the stretched horse sinew; and as he drew his arms asunder, first stayed to supplicate Jove in lowly vows: 'Jupiter omnipotent, deign to favour this daring deed. My hands shall bear yearly gifts to thee in thy temple, and bring to stand before thine altars a steer with gilded forehead, snow-white, carrying his head high as his mother's, already pushing with his horn and making the sand fly up under his feet.' The Father heard and from a clear space of sky thundered on the left; at once the fated bow rings, the grim-whistling arrow flies from the tense string, and goes through the head of Remulus, the steel piercing through from temple to temple. 'Go, mock valour with insolence of speech! Phrygians twice taken return this answer to Rutulians.' Thus and no further Ascanius; the Teucrians respond in cheers, and shout for joy in rising height of courage. Then haply in the tract of heaven tressed Apollo sate looking down from his cloud on the [Pg 212][640-673]Ausonian ranks and town, and thus addresses triumphant Iülus: 'Good speed to thy young valour, O boy! this is the way to heaven, child of gods and parent of gods to be! Rightly shall all wars fated to come sink to peace beneath the line of Assaracus; nor art thou bounded in a Troy.' So speaking, he darts from heaven's height, and cleaving the breezy air, seeks Ascanius. Then he changes the fashion of his countenance, and becomes aged Butes, armour-bearer of old to Dardanian Anchises, and the faithful porter of his threshold; thereafter his lord gave him for Ascanius' attendant.

In all points like the old man Apollo came, voice and colour, white hair, and grimly clashing arms, and speaks these words to eager Iülus: 'Be it enough, son of Aeneas, that the Numanian hath fallen unavenged beneath thine arrows; this first honour great Apollo allows thee, nor envies the arms that match his own. Further, O boy, let war alone.' Thus Apollo began, and yet speaking retreated from mortal view, vanishing into thin air away out of their eyes. The Dardanian princes knew the god and the arms of deity, and heard the clash of his quiver as he went.

So they restrain Ascanius' keenness for battle by the words of Phoebus' will; themselves they again close in conflict, and cast their lives into the perilous breach. Shouts run all along the battlemented walls; ringing bows are drawn and javelin thongs twisted: all the ground is strewn with missiles. Shields and hollow helmets ring to blows; the battle swells fierce; heavy as the shower lashes the ground that sets in when the Kids are rainy in the West; thick as hail pours down from storm-clouds on the shallows, when the rough lord of the winds congeals his watery deluge and breaks up the hollow vapours in the sky. Pandarus and Bitias, sprung of Alcanor of Ida, whom woodland Iaera bore in the grove of Jupiter, grown now [Pg 213][674-709]tall as their ancestral pines and hills, fling open the gates barred by their captain's order, and confident in arms, wilfully invite the enemy within the walls. Themselves within they stand to right and left in front of the towers, sheathed in iron, the plumes flickering over their stately heads: even as high in air around the gliding streams, whether on Padus' banks or by pleasant Athesis, twin oaks rise lifting their unshorn heads into the sky with high tops asway. The Rutulians pour in when they see the entrance open. Straightway Quercens and Aquicolus beautiful in arms, and desperate Tmarus, and Haemon, seed of Mars, either gave back in rout with all their columns, or in the very gateway laid down their life. Then the spirits of the combatants swell in rising wrath, and now the Trojans gather swarming to the spot, and dare to close hand to hand and to sally farther out. News is brought to Turnus the captain, as he rages afar among the routed foe, that the enemy surges forth into fresh slaughter and flings wide his gates. He breaks off unfinished, and, fired with immense anger, rushes towards the haughty brethren at the Dardanian gate. And on Antiphates first, for first he came, the bastard son of mighty Sarpedon by a Theban mother, he hurls his javelin and strikes him down; the Italian cornel flies through the yielding air, and, piercing the gullet, runs deep into his breast; a frothing tide pours from the dark yawning wound, and the steel grows warm where it pierces the lung.

Then Meropes and Erymas, then Aphidnus goes down before his hand; then Bitias, fiery-eyed and exultant, not with a javelin; for not to a javelin had he given his life; but the loud-whistling pike came hurled with a thunderbolt's force; neither twofold bull's hide kept it back, nor the trusty corslet's double scales of gold: his vast limbs sink in a heap; earth utters a groan, and the great shield clashes [Pg 214][710-745]over him: even as once and again on the Euboïc shore of Baiae falls a mass of stone, built up of great blocks and so cast into the sea; thus does it tumble prone, crashes into the shoal water and sinks deep to rest; the seas are stirred, and the dark sand eddies up; therewith the depth of Prochyta quivers at the sound, and the couchant rocks of Inarime, piled above Typhoeus by Jove's commands. On this Mars armipotent raised the spirit and strength of the Latins, and goaded their hearts to rage, and sent Flight and dark Fear among the Teucrians. From all quarters they gather, since battle is freely offered; and the warrior god inspires. . . . Pandarus, at his brother's fall, sees how fortune stands, what hap rules the day; and swinging the gate round on its hinge with all his force, pushes it to with his broad shoulders, leaving many of his own people shut outside the walls in the desperate conflict, but shutting others in with him as they pour back in retreat. Madman! who saw not the Rutulian prince burst in amid their columns, and fairly shut him into the town, like a monstrous tiger among the silly flocks. At once strange light flashed from his eyes, and his armour rang terribly; the blood-red plumes flicker on his head, and lightnings shoot sparkling from his shield.

In sudden dismay the Aeneadae know the hated form and giant limbs. Then tall Pandarus leaps forward, in burning rage at his brother's death: 'This is not the palace of Amata's dower,' he cries, 'nor does Ardea enclose Turnus in her native walls.

Thou seest a hostile camp; escape hence is hopeless.' To him Turnus, smiling and cool: 'Begin with all thy valiance, and close hand to hand; here too shalt thou tell that a Priam found his Achilles.' He ended; the other, putting out all his strength, hurls his rough spear, knotty and unpeeled. The breezes caught it; Juno, daughter of Saturn, [Pg 215][746-780]made the wound glance off as it came, and the spear sticks fast in the gate. 'But this weapon that my strong hand whirls, this thou shalt not escape; for not such is he who sends weapon and wound.' So speaks he, and rises high on his uplifted sword; the steel severs the forehead midway right between the temples, and divides the beardless cheeks with ghastly wound.

He crashes down; earth shakes under the vast weight; dying limbs and brain-spattered armour tumble in a heap to the ground, and the head, evenly severed, dangles this way and that from either shoulder. The Trojans scatter and turn in hasty terror; and had the conqueror forthwith taken thought to burst the bars and let in his comrades at the gate, that had been the last day of the war and of the nation. But rage and mad thirst of slaughter drive him like fire on the foe. . . . First he catches up Phalaris; then Gyges, and hamstrings him; he plucks away their spears, and hurls them on the backs of the flying crowd; Juno lends strength and courage. Halys he sends to join them, and Phegeus, pierced right through the shield; then, as they ignorantly raised their war-cry on the walls, Alcander and Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis. Lynceus advanced to meet him, calling up his comrades; from the rampart the glittering sword sweeps to the left and catches him; struck off by the one downright blow, head and helmet lay far away. Next Amycus fell, the deadly huntsman, incomparable in skill of hand to anoint his arrows and arm their steel with venom; and Clytius the Aeolid, and Cretheus beloved of the Muses, Cretheus of the Muses' company, whose delight was ever in songs and harps and stringing of verses; ever he sang of steeds and armed men and battles. At last, hearing of the slaughter of their men, the Teucrian captains, Mnestheus and gallant Serestus, come up, and see their comrades in disordered flight and the foe [Pg 216][781-814]let in.

And Mnestheus: 'Whither next, whither press you in flight?

what other walls, what farther city have you yet? Shall one man, and he girt in on all sides, fellow-citizens, by your entrenchments, thus unchecked deal devastation throughout our city, and send all our best warriors to the under world? Have you no pity, no shame, cowards, for your unhappy country, for your ancient gods, for great Aeneas?' Kindled by such words, they take heart and rally in dense array. Little by little Turnus drew away from the fight towards the river, and the side encircled by the stream: the more bravely the Teucrians press on him with loud shouts and thickening masses, even as a band that fall on a wrathful lion with levelled weapons, but he, frightened back, retires surly and grim-glaring; and neither does wrath nor courage let him turn his back, nor can he make head, for all that he desires it, against the surrounding arms and men. Even thus Turnus draws lingeringly backward, with unhastened steps, and soul boiling in anger. Nay, twice even then did he charge amid the enemy, twice drove them in flying rout along the walls. But all the force of the camp gathers hastily up; nor does Juno, daughter of Saturn, dare to supply him strength to countervail; for Jupiter sent Iris down through the aery sky, bearing stern orders to his sister that Turnus shall withdraw from the high Trojan town. Therefore neither with shield nor hand can he keep his ground, so overpoweringly from all sides comes upon him the storm of weapons. About the hollows of his temples the helmet rings with incessant clash, and the solid brass is riven beneath the stones; the horsehair crest is rent away; the shield-boss avails not under the blows; Mnestheus thunders on with his Trojans, and pours in a storm of spears. All over him the sweat trickles and pours in swart stream, and no breathing space is given; sick gasps shake [Pg 217][815-818]his exhausted limbs. Then at last, with a headlong bound, he leapt fully armed into the river; the river's yellow eddies opened for him as he came, and the buoyant water brought him up, and, washing away the slaughter, returned him triumphant to his comrades. [Pg 218] BOOK TENTH THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH Meanwhile the heavenly house omnipotent unfolds her doors, and the father of gods and king of men calls a council in the starry dwelling; whence he looks sheer down on the whole earth, the Dardanian camp, and the peoples of Latium.

They sit down within from doorway to doorway: their lord begins: 'Lords of heaven, wherefore is your decree turned back, and your minds thus jealously at strife? I forbade Italy to join battle with the Teucrians; why this quarrel in face of my injunction? What terror hath bidden one or another run after arms and tempt the sword? The due time of battle will arrive, call it not forth, when furious Carthage shall one day sunder the Alps to hurl ruin full on the towers of Rome. Then hatred may grapple with hatred, then hostilities be opened; now let them be, and cheerfully join in the treaty we ordain.' Thus Jupiter in brief; but not briefly golden Venus returns in answer: . . . 'O Lord, O everlasting Governor of men and things—for what else may we yet supplicate?—beholdest thou how the Rutulians brave it, and Turnus, borne charioted through the ranks, proudly sweeps down the tide of battle? Bar [Pg 219][22-58]and bulwark no longer shelter the Trojans; nay, within the gates and even on the mounded walls they clash in battle and make the trenches swim with blood.

Aeneas is away and ignorant. Wilt thou never then let our leaguer be raised? Again a foe overhangs the walls of infant Troy; and another army, and a second son of Tydeus rises from Aetolian Arpi against the Trojans. Truly I think my wounds are yet to come, and I thy child am keeping some mortal weapons idle. If the Trojans steered for Italy without thy leave and defiant of thy deity, let them expiate their sin; aid not such with thy succour. But if so many oracles guided them, given by god and ghost, why may aught now reverse thine ordinance or write destiny anew? Why should I recall the fleets burned on the coast of Eryx? why the king of storms, and the raging winds roused from Aeolia, or Iris driven down the clouds? Now hell too is stirred (this share of the world was yet untried) and Allecto suddenly let loose above to riot through the Italian towns. In no wise am I moved for empire; that was our hope while Fortune stood; let those conquer whom thou wilt. If thy cruel wife leave no region free to Teucrians, by the smoking ruins of desolated Troy, O father, I beseech thee, grant Ascanius unhurt retreat from arms, grant me my child's life. Aeneas may well be tossed over unknown seas and follow what path soever fortune open to him; him let me avail to shelter and withdraw from the turmoil of battle. Amathus is mine, high Paphos and Cythera, and my house of Idalia; here, far from arms, let him spend an inglorious life.

Bid Carthage in high lordship rule Ausonia; there will be nothing there to check the Tyrian cities. What help was it for the Trojans to escape war's doom and thread their flight through Argive fires, to have exhausted all those perils of sea and desolate lands, while they seek Latium and the towers of a Troy rebuilt? Were it not better to have [Pg 220] [59-91]clung to the last ashes of their country, and the ground where once was Troy? Give back, I pray, Xanthus and Simoïs to a wretched people, and let the Teucrians again, O Lord, circle through the fates of Ilium.' Then Queen Juno, swift and passionate: 'Why forcest thou me to break long silence and proclaim my hidden pain?

Hath any man or god constrained Aeneas to court war or make armed attack on King Latinus? In oracular guidance he steered for Italy: be it so: he whom raving Cassandra sent on his way! Did we urge him to quit the camp or entrust his life to the winds? to give the issue of war and the charge of his ramparts to a child? to stir the loyalty of Tyrrhenia or throw peaceful nations into tumult? What god, what potent cruelty of ours, hath driven him on his hurt? Where is Juno in this, or Iris sped down the clouds? It shocks thee that Italians should enring an infant Troy with flame, and Turnus set foot on his own ancestral soil—he, grandchild of Pilumnus, son of Venilia the goddess: how, that the dark brands of Troy assail the Latins? that Trojans subjugate and plunder fields not their own? how, that they choose their brides and tear plighted bosom from bosom? that their gestures plead for peace, and their ships are lined with arms? Thou canst steal thine Aeneas from Grecian hands, and spread before them a human semblance of mist and empty air; thou canst turn his fleet into nymphs of like number: is it dreadful if we retaliate with any aid to the Rutulians? Aeneas is away and ignorant; away and ignorant let him be. Paphos is thine and Idalium, thine high Cythera; why meddlest thou with fierce spirits and a city big with war? Is it we who would overthrow the tottering state of Phrygia? we? or he who brought the Achaeans down on the hapless Trojans? who made Europe and Asia bristle up in arms, and whose theft shattered the alliance? Was it in my guidance the [Pg 221][92-125]adulterous Dardanian broke into Sparta? or did I send the shafts of passion that kindled war? Then terror for thy children had graced thee; too late now dost thou rise with unjust complaints, and reproaches leave thy lips in vain.' Thus Juno pleaded; and all the heavenly people murmured in diverse consent; even as rising gusts murmur when caught in the forests, and eddy in blind moanings, betraying to sailors the gale's approach.

Then the Lord omnipotent and primal power of the world begins; as he speaks the high house of the gods and trembling floor of earth sink to silence; silent is the deep sky, and the breezes are stilled; ocean hushes his waters into calm. 'Take then to heart and lay deep these words of mine. Since it may not be that Ausonians and Teucrians join alliance, and your quarrel finds no term, to-day, what fortune each wins, what hope each follows, be he Trojan or Rutulian, I will hold in even poise; whether it be Italy's fate or Trojan blundering and ill advice that holds the camp in leaguer. Nor do I acquit the Rutulians.

Each as he hath begun shall work out his destiny. Jupiter is one and king over all; the fates will find their way.' By his brother's infernal streams, by the banks of the pitchy black-boiling chasm he signed assent, and made all Olympus quiver at his nod. Here speaking ended: thereon Jupiter rises from his golden throne, and the heavenly people surround and escort him to the doorway. Meanwhile the Rutulians press round all the gates, dealing grim slaughter and girdling the walls with flame. But the army of the Aeneadae are held leaguered within their trenches, with no hope of retreat. They stand helpless and disconsolate on their high towers, and their thin ring girdles the walls,—Asius, son of Imbrasus, and Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon, and the two Assaraci, and Castor, and old Thymbris together in the front rank: by them Clarus and [Pg 222][126-160]Themon, both full brothers to Sarpedon, out of high Lycia. Acmon of Lyrnesus, great as his father Clytius, or his brother Mnestheus, carries a stone, straining all his vast frame to the huge mountain fragment. Emulously they keep their guard, these with javelins, those with stones, and wield fire and fit arrows on the string. Amid them he, Venus' fittest care, lo! the Dardanian boy, his graceful head uncovered, shines even as a gem set in red gold on ornament of throat or head, or even as gleaming ivory cunningly inlaid in boxwood or Orician terebinth; his tresses lie spread over his milk-white neck, bound by a flexible circlet of gold. Thee, too, Ismarus, proud nations saw aiming wounds and arming thy shafts with poison,—thee, of house illustrious in Maeonia, where the rich tilth is wrought by men's hands, and Pactolus waters it with gold. There too was Mnestheus, exalted in fame as he who erewhile had driven Turnus from the ramparts; and Capys, from whom is drawn the name of the Campanian city. They had closed in grim war's mutual conflict; Aeneas, while night was yet deep, clove the seas. For when, leaving Evander for the Etruscan camp, he hath audience of the king, and tells the king of his name and race, and what he asks or offers, instructs him of the arms Mezentius is winning to his side, and of Turnus' overbearing spirit, reminds him what is all the certainty of human things, and mingles all with entreaties; delaying not, Tarchon joins forces and strikes alliance. Then, freed from the oracle, the Lydian people man their fleet, laid by divine ordinance in the foreign captain's hand.

Aeneas' galley keeps in front, with the lions of Phrygia fastened on her prow, above them overhanging Ida, sight most welcome to the Trojan exiles. Here great Aeneas sits revolving the changing issues of war; and Pallas, clinging on his left side, asks now [Pg 223][161-195]of the stars and their pathway through the dark night, now of his fortunes by land and sea. Open now the gates of Helicon, goddesses, and stir the song of the band that come the while with Aeneas from the Tuscan borders, and sail in armed ships overseas. First in the brazen-plated Tiger Massicus cuts the flood; beneath him are ranked a thousand men who have left Clusium town and the city of Cosae; their weapons are arrows, and light quivers on the shoulder, and their deadly bow. With him goes grim Abas, all his train in shining armour, and a gilded Apollo glittering astern.

To him Populonia had given six hundred of her children, tried in war, but Ilva three hundred, the island rich in unexhausted mines of steel. Third Asilas, interpreter between men and gods, master of the entrails of beasts and the stars in heaven, of speech of birds and ominous lightning flashes, draws a thousand men after him in serried lines bristling with spears, bidden to his command from Pisa city, of Alphaean birth on Etruscan soil. Astyr follows, excellent in beauty, Astyr, confident in his horse and glancing arms. Three hundred more—all have one heart to follow—come from the householders of Caere and the fields of Minio, and ancient Pyrgi, and fever-stricken Graviscae. Let me not pass thee by, O Cinyras, bravest in war of Ligurian captains, and thee, Cupavo, with thy scant company, from whose crest rise the swan plumes, fault, O Love, of thee and thine, and blazonment of his father's form. For they tell that Cycnus, in grief for his beloved Phaëthon, while he sings and soothes his woeful love with music amid the shady sisterhood of poplar boughs, drew over him the soft plumage of white old age, and left earth and passed crying through the sky. His son, followed on shipboard with a band of like age, sweeps the huge Centaur forward with his oars; he leans over the water, and [Pg 224][196-227]threatens the waves with a vast rock he holds on high, and furrows the deep seas with his length of keel. He too calls a train from his native coasts, Ocnus, son of prophetic Manto and the river of Tuscany, who gave thee, O Mantua, ramparts and his mother's name; Mantua, rich in ancestry, yet not all of one blood, a threefold race, and under each race four cantons; herself she is the cantons' head, and her strength is of Tuscan blood. From her likewise hath Mezentius five hundred in arms against him, whom Mincius, child of Benacus, draped in gray reeds, led to battle in his advancing pine. Aulestes moves on heavily, smiting the waves with the swinging forest of an hundred oars; the channels foam as they sweep the sea-floor. He sails in the vast Triton, who amazes the blue waterways with his shell, and swims on with shaggy front, in human show from the flank upward; his belly ends in a dragon; beneath the monster's breast the wave gurgles into foam. So many were the chosen princes who went in thirty ships to aid Troy, and cut the salt plains with brazen prow. And now day had faded from the sky, and gracious Phoebe trod mid-heaven in the chariot of her nightly wandering: Aeneas, for his charge allows not rest to his limbs, himself sits guiding the tiller and managing the sails. And lo, in middle course a band of his own fellow-voyagers meets him, the nymphs whom bountiful Cybele had bidden be gods of the sea, and turn to nymphs from ships; they swam on in even order, and cleft the flood, as many as erewhile, brazen-plated prows, had anchored on the beach. From far they know their king, and wheel their bands about him, and Cymodocea, their readiest in speech, comes up behind, catching the stern with her right hand: her back rises out, and her left hand oars her passage through the silent water. Then she thus [Pg 225][228-261]accosts her amazed lord: 'Wakest thou, seed of gods, Aeneas? wake, and loosen the sheets of thy sails. We are thy fleet, Idaean pines from the holy hill, now nymphs of the sea. When the treacherous Rutulian urged us headlong with sword and fire, unwillingly we broke thy bonds, and we search for thee over ocean. This new guise our Lady made for us in pity, and granted us to be goddesses and spend our life under the waves. But thy boy Ascanius is held within wall and trench among the Latin weapons and the rough edge of war.

Already the Arcadian cavalry and the brave Etruscan together hold the appointed ground. Turnus' plan is fixed to bar their way with his squadrons, that they may not reach the camp. Up and arise, and ere the coming of the Dawn bid thy crews be called to arms; and take thou the shield which the Lord of Fire forged for victory and rimmed about with gold. To-morrow's daylight, if thou deem not my words vain, shall see Rutulians heaped high in slaughter.' She ended, and, as she went, pushed the tall ship on with her hand wisely and well; the ship shoots through the water fleeter than javelin or windswift arrow. Thereat the rest quicken their speed. The son of Anchises of Troy is himself deep in bewilderment; yet the omen cheers his courage. Then looking on the heavenly vault, he briefly prays: 'O gracious upon Ida, mother of gods, whose delight is in Dindymus and turreted cities and lions coupled to thy rein, do thou lead me in battle, do thou meetly prosper thine augury, and draw nigh thy Phrygians, goddess, with favourable feet.' Thus much he spoke; and meanwhile the broad light of returning day now began to pour in, and chased away the night. First he commands his comrades to follow his signals, brace their courage to arms and prepare for battle. And now his Trojans and his camp are in his sight as he stands high astern, when next he lifts the [Pg 226][262-296]blazing shield on his left arm. The Dardanians on the walls raise a shout to the sky. Hope comes to kindle wrath; they hurl their missiles strongly; even as under black clouds cranes from the Strymon utter their signal notes and sail clamouring across the sky, and noisily stream down the gale. But this seemed marvellous to the Rutulian king and the captains of Ausonia, till looking back they see the ships steering for the beach, and all the sea as a single fleet sailing in. His helmet-spike blazes, flame pours from the cresting plumes, and the golden shield-boss spouts floods of fire; even as when in transparent night comets glow blood-red and drear, or the splendour of Sirius, that brings drought and sicknesses on wretched men, rises and saddens the sky with malignant beams. Yet gallant Turnus in unfailing confidence will prevent them on the shore and repel their approach to land. 'What your prayers have sought is given, the sweep of the sword-arm. The god of battles is in the hands of men. Now remember each his wife and home: now recall the high deeds of our fathers' honour. Let us challenge meeting at the water's edge, while they waver and their feet yet slip as they disembark. Fortune aids daring. . . .' So speaks he, and counsels inly whom he shall lead to meet them, whom leave in charge of the leaguered walls. Meanwhile Aeneas lands his allies by gangways from the high ships. Many watch the retreat and slack of the sea, and leap boldly into the shoal water; others slide down the oars.

Tarchon, marking the shore where the shallows do not seethe and plash with broken water, but the sea glides up and spreads its tide unbroken, suddenly turns his bows to land and implores his comrades: 'Now, O chosen crew, bend strongly to your oars; lift your ships, make them go; let the prows cleave this hostile land and the keel plough [Pg 227] [297-330]herself a furrow. I will let my vessel break up on such harbourage if once she takes the land.' When Tarchon had spoken in such wise, his comrades rise on their oar-blades and carry their ships in foam towards the Latin fields, till the prows are fast on dry land and all the keels are aground unhurt. But not thy galley, Tarchon; for she dashes on a shoal, and swings long swaying on the cruel bank, pitching and slapping the flood, then breaks up, and lands her crew among the waves. Broken oars and floating thwarts entangle them, and the ebbing wave sucks their feet away. Nor does Turnus keep idly dallying, but swiftly hurries his whole array against the Trojans and ranges it to face the beach. The trumpets blow. At once Aeneas charges and confounds the rustic squadrons of the Latins, and slays Theron for omen of battle. The giant advances to challenge Aeneas; but through sewed plates of brass and tunic rough with gold the sword plunges in his open side. Next he strikes Lichas, cut from his mother already dead, and consecrated, Phoebus, to thee, since his infancy was granted escape from the perilous steel. Near thereby he struck dead brawny Cisseus and vast Gyas, whose clubs were mowing down whole files: naught availed them the arms of Hercules and their strength of hand, nor Melampus their father, ever of Alcides' company while earth yielded him sore travail. Lo! while Pharus utters weak vaunts the hurled javelin strikes on his shouting mouth. Thou too, while thou followest thy new delight, Clytius, whose cheeks are golden with youthful down—thou, luckless Cydon, struck down by the Dardanian hand, wert lying past thought, ah pitiable! of the young loves that were ever thine, did not the close array of thy brethren interpose, the children of Phorcus, seven in number, and send a sevenfold shower of darts.

Some glance ineffectual from helmet and shield; [Pg 228][331-365]some Venus the bountiful turned aside as they grazed his body. Aeneas calls to trusty Achates: 'Give me store of weapons; none that hath been planted in Grecian body on the plains of Ilium shall my hand hurl at Rutulian in vain.' Then he catches and throws his great spear; the spear flies grinding through the brass of Maeon's shield, and breaks through corslet and through breast. His brother Alcanor runs up and sustains with his right arm his sinking brother; through his arm the spear passes speeding straight on its message, and holds its bloody way, and the hand dangles by the sinews lifeless from the shoulder. Then Numitor, seizing his dead brother's javelin, aims at Aeneas, but might not fairly pierce him, and grazed tall Achates on the thigh. Here Clausus of Cures comes confident in his pride of strength, and with a long reach strikes Dryops under the chin, and, urging the stiff spear-shaft home, stops the accents of his speech and his life together, piercing the throat; but he strikes the earth with his forehead, and vomits clots of blood. Three Thracians likewise of Boreas' sovereign race, and three sent by their father Idas from their native Ismarus, fall in divers wise before him. Halesus and his Auruncan troops hasten thither; Messapus too, seed of Neptune, comes up charioted. This side and that strive to hurl back the enemy, and fight hard on the very edge of Ausonia. As when in the depth of air adverse winds rise in battle with equal spirit and strength; not they, not clouds nor sea, yield one to another; long the battle is doubtful; all stands locked in counterpoise: even thus clash the ranks of Troy and ranks of Latium, foot fast on foot, and man crowded up on man. But in another quarter, where a torrent had driven a wide path of rolling stones and bushes torn away from the banks, Pallas saw his Arcadians, unaccustomed to move as infantry, giving back before the Latin pursuit, when the [Pg 229][366-400]roughness of the ground bade them dismount. This only was left in his strait, to kindle them to valour, now by entreaties, now by taunts: 'Whither flee you, comrades? by your deeds of bravery, by your leader Evander's name, by your triumphant campaigns, and my hope that now rises to rival my father's honour, trust not to flight. Our swords must hew a way through the enemy. Where yonder mass of men presses thickest, there your proud country calls you with Pallas at your head. No gods are they who bear us down; mortals, we feel the pressure of a mortal foe; we have as many lives and hands as he. Lo, the deep shuts us in with vast sea barrier; even now land fails our flight; shall we make ocean or Troy our goal?' So speaks he, and bursts amid the serried foe. First Lagus meets him, drawn thither by malign destiny; him, as he tugs at a ponderous stone, hurling his spear where the spine ran dissevering the ribs, he pierces and wrenches out the spear where it stuck fast in the bone. Nor does Hisbo catch him stooping, for all that he hoped it; for Pallas, as he rushes unguarded on, furious at his comrade's cruel death, receives him on his sword and buries it in his distended lungs. Next he attacks Sthenius, and Anchemolus of Rhoetus' ancient family, who dared to violate the bridal chamber of his stepmother. You, too, the twins Larides and Thymber, fell on the Rutulian fields, children of Daucus, indistinguishable for likeness and a sweet perplexity to your parents. But now Pallas made cruel difference between you; for thy head, Thymber, is swept off by Evander's sword; thy right hand, Larides, severed, seeks its master, and the dying fingers jerk and clutch at the sword. Fired by his encouragement, and beholding his noble deeds, the Arcadians advance in wrath and shame to meet the enemy in arms. Then Pallas pierces Rhoeteus as he flies past in his chariot. This space, this [Pg 230][401-435]much of respite was given to Ilus; for at Ilus he had aimed the strong spear from afar, and Rhoeteus intercepts its passage, in flight from thee, noble Teuthras and Tyres thy brother; he rolls from the chariot in death, and his heels strike the Rutulian fields. And as the shepherd, when summer winds have risen to his desire, kindles the woods dispersedly; on a sudden the mid spaces catch, and a single flickering line of fire spreads wide over the plain; he sits looking down on his conquest and the revel of the flames; even so, Pallas, do thy brave comrades gather close to sustain thee. But warrior Halesus advances full on them, gathering himself behind his armour; he slays Ladon, Pheres, Demodocus; his gleaming sword shears off Strymonius' hand as it rises to his throat; he strikes Thoas on the face with a stone, and drives the bones asunder in a shattered mass of blood and brains. Halesus had his father the soothsayer kept hidden in the woodland: when the old man's glazing eyes sank to death, the Fates laid hand on him and devoted him to the arms of Evander. Pallas aims at him, first praying thus: 'Grant now, lord Tiber, to the steel I poise and hurl, a prosperous way through brawny Halesus' breast; thine oak shall bear these arms and the dress he wore.' The god heard it; while Halesus covers Imaon, he leaves, alas! his breast unarmed to the Arcadian's weapon. Yet at his grievous death Lausus, himself a great arm of the war, lets not his columns be dismayed; at once he meets and cuts down Abas, the check and stay of their battle. The men of Arcadia go down before him; down go the Etruscans, and you, O Teucrians, invincible by Greece. The armies close, matched in strength and in captains; the rear ranks crowd in; weapons and hands are locked in the press. Here Pallas strains and pushes on, here Lausus opposite, nearly matched in age, excellent in beauty; but fortune [Pg 231][436-467]had denied both return to their own land. Yet that they should meet face to face the sovereign of high Olympus allowed not; an early fate awaits them beneath a mightier foe. Meanwhile Turnus' gracious sister bids him take Lausus' room, and his fleet chariot parts the ranks. When he saw his comrades, 'It is time,' he cried, 'to stay from battle. I alone must assail Pallas; to me and none other Pallas is due; I would his father himself were here to see.' So speaks he, and his Rutulians draw back from a level space at his bidding. But then as they withdrew, he, wondering at the haughty command, stands in amaze at Turnus, his eyes scanning the vast frame, and his fierce glance perusing him from afar. And with these words he returns the words of the monarch: 'For me, my praise shall even now be in the lordly spoils I win, or in illustrious death: my father will bear calmly either lot: away with menaces.' He speaks, and advances into the level ring. The Arcadians' blood gathers chill about their hearts.

Turnus leaps from his chariot and prepares to close with him.

And as a lion sees from some lofty outlook a bull stand far off on the plain revolving battle, and flies at him, even such to see is Turnus' coming. When Pallas deemed him within reach of a spear-throw, he advances, if so chance may assist the daring of his overmatched strength, and thus cries into the depth of sky: 'By my father's hospitality and the board whereto thou camest a wanderer, on thee I call, Alcides; be favourable to my high emprise; let Turnus even in death discern me stripping his blood-stained armour, and his swooning eyes endure the sight of his conqueror.' Alcides heard him, and deep in his heart he stifled a heavy sigh, and let idle tears fall. Then with kindly words the father accosts his son: 'Each hath his own appointed day; short and irrecoverable [Pg 232][468-502]is the span of life for all: but to spread renown by deeds is the task of valour. Under high Troy town many and many a god's son fell; nay, mine own child Sarpedon likewise perished. Turnus too his own fate summons, and his allotted period hath reached the goal.' So speaks he, and turns his eyes away from the Rutulian fields. But Pallas hurls his spear with all his strength, and pulls his sword flashing out of the hollow scabbard. The flying spear lights where the armour rises high above the shoulder, and, forcing a way through the shield's rim, ceased not till it drew blood from mighty Turnus. At this Turnus long poises the spear-shaft with its sharp steel head, and hurls it on Pallas with these words: See thou if our weapon have not a keener point. He ended; but for all the shield's plating of iron and brass, for all the bull-hide that covers it round about, the quivering spear-head smashes it fair through and through, passes the guard of the corslet, and pierces the breast with a gaping hole. He tears the warm weapon from the wound; in vain; together and at once life-blood and sense follow it. He falls heavily on the ground, his armour clashes over him, and his bloodstained face sinks in death on the hostile soil. And Turnus standing over him . . .: 'Arcadians,' he cries, 'remember these my words, and bear them to Evander. I send him back his Pallas as was due.

All the meed of the tomb, all the solace of sepulture, I give freely. Dearly must he pay his welcome to Aeneas.' And with these words, planting his left foot on the dead, he tore away the broad heavy sword-belt engraven with a tale of crime, the array of grooms foully slain together on their bridal night, and the nuptial chambers dabbled with blood, which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had wrought richly in gold. Now Turnus exults in spoiling him of it, and rejoices at his prize. Ah spirit of man, ignorant of fate and the allotted future, or to keep bounds when elate with prosperity!—the day will [Pg 233][503-535]come when Turnus shall desire to have bought Pallas' safety at a great ransom, and curse the spoils of this fatal day. But with many moans and tears Pallas' comrades lay him on his shield and bear him away amid their ranks.

O grief and glory and grace of the father to whom thou shalt return! This one day sent thee first to war, this one day takes thee away, while yet thou leavest heaped high thy Rutulian dead.

And now no rumour of the dreadful loss, but a surer messenger flies to Aeneas, telling him his troops are on the thin edge of doom; it is time to succour the routed Teucrians. He mows down all that meets him, and hews a broad path through their columns with furious sword, as he seeks thee, O Turnus, in thy fresh pride of slaughter. Pallas, Evander, all flash before his eyes; the board whereto but then he had first come a wanderer, and the clasped hands. Here four of Sulmo's children, as many more of Ufens' nurture, are taken by him alive to slaughter in sacrifice to the shade below, and slake the flames of the pyre with captive blood.

Next he levelled his spear full on Magus from far. He stoops cunningly; the spear flies quivering over him; and, clasping his knees, he speaks thus beseechingly: 'By thy father's ghost, by Iülus thy growing hope, I entreat thee, save this life for a child and a parent. My house is stately; deep in it lies buried wealth of engraven silver; I have masses of wrought and unwrought gold. The victory of Troy does not turn on this, nor will a single life make so great a difference.' He ended; to him Aeneas thus returns answer: 'All the wealth of silver and gold thou tellest of, spare thou for thy children. Turnus hath broken off this thy trafficking in war, even then when Pallas fell. Thus judges the ghost of my father Anchises, thus Iülus.' So speaking, he grasps his helmet with his left hand, and, bending back his neck, drives his [Pg 234][536-572]sword up to the hilt in the suppliant. Hard by is Haemonides, priest of Phoebus and Trivia, his temples wound with the holy ribboned chaplet, all glittering in white-robed array. Him he meets and chases down the plain, and, standing over his fallen foe, slaughters him and wraps him in great darkness; Serestus gathers the armour and carries it away on his shoulders, a trophy, King Gradivus, to thee. Caeculus, born of Vulcan's race, and Umbro, who comes from the Marsian hills, fill up the line.

The Dardanian rushes full on them. His sword had hewn off Anxur's left arm, with all the circle of the shield—he had uttered brave words and deemed his prowess would second his vaunts, and perchance with spirit lifted up had promised himself hoar age and length of years—when Tarquitus in the pride of his glittering arms met his fiery course, whom the nymph Dryope had borne to Faunus, haunter of the woodland.

Drawing back his spear, he pins the ponderous shield to the corslet; then, as he vainly pleaded and would say many a thing, strikes his head to the ground, and, rolling away the warm body, cries thus over his enemy: 'Lie there now, terrible one! no mother's love shall lay thee in the sod, or place thy limbs beneath thine heavy ancestral tomb. To birds of prey shalt thou be left, or borne down sunk in the eddying water, where hungry fish shall suck thy wounds.' Next he sweeps on Antaeus and Lucas, the first of Turnus' train, and brave Numa and tawny-haired Camers, born of noble Volscens, who was wealthiest in land of the Ausonians, and reigned in silent Amyclae. Even as Aegaeon, who, men say, had an hundred arms, an hundred hands, fifty mouths and breasts ablaze with fire, and arrayed against Jove's thunders as many clashing shields and drawn swords: so Aeneas, when once his sword's point grew warm, rages victorious over all the field. Nay, lo! he darts full in face on Niphaeus' four-horse chariot; before his long strides [Pg 235][573-608]and dreadful cry they turned in terror and dashed back, throwing out their driver and tearing the chariot down the beach. Meanwhile the brothers Lucagus and Liger drive up with their pair of white horses. Lucagus valiantly waves his drawn sword, while his brother wheels his horses with the rein. Aeneas, wrathful at their mad onslaught, rushes on them, towering high with levelled spear. To him Liger . . . 'Not Diomede's horses dost thou discern, nor Achilles' chariot, nor the plains of Phrygia: now on this soil of ours the war and thy life shall end together.' Thus fly mad Liger's random words. But not in words does the Trojan hero frame his reply: for he hurls his javelin at the foe. As Lucagus spurred on his horses, bending forward over the whip, with left foot advanced ready for battle, the spear passes through the lower rim of his shining shield and pierces his left groin, knocks him out of the chariot, and stretches him in death on the fields. To him good Aeneas speaks in bitter words: 'Lucagus, no slackness in thy coursers' flight hath betrayed thee, or vain shadow of the foe turned them back; thyself thou leapest off the harnessed wheels.' In such wise he spoke, and caught the horses. His brother, slipping down from the chariot, pitiably outstretched helpless hands: 'Ah, by the parents who gave thee birth, great Trojan, spare this life and pity my prayer.' More he was pleading; but Aeneas: 'Not such were the words thou wert uttering. Die, and be brother undivided from brother.' With that his sword's point pierces the breast where the life lies hid. Thus the Dardanian captain dealt death over the plain, like some raging torrent stream or black whirlwind. At last the boy Ascanius and his troops burst through the ineffectual leaguer and issue from the camp. Meanwhile Jupiter breaks silence to accost Juno: 'O sister and wife best beloved, it is Venus, as thou deemedst, [Pg 236][609-639]nor is thy judgment astray, who sustains the forces of Troy; not their own valour of hand in war, and untamable spirit and endurance in peril.' To whom Juno beseechingly: 'Why, fair my lord, vexest thou one sick at heart and trembling at thy bitter words? If that force were in my love that once was, and that was well, never had thine omnipotence denied me leave to withdraw Turnus from battle and preserve him for his father Daunus in safety. Now let him perish, and pay forfeit to the Trojans of his innocent blood. Yet he traces his birth from our name, and Pilumnus was his father in the fourth generation, and oft and again his bountiful hand hath heaped thy courts with gifts.' To her the king of high heaven thus briefly spoke: 'If thy prayer for him is delay of present death and respite from his fall, and thou dost understand that I ordain it thus, remove thy Turnus in flight, and snatch him from the fate that is upon him.

For so much indulgence there is room. But if any ampler grace mask itself in these thy prayers, and thou dreamest of change in the whole movement of the war, idle is the hope thou nursest.' And Juno, weeping: 'Ah yet, if thy mind were gracious where thy lips are stern, and this gift of life might remain confirmed to Turnus! Now his portion is bitter and guiltless death, or I wander idly from the truth. Yet, oh that I rather deluded myself with false alarms, and thou who canst wouldst bend thy course to better counsels.' These words uttered, she darted through the air straight from high heaven, cloud-girt in driving tempest, and sought the Ilian ranks and camp of Laurentum. Then the goddess, strange and ominous to see, fashions into the likeness of Aeneas a thin and pithless shade of hollow mist, decks it with Dardanian weapons, and gives it the mimicry of shield and divine helmet plume, gives unsubstantial [Pg 237][640-673]words and senseless utterance, and the mould and motion of his tread: like shapes rumoured to flit when death is past, or dreams that delude the slumbering senses. But in front of the battle-ranks the phantom dances rejoicingly, and with arms and mocking accents provokes the foe. Turnus hastens up and sends his spear whistling from far on it; it gives back and turns its footsteps. Then indeed Turnus, when he believed Aeneas turned and fled from him, and his spirit madly drank in the illusive hope: 'Whither fliest thou, Aeneas? forsake not thy plighted bridal chamber. This hand shall give thee the land thou hast sought overseas.' So clamouring he pursues, and brandishes his drawn sword, and sees not that his rejoicing is drifting with the winds. The ship lay haply moored to a high ledge of rock, with ladders run out and gangway ready, wherein king Osinius sailed from the coasts of Clusium. Here the fluttering phantom of flying Aeneas darts and hides itself. Nor is Turnus slack to follow; he overleaps the barriers and springs across the high gangways.

Scarcely had he lighted on the prow; the daughter of Saturn snaps the hawser, and the ship, parted from her cable, runs out on the ebbing tide. And him Aeneas seeks for battle and finds not, and sends many a man that meets him to death. Then the light phantom seeks not yet any further hiding-place, but, flitting aloft, melts in a dark cloud; and a blast comes down meanwhile and sweeps Turnus through the seas. He looks back, witless of his case and thankless for his salvation, and, wailing, stretches both hands to heaven: 'Father omnipotent, was I so guilty in thine eyes, and is this the punishment thou hast ordained? Whither am I borne? whence came I? what flight is this, or in what guise do I return? Shall I look again on the camp or walls of Laurentum? What of that array of men who followed me to arms? whom—oh horrible!—I have abandoned all amid [Pg 238][674-707]a dreadful death; and now I see the stragglers and catch the groans of those who fall. What do I? or how may earth ever yawn for me deep enough? Do you rather, O winds, be pitiful, carry my bark on rock or reef; it is I, Turnus, who desire and implore you; or drive me on the cruel shoals of the Syrtis, where no Rutulian may follow nor rumour know my name.' Thus speaking, he wavers in mind this way and that: maddened by the shame, shall he plunge on his sword's harsh point and drive it through his side, or fling himself among the waves, and seek by swimming to gain the winding shore, again to return on the Trojan arms?

Thrice he essayed either way; thrice queenly Juno checked and restrained him in pity of heart. Cleaving the deep, he floats with the tide down the flood, and is borne on to his father Daunus' ancient city. But meanwhile at Jove's prompting fiery Mezentius takes his place in the battle and assails the triumphant Teucrians. The Tyrrhene ranks gather round him, and all at once in unison shower their darts down on the hated foe. As a cliff that juts into the waste of waves, meeting the raging winds and breasting the deep, endures all the threatening force of sky and sea, itself fixed immovable, so he dashes to earth Hebrus son of Dolichaon, and with him Latagus, and Palmus as he fled; catching Latagus full front in the face with a vast fragment of mountain rock, while Palmus he hamstrings, and leaves him rolling helpless; his armour he gives Lausus to wear on his shoulders, and the plumes to fix on his crest. With them fall Evanthes the Phrygian, and Mimas, fellow and birthmate of Paris; for on one night Theano bore him to his father Amycus, and the queen, Cisseus' daughter, was delivered of Paris the firebrand; he sleeps in his fathers' city; Mimas lies a stranger on the Laurentian coast. And as the boar driven by snapping hounds from the mountain heights, [Pg 239][708-744]many a year hidden by Vesulus in his pines, many an one fed in the Laurentian marsh among the reedy forest, once come among the nets, halts and snorts savagely, with shoulders bristling up, and none of them dare be wrathful or draw closer, but they shower from a safe distance their darts and cries; even thus none of those whose anger is righteous against Mezentius have courage to meet him with drawn weapon: far off they provoke him with missiles and huge clamour, and he turns slow and fearless round about, grinding his teeth as he shakes the spears off his shield. From the bounds of ancient Corythus Acron the Greek had come, leaving for exile a bride half won. Seeing him afar dealing confusion amid the ranks, in crimson plumes and his plighted wife's purple,—as an unpastured lion often ranging the deep coverts, for madness of hunger urges him, if he haply catches sight of a timorous roe or high-antlered stag, he gapes hugely for joy, and, with mane on end, clings crouching over its flesh, his cruel mouth bathed in reeking gore. . . . so Mezentius darts lightly among the thick of the enemy. Hapless Acron goes down, and, spurning the dark ground, gasps out his life, and covers the broken javelin with his blood. But the victor deigned not to bring down Orodes with the blind wound of his flying lance as he fled; full face to face he meets him, and engages man with man, conqueror not by stealth but armed valour. Then, as with planted foot, he thrust him off the spear: 'O men,' he cries, 'Orodes lies low, no slight arm of the war.' His comrades shout after him the glad battle chant. And the dying man: 'Not unavenged nor long, whoso thou art, shalt thou be glad in victory: thee too an equal fate marks down, and in these fields thou shalt soon lie.' And smiling on him half wrathfully, Mezentius: 'Now die thou. But of me let the father of gods and king of men take counsel.' So saying, he drew the weapon out of his body. [Pg 240][745-780]Grim rest and iron slumber seal his eyes; his lids close on everlasting night. Caedicus slays Alcathoüs, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo Parthenius and the grim strength of Orses, Messapus Clonius and Erichaetes son of Lycaon, the one when his reinless horse stumbling had flung him to the ground, the other as they met on foot. And Agis the Lycian advanced only to be struck from horseback by Valerus, brave as his ancestry; and Thronius by Salius, and Salius by Nealces with treacherous arrow-shot that stole from far. Now the heavy hand of war dealt equal woe and counterchange of death; in even balance conquerors and conquered slew and fell; nor one nor other knows of retreat. The gods in Jove's house pity the vain rage of either and all the agonising of mortals. From one side Venus, from one opposite Juno, daughter of Saturn, looks on; pale Tisiphone rages among the many thousand men.

But now, brandishing his huge spear, Mezentius strides glooming over the plain, vast as Orion when, with planted foot, he cleaves his way through the vast pools of mid-ocean and his shoulder overtops the waves, or carrying an ancient mountain-ash from the hilltops, paces the ground and hides his head among the clouds: so moves Mezentius, huge in arms. Aeneas, espying him in the deep columns, makes on to meet him.

