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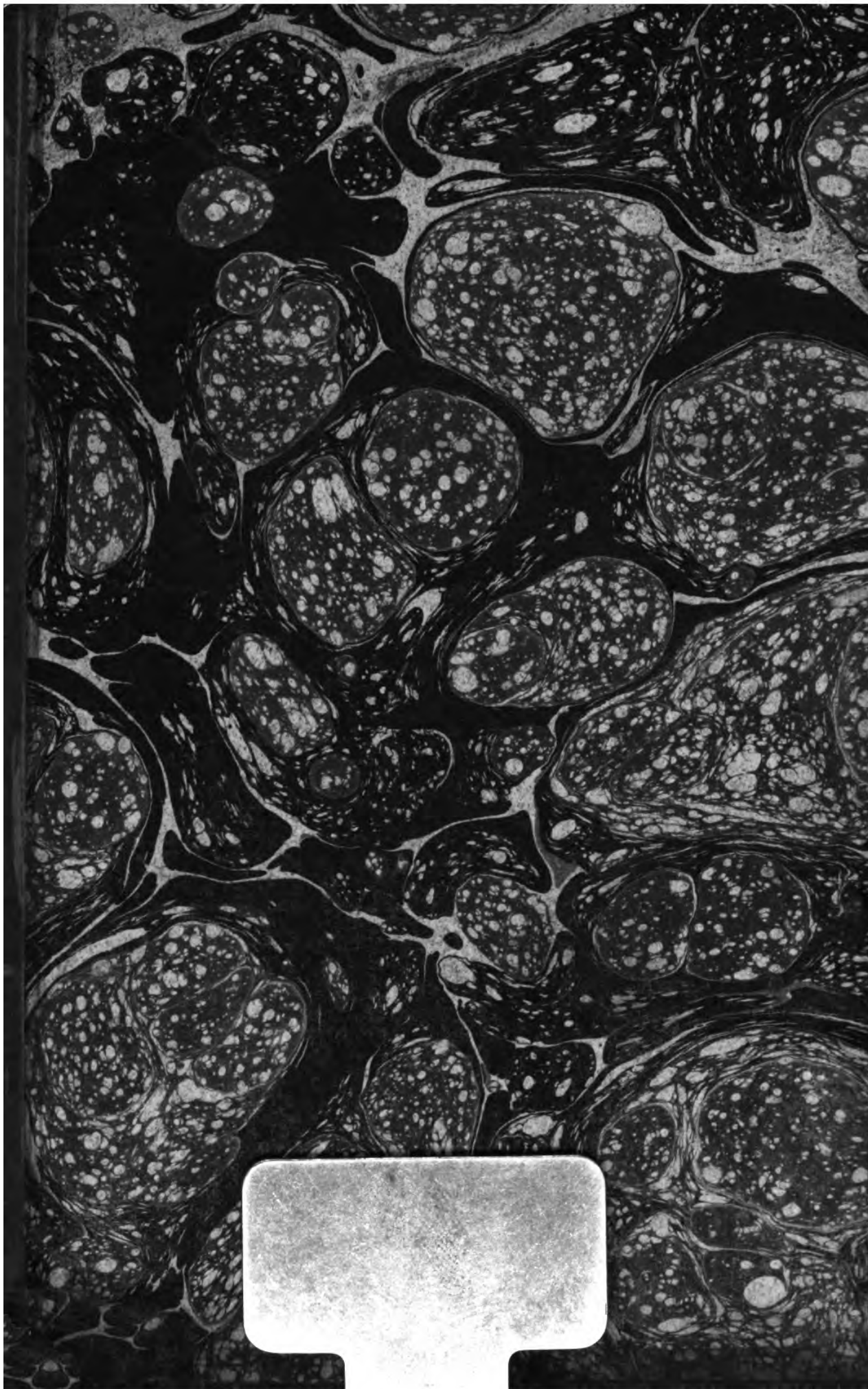
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