He remains, unterrified, awaiting his noble foe, steady in his own bulk, and measures with his eye the fair range for a spear. 'This right hand's divinity, and the weapon I poise and hurl, now be favourable! thee, Lausus, I vow for the live trophy of Aeneas, dressed in the spoils stripped from the pirate's body.' He ends, and throws the spear whistling from far; it flies on, glancing from the shield, and pierces illustrious Antores hard by him sidelong in the flank; Antores, companion of Hercules, who, sent thither from Argos, had stayed by Evander, and [Pg 241][781-814]settled in an Italian town. Hapless he goes down with a wound not his own, and in death gazes on the sky, and Argos is sweet in his remembrance. Then good Aeneas throws his spear; through the sheltering circle of threefold brass, through the canvas lining and fabric of triple-sewn bull-hide it went, and sank deep in his groin; yet carried not its strength home. Quickly Aeneas, joyful at the sight of the Tyrrhenian's blood, snatches his sword from his thigh and presses hotly on his struggling enemy. Lausus saw, and groaned deeply for love of his dear father, and tears rolled over his face. Here will I not keep silence of thy hard death-doom and thine excellent deeds (if in any wise things wrought in the old time may win belief), nor of thyself, O fitly remembered! He, helpless and trammelled, withdrew backward, the deadly spear-shaft trailing from his shield. The youth broke forward and plunged into the fight; and even as Aeneas' hand rose to bring down the blow, he caught up his point and held him in delay. His comrades follow up with loud cries, so the father may withdraw in shelter of his son's shield, while they shower their darts and bear back the enemy with missiles from a distance. Aeneas wrathfully keeps covered. And as when storm-clouds pour down in streaming hail, all the ploughmen and country-folk scatter off the fields, and the wayfarer cowers safe in his fortress, a stream's bank or deep arch of rock, while the rain falls, that they may do their day's labour when sunlight reappears; thus under the circling storm of weapons Aeneas sustains the cloud of war till it thunders itself all away, and calls on Lausus, on Lausus, with chiding and menace: 'Whither runnest thou on thy death, with daring beyond thy strength? thine affection betrays thee into rashness.' But none the less he leaps madly on; and now wrath rises higher and fiercer in the Dardanian captain, and the Fates pass Lausus' last [Pg 242][815-849]threads through their hand; for Aeneas drives the sword strongly right through him up all its length: the point pierced the light shield that armed his assailant, and the tunic sewn by his mother with flexible gold: blood filled his breast, and the life left the body and passed mourning through the air to the under world. But when Anchises' son saw the look on the dying face, the face pale in wonderful wise, he sighed deeply in pity, and reached forth his hand, as the likeness of his own filial affection flashed across his soul. 'What now shall good Aeneas give thee, what, O poor boy, for this thy praise, for guerdon of a nature so noble? Keep for thine own the armour thou didst delight in; and I restore thee, if that matters aught at all, to the ghosts and ashes of thy parents. Yet thou shalt have this sad comfort in thy piteous death, thou fallest by great Aeneas' hand.' Then, chiding his hesitating comrades, he lifts him from the ground, dabbling the comely-ranged tresses with blood. Meanwhile

his father, by the wave of the Tiber river, stanched his wound with water, and rested his body against a tree-trunk. Hard by his brazen helmet hangs from the boughs, and the heavy armour lies quietly on the meadow. Chosen men stand round; he, sick and panting, leans his neck and lets his beard spread down over his chest. Many a time he asks for Lausus, and sends many an one to call him back and carry a parent's sad commands. But Lausus his weeping comrades were bearing lifeless on his armour, mighty and mightily wounded to death. Afar the soul prophetic of ill knew their lamentation: he soils his gray hairs plenteously with dust, and stretches both hands on high, and clings on the dead. 'Was life's hold on me so sweet, O my son, that I let him I bore receive the hostile stroke in my room? Am I, thy father, saved by these wounds of thine, and living by thy death? Alas and woe! [Pg 243][850-885]now at last exile is bitter! now the wound is driven deep! And I, even I, O my son, stained thy name with crime, driven in hatred from the throne and sceptre of my fathers. I owed vengeance to my country and my people's resentment; might mine own guilty life but have paid it by every form of death! Now I live, and leave not yet man and day; but I will.' As he speaks thus he raises himself painfully on his thigh, and though the violence of the deep wound cripples him, yet unbroken he bids his horse be brought, his beauty, his comfort, that ever had carried him victorious out of war, and says these words to the grieving beast: 'Rhoebus, we have lived long, if aught at all lasts long with mortals. This day wilt thou either bring back in triumph the gory head and spoils of Aeneas, and we will avenge Lausus' agonies; or if no force opens a way, thou wilt die with me: for I deem not, bravest, thou wilt deign to bear an alien rule and a Teucrian lord.' He spoke, and took his welcome seat on the back he knew, loading both hands with keen javelins, his head sheathed in glittering brass and shaggy horse-hair plumes. Thus he galloped in. Through his heart sweep together the vast tides of shame and mingling madness and grief. And with that he thrice loudly calls Aeneas. Aeneas knew the call, and makes glad invocation: 'So the father of gods speed me, so Apollo on high: do thou essay to close hand to hand. . . .' Thus much he utters, and moves up to meet him with levelled spear. And he: 'Why seek to frighten me, fierce man, now my son is gone? this was thy one road to my ruin. We shrink not from death, nor relent before any of thy gods. Cease; for I come to my death, first carrying these gifts for thee.' He spoke, and hurled a weapon at his enemy; then plants another and yet another as he darts round in a wide circle; but they are stayed on the boss of gold. Thrice he rode wheeling close round him by the [Pg 244][886-908]left, and sent his weapons strongly in; thrice the Trojan hero turns round, taking the grim forest on his brazen guard. Then, weary of lingering in delay on delay, and plucking out spear-head after spear-head, and hard pressed in the uneven match of battle, with much counselling of spirit now at last he bursts forth, and sends his spear at the war-horse between the hollows of the temples. The creature raises itself erect, beating the air with its feet, throws its rider, and coming down after him in an entangled mass, slips its shoulder as it tumbles forward. The cries of Trojans and Latins kindle the sky. Aeneas rushes up, drawing his sword from the scabbard, and thus above him: 'Where now is gallant Mezentius and all his fierce spirit?' Thereto the Tyrrhenian, as he came to himself and gazing up drank the air of heaven: 'Bitter foe, why these taunts and menaces of death? Naught forbids my slaughter; neither on such terms came I to battle, nor did my Lausus make treaty for this between me and thee. This one thing I beseech thee, by whatsoever grace a vanquished enemy may claim: allow my body sepulture. I know I am girt by the bitter hatred of my people. Stay, I implore, their fury, and grant me and my son union in the tomb.' So speaks he, and takes the sword in his throat unfalteringly, and the lifeblood spreads in a wave over his armour. [Pg 245] BOOK ELEVENTH THE COUNCIL OF THE LATINS, AND THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAMILLA Meanwhile Dawn arose forth of Ocean. Aeneas, though the charge presses to give a space for burial of his comrades, and his mind is in the tumult of death, began to pay the gods his vows of victory with the breaking of the East. He plants on a mound a mighty oak with boughs lopped away on every hand, and arrays it in the gleaming arms stripped from Mezentius the captain, a trophy to thee, mighty Lord of War; he fixes on it the plumes dripping with blood, the broken spears, and the corslet struck and pierced in twelve places; he ties the shield of brass on his left hand, and hangs from his neck the ivory sword. Then among his joyous comrades (for all the throng of his captains girt him close about) he begins in these words of cheer: 'The greatest deed is done, O men; be all fear gone for what remains.

These are the spoils of a haughty king, the first-fruits won from him; my hands have set Mezentius here. Now our way lies to the walls of the Latin king. Prepare your arms in courage, and let your hopes anticipate the war; let no ignorant delay hinder or tardy thoughts of fear keep us back, so soon as heaven grant us to pluck up the standards and lead our army from the camp. [Pg 246][22-58]Meanwhile let us commit to earth the unburied bodies of our comrades, since deep in Acheron this honour is left alone. Go,' says he, 'grace with the last gifts those noble souls whose blood won us this land for ours; and first let Pallas be sent to Evander's mourning city, he whose valour failed not when the day of darkness took him, and the bitter wave of death.' So speaks he weeping, and retraces his steps to the door, where aged Acoetes watched Pallas' lifeless body laid out for burial; once armour-bearer to Evander in Parrhasia, but now gone forth with darker omens, appointed attendant to his darling foster-child. Around is the whole train of servants, with a crowd of Trojans, and the Ilian women with hair unbound in mourning after their fashion. When Aeneas entered at the high doorway they beat their breasts and raise a loud wail aloft, and the palace moans to their grievous lamentation. Himself, when he saw the pillowed head and fair face of Pallas, and on his smooth breast the gaping wound of the Ausonian spear-head, speaks thus with welling tears: 'Did Fortune in her joyous coming,' he cries, 'O luckless boy, grudge thee the sight of our realm, and a triumphal entry to thy father's dwelling? Not this promise of thee had I given to Evander thy sire at my departure, when he embraced me as I went and bade me speed to a wide empire, and yet warned me in fear that the men were valiant, the people obstinate in battle. And now he, fast ensnared by empty hope, perchance offers vows and heaps gifts on his altars; we, a mourning train, go in hollow honour by his corpse, who now owes no more to aught in heaven.

Unhappy! thou wilt see thy son cruelly slain; is this our triumphal return awaited? is this my strong assurance? Ah me, what a shield is lost, mine Iülus, to Ausonia and to thee!' [Pg 247][59-96]This lament done, he bids raise the piteous body, and sends a thousand men chosen from all his army for the last honour of escort, to mingle in the father's tears; a small comfort in a great sorrow, yet the unhappy parent's due. Others quickly plait a soft wicker bier of arbutus rods and oak shoots, and shadow the heaped pillows with a leafy covering. Here they lay him, high on their rustic strewing; even as some tender violet or drooping hyacinth-blossom plucked by a maiden's finger, whose sheen and whose grace is not yet departed, but no more does Earth the mother feed it or lend it strength. Then Aeneas bore forth two purple garments stiff with gold, that Sidonian Dido's own hands, happy over their work, had once wrought for him, and shot the warp with delicate gold. One of these he sadly folds round him, a last honour, and veils in its covering the tresses destined to the fire; and heaps up besides many a Laurentine battle-prize, and bids his spoils pass forth in long train; with them the horses and arms whereof he had stripped the enemy, and those, with hands tied behind their back, whom he would send as nether offering to his ghost, and sprinkle the blood of their slaying on the flame.

Also he bids his captains carry stems dressed in the armour of the foe, and fix on them the hostile names. Unhappy Acoetes is led along, outworn with age, he smites his breast and rends his face, and flings himself forward all along the ground. Likewise they lead forth the chariot bathed in Rutulian blood; behind goes weeping Aethon the war-horse, his trappings laid away, and big drops wet his face. Others bear his spear and helmet, for all else is Turnus' prize. Then follow in mourning array the Teucrians and all the Tyrrhenians, and the Arcadians with arms reversed. When the whole long escorting file had taken its way, Aeneas stopped, and sighing deep, pursued thus: 'Once again war's dreadful destiny calls us hence to other tears: [Pg 248][97-129]hail thou for evermore, O princely Pallas, and for evermore farewell.' And without more words he bent his way to the high walls and advanced towards his camp. And now envoys were there from the Latin city with wreathed boughs of olive, praying him of his grace to restore the dead that lay strewn by the sword over the plain, and let them go to their earthy grave: no war lasts with men conquered and bereft of breath; let this indulgence be given to men once called friends and fathers of their brides. To them Aeneas grants leave in kind and courteous wise, spurning not their prayer, and goes on in these words: 'What spite of fortune, O Latins, hath entangled you in the toils of war, and made you fly our friendship? Plead you for peace to the lifeless bodies that the battle-lot hath slain? I would fain grant it even to the living. Neither have I come but because destiny had given me this place to dwell in; nor wage I war with your people; your king it is who hath broken our covenant and preferred to trust himself to Turnus' arms. Fitter it were Turnus had faced death to-day. If he will fight out the war and expel the Teucrians, it had been well to meet me here in arms; so had he lived to whom life were granted of heaven or his own right hand. Now go, and kindle the fire beneath your hapless countrymen.' Aeneas ended: they stood dumb in silence, with faces bent steadfastly in mutual gaze. Then aged Drances, ever young Turnus' assailant in hatred and accusation, with the words of his mouth thus answers him again: 'O Trojan, great in renown, yet greater in arms, with what praises may I extol thy divine goodness? Shall thy righteousness first wake my wonder, or thy toils in war? We indeed will gratefully carry these words to our fathers' city, and, if fortune grant a way, will make thee at one with King Latinus. Let Turnus seek his own alliances. Nay, [Pg 249][130-163]it will be our delight to rear the massy walls of destiny and stoop our shoulders under the stones of Troy.' He ended thus, and all with one voice murmured assent. Twelve days' truce is struck, and in mediation of the peace Teucrians and Latins stray mingling unharmed on the forest heights. The tall ash echoes to the axe's strokes; they overturn pines that soar into the sky, and busily cleave oaken logs and scented cedar with wedges, and drag mountain-ashes on their groaning waggons. And now flying Rumour, harbinger of the heavy woe, fills Evander and Evander's house and city with the same voice that but now told of Pallas victorious over Latium. The Arcadians stream to the gates, snatching funeral torches after their ancient use; the road gleams with the long line of flame, and parts the fields with a broad pathway of light; the arriving crowd of Phrygians meets them and mingles in mourning array. When the matrons saw all the train approach their dwellings they kindle the town with loud wailing. But no force may withhold Evander; he comes amid them; the bier is set down; he flings himself on Pallas, and clasps him with tears and sighs, and scarcely at last does grief leave his voice's utterance free. 'Other than this, O Pallas! was thy promise to thy father, that thou wouldst not plunge recklessly into the fury of battle. I knew well how strong was the fresh pride of arms and the sweetness of honour in a first battle.

Ah, unhappy first-fruits of his youth and bitter prelude of the war upon our borders! ah, vows and prayers of mine that no god heard! and thou, pure crown of wifehood, happy that thou art dead and not spared for this sorrow! But I have outgone my destiny in living, to stay here the survivor of my child. Would I had followed the allied arms of Troy, to be overwhelmed by Rutulian weapons! Would my life had been given, and I and not my Pallas were borne home in this [Pg 250][164-198]procession! I would not blame you, O Teucrians, nor our treaty and the friendly hands we clasped: our old age had that appointed debt to pay. Yet if untimely death awaited my son, it will be good to think he fell leading the Teucrians into Latium, and slew his Volscian thousands before he fell. Nay, no other funeral than this would I deem thy due, my Pallas, than good Aeneas does, than the mighty Phrygians, than the Tyrrhene captains and all the army of Tyrrhenia. Great are the trophies they bring on whom thine hand deals death; thou also, Turnus, wert standing now a great trunk dressed in arms, had his age and his strength of years equalled thine. But why, unhappy, do I delay the Trojan arms? Go, and forget not to carry this message to your king: Thine hand it is that keeps me lingering in a life that is hateful since Pallas fell, and Turnus is the debt thou seest son and father claim: for thy virtue and thy fortune this scope alone is left. I ask not joy in life; I may not; but to carry this to my son deep in the under world.' Meanwhile Dawn had raised her gracious light on weary men, bringing back task and toil: now lord Aeneas, now Tarchon, have built the pyres on the winding shore. Hither in ancestral fashion hath each borne the bodies of his kin; the dark fire is lit beneath, and the vapour hides high heaven in gloom. Thrice, girt in glittering arms, they have marched about the blazing piles, thrice compassed on horseback the sad fire of death, and uttered their wail. Tears fall fast upon earth and armour; cries of men and blare of trumpets roll skyward.

Then some fling on the fire Latin spoils stripped from the slain, helmets and shapely swords, bridles and glowing chariot wheels; others familiar gifts, the very shields and luckless weapons of the dead. Around are slain in sacrifice oxen many in number, and bristly swine and cattle gathered out of all the country [Pg 251][199-234]are slaughtered over the flames. Then, crowding the shore, they gaze on their burning comrades, and guard the embers of the pyres, and cannot tear themselves away till dewy Night wheels on the star-spangled glittering sky. Therewithal the unhappy Latins far apart build countless pyres and bury many bodies of men in the ground; and many more they lift and bear away to the neighbouring country, or send them back to the city; the rest, a vast heap of undistinguishable slaughter, they burn uncounted and unhonoured; on all sides the broad fields gleam with crowded rivalry of fires. The third Dawn had rolled away the chill shadow from the sky; mournfully they piled high the ashes and mingled bones from the embers, and heaped a load of warm earth above them. Now in the dwellings of rich Latinus' city the noise is loudest and most the long wail. Here mothers and their sons' unhappy brides, here beloved sisters sad-hearted and orphaned boys curse the disastrous war and Turnus' bridal, and bid him his own self arm and decide the issue with the sword, since he claims for himself the first rank and the lordship of Italy. Drances fiercely embitters their cry, and vouches that Turnus alone is called, alone is claimed for battle. Yet therewith many a diverse-worded counsel is for Turnus, and the great name of the queen overshadows him, and he rises high in renown of trophies fitly won. Among their stir, and while confusion is fiercest, lo! to crown all, the envoys from great Diomede's city bring their gloomy message: nothing is come of all the toil and labour spent; gifts and gold and strong entreaties have been of no avail; Latium must seek other arms, or sue for peace to the Trojan king. For heavy grief King Latinus himself swoons away.

The wrath of heaven and the fresh graves before his eyes warn him that Aeneas is borne on by fate's evident will. So he sends imperial summons to [Pg 252][235-269]his high council, the foremost of his people, and gathers them within his lofty courts. They assemble, and stream up the crowded streets to the royal dwelling. Latinus, eldest in years and first in royalty, sits amid them with cheerless brow, and bids the envoys sent back from the Aetolian city tell the news they bring, and demands a full and ordered reply. Then tongues are hushed; and Venulus, obeying his word, thus begins to speak: 'We have seen, O citizens, Diomede in his Argive camp, and outsped our way and passed all its dangers, and touched the hand whereunder the land of Ilium fell. He was founding a town, named Argyripa after his ancestral people, on the conquered fields of Iapygian Garganus. After we entered in, and licence of open speech was given, we lay forth our gifts, we instruct him of our name and country, who are its invaders, and why we are drawn to Arpi. He heard us, and replied thus with face unstirred: '"O fortunate races, realm of Saturn, Ausonians of old, how doth fortune vex your quiet and woo you to tempt wars you know not? We that have drawn sword on the fields of Ilium—I forbear to tell the drains of war beneath her high walls, the men sunken in yonder Simoïs—have all over the world paid to the full our punishment and the reward of guilt, a crew Priam's self might pity; as Minerva's baleful star knows, and the Euboïc reefs and Caphereus' revenge. From that warfaring driven to alien shores, Menelaus son of Atreus is in exile far as Proteus' Pillars, Ulysses hath seen the Cyclopes of Aetna. Shall I make mention of the realm of Neoptolemus, and Idomeneus' household gods overthrown? or of the Locrians who dwell on the Libyan beach?

Even the lord of Mycenae, the mighty Achaeans' general, sank on his own threshold edge under his accursed wife's hand, where the adulterer crouched over conquered Asia. Aye, or that the gods grudged it me to return to [Pg 253][270-301]my ancestral altars, to see the bride of my desire, and lovely Calydon! Now likewise sights of appalling presage pursue me; my comrades, lost to me, have soared winging into the sky, and flit birds about the rivers—ah me, dread punishment of my people!—and fill the cliffs with their melancholy cries. This it was I had to look for even from the time when I madly assailed celestial limbs with steel, and sullied the hand of Venus with a wound. Do not, ah, do not urge me to such battles. Neither have I any war with Troy since her towers are overthrown, nor do I remember with delight the woes of old. Turn to Aeneas with the gifts you bear to me from your ancestral borders. We have stood to face his grim weapons, and met him hand to hand; believe one who hath proved it, how mightily he rises over his shield, in what a whirlwind he hurls his spear.

Had the land of Ida borne two more like him, Dardanus had marched to attack the towns of Inachus, and Greece were mourning fate's reverse. In all our delay before that obstinate Trojan city, it was Hector and Aeneas whose hand stayed the Grecian victory and bore back its advance to the tenth year. Both were splendid in courage, both eminent in arms; Aeneas was first in duty. Let your hands join in treaty as they may; but beware that your weapons close not with his." 'Thou hast heard, most gracious king, at once what is the king's answer, and what his counsel for our great struggle.' Scarcely thus the envoys, when a diverse murmur ran through the troubled lips of the Ausonians; even as, when rocks delay some running river, it plashes in the barred pool, and the banks murmur nigh to the babbling wave. So soon as their minds were quieted, and their hurrying lips hushed, the king, first calling on the gods, begins from his lofty throne: [Pg 254][302-336]'Ere now could I wish, O Latins, we had determined our course of state, and it had been better thus; not to meet in council at such a time as now, with the enemy seated before our walls.

We wage an ill-timed war, fellow-citizens, with a divine race, invincible, unbroken in battle, who brook not even when conquered to drop the sword. If you had hope in appeal to Aetolian arms, abandon it; though each man's hope is his own, you discern how narrow a path it is. Beyond that you see with your eyes and handle with your hands the total ruin of our fortunes. I blame no one; what valour's utmost could do is done; we have fought with our whole kingdom's strength. Now I will unfold what I doubtfully advise and purpose, and with your attention instruct you of it in brief. There is an ancient land of mine bordering the Tuscan river, stretching far westward beyond the Sicanian borders. Auruncans and Rutulians sow on it, work the stiff hills with the ploughshare, and pasture them where they are roughest. Let all this tract, with a pine-clad belt of mountain height, pass to the Teucrians in friendship; let us name fair terms of treaty, and invite them as allies to our realm; let them settle, if they desire it so, and found a city. But if they have a mind to try other coasts and another people, and can abide to leave our soil, let us build twice ten ships of Italian oak, or as many more as they can man; timber lies at the water's edge for all; let them assign the number and fashion of the vessels, and we will supply brass, labour, dockyards. Further, it is our will that an hundred ambassadors of the highest rank in Latium shall go to bear our words and ratify the treaty, holding forth in their hands the boughs of peace, and carrying for gifts weight of gold and ivory, and the chair and striped robe, our royal array.

Give counsel openly, and succour our exhausted state.' Then Drances again, he whose jealous ill-will was [Pg 255][337-370]wrought to anger and stung with bitterness by Turnus' fame, lavish of wealth and quick of tongue though his hand was cold in war, held no empty counsellor and potent in faction—his mother's rank ennobled a lineage whose paternal source was obscure—rises, and with these words heaps and heightens their passion: 'Dark to no man and needing no voice of ours, O gracious king, is that whereon thou takest counsel. All confess they know how our nation's fortune sways; but their words are choked. Let him grant freedom of speech and abate his breath, he by whose disastrous government and perverse way (I will speak out, though he menace me with arms and death) we see so many stars of battle gone down and all our city sunk in mourning; while he, confident in flight, assails the Trojan camp and makes heaven quail before his arms. Add yet one to those gifts of thine, to all the riches thou bidst us send or promise to the Dardanians, most gracious of kings, but one; let no man's passion overbear thee from giving thine own daughter to an illustrious son and a worthy marriage, and binding this peace by perpetual treaty. Yet if we are thus terror-stricken heart and soul, let us implore him in person, in person plead him of his grace to give way, to restore king and country their proper right. Why again and again hurlest thou these unhappy citizens on peril so evident, O source and spring of Latium's woes? In war is no safety; peace we all implore of thee, O Turnus, and the one pledge that makes peace inviolable. I the first, I whom thou picturest thine enemy, as I care not if I am, see, I bow at thy feet. Pity thine allies; relent, and retire before thy conqueror. Enough have we seen of rout and death, and desolation over our broad lands. Or if glory stir thee, if such strength kindle in thy breast, and if a palace so delight thee for thy dower, be bold, and advance stout-hearted upon the foe. We verily, that Turnus [Pg 256][371-406]may have his royal bride, must lie scattered on the plains, worthless lives, a crowd unburied and unwept. Do thou also, if thou hast aught of might, if the War-god be in thee as in thy fathers, look him in the face who challenges. . . .' At these words Turnus' passion blazed out. He utters a groan, and breaks forth thus in deep accents: 'Copious indeed, Drances, and fluent is ever thy speech at the moment war calls for action; and when the fathers are summoned thou art there the first. But we need no words to fill our senate-house, safely as thou wingest them while the mounded walls keep off the enemy, and the trenches swim not yet with blood. Thunder on in rhetoric, thy wonted way: accuse thou me of fear, Drances, since thine hand hath heaped so many Teucrians in slaughter, and thy glorious trophies dot the fields. Trial is open of what live valour can do; nor indeed is our foe far to seek; on all sides they surround our walls.

Are we going to meet them? Why linger?

Will thy bravery ever be in that windy tongue and those timorous feet of thine? . . . My conqueror? Shall any justly flout me as conquered, who sees Tiber swoln fuller with Ilian blood, and all the house and people of Evander laid low, and the Arcadians stripped of their armour? Not such did Bitias and huge Pandarus prove me, and the thousand men whom on one day my conquering hand sent down to hell, shut as I was in their walls and closed in the enemy's ramparts. In war is no safety. Fool! be thy boding on the Dardanian's head and thine own fortunes.

Go on; cease not to throw all into confusion with thy terrors, to exalt the strength of a twice vanquished race, and abase the arms of Latinus before it. Now the princes of the Myrmidons tremble before Phrygian arms, now Tydeus' son and Achilles of Larissa, and Aufidus river recoils from the Adriatic wave.

Or when the scheming villain [Pg 257][407-443]pretends to shrink at my abuse, and sharpens calumny by terror! never shall this hand—keep quiet!—rob thee of such a soul; with thee let it abide, and dwell in that breast of thine. Now I return to thee, my lord, and thy weighty resolves. If thou dost repose no further hope in our arms, if all hath indeed left us, and one repulse been our utter ruin, and our fortune is beyond recovery, let us plead for peace and stretch forth unarmed hands. Yet ah! had we aught of our wonted manhood, his toil beyond all other is blessed and his spirit eminent, who rather than see it thus, hath fallen prone in death and once bitten the ground. But if we have yet resources and an army still unbroken, and cities and peoples of Italy remain for our aid; but if even the Trojans have won their glory at great cost of blood (they too have their deaths, and the storm fell equally on all), why do we shamefully faint even on the threshold? Why does a shudder seize our limbs before the trumpet sound? Often do the Days and the varying change of toiling Time restore prosperity; often Fortune in broken visits makes man her sport and again establishes him. The Aetolian of Arpi will not help us; but Messapus will, and Tolumnius the fortunate, and the captains sent by many a nation; nor will fame be scant to follow the flower of Latium and the Laurentine land. Camilla the Volscian too is with us, leading her train of cavalry, squadrons splendid in brass. But if I only am claimed by the Teucrians for combat, if that is your pleasure, and I am the barrier to the public good, Victory does not so hate and shun my hands that I should renounce any enterprise for so great a hope. I shall meet him in courage, did he outmatch great Achilles and wear arms like his forged by Vulcan's hands. To you and to my father Latinus I Turnus, unexcelled in bravery by any of old, consecrate my life. Aeneas calls on him alone: let him, I implore: let not Drances rather appease with his [Pg 258][444-480]life this wrath of heaven, if such it be, or win the renown of valour.' Thus they one with another strove together in uncertainty; Aeneas moved from his camp to battle. Lo, a messenger rushes spreading confusion through the royal house, and fills the town with great alarms: the Teucrians, ranged in battle-line with the Tyrrhene forces, are marching down by the Tiber river and filling the plain.

Immediately spirits are stirred and hearts shaken and wrath roused in fierce excitement among the crowd. Hurrying hands grasp at arms; for arms their young men clamour; the fathers shed tears and mutter gloomily. With that a great noise rises aloft in diverse contention, even as when flocks of birds haply settle on a lofty grove, or swans utter their hoarse cry among the vocal pools on the fish-filled river of Padusa. 'Yes, citizens!' cries Turnus, seizing his time: 'gather in council and sit praising peace, while they rush on dominion in arms!' Without more words he sprung up and issued swiftly from the high halls. 'Thou, Volusus,' he cries, 'bid the Volscian battalions arm, and lead out the Rutulians. Messapus, and Coras with thy brother, spread your armed cavalry widely over the plain. Let a division entrench the city gates and man the towers: the rest of our array attack with me where I command.' The whole town goes rushing to the walls; lord Latinus himself, dismayed by the woeful emergency, quits the council and puts off his high designs, and chides himself sorely for not having given Aeneas unasked welcome, and made him son and bulwark of the city. Some entrench the gates, or bring up supply of stones and poles.

The hoarse clarion utters the ensanguined note of war. A motley ring of boys and matrons girdle the walls. Therewithal the queen with a crowd of mothers ascends bearing gifts to Pallas' towered temple, and by her side goes maiden Lavinia, source of all that woe, [Pg 259][481-514]her beautiful eyes cast down. The mothers enter in, and while the temple steams with their incense, pour from the high doorway their mournful cry: 'Maiden armipotent, Tritonian, sovereign of war, break with thine hand the spear of the Phrygian plunderer, hurl him prone to earth and dash him down beneath our lofty gates.' Turnus arrays himself in hot haste for battle, and even now hath done on his sparkling breastplate with its flickering scales of brass, and clasped his golden greaves, his brows yet bare and his sword buckled to his side; he runs down from the fortress height glittering in gold, and exultantly anticipates the foe. Thus when a horse snaps his tether, and, free at last, rushes from the stalls and gains the open plain, he either darts towards the pastures of the herded mares, or bathing, as is his wont, in the familiar river waters, dashes out and neighs with neck stretched high, glorying, and his mane tosses over collar and shoulder. Camilla with her Volscian array meets him face to face in the gateway; the princess leaps from her horse, and all her squadron at her example slide from horseback to the ground.

Then she speaks thus: 'Turnus, if bravery hath any just self-confidence, I dare and promise to engage Aeneas' cavalry, and advance to meet the Tyrrhene horse. Permit my hand to try war's first perils: do thou on foot keep by the walls and guard the city.' To this Turnus, with eyes fixed on the terrible maiden: 'O maiden flower of Italy, how may I essay to express, how to prove my gratitude?

But now, since that spirit of thine excels all praise, share thou the toil with me. Aeneas, as the report of the scouts I sent assures, hath sent on his light-armed horse to annoy us and scour the plains; himself he marches on the city across the lonely ridge of the mountain steep. I am arranging a stratagem of [Pg 260][515-550]war in his pathway on the wooded slope, to block a gorge on the highroad with armed troops. Do thou receive and join battle with the Tyrrhene cavalry; with thee shall be gallant Messapus, the Latin squadrons, and Tiburtus' division: do thou likewise assume a captain's charge.' So speaks he, and with like words heartens Messapus and the allied captains to battle, and advances towards the enemy. There is a sweeping curve of glen, made for ambushes and devices of arms. Dark thick foliage hems it in on either hand, and into it a bare footpath leads by a narrow gorge and difficult entrance. Right above it on the watch-towers of the hill-top lies an unexpected level, hidden away in shelter, whether one would charge from right and left or stand on the ridge and roll down heavy stones. Hither he passes by a line of way he knew, and, seizing his ground, occupies the treacherous woods. Meanwhile in the heavenly dwellings Latona's daughter addressed fleet Opis, one of her maiden fellowship and sacred band, and sadly uttered these accents: 'Camilla moves to fierce war, O maiden, and vainly girds on our arms, dear as she is beyond others to me. For her love of Diana is not newly born, nor her spirit stirred by sudden affection. Driven from his kingdom through jealousy of his haughty power, Metabus left ancient Privernum town, and bore his infant with him in his flight through war and battle, the companion of his exile, and called her by her mother Casmilla's name, with a little change, Camilla. Carrying her before him on his breast, he sought a long ridge of lonely woodland; on all sides angry weapons pressed on him, and Volscian soldiery spread hurrying round about. Lo, in mid flight swoln Amasenus ran foaming with banks abrim, so heavily had the clouds burst in rain. He would swim it; but love of the infant holds him back in alarm for so dear a burden.

Inly revolving [Pg 261][551-586]all, he settled reluctantly on a sudden resolve: the great spear that the warrior haply carried in his stout hand, of hard-knotted and seasoned oak, to it he ties his daughter swathed in cork-tree bark of the woodland, and binds her balanced round the middle of the spear; poising it in his great right hand he thus cries aloft: "Gracious one, haunter of the woodland, maiden daughter of Latona, a father devotes this babe to thy service; thine is this weapon she holds, thine infant suppliant, flying through the air from her enemies. Accept her, I implore, O goddess, for thine own, whom now I entrust to the chance of air." He spoke, and drawing back his arm, darts the spinning spear-shaft: the waters roar: over the racing river poor Camilla shoots on the whistling weapon. But Metabus, as a strong band now presses nigher, plunges into the river, and triumphantly pulls spear and girl, his gift to Trivia, from the grassy turf. No cities ever received him within house or rampart, nor had his savagery submitted to it; he led his life on the lonely pastoral hills. Here he nursed his daughter in the underwood among tangled coverts, on the milk of a wild brood-mare's teats, squeezing the udder into her tender lips. And so soon as the baby stood and went straight on her feet, he armed her hands with a sharp javelin, and hung quiver and bow from her little shoulders. Instead of gold to clasp her tresses, instead of the long skirted gown, a tiger's spoils hang down her back. Even then her tender hand hurled childish darts, and whirled about her head the twisted thong of her sling, and struck down the crane from Strymon or the milk-white swan. Many a mother among Tyrrhenian towns destined her for their sons in vain; content with Diana alone, she keeps unsoiled for ever the love of her darts and maidenhood. Would she had not plunged thus into warfare and provoked the Trojans by attack! so were she now dear to me and one of my [Pg 262][587-620]company. But since bitter doom is upon her, up, glide from heaven, O Nymph, and seek the Latin borders, where under evil omen they join in baleful battle.

Take these, and draw from the quiver an avenging shaft; by it shall he pay me forfeit of his blood, whoso, Trojan or Italian alike, shall sully her sacred body with a wound. Thereafter will I in a sheltering cloud bear body and armour of the hapless girl unspoiled to the tomb, and lay them in her native land.' She spoke; but the other sped lightly down the aery sky, girt about with dark whirlwind on her echoing way. But meanwhile the Trojan force nears the walls, with the Etruscan captains and their whole cavalry arrayed in ordered squadrons. Their horses' trampling hoofs thunder on all the field, as, swerving this way and that, they chafe at the reins' pressure; the iron field bristles wide with spears, and the plain is aflame with uplifted arms. Likewise Messapus and the Latin horse, and Coras and his brother, and maiden Camilla's squadron, come forth against them on the plain, and draw back their hands and level the flickering points of their long lances, in a fire of neighing horses and advancing men. And now each had drawn within javelin-cast of each, and drew up; with a sudden shout they dart forth, and urge on their furious horses; from all sides at once weapons shower thick like snow, and veil the sky with their shadow. In a moment Tyrrhenus and fiery Aconteus charge violently with crossing spears, and are the first to fall; they go down with a heavy crash, and their beasts break and shatter chest upon chest. Aconteus, hurled off like a thunderbolt or some mass slung from an engine, is dashed away, and scatters his life in air. Immediately the lines waver, and the Latins wheeling about throw their shields behind them and turn their horses towards the town. The Trojans pursue; Asilas heads and leads on [Pg 263][621-653]their squadrons. And now they drew nigh the gates, and again the Latins raise a shout and wheel their supple necks about; the pursuers fly, and gallop right back with loosened rein: as when the sea, running up in ebb and flow, now rushes shoreward and strikes over the cliffs in a wave of foam, drenching the edge of the sand in its curving sweep; now runs swirling back, and the surge sucks the rolling stones away. Twice the Tuscans turn and drive the Rutulians towards the town; twice they are repelled, and look back behind them from cover of their shields. But when now meeting in a third encounter, the lines are locked together all their length, and man singles out his man; then indeed, amid groans of the dying, deep in blood roll armour and bodies, and horses half slain mixed up with slaughtered men. The battle swells fierce. Orsilochus hurled his spear at the horse of Remulus, whom himself he shrank to meet, and left the steel in it under the ear; at the stroke the charger rears madly, and, mastered by the wound, lifts his chest and flings up his legs: the rider is thrown and rolls over on the ground. Catillus strikes down Iollas, and Herminius mighty in courage, mighty in limbs and arms, bareheaded, tawny-haired, bare-shouldered; undismayed by wounds, he leaves his vast body open against arms. Through his broad shoulders the quivering spear runs piercing him through, and doubles him up with pain.

Everywhere the dark blood flows; they deal death with the sword in battle, and seek a noble death by wounds. But amid the slaughter Camilla rages, a quivered Amazon, with one side stripped for battle, and now sends tough javelins showering from her hand, now snatches the strong battle-axe in her unwearying grasp; the golden bow, the armour of Diana, clashes on her shoulders; and even when forced backward in retreat, she turns in flight and [Pg 264][654-691]aims darts from her bow. But around her are her chosen comrades, maiden Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia brandishing an axe inlaid with bronze, girls of Italy, whom Camilla the bright chose for her own escort, good at service in peace and war: even as Thracian Amazons when the streams of Thermodon clash beneath them as they go to war in painted arms, whether around Hippolyte, or while martial Penthesilea returns in her chariot, and the crescent-shielded columns of women dance with loud confused cry. Whom first, whom last, fierce maiden, does thy dart strike down? First Euneus, son of Clytius; for as he meets her the long fir shaft crashes through his open breast. He falls spouting streams of blood, and bites the gory ground, and dying writhes himself upon his wound. Then Liris and Pagasus above him; who fall headlong and together, the one thrown as he reins up his horse stabbed under him, the other while he runs forward and stretches his unarmed hand to stay his fall. To these she joins Amastrus, son of Hippotas, and follows from far with her spear Tereus and Harpalycus and Demophoön and Chromis: and as many darts as the maiden sends whirling from her hand, so many Phrygians fall. Ornytus the hunter rides near in strange arms on his Iapygian horse, his broad warrior's shoulders swathed in the hide stripped from a bullock, his head covered by a wolf's wide-grinning mouth and white-tusked jaws; a rustic pike arms his hand; himself he moves amid the squadrons a full head over all. Catching him up (for that was easy amid the rout), she runs him through, and thus cries above her enemy: 'Thou wert hunting wild beasts in the forest, thoughtest thou, Tyrrhenian? the day is come for a woman's arms to refute thy words. Yet no light fame shalt thou carry to thy fathers' ghosts, to have fallen under the weapon of Camilla.' Next Orsilochus and Butes, the two mightiest of mould among the Teucrians; Butes she pierces in the [Pg 265][692-725]back with her spear-point between corslet and helmet, where the neck shews as he sits, and the shield hangs from his left shoulder; Orsilochus she flies, and darting in a wide circle, slips into the inner ring and pursues her pursuer; then rising her full height, she drives the strong axe deep through armour and bone, as he pleads and makes much entreaty; warm brain from the wound splashes his face. One met her thus and hung startled by the sudden sight, the warrior son of Aunus haunter of the Apennine, not the meanest in Liguria while fate allowed him to deceive. And he, when he discerns that no fleetness of foot may now save him from battle or turn the princess from pursuit, essays to wind a subtle device of treachery, and thus begins: 'How hast thou glory, if a woman trust in her horse's strength? Debar retreat; trust thyself to level ground at close quarters with me, and prepare to fight on foot. Soon wilt thou know how windy boasting brings one to harm.' He spoke; but she, furious and stung with fiery indignation, hands her horse to an attendant, and takes her stand in equal arms on foot and undismayed, with naked sword and shield unemblazoned. But he, thinking his craft had won the day, himself flies off on the instant, and turning his rein, darts off in flight, pricking his beast to speed with iron-armed heel. 'False Ligurian, in vain elated in thy pride! for naught hast thou attempted thy slippery native arts, nor will thy craft bring thee home unhurt to treacherous Aunus.' So speaks the maiden, and with running feet swift as fire crosses his horse, and catching the bridle, meets him in front and takes her vengeance in her enemy's blood: as lightly as the falcon, bird of bale, swoops down from aloft on a pigeon high in a cloud, and pounces on and holds her, and disembowels her with taloned feet, while blood and torn feathers flutter down the sky.

But the creator of men and gods sits high on Olympus' [Pg 266][726-759]summit watching this, not with eyes unseeing: he kindles Tyrrhenian Tarchon to the fierce battle, and sharply goads him on to wrath. So Tarchon gallops amid the slaughter where his squadrons retreat, and urges his troops in changing tones, calling man on man by name, and rallies the fliers to fight. 'What terror, what utter cowardice hath fallen on your spirits, O never to be stung to shame, O slack alway? a woman drives you in disorder and routs our ranks! Why wear we steel? for what are these idle weapons in our hands? Yet not slack in Venus' service and wars by night, or, when the curving flute proclaims Bacchus' revels, to look forward to the feast and the cups on the loaded board (this your passion, this your desire!) till the soothsayer pronounce the offering favourable, and the fatted victim invite you to the deep groves.' So speaking, he spurs his horse into the midmost, ready himself to die, and bears violently down full on Venulus; and tearing him from horseback, grasps his enemy and carries him away with him on the saddle-bow by main force. A cry rises up, and all the Latins turn their eyes.

Tarchon flies like fire over the plain, carrying the armed man, and breaks off the steel head from his own spear and searches the uncovered places, trying where he may deal the mortal blow; the other struggling against him keeps his hand off his throat, and strongly parries his attack.

And, as when a golden eagle snatches and soars with a serpent in his clutch, and his feet are fast in it, and his talons cling; but the wounded snake writhes in coiling spires, and its scales rise and roughen, and its mouth hisses as it towers upward; the bird none the less attacks his struggling prize with crooked beak, while his vans beat the air: even so Tarchon carries Tiburtus out of the ranks, triumphant in his prize. Following their captain's example and issue the men of Maeonia charge in. Then Arruns, due to his [Pg 267][760-796]doom, circles in advance of fleet Camilla with artful javelin, and tries how fortune may be easiest. Where the maiden darts furious amid the ranks, there Arruns slips up and silently tracks her footsteps; where she returns victorious and retires from amid the enemy, there he stealthily bends his rapid reins. Here he approaches, and here again he approaches, and strays all round and about, and untiringly shakes his certain spear. Haply Chloreus, sacred to Cybele and once her priest, glittered afar, splendid in Phrygian armour; a skin feathered with brazen scales and clasped with gold clothed the horse that foamed under his spur; himself he shone in foreign blue and scarlet, with fleet Gortynian shafts and a Lycian horn; a golden bow was on his shoulder, and the soothsayer's helmet was of gold; red gold knotted up his yellow scarf with its rustling lawny folds; his tunics and barbarian trousers were wrought in needlework. Him, whether that she might nail armour of Troy on her temples, or herself move in captive gold, the maiden pursued in blind chase alone of all the battle conflict, and down the whole line, reckless and fired by a woman's passion for spoils and plunder: when at last out of his ambush Arruns chooses his time and darts his javelin, praying thus aloud to heaven: 'Apollo, most high of gods, holy Soracte's warder, to whom we beyond all do worship, for whom the blaze of the pinewood heap is fed, where we thy worshippers in pious faith print our steps amid the deep embers of the fire, grant, O Lord omnipotent, that our arms wipe off this disgrace. I seek not the dress the maiden wore, nor trophy or any spoil of victory; other deeds shall bring me praise; let but this dread scourge fall stricken beneath my wound, I will return inglorious to my native towns.' Phoebus heard, and inly granted half his vow to prosper, half he shred into the flying breezes. To surprise and strike down Camilla in sudden death, this he [Pg 268][797-831]yielded to his prayer; that his high home might see his return he gave not, and a gust swept off his accents on the gale. So, when the spear sped from his hand hurtled through the air, all the Volscians marked it well and turned their eyes on the queen; and she alone knew not wind or sound of the weapon on its aery path, till the spear passed home and sank where her breast met it, and, driven deep, drank her maiden blood.

Her companions run hastily up and catch their sinking mistress. Arruns takes to flight more alarmed than all, in mingled fear and exultation, and no longer dares to trust his spear or face the maiden's weapons. And as the wolf, some shepherd or great bullock slain, plunges at once among the trackless mountain heights ere hostile darts are in pursuit, and knows how reckless he hath been, and drooping his tail lays it quivering under his belly, and seeks the woods; even so does Arruns withdraw from sight in dismay, and, satisfied to escape, mingles in the throng of arms. The dying woman pulls at the weapon with her hand; but the iron head is fixed deep in the wound up between the rib-bones. She swoons away with loss of blood; chilling in death her eyes swoon away; the once lustrous colour leaves her face. Then gasping, she thus accosts Acca, one of her birthmates, who alone before all was true to Camilla, with whom her cares were divided; and even so she speaks: 'Thus far, Acca my sister, have I availed; now the bitter wound overmasters me, and all about me darkens in haze. Haste away, and carry to Turnus my last message; to take my place in battle, and repel the Trojans from the town. And now goodbye.' Even with the words she dropped the reins and slid to ground unconscious. Then the unnerving chill overspread her, her neck slackened, her head sank overpowered by death, and her arms fell, and with a moan the life fled indignant into the dark. Then indeed an [Pg 269][832-867]infinite cry rises and smites the golden stars; the battle grows bloodier now Camilla is down; at once in serried rants all the Teucrian forces pour in, with the Tyrrhene captains and Evander's Arcadian squadrons. But Opis, Trivia's sentinel, long ere now sits high on the hill-tops, gazing on the battle undismayed. And when afar amid the din of angry men she espied Camilla done woefully to death, she sighed and uttered forth a deep cry: 'Ah too, too cruel, O maiden, the forfeit thou hast paid for daring armed attack on the Teucrians! and nothing hath availed thee thy lonely following of Diana in the woodlands, nor wearing our quiver on thy shoulder. Yet thy Queen hath not left thee unhonoured now thy latter end is come; nor will this thy death be unnamed among the nations, nor shalt thou bear the fame of one unavenged; for whosoever hath sullied thy body with a wound shall pay death for due.' Under the mountain height was a great earthen mound, tomb of Dercennus, a Laurentine king of old, shrouded in shadowy ilex. Hither the goddess most beautiful first swoops down, and marks Arruns from the mounded height. As she saw him glittering in arms and idly exultant: 'Why,' she cries, 'wanderest thou away? hitherward direct thy steps; come hither to thy doom, to receive thy fit reward for Camilla. Shalt thou die, and by Diana's weapons?' The Thracian spoke, and slid out a fleet arrow from her gilded quiver, and stretched it level on the bow, and drew it far, till the curving tips met one another, and now her hands touched in counterpoise, the left the steel edge, the string in the right her breast. At once and in a moment Arruns heard the whistle of the dart and the resounding air, as the steel sank in his body. His comrades leave him forgotten on the unknown dust of the plain, moaning his last and gasping his life away; Opis wings her flight to the skyey heaven. [Pg 270][868-901]At once the light squadron of Camilla retreat now they have lost their mistress; the Rutulians retreat in confusion, brave Atinas retreats.

Scattered captains and thinned companies make for safety, and turn their horses backward to the town. Nor does any avail to make stand against the swarming death-dealing Teucrians, or bear their shock in arms; but their unstrung bows droop on their shoulders, and the four-footed galloping horse-hoof shakes the crumbling plain. The eddying dust rolls up thick and black towards the walls, and on the watch-towers mothers beat their breasts and the cries of women rise up to heaven. On such as first in the rout broke in at the open gates the mingling hostile throng follows hard; nor do they escape death, alas! but in the very gateway, within their native city and amid their sheltering homes, they are pierced through and gasp out their life. Some shut the gates, and dare not open to their pleading comrades nor receive them in the town; and a most pitiful slaughter begins between armed men who guard the entry and others who rush upon their arms. Barred out before their weeping parents' eyes and faces, some, swept on by the rout, roll headlong into the trenches; some, blindly rushing with loosened rein, batter at the gates and stiffly-bolted doorway. The very mothers from the walls in eager heat (true love of country points the way, when they see Camilla) dart weapons with shaking hand, and eagerly make hard stocks of wood and fire-hardened poles serve for steel, and burn to die among the foremost for their city's sake. Meanwhile among the forests the terrible news pours in on Turnus, and Acca brings him news of the mighty invasion; the Volscian lines are destroyed; Camilla is fallen; the enemy thicken and press on, and have swept all before them down the tide of battle. Raging he leaves the hills he had beset—Jove's stern will ordains it [Pg 271][902-915]so—and quits the rough woodland. Scarcely had he marched out of sight and gained the plain when lord Aeneas enters the open defiles, surmounts the ridge, and issues from the dim forest. So both advance swiftly to the town with all their columns, no long march apart, and at once Aeneas descried afar the plains all smoking with dust, and saw the Laurentine columns, and Turnus knew Aeneas terrible in arms, and heard the advancing feet and the neighing of the horses. And straightway would they join battle and essay the conflict, but that ruddy Phoebus even now dips his weary coursers in the Iberian flood, and night draws on over the fading day. They encamp before the city, and draw their trenches round the walls. [Pg 272] BOOK TWELFTH THE SLAYING OF TURNUS When Turnus sees the Latins broken and fainting in the thwart issue of war, his promise claimed for fulfilment, and men's eyes pointed on him, his own spirit rises in unappeasable flame. As the lion in Phoenician fields, his breast heavily wounded by the huntsmen, at last starts into arms, and shakes out the shaggy masses from his exultant neck, and undismayed snaps the brigand's planted weapon, roaring with blood-stained mouth; even so Turnus kindles and swells in passion. Then he thus addresses the king, and so furiously begins: 'Turnus stops not the way; there is no excuse for the coward Aeneadae to take back their words or renounce their compact. I join battle; bring the holy things, my lord, and swear the treaty. Either this hand shall hurl to hell the Dardanian who skulks from Asia, and the Latins sit and see my single sword wipe out the nation's reproach; or let him rule his conquest, and Lavinia pass to his espousal.' To him Latinus calmly replied: 'O excellent young man! the more thy hot valour abounds, the more intently must I counsel, and weigh fearfully what may befall. Thou hast thy father Daunus' realm, hast many towns taken by [Pg 273][23-55]thine hand, nor is Latinus lacking in gold and goodwill. There are other maidens unwedded in Latium and Laurentine fields, and of no mean birth. Let me unfold this hard saying in all sincerity: and do thou drink it into thy soul. I might not ally my daughter to any of her old wooers; such was the universal oracle of gods and men. Overborne by love for thee, overborne by kinship of blood and my weeping wife's complaint, I broke all fetters, I severed the maiden from her promised husband, I took up unrighteous arms. Since then, Turnus, thou seest what calamities, what wars pursue me, what woes thyself before all dost suffer. Twice vanquished in pitched battle, we scarce guard in our city walls the hopes of Italy: the streams of Tiber yet run warm with our blood, and our bones whiten the boundless plain.

Why fall I away again and again? what madness bends my purpose? if I am ready to take them into alliance after Turnus' destruction, why do I not rather bar the strife while he lives? What will thy Rutulian kinsmen, will all Italy say, if thy death—Fortune make void the word!—comes by my betrayal, while thou suest for our daughter in marriage? Cast a glance on war's changing fortune; pity thine aged father, who now far away sits sad in his native Ardea.' In nowise do the words bend Turnus' passion: he rages the more fiercely, and sickens of the cure. So soon as he found speech he thus made utterance: 'The care thou hast for me, most gracious lord, for me lay down, I implore thee, and let me purchase honour with death. Our hand too rains weapons, our steel is strong; and our wounds too draw blood. The goddess his mother will be far from him to cover his flight, woman-like, in a cloud and an empty phantom's hiding.' But the queen, dismayed by the new terms of battle, wept, and clung to her fiery son as one ready to die: [Pg 274][56-89]'Turnus, by these tears, by Amata's regard, if that touches thee at all—thou art now the one hope, the repose of mine unhappy age; in thine hand is Latinus' honour and empire, on thee is the weight of all our sinking house—one thing I beseech thee; forbear to join battle with the Teucrians. What fate soever awaits thee in the strife thou seekest, it awaits me, Turnus, too: with thee will I leave the hateful light, nor shall my captive eyes see Aeneas my daughter's lord.' Lavinia tearfully heard her mother's words with cheeks all aflame, as deep blushes set her face on fire and ran hotly over it. Even as Indian ivory, if one stain it with sanguine dye, or where white lilies are red with many a rose amid: such colour came on the maiden's face.

Love throws him into tumult, and stays his countenance on the girl: he burns fiercer for arms, and briefly answers Amata: 'Do not, I pray thee, do not weep for me, neither pursue me thus ominously as I go to the stern shock of war. Turnus is not free to dally with death. Thou, Idmon, bear my message to the Phrygian monarch in this harsh wording: So soon as to-morrow's Dawn rises in the sky blushing on her crimson wheels, let him not loose Teucrian or Rutulian: let Teucrian and Rutulian arms have rest, and our blood decide the war; on that field let Lavinia be sought in marriage.' These words uttered, withdrawing swiftly homeward, he orders out his horses, and rejoicingly beholds them snorting before his face: those that Orithyia's self gave to grace Pilumnus, such as would excel the snows in whiteness and the gales in speed. The eager charioteers stand round and pat their chests with clapping hollowed hands, and comb their tressed manes. Himself next he girds on his shoulders the corslet stiff with gold and pale mountain-bronze, and buckles on the sword and shield and scarlet-plumed [Pg 275][90-124]helmet-spikes: that sword the divine Lord of Fire had himself forged for his father Daunus and dipped glowing in the Stygian wave. Next, where it stood amid his dwelling leaning on a massy pillar, he strongly seizes his stout spear, the spoil of Actor the Auruncan, and brandishes it quivering, and cries aloud: 'Now, O spear that never hast failed at my call, now the time is come; thee princely Actor once, thee Turnus now wields in his grasp. Grant this strong hand to strike down the effeminate Phrygian, to rend and shatter the corslet, and defile in dust the locks curled with hot iron and wet with myrrh.' Thus madly he runs on: sparkles leap out from all his blazing face, and his keen eyes flash fire: even as the bull when before his first fight he bellows awfully, and drives against a tree's trunk to make trial of his angry horns, and buffets the air with blows or scatters the sand in prelude of battle. And therewithal Aeneas, terrible in his mother's armour, kindles for warfare and awakes into wrath, rejoicing that offer of treaty stays the war. Comforting his comrades and sorrowing Iülus' fear, he instructs them of destiny, and bids bear answer of assurance to King Latinus, and name the laws of peace. Scarcely did the morrow shed on the mountain-tops the beams of risen day, as the horses of the sun begin to rise from the deep flood and breathe light from their lifted nostrils; Rutulian and Teucrian men measured out and made ready a field of battle under the great city's ramparts, and midway in it hearth-fires and grassy altars to the gods of both peoples; while others bore spring water and fire, draped in priestly dress and their brows bound with grass of the field. The Ausonian army issue forth, and crowd through the gates in streaming serried columns. On this side all the Trojan and Tyrrhenian host pour in diverse armament, girt with iron even as though the harsh battle-strife [Pg 276][125-158]called them forth. Therewith amid their thousands the captains dart up and down, splendid in gold and purple, Mnestheus, seed of Assaracus, and brave Asilas, and Messapus, tamer of horses, brood of Neptune: then each on signal given retired to his own ground; they plant their spears in the earth and lean their shields against them. Mothers in eager abandonment, and the unarmed crowd and feeble elders beset towers and house-roofs, or stand at the lofty gates. But Juno, on the summit that is now called the Alban—then the mountain had neither name nor fame or honour—looked forth from the hill and surveyed the plain and double lines of Laurentine and Trojan, and Latinus' town. Straightway spoke she thus to Turnus' sister, goddess to goddess, lady of pools and noisy rivers: such worship did Jupiter the high king of air consecrate to her for her stolen virginity: 'Nymph, grace of rivers, best beloved of our soul, thou knowest how out of all the Latin women that ever rose to high-hearted Jove's thankless bed, thee only have I preferred and gladly given part and place in heaven. Learn thy woe, that thou blame not me for it, Juturna. Where fortune seemed to allow and the Destinies granted Latinus' estate to prosper, I shielded Turnus and thy city. Now I see him joining battle with unequal fates, and the day of doom and deadly force draws nigh. Mine eyes cannot look on this battle and treaty: thou, if thou darest aught of more present help for the brother of thy blood, go on; it befits thee. Haply relief shall follow misery.' Scarcely thus: when Juturna's eyes overbrimmed with tears, and thrice and again she smote her hand on her gracious breast. 'This is not time for tears,' cries Juno, daughter of Saturn: 'hasten and snatch thy brother, if it may be, from his death; or do thou waken war, and make [Pg 277][159-191]the treaty abortive. I encourage thee to dare.' With such urgence she left her, doubting and dismayed, and grievously wounded in soul. Meanwhile the kings go forth; Latinus in mighty pomp rides in his four-horse chariot; twelve gilded rays go glittering round his brows, symbol of the Sun his ancestor; Turnus moves behind a white pair, clenching in his hand two broad-headed spears.

On this side lord Aeneas, fount of the Roman race, ablaze in starlike shield and celestial arms, and close by Ascanius, second hope of mighty Rome, issue from the camp; and the priest, in spotless raiment, hath brought the young of a bristly sow and an unshorn sheep of two years old, and set his beasts by the blazing altars. They, turning their eyes towards the sunrising, scatter salted corn from their hands and clip the beasts with steel over the temples, and pour cups on the altars. Then Aeneas the good, with sword drawn, thus makes invocation: 'Be the Sun now witness, and this Earth to my call, for whose sake I have borne to suffer so sore travail, and the Lord omnipotent, and thou his wife, at last, divine daughter of Saturn, at last I pray more favourable; and thou, mighty Mavors, who wieldest all warfare in lordship beneath thy sway; and on the Springs and Rivers I call, and the Dread of high heaven, and the divinities of the blue seas: if haply victory fall to Turnus the Ausonian, the vanquished make covenant to withdraw to Evander's city; Iülus shall quit the soil; nor ever hereafter shall the Aeneadae return in arms to renew warfare, or attack this realm with the sword. But if Victory grant battle to us and ours (as I think the rather, and so the rather may the gods seal their will), I will not bid Italy obey my Teucrians, nor do I claim the realm for mine; let both nations, unconquered, join treaty for ever under equal law. Gods [Pg 278][192-225]and worship shall be of my giving: my father Latinus shall bear the sword, and have a father's prescribed command. For me my Teucrians shall establish a city, and Lavinia give the town her name.' Thus Aeneas first: thereon Latinus thus follows: 'By these same I swear, O Aeneas, by Earth, Sea, Sky, and the twin brood of Latona and Janus the double-facing, and the might of nether gods and grim Pluto's shrine; this let our Father hear, who seals treaties with his thunderbolt. I touch the altars, I take to witness the fires and the gods between us; no time shall break this peace and truce in Italy, howsoever fortune fall; nor shall any force turn my will aside, not if it dissolve land into water in turmoil of deluge, or melt heaven in hell: so surely as this sceptre' (for haply he bore a sceptre in his hand) 'shall never burgeon into thin leafage and shady shoot, since once in the forest cut down right to the stem it lost its mother, and the steel lopped away its tressed arms: a tree of old: now the craftsman's hand hath bound it in adornment of brass and given it to our Latin fathers' bearing.' With such words they sealed mutual treaty midway in sight of the princes. Then they duly slay the consecrated beasts over the flames, and tear out their live entrails, and pile the altars with laden chargers. But long ere this the Rutulians deemed the battle unequal, and their hearts are stirred in changeful motion; and now the more, as they discern nigher that in ill-matched strength . . . . heightened by Turnus, as advancing with noiseless pace he humbly worships at the altar with downcast eye, by his wasted cheeks and the pallor on his youthful frame. Soon as Juturna his sister saw this talk spread, and the people's mind waver in uncertainty, into the mid ranks, in feigned form of Camertus—his family was high in long ancestry, and his father's name [Pg 279][226-260]for valour renowned, and himself most valiant in arms—into the mid ranks she glides, not ignorant of her task, and scatters diverse rumours, saying thus: 'Shame, O Rutulians! shall we set one life in the breach for so many such as these? are we unequal in numbers or bravery? See, Troy and Arcadia is all they bring, and those fate-bound bands that Etruria hurls on Turnus. Scarce is there an enemy to meet every other man of ours. He indeed will ascend to the gods for whose altars he devotes himself, and move living in the lips of men: we, our country lost, shall bow to the haughty rigour of our lords, if we now sit slackly on the field.' By such words the soldiers' counsel was kindled yet higher and higher, and a murmur crept through their columns; the very Laurentines, the very Latins are changed; and they who but now hoped for rest from battle and rescue of fortune now desire arms and pray the treaty were undone, and pity Turnus' cruel lot. To this Juturna adds a yet stronger impulse, and high in heaven shews a sign more potent than any to confuse Italian souls with delusive augury. For on the crimsoned sky Jove's tawny bird flew chasing, in a screaming crowd, fowl of the shore that winged their column; then suddenly stooping to the water, pounces on a noble swan with merciless crooked talons. The startled Italians watch, while all the birds together clamorously wheel round from flight, wonderful to see, and dim the sky with their pinions, and in thickening cloud urge their foe through air, till, conquered by their attack and his heavy prey, he yielded and dropped it from his talons into the river, and winged his way deep into the clouds. Then indeed the Rutulians clamorously greet the omen, and their hands flash out.

And Tolumnius the augur cries before them all: 'This it was, this, that my vows often have sought; I welcome and know a deity; [Pg 280][261-294]follow me, follow, snatch up the sword, O hapless people whom the greedy alien frightens with his arms like silly birds, and with strong hand ravages your shores. He too will take to flight, and spread his sails afar over ocean. Do you with one heart close up your squadrons, and defend in battle your lost king.' He spoke, and darting forward, hurled a weapon full on the enemy; the whistling cornel-shaft sings, and unerringly cleaves the air. At once and with it a vast shout goes up, and all their rows are amazed, and their hearts hotly stirred. The spear

flies on; where haply stood opposite in ninefold brotherhood all the beautiful sons of one faithful Tyrrhene wife, borne of her to Gylippus the Arcadian, one of them, midway where the sewn belt rubs on the flank and the clasp bites the fastenings of the side, one of them, excellent in beauty and glittering in arms, it pierces clean through the ribs and stretches on the yellow sand. But of his banded brethren, their courage fired by grief, some grasp and draw their swords, some snatch weapons to throw, and rush blindly forward. The Laurentine columns rush forth against them; again from the other side Trojans and Agyllines and Arcadians in painted armour flood thickly in: so hath one passion seized all to make decision by the sword. They pull the altars to pieces; through all the air goes a thick storm of weapons, and faster falls the iron rain. Bowls and hearth-fires are carried off; Latinus himself retreats, bearing the outraged gods of the broken treaty. The others harness their chariots, or vault upon their horses and come up with swords drawn. Messapus, eager to shatter the treaty, rides menacingly down on Aulestes the Tyrrhenian, a king in a king's array. Retreating hastily, and tripped on the altars that meet him behind, the hapless man goes down on his head and shoulders. But Messapus flies up with wrathful spear, and strikes him, as he pleads sore, a deep downward [Pg 281][295-330]blow from horseback with his beam-like spear, saying thus: That for him: the high gods take this better victim. The Italians crowd in and strip his warm limbs. Corynaeus seizes a charred brand from the altar, and meeting Ebysus as he advances to strike, darts the flame in his face; his heavy beard flamed up, and gave out a scorched smell. Following up his enemy's confusion, the other seizes him with his left hand by the hair, and bears him to earth with a thrust of his planted knee, and there drives the unyielding sword into his side. Podalirius pursues and overhangs with naked sword the shepherd Alsus as he rushes amid the foremost line of weapons; Alsus swings back his axe, and severs brow and chin full in front, wetting his armour all over with spattered blood. Grim rest and iron slumber seal his eyes; his lids close on everlasting night. But good Aeneas, his head bared, kept stretching his unarmed hand and calling loudly to his men: 'Whither run you? What is this strife that so spreads and swells? Ah, restrain your wrath! truce is already stricken, and all its laws ordained; mine alone is the right of battle. Leave me alone, and my hand shall confirm the treaty; these rites already make Turnus mine.' Amid these accents, amid words like these, lo! a whistling arrow winged its way to him, sped from what hand or driven by what god, none knows, or what chance or deity brought such honour to the Rutulians; the renown of the high deed was buried, nor did any boast to have dealt Aeneas' wound. Turnus, when he saw Aeneas retreating from the ranks and his captains in dismay, burns hot with sudden hope. At once he calls for his horses and armour, and with a bound leaps proudly into his chariot and handles the reins. He darts on, dealing many a brave man's body to death; many an one he rolls half-slain, or crushes whole files under his chariot, or seizes and showers spears on the fugitives. As [Pg 282][331-364]when by the streams of icy Hebrus Mavors kindles to bloodshed and clashes on his shield, and stirs war and speeds his furious coursers; they outwing south winds and west on the open plain; utmost Thrace groans under their hoof-beats; and around in the god's train rush the faces of dark Terror, and Wraths and Ambushes; even so amid the battle Turnus briskly lashes on his reeking horses, trampling on the foes that lie piteously slain; the galloping hoof scatters bloody dew, and spurns mingled gore and sand. And now hath he dealt Sthenelus to death, and Thamyrus and Pholus, him and him at close quarters, the other from afar; from afar both the sons of Imbrasus, Glaucus and Lades, whom Imbrasus himself had nurtured in Lycia and equipped in equal arms, whether to meet hand to hand or to outstrip the winds on horseback. Elsewhere Eumedes advances amid the fray, ancient Dolon's brood, illustrious in war, renewing his grandfather's name, his father's courage and strength of hand, who of old dared to claim Pelides' chariot as his price if he went to spy out the Grecian camp; to him the son of Tydeus told out another price for his venture, and he dreams no more of Achilles' horses. Him Turnus descried far on the open plain, and first following him with light javelin through long space of air, stops his double-harnessed horses and leaps from the chariot, and descends on his fallen half-lifeless foe, and, planting his foot on his neck, wrests the blade out of his hand and dyes its glitter deep in his throat, adding these words withal: 'Behold, thou liest, Trojan, meting out those Hesperian fields thou didst seek in war. Such guerdon is theirs who dare to tempt my sword; thus do they found their city.' Then with a spear-cast he sends Asbutes to follow him, and Chloreus and Sybaris, Dares and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes fallen flung over his horse's neck. And as when [Pg 283][365-398]the Edonian North wind's wrath roars on the deep Aegean, and the wave follows it shoreward; where the blast comes down, the clouds race over the sky; so, wheresoever Turnus cleaves his way, columns retreat and lines turn and run; his own speed bears him on, and his flying plume tosses as his chariot meets the breeze. Phegeus brooked not his proud approach; he faced the chariot, and caught and twisted away in his right hand the mouths of his horses, spurred into speed and foaming on the bit. Dragged along and hanging by the yoke he is left uncovered; the broad lance-head reaches him, pins and pierces the double-woven breastplate, and lightly wounds the surface of his body. Yet turning, he advanced on the enemy behind his shield, and sought succour in the naked point; when the wheel running forward on its swift axle struck him headlong and flung him to ground, and Turnus' sword following it smote off his head between the helmet-rim and the upper border of the breastplate, and left the body on the sand. And while Turnus thus victoriously deals death over the plains, Mnestheus meantime and faithful Achates, and Ascanius by their side, set down Aeneas in the camp, dabbled with blood and leaning every other step on his long spear.

He storms, and tries hard to pull out the dart where the reed had broken, and calls for the nearest way of remedy, to cut open the wound with broad blade, and tear apart the weapon's lurking-place, and so send him back to battle. And now Iapix son of Iasus came, beloved beyond others of Phoebus, to whom once of old, smitten with sharp desire, Apollo gladly offered his own arts and gifts, augury and the lyre and swift arrows: he, to lengthen out the destiny of a parent given over to die, chose rather to know the potency of herbs and the practice of healing, and deal in a silent art unrenowned. Aeneas stood chafing bitterly, propped on his vast spear, mourning [Pg 284][399-435]Iülus and a great crowd of men around, unstirred by their tears. The aged man, with garment drawn back and girt about him in Paeonian fashion, makes many a hurried effort with healing hand and the potent herbs of Phoebus, all in vain; in vain his hand solicits the arrow-head, and his pincers' grasp pulls at the steel. Fortune leads him forward in nowise; Apollo aids not with counsel; and more and more the fierce clash swells over the plains, and the havoc draws nigher on. Already they see the sky a mass of dust, the cavalry approaching, and shafts falling thickly amid the camp; the dismal cry uprises of warriors fighting and falling under the War-god's heavy hand. At this, stirred deep by her son's cruel pain, Venus his mother plucked from Cretan Ida a stalk of dittamy with downy leaves and bright-tressed flowers, the plant not unknown to wild goats when winged arrows are fast in their body. This Venus bore down, her shape girt in a dim halo; this she steeps with secret healing in the river-water poured out and sparkling abrim, and sprinkles life-giving juice of ambrosia and scented balm. With that water aged Iapix washed the wound, unwitting; and suddenly, lo! all the pain left his body, all the blood in the deep wound was stanched. And now following his hand the arrow fell out with no force, and strength returned afresh as of old. 'Hasten! arms for him quickly! why stand you?' cries Iapix aloud, and begins to kindle their courage against the enemy; 'this comes not by human resource or schooling of art, nor does my hand save thee, Aeneas: a higher god is at work, and sends thee back to higher deeds.' He, eager for battle, had already clasped on the greaves of gold right and left, and scorning delay, brandishes his spear. When the shield is adjusted by his side and the corslet on his back, he clasps Ascanius in his armed embrace, and lightly kissing him through the helmet, cries: 'Learn of me, O boy, valour [Pg 285][436-470]and toil indeed, fortune of others. Now mine hand shall give thee defence in war, and lead thee to great reward: do thou, when hereafter thine age ripens to fulness, keep this in remembrance, and as thou recallest the pattern of thy kindred, let thy spirit rise to thy father Aeneas, thine uncle Hector.' These words uttered, he issued towering from the gates, brandishing his mighty spear: with him in serried column rush Antheus and Mnestheus, and all the throng streams forth of the camp. The field drifts with blinding dust, and the startled earth trembles under the tramp of feet. From his earthworks opposite Turnus saw and the Ausonians saw them come, and an icy shudder ran deep through their frame; first and before all the Latins Juturna heard and knew the sound, and in terror fled away. He flies on, and hurries his dark column over the open plain. As when in fierce weather a storm-cloud moves over mid sea to land, with presaging heart, ah me, the hapless husbandmen shudder from afar; it will deal havoc to their trees and destruction to their crops, and make a broad path of ruin; the winds fly before it, and bear its roar to the beach; so the Rhoetean captain drives his army full on the foe; one and all they close up in wedges, and mass their serried ranks.

Thymbraeus smites massive Osiris with the sword, Mnestheus slays Arcetius, Achates Epulo, Gyas Ufens: Tolumnius the augur himself goes down, he who had hurled the first weapon against the foe.

Their cry rises to heaven, and in turn the routed Rutulians give backward in flight over the dusty fields. Himself he deigns not to cut down the fugitives, nor pursue such as meet him fair on foot or approach in arms: Turnus alone he tracks and searches in the thick haze, alone calls him to conflict. Then panic-stricken the warrior maiden flings Turnus' charioteer out over his reins, and leaving him far where he slips from the [Pg 286][471-504]chariot-pole, herself succeeds and turns the wavy reins, tones and limbs and armour all of Metiscus' wearing. As when a black swallow flits through some rich lord's spacious house, and circles in flight the lofty halls, gathering her tiny food for sustenance to her twittering nestlings, and now swoops down the spacious colonnades, now round the wet ponds; in like wise dart Juturna's horses amid the enemy, and her fleet chariot passes flying over all the field.

And now here and now here she displays her triumphant brother, nor yet allows him to close, but flies far and away. None the less does Aeneas thread the circling maze to meet him, and tracks his man, and with loud cry cries on him through the scattered ranks. Often as he cast eyes on his enemy and essayed to outrun the speed of the flying-footed horses, so often Juturna wheeled her team away. Alas, what can he do? Vainly he tosses on the ebb and flow, and in his spirit diverse cares make conflicting call; when Messapus, who haply bore in his left hand two tough spear-shafts topped with steel, runs lightly up and aims and hurls one of them upon him with unerring stroke. Aeneas stood still, and gathered himself behind his armour, sinking on bended knee; yet the rushing spear bore off his helmet-spike, and dashed the helmet-plume from the crest. Then indeed his wrath swells; and forced to it by their treachery, while chariot and horses disappear, he calls Jove oft and again to witness, and the altars of the violated treaty, and now at last plunges amid their lines.

Sweeping terrible down the tide of battle he wakens fierce indiscriminate carnage, and flings loose all the reins of wrath. What god may now unfold for me in verse so many woes, so many diverse slaughters and death of captains whom now Turnus, now again the Trojan hero, drives over all the field? Was it well, O God, that nations destined to everlasting peace should clash in so vast a shock? Aeneas [Pg 287][505-540]meets Sucro the Rutulian; the combat stayed the first rush of the Teucrians, but delayed them not long; he catches him on the side, and, when fate comes quickest, drives the harsh sword clean through the ribs where they fence the breast. Turnus brings down Amycus from horseback with his brother Diores, and meets them on foot; him he strikes with his long spear as he comes, him with his sword-point, and hangs both severed heads on his chariot and carries them off dripping with blood. The one sends to death Talos and Tanaïs and brave Cethegus, three at one meeting, and gloomy Onites, of Echionian name, and Peridia the mother that bore him; the other those brethren sent from Lycia and Apollo's fields, and Menoetes the Arcadian, him who loathed warfare in vain; who once had his art and humble home about the river-fisheries of Lerna, and knew not the courts of the great, but his father was tenant of the land he tilled.

And as fires kindled dispersedly in a dry forest and rustling laurel-thickets, or foaming rivers where they leap swift and loud from high hills, and speed to sea each in his own path of havoc; as fiercely the two, Aeneas and Turnus, dash amid the battle; now, now wrath surges within them, and unconquerable hearts are torn; now in all their might they rush upon wounds. The one dashes Murranus down and stretches him on the soil with a vast whirling mass of rock, as he cries the names of his fathers and forefathers of old, a whole line drawn through Latin kings; under traces and yoke the wheels spurned him, and the fast-beating hoofs of his rushing horses trample down their forgotten lord. The other meets Hyllus rushing on in gigantic pride, and hurls his weapon at his gold-bound temples; the spear pierced through the helmet and stood fast in the brain. Neither did thy right hand save thee from Turnus, O Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks; nor did his gods shield Cupencus when Aeneas came; he gave his [Pg 288][541-575]breast full to the steel, nor, alas! was the brazen shield's delay aught of avail.

Thee likewise, Aeolus, the Laurentine plains saw sink backward and cover a wide space of earth; thou fallest, whom Argive battalions could not lay low, nor Achilles the destroyer of Priam's realm. Here was thy goal of death; thine high house was under Ida, at Lyrnesus thine high house, on Laurentine soil thy tomb. The whole battle-lines gather up, all Latium and all Dardania, Mnestheus and valiant Serestus, with Messapus, tamer of horses, and brave Asilas, the Tuscan battalion and Evander's Arcadian squadrons; man by man they struggle with all their might; no rest nor pause in the vast strain of conflict. At this Aeneas' mother most beautiful inspired him to advance on the walls, directing his columns on the town and dismaying the Latins with sudden and swift disaster. As in search for Turnus he bent his glance this way and that round the separate ranks, he descries the city free from all this warfare, unpunished and unstirred. Straightway he kindles at the view of a greater battle; he summons Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus his captains, and mounts a hillock; there the rest of the Teucrian army gathers thickly, still grasping shield and spear. Standing on the high mound amid them, he speaks: 'Be there no delay to my words; Jupiter is with us; neither let any be slower to move that the design is sudden.

This city to-day, the source of war, the royal seat of Latinus, unless they yield them to receive our yoke and obey their conquerors, will I raze to ground, and lay her smoking roofs level with the dust. Must I wait forsooth till Turnus please to stoop to combat, and choose again to face his conqueror? This, O citizens, is the fountain-head and crown of the accursed war. Bring brands speedily, and reclaim the treaty in fire.' He ended; all with spirit alike emulous form a wedge and advance in serried masses to the walls. Ladders are run [Pg 289][576-611]up, and fire leaps sudden to sight. Some rush to the separate gates, and cut down the guards of the entry, others hurl their steel and darken the sky with weapons.

Aeneas himself among the foremost, upstretching his hand to the city walls, loudly reproaches Latinus, and takes the gods to witness that he is again forced into battle, that twice now do the Italians choose warfare and break a second treaty. Discord rises among the alarmed citizens: some bid unbar the town and fling wide their gates to the Dardanians, and pull the king himself towards the ramparts; others bring arms and hasten to defend the walls: as when a shepherd tracks bees to their retreat in a recessed rock, and fills it with stinging smoke, they within run uneasily up and down their waxen fortress, and hum louder in rising wrath; the smell rolls in darkness along their dwelling, and a blind murmur echoes within the rock as the smoke issues to the empty air. This fortune likewise befell the despairing Latins, this woe shook the whole city to her base. The queen espies from her roof the enemy's approach, the walls scaled and firebrands flying on the houses; and nowhere Rutulian ranks, none of Turnus' columns to meet them; alas! she deems him destroyed in the shock of battle, and, distracted by sudden anguish, shrieks that she is the source of guilt, the spring of ill, and with many a mad utterance of frenzied grief rends her purple attire with dying hand, and ties from a lofty beam the ghastly noose of death. And when the unhappy Latin women knew this calamity, first her daughter Lavinia tears her flower-like tresses and roseate cheeks, and all the train around her madden in her suit; the wide palace echoes to their wailing, and from it the sorrowful rumour spreads abroad throughout the town.

All hearts sink; Latinus goes with torn raiment, in dismay at his wife's doom and his city's downfall, defiling his hoary hair with soilure of sprinkled dust.

[Pg 290][614-648]Meanwhile on the skirts of the field Turnus chases scattered stragglers, ever slacker to battle, ever less and less exultant in his coursers' victorious speed. The confused cry came to him borne in blind terror down the breeze, and his startled ears caught the echoing tumult and disastrous murmur of the town.

'Ah me! what agony shakes the city? or what is this cry that fleets so loud from the distant town?' So speaks he, and distractedly checks the reins. And to him his sister, as changed into his charioteer Metiscus' likeness she swayed horses and chariot-reins, thus rejoined: 'This way, Turnus, let us pursue the brood of Troy, where victory opens her nearest way; there are others whose hands can protect their dwellings. Aeneas falls fiercer on the Italians, and closes in conflict; let our hand too deal pitiless death on his Teucrians.

Neither in tale of dead nor in glory of battle shalt thou retire outdone.' Thereat Turnus: . . . 'Ah my sister, long ere now I knew thee, when first thine arts shattered the treaty, and thou didst mingle in the strife; and now thy godhead conceals itself in vain. But who hath bidden thee descend from heaven to bear this sore travail? was it that thou mightest see thy hapless brother cruelly slain? for what do I, or what fortune yet gives promise of safety?

Before my very eyes, calling aloud on me, I saw Murranus, than whom none other is left me more dear, sink huge to earth, borne down by as huge a wound. Hapless Ufens is fallen, not to see our shame; corpse and armour are in Teucrian hands. The destruction of their households, this was the one thing yet lacking; shall I suffer it? Shall my hand not refute Drances' jeers? shall I turn my back, and this land see Turnus a fugitive? Is Death all so bitter? Do you, O Shades, be gracious to me, since the powers of heaven are estranged; to you shall I go down, a pure spirit and [Pg 291][649-681]ignorant of your blame, never once unworthy of my mighty fathers of old.' Scarce had he spoken thus; lo! Saces, borne flying on his foaming horse through the thickest of the foe, an arrow-wound right in his face, darts, beseeching Turnus by his name. 'Turnus, in thee is our last safety; pity thy people. Aeneas thunders in arms, and threatens to overthrow and hurl to destruction the high Italian fortress; and already firebrands are flying on our roofs. On thee, on thee the Latins turn their gazing eyes; King Latinus himself mutters in doubt, whom he is to call his sons, to whom he shall incline in union. Moreover the queen, thy surest stay, hath fallen by her own hand and in dismay fled the light. Alone in front of the gates Messapus and valiant Atinas sustain the battle-line. Round about them to right and left the armies stand locked and the iron field shivers with naked points; thou wheelest thy chariot on the sward alone.' At the distracting picture of his fortune Turnus froze in horror and stood in dumb gaze; together in his heart sweep the vast mingling tides of shame and maddened grief, and love stung to frenzy and resolved valour. So soon as the darkness cleared and light returned to his soul, he fiercely turned his blazing eyeballs towards the ramparts, and gazed back from his wheels on the great city. And lo! a spire of flame wreathing through the floors wavered up skyward and held a turret fast, a turret that he himself had reared of mortised planks and set on rollers and laid with high gangways. 'Now, O my sister, now fate prevails: cease to hinder; let us follow where deity and stern fortune call. I am resolved to face Aeneas, resolved to bear what bitterness there is in death; nor shalt thou longer see me shamed, sister of mine. Let me be mad, I pray thee, with this madness before the end.' He spoke, and leapt swiftly from his chariot to the field, and darting through weapons [Pg 292][682-718]and through enemies, leaves his sorrowing sister, and bursts in rapid course amid their columns. And as when a rock rushes headlong from some mountain peak, torn away by the blast, or if the rushing rain washes it away, or the stealing years loosen its ancient hold; the reckless mountain mass goes sheer and impetuous, and leaps along the ground, hurling with it forests and herds and men; thus through the scattering columns Turnus rushes to the city walls, where the earth is wettest with bloodshed and the air sings with spears; and beckons with his hand, and thus begins aloud: 'Forbear now, O Rutulians, and you, Latins, stay your weapons.

Whatsoever fortune is left is mine: I singly must expiate the treaty for you all, and make decision with the sword.' All drew aside and left him room. But lord Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name, abandons the walls, abandons the fortress height, and in exultant joy flings aside all hindrance, breaks off all work, and clashes his armour terribly, vast as Athos, or as Eryx, or as the lord of Apennine when he roars with his tossing ilex woods and rears his snowy crest rejoicing into air. Now indeed Rutulians and Trojans and all Italy turned in emulous gaze, and they who held the high city, and they whose ram was battering the foundations of the wall, and unarmed their shoulders. Latinus himself stands in amaze at the mighty men, born in distant quarters of the world, met and making decision with the sword.

And they, in the empty level field that cleared for them, darted swiftly forward, and hurling their spears from far, close in battle shock with clangour of brazen shields. Earth utters a moan; the sword-strokes fall thick and fast, chance and valour joining in one. And as in broad Sila or high on Taburnus, when two bulls rush to deadly battle forehead to forehead, the herdsmen retire in terror, all the herd stands dumb in dismay, and the heifers murmur in doubt which shall be [Pg 293][719-752]lord in the woodland, which all the cattle must follow; they violently deal many a mutual wound, and gore with their stubborn horns, bathing their necks and shoulders in abundant blood; all the woodland moans back their bellowing: even thus Aeneas of Troy and the Daunian hero rush together shield to shield; the mighty crash fills the sky. Jupiter himself holds up the two scales in even balance, and lays in them the different fates of both, trying which shall pay forfeit of the strife, whose weight shall sink in death. Turnus darts out, thinking it secure, and rises with his whole reach of body on his uplifted sword; then strikes; Trojans and Latins cry out in excitement, and both armies strain their gaze. But the treacherous sword shivers, and in mid stroke deserts its eager lord. If flight aid him not now! He flies swifter than the wind, when once he descries a strange hilt in his weaponless hand. Rumour is that in his headlong hurry, when mounting behind his yoked horses to begin the battle, he left his father's sword behind and caught up his charioteer Metiscus' weapon; and that served him long, while Teucrian stragglers turned their backs; when it met the divine Vulcanian armour, the mortal blade like brittle ice snapped in the stroke; the shards lie glittering upon the yellow sand. So in distracted flight Turnus darts afar over the plain, and now this way and now that crosses in wavering circles; for on all hands the Teucrians locked him in crowded ring, and the dreary marsh on this side, on this the steep city ramparts hem him in. Therewith Aeneas pursues, though ever and anon his knees, disabled by the arrow, hinder and stay his speed; and foot hard on foot presses hotly on his hurrying enemy: as when a hunter courses with a fleet barking hound some stag caught in a river-loop or girt by the crimson-feathered toils, and he, in terror of the snares and the high river-bank, [Pg 294][753-786]darts back and forward in a thousand ways; but the keen Umbrian clings agape, and just catches at him, and as though he caught him snaps his jaws while the baffled teeth close on vacancy. Then indeed a cry goes up, and banks and pools answer round about, and all the sky echoes the din.

He, even as he flies, chides all his Rutulians, calling each by name, and shrieks for the sword he knew. But Aeneas denounces death and instant doom if one of them draw nigh, and doubles their terror with threats of their city's destruction, and though wounded presses on.

Five circles they cover at full speed, and unwind as many this way and that; for not light nor slight is the prize they seek, but Turnus' very lifeblood is at issue. Here there haply had stood a bitter-leaved wild olive, sacred to Faunus, a tree worshipped by mariners of old; on it, when rescued from the waves, they were wont to fix their gifts to the god of Laurentum and hang their votive raiment; but the Teucrians, unregarding, had cleared away the sacred stem, that they might meet on unimpeded lists. Here stood Aeneas' spear; hither borne by its own speed it was held fast stuck in the tough root. The Dardanian stooped over it, and would wrench away the steel, to follow with the weapon him whom he could not catch in running. Then indeed Turnus cries in frantic terror: 'Faunus, have pity, I beseech thee! and thou, most gracious Earth, keep thy hold on the steel, as I ever have kept your worship, and the Aeneadae again have polluted it in war.' He spoke, and called the god to aid in vows that fell not fruitless. For all Aeneas' strength, his long struggling and delay over the tough stem availed not to unclose the hard grip of the wood. While he strains and pulls hard, the Daunian goddess, changing once more into the charioteer Metiscus' likeness, runs forward and passes her brother his sword. But Venus, indignant that the [Pg 295][787-818]Nymph might be so bold, drew nigh and wrenched away the spear where it stuck deep in the root. Erect in fresh courage and arms, he with his faithful sword, he towering fierce over his spear, they face one another panting in the battle shock. Meanwhile the King of Heaven's omnipotence accosts Juno as she gazes on the battle from a sunlit cloud. 'What yet shall be the end, O wife? what remains at the last? Heaven claims Aeneas as his country's god, thou thyself knowest and avowest to know, and fate lifts him to the stars. With what device or in what hope hangest thou chill in cloudland?

Was it well that a deity should be sullied by a mortal's wound? or that the lost sword—for what without thee could Juturna avail?—should be restored to Turnus and swell the force of the vanquished? Forbear now, I pray, and bend to our entreaties; let not the pain thus devour thee in silence, and distress so often flood back on me from thy sweet lips.

The end is come. Thou hast had power to hunt the Trojans over land or wave, to kindle accursed war, to put the house in mourning, and plunge the bridal in grief: further attempt I forbid thee.' Thus Jupiter began: thus the goddess, daughter of Saturn, returned with looks cast down: 'Even because this thy will, great Jupiter, is known to me for thine, have I left, though loth, Turnus alone on earth; nor else wouldst thou see me now, alone on this skyey seat, enduring good and bad; but girt in flame I were standing by their very lines, and dragging the Teucrians into the deadly battle. I counselled Juturna, I confess it, to succour her hapless brother, and for his life's sake favoured a greater daring; yet not the arrow-shot, not the bending of the bow, I swear by the merciless well-head of the Stygian spring, the single ordained dread of the gods in heaven. And now I retire, and leave the battle in loathing. [Pg 296][819-854]This thing I beseech thee, that is bound by no fatal law, for Latium and for the majesty of thy kindred. When now they shall plight peace with prosperous marriages (be it so!), when now they shall join in laws and treaties, bid thou not the native Latins change their name of old, nor become Trojans and take the Teucrian name, or change their language, or alter their attire: let Latium be, let Alban kings endure through ages, let Italian valour be potent in the race of Rome. Troy is fallen; let her and her name lie where they fell.' To her smilingly the designer of men and things: 'Jove's own sister thou art, and second seed of Saturn, such surge of wrath tosses within thy breast! But come, allay this madness so vainly stirred. I give thee thy will, and yield thee ungrudged victory. Ausonia shall keep her native speech and usage, and as her name is, it shall be.

The Trojans shall sink mingling into their blood; I will add their sacred law and ritual, and make all Latins and of a single speech. Hence shall spring a race of tempered Ausonian blood, whom thou shalt see outdo men and gods in duty; nor shall any nation so observe thy worship.' To this Juno assented, and in gladness withdrew her purpose; meanwhile she quits her cloud, and retires out of the sky. This done, the Father revolves inly another counsel, and prepares to separate Juturna from her brother's arms. Twin monsters there are, called the Dirae by their name, whom with infernal Megaera the dead of night bore at one single birth, and wreathed them in like serpent coils, and clothed them in windy wings. They appear at Jove's throne and in the courts of the grim king, and quicken the terrors of wretched men whensoever the lord of heaven deals sicknesses and dreadful death, or sends terror of war upon guilty cities. One of these Jupiter sent swiftly down from heaven's height, and bade her meet Juturna for a [Pg 297][855-888]sign. She wings her way, and darts in a whirlwind to earth.

Even as an arrow through a cloud, darting from the string when Parthian hath poisoned it with bitter gall, Parthian or Cydonian, and sped the immedicable shaft, leaps through the swift shadow whistling and unknown; so sprung and swept to earth the daughter of Night. When she espies the Ilian ranks and Turnus' columns, suddenly shrinking to the shape of a small bird that often sits late by night on tombs or ruinous roofs, and vexes the darkness with her cry, in such change of likeness the monster shrilly passes and repasses before Turnus' face, and her wings beat restlessly on his shield. A strange numbing terror unnerves his limbs, his hair thrills up, and the accents falter on his tongue. But when his hapless sister knew afar the whistling wings of the Fury, Juturna unbinds and tears her tresses, with rent face and smitten bosom. 'How, O Turnus, can thine own sister help thee now? or what more is there if I break not under this? What art of mine can lengthen out thy day? can I contend with this ominous thing? Now, now I quit the field. Dismay not my terrors, disastrous birds; I know these beating wings, and the sound of death, nor do I miss high-hearted Jove's haughty ordinance. Is this his repayment for my maidenhood? what good is his gift of life for ever? why have I forfeited a mortal's lot? Now assuredly could I make all this pain cease, and go with my unhappy brother side by side into the dark. Alas mine immortality! will aught of mine be sweet to me without thee, my brother? Ah, how may Earth yawn deep enough for me, and plunge my godhead in the under world!' So spoke she, and wrapping her head in her gray vesture, the goddess moaning sore sank in the river depth. But Aeneas presses on, brandishing his vast tree-like spear, and fiercely speaks thus: 'What more delay is there [Pg 298][889-924]now? or why, Turnus, dost thou yet shrink away? Not in speed of foot, in grim arms, hand to hand, must be the conflict. Transform thyself as thou wilt, and collect what strength of courage or skill is thine; pray that thou mayest wing thy flight to the stars on high, or that sheltering earth may shut thee in.' The other, shaking his head: 'Thy fierce words dismay me not, insolent! the gods dismay me, and Jupiter's enmity.' And no more said, his eyes light on a vast stone, a stone ancient and vast that haply lay upon the plain, set for a landmark to divide contested fields: scarcely might twelve chosen men lift it on their shoulders, of such frame as now earth brings to birth: then the hero caught it up with trembling hand and whirled it at the foe, rising higher and quickening his speed. But he knows not his own self running nor going nor lifting his hands or moving the mighty stone; his knees totter, his blood freezes cold; the very stone he hurls, spinning through the empty void, neither wholly reached its distance nor carried its blow home. And as in sleep, when nightly rest weighs down our languorous eyes, we seem vainly to will to run eagerly on, and sink faint amidst our struggles; the tongue is powerless, the familiar strength fails the body, nor will words or utterance follow: so the disastrous goddess brings to naught all Turnus' valour as he presses on. His heart wavers in shifting emotion; he gazes on his Rutulians and on the city, and falters in terror, and shudders at the imminent spear; neither sees he whither he may escape nor how rush violently on the enemy, and nowhere his chariot or his sister at the reins. As he wavers Aeneas poises the deadly weapon, and, marking his chance, hurls it in from afar with all his strength of body. Never with such a roar are stones hurled from some engine on ramparts, nor does the thunder burst in so loud a peal. Carrying grim death with it, the spear flies in fashion of some dark whirlwind, and [Pg 299][925-952]opens the rim of the corslet and the utmost circles of the sevenfold shield. Right through the thigh it passes hurtling on; under the blow Turnus falls huge to earth with his leg doubled under him.

The Rutulians start up with a groan, and all the hill echoes round about, and the width of high woodland returns their cry. Lifting up beseechingly his humbled eyes and suppliant hand: 'I have deserved it,' he says, 'nor do I ask for mercy; use thy fortune. If an unhappy parent's distress may at all touch thee, this I pray; even such a father was Anchises to thee; pity Daunus' old age, and restore to my kindred which thou wilt, me or my body bereft of day. Thou art conqueror, and Ausonia hath seen me stretch conquered hands.

Lavinia is thine in marriage; press not thy hatred farther.' Aeneas stood wrathful in arms, with rolling eyes, and lowered his hand; and now and now yet more the speech began to bend him to waver: when high on his shoulder appeared the sword-belt with the shining bosses that he knew, the luckless belt of the boy Pallas, whom Turnus had struck down with mastering wound, and wore on his shoulders the fatal ornament. The other, as his eyes drank in the plundered record of his fierce grief, kindles to fury, and cries terrible in anger: 'Mayest thou, thou clad in the spoils of my dearest, escape mine hands? Pallas it is, Pallas who now strikes the sacrifice, and exacts vengeance in thy guilty blood.' So saying, he fiercely plunges the steel full in his breast. But his limbs grow slack and chill, and the life with a moan flies indignantly into the dark. THE END. [Pg 301] NOTES Book First l. 123—Accipiunt inimicum imbrem.

Inimica non tantum hostilia sed perniciosa.—Serv. on ix. 315. The word often has this latter sense in Virgil. l. 396—Aut capere aut captas iam despectare videntur.

Henry seems unquestionably right in explaining captas despectare of the swans rising and hovering over the place where they had settled, this action being more fully expressed in the next two lines. The parallelism between ll. 396 and 400 exists, but it is inverted, capere corresponding to subit, captas despectare to tenet. l. 427—lata theatris with the balance of MS. authority. l. 550—Arvaque after Med. and Pal.; armaque Con. l. 636—Munera laetitiamque die ('ut multi legunt,' says Serv.), though it has little MS. authority, has been adopted because it is strongly probable on internal grounds, as giving a basis for the other two readings, dei and dii.

l. 722—The long-since-unstirred spirit.

And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe. Shakespeare, Sonnet XXX. l. 726—dependent lychni laquearibus aureis. Serv. on viii. 25, summique ferit laquearia tecti, says 'multi lacuaria legunt. nam lacus dicuntur: unde est . . . lacunar. non enim a laqueis dicitur.' As Prof. Nettleship has pointed out, this seems to indicate that there are two words, laquear from laqueus, meaning chain or network, and lacuar or lacunar from lacus, meaning sunk work.

[Pg 302]Book Second l. 30—Classibus hic locus. Ad equites referre debemus.—Serv. Cf. also vii. 716. l. 76—Omitted with the best MSS. l. 234—moenia pandimus urbis. Moenia cetera urbis tecta vel aedes accipiendum.—Serv. This is the sense which the word generally has in Virgil: it is often used in contrast with muri, or as a synonym of urbs; and in most cases city is its nearest English equivalent.

l. 381—caerula colla tumentem. Caerulum est viride cum nigro.—Serv. on vii. 198. Cf. iii. 208, where it is used of the colour of the sea after a storm. l. 616—nimbo effulgens. est fulgidum lumen quo deorum capita cinguntur. sic etiam pingi solet.—Serv. Cf. xii. 416. Book Third l. 127—freta concita terris with all the best MSS.; consita Con. l. 152—qua se Plena per insertas fundebat Luna fenestras. The usual explanation, which makes insertas an epithet transferred by a sort of hypallage from Luna to fenestras, is extremely violent, and makes the word little more than a repetition of se fundebat. Servius mentions two other interpretations; non seratas, quasi inseratas, and clatratas; the last has been adopted in the translation. In the passage of Lucretius (ii. 114) which Virgil has imitated here, Contemplator enim cum solis lumina . . . Inserti fundunt radii per opaca domorum, it is possible that clatris may be the lost word.

l. 684— Contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim Inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo Ni teneant cursus. In this difficult passage it is probably best to take cursus as the subject to teneant (cursus teneant, id est agantur.—Serv. Cf. also l. 454 above, quamvis vi cursus in altum Vela vocet), viam being either the direct object of teneant, or in loose apposition to Scyllam atque Charybdim. [Pg 303]l. 708—tempestatibus actis with Rom. and Pal.; actus Con. after Med. Book Fourth Totus hic liber . . . in consiliis et subtilitatibus est. nam paene comicus stilus est. nec mirum, ubi de amore tractatur.—Serv. l. 273—Omitted with the best MSS. l. 528—Omitted with the best MSS. Book Fifth l. 595—iuduntque per undas, omitted with the preponderance of MS. authority.

Book Sixth l. 242—Omitted with the balance of MS. authority. l. 806—virtutem extendere factis with Med.; virtute extendere vires Con.

Book Eighth l. 46—Omitted with the majority of the best MSS. l. 383—Arma rogo. Genetrix nato te filia Nerei. Arma rogo. hic distinguendum, ut cui petat non dicat, sed relinquat intellegi . . . Genetrix nato te filia Nerei. hoc est, soles hoc praestare matribus.—Serv. Book Ninth l. 29—Omitted with all the best MSS. l. 122—Omitted with all the best MSS. l. 281— Me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis Dissimilem arguerit tantum, Fortuna secunda Aut adversa cadat. With some hesitation I have adopted this reading as the one open to least objection, though the balance of authority is decidedly in favour of haud adversa. For the position of tantum cf. Ecl. x. 46, according to the 'subtilior explicatio' now generally adopted. [Pg 304]l. 412— Et venit adversi in tergum Sulmonis ibique Frangitur, et fisso transit praecordia ligno. The phrase in tergum occurs twice elsewhere: ix. 764—meaning 'on the back'; and xi. 653—meaning 'backward'; and in x. 718 the uncertainty about the order of the lines makes it possible that tergo decutit hastas was meant to refer to the boar, not to Mezentius.

But the passages quoted by the editors there shew that the word might be used in the sense of 'shield'; and this being so we are scarcely justified in reading aversi against all the good MSS. l. 529—Omitted with most MSS. Book Tenth l. 278—Omitted with the best MSS. l. 754—Insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta. The MS. authority is decidedly in favour of this, the more difficult reading; and the hendiadys is not more violent than those in Georg. ii. 192, Aen. iii. 223. Book Twelfth l. 218—Tum magis, ut propius cernunt non viribus aequis. With Ribbeck I believe that there is a gap in the sense here, and have marked one in the translation. l. 520—Limina with Med. Munera Con. ll. 612, 613—Omitted with the best MSS. l. 751—Venator cursu canis et latratibus instat.