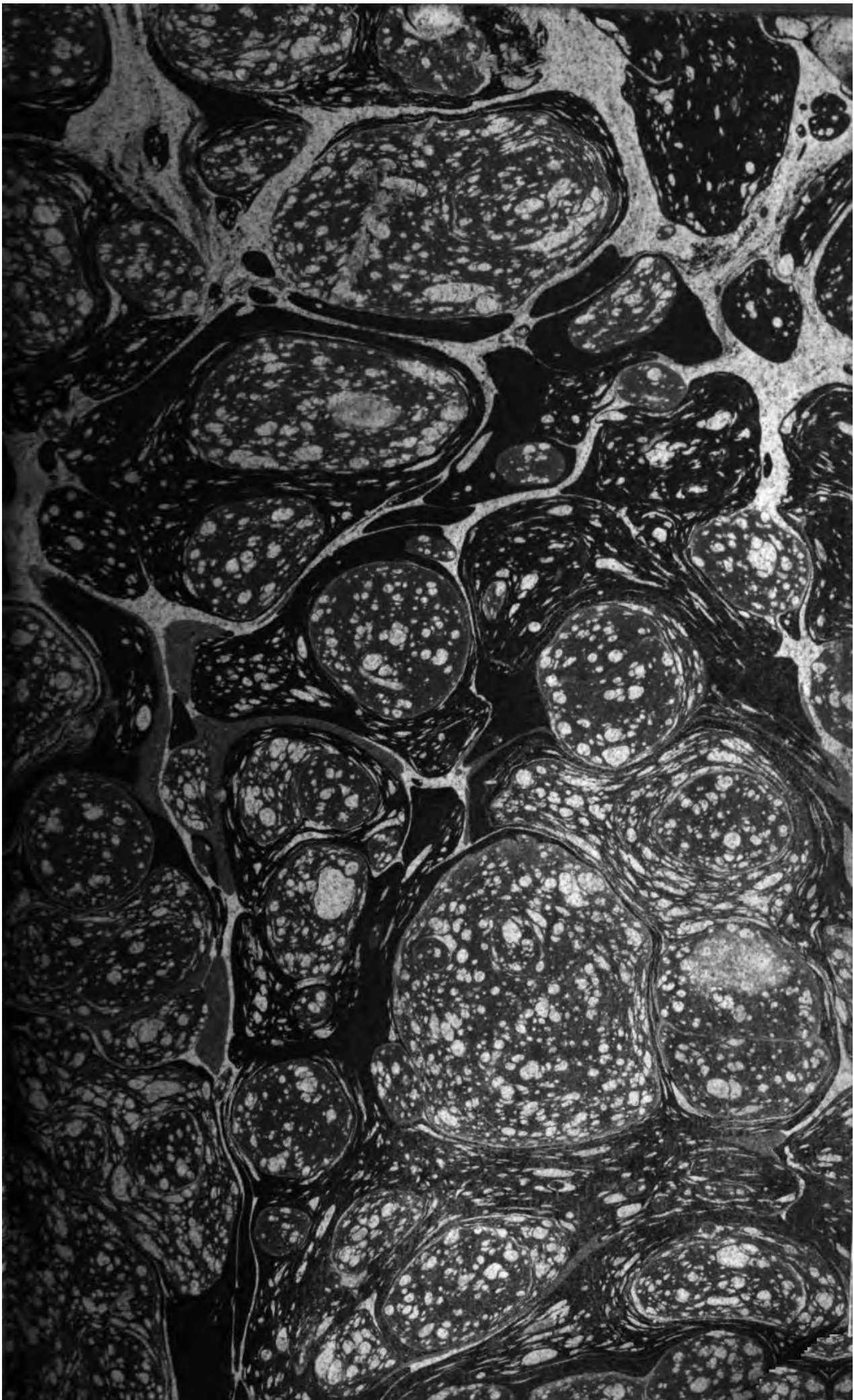
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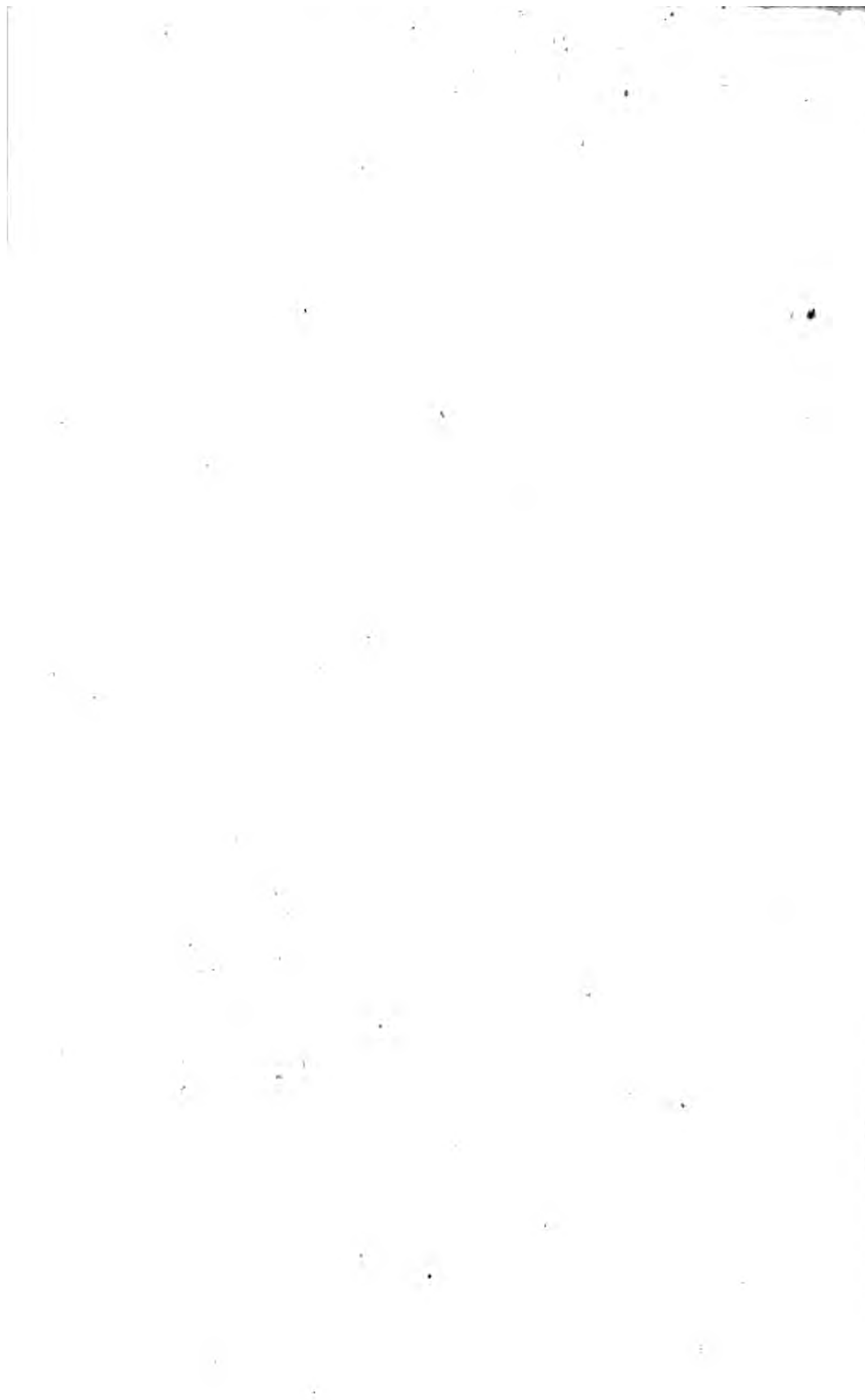
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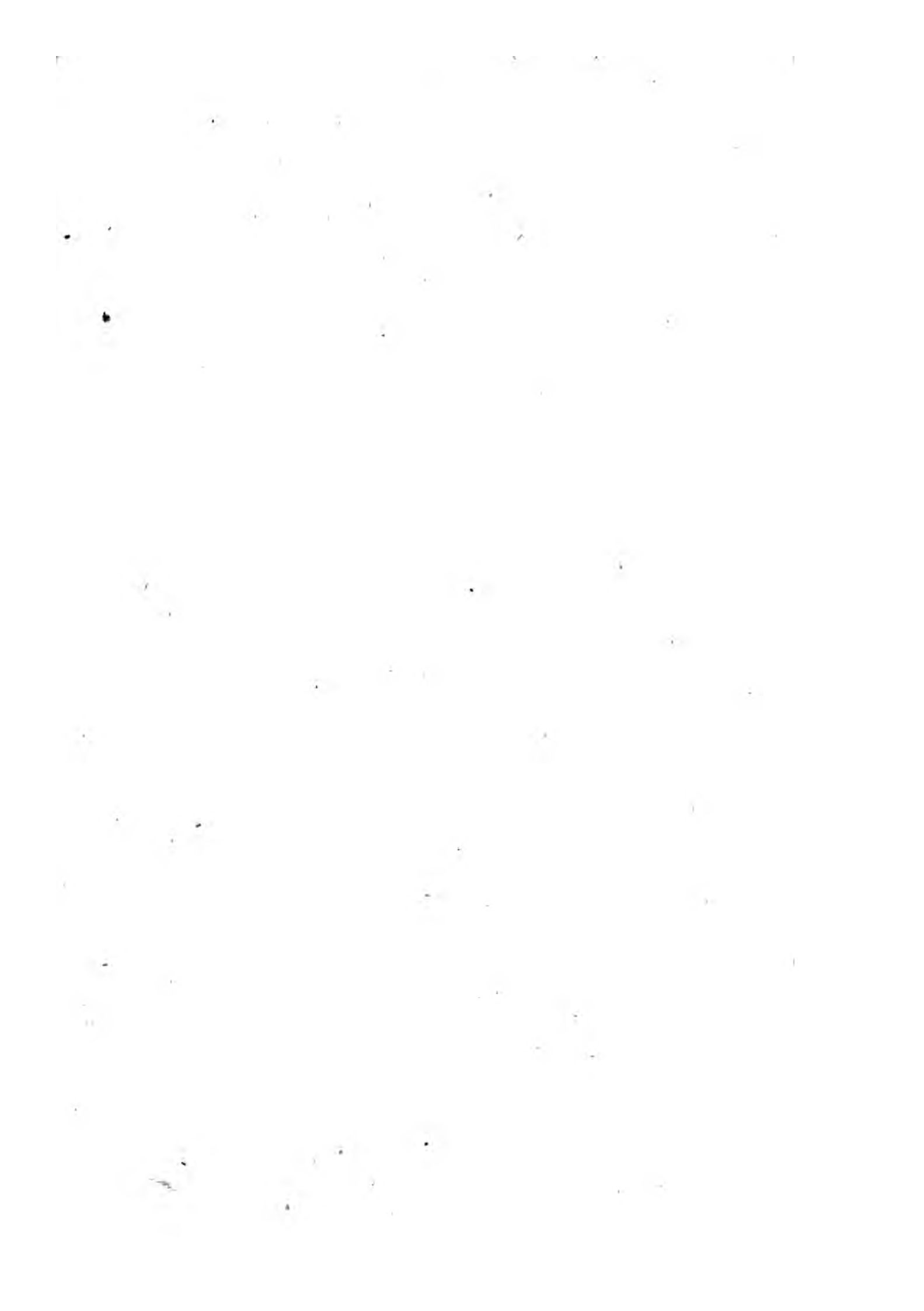