I take cursu canis as equivalent to currente cane, as in i. 324, spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem. Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. Transcriber added the Table of Contents. The following words appear with and without a hyphen. Spelling has been left as in the original. blood-stained bloodstained hill-tops hilltops horse-hair horsehair life-blood lifeblood new-born newborn spear-shaft spearshaft water-ways waterways The following words are spelled in multiple ways. Spelling has been left as in the original.

aery aëry horned hornèd Nereids Nereïd Pergama Pergamea The following corrections have made to the text: page 173—'[quotation mark missing in original]Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs page 202—in name fail to be Creüsa[original has Crëusa] page 207—Rumour on fluttering[original has flutttering] wings page 285—the Rhoetean[original has Rhoeteian] captain drives his army The first occurrence of Phoebus was rendered with an oe ligature in the original. Ellipses match the original. Page 300 is blank in the original.

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PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS ARMA virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram; multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum, Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae. Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso, quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni, Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli; quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma, hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse, si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque. Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; hinc populum late regem belloque superbum venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas. Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli, prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis—- necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae, et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores. His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos errabant, acti fatis, maria omnia circum. Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem! Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus, haec secum: 'Mene incepto desistere victam, nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem? Quippe vetor fatis. Pallasne exurere classem Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, unius ob noxam et furias Aiacis Oilei? Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem, disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis, illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammas turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?' Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris, Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat. Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis circum claustra fremunt; celsa sedet Aeolus arce sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras. Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras. Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas. Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est: 'Aeole, namque tibi divom pater atque

hominum rex et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento, gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor, Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates: incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes, aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae, quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea, conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo, omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.' Aeolus haec contra: 'Tuus, O regina, quid optes explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est. Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptra Iovemque concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom, nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.' Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto, qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant. Incubuere mari, totumque a sedibus imis una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus. Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum. Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra. Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem. Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra: ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas talia voce refert: 'O terque quaterque beati, quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra, saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit?' Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit. Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, et undis dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.

Hi summo in fluctu pendent; his unda dehiscens terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis. Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet—- saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras—- dorsum immane mari summo; tris Eurus ab alto in brevia et Syrtis urguet, miserabile visu, inliditque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten, ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex. Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto, arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas. Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achati, et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes, vicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt. Interea magno misceri murmure pontum, emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus; et alto prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae, toto videt aequore classem, fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina, nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur: 'Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri? Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, venti, miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles? Quos ego—-sed motos praestat componere fluctus. Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis. Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro: non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem, sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa, vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.' Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat, collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit. Cymothoe simul et Triton adnixus acuto detrudunt navis scopulo; levat ipse tridenti; et vastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor, atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.

Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus, iamque faces et saxa volant—-furor arma ministrat; tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant; ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,—- sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo. Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras. Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos. Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra. Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum, intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo, nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula navis ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu. Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena, et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt. Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates, succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.

Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo. Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremis, aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici. Navem in conspectu nullam, tris litore cervos prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur a tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen. Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates; ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam; nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet. Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes. Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros, dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet: 'O socii—-neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum—- O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem. Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopea saxa experti: revocate animos, maestumque timorem mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae. Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.' Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem. Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant; pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt; litore aena locant alii, flammasque ministrant. Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae, amissos longo socios sermone requirunt, spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant, sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos. Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentis litoraque et latos populos, sic vertice caeli constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis. Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis adloquitur Venus: 'O qui res hominumque deumque aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum, quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis, cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis? Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis, hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri, qui mare, qui terras omni dicione tenerent, pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia vertit? Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens; nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum? Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis, Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi, unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis it mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti. Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit: nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, navibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram prodimur atque Italis longe disiungimur oris. Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in sceptra reponis?' Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum, voltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur: 'Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit. Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet, longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo) bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet, tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis. At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo additur,—-Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno,—- triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam. Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos, Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet. His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono; imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno, quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat, consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam: sic placitum.

Veniet lustris labentibus aetas, cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenas servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis. Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar, imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,—- Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo. Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum, accipies secura; vocabitur hic quoque votis.
Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis; cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus, iura dabunt; dirae ferro et compagibus artis claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus, saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus aenis post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.' Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto, ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido finibus arceret: volat ille per aera magnum remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris. Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni corda volente deo; in primis regina quietum accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam. At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras, qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene, quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris occulit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate, bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva, virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum. Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis, nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. Ac prior, 'Heus' inquit 'iuvenes, monstrate mearum vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum, succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis, aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.' Sic Venus; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus: 'Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum—- O quam te memorem, virgo?
Namque haud tibi voltus mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O, dea certe—- an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una?—- sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti: multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.' Tum Venus: 'Haud equidem tali me dignor honore; virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram, purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno. Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem; sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta, germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. 'Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore, cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes. Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore, clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum germanae; factumque diu celavit, et aegram, multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem. Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris, crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit. Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet, auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni aut metus acer erat; navis, quae forte paratae, corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti. Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem, mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam, taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo. Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris, quove tenetis iter? 'Quaerenti talibus ille suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem: 'O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam, et vacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum, ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo. Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per auris Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris. Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus. Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo. Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor, matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus; vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt. Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro, Europa atque Asia pulsus.' Nec plura querentem passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est: 'Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem. Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer, Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam nuntio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam, ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes. Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cycnos, aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo aut capere, aut captas iam despectare videntur: ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis, et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere, haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo. Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.' Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit, ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos, et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus: 'Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?' Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit: at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit, et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu, cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset, molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas. Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant. Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces. Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam, miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum. Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros, molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa, pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. [Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;] hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatris fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.

Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas, aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto ignavom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent: fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella. 'O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!' Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis. Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu, per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra, quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae, aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis. Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem ausus, et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo, reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi, artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas, bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem, Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem. Constitit, et lacrimans, 'Quis iam locus' inquit 'Achate, quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi; sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.' Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani, multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum. Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus, hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles. Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus, ardentisque avertit equos in castra, prius quam pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent. Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis, infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani, lora tenens tamen; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta. Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis; diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat. Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros, exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles. Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici, tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis. Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis, Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma. Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet, aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae, bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo. Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur, dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido, incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva. Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis: Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus: talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris. Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi, saepta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit. Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat: cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum, Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras. Obstipuit simul ipse simul perculsus Achates laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dextras ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti, quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant, quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant, orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant. Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, axumus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit: 'O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas, Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti, oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignis, parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas; non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis. Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae; Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem. Hic cursus fuit: cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion in vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris. Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeve hunc tam barbara morem permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra. Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi. 'Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter, nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis. Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris, non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem poeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes arvaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem, et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos: si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto, tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus; sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optume Teucrum, pontus habet Lybiae, nec spes iam restat Iuli, at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas, unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.' Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant Dardanidae. Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur: 'Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas. Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt moliri, et late finis custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem, virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli? Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni, nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe. Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva, sive Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo. Voltis et his mecum pariter considere regnis; urbem quam statuo vestra est, subducite navis; Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur. Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo, si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.' His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates: 'Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit? omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos. Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.' Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit, os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores: quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro. Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente improvisus ait: 'Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, Troius Aeneas, Lybicis ereptus ab undis. O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores, quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos, urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti, praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes? In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet, semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt, quae me cumque vocant terrae.' Sic fatus, amicum Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Serestum, post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum. Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido, casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est: 'Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus insequitur? Quae vis immanibus applicat oris? Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam? Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam vastabat Cyprum, et victor dicione tenebat. Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi. Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat. Quare agite, O tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris. Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra. Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.' Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit tecta, simul divom templis indicit honorem. Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos, munera laetitiamque dii. At domus interior regali splendida luxu instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis: arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo, ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis. Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem passus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten, Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis. Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis, ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem, et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho, ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos, extulerat, matris Ledae mirabile donum: praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim, maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam. Haec celerans ita ad naves tendebat Achates. At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem; quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilinguis; urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem: 'Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus, nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco. Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae, nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore. Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum. Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet, sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura, dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae: hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam, ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit. Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus, ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum, cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet, occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.' Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra. Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate. Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit. Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis. Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis; centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant. Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis. Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum flagrantisque dei voltus simulataque verba, [pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.] Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae, expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur. Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem, reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido, insidat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda. Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae, crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant. Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt. Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit implevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes a Belo soliti; tum facta silentia tectis: 'Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur, hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores. Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno; et vos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.' Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem, primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore, tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro post alii proceres. Cithara crinitus Iopas personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas. Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores; unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et ignes; Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones; quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur. Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem, multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa; nunc quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis, nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles. 'Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis insidias,' inquit, 'Danaum, casusque tuorum, erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.' PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto: Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem, Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum eruerint Danai; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi temperet a lacrimis? Et iam nox umida caelo praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos. Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem, quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, incipiam. Fracti bello fatisque repulsi ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis, instar montis equum divina Palladis arte aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas: votum pro reditu simulant; ea fama vagatur. Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas ingentis uterumque armato milite complent.
Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant, nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis: huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt.
Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenas: ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu; panduntur portae; iuvat ire et Dorica castra desertosque videre locos litusque relictum. Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles; classibus hic locus; hic acie certare solebant.
Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae, et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari, sive dolo, seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant. At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona praecipitare iubent, subiectisque urere flammis, aut terebrare cavas uteri et temptare latebras. Scinditur incertum studia in contraria volgus. Primus ibi ante omnis, magna comitante caterva, Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce, et procul: 'O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives? Creditis avectos hostis? Aut ulla putatis dona carere dolis Danaum? Sic notus Ulixes? aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi, aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri. Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.' Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam in latus inque feri curvam compagibus alvum contorsit: stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.
Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset, impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, Troiaque, nunc stares, Priamique arx alta, maneres. Ecce, manus iuvenem interea post terga revinctum pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant Dardanidae, qui se ignotum venientibus ultro, hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achivis, obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus, seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti. Undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus circumfusa ruit, certantque inludere capto. Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno disce omnes. Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit: 'Heu, quae nunc tellus' inquit 'quae me aequora possunt accipere? Aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?' Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis impetus. Hortamur fari; quo sanguine cretus, quidve ferat, memoret, quae sit fiducia capto. [Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:] 'Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor vera, inquit; neque me Argolica de gente negabo: hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad auris Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat, demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent. Illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis, dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigebat consiliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque gessimus. Invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi—- haud ignota loquor—-superis concessit ab oris, adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam, et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
Nec tacui demens, et me, fors si qua tulisset, si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos, promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi. Hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces in volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma. Nec requievit enim, donec, Calchante ministro—- sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata revolvo? Quidve moror, si omnis uno ordine habetis Achivos, idque audire sat est? Iamdudum sumite poenas, hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.' Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae. Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur: 'Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relicta moliri, et longo fessi discedere bello; fecissentque utinam! Saepe illos aspera ponti interclusit hiemps, et terruit Auster euntis. Praecipue, cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi. Suspensi Eurypylum scitantem oracula Phoebi mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: ''Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa, cum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras; sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum Argolica.'' Volgi quae vox ut venit ad auris, obstipuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo. 'Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina divom, flagitat; et mihi iam multi crudele canebant artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. Bis quinos silet ille dies, tectusque recusat prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti. Vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus, composito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae. Adsensere omnes, et, quae sibi quisque timebat, unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere. Iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari, et salsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae: eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi, limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent. Nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi, nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem; quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. Quod te per superos et conscia numina veri, per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.' His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro. Ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levari vincla iubet Priamus, dictisque ita fatur amicis: 'Quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios; noster eris, mihique haec edissere vera roganti: Quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? Quis auctor? Quidve petunt? Quae religio, aut quae machina belli?' Dixerat. Ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga, sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas: 'Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum testor numen' ait 'vos arae ensesque nefandi, quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi: fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura, fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras, si qua tegunt; teneor patriae nec legibus ullis. Tu modo promissis maneas, servataque serves Troia fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam. 'Omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli Palladis auxiliis semper stetit.
Impius ex quo Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulixes, fatale adgressi sacrato avellere templo Palladium, caesis summae custodibus arcis, corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas; ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri spes Danaum, fractae vires, aversa deae mens. Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris. Vix positum castris simulacrum, arsere coruscae luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus sudor iit, terque ipsa solo—-mirabile dictu—- emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem. 'Extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas, nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis, omina ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant, quod pelago et curvis secum avexere carinis. Et nunc, quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas, arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso improvisi aderunt: ita digerit omina Calchas. Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret. Hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit, ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia possit, neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri. Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae, tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum convertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum; sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem, ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.' Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis, quos neque Tydides, nec Larisaeus Achilles, non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae. Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum obicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat. Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos, sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras. Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—- horresco referens—-immensis orbibus angues incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt; pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque sanguineae superant undas; pars cetera pontum pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
Fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arva tenebant, ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
Diffugimus visu exsangues: illi agmine certo Laocoonta petunt; et primum parva duorum corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus; post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et iam bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis. Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno, clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit: quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim. At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem, sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur. Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur laeserit, et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam. Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae numina conclamant. Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis. Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo intendunt: scandit fatalis machina muros, feta armis. Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent. Illa subit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. O patria, O divom domus Ilium, et incluta bello moenia Dardanidum, quater ipso in limine portae substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere: instamus tamen inmemores caecique furore, et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.
Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris ora, dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris. Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem. 'Vertitur interea caelum et ruit oceano nox, involvens umbra magna terramque polumque Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucri conticuere, sopor fessos complectitur artus: et iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae litora nota petens, flammas cum regia puppis extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim laxat claustra Sinon. Illos patefactus ad auras reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces, et dirus Ulixes, demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque, Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon, et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epeos. Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam; caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnis accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt. Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris incipit, et dono divom gratissima serpit. In somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus, raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento pulvere, perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis. Ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli, vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis, squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis volneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros accepit patrios. Ultro flens ipse videbar Compellare virum et maestas expromere voces: 'O lux Dardaniae, spes O fidissima Teucrum, quae tantae tenuere morae? Quibus Hector ab oris exspectate venis? Ut te post multa tuorum funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores defessi aspicimus! Quae causa indigna serenos foedavit voltus? Aut cur haec volnera cerno?' Ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur, sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens, 'Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis. Hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. Sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis: hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.' Sic ait, et manibus vittas Vestamque potentem aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem. Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu, et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis Anchisae domus arboribusque obtecta recessit, clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror. Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus adsto: in segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores, praecipitisque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor. Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt insidiae. Iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam Volcano superante domus; iam proxumus ardet Ucalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucent. Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum. Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis, sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis. Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achivom, Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos, sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
'Quo res summa, loco, Panthu? Quam prendimus arcem?' Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit: 'Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus Dardaniae: fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrorum; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos transtulit; incensa Danai dominantur in urbe. Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet insultans; portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, milia quot magnis umquam venere Mycenis; obsedere alii telis angusta viarum oppositi; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco stricta, parata neci; vix primi proelia temptant portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt.' Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divom in flammas et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys, ullo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor. Addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis Epytus oblati per lunam Hypanisque Dymasque, et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus, Mygdonides: illis ad Troiam forte diebus venerat, insano Cassandrae incensus amore, et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat, infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis audierit. Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi, incipio super his: 'Iuvenes, fortissima frustra pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis: excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis, di, quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi incensae; moriamur et in media arma ruamus. Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.' Sic animis iuvenum furor additus: inde, lupi ceu raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris exegit caecos rabies, catulique relicti faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostis vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus urbis iter; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando explicet, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores? Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos; plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim corpora, perque domos et religiosa deorum limina. Nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri; quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus victoresque cadunt Danai: crudelis ubique luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago. Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva, Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis: 'Festinate, viri: nam quae tam sera moratur segnities? Alii rapiunt incensa feruntque Pergama; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis.' Dixit, et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostis. Obstipuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit: inprovisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem; haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat. Inruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis, ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos sternimus: adspirat primo fortuna labori. Atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus, 'O socii, qua prima' inquit 'fortuna salutis monstrat iter, quoque ostendit se dextra, sequamur mutemus clipeos, Danaumque insignia nobis aptemus: dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat? Arma dabunt ipsi.' Sic fatus, deinde comantem Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum induitur, laterique Argivum accommodat ensem. Hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus laeta facit; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. Vadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro, multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
Diffugiunt alii ad navis, et litora cursu fida petunt: pars ingentem formidine turpi scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo. Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis! Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae, ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,—- lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus, et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen. Consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis. Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum. Tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Aiax, et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis; adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois Eurus equis; stridunt silvae, saevitque tridenti spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo. Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe, apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela adgnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant. Ilicet obruimur numero; primusque Coroebus Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram procumbit; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi: dis aliter visum; pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu, labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit. Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum, testor, in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas vitavisse vices Danaum, et, si fata fuissent ut caderem, meruisse manu. Divellimur inde, Iphitus et Pelias mecum, quorum Iphitus aevo iam gravior, Pelias et volnere tardus Ulixi; protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati. Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe. Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentis cernimus, obsessumque acta testudine limen. Haerent parietibus scalae, postisque sub ipsos nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris. Dardanidae contra turris ac tota domorum culmina convellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt, extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis; auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum, devolvunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas obsedere fores; has servant agmine denso. Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis, auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.
Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relicti a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, saepius Andromache ferre incomitata solebat ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat. Evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucri. Turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri et Danaum solitae naves et Achaia castra, adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis sedibus, impulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late incidit: ast alii subeunt, nec saxa, nec ullum telorum interea cessat genus.
Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aena; qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat, nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa, lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. Una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis, armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant. Ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni limina perrumpit, postisque a cardine vellit aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram. Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt; adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum, armatosque vident stantis in limine primo. At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor. Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant; amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt. Instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra, neque ipsi custodes sufferre valent; labat ariete crebro ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes. Fit via vi; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant immissi Danai, et late loca milite complent. Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles, fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnis cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse furentem caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas; vidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignis. Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum, barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi, procubuere; tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis. Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras.
Urbis uti captae casum convolsaque vidit limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem, arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo circumdat nequiquam umeris, et inutile ferrum cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis. Aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus, incumbens arae atque umbra complexa Penatis. Hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae, condensae et divom amplexae simulacra sedebant. Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis ut vidit, 'Quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx, impulit his cingi telis? Aut quo ruis?' inquit; 'Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus eget, non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector. Huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis, aut moriere simul.' Sic ore effata recepit ad sese et sacra longaevum in sede locavit. Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites, unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat saucius: illum ardens infesto volnere Pyrrhus insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta. Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum, concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit. Hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur, non tamen abstinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit: 'At tibi pro scelere,' exclamat, 'pro talibus ausis, di, si qua est caelo pietas, quae talia curet, persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum fecisti et patrios foedasti funere voltus. At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque supplicis erubuit, corpusque exsangue sepulchro reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.' Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelle sine ictu coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum e summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit. Cui Pyrrhus: 'Referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis Pelidae genitori; illi mea tristia facta degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento. Nunc morere.' Hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati, implicuitque comam laeva, dextraque coruscum extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem. Haec finis Priami fatorum; hic exitus illum sorte tulit, Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum regnatorem Asiae. Iacet ingens litore truncus, avolsumque umeris caput, et sine nomine corpus. At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror Obstipui; subiit cari genitoris imago, ut regem aequaevum crudeli volnere vidi vitam exhalantem; subiit deserta Creusa, et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli. Respicio, et quae sit me circum copia lustro. Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere. [Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem Tyndarida aspicio: dant clara incendia lucem erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros et poenas Danaum et deserti coniugis iras praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys, abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat. Exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas. 'Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenas aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho, coniugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit, Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? Occiderit ferro Priamus, Troia arserit igni? Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus? Non ita: namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen feminea in poena est, nec habet victoria laudem, extinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit ultricis flammae, et cineres satiasse meorum.' Talia iactabam, et furiata mente ferebar :] cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit alma parens, confessa deam, qualisque videri caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore: 'Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras? Quid furis, aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? Non prius aspicies, ubi fessum aetate parentem liqueris Anchisen; superet coniunxne Creusa, Ascaniusque puer? Quos omnes undique Graiae circum errant acies, et, ni mea cura resistat, iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae culpatusve Paris: divom inclementia, divom, has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
Aspice—-namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti mortalis hebetat visus tibi et umida circum caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis iussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa:—- hic, ubi disiectas moles avolsaque saxis saxa vides mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum. Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti fundamenta quatit, totamque a sedibus urbem eruit; hic Iuno Scaeas saevissima portas prima tenet, sociumque furens a navibus agmen ferro accincta vocat. Iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.
Ipse pater Danais animos viresque secundas sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitat arma.
Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori.
Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam.' Dixerat, et spissis noctis se condidit umbris. Adparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae numina magna deum. Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignis Ilium et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia; ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant eruere agricolae certatim,—-illa usque minatur et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat, volneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum congemuit, traxitque iugis avolsa ruinam. Descendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis expedior; dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt. Atque ubi iam patriae perventum ad limina sedis antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos optabam primum montis primumque petebam, abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia exsiliumque pati. 'Vos O, quibus integer aevi sanguis,' ait 'solidaeque suo stant robore vires, vos agitate fugam: me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam, has mihi servassent sedes. Satis una superque vidimus exscidia et captae superavimus urbi. Sic O, sic positum adfati discedite corpus. Ipse manu mortem inveniam; miserebitur hostis exuviasque petet; facilis iactura sepulcri. Iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos demoror, ex quo me divom pater atque hominum rex fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.' Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. Nos contra effusi lacrimis, coniunxque Creusa Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum cuncta pater fatoque urguenti incumbere vellet. Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem. Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto: nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur? 'Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto sperasti, tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore? Si nihil ex tanta Superis placet urbe relinqui, et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Troiae teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto, iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus, natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras. Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam? Arma, viri, ferte arma; vocat lux ultima victos. Reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata revisam proelia: Numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.' Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram insertabam aptans, meque extra tecta ferebam. Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iulum: 'Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis, hanc primum tutare domum. Cui parvus Iulus, cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquor?' Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat, cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum. Namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci. Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignis.
At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus extulit, et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit: 'Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis, aspice nos; hoc tantum, et, si pietate meremur, da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.' Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore intonuit laevum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit. Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti, cernimus Idaea claram se condere silva signantemque vias; tum longo limite sulcus dat lucem, et late circum loca sulphure fumant. Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras, adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 'Iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis adsum.
Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem. Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est. Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.' Dixerat ille; et iam per moenia clarior ignis auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt. 'Ergo age, care pater, cervici imponere nostrae; ipse subibo umeris, nec me labor iste gravabit: quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periclum, una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx: vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris. Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus religione patrum multos servata per annos. Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam. Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penatis; me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti, attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo abluero.' Haec fatus, latos umeros subiectaque colla veste super fulvique insternor pelle leonis, succedoque oneri; dextrae se parvus Iulus implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis; pone subit coniunx: ferimur per opaca locorum; et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Grai, nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem. Iamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar evasisse viam, subito cum creber ad auris visus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram prospiciens; 'Nate' exclamat, 'fuge nate, propinquant. Ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno!'—- Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum confusam eripuit mentem.
Namque avia cursu dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum, heu, misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa substitit, erravitne via, seu lassa resedit, incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. Nec prius amissam respexi animumque reflexi, quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam venimus; hic demum collectis omnibus una defuit, et comites natumque virumque fefellit. Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque, aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe? Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penatis commendo sociis et curva valle recondo; ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis. Stat casus renovare omnis, omnemque reverti per Troiam, et rursus caput obiectare periclis.
Principio muros obscuraque limina portae, qua gressum extuleram, repeto, et vestigia retro observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustro. Horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset, me refero: inruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant. Ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento volvitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras. Procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso. Et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes praedam adservabant. Huc undique Troia gaza incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum, craterесque auro solidi, captivaque vestis congeritur; pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres stant circum.
Ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram implevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. Quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago. Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit. [Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis :] 'Quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori, O dulcis coniunx?
Non haec sine numine divom eveniunt; nec te hinc comitem asportare Creusam fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi. Longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum, et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris: illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx parta tibi. Lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.
Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo, Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus. Sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris: iamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.' Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras. Ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum: ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago, par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso. Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse novorum invenio admirans numerum, matresque virosque, collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile volgus. Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati, in quascumque velim pelago deducere terras.
Iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur; cessi, et sublato montes genitore petivi. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS POSTQUAM res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem immeritam visum Superis, ceciditque superbum Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia, diversa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras auguriis agimur divom, classemque sub ipsa Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae, incerti, quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur, contrahimusque viros. Vix prima inceperat aestas, et pater Anchises dare fatis vela iubebat; litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo et campos, ubi Troia fuit: feror exsul in altum cum sociis natoque Penatibus et magnis dis. Terra procul vastis colitur Mavortia campis, Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo, hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique Penates, dum Fortuna fuit. Feror huc, et litore curvo moenia prima loco, fatis ingressus iniquis, Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo. Sacra Dionaeae matri divisque ferebam auspicibus coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum. Forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus. Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere silvam conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum. Nam,

quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae, et terram tabo maculant. Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. Rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen insequor, et causas penitus temptare latentis: ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis. Multa movens animo nymphas venerabar agrestis Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis, rite secundarent visus omenque levarent. Tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu adgredior, genibusque adversae obluctor harenae—- eloquar, an sileam?—-gemitus lacrimabilis imo auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auris: 'Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? Iam parce sepulto; parce pias scelerare manus. Non me tibi Troia externum tulit, aut cruor hic de stipite manat. Heu, fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum: nam Polydorus ego; hic confixum ferrea texit telorum seges et iaculis increvit acutis.' Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit. Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis Dardaniae, cingique urbem obsidione videret. Ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum, et Fortuna recessit, res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma secutus, fas omne abrumpit; Polydorum obtruncat, et auro vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames? Postquam pavor ossa reliquit, delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco. Omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, linqui pollutum hospitium, et dare classibus austros. Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae, caeruleis maestae vittis atraque cupresso, et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulchro condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus. Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum, deducunt socii navis et litora complent: provehimur portu, terraeque urbesque recedunt. Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo, quam pius arquitenens oras et litora circum errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit, immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos. Huc feror; haec fessos tuto placidissima portu accipit: egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem. Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro, occurrit; veterem Anchisen adgnovit amicum. Iungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus. Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto: 'Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis et genus et mansuram urbem; serva altera Troiae Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli. Quem sequimur? Quove ire iubes? Ubi ponere sedes? Da, pater, augurium, atque animis inlabere nostris.' Vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente, liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis. Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad auris: 'Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto accipiet reduces. Antiquam exquirite matrem: hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris, et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.' Haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, quo Phoebus vocet errantis iubeatque reverti? Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum, 'Audite, O proceres' ait 'et spes discite vestras: Creta Iovis magni medio iacet insula ponto; mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostrae. Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna; maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor, Teucrus Rhoeteas primum est advectus in oras, optavitque locum regno. Nondum Ilium et arces Pergameae steterant; habitabant vallibus imis.

hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera Idaeumque nemus; hinc fida silentia sacris, et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.

Ergo agite, et, divom ducunt qua iussa, sequamur; placemus ventos et Gnosia regna petamus. Nec longo distant cursu; modo Iuppiter adsit, tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.' Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores, taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam. Fama volat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae hoste vacare domos, sedesque adstare relictas.

Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus, bacchatamque iugis Naxon viridemque Donysam, Olearon, niveamque Paron, sparsasque per aequor Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta consita terris. Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor; hortantur socii: ''Cretam proavosque petamus!'' Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris. Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis, Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis. Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes; conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus; iura domosque dabam: subito cum tabida membris, corrupto caeli tractu, miserandaque venit arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus. Linquebant dulcis animas, aut aegra trahebant corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros; arebant herbae, et victum seges aegra negabat. Rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari: quam fessis finem rebus ferat; unde laborum temptare auxilium iubeat; quo vertere cursus. Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat: effigies sacrae divom Phrygiique Penates, quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare iacentis in somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras; tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 'Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est, hic canit, et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti, nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor, idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes, imperiumque urbi dabimus: tu moenia magnis magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem. Mutandae sedes: non haec tibi litora suasit Delius, aut Cretae iussit considere Apollo. Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae; Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem: hae nobis propriae sedes; hinc Dardanus ortus, Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum. Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arva.' Talibus attonitus visis et voce deorum—- nec sopor illud erat, sed coram adgnoscere voltus velatasque comas praesentiaque ora videbar; tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor corripio e stratis corpus, tendoque supinas ad caelum cum voce manus, et munera libo intemerata focis. Perfecto laetus honore Anchisen facio certum, remque ordine pando. Adgnovit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentes, seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum. Tum memorat: 'Nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat. Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro, et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare. Sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros crederet, aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret? Cedamus Phoebo, et moniti meliora sequamur.' Sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes. Hanc quoque deserimus sedem, paucisque relictis vela damus, vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor. Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ullae adparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus, tum mihi caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber, noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnaque surgunt aequora; dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto; involvere diem nimbi, et nox umida caelum abstulit; ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes. Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis. Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo, nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda. Tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes. Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem visa, aperire procul montis, ac volvere fumum. Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora nautae adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt. Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum accipiunt; Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae, insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores. Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. Virginei volucrum voltus, foedissima ventris proluvies, uncaeque manus, et pallida semper ora fame. Huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus, caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas. Inruimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus in partem praedamque Iovem; tum litore curvo exstruimusque toros, dapibusque epulamur opimis. At subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt Harpyiae, et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas, diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant immundo; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem. Rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata, arboribus clausi circum atque horrentibus umbris, instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem: rursum ex diverso caeli caecisque latebris turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis, polluit ore dapes. Sociis tunc, arma capessant, edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. Haud secus ac iussi faciunt, tectosque per herbam disponunt enses et scuta latentia condunt. Ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta aere cavo. Invadunt socii, et nova proelia temptant, obscenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres: sed neque vim plumis ullam nec volnera tergo accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt. Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem: 'Bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuvencis, Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis, et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno? Accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxuma pando. Italiam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis ibitis Italiam, portusque intrare licebit; sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem, quam vos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.' Dixit, et in silvam pennis ablata refugit. At sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis deriguit; cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem, sive deae, seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres. Et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores: 'Di, prohibete minas; di, talem avertite casum, et placidi servate pios!' Tum litore funem deripere, excussosque iubet laxare rudentes. Tendunt vela Noti; fugimus spumantibus undis, qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat. Iam medio adparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis. Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna, et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi.

Mox et Leucatae nimbosa cacumina montis et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. Hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi; ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes. Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti, lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras, Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras nudati socii; iuvat evasisse tot urbes Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis. Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum, et glacialis hiemps aquilonibus asperat undas. Aere cavo clipeum. magni gestamen Abantis, postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo: AENEAS HAEC DE DANAIS VICTORIBVS ARMA. Linquere tum portus iubeo et considere transtris: certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt. Protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces, litoraque Epiri legimus portuque subimus Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem. Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris, Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes, coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum, et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito. Obstipui, miroque incensum pectus amore, compellare virum et casus cognoscere tantos. Progredior portu, classis et litora linquens, sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam libabat cineri Andromache, Manisque vocabat Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacraverat aras. Ut me conspexit venientem et Troia circum arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstris deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit; labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur: 'Verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers, nate dea? Vivisne, aut, si lux alma recessit, Hector ubi est?' Dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem implevit clamore locum.

Vix pauca furenti subicio, et raris turbatus vocibus hisco: 'vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco; ne dubita, nam vera vides. Heu, quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit Hectoris Andromachen? Pyrrhin' conubia servas?' Deiecit voltum et demissa voce locuta est: 'O felix una ante alias Priameia virgo, hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos, nec victoris eri tetigit captiva cubile! nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae, stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum, servitio enixae, tulimus: qui deinde, secutus Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos, me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam. Ast illum, ereptae magno inflammatus amore coniugis et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras. Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem. Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere? Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus adpulit oris?

Quid puer Ascanius? superatne et vescitur aura, quem tibi iam Troia—- Ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis? Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque viriles et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector?' Talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert, adgnoscitque suos, laetusque ad limina ducit, et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit. Procedo, et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum adgnosco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae. Nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur: illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis; aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi, impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant.

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae vela vocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus austro. His vatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso: 'Troiugena, interpres divom, qui numina Phoebi, qui tripodas, Clarii laurus, qui sidera sentis, et volucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae, fare age—-namque omnem cursum mihi prospera dixit religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine divi Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas: sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno prodigium canit, et tristis denuntiat iras, obscenamque famem—-quae prima pericula vito? Quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?' Hic Helenus, caesis primum de more iuvencis, exorat pacem divom, vittasque resolvit sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe, ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit, atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos: 'Nate dea,—-nam te maioribus ire per altum auspiciis manifesta fides: sic fata deum rex sortitur, volvitque vices; is vertitur ordo—- pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres aequora et Ausonio possis considere portu, expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae scire Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Iuno. Principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam vicinosque, ignare, paras invadere portus, longa procul longis via dividit invia terris. Ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda, et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor, infernique lacus, Aeaeaeque insula Circae, quam tuta possis urbem componere terra: signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto: cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit. alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati, is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum. Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros: fata viam invenient, aderitque vocatus Apollo. 'Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram, proxuma quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu, effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Grais. Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri, et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro. Quin, ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes, et positis aris iam vota in litore solves, purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu, ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet. Hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto: hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.

'Ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae ventus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori, laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur aequora circuitu: dextrum fuge litus et undas. Haec loca vi quondam et vasta convolsa ruina—- tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas—- dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus una foret; venit medio vi pontus et undis Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes litore diductas angusto interluit aestu. Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda. At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris, ora exsertantem et navis in saxa trahentem. Prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore virgo pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pristis, delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum. Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro Scyllam, et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.

'Praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia, vati si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo, unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum praedicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo: Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora; Iunoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem supplicibus supera donis: sic denique victor Trinacria finis Italos mittere relicta. 'Huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem, divinosque lacus, et Averna sonantia silvis, insanam vatem aspicies, quae rupe sub ima fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat. Quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo, digerit in numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit. Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt; verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus impulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes, numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo, nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat: inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae.

Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,—- quamvis increpitent socii, et vi cursus in altum vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos,—- quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas ipsa canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat. Illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella, et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos. Haec sunt, quae nostra liceat te voce moneri. Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.' Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est, dona dehinc auro gravia sectoque elephanto imperat ad navis ferri, stipatque carinis ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas, loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem, et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis, arma Neoptolemi; sunt et sua dona parenti. Addit equos, additque duces; remigium supplet; socios simul instruit armis. Interea classem velis aptare iubebat Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti. Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore: 'Coniugio, Anchise, Veneris dignate superbo, cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis, ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus; hanc arripe velis. Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est; Ausoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo. Vade' ait 'O felix nati pietate. Quid ultra provehor, et fando surgentis demoror austros?' Nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore), textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 'Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem, coniugis Hectoreae. Cape dona extrema tuorum, O milli sola mei super Astyanactis imago: sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.' Hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis: 'Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta iam sua; nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur. Vobis parta quies; nullum maris aequor arandum, arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro quaerenda. Effigiem Xanthi Troiamque videtis quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto, auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis. Si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva intraro, gentique meae data moenia cernam, cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos, Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque Troiam animis; maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.' Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia iuxta, unde iter Italiam cursusque brevissimus undis. Sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci; sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam, sortiti remos, passimque in litore sicco corpora curamus; fessos sopor inrigat artus. Necdum orbem medium Nox horis acta subibat: haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis explorat ventos, atque auribus aera captat; sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones, armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona. Postquam cuncta videt caelo constare sereno, dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra movemus, temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas. Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis, cum procul obscuros collis humilemque videmus Italiam. ''Italiam'' primus conclamat Achates, ''Italiam'' laeto socii clamore salutant. Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona induit, implevitque mero, divosque vocavit stans celsa in puppi: 'Di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes, ferte viam vento facilem et spirate secundi.' Crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit iam propior, templumque adparet in arce Minervae. Vela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent. Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum, obiectae salsa spumant aspargine cautes; ipse latet; gemino demittunt bracchia muro turriti scopuli, refugitque ab litore templum. Quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi tondentis campum late, candore nivali. Et pater Anchises: 'Bellum, O terra hospita, portas bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti quadrupedes, et frena iugo concordia ferre; spes et pacis' ait. Tum numina sancta precamur Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantis, et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu; praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite Iunoni Argivae iussos adolemus honores. Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis, cornua velatarum obvertimus antemarum, Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva.

Hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti cernitur; attollit se diva Lacinia contra, Caulonisque arces et navifragum Scylaceum. Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna, et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa audimus longe fractasque ad litora voces, exsultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur harenae. Et pater Anchises: 'Nimirum haec illa Charybdis: hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat. Eripite, O socii, pariterque insurgite remis!' Haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas. laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.

Tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere: ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra. Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit, ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.

Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus et ingens ipse; sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis; interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem, turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla, attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit; interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo. Fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus urgueri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis; et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem murmure Trinacriam, et caelum subtexere fumo. Noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa videmus. Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo, et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo, umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram: cum subito e silvis, macie confecta suprema, ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit.

Respicimus: dira inluvies inmissaque barba, consertum tegumen spinis; at cetera Graius, [et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis.] Isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit, continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps cum fletu precibusque tulit: 'Per sidera testor, per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, tollite me, Teucri; quascumque abducite terras; hoc sat erit. Scio me Danais e classibus unum, et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse Penatis; pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri, spargite me in fluctus, vastoque inmergite ponto. Si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.' Dixerat, et genua amplexus genibusque volutans haerebat. Qui sit, fari, quo sanguine cretus, hortamur; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.

Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus, dat iuveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat. Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur: 'Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi, nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto paupere—-mansissetque utinam fortuna!—-profectus. Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt, inmemores socii vasto Cyclopis in antro deseruere. Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis, intus opaca, ingens; ipse arduus, altaque pulsat sidera—-Di, talem terris avertite pestem!—- nec visu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli. Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro. Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro prensa manu magna, medio resupinus in antro, frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent limina; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo manderet, et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus. Haud impune quidem; nec talia passus Ulixes, oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto. Nam simul expletus dapibus vinoque sepultus cervicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum immensus, saniem eructans et frusta cruento per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati numina sortitique vices, una undique circum fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto,—- ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat, Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,—- et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras. Sed fugite, O miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem rumpite. Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat, centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora volgo infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant. Tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent, cum vitam in silvis inter deserta ferarum lustra domosque traho, vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas prospicio, sonitumque pedum vocemque tremesco. Victum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna, dant rami et volsis pascunt radicibus herbae. Omnia conlustrans, hanc primum ad litora classem conspexi venientem.

Huic me, quaecumque fuisset, addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam. Vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.' Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem, monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum. Trunca manu pinus regit et vestigia firmat; lanigerae comitantur oves—-ea sola voluptas solamenque mali. Postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit, luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem, dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto supplice sic merito, tacitique incidere funem; vertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis. Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit; verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas, nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo, clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus Italiae, curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis. At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent. Cernimus adstantis nequiquam lumine torvo Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentis, concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celso aeriae quercus, aut coniferae cyparissi constiterunt, silva alta Iovis, lucusve Dianae. Praecipites metus acer agit quocumque rudentis excutere, et ventis intendere vela secundis. Contra iussa monent Heleni Scyllam atque Charybdin inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo, ni teneant cursus; certum est dare lintea retro. Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori missus adest. Vivo praetervehor ostia saxo Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem. Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus litora Achaemenides; comes infelicis Ulixi. Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra Plemyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis. Iussi numina magna loci veneramur; et inde exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori. Hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moveri adparet Camerina procul campique Geloi, immanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta. Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxuma longe moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum; teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus, et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis. Hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora accipit. Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actis, heu genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen, amitto Anchisen: hic me, pater optume, fessum deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis! Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret, hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno. Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum. Hinc me digressum vestris deus adpulit oris. Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus fata renarrabat divom, cursusque docebat. Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS AT regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura volnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni. Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat gentis honos: haerent infixi pectore voltus verbaque, nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras, umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram, cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem: 'Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent! Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis! Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum. Degeneres animos timor arguit: heu, quibus ille iactatus fatis! Quae bella exhausta canebat! Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet, ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare iugali, postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit; si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset, huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpae. Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sychaei coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede Penatis, solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem impulit: adgnosco veteris vestigia flammae. Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat, vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, pallentis umbras Erebi noctemque profundam, ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua iura resolvo. Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.' Sic effata sinum lacrimis implevit obortis.

Anna refert: 'O luce magis dilecta sorori, solane perpetua maerens carpere iuventa, nec dulcis natos, Veneris nec praemia noris? Id cinerem aut Manis credis curare sepultos? Esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis dives alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori? Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis? Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis; hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes Barcaei. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam, germanique minas? Dis equidem auspicibus reor et Iunone secunda hunc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas. Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus! Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi, dum pelago desaevit hiemps et aquosus Orion, quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.' His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore, spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem. Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo, Iunoni ante omnis, cui vincla iugalia curae. Ipsa, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit, aut ante ora deum pinguis spatiatur ad aras, instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta. Heu vatum ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem, quid delubra iuvant? Est mollis flamma medullas interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore volnus. Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerva sagitta, quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum nescius; illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis arundo. Nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit, Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam; incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit; nunc eadem labente die convivia quaerit, Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore. Post, ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos, sola domo maeret vacua, stratisque relictis incubat, illum absens absentem auditque videtque; aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta, detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. Non coeptae adsurgunt turres, non arma iuventus exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello tuta parant; pendent opera interrupta, minaeque murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo. Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri cara Iovis coniunx, nec famam obstare furori, talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis: 'Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis tuque puerque tuus, magnum et memorabile nomen, una dolo divom si femina victa duorum est! Nec me adeo fallit veritam te moenia nostra suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae. Sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto? Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos exercemus? Habes, tota quod mente petisti: ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem. Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus auspiciis; liceat Phrygio servire marito, dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.' Olli—-sensit enim simulata mente locutam, quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras—- sic contra est ingressa Venus: 'Quis talia demens abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello, si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur. Sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam esse velit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis, miscerive probet populos, aut foedera iungi. Tu coniunx tibi fas animum temptare precando. Perge; sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Iuno: 'Mecum erit iste labor: nunc qua ratione, quod instat confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo. Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum, dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt, desuper infundam, et tonitru caelum omne ciebo. Diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca: speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem devenient; adero, et, tua si mihi certa voluntas, [conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,] hic hymenaeus erit.'—-Non adversata petenti adnuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis. Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit. It portis iubare exorto delecta iuventus; retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro, Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum vis. Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro stat sonipes, ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterva, Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo. Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum, aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.

Nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus incedunt. Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit. Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta deserit ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo, instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi; ipse iugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro; tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat Aeneas; tantum egregio decus enitet ore. Postquam altos ventum in montis atque invia lustra, ecce ferae, saxi deiectae vertice, caprae decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cervi pulverulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt. At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri gaudet equo, iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos, spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem. Interea magno misceri murmure caelum incipit; insequitur commixta grandine nimbus; et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diversa per agros tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes. Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem deveniunt; prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether conubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice nymphae.

Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur, nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem: coniugium vocat; hoc praetexit nomine culpam. Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes—- Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum; mobilitate viget, viresque adquirit eundo, parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras, ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit. Illam Terra parens, ira inritata deorum, extremam (ut perhibent) Coeo Enceladoque sororem progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis, monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumae tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu, tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures. Nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbram, stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti, turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes; tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri. Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: venisse Aenean, Troiano sanguine cretum, cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido; nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere regnorum immemores turpique cupidine captos.

Haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora. Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban, inceditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras. Hic Hammone satus, rapta Garamantide Nympha, templa Iovi centum latis immania regnis, centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem, excubias divom aeternas, pecudumque cruore pingue solum et variis florentia limina sertis. Isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro dicitur ante aras media inter numina divom multa Iovem manibus supplex orasse supinis: 'Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem, aspicis haec, an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques, nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? Femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit. Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu, Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem subnexus, rapto potitur: nos munera templis quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.' Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit regia et oblitos famae melioris amantes. Tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat: 'Vade age, nate, voca Zephyros et labere pennis, Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc exspectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes, adloquere, et celeris defer mea dicta per auras. Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis; sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem. Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum, nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem, Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces? Quid struit, aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur, nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva?

Naviget: haec summa est; hic nostri nuntius esto.' Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant; tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit, dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat. Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat nubila; iamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit, Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri; nix umeros infusa tegit; tum flumina mento praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba. Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas misit, avi similis, quae circum litora, circum piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta. Haud aliter terras inter caelumque volabat, litus harenosum Libyae ventosque secabat materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles. Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis, Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem conspicit; atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.

Continuo invadit: 'Tu nunc Karthaginis altae fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem exstruis, heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum? Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo regnator, caelum ac terras qui numine torquet; ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: quid struis, aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris? Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum, [nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,] Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus debentur.' Tali Cyllenius ore locutus mortalis visus medio sermone reliquit, et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram. At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens, arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. Ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras, attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum. Heu quid agat? Quo nunc reginam ambire furentem audeat adfatu? Quae prima exordia sumat? Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc, in partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat.

Haec alternanti potior sententia visa est: Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum, classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant, arma parent, et quae rebus sit causa novandis dissimulent; sese interea, quando optuma Dido nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores, temptaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes imperio laeti parent ac iussa facessunt. At regina dolos—-quis fallere possit amantem? praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros, omnia tuta timens. Eadem impia Fama furenti detulit armari classem cursumque parari. Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron. Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro: 'Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra? Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam, nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido? Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem, et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum, crudelis?

Quid, si non arva aliena domosque ignotas peteres, sed Troia antiqua maneret, Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor Mene fugis? Per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te (quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui) per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos, si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam dulce meum, miserere domus labentis, et istam—- oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus—-exue mentem. Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem exstinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam, fama prior. Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes? Hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat. Quid moror? An mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater destruat, aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas? Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret, non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.' Dixerat. Ille Iovis monitis immota tenebat lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

Tandem pauca refert: 'Ego te, quae plurima fando enumerare vales, numquam, regina, negabo promeritam; nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae, dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus. Pro re pauca loquar. Neque ego hanc abscondere furto speravi—-ne finge—-fugam, nec coniugis umquam praetendi taedas, aut haec in foedera veni. Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas, urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent, et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis. Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes: hic amor, haec patria est. Si te Karthaginis arces, Phoenissam, Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis, quae tandem, Ausonia Teucros considere terra, invidia est? Et nos fas extera quaerere regna. Me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt, admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago; me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari, quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. Nunc etiam interpres divom, Iove missus ab ipso—- testor utrumque caput—-celeris mandata per auras detulit; ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis: Italiam non sponte sequor.' Talia dicentem iamdudum aversa tuetur, huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur: 'Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor, perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres. Nam quid dissimulo, aut quae me ad maiora reservo? Num fletu ingemuit nostro? Num lumina flexit? Num lacrimas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est? Quae quibus anteferam? Iam iam nec maxuma Iuno, nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis. Nusquam tuta fides. Eiectum litore, egentem excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi; amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi. Heu furiis incensa feror! Nunc augur Apollo, nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso interpres divom fert horrida iussa per auras. Scilicet is Superis labor est, ea cura quietos sollicitat. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello. I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas. Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt, supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido saepe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus absens, et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis, improbe, poenas. Audiam et haec Manis veniet mihi fama sub imos.' His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert, linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem dicere. Suscipiunt famulae, conlapsaque membra marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt. At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem solando cupit et dictis avertere curas, multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore, iussa tamen divom exsequitur, classemque revisit. Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, et litore celsas deducunt toto naves: natat uncta carina; frondentisque ferunt remos et robora silvis infabricata, fugae studio. Migrantis cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentis. Ac velut ingentem formicae farris acervum cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt; it nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas convectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt obnixae frumenta umeris; pars agmina cogunt castigantque moras; opere omnis semita fervet. Quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus? quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor?

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis? Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori, ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 'Anna, vides toto properari litore; circum undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras, puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas. Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem, et perferre, soror, potero. Miserae hoc tamen unum exsequere, Anna, mihi. Solam nam perfidus ille te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus; sola viri mollis aditus et tempora noras.

I, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum: non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem Aulide iuravi, classemve ad Pergama misi, nec patris Anchisae cineres Manisve revelli, cur mea dicta neget duras demittere in auris. Quo ruit? Extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti: exspectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentis. Non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro, nec pulcro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat: tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori, dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere. Extremam hanc oro veniam—-miserere sororis—- quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatam morte remittam.' Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus fertque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit; fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit auris. Ac, velut annoso validam cum robore quercum Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes; ipsa haeret scopulis, et, quantum vertice ad auras aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit: haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas; mens immota manet; lacrimae volvuntur inanes. Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido mortem orat; taedet caeli convexa tueri. Quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat, vidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris, horrendum dictu, latices nigrescere sacros, fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem. Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori. Praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat, velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum: hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret; solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces; multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem in somnis ferus Aeneas; semperque relinqui sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur ire viam, et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra. Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, et solem geminum et duplicis se ostendere Thebas; aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Ergo ubi concepit furias evicta dolore decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque exigit, et, maestam dictis adgressa sororem, consilium voltu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat: 'Inveni, germana, viam—-gratare sorori—- quae mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem. Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maxumus Atlas axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum: hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos, Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi quae dabat, et sacros servabat in arbore ramos, spargens umida mella soporiferumque papaver.

Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas, sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro; nocturnosque movet Manis: mugire videbis sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos. Testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes. Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit impius, exuviasque omnis, lectumque iugalem, quo perii, superimponas: abolere nefandi cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos.' Haec effata silet; pallor simul occupat ora. Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sychaei: ergo iussa parat. At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta, intenditque locum sertis, et fronde coronat funerea; super exuvias ensemque relictum effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri. Stant arae circum, et crines effusa sacerdos ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque, tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae. Sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Averni, falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aenis pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte veneni; quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revolsus et matri praereptus amor. Ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta, unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta, testatur moritura deos et conscia fati sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantes curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur. Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant aequora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu, cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque volucres, quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti [lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum]. At non infelix animi Phoenissa, nec umquam Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem accipit: ingeminant curae, rursusque resurgens saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu. Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat: 'En, quid ago? Rursusne procos inrisa priores experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex, quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos? Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum iussa sequar? Quiane auxilio iuvat ante levatos, et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti? Quis me autem, fac velle, sinet, ratibusve superbis invisam accipiet? Nescis heu, perdita, necdum Laomedonteae sentis periuria gentis? Quid tum, sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes, an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum inferar, et, quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli, rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela iubebo? Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem. Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti. Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam degere, more ferae, tales nec tangere curas! Non servata fides cineri promissa Sychaeo!' Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus. Aeneas celsa in puppi, iam certus eundi, carpebat somnos, rebus iam rite paratis. Huic se forma dei voltu redeuntis eodem obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est—- omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque coloremque et crinis flavos et membra decora iuventa: 'Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, nec, quae te circum stent deinde pericula, cernis, demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos? Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat, certa mori, varioque irarum fluctuat aestu. Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? Iam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis, si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem. Heia age, rumpe moras. Varium et mutabile semper femina.' Sic fatus, nocti se immiscuit atrae. Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris, corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat: 'Praecipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris; solvite vela citi. Deus aethere missus ab alto festinare fugam tortosque incidere funes ecce iterum stimulat.

Sequimur te, sancte deorum, quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.

Adsis o placidusque iuves, et sidera caelo dextra feras.' Dixit, vaginaque eripit ensem fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. Idem omnes simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque; litora deseruere; latet sub classibus aequor; adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt. Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem vidit, et aequatis classem procedere velis, litoraque et vacuos sensit sine remige portus, terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum, flaventesque abscissa comas, 'Pro Iuppiter, ibit hic' ait 'et nostris inluserit advena regnis? Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe sequentur, deripientque rates alii navalibus? Ite, ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos!—- Quid loquor, aut ubi sum? Quae mentem insania mutat?

Infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt. Tum decuit, cum sceptra dabas.—-En dextra fidesque, quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates, quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem! Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, et undis spargere?

Non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro Ascanium, patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?—- Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna:—-fuisset. Quem metui moritura? Faces in castra tulissem, implessemque foros flammis, natumque patremque cum genere extinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem. 'Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras, tuque harum interpres curarum et conscia Iuno, nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes, et Dirae ultrices, et di morientis Elissae, accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen, et nostras audite preces. Si tangere portus infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est, et sic fata Iovis poscunt, hic terminus haeret: at bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli, auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur, sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus harena. Haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.

Tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro munera. Nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunto. Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor, qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos, nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires. Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.' Haec ait, et partis animum versabat in omnis, invisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem. Tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei; namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat: 'Annam cara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem; dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha, et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat: sic veniat; tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta. Sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi, perficere est animus, finemque imponere curis, Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae.' Sic ait: illa gradum studio celerabat anili. At trepida, et coeptis immanibus effera Dido, sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura, interiora domus inrumpit limina, et altos conscendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus. Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata, incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba: 'Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebant, accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis. Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi, et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago. Urbem praeclaram statui; mea moenia vidi; ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi; felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae!' Dixit, et, os impressa toro, 'Moriemur inultae, sed moriamur' ait. 'Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras: Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.' Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia ferro conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore spumantem, sparsasque manus. It clamor ad alta atria; concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem. Lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu tecta fremunt; resonat magnis plangoribus aether, non aliter, quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum. Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat: 'Hoc illud, germana, fuit?

Me fraude petebas?

Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?

Quid primum deserta querar? Comitemne sororem sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses: idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset. His etiam struxi manibus, patriosque vocavi voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem? Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque Sidonios urbemque tuam.

Date volnera lymphis abluam, et, extremus si quis super halitus errat, ore legam.' Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.

Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus. Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit; ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta. Tum Iuno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem difficilisque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo, quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus. Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat, sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore, nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco. Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis, mille trahens varios adverso sole colores, devolat, et supra caput adstitit: 'Hunc ego Diti sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.' Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS INTEREA medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat certus iter, fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat, moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae conlucent flammis. Quae tantum accenderit ignem, causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores polluto, notumque, furens quid femina possit, triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt. Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ulla occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum, olli caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber, noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta: 'Heu! quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi? Quidve, pater Neptune, paras?' Sic deinde locutus colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis, obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur: 'Magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo. Mutati transversa fremunt et vespere ab atro consurgunt venti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum sufficimus. Superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur, quoque vocat, vertamus iter. Nec litora longe fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos, si modo rite memor servata remetior astra.' Tum pius Aeneas: 'Equidem sic poscere ventos iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra: Flecte viam velis. An sit mihi gratior ulla, quove magis fessas optem demittere naves, quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten, et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?' Haec ubi dicta, petunt portus, et vela secundi intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis, et tandem laeti notae advertuntur harenae. At procul ex celso miratus vertice montis adventum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes, horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae, Troia Criniso conceptum flumine mater quem genuit: veterum non immemor ille parentum gratatur reduces, et gaza laetus agresti excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis. Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni advocat Aeneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur: 'Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine divom, annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis, ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis Condidimus terra maestasque sacravimus aras.

Iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum—-sic di voluistis—-habebo. Hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul, Argolicove mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae; annua vota tamen sollemnisque ordine pompas exsequerer, strueremque suis altaria donis. Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis, haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divom, adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos. Ergo agite, et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem; poscamus ventos; atque haec me sacra quotannis urbe velit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. Bina boum vobis Troia generatus Acestes dat numero capita in naves; adhibete Penates et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes. Praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus almum Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis; quique pedum cursu valet, et qui viribus audax aut iaculo incedit melior levibusque sagittis, seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu, cuncti adsint, meritaeque exspectent praemia palmae. Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis.' Sic fatus, velat materna tempora myrto; hoc Elymus facit, hoc aevi maturus Acestes, hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes. Ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat ad tumulum, magna medius comitante caterva. Hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo sanguine sacro, purpureosque iacit flores, ac talia fatur: 'Salve, sancte parens: iterum salvete, recepti nequiquam cineres, animaeque umbraeque paternae. Non licuit fines Italos fataliaque arva, nec tecum Ausonium (quicumque est) quaerere Thybrim.' Dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit, amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras, caeruleae cui terga notae, maculosus et auro squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus mille iacit varios adverso sole colores. Obstipuit visu Aeneas. Ille agmine longo tandem inter pateras et levia pocula serpens libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo successit tumulo, et depasta altaria liquit. Hoc magis inceptos genitori

instaurat honores, incertus, geniumne loci famulumne parentis esse putet: caedit binas de more bidentes, totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuvencos; vinaque fundebat pateris, animamque vocabat Anchisae magni Manisque Acheronte remissos. Nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti dona ferunt, onerant aras, mactantque iuvencos; ordine aena locant alii, fusique per herbam subiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent. Exspectata dies aderat, nonamque serena Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant, famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu, visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati. Munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur in medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae, et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talenta; et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos. Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae.

Velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim, mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi; ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram, urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen, Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti. Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra litora, quod tumidis submersum tunditur olim fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera cori; tranquillo silet, immotaque attollitur unda campus, et apricis statio gratissima mergis. Hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti scirent, et longos ubi circumflectere cursus. Tum loca sorte legunt, ipsique in puppibus auro ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori; cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus, nudatosque umeros oleo perfilsa nitescit. Considunt transtris, intentaque brachia remis; intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido. Inde, ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes, haud mora, prosiluere suis; ferit aethera clamor nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis. Infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. Non tam praecipites biiugo certamine campum corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus, nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora concussere iugis pronique in verbera pendent.

Tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant. Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus tarda tenet.

Post hos aequo discrimine Pristis Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur frontibus, et longa sulcant vada salsa carina. Iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant, cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten: 'Quo tantum mihi dexter abis? Huc dirige gressum; litus ama, et laevas stringat sine palmula cautes; altum alii teneant.' Dixit; sed caeca Menoetes saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas. 'Quo diversus abis?' iterum 'Pete saxa, Menoete!' cum clamore Gyas revocabat; et ecce Cloanthum respicit instantem tergo, et propiora tenentem. Ille inter navemque Gyae scopulosque sonantes radit iter laevum interior, subitoque priorem praeterit, et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis. Tum vero exarsit iuveni dolor ossibus ingens, nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten, oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis, in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister, hortaturque viros, clavumque ad litora torquet. At gravis, ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est, iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. Ilium et labentem Teucri et risere natantem, et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus. Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus, Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem. Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, nec tota tamen ille prior praeeunte carina; parte prior, partem rostro premit aemula Pristis. At media socios incedens nave per ipsos hortatur Mnestheus: 'Nunc, nunc insurgite remis, Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema delegi comites; nunc illas promite vires, nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi, Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis. Non iam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo; quamquam O!—-sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti; extremos pudeat rediisse; hoc vincite, cives, et prohibete nefas.' Olli certamine summo procumbunt; vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis, subtrahiturque solum; tum creber anhelitus artus aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis. Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem. Namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburguet interior, spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo, infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit. Concussae cautes, et acuto in murice remi obnixi crepuere, inlisaque prora pependit. Consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur, ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos expediunt, fractosque legunt in gurgite remos. At laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto. Qualis spelunca subito commota columba, cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi, fertur in ana volans, plausumque exterrita pennis dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas: sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem. Et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto Sergestum, brevibusque vadis frustraque vocantem auxilia, et fractis discentem currere remis Inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est. Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus: quem petit, et summis adnixus viribus urguet. Tum vero ingeminat clamor, cunctique sequentem instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether. Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci; hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur. Et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris, ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus fudissetque preces, divosque in vota vocasset: Di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum constituam ante aras, voti reus, extaque salsos porriciam in fluctus et vina liquentia fundam.' Dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque virgo, et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem impulit; illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto. Tum satus Anchisa, cunctis ex more vocatis, victorem magna praeconis voce Cloanthum declarat viridique advelat tempora lauro, muneraque in naves ternos optare iuvencos, vinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum. Ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores: victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit, intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida veloces iaculo cervos cursuque fatigat, acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida sublimem pedibus rapuit Iovis armiger uncis; longaevi palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt custodes, saevitque canum latratus in auras. At qui deinde locum tenuit virtute secundum, levibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto, donat habere viro, decus et tutamen in armis. Vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant multiplicem, conixi umeris; indutus at olim Demoleos cursu palantes Troas agebat. Tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas, cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis. Iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi puniceis ibant evincti tempora taenis, cum saevo e scopulo multa vix arte revolsus, amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno, inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat. Qualis saepe viae deprensus in aggere serpens, aerea quem obliquum rota transiit, aut gravis ictu seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator; nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus, parte ferox, ardensque oculis, et sibila colla arduus attollens, pars volnere clauda retentat nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem: tali remigio navis se tarda movebat; vela facit tamen, et velis subit ostia plenis. Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat, servatam ob navem laetus sociosque reductos.

Olli serva datur, operum haud ignara Minervae, Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati. Hoc pius Acneas misso certamine tendit gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curvis cingebant silvae, mediaque in valle theatri circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. Hic, qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu, imitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit. Undique conveniunt leucri mixtique Sicani, Nisus et Euryalus primi, Euryalus forma insignis viridique iuventa, Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores; hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan, alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis; tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque, adsueti silvis, comites senioris Acestae; multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit. Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus: 'Accipite haec animis, laetasque advertite mentes: nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.

Gnosia bina dabo levato lucida ferro spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem; omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres praemia primi accipient flavaque caput nectentur oliva. Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto; alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma; tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.' Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt, signoque repente corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt, effusi nimbo similes, simul ultima signant. Primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocior alis; proximus huic, longo sed proxumus intervallo, insequitur Salius; spatio post deinde relicto tertius Euryalus: Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub ipso ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Diores, incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint, transeat elapsus prior, ambiguumque relinquat. Iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuvencis fusus humum viridisque super madefecerat herbas. Hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.

Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum; nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus harena. Emicat Euryalus, et munere victor amici prima tenet, plausuque volat fremituque secundo. Post Helymus subit, et nunc tertia palma Diores. Hic totum caveae consessum ingentis et ora prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus implet, ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem. Tutatur favor Euryalum, lacrimaeque decorae, gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. Adiuvat et magna proclamat voce Diores, qui subiit palmae, frustraque ad praemia venit ultima, si primi Salio reddentur honores. Tum pater Aeneas 'Vestra' inquit 'munera vobis certa manent, pueri, et palmam movet ordine nemo; me liceat casus misereri insontis amici.' Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis dat Salio, villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis. Hic Nisus, 'Si tanta' inquit 'sunt praemia victis, et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam, ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset? Et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo turpia membra fimo. Risit pater optimus olli et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artem, Neptuni sacro Danais de poste refixum. Hoc iuvenem egregium praestanti munere donat; Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit: 'Nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore praesens, adsit, et evinctis attollat brachia palmis.' Sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, victori velatum auro vittisque iuvencum, ensem atque insignem galeam solacia victo. Nec mora: continuo vastis cum viribus effert ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit; solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, idemque ad tumulum, quo maximus occubat Hector, victorem Buten immani corpore, qui se Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat, perculit, et fulva moribundum extendit harena. Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, ostenditque umeros latos, alternaque iactat brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras. Quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto audet adire virum manibusque inducere caestus. Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma, Aeneae stetit aute pedes, nec plura moratus tum laeva taurum cornu tenet, atque ita fatur: 'Nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae, quae finis standi? Quo me decet usque teneri? Ducere dona iube.' Cuncti simul ore fremebant Dardanidae, reddique viro promissa iubebant. Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes, proximus ut viridante toro consederat herbae: 'Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra, tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli dona sines? Ubi nunc nobis deus ille magister requiquam memoratus Eryx?

Ubi fama per omnem Trinacriam, et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis?' Ille sub haec: 'Non laudis amor, nec gloria cessit pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore vires. Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat, quaque improbus iste exsultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuventas, haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuvenco venissem, nec dona moror.' Sic deinde locutus in medium geminos immani pondere caestus proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus ferre manum, duroque intendere brachia tergo. Obstipuere animi: tantorum ingentia septem terga boum plumbo insuto ferroque rigebant. Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat; magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat. Tum senior talis referebat pectore voces: 'Quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma vidisset, tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam? Haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat;—- sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro;—- his magnum Alciden contra stetit; his ego suetus, dum melior vires sanguis dabat, aemula necdum temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus. Sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat, idque pio sedet Aeneae, prohat auctor Acestes, aequemus pugnas. Erycis tibi terga remitto; solve metus; et tu Troianos exue caestus.' Haec fatus, duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque exuit, atque ingens media consistit harena. Tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos, et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis.

Constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque, brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras. Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu, immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt. Ille pedum melior motu, fretusque iuventa; hic membris et mole valens, sed tarda trementi genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus. Multa viri nequiquam inter se volnera iactant, multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum crebra manus, duro crepitant sub volnere malae. Stat gravis Entellus nisuque immotus eodem, corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit. Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem, aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat arte locum, et variis adsultibus inritus urguet. Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et alte extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox praevidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit. Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultro ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto concidit, ut quondam cava concidit aut Erymantho, aut Ida in magna, radicibus eruta pinus. Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes; it clamor caelo, primusque accurrit Acestes, aequaevumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum. At non tardatus casu neque territus heros acrior ad pugnam redit ac vim suscitat ira. Tum pudor incendit vires et conscia virtus, praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto, nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra; nec mora, nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta. Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis; sed finem imposuit pugnae, fessumque Dareta eripuit mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur: 'Infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? Non vires alias conversaque numina sentis? Cede deo.' Dixitque et proelia voce diremit. Ast illum fidi aequales, genua aegra trahentem, iactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes, ducunt ad naves; galeamque ensemque vocati accipiunt; palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt. Hic victor, superans animis tauroque superbus: 'Nate dea, vosque haec' inquit 'cognoscite, Teucri, et mihi quae fuerint iuvenali in corpore vires, et qua servetis revocatum a morte Dareta.' Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora iuvenci, qui donum adstabat pugnae, durosque reducta libravit dextra media inter cornua caestus, arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro. sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos. Ille super tales effundit pectore voces: 'Hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis persolvo; hic victor caestus artemque repono.' Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta invitat qui forte velint, et praemia ponit, ingentique manu malum de nave Seresti erigit, et volucrem traiecto in fune columbam, quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto. Convenere viri, deiectamque aerea sortem accepit galea; et primus clamore secundo Hyrtacidae ante omnes exit locus Hippocoontis; quem modo navali Mnestheus certamine victor consequitur, viridi Mnestheus evinctus oliva. Tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, Pandare, qui quondam, iussus confundere foedus, in medios telum torsisti primus Achivos. Extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes, ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem. Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus arcus pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris. Primaque per caelum, nervo stridente, sagitta Hyrtacidae iuvenis volucres diverberat auras; et venit, adversique infigitur arbore mali. Intremuit malus, timuitque exterrita pennis ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu. Post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu, alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit. Ast ipsam miserandus avem contingere ferro non valuit: nodos et vincula linea rupit, quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto: illa notos atque alta volans in nubila fugit. Tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in Pota vocavit, iam vacuo laetam caelo speculatus, et alis plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam. Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris aetheriis, fixamque refert delapsa sagittam. Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes; qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras, ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.

Hic oculis subito obicitur magnoque futurum augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens, seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates.

Namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo, signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit consumpta in ventos, caelo ceu saepe refixa transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt. Attonitis haesere animis, superosque precati Trinacrii Teucrique viri; nec maximus omen abnuit Aeneas; sed laetum amplexus Acesten muneribus cumulat magnis, ac talia fatur: 'Sume, pater; nam te voluit rex magnus Olympi talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores. Ipsius Anchisae longaevi hoc munus habebis, cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus ferre sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.' Sic fatus cingit viridanti tempora lauro, et primum ante omnes victorem appellat Acesten. Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori, quamvis solus avem caelo deiecit ab alto. Proximus ingreditur donis, qui vincula rupit; extremus, volucri qui fixit arundine malum. At pater Aeneas, nondum certamine misso, custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli Epytiden vocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem: 'Vade age, et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum agmen habet secum, cursusque instruxit equorum, ducat avo turmas, et sese ostendat in armis, dic' ait.

Ipse omnem longo decedere circo infusum populum, et campos iubet esse patentes. Incedunt pueri, pariterque ante ora parentum frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntes Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuventus.

omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona; cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro; pars levis umero pharetras; it pectore summo flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.

Tres equitum numero turmae, ternique vagantur ductores: pueri bis seni quemque secuti agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris. Una acies iuvenum, ducit quam parvus ovantem nomen avi referens Priamus,—-tua clara, Polite, progenies, auctura Italos,—-quem Thracius albis portat equus bicolor maculis, vestigia primi alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam. Alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini, parvus Atys, pueroque puer dilectus Iulo. Extremus, formaque ante omnis pulcher, Iulus Sidonio est invectus equo, quem candida Dido esse sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris. Cetera Trinacrii pubes senioris Acestae fertur equis.

Excipiunt plausu pavidos, gaudentque tuentes Dardanidae, veterumque adgnoscunt ora parentum. Postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum lustravere in equis, signum clamore paratis Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello. Olli discurrere pares, atque agmina terni diductis solvere choris, rursusque vocati convertere vias infestaque tela tulere. Inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus adversi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbes impediunt, pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis; et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula vertunt infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur. Ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta parietibus textum caecis iter, ancipitemque mille viis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi falleret indeprensus et inremeabilis error; haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo, delphinum similes, qui per maria umida nando Carpathium Libycumque secant, [luduntque per undas.] Hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam, rettulit, et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos, quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes; Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro accepit Roma, et patrium servavit honorem; Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen. Hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri. Hic primum fortuna fidem mutata novavit. Dum variis tumulo referunt sollemnia ludis, Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno Iliacam ad classem, ventosque adspirat eunti, multa movens, necdum antiquum saturata dolorem. Illa, viam celerans per mille coloribus arcum, nulli visa cito decurrit tramite virgo. Conspicit ingentem concursum, et litora lustrat, desertosque videt portus classemque relictam. At procul in sola secretae Troades acta amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum pontum adspectabant flentes. 'Heu tot vada fessis et tantum superesse maris!' vox omnibus una.

Urbem orant; taedet pelagi perferre laborem. Ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi conicit, et faciemque deae vestemque reponit; fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeva Dorycli, cui genus et quondam nomen natique fuissent; ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert: 'O miserae, quas non manus' inquit 'Achaica bello traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! O gens infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reservat? Septuma post Troiae exscidium iam vertitur aestas, eum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis. Hic Erycis fines fraterni, atque hospes Acestes: quis prohibet muros iacere et dare civibus urbem? O patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste Penates, nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? Nusquam Hectoreos amnes, Xanthum et Simoenta, videbo?

Quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppes.

Nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum vatis imago ardentes dare visa faces: ''Hic quaerite Troiam; hic domus est'' inquit ''vobis.'' Iam tempus agi res, uec tantis mora prodigiis. En quattuor arae Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.' Haec memorans, prima infensum vi corripit ignem, sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat, et iacit: arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda Iliadum. Hic una e multis, quae maxima natu, Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: 'Non Beroe vobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres, est Dorycli coniunx; divini signa decoris ardentesque notate oculos; qui spiritus illi, qui voltus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti.

Ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui aegram, indignantem, tali quod sola careret munere, nec meritos Anchisae inferet honores.' Haec effata. At matres primo ancipites oculisque malignis ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem praesentis terrae fatisque vocantia regna, cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis, ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. Tum vero attonitae monstris actaeque furore conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem; pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque coniciunt. Furit immissis Volcanus habenis transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppes. Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri incensas perfert naves Eumelus, et ipsi respiciunt atram in nimbo volitare favillam. Primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestres ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petivit castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.

'Quis furor iste novus? Quo nunc, quo tenditis' inquit, 'heu, miserae cives? Non hostem inimicaque castra Argivum, vestras spes uritis. En, ego vester Ascanius!' Galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem, qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat; accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum. Ast illae diversa metu per litora passim diffugiunt, silvasque et sicubi concava furtim saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque mutatae adgnoscunt, excussaque pectore Iuno est. Sed non idcirco flammae atque incendia vires indomitas posuere; udo sub robore vivit stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas est vapor, et toto descendit corpore pestis, nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt. Tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem, auxilioque vocare deos, et tendere palmas: 'Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores respicit humanos, da flammam evadere classi nunc, Pater, et tenues Teucrum res eripe leto. Vel tu, quod superest infesto fulmine morti, si mereor, demitte, tuaque hic obrue dextra.' Vix haec ediderat, cum effusis imbribus atra tempestas sine more furit, tonitruque tremescunt ardua terrarum et campi; ruit aethere toto turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus austris; implenturque super puppes; semiusta madescunt robora; restinctus donec vapor omnis, et omnes, quattuor amissis, servatae a peste carinae. At pater Aeneas, casu concussus acerbo, nunc huc ingentes, nunc illuc pectore curas mutabat versans, Siculisne resideret arvis, oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras. Tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte, haec responsa dabat, vel quae portenderet ira magna deum, vel quae fatorum posceret ordo; isque his Aenean solatus vocibus infit: 'Nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur; quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est. Est tibi Dardanius divinae stirpis Acestes: hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge volentem; huic trade, amissis superant qui navibus, et quos pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est; longaevosque senes ac fessas aequore matres, et quidquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est, delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi: urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.' Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici, tum vero in curas animo diducitur omnes. Et nox atra polum bigis subvecta tenebat: visa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis Anchisae subito tales effundere voces: 'Nate, mihi vita quondam, dum vita manebat, care magis, nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, imperio Iovis huc venio, qui classibus ignem depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est. Consiliis pare, quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes dat senior; lectos iuvenes, fortissima corda, defer in Italiam; gens dura atque aspera cultu debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante infernas accede domos, et Averna per alta congressus pete, nate, meos. Non me impia namque Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum concilia Elysiumque colo. Huc casta Sibylla nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet: tum genus omne tuum, et quae dentur moenia, disces. Iamque vale: torquet medios Nox humida cursus, et me saevus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.' Dixerat, et tenuis fugit, ceu fumus, in auras. Aeneas, 'Quo deinde ruis, quo proripis?' inquit, 'Quem fugis, aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet?' Haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes, Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae farre pio et plena supplex veneratur acerra. Extemplo socios primumque arcessit Acesten, et Iovis imperium et cari praecepta parentis edocet, et quae nunc animo sententia constet. Haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes. Transcribunt urbi matres, populumque volentem deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentes. Ipsi transtra novant, flammisque ambesa reponunt robora navigiis, aptant remosque rudentesque, exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus. Interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam esse iubet. Gaudet regno Troianus Acestes, indicitque forum et patribus dat iura vocatis. Tum vicina astris, Erycino in vertice sedes fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos ac lucus late sacer additur Anchiseo. Iamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, et aris factus honos: placidi straverunt aequora venti, creber et adspirans rursus vocat Auster in altum. Exoritur procurva ingens per litora fletus; complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur. Ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam visa maris facies et non tolerabile nomen, ire volunt, omnemque fugae perferre laborem. Quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis, et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae. Tris Eryci vitulos et Tempestatibus agnam caedere deinde iubet, solvique ex ordine funem. Ipse, caput tonsae foliis evinctus olivae, stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos proiicit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit.

Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes. Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt. At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis adloquitur, talesque effundit pectore questus: Iunonis gravis ira nec exsaturabile pectus cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnes; quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla, nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit. Non media de gente Phrygum exedisse nefandis urbem odiis satis est, nec poenam traxe per omnem: reliquias Troiae, cineres atque ossa peremptae insequitur: causas tanti sciat illa furoris. Ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo miscuit, Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis, in regnis hoc ausa tuis. Per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis exussit foede puppes, et classe subegit amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. Quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas vela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim: si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.' Tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti: 'Fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, unde genus ducis: merui quoque; saepe furores compressi, et rabiem tantam caelique marisque. Nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor, Aeneae mihi cura tui. Cum Troia Achilles exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, milia multa daret leto, gementque repleti amnes, nec reperire viam atque evolvere posset in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti congressum Aenean nec dis nec viribus aequis nube cava rapui, cuperem cum vertere ab imo structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae. Nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi: pelle timores. Tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni. Unus erit tantum, amissum quem gurgite quaeres; unum pro multis dabitur caput.' His ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis, iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit frena feris, manibusque omnes effundit habenas. Caeruleo per summa levis volat aequora curru; subsidunt undae, tumidumque sub axe tonanti sternitur aequor aquis; fugiunt vasto aethere nimbi. Tum variae comitum facies, immania cete, et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palaemon, Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis; laeva tenent Thetis, et Melite, Panopeaque virgo, Nisaee, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque. Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda vicissim gaudia pertemptant mentem: iubet ocius omnes attolli malos, intendi brachia velis. Una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, nunc dextros solvere sinus; una ardua torquent cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem. Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi. Iamque fere mediam caeli Nox humida metam contigerat; placida laxabant membra quiete sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae: cum levis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris aera dimovit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras, te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans insonti; puppique deus consedit in alta, Phorbanti similis, funditque has ore loquelas: 'Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem; aequatae spirant aurae; datur hora quieti. Pone caput, fessosque oculos furare labori: ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.' Cui vix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur: 'Mene salis placidi voltum fluctusque quietos ignorare iubes? Mene huic confidere monstro? Aenean credam quid enim fallacibus auris et caelo, totiens deceptus fraude sereni?' Talia dicta dabat, clavumque affixus et haerens nusquam amittebat, oculosque sub astra tenebat. Ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem, vique soporatum Stygia, super utraque quassat tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina solvit. Vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus, et super incumbens cum puppis parte revolsa, cumque gubernaclo, liquidas proiecit in undas praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe vocantem; ipse volans tenues se sustulit ales ad auras. Currit iter tutum non secius aequore classis, promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur.

Iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat, difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos, tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant: cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis, multa gemens, casuque animum concussus amici 'O nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena!' PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS SIC fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas, et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris. Obvertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci ancora fundabat naves, et litora curvae praetexunt puppes. Iuvenum manus emicat ardens litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae abstrusa in venis silicis, pars densa ferarum tecta rapit silvas, inventaque flumina monstrat. At pius Aeneas arces, quibus altus Apollo praesidet, horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae antrum immane petit, magnum cui mentem animumque Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura. Iam subeunt Triviae lucos atque aurea tecta. Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna, praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo, insuetum per iter gelidas enavit ad Arctos, Chalcidicaque levis tandem super adstitit arce. Redditus his primum terris, tibi, Phoebe, sacravit remigium alarum, posuitque immania templa. In foribus letum Androgeo: tum pendere poenas Cecropidae iussi—-miserum!—-septena quotannis corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna. Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus: hic crudelis amor tauri, suppostaque furto Pasiphae, mixtumque genus prolesque biformis Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta nefandae; hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error; magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit, caeca regens filo vestigia. Tu quoque magnam partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes. Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro; bis patriae cecidere manus. Quin protinus omnia perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates adforet, atque una Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi: 'Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit; nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuvencos praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentes.' Talibus adfata Aenean (nec sacra morantur iussa viri), Teucros vocat alta in templa sacerdos. Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum, quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum; unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae. Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo. 'Poscere fata tempus' ait; 'deus, ecce, deus!' Cui talia fanti ante fores subito non voltus, non color unus, non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum, et rabie fera corda tument; maiorque videri, nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando iam propiore dei. 'Cessas in vota precesque, Tros' ait 'Aenea? Cessas? Neque enim ante dehiscent attonitae magna ora domus.' Et talia fata conticuit. Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo: 'Phoebe, graves Troiae semper miserate labores, Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras tot maria intravi duce te, penitusque repostas Massylum gentes praetentaque Syrtibus arva, iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras; hac Troiana tenus fuerit Fortuna secuta. Vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti, dique deaeque omnes quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens gloria Dardaniae. Tuque, O sanctissima vates, praescia venturi, da, non indebita posco regna meis fatis, Latio considere Teucros errantesque deos agitataque numina Troiae.

Tum Phoebo et Triviae solido de marmore templum instituam, festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. Te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris: hic ego namque tuas sortes arcanaque fata, dicta meae genti, ponam, lectosque sacrabo, alma, viros. Foliis tantum ne carmina manda, ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis; ipsa canas oro.' Finem dedit ore loquendi. At, Phoebi nondum patiens, immanis in antro bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo. Ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum sponte sua, vatisque ferunt responsa per auras: 'O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis! Sed terrae graviora manent. In regna Lavini Dardanidae venient; mitte hanc de pectore curam; sed non et venisse volent. Bella, horrida bella, et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno. Non Simois tibi, nec Xanthus, nec Dorica castra defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles, natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno usquam aberit; cum tu supplex in rebus egenis quas gentes Italum aut quas non oraveris urbes! Causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris externique iterum thalami. Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, qua tua te Fortuna sinet. Via prima salutis, quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.' Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit, obscuris vera involvens: ea frena furenti concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo. Ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt, incipit Aeneas heros: 'Non ulla laborum, O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit; omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi. Unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis dicitur, et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso, ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas. Illum ego per flammas et mille sequentia tela eripui his umeris, medioque ex hoste recepi; ille meum comitatus iter, maria omnia mecum atque omnes pelagique minas caelique ferebat, invalidus, vires ultra sortemque senectae. Quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem, idem orans mandata dabat. Gnatique patrisque, alma, precor, miserere;—-potes namque omnia, nec te nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis;—- si potuit Manes arcessere coniugis Orpheus, Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit, itque reditque viam totiens. Quid Thesea, magnum quid memorem Alciden? Et mi genus ab Iove summo.' Talibus orabat dictis, arasque tenebat, cum sic orsa loqui vates: 'Sate sanguine divom, Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Averno; noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis; sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos aequus amavit Iuppiter, aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus, dis geniti potuere. Tenent media omnia silvae, Cocytusque sinu labens circumvenit atro. Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est, bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre Tartara, et insano iuvat indulgere labori, accipe, quae peragenda prius. Latet arbore opaca aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus, Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbrae.

Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire, auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus. Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus instituit. Primo avulso non deficit alter aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo. Ergo alte vestiga oculis, et rite repertum carpe manu; namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur, si te fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro. Praeterea iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici—- heu nescis—-totamque incestat funere classem, dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes. Sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulchro. Duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunto: sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis aspicies.' Dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore. Aeneas maesto defixus lumina voltu ingreditur, linquens antrum, caecosque volutat eventus animo secum. Cui fidus Achates it comes, et paribus curis vestigia figit. Multa inter sese vario sermone serebant, quem socium exanimem vates, quod corpus humandum diceret. Atque illi Misenum in litore sicco, ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum, Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu. Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta: postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles, Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. Sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha, demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos, aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est, inter saxa virum spumosa inmerserat unda. Ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, praecipue pius Aeneas. Tum iussa Sibyllae, haud mora, festinant flentes, aramque sepulchri congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant. Itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum; procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex, fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur scinditur, advolvunt ingentis montibus ornos. Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis. Atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde volutat, aspectans silvam inmensam, et sic voce precatur: 'Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus ostendat nemore in tanto, quando omnia vere heu nimium de te vates, Misene, locuta est.' Vix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae ipsa sub ora viri caelo venere volantes, et viridi sedere solo. Tum maximus heros maternas agnoscit aves, laetusque precatur: 'Este duces, O, si qua via est, cursumque per auras dirigite in lucos, ubi pinguem dives opacat ramus humum. Tuque, O, dubiis ne defice rebus, diva parens.' Sic effatus vestigia pressit, observans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant. Pascentes illae tantum prodire volando, quantum acie possent oculi servare sequentum. Inde ubi venere ad fauces grave olentis Averni, tollunt se celeres, liquidumque per aera lapsae sedibus optatis geminae super arbore sidunt, discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit. Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum fronde virere nova, quod non sua seminat arbos, et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos, talis erat species auri frondentis opaca ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea vento. Corripit Aeneas extemplo avidusque refringit cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae. Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri flebant, et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant. Principio pinguem taedis et robore secto ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris intexunt latera, et ferales ante cupresios constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis. Pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis expediunt, corpusque lavant frigentis et unguunt.

Fit gemitus. Tum membra toro defleta reponunt, purpureasque super vestes, velamina nota, coniciunt. Pars ingenti subiere feretro, triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum aversi tenuere facem. Congesta cremantur turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo. Postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quievit reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam, ossaque lecta cado texit Corynaeus aeno. Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda, spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivae, lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba. At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque tubamque, monte sub aerio, qui nunc ''Misenus'' ab illo dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. His actis, propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae. Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu, scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris, quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes tendere iter pennis—-talis sese halitus atris faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat: [unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornon.] quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuvencos constituit, frontique invergit vina sacerdos; et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima, voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem. Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem suscipiunt pateris. Ipse atri velleris agnam Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaeque sorori ense ferit, sterilemque tibi. Proserpina, vaccam. Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras, et solida imponit taurorum viscera flammis, pingue superque oleum infundens ardentibus extis. Ecce autem, primi sub lumina solis et ortus, sub pedibus mugire solum, et iuga coepta moveri silvarum, visaeque canes ululare per umbram, adventante dea. 'Procul O procul este, profani,' conclamat vates, 'totoque absistite luco; tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum: nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.' Tantum effata, furens antro se immisit aperto; ille ducem haud timidis vadentem passibus aequat. Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes, et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas! Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram, perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna: quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem. Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae; pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus, et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas, terribiles visu formae: Letumque, Labosque; tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum, ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens, vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis. In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia volgo Pana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent. Multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum: Centauri in foribus stabulant, Scyllaeque biformes, et centumgeminus Briareus, ac belua Lernae horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera, Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae. Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum Aeneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert, et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae, inruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras. Hinc via, Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas. Turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurges aestuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam. Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento canities inculta iacet; stant lumina flamma, sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus. Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat, et ferruginea subvectat corpora cymba, iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.

Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae, impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum: quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis. Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum, tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore. Navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, ast alios longe submotos arcet harena.

Aeneas, miratus enim motusque tumultu, 'Dic' ait 'O virgo, quid volt concursus ad amnem?

Quidve petunt animae, vel quo discrimine ripas hae linquunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt?' Olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos: 'Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles, Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem, di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen. Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est; portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti. Nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt. Centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum; tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.' Constitit Anchisa satus et vestigia pressit, multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam. Cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentes Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten, quos, simul ab Troia ventosa per aequora vectos, obruit Auster, aqua involvens navemque virosque. Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat, qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat, exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis. Hunc ubi vix multa maestum cognovit in umbra, sic prior adloquitur: 'Quis te, Palinure, deorum eripuit nobis, medioque sub aequore mersit? Dic age. Namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus, hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo, qui fore te ponto incolumem, finesque canebat venturum Ausonios. En haec promissa fides est?' Ille autem: 'Neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit, dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit. Namque gubernaclum multa vi forte revolsum, cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, praecipitans traxi mecum. Maria aspera iuro non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem, quam tua ne, spoliata armis, excussa magistro, deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis. Tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes vexit me violentus aqua; vix lumine quarto prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda. Paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam, ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis ferro invasisset, praedamque ignara putasset. Nunc me fluctus habet, versantque in litore venti. Quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras, per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli, eripe me his, invicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos; aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix ostendit—-neque enim, credo, sine numine divom flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem—- da dextram misero, et tecum me tolle per undas, sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam. Talia fatus erat, coepit cum talia vates: 'Unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido? Tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque severum Eumenidum aspicies, ripamve iniussus adibis? Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando. Sed cape dicta memor, duri solatia casus. Nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt, et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent, aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.' His dictis curae emotae, pulsusque parumper corde dolor tristi: gaudet cognomine terrae. Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluvioque propinquant. Navita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda per tacitum nemus ire pedemque advertere ripae, sic prior adgreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro: 'Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis, fare age, quid venias, iam istinc, et comprime gressum. Umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae; corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina. Nec vero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque, dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent. Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit, ipsius a solio regis, traxitque trementem; hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.' Quae contra breviter fata est Amphrysia vates: 'Nullae hic insidiae tales; absiste moveri; nec vim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras, casta licet patrui servet Proserpina limen. Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis, ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.

Si te nulla movet tantae pietatis imago, at ramum hunc' (aperit ramum, qui veste latebat) 'adgnoscas.' Tumida ex ira tum corda residunt. Nec plura his. Ille admirans venerabile donum fatalis virgae, longo post tempore visum, caeruleam advertit puppim, ripaeque propinquat. Inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant, deturbat, laxatque foros; simul accipit alveo ingentem Aenean. Gemuit sub pondere cymba sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem. Tandem trans fluvium incolumis vatemque virumque informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulva. Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro. Cui vates, horrere videns iam colla colubris, melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam obicit. Ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resolvit fusus humi, totoque ingens extenditur antro.

Occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto, evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae. Continuo auditae voces, vagitus et ingens, infantumque animae flentes in limine primo, quos dulcis vitae exsortes et ab ubere raptos abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo; hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes: quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit. Proxuma deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi proiecere animas. Quam vellent aethere in alto nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores! Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coercet. Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem lugentes campi: sic illos nomine dicunt. Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit, secreti celant calles et myrtea circum silva tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt. His Phaedram Procrimque locis, maestamque Eriphylen crudelis nati monstrantem volnera, cernit, Evadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia it comes, et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus, rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Inter quas Phoenissa recens a volnere Dido errabat silva in magna; quam Troius heros ut primum iuxta stetit adgnovitque per umbras obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam, demisit lacrimas, dulcique adfatus amore est: 'Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo venerat exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam? Funeris heu tibi causa fui? Per sidera iuro, per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est, invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras, per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam, imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem. Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. Quem fugis? Extremum fato, quod te adloquor, hoc est.' Talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.

Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat, nec magis incepto voltum sermone movetur, quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes. landem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem. Nec minus Aeneas, casu concussus iniquo, prosequitur lacrimis longe, et miseratur euntem.

Inde datum molitur iter. Iamque arva tenebant ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant. Hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago; hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci Dardanidae, quos ille omnes longo ordine cernens ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque, tris Antenoridas, Cererique sacrum Polyphoeten, Idaeumque, etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. circumstant animae dextra laevaque frequentes; nec vidisse semel satis est; iuvat usque morari, et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas. At Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaeque phalanges ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras, ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga, ceu quondam petiere rates; pars tollere vocem exiguam, inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes. Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto Deiphobum videt et lacerum crudeliter ora, ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis auribus, et truncas inhonesto volnere nares. Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem et dira tegentem supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro: 'Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri quis tam crudeles optavit sumere poenas? Cui tantum de te licuit? Mihi fama suprema nocte tulit fessum vasta te caede Pelasgum procubuisse super confusae stragis acervum. Tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo litore inanem constitui, et magna Manes ter voce vocavi. Nomen et arma locum servant; te, amice, nequivi conspicere, et patria decedens ponere terra.' Ad quae Priamides: 'Nihil O tibi amice relictum; omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris. Sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae his mersere malis; illa haec monumenta reliquit. Namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem egerimus, nosti; et nimium meminisse necesse est. Cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit Pergama, et armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo, illa, chorum simulans, evantes orgia circum ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat ingentem, et summa Danaos ex arce vocabat. Tum me, confectum curis somnoque gravatum, infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti Egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis amovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem; intra tecta vocat Menelaum, et limina pandit, scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti, et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum. Quid moror? Inrumpunt thalamo; comes additur una hortator scelerum Aeolides. Di, talia Grais instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposco! Sed te qui vivum casus, age, fare vicissim, attulerint. Pelagine venis erroribus actus, an monitu divom? An quae te Fortuna fatigat, ut tristes sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?' Hac vice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem; et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus; sed comes admonuit, breviterque adfata Sibylla est: 'Nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas. Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas: dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit, hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeva malorum exercet poenas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.' Deiphobus contra: 'Ne saevi, magna sacerdos; discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris. I decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis!' Tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit. Respicit Aeneas subito, et sub rupe sinistra moenia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro, quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.

Porta adversa ingens, solidoque adamante columnae, vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi exscindere bello caelicolae valeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras, Tisiphoneque sedens, palla succincta cruenta, vestibulum exsomnis servat noctesque diesque, Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et saeva sonare verbera; tum stridor ferri, tractaeque catenae. Constitit Aeneas, strepitumque exterritus hausit.

'Quae scelerum facies, O virgo, effare; quibusve urguentur poenis? Quis tantus plangor ad auras?' Tum vates sic orsa loqui: 'Dux inclute Teucrum, nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen; sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis, ipsa deum poenas docuit, perque omnia duxit. Gnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet, durissima regna, castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri, quae quis apud superos, furto laetatus inani, distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem. Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra intentans angues vocat agmina saeva sororum. Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacrae panduntur portae. Cernis custodia qualis vestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina servet? Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra saevior intus habet sedem. Tum Tartarus ipse bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras, quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.

Hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, fulmine deiecti fundo volvuntur in imo.

'Hic et Aloidas geminos immania vidi corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum adgressi, superisque Iovem detrudere regnis. Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea poenas, dum flammas Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi. Quattuor hic invectus equis et lampada quassans per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem ibat ovans, divomque sibi poscebat honorem,—- demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum. At pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit. Nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum, cernere erat, per tota novem cui iubera corpus porrigitur, rostroque immanis voltur obunco immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis. [Quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?] quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas, exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore. 'Hic, quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat, pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti, aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis, nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est), quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras, inclusi poenam exspectant. Ne quaere doceri quam poenam, aut quae forma viros fortunave mersit. Saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiisque rotarum districti pendent; sedet, aeternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus; Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis admonet, et magna testatur voce per umbras: ''Discite iustitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.'' Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit; hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos; ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoque potiti. Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum, ferrea vox, omnis scelerum comprendere formas, omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.' Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos: 'Sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perfice munus; adceleremus' ait; 'Cyclopum educta caminis moenia conspicio atque adverso fornice portas, haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.' Dixerat, et pariter, gressi per opaca viarum, corripiunt spatium medium, foribusque propinquant. Occupat Aeneas aditum, corpusque recenti spargit aqua, ramumque adverso in limine figit. His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae, devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas. Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris, contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena; pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt. Nec non Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum, iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno. Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis, Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor. Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes. Stant terra defixae hastae, passimque soluti per campum pascuntur equi. Quae gratia currum armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. Conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaque per herbam vescentis, laetumque choro paeana canentis inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis. Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi, quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat, quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti, inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes, quique sui memores alios fecere merendo, omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta. Quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sybilla, Musaeum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba hunc habet, atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis: 'Dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates, quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? Illius ergo venimus, et magnos Erebi transnavimus amnes.' Atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros: 'Nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis, riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis incolimus.

Sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas, hoc superate iugum; et facili iam tramite sistam.' Dixit, et ante tulit gressum, camposque nitentis desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt. At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum forte recensebat numerum carosque nepotes, fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque. Isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina videt Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, effusaeque genis lacrimae, et vox excidit ore: 'Venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti vicit iter durum pietas? Datur ora tueri, nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces? Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum, tempora dinumerans' nec me mea cura fefellit. Quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis! Quam metui, ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!' Ille autem: 'Tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago, saepius occurrens, haec limina tendere adegit: stant sale Tyrrheno classes. Da iungere dextram, da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.' Sic memorans, largo fletu simul ora rigabat. Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum, ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago, [par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.] Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvis, Lethaeumque, domos

placidas qui praenatat, amnem. Hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant; ac—velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum lilia funduntur—-strepit omnis murmure campus. Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro, quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas. Tum pater Anchises: 'Animae, quibus altera fato corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam securos latices et longa oblivia potant.

[Has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,] iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum, quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.' 'O pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est sublimis animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti corpora? Quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?' 'Dicam equidem, nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo' suscipit Anchises, atque ordine singula pandit. 'Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet. Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitaeque volantum, et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus. Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant, terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra. Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco. Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris. Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes suspensae ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni; quisque suos patimur Manes; exinde per amplum mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus; donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe, concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem. Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos, Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno, scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant, rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.' Dixerat Anchises, natumque unaque Sibyllam conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem, et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus. 'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes, inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras, expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo. Ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta, proxuma sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget, silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles, quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx educet silvis regem regumque parentem, unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba. 'Proxumus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis, et Capys, et Numitor, et qui te nomine reddet Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam. Qui iuvenes! Quantas ostentant, aspice, vires, atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu! Hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam, hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces, Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque. Haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae. 'Quin et avo comitem sese Mavortius addet Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater educet. Viden, ut geminae stant vertice cristae, et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore? En, huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo, septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces, felix prole virum: qualis Berecyntia mater invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes, laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes, omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes. 'Huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem Romanosque tuos. Hic Caesar et omnis Iuli progenies magnum caeli ventura sub axem. Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis, Augustus Caesar, Divi genus, aurea condet saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos proferet imperium: iacet extra sidera tellus, extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum. Huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna responsis horrent divom et Maeotia tellus, et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili. Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit, fixerit aeripedem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi pacarit nemora, et Lernam tremefecerit arcu; nec, qui pampineis victor iuga flectit habenis, Liber, agens celso Nysae de vertice tigres. aut dubitamus adhuc virtute extendere vires, aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra? 'Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae sacra ferens? Nosco crines incanaque menta regis Romani, primus qui legibus urbem fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terra missus in imperium magnum. Cui deinde subibit, otia qui rumpet patriae residesque movebit Tullus in arma viros et iam desueta triumphis agmina.

Quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus, nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris. Vis et Tarquinios reges, animamque superbam ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos? Consulis imperium hic primus saevasque secures accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventes ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit. Infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores, vincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido. Quin Decios Drusosque procul saevumque securi aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum. Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis, concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur, heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt! Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois. Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella, neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires; tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo, proice tela manu, sanguis meus!—- 'Ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho victor aget currum, caesis insignis Achivis. Eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenas, ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli, ultus avos Troiae, templa et temerata Minervae. Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Cosse, relinquat? Quis Gracchi genus, aut geminos, duo fulmina belli, Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem Fabricium vel te sulco Serrane, serentem? quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? Tu Maxumus ille es, unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem. Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera, credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus, orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent: tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento; hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem, parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos.' Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit: 'Aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes! Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu, sistet, eques sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem, tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.' Atque hic Aeneas; una namque ire videbat egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis, sed frons laeta parum, et deiecto lumina voltu: 'Quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem? Filius, anne aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?

Quis strepitus circa comitum! Quantum instar in ipso! Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.' Tum pater Anchises, lacrimis ingressus obortis: 'O gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum; ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent. Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem campus aget gemitus, vel quae, liberine, videbis funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem! Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos in tantum spe tollet avos, nec Romula quondam ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno. Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello dextera! Non illi se quisquam impune tulisset obvius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem, seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos. Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas, tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis, purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis his saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani munere'—-Sic tota passim regione vagantur aeris in campis latis, atque omnia lustrant. Quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit, incenditque animum famae venientis amore, exin bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda, Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini, et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem. Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris; altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.

His ubi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna, ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit: tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum. [Ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.] PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS TU quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix, aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti; et nunc servat honos sedem tuus ossaque nomen Hesperia in magna, siqua est ea gloria, signat. At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt aequora, tendit iter velis portumque relinquit. Adspirant aurae in noctem nec candida cursus Luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus. Proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos adsiduo resonat cantu tectisque superbis urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum, arguto tenuis percurrens pectine telas. Hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum vincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum, saetigerique sues atque in praesaepibus ursi saevire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum, quos hominum ex facie dea saeva potentibus herbis induerat Circe in voltus ac terga ferarum. Quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes delati in portus neu litora dira subirent, Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis atque fugam dedit et praeter vada fervida vexit. Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis: cum venti posuere omnisque repente resedit flatus et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae. Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno. verticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena in mare prorumpit. Variae circumque supraque adsuetae ripis volucres et fluminis alveo aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque volabant. flectere iter sociis terraeque advertere proras imperat et laetus fluvio succedit opaco.

Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora rerum, quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, advena classem cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris, expediam et primae revocabo exordia pugnae. tu vatem, tu, diva, mone. Dicam horrida bella, dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam Hesperiam. Maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo, maius opus moveo. Rex arva Latinus et urbes iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat. Hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica accipimus, Fauno Picus pater isque parentem te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor. filius huic fato divom prolesque virilis nulla fuit primaque oriens erepta iuventa est. Sola domum et tantas servabat filia sedes, iam matura viro, iam plenis nubilis annis. Multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant Ausonia. Petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis Turnus, avis atavisque potens, quem regia coniunx adiungi generum miro properabat amore; sed variis portenta deum terroribus obstant. Laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis, sacra comam multosque metu servata per annos, quam pater inventam, primas cum conderet arces, ipse ferebatur Phoebo sacrasse Latinus Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis. Huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu), stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera vectae, obsedere apicem, ex pedibus per mutua nexis examen subitum ramo frondente pependit. Continuo vates: 'Externum cernimus,' inquit, 'adventare virum et partis petere agmen easdem partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce.' Praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis et iuxta genitorem adstat Lavinia virgo, visa (nefas) longis comprendere crinibus ignem, [atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari] regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam insignem gemmis, tum fumida lumine fulvo involvi ac totis Volcanum spargere tectis. Id vero horrendum ac visu mirabile ferri: namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum.

At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni, fatidici; genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta consulit Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro fonte sonat saevamque exhalat opaca mephitim. Hinc Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos Cum tulit et caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petivit, multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris et varias audit voces fruiturque deorum couloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Avernis. Hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat velleribus: subita ex alto vox reddita luco est: 'Ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis, O mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis: externi venient generi, qui sanguine nostrum nomen in astra ferant quorumque a stirpe nepotes omnia sub pedibus, qua Sol utrumque recurrens aspicit Oceanum, vertique regique videbunt.' Haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus, sed circum late volitans iam Fama per urbes Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes gramineo ripae religavit ab aggere classem. Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae instituuntque dapes et adorea liba per herbam subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent. Consumptis hic forte aliis ut vertere morsus exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: 'Heus! etiam mensas consumimus,' inquit Iulus, nec plura adludens. Ea vox audita laborum prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit. Continuo: 'Salve fatis mihi debita tellus vosque,' ait, 'O fidi Troiae salvete penates: hic domus, haec patria est. Genitor mihi talia namque (nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit: cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora vectum accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, tum sperare domos defessus ibique memento prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta. Haec erat illa fames; haec nos suprema manebat, exiliis positura modum. Quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis quae loca, quive habeant homines, ubi moenia gentis, vestigemus et a portu diversa petamus. Nunc pateras libate Iovi precibusque vocate Anchisen genitorem, et vina reponite mensis.' Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum Tellurem nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa Idaeumque Iovem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem invocat et duplicis caeloque ereboque parentis. Hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto intonuit radiisque ardentem lucis et auro ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem. Diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor advenisse diem, quo debita moenia condant. Certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno crateras laeti statuunt et vina coronant. Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis diversi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, hunc Thybrim fluvium, hic fortis habitare Latinos. Tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis ire iubet, ramis velatos Palladis omnis, donaque ferre viro pacemque exposcere Teucris. Haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur passibus. Ipse humili designat moenia fossa moliturque locum primasque in litore sedes castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit. Iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum ardua cernebant iuvenes muroque subibant. Ante urbem pueri et primaevo flore iuventus exercentur equis domitantque in pulvere currus aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis spicula contorquent cursuque ictuque lacessunt: cum praevectus equo longaevi regis ad auris nuntius ingentis ignota in veste reportat advenisse viros. Ille intra tecta vocari imperat et solio medius consedit avito. Tectum augustum ingens. centum sublime columnis, urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici, horrendum silvis et religione parentum. Hic sceptra accipere et primos attollere fasces regibus omen erat, hoc illis curia templum, hae sacris sedes epulis, hic ariete caeso perpetuis soliti patres considere mensis. Quin etiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus vitisator, curvam servans sub imagine falcem, Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago vestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges Martiaque ob patriam pugnando volnera passi. Multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma, captivi pendent currus curvaeque secures et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis. Ipse Quirinali lituo parvaque sedebat succinctus trabea laevaque ancile gerebat Picus, equum domitor; quem capta cupidine coniunx aurea percussum virga versumque venenis fecit avem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas. Tali intus templo divom patriaque Latinus sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta vocavit, atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore: 'Dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem et genus, auditique advertitis aequore cursum), quid petitis? Quae causa rates aut cuius egentis litus ad Ausonium tot per vada caerula vexit? Sive errore viae seu tempestatibus acti, qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis, ne fugite hospitium neve ignorate Latinos Saturni gentem, haud vinclo nec legibus aequam, sponte sua veterisque dei se more tenentem. Atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis) Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris Dardanus Idaeas Phrygiae penetravit ad urbes Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia fertur. Hinc illum, Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum, aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli accipit et numerum divorum altaribus auget.' Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic voce secutus: Rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos, atra subegit hiemps vestris succedere terris nec sidus regione viae litusve fefellit: consilio hanc omnes animisque volentibus urbem, adferimur, pulsi regnis, quae maxima quondam extremo veniens Sol aspiciebat Olympo. Ab Iove principium generis, Iove Dardana pubes gaudet avo, rex ipse Iovis de gente suprema, Troius Aeneas, tua nos ad limina misit.

Quanta per Idaeos saevis effusa Mycenis tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque Europae atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis, audiit et siquem tellus extrema refuso summovet oceano et siquem extenta plagarum quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui. Diluvio ex illo tot vasta per aequora vecti dis sedem exiguam patriis litusque rogamus innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. Non erimus regno indecores, nec vestra feretur fama levis tantique abolescet gratia facti, nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit. Fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem sive fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro praeferimus manibus vittas ac verba precantia) et petiere sibi et voluere adiungere gentes; sed nos fata deum vestras exquirere terras imperiis egere suis. Hinc Dardanus ortus; huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urguet Apollo Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis vada sacra Numici. Dat tibi praeterea fortunae parva prioris munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas. Hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras; hoc Priami gestamen erat, cum iura vocatis more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras Iliadumque labor vestes.' Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret intentos volvens oculos. Nec purpura regem picta movet nec sceptra movent Priameia tantum, quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur, et veteris Fauni voluit sub pectore sortem, hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum portendi generum paribusque in regna vocari auspiciis, huic progeniem virtute futuram egregiam et totum quae viribus occupet orbem. tandem laetus ait: 'Di nostra incepta secundent auguriumque suum; dabitur, Troiane, quod optas, mullera nec sperno. Non vobis rege Latino divitis uber agri Troiaeve opulentia deerit. Ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est, si iungi hospitio properat sociusque vocari, adveniat voltus neve exhorrescat amicos: illi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni. vos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte. Est mihi nata, viro gentis quam iungere nostrae non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo monstra sinunt: generos externis adfore ab oris, hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum nomen in astra ferant. Hunc illum poscere fata et reor et, siquid veri mens augurat, opto.' haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni (stabant ter centum nitidi in praesaepibus altis): omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis; aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent, tecti auro fulvum mandunt sub dentibus aurum; absenti Aeneae currunt geminosque iugalis semine ab aetherio, spirantis naribus ignem, illorum de gente, patri quos daedala Circe supposita de matre nothos furata creavit.

Talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis saeva Iovis coniunx aurasque invecta tenebat, et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe Dardaniam Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno. moliri iam tecta videt, iam fidere terrae, deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore. Tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta: 'Heu stirpem invisam et fatis contraria nostris fata Phrygum! Num Sigeis occumbere campis, num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremavit Troia viros? Medias acies mediosque per ignis invenere viam. At, credo, mea numina tandem fessa iacent odiis aut exsaturata quievi. Quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto! Absumptae in Teucros vires caelique marisque. Quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid vasta Charybdis profuit? Optato conduntur Thybridis alveo, securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem immanem Lapithum valuit, concessit in iras ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydona Dianae, quod scelus aut Lapithis tantum aut Calydona merentem? Ast ego magna Iovis coniunx, nil linquere inausum quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia verti, vincor ab Aenea.

Quod si mea numina non sunt magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod usquam est: flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo. Non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis, atque immota manet fatis Lavinia coniunx: at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus, at licet amborum populos exscindere regum. Hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum: sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, virgo, et Bellona manet te pronuba. Nec face tantum Cisseis praegnans ignis enixa iugalis quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter funestaeque iterum recidiva in Pergama taedae.' Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras Horrenda petivit: luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi. Odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores Tartareae monstrum: tot sese vertit in ora, tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris. Quam Iuno his acuit verbis ac talia fatur: 'Hunc mihi da proprium, virgo sata Nocte, laborem, hanc operam, ne noster honos infractave cedat fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum Aeneadae possint Italosve obsidere finis. Tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres atque odiis versare domos, tu verbera tectis funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille, mille nocendi artes. Fecundum concute pectus, disice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli: arma velit poscatque simul rapiatque inventus.' Exin Gorgoneis Allecto infecta venenis principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni celsa petit tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae, quam super adventu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant. Huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem conicit inque sinum praecordia ad intuma subdit, quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem. Ille inter vestes et levia pectora lapsus volvitur attactu nullo fallitque furentem, vipeream inspirans animam: fit tortile collo aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia vittae innectitque comas, et membris lubricus errat. Ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa veneno pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam, mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est, multa super nata lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis: 'Exsulibusne datur ducenda Lavinia Teucris, O genitor, nec te miseret gnataeque tuique? Nec matris miseret, quam primo aquilone relinquet perfidus alta petens abducta virgine praedo? An non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor Ledaeamque Helenam Troianas vexit ad urbes? Quid tua sancta fides, quid cura antiqua tuorum et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno? Si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis idque sedet Faunique premunt te iussa parentis, omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris dissidet, externam reor et sic dicere divos. Et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo, Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.' His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum contra stare videt penitusque in viscera lapsum serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, tum vero infelix, ingentibus excita monstris, immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem. Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo, quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena curvatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra inpubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum; dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo per medias urbes agitur populosque feroces. Quin etiam in silvas, simulato numine Bacchi, maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem evolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit, quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur, Euhoe Bacche, fremens, solum te virgine dignum vociferans, etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem. Fama volat, furiisque accensas pectore matres idem omnis simul ardor agit nova quaerere tecta: deseruere domos, ventis dant colla comasque, ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent, pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas; ipsa inter medias flagrantem fervida pinum sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos, sanguineam torquens aciem, torvumque repente clamat: 'Io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae: Siqua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet, solvite crinalis vittas, capite orgia mecum.' Talem inter silvas, inter deserta ferarum, reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. Postquam visa satis primos acuisse furores consiliumque omnemque domum vertisse Latini, protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis, praecipiti delata noto. Locus Ardea quondam dictus avis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen, sed fortuna fuit; tectis hic Turnus in altis iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem. Allecto torvam faciem et furialia membra exuit, in vultus sese transformat anilis; et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos cum vitta crinis, tum ramum innectit olivae; fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos et iuveni ante oculos his se cum vocibus offert: 'Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores et tua Dardaniis transcribi sceptra colonis? Rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres. I nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periclis; Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies; tege pace Latinos. Haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres, ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit. Quare age et armari pubem portisque moveri laetus in arma para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro consedere duces pictasque exure carinas. Caelestum vis magna iubet. Rex ipse Latinus, ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur, sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.' Hic iuvenis vatem inridens sic orsa vicissim ore refert: 'Classis invectas Thybridis undam non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris. Ne tantos mihi finge metus; nec regia Iuno inmemor est nostri. Sed te victa situ verique effeta senectus, o mater, curis nequiquam exercet et arma regum inter falsa vatem formidine ludit. Cura tibi divom effigies et templa tueri: bella viri pacemque gerent, quis bella gerenda.' Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras, at iuveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus, deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydris tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura reppulit et geminos erexit crinibus anguis verberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore: 'En ego victa situ, quam veri effeta senectus arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit. Respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum, bella manu letumque gero.' Sic effata facem iuveni coniecit et atro lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas. Olli somnum ingens rumpit pavor, ossaque et artus perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor; arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit; saevit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli, ira super: magno veluti cum flamma sonore virgea suggeritur costis undantis aeni exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquai fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis, nec iam se capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras. Ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum indicit primis iuvenum et iubet arma parari, tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem: se satis ambobus Teucrisque venire Latinisque. Haec ubi dicta dedit divosque in vota vocavit, certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma: hunc decus egregium formae movet atque iuventae, hunc atavi reges, hunc claris dextera factis. Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet, Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis, arte nova speculata locum, quo litore pulcher insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus. Hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia virgo obicit et noto naris contingit odore, ut cervum ardentes agerent; quae prima laborum causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis. Cervus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens, Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent armenta et late custodia credita campi. Adsuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lavabat. Ille, manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili, errabat silvis rursusque ad limina nota ipse domum sera quamvis se nocte ferebat. Hunc procul errantem rabidae venantis Iuli commovere canes, fluvio cum forte secundo deflueret ripaque aestus viridante levaret. Ipse etiam, eximiae laudis succensus amore, Ascanius curvo direxit spicula cornu; nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo perque uterum sonitu perque ilia venit harundo. Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit successitque gemens stabulis questuque cruentus atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat. Silvia prima soror, palmis percussa lacertos, auxilium vocat et duros conclamat agrestis. Olli, pestis enim tacitis latet aspera silvis, inprovisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto, stipitis hic gravidi nodis: quod cuique repertum rimanti, telum ira facit. Vocat agmina Tyrrhus, quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis scindebat, rapta spirans immane securi.

At saeva e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo pastorale canit signum cornuque recurvo Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne contremuit nemus et silvae insonuere profundae; audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis sulfurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini, et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos. Tum vero ad vocem celeres, qua bucina signum dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis indomiti agricolae; nec non et Troia pubes Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis. Direxere acies. Non iam certamine agresti, stipitibus duris agitur sudibusve praeustis, sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late horrescit strictis seges ensibus aeraque fulgent sole lacessita et lucem sub nubila iactant: fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere vento, paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo. Hic iuvenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta, natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo, sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture volnus et udae vocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam. Corpora multa virum circa seniorque Galaesus, dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus arvis: quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant armenta, et terram centum vertebat aratris. Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur, promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum imbuit et primae commisit funera pugnae, deserit Hesperiam et caeli convexa per auras Iunonem victrix adfatur voce superba: 'En, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi: dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant. Quando quidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros, hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa voluntas: finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes accendamque animos insani Martis amore, undique ut auxilio veniant; spargam arma per agros.' Tum contra Iuno; 'Terrorum et fraudis abunde est; stant belli causae, pugnatur comminus armis, quae fors prima dedit sanguis novus imbuit arma. Talia coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus. Te super aetherias errare licentius auras haud pater ille velit, summi regnator Olympi: cede locis; ego, siqua super fortuna laborum est, ipsa regam.' Talis dederat Saturnia voces. Illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas Cocytique petit sedem, supera ardua linquens. Est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis, nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris, Amsancti valles: densis hunc frondibus atrum urguet utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens.

Hic specus horrendum et saevi spiracula Ditis monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, invisum numen, terras caelumque levabat. Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello imponit regina manum. Ruit omnis in urbem pastorum ex acie numerus caesosque reportant Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum. Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna vocari, stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.

Tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora avia matres insultant thiasis (neque enim leve nomen Amatae), undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant. Ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum, contra fata deum perverso numine poscunt, certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini. Ille velut pelagi rupes immota resistit, ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore, quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. Verum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas consilium et saevae nutu Iunonis eunt res, multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis: 'Frangimur heu fatis,' inquit, 'ferimurque procella! Ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, O miseri. Te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit supplicium, votisque deos venerabere seris. Nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus; funere felici spolior.' Nec plura locutus saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas. Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes Albanae coluere sacrum nunc maxima rerum Roma colit, cum prima movent in proelia Martem, sive Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum Hyrcanisve Arabisve parant seu tendere ad Indos Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa. Sunt geminae belli portae (sic nomine dicunt) religione sacrae et saevi formidine Martis; centum aerei claudunt vectes aeternaque ferri robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus: has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae, ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino insignis reserat stridentia limina consul, ipse vocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes, aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco. Hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas. Abstinuit tactu pater aversusque refugit foeda ministeria et caecis se condidit umbris. Tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine verso belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postes. Ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante; Pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis pulverulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt. Pars levis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent arvina pingui subiguntque in cote secures; signaque ferre iuvat sonitusque audire tubarum. Quinque adeo magnae positis incudibus urbes tela novant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae. Tegmina tuta cavant capitum flectuntque salignas umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos aut levis ocreas lento ducunt argento; vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses. Classica iamque sonant; it bello tessera signum. Hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille frementis ad iuga cogit equos clipeumque auroque trilicem loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense. Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantusque movete, qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum floruerit terra alma viris, quibus arserit armis. Et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis: ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura. Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris contemptor divom Mezentius agminaque armat. Filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni, Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum, ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos mille viros, dignus, patriis qui laetior esset imperiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset. Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum victoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro pulcher Aventinus, clipeoque insigne paternum centum angues cinctamque gerit serpentibus hydram; collis Aventini silva quem Rhea sacerdos furtivum partu sub luminis edidit oras, mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia victor Geryone extincto Tirynthius attigit arva Tyrrhenoque boves in flumine lavit Hiberas. Pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello. Ipse pedes, tegumen torquens immane leonis, terribili impexum saetacum dentibus albis indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat, horridus, Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu. Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem, Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva iuventus, et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur: ceu duo nubigenae cum vertice montis ab alto descendunt centauri, Homolen Othrymque nivalem linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens silva locum et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.

Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis, Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem inventumque focis omnis quem credidit aetas Caeculus.

Hunc late legio comitatur agrestis: quique altum Praeneste viri quique arva Gabinae Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis Hernica saxa colunt, quos dives Anagnia pascit, quos, Amasene pater. Non illis omnibus arma, nec clipei currusve sonant: pars maxima glandes liventis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat bina manu, fulvosque lupi de pelle galeros tegmen habent capiti, vestigia nuda sinistri instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles, quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro, iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat. Hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos. Hi Soractis habent arces Flaviniaque arva et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos. Ibant aequati numero regemque canebant, ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni, cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe pulsa palus. Nec quisquam aeratas acies ex agmine tanto misceri putet, aeriam sed gorgite ab alto urgueri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem. Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar, Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis. Una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, Ereti manus omnis oliviferaeque Mutuscae; qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini, qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Severum Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae, qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit Nursia, et Hortinae classes populique Latini, quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen: quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus saevus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis; vel cum sole novo densae torrentur aristae aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flaventibus arvis. Scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus. Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis, curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis mille rapit populos, vertunt felicia Baccho Massica qui rastris et quos de collibus altis Aurunci misere patres, Sidicinaque iuxta aequora quique Cales linquunt, amnisque vadosi accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper Oscorumque manus. Teretes sunt aclydes illis tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello; laevas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses. Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis, Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, iam senior; patriis sed non et filius arvis contentus late iam tum dicione premebat Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arva Celemnae et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias, tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex, aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis. Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae, Ufens, insignem fama et felicibus armis; horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo venatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis.

Armati terram exercent, semperque recentis convectare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto. Quin et Marruvia venit de gente sacerdos, fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliva. Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro, vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat mulcebatque iras et morsus arte levabat. Sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum evaluit, neque eum iuvere in volnera cantus somniferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae. Te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda, te liquidi flevere lacus. Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello, Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit, eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae. Namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte novercae occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus aetheria et superas caeli venisse sub auras, Paeoniis revocatum herbis et amore Dianae. Tum pater omnipotens, aliquem indignatus ab umbris mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae, ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas. At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevom exigeret versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset. Unde etiam templo Triviae lucisque sacratis cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum et iuvenem monstris pavidi effudere marinis. Filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat. Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est. Cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram sustinet, Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis: tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis, quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae. At levem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos (argumentum ingens), et custos virginis Argus caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna. Insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis agmina densentur campis, Argivaque pubes Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli veteresque Sicani et Sacranae acies et picti scuta Labici; qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici litus arant Rutulosque exercent vomere colles Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus arvis praesidet et viridi gaudens Feronia luco; qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas quaerit iter vallis atque in mare conditur Ufens. Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas, bellatrix, non illa colo calathisve Minervae femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos. Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas, vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti ferret iter celeris nec tingueret aequore plantas. Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem, attonitis inhians animis, ut regius ostro velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS UT belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu, utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma, extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu coniurat trepido Latium saevitque iuventus effera. Ductores primi Messapus et Ufens contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt auxilia et latos vastant cultoribus agros. mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem, qui petat auxilium et Latio consistere Teucros, advectum Aenean classi victosque penatis inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci edoceat multasque viro se adiungere gentis Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen. Quid struat his coeptis, quem, si Fortuna sequatur, eventum pugnae cupiat, manifestius ipsi quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino. Talia per Latium. Quae Laomedontius heros cuncta videns magno curarum fluctuat aestu, atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc. In partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat: sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunae omnia pervolitat late loca iamque sub auras erigitur summique ferit lacuaria tecti. Nox erat, et terras animalia fessa per omnis alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat: cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello, procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amoeno populeas inter senior se attollere frondes visus; eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo, tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 'O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem qui revehis nobis aeternaque Pergama servas, exspectate solo Laurenti arvisque Latinis, hic tibi certa domus, certi, ne absiste, penates; neu belli terrere minis: tumor omnis et irae concessere deum. [Iamque tibi, ne vana putes haec fingere somnum, litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus, triginta capitum fetus enixa, iacebit, alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. Hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam. Haud incerta cano.] Nunc qua ratione quod instat expedias victor, paucis (adverte) docebo.

Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum, qui regem Euandrum comites, qui signa secuti, delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem Pallantis proavi de nomine Pallanteum. Hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge. Ipse ego te ripis et recto flumine ducam, adversum remis superes subvectus ut amnem. Surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris Iunoni fer rite preces iramque minasque supplicibus supera votis. Mihi victor honorem persolves. Ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis stringentem ripas et pinguia culta secantem, caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis. Hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus, exit.' Dixit, deinde lacu fluvius se condidit alto, ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit. Surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis lumina rite cavis undam de flumine palmis sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera voces: 'Nymphae, Laurentes nymphae, genus amnibus unde est, tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto, accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis. Quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra fonte tenet, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis corniger hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum. Adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.' sic memorat geminasque legit de classe biremis remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum; candida per silvam cum fetu concolor albo procubuit viridique in litore conspicitur sus. Quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxuma Iuno, mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. Thybris ea fluvium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda, mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.

Ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo; labitur uncta vadis abies; mirantur et undae, miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe scuta virum fluvio pictasque innare carinas. Olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant et longos superant flexus variisque teguntur arboribus viridisque secant placido aequore silvas. Sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem, cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum tecta vident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo aequavit, tum res inopes Euandrus habebat: ocius advertunt proras urbique propinquant. Forte die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem Amphitryoniadae magno divisque ferebat ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una, una omnes iuvenum primi pauperque senatus tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras. Ut celsas videre rates atque inter opacum adlabi nemus et tacitis incumbere remis, terrentur visu subito cunctique relictis consurgunt mensis. Audax quos rumpere Pallas sacra vetat raptoque volat telo obvius ipse et procul e tumulo: 'Iuvenes, quae causa subegit ignotas temptare vias, quo tenditis?' inquit. 'Qui genus? Unde domo? Pacemne huc fertis an arma?' Tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit olivae: 'Troiugenas ac tela vides inimica Latinis, quos illi bello profugos egere superbo. Euandrum petimus. Ferte haec et dicite lectos Dardaniae venisse duces socia arma rogantis.' Obstipuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas: 'Egredere o quicumque es' ait 'coramque parentem adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes.' excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit. Progressi subeunt luco fluviumque relinquunt. Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis: 'Optume Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari et vitta comptos voluit praetendere ramos, non equidem extimui, Danaum quod ductor et Arcas quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis; sed mea me virtus et sancta oracula divom cognatique patres, tua terris didita fama, coniunxere tibi et fatis egere volentem. Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor, Electra, ut Grai perhibent. Atlantide cretus, advehitur Teucros; Electram maxumus Atlas edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbes vobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia Cyllenae gelido conceptum vertice fudit; at Maiam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, idem Atlas generat, caeli qui sidera tollit.

Sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno. His fretus non legatos neque prima per artem temptamenta tui pepigi; me, me ipse meumque obieci caput et supplex ad limina veni. Gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello insequitur; nos si pellant, nihil afore credunt, quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga mittant et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra. Accipe daque fidem: sunt nobis fortia bello pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuventus.' Dixerat Aeneas. Ille os oculosque loquentis iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus. Tum sic pauca refert: 'Ut te, fortissime Teucrum, accipio agnoscoque libens! Ut verba parentis et vocem Anchisae magni voltumque recordor! Nam memini Hesionae visentem regna sororis Laomedontiaden Priamum, Salamina petentem, protinus Arcadiae gelidos invisere finis. Tum mihi prima genas vestibat flore iuventas, mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum Laomedontiaden, sed cunctis altior ibat Anchises: mihi mens iuvenali ardebat amore compellare virum et dextrae coniungere dextram. Accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. Ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam frenaque bina meus quae nunc habet aurea Pallas. Ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra, et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuvabo. Interea sacra haec, quando huc venistis amici, annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate faventes nobiscum et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite mensis.' Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi pocula gramineoque viros locat ipse sedili praecipuumque toro et villosi pelle leonis accipit Aenean solioque invitat acerno. Tum lecti iuvenes certatim araeque sacerdos viscera tosta ferunt taurorum onerantque canistris dona laboratae Cereris Bacchumque ministrant. Vescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuventus perpetui tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.

Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi, rex Euandrus ait: 'Non haec sollemnia nobis, has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram vana superstitio veterumque ignara deorum inposuit: saevis, hospes Troiane, periclis servati facimus meritosque novamus honores. Iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem, disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam. Hic spelunca fuit, vasto summota recessu, semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo. Huic monstro Volcanus erat pater: illius atros ore vomens ignis magna se mole ferebat. Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas auxilium adventumque dei. Nam maximus ultor, tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus Alcides aderat taurosque hac victor agebat ingentis, vallemque boves amnemque tenebant. At furiis Caci mens effera, nequid inausum aut intractatum scelerisve dolive fuisset, quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros avertit, totidem forma superante iuvencas; atque hos, nequa forent pedibus vestigia rectis, cauda in speluncam tractos versisque viarum indiciis raptos saxo occultabat opaco: quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant. Interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moveret Amphytrioniades armenta abitumque pararet, discessu mugire boves atque omne querelis impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui. reddidit una boum vocem vastoque sub antro mugiit et Caci spem custodita fefellit. Hic vero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque gravatum robur et aerii cursu petit ardua montis.

Tum primum nostri Cacum videre timentem turbatumque oculis: fugit ilicet ocior Euro speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas. Ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis, ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius omnemque accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc, dentibus infrendens.

Ter totum fervidus ira lustrat Aventini montem, ter saxea temptat limina nequiquam, ter fessus valle resedit. Stabat acuta silex, praecisis undique saxis speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima visu, dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum. Hanc, ut prona iugo laevum incumbebat in amnem, dexter in adversum nitens concussit et imis avolsam solvit radicibus; inde repente inpulit, inpulsu quo maximus intonat aether dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis. At specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cavernae: non secus ac siqua penitus vi terra dehiscens infernas reseret sedes et regna recludat pallida, dis invisa, superque immane barathrum cernatur, trepident inmisso lumine manes. Ergo insperata deprensum luce repente inclusumque cavo saxo atque insueta rudentem desuper Alcides telis premit omniaque arma advocat et ramis vastisque molaribus instat. Ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli, faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu) evomit involvitque domum caligine caeca, prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. Non tulit Alcides animis seque ipse per ignem praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra. Hic Cacum in tenebris incendia vana vomentem corripit in nodum complexus et angit inhaerens elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur. Panditur extemplo foribus domus atra revolsis, abstractaeque boves abiurataeque rapinae caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadaver protrahitur. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo terribilis oculos, voltum villosaque saetis pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignis. Ex illo celebratus honos, laetique minores servavere diem, primusque Potitius auctor et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri. Hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxuma semper dicetur nobis et erit quae maxuma semper. Quare agite, o iuvenes, tantarum in munere laudum cingite fronde comas et pocula porgite dextris communemque vocate deum et date vina volentes.' Dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra velavitque comas foliisque innexa pependit et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. Ocius omnes in mensam laeti libant divosque precantur. Devexo interea propior fit Vesper Olympo, iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant, pellibus in morem cincti, flammasque ferebant. Instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.

tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis, hic iuvenum chorus, ille senum; qui carmine laudes Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima novercae monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues, ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, Troiamque Oechaliamque, ut duros mille labores rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae pertulerit. 'Tu nubigenas, invicte, bimembris Hylaeumque Pholumque, manu, tu Cresia mactas prodigia et vastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem. Te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento; nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus, arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem Lernaeus turba capitum circumstetit anguis. Salve, vera Iovis proles, decus addite divis, et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.' Talia carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum. Consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant. Exim se cuncti divinis rebus ad urbem perfectis referunt. Ibat rex obsitus aevo et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat ingrediens varioque viam sermone levabat. miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum Aeneas capiturque locis et singula laetus exquiritque auditque virum monimenta priorum. Tum rex Euandrus, Romanae conditor arcis: 'Haec nemora indigenae fauni nymphaeque tenebant gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata, quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere tauros aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto, sed rami atque asper victu venatus alebat. Primus ab aetherio venit Saturnus Olympo, arma Iovis fugiens et regnis exsul ademptis. Is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis composuit legesque dedit Latiumque vocari maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutis in oris. Aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere saecula. Sic placida populos in pace regebat, deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas et belli rabies et amor successit habendi. Tum manus Ausonia et gentes venere Sicanae, saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus; tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, a quo post Itali fluvium cognomine Thybrim diximus, amisit verum vetus Albula nomen; me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum his posuere locis matrisque egere tremenda Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo. Vix ea dicta: dehinc progressus monstrat et aram et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis honorem, vatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum. Hinc lucum ingentem quem Romulus acer Asylum rettulit et gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal, Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycaei. Nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti testaturque locum et letum docet hospitis Argi. Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit, aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis. Iam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestis dira loci, iam tum silvam saxumque tremebant. Hoc nemus, hunc,' inquit, 'frondoso vertice collem (quis deus incertum est) habitat deus: Arcades ipsum credunt se vidisse Iovem, cum saepe nigrantem aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret. Haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, reliquias veterumque vides monimenta virorum. Hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem: Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.' Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant pauperis Euandri passimque armenta videbant Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis. Ut ventum ad sedes: 'Haec,' inquit, 'limina victor Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit. Aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum finge deo rebusque veni non asper egenis.' dixit et angusti subter fastigia tecti ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locavit effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae. Nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis. At Venus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu Volcanum adloquitur thalamoque haec coniugis aureo incipit et dictis divinum adspirat amorem: 'Dum bello Argolici vastabant Pergama reges debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogavi artis opisque tuae nec te, carissime coniunx, incassumve tuos volui exercere labores, quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis et durum Aeneae flevissem saepe laborem. Nunc Iovis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris: ergo eadem supplex venio et sanctum mihi numen arma rogo genetrix nato. Te filia Nerei, te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx. Aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis ferrum acuant portis in me exscidiumque meorum.' Dixerat et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis cunctantem amplexu molli fovet. Ille repente accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit: non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos. Sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx. Tum pater aeterno fatur devinctus amore: 'Quid causas petis ex alto? Fiducia cessit quo tibi, diva, mei? Similis si cura fuisset, tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset: nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata vetabant stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos. Et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae, quod fieri ferro liquidove potest electro, quantum ignes animaeque valent, absiste precando viribus indubitare tuis.' Ea verba locutus optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petivit coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem. Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum, cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minerva impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes, noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo exercet penso, castum ut servare cubile coniugis et possit parvos educere natos: haud secus Ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. Insula Sicanium iuxta latus Aeoliamque erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis, quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis antra Aetnaea tonant validique incudibus ictus auditi referunt gemitus striduntque cavernis stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat, Volcani domus et Volcania nomine tellus. Hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto. Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro, Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyragmon. His informatum manibus iam parte polita fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo deicit in terras, pars inperfecta manebat. Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae addiderant, rutili tris ignis et alitis austri: fulgores nunc horrificos sonitumque metumque miscebant operi flammisque sequacibus iras. Parte alia Marti currumque rotasque volucris instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes; aegidaque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma, certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore divae Gorgona, desecto vertentem lumina collo. 'Tollite cuncta,' inquit, 'coeptosque auferte labores, Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem: arma acri facienda viro. Nunc viribus usus, nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra. Praecipitate moras.' Nec plura effatus; at illi ocius incubuere omnes pariterque laborem sortiti. Fluit aes rivis aurique metallum, volnificusque chalybs vasta fornace liquescit. Ingentum clipeum informant, unum omnia contra tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbes impediunt. Alii ventosis follibus auras accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt aera lacu. Gemit impositis incudibus antrum. Illi inter sese multa vi bracchia tollunt in numerum versantque tenaci forcipe massam. Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris, Euandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitat alma et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus. Consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis; tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem, demissa ab laeva pantherae terga retorquens. Nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem. Hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros. Nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat. Filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates. Congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur. Rex prior haec: 'Maxume Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam res equidem Troiae victas aut regna fatebor, nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto exiguae vires: hinc Tusco claudimur amni, hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis. Sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers. Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo imperio et saevis tenuit Mezentius armis. Quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni effera? Di capiti ipsius generique reservent! Mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora vivis componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora, tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat. at fessi tandem cives infanda furentem armati circumsistunt ipsumque domumque, obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant. Ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros confugere et Turni defendier hospitis armis.

Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis: regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte reposcunt. his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam.

Toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes Signaque ferre iubent; retinet longaevus haruspex fata canens, ''O Maeoniae delecta iuventus, flos veterum virtusque virum, quos iustus in hostem fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira, nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem: externos optate duces''; tum Etrusca resedit hoc acies campo, monitis exterrita divom. Ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon, succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam. Sed mihi tarda gelu saeclisque effeta senectus invidet imperium seraeque ad fortia vires. natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella hinc partem patriae traheret. Tu, cuius et annis et generi fatum indulgent, quem numina poscunt, ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime ductor. hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri, Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro militiam et grave Martis opus, tua cernere facta adsuescat primis et te miretur ab annis. Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis lecta dabo totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.' Vix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant, ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto. Namque inproviso vibratus ab aethere fulgor cum sonitu venit, et ruere omnia visa repente Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor. Suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat ingens: arma inter nubem caeli regione serena per sudum rutilare vident et pulsa tonare. Obstipuere animis alii, sed Troius heros agnovit sonitum et divae promissa parentis. Tum memorat: 'Ne vero, hospes, ne quaere profecto, quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo. Hoc signum cecinit missuram diva creatrix, si bellum

ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras laturam auxilio. Heu quantae miseris caedes Laurentibus instant; quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis; quam multa sub undas scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volves, Thybri pater! Poscant acies et foedera rumpant.' Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras excitat hesternumque larem parvosque penatis laetus adit: mactant lectas de more bidentis Euandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuventus. Post hinc ad navis graditur sociosque revisit. Quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur praestantis virtute legit; pars cetera prona fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni, nuntia ventura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. Dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arva; ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulva leonis pellis obit totum, praefulgens unguibus aureis. Fama volat parvam subito volgata per urbem, ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad litora regis. vota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo it timor, et maior Martis iam apparet imago. tum pater Evandrus dextram complexus euntis haeret. inexpletus lacrimans, ac talia fatur: 'O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, (qualis eram, cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa stravi scutorumque incendi victor acervos et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi, nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater (horrendum dictu) dederat; terna arma movenda, ter Leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis: non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer usquam, nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeva dedisset funera, tam multis viduasset civibus urbem. At vos, o superi, et divom tu maxume rector Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis et patrias audite preces. Si numina vestra incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reservant, si visurus eum vivo et venturus in unum: vitam oro, patior quemvis durare laborem. Sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris: nunc O nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam, dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, dum te, care puer, mea sera et sola voluptas, complexu teneo, gravior neu nuntius auris volneret.' Haec genitor digressu dicta supremo fundebat: famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant. Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis, Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates, inde alii Troiae proceres, ipse agmine Pallas in medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis: qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda, quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resolvit. Stant pavidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur pulveream nubem et fulgentis aere catervas. Olli per dumos, qua proxuma meta viarum, armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem, religione patrum late sacer; undique colles inclusere cavi et nigra nemus abiete cingunt. Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos, arvorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque, qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos: haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle videri iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in arvis. Huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuventus succedunt fessique et equos et corpora curant. At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos dona ferens aderat; natumque in valle reducta ut procul egelido secretum flumine vidit, talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro: 'En perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte munera, ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum:' Dixit et amplexus nati Cytherea petivit, arma sub adversa posuit radiantia quercu. Ille, deae donis et tanto laetus honore, expleri nequit atque oculos per singula volvit miraturque interque manus et bracchia versat terribilem cristis galeam flammasque vomentem fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem sanguineam ingentem, qualis cum caerula nubes solis inardescit radiis longeque refulget; tum levis ocreas electro auroque recocto hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. Illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos haud vatum ignarus venturique inscius aevi fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae stirpis ab Ascanio. pugnataque in ordine bella. fecerat et viridi fetam Mavortis in antro procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem impavidos, illam tereti cervice reflexa mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua. Nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas consessu caveae magnis circensibus actis addiderat subitoque novum consurgere bellum Romulidis Tatioque seni Curibusque severis. Post idem inter se posito certamine reges armati Iovis ante aram paterasque tenentes stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca.

Haud procul inde citae Mettum in diversa quadrigae distulerant, at tu dictis, Albane, maneres, raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus per silvam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres. Nec non Tarquinium eiectum Porsenna iubebat accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat: Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant. Illum indignanti similem similemque minanti aspiceres, pontem auderet quia vellere Cocles et fluvium vinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis. In summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat, Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat. Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant, defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae: aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea vestis, virgatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis. Hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem pilentis matres in mollibus. Hinc procul addit Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis, et scelerum poenas et te, Catilina, minaci pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem, secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. Haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerula cano; et circum argento clari delphines in orbem aequora verrebant caudis aestumque secabant. In medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte videres fervere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus. Hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis, stans celsa in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas laeta vomunt patriumque aperitur vertice sidus. Parte alia ventis et dis Agrippa secundis arduus agmen agens; cui, belli insigne superbum, tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona. Hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis, victor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro, Aegyptum viresque Orientis et ultima secum Bactra vehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx. Una omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis convolsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. alta petunt: pelago credas innare revolsas Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos, tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant. stuppea flamma manu telisque volatile ferrum spargitur, arva nova Neptunia caede rubescunt. Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis. omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Minervam tela tenent. Saevit medio in certamine Mavors caelatus ferro tristesque ex aethere Dirae, et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia palla, quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello. Actius haec cernens arcum tendebat Apollo desuper: omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabaei. Ipsa videbatur ventis regina vocatis vela dare et laxos iam iamque inmittere funis. Illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura fecerat Ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum pandentemque sinus et tota veste vocantem caeruleum in gremium latebrosaque flumina victos. At Caesar, triplici invectus Romana triumpho moenia, dis Italis votum inmortale sacrabat, maxuma tercentum totam delubra per urbem. Laetitia ludisque viae plausuque fremebant; omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae; ante aras terram caesi stravere iuvenci. Ipse, sedens niveo candentis limine Phoebi, dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis postibus; incedunt victae longo ordine gentes, quam variae linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis. Hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros, hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis, extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis, indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes. Talia per clipeum Volcani, dona parentis, miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet, attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS ATQUE ea diversa penitus dum parte geruntur, Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno audacem ad Turnum. Luco tum forte parentis Pilumni Turnus sacrata valle sedebat. Ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: 'Turne, quod optanti divom promittere nemo auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro. Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relicta sceptra Palatini sedemque petit Euandri. Nec satis: extremas Corythi penetravit ad urbes Lydorumque manum collectos armat agrestis. Quid dubitas? Nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus. Rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.' Dixit et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. Adgnovit iuvenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas sustulit ac tali fugientem est voce secutus: 'Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam detulit in terras? Unde haec tam clara repente tempestas? Medium video discedere caelum palantisque polo stellas. Sequor omina tanta, quisquis in arma vocas.' Et sic effatus ad undam processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas, multa deos orans, oneravitque aethera votis. Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis, dives equum, dives pictai vestis et auri; Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent Tyrrhidae iuvenes, medio dux agmine Turnus, [vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est.] Ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alveo. Hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis. Primus ab adversa conclamat mole Caicus: 'Quis globus, o cives, caligine volvitur atra? Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros, hostis adest, heia!' Ingenti clamore per omnis condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent. Namque ita discedens praeceperat optumus armis Aeneas: siqua interea fortuna fuisset, neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo; castra modo et tutos servarent aggere muros. Ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat, obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt armatique cavis expectant turribus hostem. Turnus ut ante volans tardum praecesserat agmen viginti lectis equitum comitatus, et urbi improvisus adest; maculis quem Thracius albis portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra.

'Ecquis erit, mecum, iuvenes, qui primus in hostem? En,' ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras, principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert. Clamore excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur horrisono: Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, non aequo dare se campo, non obvia ferre arma viros, sed castra fovere. Huc turbidus atque huc lustrat equo muros aditumque per avia quaerit. Ac veluti pleno lupus insidiatus ovili cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpessus et imbris, nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira saevit in absentis, collecta fatigat edendi ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces: haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet. Qua temptet ratione aditus et quae via clausos excutiat Teucros vallo atque effundat in aequum? Classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat, aggeribus saeptam circum et fluvialibus undis, invadit sociosque incendia poscit ovantis atque manum pinu flagranti fervidus implet. Tum vero incumbunt, urget praesentia Turni, atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris. Diripuere focos; piceum fert fumida lumen taeda et commixtam Volcanus ad astra favillam. Quis deus, o musae, tam saeva incendia Teucris avertit? Tantos ratibus quis depulit ignes? Dicite. Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.

Tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat, ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecyntia magnum vocibus his adfata Iovem: 'Da, nate, petenti, quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo. [Pinea silva mihi, multos dilecta per annos] lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant, nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis: has ego Dardanio iuveni, cum classis egeret, laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit. Solve metus atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem: ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine venti vincantur, prosit nostris in montibus ortas.' Filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi: 'O genetrix, quo fata vocas, aut quid petis istis? Mortaline manu factae immortale carinae fas habeant certusque incerta pericula lustret Aeneas? Cui tanta deo permissa potestas? Immo ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt Ausonios olim, quaecumque evaserit undis Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia vexerit arva, mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum. Dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris, per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas adnuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas. Hic primum nova lux oculis offulsit et ingens visus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus Idaeique chori; tum vox horrenda per auras excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet: 'Ne trepidate meas, Teucri, defendere navis neve armate manus: maria ante exurere Turno quam sacras dabitur pinus. Vos ite solutae, ite deae pelagi: genetrix iubet.' Et sua quaeque continuo puppes abrumpunt vincula ripis delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris ima petunt. Hinc virgineae (mirabile monstrum) quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur. Obstipuere animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis rauca sonans revocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. At non audaci Turno fiducia cessit; ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro: Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse auxilium solitum eripuit, non tela neque ignes exspectans Rutulos. Ergo maria invia Teucris nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est. Terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes arma ferunt Italae. Nil me fatalia terrent, siqua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum: sat fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arva fertilis Ausoniae Troes. Sunt et mea contra fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem, coniuge praerepta: nec solos tangit Atridas iste dolor solisque licet capere arma Mycenis. Sed periisse semel satis est: peccare fuisset ante satis penitus modo non genus omne perosos femineum.

Quibus haec medii fiducia valli fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parva, dant animos.

At non viderunt moenia Troiae Neptuni fabricata manu considere in ignis? 'Sed vos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere vallum apparat et mecum invadit trepidantia castra.' Non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis est opus in Teucros; addant se protinus omnes Etrusci socios, tenebras et inertia furta Palladii caesis summae custodibus arcis ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in alvo: luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros. Haud sibi cum Danais rem faxo et pube Pelasga esse ferant, decumum quos distulit Hector in annum. Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei, quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus procurate, viri, et pugnam sperate parari.' Interea vigilum excubiis obsidere portas cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. Bis septem Rutuli, muros qui milite servent, delecti; ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur purpurei cristis iuvenes auroque corusci. Discurrunt variantque vices fusique per herbam indulgent vino et vertunt crateras aenos. Conlucent ignes, noctem custodia ducit insomnem ludo. Haec super e vallo prospectant Troes et armis alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, tela gerunt. Instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus, quos pater Aeneas, siquando adversa vocarent, rectores iuvenum et rerum dedit esse magistros. Omnis per muros legio, sortita periclum, excubat exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum est. Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis, Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida venatrix iaculo celerem levibusque sagittis; it iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma, ora puer prima signans intonsa iuventa. His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant: tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant. Nisus ait: 'Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt, Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? Aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum invadere magnum mens agitat mihi nec placida contenta quietest. Cernis, quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum. Lumina rara micant; somno vinoque soluti procubuere; silent late loca: percipe porro, quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat. Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque, exposcunt mittique viros, qui certa reportent. Si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti fama sat est), tumulo videor reperire sub illo posse viam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.' Obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore Euryalus; simul his ardentem adfatur amicum: 'Mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus, Nise, fugis? Solum te in tanta pericula mittam? Non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes, Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaeque labores sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi, magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus: est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.' Nisus ad haec: 'Equidem de te nil tale verebar nec fas, non, ita me referat tibi magnus ovantem Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis. Sed siquis, quae multa vides discrimine tali, siquis in adversum rapiat casusve deusve, te superesse velim; tua vita dignior aetas.