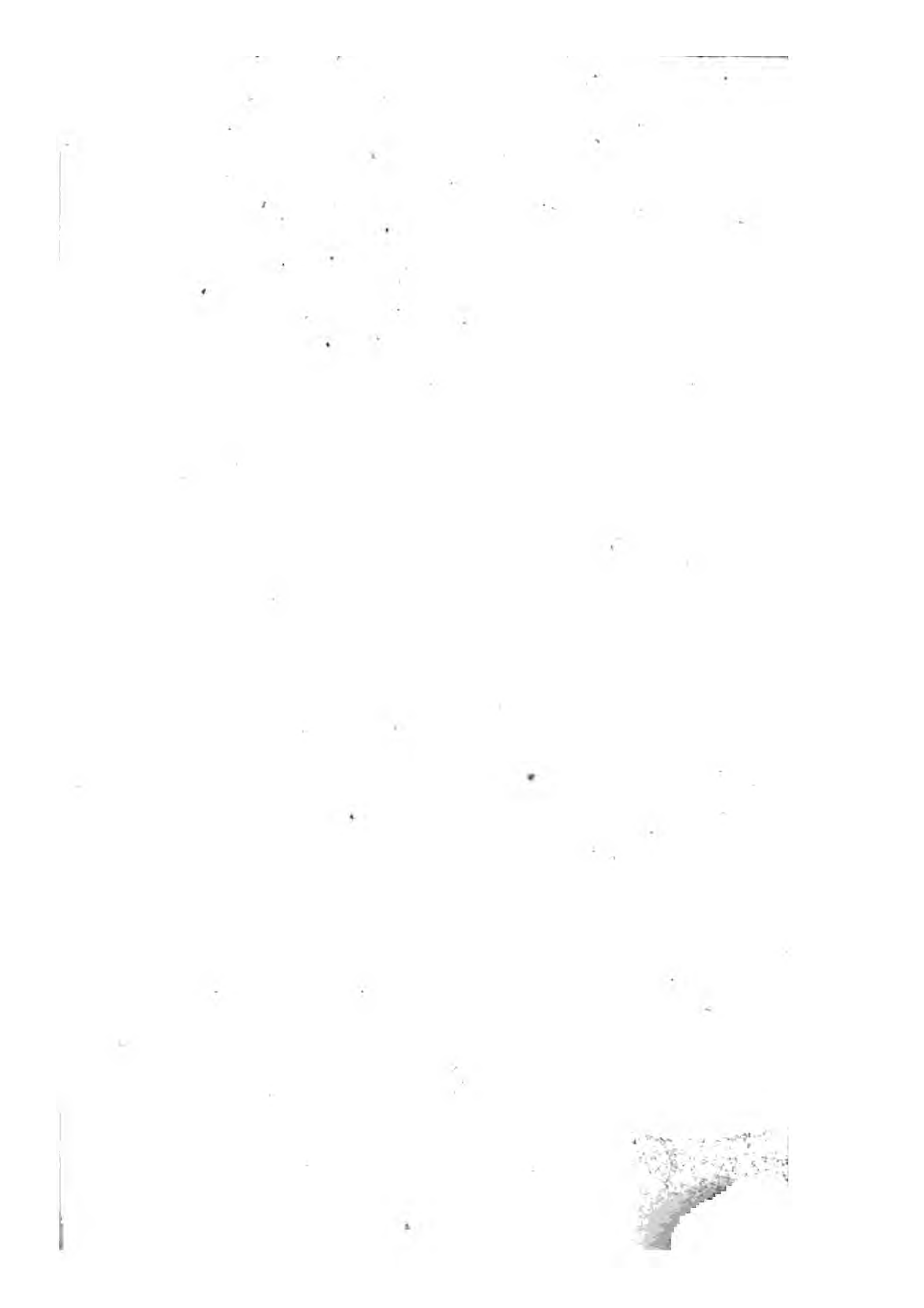




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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL.

VOL. III.

Printed by Ellerton & Byworth, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.

A NEW EDITION;

WITH

REMARKS on the "CORRECTIONS" of DR. CAREY.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON
W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON; R. FAULDER;
J. WALKER; G. KEARSLEY; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.;
CADELL AND DAVIES; AND B. CROSBY.

1806.

GOOLEIAN
25.10.1906
MATHAF

Æ N E I S,

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

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

WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;

Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5
 To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
 Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
 The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
 And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
 What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10
 Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
 Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
 When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
 The crew my father and the Fates obey.
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
 My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
 All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
 Against our coast, appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command, 20
 (Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care)
 A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land, with luckless omens; then adore 25
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:

I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
 And Ænos, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
 And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid; 30
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
 Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
 There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35
 I pull'd a plant—with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
 The rooted fibres rose; and, from the wound,
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
 Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood; 40
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
 Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
 Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
 With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone, 45
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most
 The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
 That they, or he, these omens would avert,

Release our fears, and better signs impart.
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
 To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength :
 I bent my knees against the ground : once more
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel : from the womb
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb, 55
 A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensu'd :
 " Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend ?
 O ! spare the corps of thy unhappy friend !
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood : 60
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood ;
 But ev'ry drop this living tree contains,
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
 O ! fly from this unhospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate ; for I am Polydore ! 65
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embru'd,
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd."

My fault'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
 My horror ; and in bristles rose my hair.
 When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent, 70

Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent :
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care ; 75
 Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—
 Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
 O sacred hunger of pernicious gold ! 80
 What bands of faith can impious lucre hold ?
 Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
 I call my father, and the Trojan peers—
 Relate the prodigies of heav'n—require
 What he commands, and their advice desire. 85
 All vote to leave that execrable shore,
 Polluted with the blood of Polydore ;
 But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
 Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
 In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round, 90
 With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
 With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.

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

Now, when the raging storms no longer reign, 95
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægæan main appears :
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs. 100
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth ; and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun's temple and his town adore. 105

Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend ;
Invites him to his palace ; and, in sign 110
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows present :
“ Give, O Thymbraeus ! give a resting place

To the sad reliques of the Trojan race— 115
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find; 120
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind."
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god, 125
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
"Undaunted youths! go, seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace. 130
Through the wide world th'Æneian house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain."
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose;
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
All are concern'd to know what place the god 135
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.

My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: "Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear. 140
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we 145
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhætæan shores old Teucer came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. 150
In humble vales they built their soft abodes;
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idæan woods.
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155
Let us the land, which heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.
If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,

The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.”
Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid 160
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid—
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo, slew—
A milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,
And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas. 165
Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea: 170
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;
Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas. 175
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
“All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!” they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore, 180

With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
 With eager haste a rising town I frame,
 Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name :
 The name itself was grateful:—I exhort
 To found their houses, and erect a fort. 185
 Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand :
 The youth begin to till the labour'd land ;
 And I myself new marriages promote,
 Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot :
 When rising vapours choke the wholesome air, 190
 And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year :
 The trees devouring caterpillars burn :
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:
 Nor 'scape the beasts: for Sirius, from on high,
 With pestilential heat infects the sky: 195
 My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
 Again my father bids me seek the shore
 Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
 To learn what end of woes we might expect,
 And to what clime our weary course direct. 200
 'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
 The common gift of balmy slumber shares :

The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),
 Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
 Before me stood, majestically bright, 205
 Full in the beams of Phœbe's ent'ring light.

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

Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate, 210
 Who from the burning town by thee were brought,
 Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.