Sit qui me raptum pugna pretiove redemptum mandet humo solita aut siqua id Fortuna vetabit, absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulchro. Neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris, quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa persequitur magni nec moenia curat Acestae,' Ille autem: 'Causas nequiquam nectis inanis, nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit: adceleremus,' ait. Vigiles simul excitat, illi succedunt servantque vices: statione relicta ipse comes Niso graditur, regemque requirunt. Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: ductores Teucrum primi et delecta iuventus consilium summis regni de rebus habebant, quid facerent quisve Aeneae iam nuntius esset. Stant longis adnixi hastis, et scuta tenentes, castrorum et campi medio.

Tum Nisus et una Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant: rem magnam, pretiumque morae fore. Primus Iulus accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit. Tum sic Hyrtacides: 'Audite O mentibus aequis, Aeneadae, neve haec nostris spectentur ab annis, quae ferimus.

Rutuli somno vinoque soluti conticuere; locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi, qui patet in bivio portae, quae proxuma ponto; interrupti ignes, aterque ad sidera fumus erigitur: si fortuna permittitis uti quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea, mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta adfore cernetis. Nec nos via fallit euntis: vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem venatu adsiduo et totum cognovimus amnem.' Hic annis gravis atque animi maturus Aletes: 'Di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est, non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis, cum talis animos iuvenum et tam certa tulistis pectora.' Sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat amborum et voltum lacrimis atque ora rigabat. 'Quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro laudibus istis praemia posse rear solvi? Pulcherrima primum di moresque dabunt vestri; tum cetera reddet actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aevi Ascanius, meriti tanti non immemor umquam.' 'Immo ego vos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,' excipit Ascanius,' per magnos, Nise, penatis Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Vestae obtestor; quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, in vestris pono gremiis: revocate parentem, reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto. Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis pocula, devicta genitor quae cepit Arisba, et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido. Si vero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri contigerit victori et praedae dicere sortem, vidisti quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis aureus: ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise. Praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum corpora captivosque dabit suaque omnibus arma, insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus. Te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas insequitur, venerande puer, iam pectore toto accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis. Nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus; seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum verborumque fides.' Contra quem talia fatur Euryalus: 'Me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis dissimilem arguerit; tantum, fortuna secunda aut adversa cadat. Sed te super omnia dona unum oro, genetrix Priami de gente vetusta est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae. Hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli est inque salutatam linquo: nox et tua testis dextera, quod nequeam lacrumas perferre parentis at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictae. Hanc sine me spem ferre tui: audentior ibo in casus omnis.' Percussa mente dedere Dardanidae lacrimas; ante omnis pulcher Iulus, atque animum patriae strinxit pietatis imago. Tum sic effatur: 'Sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis. Namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusae solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem parva manet.

Casus factum quicumque sequentur, per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis, haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.' Sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exuit ensem auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon Gnosius atque habilem vagina aptarat eburna. Dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis exuvias; galeam fidus permutat Aletes. Protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis primorum manus ad portas iuvenumque senumque prosequitur votis. Nec non et pulcher Iulus, ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem, multa patri mandata dabat portanda: sed aurae omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant. Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri exitio. Passim somno vinoque per herbam corpora fusa vident, arrectos litore currus, inter lora rotasque viros, simul arma iacere, vina simul.

Prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus: 'Euryale, audendum dextra; nunc ipsa vocat res. Hac iter est.

Tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe; haec ego vasta dabo et lato te limite ducam. Sic memorat vocemque premit; simul ense superbum Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum.

Rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur, sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem. Tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis nanctus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla; tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore terra torique madent. Nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque et iuvenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat membra deo victus: felix, si protinus illum aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset. Impastus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans (suadet enim vesana fames) manditque trahitque molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento: nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem, Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque Abarimque, ignaros, Rhoetum vigilantem et cuncta videntem, sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat; pectore in adverso totum cui comminus ensem condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit.

Purpuream vomit ille animam et cum sanguine mixta vina refert moriens; hic furto fervidus instat. Iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem deficere extremum et religatos rite videbat carpere gramen equos: breviter cum talia Nisus. sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri: 'Absistamus,' ait, 'nam lux inimica propinquat. Poenarum exhaustum satis est, via facta per hostis.' Multa virum solido argento perfecta relinquunt armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas. Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim quae mittit dona hospitio cum iungeret absens Caedicus, ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti, [post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti] haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat. Tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram induit. Excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.

Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina, cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur, ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant, tercentum, scutati omnes, Volcente magistro. Iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant, cum procul hos laevo flectentis limite cernunt et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra prodidit immemorem radiisque adversa refulsit. Haud temere est visum. Conclamat ab agmine Volcens 'State, viri. Quae causa viae? Quive estis in armis? Quove tenetis iter?' Nihil illi tendere contra, sed celerare fugam in silvas et fidere nocti. Obiciunt equites sese ad divortia nota hinc atque hinc omnemque abitum custode coronant. Silva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes; rara per occultos lucebat semita calles. Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda impediunt fallitque timor regione viarum; Nisus abit, iamque imprudens evaserat hostis atque locos, qui post Albae de nomine dicti Albani, tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat, ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum. 'Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? Quave sequar, rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens fallacis silvae?' Simul et vestigia retro observata legit dumisque silentibus errat.

Audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum.

Nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris pervenit ac videt Euryalum, quem iam manus omnis fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu, oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra. Quid faciat? Qua vi iuvenem, quibus audeat armis eripere? An sese medios moriturus in enses inferat et pulchram properet per volnera mortem? Ocius adducto torquens hastile lacerto, suspiciens altam Lunam sic voce precatur: 'Tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori, astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos Siqua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris dona tulit, siqua ipse meis venatibus auxi suspendive tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi: hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras.' Dixerat, et toto conixus corpore ferrum conicit: hasta volans noctis diverberat umbras et venit aversi in tergum Sulmonis ibique frangitur ac fisso transit praecordia ligno. Volvitur ille vomens calidum de pectore flumen frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. Diversi circumspiciunt. Hoc acrior idem ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure. Dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro. Saevit atrox Volcens nec teli conspicit usquam auctorem nec quo se ardens inmittere possit. 'Tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas persolves amborum,' inquit; simul ense recluso ibat in Euryalum. Tum vero exterritus, amens conclamat Nisus, nec se celare tenebris amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem. Me me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum, O Rutuli, mea fraus omnis; nihil iste nec ausus nec potuit, caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor, tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.' Talia dicta dabat; sed viribus ensis adactus transabiit costas et candida pectora rumpit. Volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus it cruor, inque umeros cervix conlapsa recumbit: purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro languescit moriens lassove papavera collo demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur. At Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis Volcentem petit in solo Volcente moratur. Quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus atque hinc proturbant. Instat non setius ac rotat ensem fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore condidit adverso et moriens animam abstulit hosti. Tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum confossus placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. Fortunati ambo! Siquid mea carmina possunt, nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo, dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit. Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti Volcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.

Nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto exsangui et primis una tot caede peremptis, Serranoque Numaque. Ingens concursus ad ipsa corpora seminecisque viros tepidaque recentem caede locum et plenos spumanti sanguine rivos. Agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas. Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile: iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce retectis Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipse, suscitat, aeratasque acies in proelia cogit quisque suas variisque acuunt rumoribus iras. Quin ipsa arrectis (visu miserabile) in hastis praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur Euryali et Nisi. Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra opposuere aciem, nam dextera cingitur amni, ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis stant maesti; simul ora virum praefixa movebant, nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo. Interea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris Euryali. At subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, excussi manibus radii revolutaque pensa. Evolat infelix et femineo ululatu, scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu prima petit, non illa virum, non illa pericli telorumque memor; caelum dehinc questibus implet: 'Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio?

Tune illa senectae sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam, crudelis? Nec te, sub tanta pericula missum, adfari extremum miserae data copia matri? Heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis alitibusque iaces, nec te, tua funera mater produxi pressive oculos aut volnera lavi, veste tegens, tibi quam noctes festina diesque urgebam et tela curas solabar anilis. Quo sequar, aut quae nunc artus avolsaque membra et funus lacerum tellus habet? Hoc mihi de te, nate, refers? Hoc sum terraque marique secuta?

Figite me, siqua est pietas, in me omnia tela conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro: aut tu, magne pater divom, miserere tuoque invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo, quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.' Hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis it gemitus: torpent infractae ad proelia vires. Illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt. At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro increpuit; sequitur clamor caelumque remugit. Adcelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci et fossas implere parant ac vellere vallum. Quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros, qua rara est acies interlucetque corona non tam spissa viris. Telorum effundere contra omne genus Teucri ac duris detrudere contis, adsueti longo muros defendere bello. Saxa quoque infesto volvebant pondere, siqua possent tectam aciem perrumpere: cum tamen omnis ferre iuvat subter densa testudine casus; nec iam sufficiunt. Nam qua globus imminet ingens, immanem Teucri molem volvuntque ruuntque, quae stravit Rutulos late armorumque resolvit tegmina. Nec curant caeco contendere Marte amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere vallo missilibus certant. Parte alia horrendus visu quassabat Etruscam pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis; at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles, rescindit vallum et scalas in moenia poscit. Vos, o Calliope, precor, adspirate canenti, quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus ediderit, quem quisque virum demiserit Orco; et mecum ingentis oras evolvite belli, [et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis.] Turris erat vasto suspectu et pontibus altis, opportuna loco, summis quam viribus omnes expugnare Itali summaque evertere opum vi certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras. Princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima vento corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis. Turbati trepidare intus frustraque malorum velle fugam.

Dum se glomerant retroque residunt in partem, quae peste caret, tum pondere turris procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore. Semineces ad terram, immani mole secuta, confixique suis telis et pectora duro transfossi ligno veniunt. Vix unus Helenor et Lycus elapsi. Quorum primaevus Helenor, Maeonio regi quem serva Licymnia furtim sustulerat vetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis, ense levis nudo parmaque inglorius alba; isque ubi se Turni media inter milia vidit, hinc acies atque hinc acies adstare Latinas: ut fera, quae densa venantum saepta corona contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti inicit et saltu supra venabula fertur, haud aliter iuvenis medios moriturus in hostis inruit et, qua tela videt densissima, tendit. At pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis inter et arma fuga muros tenet altaque certat prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras. Quem Turnus, pariter cursu teloque secutus, increpat his victor: 'Nostrasne evadere, demens, sperasti te posse manus?' Simul adripit ipsum pendentem et magna muri cum parte revellit. Qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum sustulit alta petens pedibus Iovis armiger uncis quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum Martius a stabulis rapuit lupus. Undique clamor tollitur: invadunt et fossas agere complent; ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant. Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem, Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas, hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta, Ortygium Caeneus, victorem Caenea Turnus, Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum Promolumque et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan, Privernum Capys.

Hunc primo levis hasta Themillae strinxerat: ille manum proiecto tegmine demens ad volnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta et laevo infixa est lateri manus abditaque intus spiramenta animae letali volnere rupit. Stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis, pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera, insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens, eductum Matris luco Symaethia circum flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: stridentem fundam positis Mezentius hastis ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena et media adversi liquefacto tempora plumbo diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena. Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugaces Ascanius fortemque manu fudisse Numanum, cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.

Is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu vociferans tumidusque novo praecordia regno ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat: 'Non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri, bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros? En qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! Quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit Non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Ulixes: durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum deferimus saevoque gelu duramus et undis, venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant, flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu. At patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello. Omne aevum ferro teritur, versaque iuvencum terga fatigamus hasta; nec tarda senectus debilitat vires animi mutatque vigorem: canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis comportare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto. Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis, desidiae cordi, iuvat indulgere choreis, et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae. O vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta Dindyma ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum! Tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecyntia Matris Idaeae sinite arma viris et cedite ferro.' Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem non tulit Ascanius nervoque obversus equino contendit telum diversaque bracchia ducens constitit, ante Iovem supplex per vota precatus: 'Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. Ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuvencum candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem, iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.' Audiit et caeli Genitor de parte serena intonuit laevum, sonat una fatifer arcus: effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta perque caput Remuli venit et cava tempora ferro traicit. 'I, verbis virtutem inlude superbis! His capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt.' Hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucri clamore sequuntur laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt. Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo desuper Ausonias acies urbemque videbat, nube sedens, atque his victorem adfatur Iulum: 'Macte nova virtute, puer: sic itur ad astra, dis genite et geniture deos. Iure omnia Bella gente sub Assaraci fato ventura resident, nec te Troia capit.' Simul haec effatus ab alto aethere se misit, spirantis dimovet auras Ascaniumque petit. Forma tum vertitur oris antiquum in Buten; hic Dardanio Anchisae armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos, tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. Ibat Apollo omnia longaevo similis, vocemque coloremque et crinis albos et saeva sonoribus arma, atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum: 'Sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum oppetiisse tuis; primam hanc tibi magnus, Apollo concedit laudem et paribus non invidet armis: cetera parce, puer, bello.' Sic orsus Apollo mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram. Agnovere deum proceres divinaque tela Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. Ergo avidum pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt. It clamor totis per propugnacula muris, intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. Sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cavaeque dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit: quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus Haedis verberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi in vada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus austris torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo cava nubila rumpit.

Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti, quos Iovis eduxit luco silvestris Iaera abietibus iuvenes patriis et montibus aequos, portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt, freti animis, ultroque invitant moenibus hostem. Ipsi intus dextra ac laeva pro turribus adstant, armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci: quales aeriae liquentia flumina circum, sive Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum, consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo attollunt capita et sublimi vertice nutant. inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut videre patentis continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis et praeceps animi Tmarus et Mavortius Haemon agminibus totis: at versi terga dedere aut ipso portae posuere in limine vitam. Tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae; et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent. Ductori Turno diversa in parte furenti turbantique viros perfertur nuntius, hostem fervere caede nova et portas praebere patentis. Deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira Dardaniam ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. Et primum Antiphaten, is enim se primus agebat, Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti, coniecto sternit iaculo; volat Itala cornus aera per tenerum stomachoque infixa sub altum pectus abit: reddit specus atri volneris undam spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit. Tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit Aphidnum, tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem non iaculo, neque enim iaculo vitam ille dedisset, sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica venit, fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro sustinuit: conlapsa ruunt immania membra. Dat tellus gemitum, et clipeum super intonat ingens.

Talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante constructam ponto iaciunt; sic illa ruinam prona trahit penitusque vadis inlisa recumbit: miscent se maria, et nigrae attolluntur harenae; tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile Inarime Iovis imperiis imposta Typhoeo. Hic Mars armipotens animum viresque Latinis addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore vertit immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem. Undique conveniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae bellatorque animo deus incidit. Pandarus ut fuso germanum corpore cernit et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res, portam vi magna converso cardine torquet, obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit; ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis, demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem viderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi, immanem veluti pecora inter inertia tigrim Continuo nova lux oculis effulsit, et arma horrendum sonuere; tremunt in vertice cristae sanguineae, clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit: agnoscunt faciem invisam atque immania membra turbati subito Aeneadae. Tum Pandarus ingens emicat et mortis fraternae fervidus ira effatur: 'Non haec dotalis regia Amatae, nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum. Castra inimica vides; nulla hinc exire potestas.' Olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 'Incipe, siqua animo virtus, et consere dextram: hic etiam inventum Priamo narrabis Achillem.' Dixerat. Ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo intorquet summis adnixus viribus hastam: excepere aurae volnus; Saturnia Iuno detorsit veniens, portaeque infigitur hasta. 'At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat, effugies; neque enim is teli nec volneris auctor.' Sic ait et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem dividit inpubesque immani volnere malas. Fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus: conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pependit. Diffugiunt versi trepida formidine Troes: et si continuo victorem ea cura subisset, rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis, ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset; sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido egit in adversos. Principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen excipit; hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas in tergum, Iuno vires animumque ministrat; addit Halym comitem et confixa Phegea parma, ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque.

Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque vocantem vibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter occupat; huic uno desectum comminus ictu cum galea longe iacuit caput.

Inde ferarum vastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter ungere tela manu ferrumque armare veneno, et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis, Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper et citharae cordi numerosque intendere nervis. [Semper equos atque arma virum pugnasque canebat.] Tandem ductores audita caede suorum conveniunt Teucri, Mnestheus acerque Serestus, palantisque vident socios hostemque receptum. Et Mnestheus: 'Quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis?' inquit. 'Quos alios muros, quae iam ultra moenia habetis? Unus homo et vestris, o cives, undique saeptus aggeribus tantas strages inpune per urbem ediderit, iuvenum primos tot miserit Orco? Non infelicis patriae veterumque deorum et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque?' Talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna et fluvium petere ac partem, quae cingitur unda acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno et glomerare manum. Ceu saevum turba leonem cum telis premit infensis, at territus ille, asper, acerba tuens, retro redit, et neque terga ira dare aut virtus patitur, nec tendere contra ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela virosque: haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus improperata refert, et mens exaestuat ira. Quin etiam bis tum medios invaserat hostis, bis confusa fuga per muros agmina vertit; sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum, nec contra vires audet Saturnia Iuno sufficere, aeriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem, ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis.

Ergo nec clipeo iuvenis subsistere tantum dextra valet: iniectis sic undique telis obruitur. Strepit adsiduo cava tempora circum tinnitu galea, et saxis solida aera fatiscunt, discussaeque iubae capiti, nec sufficit umbo ictibus: ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse fulmineus Mnestheus. Tum toto corpore sudor liquitur et piceum, nec respirare potestas, flumen agit; fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus. Tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis in fluvium dedit: ille suo cum gurgite flavo accepit venientem ac mollibus extulit undis et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS PANDITUR interea domus omnipotentis Olympi, conciliumque vocat divom pater atque hominum rex sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis castraque Dardanidum adspectat populosque Latinos. Considunt tectis bipatentibus, incipit ipse: 'Caelicolae magni, quianam sententia vobis versa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis? Abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris. Quae contra vetitum discordia? Quis metus aut hos aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacessere suasit? Adveniet iustum pugnae, ne arcessite, tempus, cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim exitium magnum atque Alpes immittet apertas: tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit. Nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.' Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Venus aurea contra pauca refert: 'O pater, O hominum rerumque aeterna potestas! Namque aliud quid sit, quod iam implorare queamus? Cernis ut insultent Rutulli Turnusque [feratur per medios insignis equis tumidusque] secundo Marte ruat? Non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros: quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent aggeribus moerorum et inundant sanguine fossas. Aeneas ignarus abest. Numquamne levari obsidione sines?

Muris iterum imminet hostis nascentis Troiae [nec non exercitus alter;] atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis Tydides. Equidem credo, mea volnera restant et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. Si sine pace tua atque invito numine Troes Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos iuveris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti, quae superi manesque dabant: cur nunc tua quisquam vertere iussa potest aut cur nova condere fata? Quid repetem exustas Erycino in litore classes, quid tempestatum regem ventosque furentis Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim? Nunc etiam manis, haec intemptata manebat sors rerum, movet et superis immissa repente Allecto, medias Italum bacchata per urbes. Nil super imperio moveor: speravimus ista, dum fortuna fuit; vincant quos vincere mavis. Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua coniunx dura, per eversae, genitor, fumantia Troiae exscidia obtestor, liceat dimittere ab armis incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem. Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis et, quamcumque viam dederit Fortuna, sequatur: hunc tegere et dirae valeam subducere pugnae. Est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera Idaliaeque domus: positis inglorius armis exigat hic aevum. Magna dicione iubeto Karthago premat Ausoniam: nihil urbibus inde obstabit Tyriis. Quid pestem evadere belli iuvit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignes totque maris vastaeque exhausta pericula terrae, dum Latium Teucri recidivaque Pergama quaerunt? Non satius cineres patriae insedisse supremos atque solum, quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta redde, oro, miseris iterumque revolvere casus da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.' Tum regia Iuno acta furore gravi: 'Quid me alta silentia cogis rumpere et obductum verbis volgare dolorem?

Aenean hominum quisquam divomque subegit bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino? Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus, esto, Cassandrae inpulsus furiis: num linquere castra hortati sumus aut vitam committere ventis? Num puero summam belli, num credere muros Tyrrhenamque fidem, aut gentis agitare quietas? Quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra egit? Ubi hic Iuno demissave nubibus Iris? Indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater: quid face Troianos atra vim ferre Latinis, arva aliena iugo premere atque avertere praedas? Quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas, pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? Tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium proque viro nebulam et ventos obtendere inanis, tu potes in totidem classem convertere nymphas: nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuvisse nefandum est? Aeneas ignarus abest: ignarus et absit. Est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera: quid gravidam bellis urbem et corda aspera temptas? Nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res vertere fundo conamur, nos, an miseros qui Troas Achivis obiecit? Quae causa fuit, consurgere in arma Europamque Asiamque et foedera solvere furto? Me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnavit adulter, aut ego tela dedi fovive cupidine bella? Tum decuit metuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas.' Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant caelicolae adsensu vario, ceu flamina prima cum deprensa fremunt silvis et caeca volutant murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos. Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, infit; eo dicente deum domus alta silescit et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether, tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora pontus: 'Accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta. Quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris haud licitum, nec vestra capit discordia finem: quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem, Tros Rutulusne fuat nullo discrimine habebo. Seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur sive errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. Nec Rutulos solvo: sua cuique exorsa laborem fortunamque ferent. Rex Iuppiter omnibus idem. Fata viam invenient.' Stygii per flumina fratris, per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas adnuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. Hic finis fandi. Solio tum Iuppiter aureo surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt. Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant sternere caede viros et moenia cingere flammis. At legio Aeneadum vallis obsessa tenetur, nec spes ulla fugae. Miseri stant turribus altis nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris, prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta. Fert ingens toto conixus corpore saxum, haud partem exiguam montis, Lyrnesius Acmon, nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo. Hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis molirique ignem nervoque aptare sagittas. Ipse inter medios, Veneris iustissima cura, Dardanius caput ecce puer detectus honestum, qualis gemma micat, fulvum quae dividit aurum, aut collo decus aut capiti; vel quale per artem inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho lucet ebur; fusos cervix cui lactea crinis accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro. Te quoque magnanimae viderunt, Ismare, gentes volnera dirigere et calamos armare veneno, Maeonia generose domo, ubi pinguia culta exercentque viri Pactolusque inrigat auro. Adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni aggere moerorum sublimem gloria tollit, et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. Illi inter sese duri certamina belli contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat. Namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque, quidve petat quidve ipse ferat, Mezentius arma quae sibi conciliet, violentaque pectora Turni edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus admonet immiscetque preces: haud fit mora, Tarchon iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia divom, externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis prima tenet, rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones, imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris. Hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque volutat eventus belli varios, Pallasque sinistro adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique. Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantusque movete, quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris Aenean armetque rates pelagoque vehatur. Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora tigri: sub quo mille manus iuvenum, qui moenia Clusi quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae gorytique leves umeris et letifer arcus. Una torvus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.

Sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater expertos belli iuvenes, ast Ilva trecentos insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.

Tertius ille hominum divomque interpres Asilas, cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent et linguae volucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes, mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.

Hos parere iubent Alpheae ab origine Pisae, urbs Etrusca solo. Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur, Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis. Tercentum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi) qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in arvis, et Pyrgi veteres intempestaeque Graviscae. Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, transierim, Cinyre, et paucis comitate Cupavo, cuius olorinae surgunt de vertice pennae, crimen, Amor, vestrum formaeque insigne paternae. Namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati, populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem, canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam, linquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem. Filius, aequalis comitatus classe catervas, ingentem remis Centaurum promovet: ille instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur arduus et longa sulcat maria alta carina. Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris, fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis, qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen, Mantua, dives avis; sed non genus omnibus unum: gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni, ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine vires. Hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat, quos patre Benaco velatus harundine glauca Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu. It gravis Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum verberat adsurgens, spumant vada marmore verso. Hunc vehit immanis Triton et caerula concha exterrens freta, cui laterum tenus hispida nanti frons hominem praefert, in pristim desinit alvus: spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda. Tot lecti proceres ter denis navibus ibant subsidio Troiae et campos salis aera secabant. Iamque dies caelo concesserat almaque curru noctivago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum: Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem) ipse sedens clavumque regit velisque ministrat. Atque illi medio in spatio chorus ecce suarum occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe numen habere maris nymphasque e navibus esse iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant, quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae. Agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis, quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso eminet ac laeva tacitis subremigat undis, tum sic ignarum adloquitur: 'Vigilasne, deum gens, Aenea? Vigila et velis immitte rudentis. Nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de vertice pinus, nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua Perfidus ut nos praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat, rupimus invitae tua vincula teque per aequor quaerimus. Hanc Genetrix faciem miserata refecit et dedit esse deas aevumque agitare sub undis. At puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos. Iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco Arcas eques: medias illis opponere turmas, ne castris iungant, certast sententia Turno. Surge age et Aurora socios veniente vocari primus in arma iube et clipeum cape, quem dedit ipse invictum Ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro. Crastina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris, ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis acervos.' Dixerat, et dextra discedens impulit altam haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas ocior et iaculo et ventos aequante sagitta.

Inde aliae celerant cursus. Stupet inscius ipse Tros Anchisiades; animos tamen omine tollit. Tum breviter super adspectans convexa precatur: 'Alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi turrigeraeque urbis biiugique ad frena leones, tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diva, secundo.' Tantum effatus.

Et interea revoluta rubebat matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat: principio sociis edicit, signa sequantur atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se.

Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra, stans celsa in puppi; clipeum cum deinde sinistra extulit ardentem. Clamorem ad sidera tollunt Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitat iras, tela manu iaciunt: quales sub nubibus atris Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant cum sonitu fugiuntque notos clamore secundo. At Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira videri Ausoniis, donec versas ad litora puppes respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor. Ardet apex capiti cristisque a vertice flamma funditur et vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes: non secus ac liquida siquando nocte cometae sanguinei lugubre rubent aut Sirius ardor, ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris, nascitur et laevo contristat lumine caelum. Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit litora praecipere et venientis pellere terra. [ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro] 'Quod votis optastis, adest, perfringere dextra; in manibus Mars ipse viris. Nunc coniugis esto quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto facta, patrum laudes. Ultro occurramus ad undam, dum trepidi egressisque labant vestigia prima. Audentis Fortuna iuvat,' haec ait et secum versat, quos ducere contra vel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros. Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis pontibus exponit. Multi servare recursus languentis pelagi et brevibus se credere saltu, per remos alii. Speculatus litora Tarchon, qua vada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda, sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu, advertit subito proram sociosque precatur: 'Nunc, o lecta manus, validis incumbite remis; tollite, ferte rates; inimicam findite rostris hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina. Frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso arrepta tellure semel.' Quae talia postquam effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis spumantisque rates arvis inferre Latinis, donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae omnes innocuae, sed non puppis tua, Tarchon. Namque inflicta vadis dorso dum pendet iniquo, anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat, solvitur atque viros mediis exponit in undis fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra impediunt, retrahitque pedem simul unda relabens. Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit.

Signa canunt.

Primus turmas invasit agrestis Aeneas, omen pugnae, stravitque Latinos occiso Therone, virum qui maximus ultro Aenean petit: huic gladio perque aerea suta, per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum. Inde Lichan ferit, exsectum iam matre perempta et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum: casus evadere ferri quo licuit parvo? Nec longe Cissea durum immanemque Gyan, sternentis agmina clava, deiecit Leto: nihil illos Herculis arma nec validae iuvere manus genitorque Melampus, Alcidae comes usque gravis dum terra labores praebuit. Ecce Pharo, voces dum iactat inertis, intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore. Tu quoque, flaventem prima lanugine malas dum sequeris Clytium infelix, nova gaudia, Cydon, Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum, qui iuvenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres, ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obvia, Phorci progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus alma Venus. Fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten: 'Suggere tela mihi: non ullum dextera frustra torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium Iliacis campis.' Tum magnam corripit hastam et iacit: illa volans clipei transverberat aera Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit. Huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto protinus hasta fugit servatque cruenta tenorem, dexteraque ex umero nervis moribunda pependit. Tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore rapto Aenean petiit; sed non et figere contra est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae. Hic Curibus fidens primaevo corpore Clausus advenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta sub mentum graviter pressa pariterque loquentis vocem animamque rapit traiecto gutture; at ille fronte ferit terram et crassum vomit ore cruorem. Tres quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema et tris, quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit, per varios sternit casus. Accurrit Halaesus Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles, insignis Messapus equis.

Expellere tendunt nunc hi, nunc illi; certatur limine in ipso Ausoniae. Magno discordes aethere venti proelia ceu tollunt animis et viribus aequis; non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit; anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra: haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae concurrunt; haeret pede pes densusque viro vir. At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late impulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis, Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris ut vidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci (aspera quis natura loci dimittere quando suasit equos), unum quod rebus restat egenis, nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris: 'Quo fugitis, socii? Per vos et fortia facta, per ducis Evandri nomen devictaque bella Opemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi, fidite ne pedibus. Ferro rumpenda per hostis est via. Qua globus ille virum densissimus urget, hac vos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit. Numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste mortales, totidem nobis animaeque manusque. Ecce, maris magna claudit nos obice pontus, deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petemus?' Haec ait et medius densos prorumpit in hostis. Obvius huic primum, fatis adductus iniquis, fit Lagus. Hunc, magno vellit dum pondere saxum, intorto figit telo, discrimina costis per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque receptat ossibus haerentem. Quem non super occupat Hisbo, ille quidem hoc sperans: nam Pallas ante ruentem, dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit. Hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente vetusta Anchemolum, thalamos ausum incestare novercae. Vos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in agris, Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles, indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error; at nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas: nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Evandrius abstulit ensis; te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant. Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis facta viri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.

Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter traicit. Hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; Ilo namque procul validam direxerat hastam, quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra, te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque volutus caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arva. Ac velut optato ventis aestate coortis dispersa immittit silvis incendia pastor, correptis subito mediis extenditur una horrida per latos acies Volcania campos; ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantis: non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum teque iuvat, Palla. Sed bellis acer Halaesus tendit in adversos seque in sua conligit arma. Hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque, Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense elatam in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento. Fata canens silvis genitor celarat Halaesum: ut senior leto canentia lumina solvit, iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt Evandri. Quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: 'Da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro, fortunam atque viam duri per pectus Halaesi.

Haec arma exuviasque viri tua quercus habebit.' Audiit illa deus: dum texit Imaona Halaesus, Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. At non caede viri tanta perterrita Lausus, pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque. Sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci et vos, O Grais imperdita corpora, Teucri.

Agmina concurrunt ducibusque et viribus aequis. Extremi addensent acies nec turba moveri tela manusque sinit. Hinc Pallas instat et urget, hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas: egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat in patriam reditus. Ipsos concurrere passus haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi: mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste. Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso Turnum, qui volucri curru medium secat agmen. Ut vidit socios: 'Tempus desistere pugnae; solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.' Haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso.

At Rutulum abscessu iuvenis tum iussa superba miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens lumina volvit obitque truci procul omnia visus talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni: 'Aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. Tolle minas.' Fatus medium procedit in aequor. Frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.

Desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire comminus; utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum, advolat: haud alia est Turni venientis imago. Hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae, ire prior Pallas, siqua fors adiuvet ausum viribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur: 'Per patris hospitium et mensas, quas advena adisti, te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis. Cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta victoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.' Audiit Alcides iuvenem magnumque sub imo corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis.

Tum Genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis: 'Stat sua cuique dies, breve et inreparabile tempus omnibus est vitae: sed famam extendere factis, hoc virtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis tot nati cecidere deum; quin occidit una Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum fata vocant, metasque dati pervenit ad aevi.' Sic ait atque oculos Rutulorum reicit arvis. At Pallas magnis emittit viribus hastam vaginaque cava fulgentem deripit ensem. Illa volans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa incidit atque viam clipei molita per oras tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni. Hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur: 'Adspice, num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum.' Dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris, quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri, vibranti cuspis medium transverberat ictu loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. Ille rapit calidum frustra de volnere telum: una eademque via sanguis animusque sequuntur. Corruit in volnus, sonitum super arma dedere et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento. Quem Turnus super adsistens, 'Arcades, haec,' inquit, 'memores mea dicta referte Euandro; qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto. Quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est, largior. Haud illi stabunt Aeneia parvo hospitia.' Et laevo pressit pede talia fatus exanimem, rapiens immania pondera baltei impressumque nefas, una sub nocte iugali caesa manus iuvenum foede thalamique cruenti, quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelaverat auro; quo nunc Turnus ovat spolio gaudetque potitus. Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis! Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum intactum Pallanta et cum spolia ista diemque oderit. At socii multo gemitu lacrimisque impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.

O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert, cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos. Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor advolat Aeneae, tenui discrimine leti esse suos, versis tempus succurrere Teucris. Proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum caede nova quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis omnia sunt oculis, mensae, quas advena primas tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos quattuor hic iuvenes, totidem, quos educat Ufens, viventis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammas. Inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam. Ille astu subit ac tremibunda supervolat hasta, et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex: 'Per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli te precor, hanc animam serves natoque patrique.

Est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti infectique mihi. Non hic victoria Teucrum vertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.' Dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: 'Argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta, natis parce tuis. Belli commercia Turnus sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto. Hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus.' Sic fatus galeam laeva tenet atque reflexa cervice orantis capulo tenus applicat ensem. Nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, infula cui sacra redimibat tempora vitta, totus conlucens veste atque insignibus armis. Quem congressus agit campo lapsumque superstans immolat ingentique umbra tegit; arma Serestus lecta refert umeris, tibi, rex Gradive, tropaeum. Instaurant acies Volcani stirpe creatus Caeculus et veniens Marsorum montibus Umbro: Dardanides contra furit. Anxuris ense sinistram et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem; dixerat ille aliquid magnum vimque adfore verbo crediderat caeloque animum fortasse ferebat canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos: Tarquitus exultans contra fulgentibus armis, silvicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympha crearat, obvius ardenti sese obtulit. Ille reducta loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta; tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis dicere deturbat terrae truncumque tepentem provolvens super haec inimico pectore fatur: 'Istic nunc, metuende, iace. Non te optima mater condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulchro: alitibus linquere feris aut gurgite mersum unda feret piscesque impasti volnera lambent.' Protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni, persequitur fortemque Numam fulvumque Camertem, magnanimo Volcente satum, ditissimus agri qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnavit Amyclis. Aegaeon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem pectoribusque arsisse, Iovis cum fulmina contra tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret enses: sic toto Aeneas desaevit in aequore victor, ut semel intepuit mucro. Quin ecce Niphaei quadriiugis in equos adversaque pectora tendit. Atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem ut videre, metu versi retroque ruentes effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.

Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem. Haud tulit Aeneas tanto fervore furentis: inruit adversaque ingens apparuit hasta. Cui Liger: 'Non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achillis aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi his dabitur terris.' Vesano talia late dicta volant Ligeri. Sed non et Troius heros dicta parat contra: iaculum nam torquet in hostem. Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laevo aptet se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas fulgentis clipei, tum laevum perforat inguen: excussus curru moribundus volvitur arvis. Quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris: 'Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum prodidit aut vanae vertere ex hostibus umbrae: ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris.' Haec ita fatus arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis infelix palmas, curru delapsus eodem: 'Per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes, vir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere precantis.' Pluribus oranti Aeneas: 'Haud talia dudum dicta dabas. Morere et fratrem ne desere frater.' Tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.

Talia per campos edebat funera ductor Dardanius, torrentis aquae vel turbinis atri more furens. Tandem erumpunt et castra relinquunt Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuventus. Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro: 'O germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx, ut rebare, Venus, nec te sententia fallit, Troianas sustentat opes, non vivida bello dextra viris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.' Cui Iuno summissa 'Quid, o pulcherrime coniux, sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem? Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse decebat, vis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares, omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum et Dauno possem incolumem servare parenti. Nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas. Ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen Pilumnusque illi quartus pater et tua larga saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.' Cui rex aetherii breviter sic fatur Olympi: 'Si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco oratur iuveni meque hoc ita ponere sentis, tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fatis hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis sub precibus venia ulla latet totumque moveri mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.' Et Iuno adlacrimans: 'Quid si, quae voce gravaris, mente dares atque haec Turno rata vita maneret? Nunc manet insontem gravis exitus, aut ego veri vana feror. Quod ut O potius formidine falsa ludar et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!' Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto misit, agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras, Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia castra petivit. Tum dea nube cava tenuem sine viribus umbram in faciem Aeneae, visu mirabile monstrum, Dardaniis ornat telis clipeumque iubasque divini adsimulat capitis, dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis, morte obita qualis fama est volitare figuras aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus. At primas laeta ante acies exsultat imago inritatque virum telis et voce lacessit. Instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam conicit: illa dato vertit vestigia tergo. Tum vero Aenean aversum ut cedere Turnus credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem, 'Quo fugis, Aenea? Thalamos ne desere pactos; hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.' Talia vociferans sequitur strictumque coruscat mucronem nec ferre videt sua gaudia ventos. Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato, qua rex Clusinis advectus Osinius oris. Huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago conicit in latebras; nec Turnus segnior instat exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos.

Vix proram attigerat: rumpit Saturnia funem avolsamque rapit revoluta per aequora navem. Illum autem Aeneas absentem in praelia poscit; obvia multa virum demittit corpora morti: tum levis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago, sed sublime volans nubi se immiscuit atrae. Cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. Respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis et duplicis cum voce manus ad sidera tendit: 'Omnipotens genitor, tanton me crimine dignum duxisti et talis voluisti expendere poenas? Quo feror? Unde abii? Quae me fuga quemve reducit? Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra videbo? Quid manus illa virum, qui me meaque arma secuti? Quosne (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui et nunc palantis video gemitumque cadentum accipio! Quid ago? Aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat terra mihi? Vos O potius miserescite venti: in rupes, in saxa, volens vos Turnus adoro ferte ratem saevisque vadis immittite Syrtis, quo neque me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.' Haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc, an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens induat et crudum per costas exigat ensem, fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando curva petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma. Ter conatus utramque viam, ter maxima Iuno continuit iuvenemque animi miserata repressit. Labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem. At Iovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens succedit pugnae Teucrosque invadit ovantis. Concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni, uni odiisque viro telisque frequentibus instant. Ille velut rupes, vastum quae prodit in aequor, obvia ventorum furiis expostaque ponto, vim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque, ipsa immota manens, prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem, sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis occupat os faciemque adversam, poplite Palmum succiso volvi segnem sinit, armaque Lauso donat habere umeris et vertice figere cristas. Nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano in lucem genitori Amyco dedit et face praegnans Cisseis regina Parin creat: urbe paterna occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta. Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos defendit multosve palus Laurentia, silva pastus harundinea, postquam inter retia ventum est, substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit armos, nec cuiquam irasci propiusque accedere virtus, sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant; haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae, non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro; missilibus longe et vasto clamore lacessunt: ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis, dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas. Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron, Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos. Hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina vidit, purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro: impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans, suadet enim vesana fames, si forte fugacem conspexit capream aut surgentem in cornua cervum, gaudet, hians immane, comasque arrexit et haeret visceribus super accumbens, lavit inproba taeter ora cruor, sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis. Sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram tundit humum expirans infractaque tela cruentat. Atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspide volnus: obvius adversoque occurrit seque viro vir contulit, haud furto melior, sed fortibus armis. Tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta: 'Pars belli haud temnenda, viri, iacet altus Orodes.' Conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti.

Ille autem exspirans: 'Non me, quicumque es, inulto, victor, nec longum laetabere: te quoque fata prospectant paria atque eadem mox arva tenebis.' Ad quae subridens mixta Mezentius ira: 'Nunc morere. Ast de me divom pater atque hominum rex viderit.' Hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum: olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget somnus, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem. Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspen Partheniumque Rapo et praedurum viribus Orsen, Messapus Croniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten, illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, hunc peditem. Pedes et Lycius processerat Agis, quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitae deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta. Iam gravis aequabat luctus et mutua Mavors funera: caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant victores victique, neque his fuga nota neque illis. Di Iovis in tectis iram miserantur inanem amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores: hinc Venus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno, pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saevit. At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam turbidus ingreditur campo. Quam magnus Orion, cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei stagna viam scindens, umero supereminet undas aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit: talis se vastis infert Mezentius armis. Huic contra Aeneas, speculatus in agmine longo, obvius ire parat. Manet imperterritus ille, hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat; atque oculis spatium emensus, quantum satis hastae: 'Dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro, nunc adsint! Voveo praedonis corpore raptis indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum Aeneae.' Dixit stridentemque eminus hastam iecit; at illa volans clipeo est excussa proculque egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit, Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis haeserat Euandro atque Itala consederat urbe. Sternitur infelix alieno volnere caelumque aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit: illa per orbem aere cavum triplici, per linea terga tribusque transit intextum tauris opus imaque sedit inguine, sed viris haud pertulit. Ocius ensem Aeneas, viso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus, eripit a femine et trepidanti fervidus instat. Ingemuit cari graviter genitoris amore, ut vidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora volutae. Hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta, siqua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas, non equidem nec te, iuvenis memorande, silebo.

Ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus cedebat clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat: prorupit iuvenis seseque immiscuit armis iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando sustinuit. Socii magno clamore sequuntur, dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, telaque coniciunt proturbantque eminus hostem missilibus. Furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se. Ac velut effusa siquando grandine nimbi praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator omnis et agricola et tuta latet arce viator, aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi, dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis, sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur: 'Quo moriture ruis maioraque viribus audes? Fallit te incautum pietas tua.' Nec minus ille exsultat demens; saevae iamque altius irae Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso Parcae fila legunt: validum namque exigit ensem per medium Aeneas iuvenem totumque recondit. Transiit et parmam mucro, levia arma minacis, et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro, implevitque sinum sanguis; tum vita per auras concessit maesta ad manis corpusque reliquit. At vero ut voltum vidit morientis et ora, ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris, ingemuit miserans graviter dextramque tetendit, et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago. 'Quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis, quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum? Arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua, teque parentum manibus et cineri, siqua est ea cura, remitto. Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem: Aeneae magni dextra cadis.' Increpat ultro cunctantis socios et terra sublevat ipsum, sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos. Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam volnera siccabat lymphis corpusque levabat arboris adclinis trunco. Procul aerea ramis dependet galea et prato gravia arma quiescunt. Stant lecti circum iuvenes: ipse aeger anhelans colla fovet, fusus propexam in pectore barbam; multa super Lauso rogitat multumque remittit qui revocent maestique ferant mandata parentis. At Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant flentes, ingentem atque ingenti volnere victum. Agnovit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens: canitiem multo deformat pulvere et ambas ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret. 'Tantane me tenuit vivendi, nate, voluptas, ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae, quem genui? Tuane haec genitor per volnera servor, morte tua vivens? Heu, nunc misero mihi demum exitium infelix, nunc alte volnus adactum! Idem ego, nate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen, pulsus ob invidiam solio sceptrisque paternis. Debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum: omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem! Nunc vivo neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo. Sed linquam.' Simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum se femur et, quamvis dolor alto volnere tardet, haud deiectus equum duci iubet. Hoc decus illi, hoc solamen erat; bellis hoc victor abibat omnibus. Adloquitur maerentem et talibus infit: 'Rhaebe, diu, res siqua diu mortalibus ulla est, viximus. Aut hodie victor spolia illa cruenti et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum ultor eris mecum aut, aperit si nulla viam vis, occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo, iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.' Dixit et exceptus tergo consueta locavit membra manusque ambas iaculis oneravit acutis, aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina. Sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit: aestuat ingens uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu, [et furiis agitatus amor et conscia virtus.] Atque hic Aenean magna ter voce vocavit.

Aeneas agnovit enim laetusque precatur: 'Sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo, incipias conferre manum.' Tantum effatus et infesta subit obvius hasta. Ille autem: 'Quid me erepto, saevissime, nato terres? Haec via sola fuit, qua perdere posses. Nec mortem horremus nec divom parcimus ulli. Desine: nam venio moriturus et haec tibi porto dona prius.' Dixit telumque intorsit in hostem; inde aliud super atque aliud figitque volatque ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo. Ter circum adstantem laevos equitavit in orbes tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troius heros immanem aerato circumfert tegmine silvam. Inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet vellere et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua, multa movens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter bellatoris equi cava tempora conicit hastam. Tollit se arrectum quadrupes et calcibus auras verberat effusumque equitem super ipse secutus implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo. Clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. Advolat Aeneas vaginaque eripit ensem et super haec: 'Ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa effera vis animi?

'Contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit: 'Hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris? Nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia veni, nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus. Unum hoc per siqua est victis venia hostibus oro: corpus humo patiare tegi. Scio acerba meorum circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem et me consortem nati concede sepulchro.' Haec loquitur iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem undantique animam diffundit in arva cruore. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS OCEANUM interea surgens Aurora reliquit: Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humandis praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est, vota deum primo victor solvebat Eoo. Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma, Mezenti ducis exuvias, tibi, magne, tropaeum, bellipotens: aptat rorantis sanguine cristas telaque trunca viri et bis sex thoraca petitum perfossumque locis clipeumque ex aere sinistrae subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum. Tum socios, namque omnis eum stipata tegebat turba ducum, sic incipiens hortatur ovantis: 'Maxima res effecta, viri; timor omnis abesto, quod superest: haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo primitiae, manibusque meis Mezentius hic est. Nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos. Arma parate animis et spe praesumite bellum, nequa mora ignaros, ubi primum vellere signa adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, impediat segnisve metu sententia tardet. Interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est. Ite,' ait, 'egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis muneribus, maestamque Evandri primus ad urbem mittatur Pallas, quem non virtutis egentem abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.' Sic ait inlacrimans recipitque ad limina gressum, corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes servabat senior, qui Parrhasio Evandro armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aeque tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno. Circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. Ut vero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis, ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu.

Ipse caput nivei fultum Pallantis et ora ut vidit levique patens in pectore vulnus cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur obortis. 'Tene,' inquit, 'miserande puer, cum laeta veniret, invidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna videres nostra neque ad sedes victor veherere paternas? Non haec Evandro de te promissa parenti discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret acris esse viros, cum dura proelia gente.

Et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani fors et vota facit cumulatque altaria donis: nos iuvenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis debentem vano maesti comitamur honore. Infelix, nati funus crudele videbis! Hi nostri reditus expectatique triumphi! Haec mea magna fides! At non, Evandre, pudendis vulneribus pulsum adspicies nec sospite dirum optabis nato funus pater. Ei mihi, quantum praesidium Ausonia et quantum tu perdis, Iule!' Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miserabile corpus imperat et toto lectos ex agmine mittit mille viros, qui supremum comitentur honorem intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri. Haud segnes alii crates et molle feretrum arbuteis texunt virgis et vimine querno exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant. Hic iuvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt, qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem seu mollis violae seu languentis hyacinthi, cui neque fulgor adhuc necdum sua forma recessit: non iam mater alit tellus viresque ministrat. Tum geminas vestes auroque ostroque rigentis extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro. Harum unam iuveni supremum maestus honorem induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu, multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci. Addit equos et tela, quibus spoliaverat hostem. Vinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris inferias, caeso sparsuros sanguine flammas, indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi. Ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes: pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae. . . Ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus. Post bellator equus positis insignibus Aethon it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. Hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus victor habet. Tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur Tyrrhenique omnes et versis Arcades armis. Postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo, substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto: 'Nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli fata vocant: salve aeternum mihi, maxime Palla, aeternumque vale.' Nec plura effatus ad altos tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat. Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina, velati ramis oleae veniamque rogantes: corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant, redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae; nullum cum victis certamen et aethere cassis; parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque vocatis. Quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis prosequitur venia et verbis haec insuper addit: 'Quaenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini, implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos? Pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis oratis? Equidem et vivis concedere vellem. Nec veni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent, nec bellum cum gente gero: rex nostra reliquit hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis. Aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. Si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis: vixet, cui vitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset. Nunc ite et miseris supponite civibus ignem.' Dixerat Aeneas. Illi obstipuere silentes conversique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.

Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances infensus iuveni Turno sic ore vicissim orsa refert: 'O fama ingens, ingentior armis vir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem? Iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum? Nos vero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem et te, siqua viam dederit fortuna, Latino iungemus regi: quaerat sibi foedera Turnus. Quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles saxaque subvectare umeris Troiana iuvabit.' Dixerat haec, unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant. Bis senos pepigere dies et pace sequestra per silvas Teucri mixtique inpune Latini erravere iugis. Ferro sonat alta bipenni fraxinus, evertunt actas ad sidera pinus, robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos. Et iam Fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus, Evandrum Evandrique domos et moenia replet, quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat. Arcades ad portas ruere et de more vetusto funereas rapuere faces; lucet via longo ordine flammarum et late discriminat agros. Contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia iungit agmina.

Quae postquam matres succedere tectis viderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem. At non Evandrum potis est vis ulla tenere, sed venit in medios. Feretro Pallanta reposto procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque gemensque, et via vix tandem vocis laxata dolore est. 'Non haec, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti, cautius ut saevo velles te credere Marti; haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis et praedulce decus primo certamine posset.

Primitiae iuvenis miserae bellique propinqui dura rudimenta et nulli exaudita deorum vota precesque meae! Tuque, O sanctissima coniunx, felix morte tua neque in hunc servata dolorem! Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum obruerent Rutuli telis! Animam ipse dedissem atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret, nec vos arguerim, Teucri, nec foedera nec quas iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae debita erat nostrae. Quod si immatura manebat mors natum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuvabit. Quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla, quam pius Aeneas [et quam magni Phryges et quam Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.] Magna tropaea ferunt, quos dat tua dextera Leto: tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in armis, esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis, Turne. Sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis? Vadite et haec memores regi mandata referte: quod vitam moror invisam Pallante perempto, dextera causa tua est, Turnum natoque patrique quam debere vides. Meritis vacat hic tibi solus fortunaeque locus. Non vitae gaudia quaero, nec fas, sed nato Manis perferre sub imos.' Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores: iam pater Aeneas, iam curvo in litore Tarchon constituere pyras. Huc corpora quisque suorum more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.

Ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem lustravere in equis ululatusque ore dedere; spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma: it caelo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum. Hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis coniciunt igni, galeas ensesque decoros frenaque ferventisque rotas; pars munera nota, ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela. Multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti, saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris in flammam iugulant pecudes.

Tum litore toto ardentis spectant socios semustaque servant busta neque avelli possunt, nox umida donec invertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum. Nec minus et miseri diversa in parte Latini innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim multa virum terrae infodiunt avectaque partim finitimos tollunt in agros urbique remittunt, cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis acervum nec numero nec honore cremant: tunc undique vasti certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri. Tertia lux gelidam caelo dimoverat umbram: maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant ossa focis tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae. Iam vero in tectis, praedivitis urbe Latini, praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus. Hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos: ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro, qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores. ingravat haec saevus Drances solumque vocari testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum. Multa simul contra variis sententia dictis pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat, multa virum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis. Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum nec magnas valuisse preces, alia arma Latinis quaerenda aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum. Deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus. Fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes. Ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. olli convenere fluuntque ad regia plenis tecta viis. Sedet in mediis et maximus aevo et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus. Atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos, quae referant, fari iubet et responsa reposcit ordine cuncta suo. Tum facta silentia linguis, et Venulus dicto parens ita farier infit: 'Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaque castra atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnis contigimusque manum, qua concidit Ilia tellus. Ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis victor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris. Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus, qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos. Auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore: ''O fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna, antiqui Ausonii, quae vos fortuna quietos sollicitat suadetque ignota lacessere bella? Quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros, mitto ea, quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis, quos Simois premat ille viros, infanda per orbem supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes, vel Priamo miseranda manus: scit triste Minervae sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphareus. Militia ex illa diversum ad litus abacti Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas exsulat, Aetnaeos vidit Cyclopas Ulixes. Regna Neoptolemi referam versosque penates Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros? Ipse Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achivom coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra oppetiit: devictam Asiam subsedit adulter. Invidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydona viderem? Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur, et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis fluminibusque vagantur aves, heu dira meorum supplicia, et scopulos lacrimosis vocibus implent.

Haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt tempore, cum ferro caelestia corpora demens adpetii et Veneris violavi volnere dextram. Ne vero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnas: nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum Pergama, nec veterum memini laetorve malorum. Munera, quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris, vertite ad Aenean. Stetimus tela aspera contra contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam. Si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes Dardanus, et versis lugeret Graecia fatis. Quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae, Hectoris Aeneaeque manu victoria Graium haesit et in decimum vestigia rettulit annum. Ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis hic pietate prior. Coeant in foedera dextrae, qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma cavete.'' Et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.' Vix ea legati, variusque per ora cucurrit Ausonidum turbata fremor: ceu saxa morantur cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur vicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis. Ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, praefatus divos solio rex infit ab alto: 'Ante equidem summa de re statuisse, Latini, et vellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali cogere concilium. cum muros adsidet hostis. Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum invictisque viris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant proelia: nec victi possunt absistere ferro. Spem siquam adscitis Aetolum habuistis in armis, ponite. Spes sibi quisque, sed haec quam angusta videtis; cetera qua rerum iaceant perculsa ruina, ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia vestras. Nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima virtus esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni. Nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti expediam et paucis, animos adhibete, docebo. Est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni, longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos; Aurunci Rutulique serunt et vomere duros exercent colles atque horum asperrima pascunt. Haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas dicamus leges sociosque in regna vocemus. Considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.

Sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro: bis denas Italo texamus robore navis seu pluris complere valent, iacet omnis ad undam materies, ipsi numerumque modumque carinis praecipiant, nos aera manus navalia demus. Praeterea qui dicta ferant et foedera firment centum oratores prima de gente Latinos ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos, munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri. Consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.' Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris, largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello dextera, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor, seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat), surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras: 'Rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec vocis egentem consulis, O bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur, quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. Det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat cuius ob auspicium infaustum moresque sinistros (dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur) lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus consedisse urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat castra fugae fidens et caelum territat armis. Unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti Dardanidis dicique iubes, unum, optime regum, adicias nec te ullius violentia vincat, quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis des, pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas. Quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror, ipsum obtestemur veniamque oremus ab ipso: cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat. Quid miseros totiens in aperta pericula cives proicis, O Latio caput horum et causa malorum? Nulla salus bello: pacem te poscimus omnes, Turne, simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus. Primus ego, invisum quem tu tibi fingis, et esse nil moror, en supplex venio.

Miserere tuorum, pone animos et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi vidimus ingentis et desolavimus agros. Aut si fama movet, si tantum pectore robur concipis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est, aude atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem. Scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx, nos animae viles, inhumata infletaque turba, sternamur campis. Etiam tu, siqua tibi vis, si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra, qui vocat.' Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Turni; dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore voces 'Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi tum, cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque vocatis primus ades. Sed non replenda est curia verbis, quae tuto tibi magna volant, dum distinet hostem agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae. Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi, meque timoris argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis acervos Teucrorum tua dextra dedit passimque tropaeis insignis agros. Possit quid vivida virtus, experiare licet; nec longe scilicet hostes quaerendi nobis: circumstant undique muros. Imus in adversos: quid cessas? An tibi Mavors ventosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis semper erit? Pulsus ego? Aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim sanguine et Evandri totam cum stirpe videbit procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis? Haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens et quos mille die victor sub Tartara misi, inclusus muris hostilique aggere saeptus. ''Nulla salus bello.'' Capiti cane talia, demens, Dardanio rebusque tuis. Proinde omnia magno ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere vires gentis bis victae, contra premere arma Latini. Nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremescunt, nunc et Tydides et Larissaeus Achilles, amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. Vel cum se pavidum contra mea iurgia fingit artificis scelus et formidine crimen acerbat. Numquam animam talem dextra hac, absiste moveri, amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto. Nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta revertor. Si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis, si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine verso funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum? oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis. Quamquam O, si solitae quicquam virtutis adesset! Ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum egregiusque animi, qui, nequid tale videret, procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit. Sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuventus auxilioque urbes Italae populique supersunt, sin et Troianis cum multo gloria venit sanguine, sunt illis sua funera parque per omnis tempestas: cur indecores in limine primo deficimus? Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus? Multa dies variisque labor mutabilis aevi rettulit in melius, multos alterna revisens lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locavit.

Non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi: at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos tot populi misere duces, nec parva sequetur gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris. Est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla, agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas. Quod si me solum Teucri in certamina poscunt idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto, non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit, ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem. Ibo animis contra, vel magnum praestet Achillem factaque Vulcani manibus paria induat arma ille licet. Vobis animam hanc soceroque Latino Turnus ego, haud ulli veterum virtute secundus, devovi. ''Solum Aeneas vocat'': et vocet oro, nec Drances potius, sive est haec ira deorum, morte luat, sive est virtus et gloria, tollat.' Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant certantes; castra Aeneas aciemque movebat: nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet, instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis. Extemplo turbati animi concussaque vulgi pectora et adrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.

Arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuventus, flent maesti mussantque patres. Hic undique clamor dissensu vario magnus se tollit in auras haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte catervae consedere avium piscosove amne Padusae dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni. 'Immo,' ait, 'O cives' adrepto tempore, 'Turnus,' 'cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes: illi armis in regna ruunt.' Nec plura locutus corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis. 'Tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice maniplos, duc,' ait, 'et Rutulos. Equitem Messapus in armis et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. Pars aditus urbis firmet turrisque capessat, cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma.' Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe. Consilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt multaque se incusat, qui non adceperit ultro Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciverit urbi. Praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque subvectant. Bello dat signum rauca cruentum bucina. Tum muros varia cinxere corona matronae puerique: vocat labor ultimus omnis. Nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces subvehitur magna matrum regina caterva dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lavinia virgo, causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. Succedunt matres et templum ture vaporant et maestas alto fundunt de limine voces: 'Armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia virgo, frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis et ipsum pronum sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.' Cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus. Iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro, tempora nudus adhuc, laterique adcinxerat ensem fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce, exsultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem: qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesaepia vinclis tandem liber equus campoque potitus aperto aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto emicat adrectisque fremit cervicibus alte luxurians, luduntque iubae per colla, per armos. Obvia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur: 'Turne, sui merito siqua est fiducia forti, audeo et Aeneadum promitto occurrere turmae solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obvia contra. Me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serva.' Turnus ad haec, oculos horrenda in virgine fixus: 'O decus Italiae virgo, quas dicere grates quasve referre parem? Sed nunc, est omnia quando iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant exploratores, equitum levia improbus arma praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis per deserta iugo superans adventat ad urbem. Furta paro belli convexo in tramite silvae? ut bivias armato obsidam milite fauces. Tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis; tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam.' Sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem. Est curvo anfractu valles, adcommoda fraudi armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. Hanc super in speculis summoque in vertice montis planities ignota iacet tutique receptus, seu dextra laevaque velis occurrere pugnae, sive instare iugis et grandia volvere saxa. Huc iuvenis nota fertur regione viarum arripuitque locum et silvis insedit iniquis. Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim, unam ex virginibus sociis sacraque caterva, compellabat et has tristis Latonia voces ore dabat: 'Graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, O virgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis, cara mihi ante alias.' Neque enim novus iste Dianae venit amor subitaque animum dulcedine movit.

Pulsus ob invidiam regno viresque superbas Priverno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli sustulit exsilio comitem matrisque vocavit nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.

Ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat solorum nemorum: tela undique saeva premebant et circumfuso volitabant milite Volsci.

Ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans spumabat ripis: tantus se nubibus imber ruperat. Ille, innare parans, infantis amore tardatur caroque oneri timet.

Omnia secum versanti subito vix haec sententia sedit. Telum immane manu valida quod forte gerebat bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto, huic natam, libro et silvestri subere clausam, implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae; quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur: 'Alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia virgo, ipse pater famulam voveo; tua prima per auras tela tenens supplex hostem fugit.

Accipe, testor, diva tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris.

Dixit et adducto contortum hastile lacerto immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla. At Metabus, magna propius iam urgente caterva, dat sese fluvio atque hastam cum virgine victor gramineo donum Triviae de caespite vellit. Non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes accepere neque ipse manus feritate dedisset: pastorum et solis exegit montibus aevom. Hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino nutribat, teneris immulgens ubera labris. Utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis institerat, iaculo palmas armavit acuto spiculaque ex umero parvae suspendit et arcum. Pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae tigridis exuviae per dorsum a vertice pendent. Tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem. Multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres optavere nurum: sola contenta Diana aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem intemerata colit. 'Vellem haud correpta fuisset militia tali, conata lacessere Teucros: cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum. Verum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis, abere, nympha, polo finisque invise Latinos, tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna. Haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam: hac quicumque sacrum violarit volnere corpus, Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas. Post ego nube cava miserandae corpus et arma inspoliata feram tumulo patriaeque reponam.' Dixit; at illa levis caeli delapsa per auras insonuit, nigro circumdata turbine corpus. At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat Etruscique duces equitumque exercitus omnis, compositi numero in turmas. Fremit aequore toto insultans sonipes et pressis pugnat habenis huc conversus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent. Nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini et cum fratre Coras et virginis ala Camillae adversi campo apparent hastasque reductis protendunt longe dextris et spicula vibrant, adventusque virum fremitusque ardescit equorum.

Iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque substiterat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque exhortantur equos; fundunt simul undique tela crebra nivis ritu caelumque obtexitur umbra. Continuo adversis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruina dant sonitum ingenti perfractaque quadrupedantum pectora pectoribus rumpunt: excussus Aconteus fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti praecipitat longe et vitam dispergit in auras. Extemplo turbatae acies, versique Latini reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia vertunt. Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. Iamque propinquabant portis, rursusque Latini clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt: hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis. Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus nunc ruit ad terram scopulusque superiacit unda spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit arenam, nunc rapidus retro atque aestu revoluta resorbens saxa fugit litusque vado labente relinquit: bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia versos, bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. Tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas implicuere inter se acies legitque virum vir: tum vero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto armaque corporaque et permixti caede virorum semianimes volvuntur equi, pugna aspera surgit. Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire, hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit.

Quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat vulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura: volvitur ille excussus humi.

Catillus Iollan ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis deicit Herminium, nudo cui vertice fulva caesaries nudique umeri, nec vulnera terrent: tantus in arma patet. Latos huic hasta per armos acta tremit duplicatque virum transfixa dolore. Funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro certantes pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem. At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon, unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla, et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, nunc validam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem; aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae. Illa etiam in tergum, siquando pulsa recessit, spicula converso fugientia dirigit arcu. At circum lectae comites, Larinaque virgo Tullaque et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securem, Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras: quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia curru Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis. Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo, deicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? Eunaeum Clitio primum patre, cuius apertum adversi longa transverberat abiete pectus: sanguinis ille vomens rivos cadit atque cruentam mandit humum moriensque suo se in volnere versat. Tum Lirim Pagasumque super; quorum alter habenas suffosso revolutus equo dum colligit, alter dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem, praecipites pariterque ruunt. His addit Amastrum Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta Tereaque Harpalycumque et Demophoonta Chrominque; quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula virgo, tot Phrygii cecidere viri.

Procul Ornytus armis ignotis et equo venator Iapyge fertur, cui pellis latos umeros erepta iuvenco pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis, agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse catervis vertitur in mediis et toto vertice supra est. Hunc illa exceptum, neque enim labor agmine verso, traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 'Silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?

Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis verba redarguerit. Nomen tamen haud leve patrum manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.' Protinus Orsilochum et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum corpora, sed Buten aversum cuspide fixit loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis lucent et laevo dependet parma lacerto, Orsilochum fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem, tum validam perque arma viro perque ossa securim altior exsurgens oranti et multa precanti congeminat: vulnus calido rigat ora cerebro. Incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni, haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant. Isque ubi se nullo iam cursu evadere pugnae posse neque instantem reginam avertere cernit, consilio versare dolos ingressus et astu incipit haec: 'Quid tam egregium, si femina forti fidis equo? Dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo mecum crede solo pugnaeque adcinge pedestri: iam nosces, ventosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.' Dixit, at illa furens acrique adcensa dolore tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis, ense pedes nudo puraque interrita parma. At iuvenis, vicisse dolo ratus, avolat ipse, haud mora, conversisque fugax aufertur habenis quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat. 'Vane Ligus frustraque animis elate superbis, nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis, nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno,' haec fatur virgo et pernicibus ignea plantis transit equum cursu frenisque adversa prehensis congreditur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit: quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam comprensamque tenet pedibusque eviscerat uncis; tum cruor et vulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae. At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum observans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo: Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeva suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus incitat iras. Ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon fertur equo variisque instigat vocibus alas, nomine quemque vocans, reficitque in proelia pulsos. 'Quis metus, O numquam dolituri, O semper inertes Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignavia venit? Femina palantis agit atque haec agmina vertit! Quo ferrum quidve haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? At non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella aut ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi, exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae, hic amor, hoc studium, dum sacra secundus haruspex nuntiet ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos!' Haec effatus equum in medios, moriturus et ipse, concitat et Venulo adversum se turbidus infert dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem et gremium ante suum multa vi concitus aufert. Tollitur in caelum clamor, cunctique Latini convertere oculos. Volat igneus aequore Tarchon arma virumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas, qua vulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans sustinet a iugulo dextram et vim viribus exit. Utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem fert aquila implicuitque pedes atque unguibus haesit, saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat adrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore, arduus insurgens; illa haud minus urget obunco luctantem rostro, simul aethera verberat alis: haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon portat ovans. Ducis exemplum eventumque secuti Maeonidae incurrunt. Tum fatis debitus Arruns velocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam circuit et quae sit fortuna facillima, temptat. Qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine virgo, hac Arruns subit et tacitus vestigia lustrat; qua victrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat, hac iuvenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. Hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus hastam. Forte sacer Cybelo Chloreus olimque sacerdos insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aenis in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat. Ipse, peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro, spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu; aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea vati cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis carbaseos fulvo in nodum collegerat auro pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum. Hunc virgo, sive ut templis praefigeret arma Troia, captivo sive ut se ferret in auro venatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen femineo praedae et spoliorum ardebat amore, telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto concitat et superos Arruns sic voce precatur: 'Summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo pascitur et medium freti pietate per ignem cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna, da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis, omnipotens. Non exuvias pulsaeve tropaeum virginis aut spolia ulla peto (mihi cetera laudem facta ferent): haec dira meo dum vulnere pestis pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes. Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras: sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam, adnuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret, non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertere procellae. Ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras, convertere animos acris oculosque tulere cuncti ad reginam Volsci.

Nihil ipsa nec aurae nec sonitus memor aut venientis ab aethere teli, hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam haesit virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem. Concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem suscipiunt. Fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns, laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae credere nec telis occurrere virginis audet. Ac velut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur, continuo in montis sese avius abdidit altos occiso pastore lupus magnove iuvenco, conscius audacis facti, caudamque remulcens subiecit pavitantem utero silvasque petivit: haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. Illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter ferreus ad costas alto stat vulnere mucro: labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit. Tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam adloquitur fidam ante alias, quae sola Camillae, quicum partiri curas; atque haec ita fatur: 'Hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum. Effuge et haec Turno mandata novissima perfer: succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.

Iamque vale.' Simul his dictis linquebat habenas, ad terram non sponte fluens.

Tum frigida toto paulatim exsolvit se corpore lentaque colla et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquunt, vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras. Tum vero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla, incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum Tyrrhenique duces Evandrique Arcades alae. At Triviae custos iamdudum in montibus Opis alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnas. Utque procul medio iuvenum in clamore furentum prospexit tristi multatam morte Camillam, ingemuitque deditque has imo pectore voces: 'Heu nimium, virgo, nimium crudele luisti supplicium, Teucros conata lacessere bello! Nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam profuit aut nostras umero gessisse sagittas. Non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultae.

Nam quicumque tuum violavit vulnere corpus, morte luet merita.' Fuit ingens monte sub alto regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum antiqui Laurentis opacaque ilice tectum: hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto. Ut vidit laetantem animis ac vana tumentem, 'Cur,' inquit, 'diversus abis? Huc dirige gressum, huc periture veni, capias ut digna Camillae praemia. Tune etiam telis moriere Dianae?' dixit, et aurata volucrem Threissa sagittam deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit et duxit longe, donec curvata coirent inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis, laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam. Extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis audiit una Arruns, haesitque in corpore ferrum. Illum exspirantem socii atque extrema gementem obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt, Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum. Prima fugit domina amissa levis ala Camillae; turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas disiectique duces desolatique manipli tuta petunt et equis aversi ad moenia tendunt. Nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis sustentare valet telis aut sistere contra, sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus, quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum. Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra pulvis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt. Qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis, hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba; nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso, moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum confixi exspirant animas. Pars claudere portas: nec sociis aperire viam nec moenibus audent accipere orantis, oriturque miserrima caedes defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum. Exclusi ante oculos lacrumantumque ora parentum pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina volvitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis arietat in portas et duros obice postis. Ipsae de muris summo certamine matres, monstrat amor verus patriae, ut videre Camillam, tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis praecipites primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. Interea Turnum in silvis saevissimus implet nuntius, et iuveni ingentem fert Acca tumultum: deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam, ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri. Ille furens, et saeva Iovis sic numina pellunt, deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit. Vix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat, cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos exsuperatque iugum silvaque evadit opaca.

Sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt; ac simul Aeneas fumantis pulvere campos prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina vidit, et saevum Aenean adgnovit Turnus in armis adventumque pedum flatusque audivit equorum. Continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent, ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hibero tinguat equos noctemque die labente reducat: considunt castris ante urbem et moenia vallant. PUBLI VERGILI MARONIS TURNUS ut infractos adverso Marte Latinos defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa reposci, se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus tum demum movet arma leo gaudetque comantis excutiens cervice toros fixumque latronis inpavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento: haud secus adcenso gliscit violentia Turno. Tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus infit: 'Nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent ignavi Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent. Congredior, fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus. Aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam, desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), et solus ferro crimen commune refellam, aut habeat victos, cedat Lavinia coniunx.' Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus: 'O praestans animi iuvenis, quantum ipse feroci virtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus. Sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino est; sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus arvis, nec genus indecores. Sine me haec haud mollia fatu sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri. Me natam nulli veterum sociare procorum fas erat, idque omnes divique hominesque canebant. Victus amore tui, cognato sanguine victus coniugis et maestae lacrumis, vincla omnia rupi: promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsi. Ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur bella, vides, quantos primus patiare labores. Bis magna victi pugna vix urbe tuemur spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus albent. Quo referor totiens? Quae mentem insania mutat? Si Turno exstincto socios sum adscire paratus, cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo? Quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet Italia, ad mortem si te—-Fors dicta refutet!—- prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem? Respice res bello varias; miserere parentis longaevi, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe dividit.' Haudquaquam dictis violentia Turni flectitur: exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo. Ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore: 'Quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci: et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra spargimus; et nostro sequitur de volnere sanguis. longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem feminea tegat et vanis sese occulat umbris.' At regina, nova pugnae conterrita sorte, flebat et ardentem generum monitura tenebat: 'Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per siquis Amatae tangit honos animum (spes tu nunc una, senectae tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit). unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. Qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus, et me, Turne, manent: simul haec invisa relinquam lumina nec generum Aenean captiva videbo.' Accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris flagrantis perfusa genas, quoi plurimus ignem subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit. Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro siquis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa alba rosa: talis virgo dabat ore colores. Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine voltus: ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam. 'Ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neve omine tanto prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem, O mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis. Nuntius haec Idmon Phrygio mea dicta tyranno haud placitura refer: cum primum crastina caelo puniceis invecta rotis Aurora rubebit, non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma quiescant et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum, illo quaeratur coniunx Lavinia campo.' Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit.

poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis, Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia, qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras. Circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacessunt pectora plausa cavis et colla comantia pectunt. Ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco circumdat loricam umeris; simul aptat habendo ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae. ensem, quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda. Exin quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae aedibus adstabat, validam vi corripit hastam, Actoris Aurunci spolium, quassatque trementem vociferans: 'Nunc, O numquam frustrata vocatus hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor te Turni nunc dextra gerit. Da sternere corpus loricamque manu valida lacerare revulsam semiviri Phrygis et foedare in pulvere crinis vibratos calido ferro murraque madentis.' His agitur furiis; totoque ardentis ab ore scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis: mugitus veluti cum prima in proelia taurus terrificos ciet atque irasci in cornua

temptat, arboris obnixus trunco, ventosque lacessit ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena. Nec minus interea maternis saevos in armis Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitat ira, oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum, tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli, fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino certa referre viros et pacis dicere leges.
Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montis orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis dimensi Rutulique viri Teucrique parabant in medioque focos et dis communibus aras gramineas. Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant, velati limo et verbena tempora vincti. Procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis agmina se fundunt portis. Hinc Troius omnis Tyrrhenusque ruit variis exercitus armis, haud secus instructi ferro, quam si aspera Martis pugna vocet; nec non mediis in milibus ipsi ductores auro volitant ostroque decori, et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles. Utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit, defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. Tum studio effusae matres et volgus inermum invalidique senes turris ac tecta domorum obsedere, alii portis sublimibus adstant. At Iuno e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur, tum neque nomen erat nec honos aut gloria monti, prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini. Extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem diva deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem Iuppiter erepta pro virginitate sacravit): 'Nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostro, scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae magnanimi Iovis ingratum ascendere cubile, praetulerim caelique lubens in parte locarim: disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem. Qua visa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi: nunc iuvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis, Parcarumque dies et vis inimica propinquat. Non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum. Tu pro germano siquid praesentius audes, perge: decet. Forsan miseros meliora sequentur.' Vix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profudit terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. 'Non lacrumis hoc tempus,' ait Saturnia Iuno: 'Adcelera et fratrem, siquis modus, eripe morti, aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus: auctor ego audendi.' Sic exhortata reliquit incertam et tristi turbatam volnere mentis. Interea reges, ingenti mole Latinus quadriiugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt, Solis avi specimen; bigis it Turnus in albis, bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro; hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo, sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis, et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae, procedunt castris, puraque in veste sacerdos saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem adtulit admovitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
Illi ad surgentem conversi lumina solem dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro summa notant pecudum paterisque altaria libant. Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur: 'Esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi Terra voeanti, quam propter tantos potui perferre labores, et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx, iam melior, iam, diva, precor, tuque inclute Mavors, cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; fontisque fluviosque voco, quaeque aetheris alti religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto: cesserit Ausonio si fors victoria Turno, convenit Evandri victos discedere ad urbem, cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles Aeneadae referent ferrove haec regna lacessent, sin nostrum adnuerit nobis Victoria Martem (ut potius reor et potius di numine firment), non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant. Sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto, imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri constituent, urbique dabit Lavinia nomen.' Sic prior Aeneas; sequitur sic deinde Latinus suspiciens caelum tenditque ad sidera dextram: 'Haec eadem, Aenea, terram mare sidera iuro Latonaeque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem vimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis; audiat haec genitor, qui foedera fulmine sancit. Tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor: nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet, quo res cumque cadent; nec me vis ulla volentem avertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas diluvio miscens caelumque in Tartara solvat; ut sceptrum hoc' (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat 'numquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras, cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum matre caret posuitque comas et bracchia ferro, olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro inclusit patribusque dedit gesture Latinis.' Talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis conspectu in medio procerum. Tum rite sacratas in flammam iugulant pecudes et viscera vivis eripiunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. At vero Rutulis inpar ea pugna videri iamdudum et vario misceri pectora motu; tum magis, ut propius cernunt non viribus aequis. Adiuvat incessu tacito progressus et aram suppliciter venerans demisso lumine Turnus tabentesque genae et iuvenali in corpore pallor. Quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere vidit sermonem et volgi variare labantia corda, in medias acies, formam adsimulata Camerti, cui genus a proavis ingens clarumque paternae nomen erat virtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis, in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum rumoresque serit varios ac talia fatur: 'Non pudet, O Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam obiectare animam? Numerone an viribus aequi non sumus? En omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt fatalesque manus, infensa Etruria Turno: vix hostem, alterni si congrediamur, habemus. Ille quidem ad superos, quorum se devovet aris, succedet fama vivusque per ora feretur: nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis cogemur, qui nunc lenti consedimus arvis.' Talibus incensa est iuvenum sententia dictis iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina murmur; ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. Qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem sperabant, nunc arma volunt foedusque precantur infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam. His aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum turbavit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit. Namque volans rubra fulvus Iovis ales in aethra litoreas agitabat aves turbamque sonantem agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
Adrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque volucres convertunt clamore fugam, mirabile visu, aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras facta nube premunt, donec vi victus et ipso pondere defecit, praedamque ex unguibus ales proiecit fluvio penitusque in nubila fugit. Tum vero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant expediuntque manus; primusque Tolumnius augur 'Hoc erat, hoc, votis,' inquit, 'quod saepe petivi. Adcipio adgnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum corripite, O miseri, quos improbus advena bello territat invalidas ut aves et litora vestra vi populat: petet ille fugam penitusque profundo vela dabit. Vos unanimi densete catervas et regem vobis pugna defendite raptum.' Dixit et adversos telum contorsit in hostis procurrens: sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras certa secat. Simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu. Hasta volans, ut forte novem pulcherrima fratrum corpora constiterant contra, quos fida crearat una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo, horum unum ad medium, teritur qua sutilis alvo balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis transadigit costas fulvaque effundit harena. At fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu, pars, gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum corripiunt caecique ruunt. Quos agmina contra procurrunt Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis: sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro. Diripuere aras, it toto turbida caelo tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber, craterasque focosque ferunt. Fugit ipse Latinus pulsatos referens infecto foedere divos. Infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt. Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem, Tyrrhenum Aulesten, avidus confundere foedus, adverso proterret equo: ruit ille recedens et miser oppositis a tergo involvitur aris in caput inque umeros. At fervidus advolat hasta Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali desuper altus equo graviter ferit atque ita fatur: 'Hoc habet, haec melior magnis data victima divis.' Concurrunt Itali spoliantque calentia membra. Obvius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara corripit et venienti Ebuso plagamque ferenti occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit nidoremque ambusta dedit. Super ipse secutus caesariem laeva turbati corripit hostis inpressoque genu nitens terrae adplicat ipsum: sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem, ense sequens nudo superimminet: ille securi adversi frontem mediam mentumque reducta disicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore. Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem nudato capite atque suos clamore vocabat: 'Quo ruitis? Quaeve ista repens discordia surgit? O cohibete iras! Ictum iam foedus et omnes compositae leges; mihi ius concurrere soli; me sinite atque auferte metus; ego foedera faxo firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra.' Has inter voces, media inter talia verba ecce viro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne, adtulerit: pressa est insignis gloria facti. nec sese Aeneae iactavit vulnere quisquam. Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine vidit turbatosque duces, subita spe fervidus ardet: poscit equos atque arma simul saltuque superbus emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas. Multa virum volitans dat fortia corpora Leto, semineces volvit multos aut agmina curru proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas.
Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri sanguineus Mavors clipeo increpat atque furentis bella movens immittit equos; illi aequore aperto ante Notos Zephyrumque volant; gemit ultima pulsu Thraca pedum; circumque atrae Formidinis ora Iraeque Insidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur: talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores sanguineos, mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. Iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque Pholumque, hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus ambo Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasus ipse nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornaverat armis, vel conferre manum vel equo praevertere ventos. Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur, antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis, nomine avum referens, animo manibusque parentem, qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret, ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis adfecit pretio, nec equis adspirat Achillis. Hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto, ante levi iaculo longum per inane secutus sistit equos biiugis et curru desilit atque semianimi lapsoque supervenit et pede collo impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto fulgentem tinguit iugulo atque haec insuper addit: 'En agros et quam bello, Troiane, petisti, Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia qui me ferro ausi temptare ferunt, sic moenia condunt.' Huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit. Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque Thersilochumque et sternacis equi lapsum cervice Thymoeten. Ac velut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus, qua venti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo: sic Turno, quacumque viam secat, agmina cedunt conversaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum, et cristam adverso curru quatit aura volantem. Non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem: obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum. Dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata retectum lancea consequitur rumpitque infixa bilicem loricam et summum degustat volnere corpus. Ille tamen clipeo obiecto conversus in hostem ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat: cum rota praecipitem et procursu concitus axis impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae. Atque ea dum campis victor dat funera Turnus, interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum, alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus. Saevit et infracta luctatur arundine telum eripere auxilioque viam, quae proxima, poscit ense secent lato vulnus telique latebram rescindant penitus seseque in bella remittant. Iamque aderat Phoebo ante alios dilectus Iapyx Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore ipse suas artes, sua munera, laetus Apollo augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas. Ille ut depositi proferret fata parentis, scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artes. Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hastam Aeneas magno iuvenum et maerentis Iuli concursu, lacrimis immobilis. Ille retorto Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo subvenit; et saevus campis magis ac magis horror crebrescit propiusque malum est. Iam pulvere caelum stare vident: subeunt equites, et spicula castris densa cadunt mediis. It tristis ad aethera clamor bellantum iuvenum et duro sub Marte cadentum. Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore, dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida, puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae: hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo, detulit; hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem inficit occulte medicans spargitque salubris ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam. Fovit ea volnus lympha longaevus Iapyx ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo volnere sanguis; iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta excidit, atque novae rediere in pristina vires. 'Arma citi properate viro! Quid statis?' Iapyx conclamat primusque animos adcendit in hostem. 'Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra proveniunt neque te, Aenea, mea dextera servat: maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit.' Ille avidus pugnae suras incluserat auro hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat. Postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est, Ascanium fusis circum complectitur armis summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur: 'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem, fortunam ex aliis. Nunc te mea dextera bello defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet. Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas, sis memor, et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector.' Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens, telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt omnisque relictis turba fluit castris: tum caeco pulvere campus miscetur pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. Vidit ab adverso venientis aggere Turnus, videre Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor: prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos audiit adgnovitque sonum et tremefacta refugit. Ille volat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus it mare per medium; miseris heu praescia longe horrescunt corda agricolis, dabit ille ruinas arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late; ante volant sonitumque ferunt ad litora venti: talis in adversos ductor Rhoeteius hostis agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis adglomerant. Ferit ense gravem Thymbraeus Osirim, Archetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates Ufentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, primus in adversos telum qui torserat hostis. Tollitur in caelum clamor, versique vicissim pulverulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros. Ipse neque aversos dignatur sternere Morti nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit. Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna virago aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum excutit et longe lapsum temone relinquit: ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas, cuncta gerens, vocemque et corpus et arma Metisci. Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis aedes pervolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo, pabula parva legens nidisque loquacibus escas, et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc umida circum stagna sonat: similis medios Iuturna per hostis fertur equis rapidoque volans obit omnia curru iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ovantem nec conferre manum patitur, volat avia longe. Haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obvius orbes vestigatque virum et disiecta per agmina magna voce vocat. Quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem alipedumque fugam cursu temptavit equorum, aversos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit.
Heu quid agat? Vario nequiquam fluctuat aestu, diversaeque vocant animum in contraria curae. Huic Messapus, uti laeva duo forte gerebat lenta levis cursu praefixa hastilia ferro, horum unum certo contorquens dirigit ictu. Substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma, poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum hasta tulit summasque excussit vertice cristas. Tum vero adsurgunt irae; insidiisque subactus, diversos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, multa Iovem et laesi testatus foederis aras iam tandem invadit medios et Marte secundo terribilis saevam nullo discrimine caedem suscitat irarumque omnis effundit habenas. Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes diversas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto inque vicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros, expediat? Tanton placuit concurrere motu. Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras? Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem, ea prima ruentis pugna loco statuit Teucros, haud multa morantem excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ensem. Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque Dioren, congressus pedes, hunc venientem cuspide longa, hunc mucrone ferit curruque abscisa duorum suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat. Ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum, tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten, nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiae, hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris et iuvenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten, Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernae ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum munera conductaque pater tellure serebat. Ac velut immissi diversis partibus ignes arentem in silvam et virgulta sonantia lauro, aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc nunc fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia vinci pectora, nunc totis in Volnera viribus itur. Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi excutit effunditque solo: hunc lora et iuga subter provolvere rotae, crebro super ungula pulsu incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum. Ille ruenti Hyllo animisque immane frementi occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet: olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro. Dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu eripuit Turno. Nec di texere Cupencum Aenea veniente sui: dedit obvia ferro pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei. Te quoque Laurentes viderunt, Aeole, campi oppetere et late terram consternere tergo Occidis, Argivae quem non potuere phalanges sternere nec Priami regnorum eversor Achilles; hic tibi mortis erant metae: domus alta sub Ida, Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulchrum. Totae adeo conversae acies, omnesque Latini, omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas Tuscorumque phalanx Evandrique Arcades alae, pro se quisque viri summa nituntur opum vi: nec mora nec requies, vasto certamine tendunt. Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit, iret ut ad muros urbique adverteret agmen ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos. Ille ut vestigans diversa per agmina Turnum huc atque huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem immunem tanti belli atque impune quietam. Continuo pugnae adcendit maioris imago: Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum ductores tumulumque capit, quo cetera Teucrum concurrit legio nec scuta aut spicula densi deponunt. Celso medius stans aggere fatur: 'Nequa meis esto dictis mora; Iuppiter hac stat, neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito.
Urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini, ni frenum accipere et victi parere fatentur, eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam. Scilicet exspectem, libeat dum proelia Turno nostra pati rursusque velit concurrere victus? Hoc caput, O cives, haec belli summa nefandi: ferte faces propere foedusque reposcite flammis.' Dixerat, atque animis pariter certantibus omnes dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur. Scalae improviso subitusque apparuit ignis. Discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant, ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis. Ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit Aeneas magnaque incusat voce Latinum testaturque deos, iterum se ad proelia cogi, bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
Exoritur trepidos inter discordia civis: urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem, arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros. Inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor vestigavit apes fumoque implevit amaro: illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; volvitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco intus saxa sonant, vacuas it fumus ad auras. Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis, quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem. Regina ut tectis venientem prospicit hostem, incessi muros, ignis ad tecta volare, nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni: infelix pugnae iuvenem in certamine credit exstinctum et, subito mentem turbata dolore, se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum, multaque per maestum demens effata furorem purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.
Quam cladem miserae postquam accepere Latinae, filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crinis et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum turba furit: resonant late plangoribus aedes. Hinc totam infelix volgatur fama per urbem. Demittunt mentes; it scissa veste Latinus, coniugis attonitus fatis urbisque ruina, canitiem immundo perfusam pulvere turpans.
[Multaque se incusat, qui non acceperit ante Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciverit ultro.] Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura commixtum clamorem adrectasque impulit aures confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur. 'Ei mihi! Quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu?
Quisve ruit tantus diversa clamor ab urbe?' Sic ait adductisque amens subsistit habenis. Atque huic, in faciem soror ut conversa Metisci aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat, talibus occurrit dictis: 'Hac, Turne, sequamur Troiugenas, qua prima viam victoria pandit; sunt alii, qui tecta manu defendere possint. Ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet: et nos saeva manu mittamus funera Teucris. Nec numero inferior pugnae nec honore recedes.' Turnus ad haec: 'O soror, et dudum adgnovi, cum prima per artem foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti, et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. Sed quis Olympo demissam tantos voluit te ferre labores? An fratris miseri letum ut crudele videres? Nam quid ago? Aut quae iam spondet Fortuna salutem? Vidi oculos ante ipse meos me voce vocantem Murranum, quo non superat mihi carior alter, oppetere ingentem atque ingenti volnere victum. Occidit infelix nostrum ne dedecus Ufens adspiceret; Teucri potiuntur corpore et armis. Exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum) perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
Terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit? Usque adeone mori miserum est? Vos O mihi Manes este boni, quoniam superis aversa voluntas! Sancta ad vos anima atque istius nescia culpae descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.
Vix ea fatus erat: medios volat ecce per hostis vectus equo spumante Saces, adversa sagitta saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum: 'Turne, in te suprema salus: miserere tuorum. Fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur deiecturum arces Italum exscidioque daturum; iamque faces ad tecta volant. In te ora Latini, in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus, quos generos vocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat. Praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. Soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas sustentant aciem. Circum hos utrimque phalanges stant densae, strictisque seges mucronibus horret ferrea: tu currum deserto in gramine versas.' Obstipuit varia confusus imagine rerum Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit. Aestuat ingens uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu et furiis agitatus amor et conscia virtus. Ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti, ardentis oculorum orbes ad moenia torsit turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem. Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata volutus ad caelum undabat vortex turrimque tenebat, turrim, compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse subdideratque rotas pontisque instraverat altos. 'Iam iam fata, soror, superant; absiste morari; quo deus et quo dura vocat Fortuna, sequamur. Stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat quidquid acerbi est morte pati; neque me indecorem, germana, videbis amplius.
Hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.' Dixit et e curru saltum dedit ocius arvis perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit. Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber proluit aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas; fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu exsultatque solo, silvas armenta virosque involvens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus aurae, significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore: 'Parcite iam, Rutuli, et vos tela inhibete, Latini; quaecumque est Fortuna, mea est: me verius unum pro vobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.' Discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere.
At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni deserit et muros et summas deserit arces praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit, laetitia exsultans, horrendumque intonat armis; quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque nivali vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras. Iam vero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes convertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros, armaque deposuere umeris. Stupet ipse Latinus ingentis, genitos diversis partibus orbis, inter se coiisse viros et cernere ferro. Atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt aequore campi, procursu rapido, coniectis eminus hastis, invadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro. Dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus congeminant: fors et virtus miscentur in unum. Ac velut ingenti Sila summove Taburno cum duo conversis inimica in proelia tauri frontibus incurrunt; pavidi cessere magistri, stat pecus omne metu mutum mussantque iuvencae, quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur; illi inter sese multa vi volnera miscent cornuaque obnixi infigunt et sanguine largo colla armosque lavant; gemitu nemus omne remugit: non alitur Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros concurrunt clipeis; ingens fragor aethera complet. Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances sustinet et fata imponit diversa duorum, quem damnet labor et quo vergat pondere letum; Emicat hic, impune putans, et corpore toto alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem et ferit: exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, arrectaeque amborum acies. At perfidus ensis Frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu . . . ni fuga subsidio subeat. Fugit ocior euro, ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem. Fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto, dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci. Idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri, suffecit: postquam arma dei ad Volcania ventumst, mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu dissiluit; fulva resplendent fragmina harena. Ergo amens diversa fuga petit aequora Turnus et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbes undique enim densa Teucri inclusere corona, atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant, insequitur trepidique pedem pede fervidus urget: inclusum veluti siquando flumine nanctus cervum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pinnae venator cursu canis et latratibus instat; ille autem, insidiis et ripa territus alta, mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus Umber haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est. Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripaeque lacusque responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu. Ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis, nomine quemque vocans, notumque efflagitat ensem. Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque trementis excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat. Quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt huc illuc; neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur praemia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris hic steterat, nautis olim venerabile lignum, servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant Laurenti divo et votas suspendere vestes, sed stirpem Teucri nullo discrimine sacrum sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo. Hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam detulerat fixam et lenta in radice tenebat.
Incubuit voluitque manu convellere ferrum Dardanides teloque sequi, quem prendere cursu non poterat. Tum vero amens formidine Turnus 'Faune, precor, miserere,' inquit, 'tuque optima ferrum terra tene, colui vestros si semper honores, quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.' Dixit opemque dei non cassa in vota vocavit. Namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus viribus haud ullis valuit discludere morsus roboris Aeneas. Dum nititur acer et instat, rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci procurrit fratrique ensem dea Daunia reddit. Quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere adcessit telumque alta ab radice revellit. Olli sublimes armis animisque refecti, hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta, adsistunt contra certamina Martis anheli. Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi adloquitur fulva pugnas de nube tuentem: 'Qua iam finis erit, coniunx? Quid denique restat? Indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. Quid struis, aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres? Mortalin decuit violari volnere divom, aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna valeret?) ereptum reddi Turno et vim crescere victis? Desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris, [ni te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent,] ventum ad supremum est. Terris agitare vel undis Troianos potuisti, infandum adcendere bellum, deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: ulterius temptare veto.' Sic Iuppiter orsus; sic dea submisso contra Saturnia voltu: 'Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas, Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras invita reliqui; nec tu me aeria solam nunc sede videres digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros. Iuturnam misero, fateor, succurrere fratri suasi et pro vita maiora audere probavi, non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum: adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis, una superstitio superis quae reddita divis. Et nunc cedo equidem pugnasque exosa relinquo. Illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur, pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: cum iam conubis pacem felicibus, esto, component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent, ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque vocari aut vocem mutare viros aut vertere vestem. Sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges, sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago: occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.' Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor 'Es germana Iovis Saturnique altera proles: irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus. Verum age et inceptum frustra submitte furorem do quod vis, et me victusque volensque remitto. Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt, utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum subsident Teucri. Morem ritusque sacrorum adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.
Hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget, supra homines, supra ire deos pietate videbis, nec gens ulla tuos aeque celebrabit honores.' Adnuit his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit. Interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.
His actis aliud genitor secum ipse volutat Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis. Dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram uno eodemque tulit partu paribusque revinxit serpentum spiris ventosasque addidit alas. Hae Iovis ad solium saevique in limine regis adparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, siquando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex molitur meritas aut bello territat urbes. Harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit. Illa volat celerique ad terram turbine fertur. Non secus ac nervo per nubem impulsa sagitta, armatam saevi Parthus quam felle veneni, Parthus sive Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit, stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras: talis se sata Nocte tulit terrasque petivit. Postquam acies videt Iliacas atque agmina Turni, alitis in parvae subitam conlecta figuram, quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras, hanc versa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora fertque refertque sonans clipeumque everberat alis. Olli membra novus solvit formidine torpor, adrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. At procul ut Dirae stridorem adgnovit et alas, infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos, unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis: 'Quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuvare? Aut quid iam durae superat mihi? Qua tibi lucem arte morer? Talin possum me opponere monstro? Iam iam linquo acies. Ne me terrete timentem, obscenae volucres: alarum verbera nosco letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba magnanimi Iovis. Haec pro virginitate reponit? Quo vitam dedit aeternam? Cur mortis ademptast condicio? Possem tantos finire dolores nunc certe et misero fratri comes ire per umbras! Immortalis ego? Aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum te sine, frater, erit? O quae satis ima dehiscet terra mihi Manisque deam demittet ad imos?' Tantum effata caput glauco contexit amictu multa gemens et se fluvio dea condidit alto. Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat ingens arboreum et saevo sic pectore fatur: 'Quae nunc deinde mora est? Aut quid iam, Turne, retractas? Non cursu, saevis certandum est comminus armis. Verte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid sive animis sive arte vales; opta ardua pennis astra sequi clausumve cava te condere terra.' Ille caput quassans 'Non me tua fervida terrent dicta, ferox: di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.' Nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens, saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat, limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis. Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent, qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus: ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros. Sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem tollentemve manus saxumve immane moventem; genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.
Tum lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volutus, nec spatium evasit totum neque pertulit ictum. Ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit nocte quies, nequiquam avidos extendere cursus velle videmur et in mediis conatibus aegri succidimus, non lingua valet, non corpore notae sufficiunt vires, nec vox aut verba sequuntur: sic Turno, quacumque viam virtute petivit, successum dea dira negat. Tum pectore sensus vertuntur varii. Rutulos aspectat et urbem cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit; nec quo se eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hostem, nec currus usquam videt aurigamve sororem. Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat, sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto eminus intorquet. Murali concita numquam tormento sic saxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti dissultant crepitus. Volat atri turbinis instar exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbes. Per medium stridens transit femur. Incidit ictus ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. Consurgunt gemitu Rutuli, totusque remugit mons circum, et vocem late nemora alta remittunt Ille humilis supplexque oculos, dextramque precantem protendens, 'Equidem merui nec deprecor,' inquit: 'utere sorte tua. Miseri te siqua parentis tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis Anchises genitor), Dauni miserere senectae et me seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis redde meis.
Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas Ausonii videre; tua est Lavinia coniunx: ulterius ne tende odiis.' Stetit acer in armis Aeneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repressit; et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis Pallantis pueri, victum quem volnere Turnus straverat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
Ille, oculis postquam saevi monimenta doloris exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira terribilis, 'Tune hinc spoliis indute meorum eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc volnere, Pallas immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit,' hoc dicens ferrum adverso sub pectore condit fervidus. Ast illi solvuntur frigore membra vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras. End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of The Aeneid, by Virgil *** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE AENEID *** ***** This file should be named 227-h.htm or 227-h.zip ***** This and all associated files of various formats will be found in: Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions will be renamed.
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