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

An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain, 215
 A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.

Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
 Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield :

But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
 Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode. 220

A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old

(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
 Th' Ænотrians held it once), by later fame,
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.

Iasius there, and Dardanus, were born. 225

From thence we came, and thither must return.

Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.—

Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete.”

Astonish'd at their voices and their sight,

(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night; 230

I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd,

In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied)

I started from my couch: a clammy sweat

On all my limbs, and shiv'ring body, sate.

To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste, 235

And sacred incense in the flames I cast.

Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,

More cheerful to my good old sire I run,

And tell the pleasing news. In little space

He found his error of the double race, 240

Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;

No more deluded by the doubtful seat;

Then said, “O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!

Such things as these Cassandra did relate.

This day revives within my mind, what she 245

Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,

And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
 That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
 Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
 Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way." 250

He said: and we with glad consent obey,
 Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.
 Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
 With only seas around, and skies above; 255

When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
 And night with sable clouds involves the main:
 The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
 The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral ways:
 The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes; 260

And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
 No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
 Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
 Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd
 around. 265.

Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
 Without distinction, and three sunless days:

The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds

We view a rising land, like distant clouds:

The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight, 270

And curling smoke ascending from their height.

The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply:

From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.

At length I land upon the *Strophades*,

Safe from the danger of the stormy seas. 275

Those isles are compass'd by th' *Ionian* main;

The dire abode where the foul *Harpies* reign,

Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair

To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.

Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent 280

From hell's abyss, for human punishment—

With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,

Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;

With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

We landed at the port, and soon beheld 285

Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:

And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.—

With weapons we the welcome prey invade,

Then call the gods for partners of our feast,

And Jove himself, the chief invited guest. 290

We spread the tables on the greensward ground :

We feed with hunger ; and the bowls go round ;

When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,

And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly :

They snatch the meat, defiling all they find, 295

And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.

Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,

New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,

Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,

Where tufted trees a native arbour made. 300

Again the holy fires on altars burn ;

And once again the rav'nous birds return,

Or from the dark recesses where they lie,

Or from another quarter of the sky—

With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, 305

And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.

I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,

And with the hellish nation wage the war.

They, as commanded, for the fight provide,

And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide: 310

Then, when along the crooked shore we hear

Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear,
 Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
 In this new kind of combat, all employ 315
 Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy—
 In vain:—the fated skin is proof to wounds;
 And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
 At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display. 320
 Yet one remain'd—the messenger of Fate,
 High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate:
 “ What! not contented with our oxen slain,
 Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain, 325
 And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
 Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind
 What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
 And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate—
 You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate: 330
 Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
 But know, that, ere your promis'd walls you build,

My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.

Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed, 335

Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed."

She said, and to the neighb'ring forest flew.

Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.

Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,

And on th' offended Harpies humbly call, 340

And (whether gods or birds obscene they were)

Our vows, for pardon and for peace, prefer.

But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,

And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,

Ador'd the greater gods—"Avert," said he, 345

"These omens! render vain this prophecy,

And from th' impending curse a pious people free."

Thus having said, he bids us put to sea:

We loose from shore our halsers, and obey, 349

And soon with swelling sails pursue our wat'ry way.

Amidst our course, Zacynthian woods appear;

And next by rocky Neritos we steer:

We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,

And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.

At length Leucate's cloudy top appears, 355

And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay 360
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil— 365
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force :
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door 370
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore :
The verse beneath my name and action speaks :
" These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks."
Then I command to weigh : the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars : the smoking billows fly. 375
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.

Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend. 379
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame—
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate. 385
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd; 390
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 395
My shining armour and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,

Thus, with a fault'ring tongue, she speaks at length:

“ Are you alive, O goddess-born ? ” she said, 401

“ Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade ? ”

At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—

With broken words I made this brief reply :

“ All of me that remains, appears in sight ; 405

I live ; if living be to loath the light—

No phantom ; but I drag a wretched life ;

My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.

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

By what strange blessing are you now restor'd ? 410

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

And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed ? ”

With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,

After a modest pause, she thus begun :

“ Oh only happy maid of Priam's race, 415

Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace !

Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,

Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,

Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.

In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne, 420

Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn :

Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed; 425
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd :
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you what fates have landed on our coast? 435
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears." 441
She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful cries;
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.

At length her lord descends upon the plain,
 In pomp, attended with a num'rous train; 445
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
 A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran; 450
 And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
 My friends in porticoes were entertain'd;
 And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
 The tables fill'd the spacious hall around; 454
 And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
 Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
 Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
 Then to the royal seer I thus began :
 " O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
 The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree, 460
 Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
 From his own tripod, and his holy tree—
 Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 What auspices their notes and flights declare—
 O! say—for all religious rites portend 465

A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end ;
 And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky
 Direct my course for destin'd Italy ;
 But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes— 470
 O! say, what dangers I am first to shun,
 What toils to vanquish, and what course to run."

The prophet first with sacrifice adores
 The greater gods ; their pardon then implores ;
 Unbinds the fillet from his holy head ; 475
 To Phœbus, next, my trembling steps he led,
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
 Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine :
 " O goddess-born ! (for heav'n's appointed will, 480
 With greater auspices of good than ill,
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs ;
 Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects)
 Of many things, some few I shall explain,
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main, 485
 And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
 The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,

And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly : 490
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy :
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars ;
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer ;
And, after this, to Circe's island veer ; 495
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest ;
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood, 500
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round ;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow—
These on thy city shall their name bestow ; 505
And there shall end thy labours and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind ;
For Phœbus will assist ; and Fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,

Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent : 510
 Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.
 The savage Locrians here the shores infest :
 There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
 And guards with arms the Salentinian fields ;
 And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands, 515
 Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
 Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
 And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
 Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
 Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. 520
 These rites and customs to the rest commend,
 That to your pious race they may descend.

When, parted hence, the wind that ready waits
 For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
 Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way, 525
 Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea :
 Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
 And fair Sicilia's coast, were one, before
 An earthquake caus'd the flaw : the roaring tides
 The passage broke, that land from land divides ; 530
 And, where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
 Now rising cities in long order stand,
 And fruitful fields:—so much can time invade 534
 The mould'ring work, that beauteous Nature made.—
 Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
 Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirl-pool sucks the tides;
 Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n,
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n. 540
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
 Then dashes on the rocks.—A human face,
 And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace:
 Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545
 With dogs inclos'd; and in a dolphin end.
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
 And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,
 Than once to view mis-shapen Scylla near,
 And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear. 550
 Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
 And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
 Do not this precept of your friend forget,

Which therefore more than once I must repeat :
 Above the rest, great Juno's name adore ; 555
 Pay vows to Juno ; Juno's aid implore.
 Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd ;
 And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
 And you shall safe descend on Italy. 560
 Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
 Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
 The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
 Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
 She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits, 565
 The notes and names, inscrib'd to leaves commits.
 What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
 Before the cavern's entrance are display'd :
 Unmov'd they lie : but, if a blast of wind
 Without, or vapours issue from behind, 570
 The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air ;
 And she resumes no more her museful care,
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
 Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid 575

The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Though thy companions chide thy long delay; 579
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write, thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe, 585
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate, 590
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state."

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant, 595
Then Dondonæan caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
 Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament ;
 The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600
 That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
 Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends :
 And large recruits he to my navy sends—
 Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores ;
 Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605
 Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
 Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
 The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and, last,
 With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd :
 “ Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610
 Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,
 And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost !
 Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast :
 There land ; but take a larger compass round ;
 For that before is all forbidden ground. 615
 The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
 At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
 Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
 Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods :

For I with useless words prolong your stay, 620

When southern gales have summon'd you away."

Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.

A noble present to my son she brought,

A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought. 625

A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

"Accept," she said, "these monuments of love,

Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:

Regard these trifles for the giver's sake: 630

'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:

In thee, his features and his form I find.

His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;

Such were his motions; such was all his frame; 635

And ah! had heav'n so pleas'd, his years had been
the same."

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,

"Your fortune, happy pair, already made,

Leaves you no farther wish. My diff'rent state,

Avoiding one, incurs another fate. 640

To you a quiet seat the gods allow :

You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,

Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—

Deluding visions, and a vain embrace !

You see another Simois, and enjoy 645

The labour of your hands, another Troy,

With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,

And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.

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

Conduct my steps to Tyber's happy shore— 650

If ever I ascend the Latian throne,

And build a city I may call my own—

As both of us our birth from Troy derive,

So let our kindred lines in concord live,

And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655

Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same :

The double Troy shall differ but in name ;

That what we now begin, may never end,

But long to late posterity descend." 659

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—

The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.

Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,

And hills were hid in dusky shades of night :
 We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
 A safe retreat and a bare lodging found. 665
 Close by the shore we lay ; the sailors keep
 Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
 The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
 Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
 Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670
 Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
 The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky ;
 And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try ;
 Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force ; 675
 And both the Bears is careful to behold,
 And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
 Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
 But a sure promise of a settled sky,
 He gave the sign to weigh : we break our sleep, 680
 Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.
 And now the rising morn with rosy light
 Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight ;
 When we from far, like bluish mists, descry

The hills, and then the plains, of Italy. 685

Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;

Then "Italy!" the cheerful crew rebound.

My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,

And, off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:

"Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas, 690

And you who raging winds and waves appease,

Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,

And smooth our passage to the port assign'd."

The gentle gales their flagging force renew;

And now the happy harbour is in view. 695

Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,

Plac'd, as a land-mark, on the mountain's height.

We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;

The curling waters round the galleys roar.

The land lies open to the raging East, 700

Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,

Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,

And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.

The port lies hid within; on either side,

Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705

The temple, which aloft we view'd before,

To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld 705
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
 "War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground
 (My father cry'd), where warlike steeds are found.
 Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
 Peace may succeed to war."—Our way we bend
 To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend; 715
 There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
 Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
 From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
 For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
 Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands; 725
 Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands
 For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we spy,
 Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.

Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound. 730
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
“ ’Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis’d rocks! Bear off to sea!” 735
With haste the frightened mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer’d;
Then all the fleet by his example steer’d.
To heav’n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide: 740
And thrice our galleys knock’d the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars that stood with dew
around.

The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun;
And, weary’d, on Cyclopiàn shores we run. 745
The port, capacious and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund’ring Ætna join’d.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,

And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky. 750
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force, come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove, 755
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above;
And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides, 759
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright,
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply: 765
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd; 769
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,

So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
 Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775
 We look behind; then view his shaggy beard:
 His clothes were tagg'd with thorns; and filth his
 limbs besmear'd:
 The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
 Appear'd a Greek: and such indeed he was.
 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view, 780
 Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
 Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
 To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
 Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
 And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls: 785
 "Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share
 From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
 O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
 But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
 'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own, 790
 Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
 For such demerits if my death be due,

No more for this abandon'd life I sue :
 This only favour let my tears obtain,
 To throw me headlong in the rapid main : 795
 Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
 I die content, to die by human hands."
 He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd :
 I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
 His present state, his lineage, and his name, 800
 Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
 The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand ;
 Who thus, encourag'd, answer'd our demand :
 " From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
 To Troy ; and Achæmenides my name. 805
 Me my poor father with Ulysses sent
 (O! had I stay'd, with poverty content!) ;
 But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
 Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den. 809
 The cave, though large, was dark ; the dismal floor
 Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
 Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
 Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
 Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.

Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view! 815

The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;

And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand

He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band; 819

Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones

Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:

With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,

While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.

Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,

Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state; 825

For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human
wine,

While fast asleep the giant lay supine,

Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw

His indigested foam, and morsels raw— 829

We pray: we cast the lots, and then surround

The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:

Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand

To bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand.

Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;

For only one did the vast frame supply— 835

But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.—
But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly! 840
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep; 845
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep
to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night; 850
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood, 855
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food,

While all around my longing eyes I cast,

I saw your happy ships appear at last.

On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run :

'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun : 860

What other death you please, yourselves bestow."

Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow

We saw the giant shepherd stalk before

His following flock, and leading to the shore—

A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight; 865

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

His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends ;

His woolly care their pensive lord attends :

This only solace his hard fortune sends. 869

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

waves,

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

He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd : through seas he

strides ;

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

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

The cables cut, and silent haste away ; 875

The well-deserving stranger entertain ;

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

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound :
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880

Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud : the dreadful cry
Shakes earth and air and seas ; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.

The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around, 885
The winding caverns echo to the sound.

His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the
shore.

We saw their stern distorted looks, from far, 889
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war—

A dreadful council ! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.

New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail ; 895
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,

And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.

Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun

Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.

An equal fate on either side appears: 900

We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:

For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,

And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.

His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way

By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay. 905

This passage Achæmenides had shown,

Tracing the course which he before had run.

Right o'er-against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,

There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land.

Alpheüs, as old fame reports, has found 910

From Greece a secret passage under ground,

By love to beauteous Arethusa led;

And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred

bed.

As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore

Diana's name, protectress of the shore. 915

With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds

Of still Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.

Then, doubling cape Pachynus, we survey

The rocky shore extended to the sea.

The town of Camarine from far we see, 920

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

In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,

And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;

Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,

Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd. 925

We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,

And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,

Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.

At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,

Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd. 930

Here, after endless labours, often toss'd

By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,

My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost—

Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,

Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain. 935

The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,

Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd:

And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill

Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.

This my last labour was. Some friendly god 940
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."

Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.



ÆNEIS,

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

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

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:

She fed within her veins a flame unseen:

The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire

Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.

His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,

Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought: 10
 " My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
 My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind:
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made! 20
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first—
 To this one error I might yield again: 25
 For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert

The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me through the dark abyss descend—
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky, 35
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
 No! he who had my vows, shall ever have;
 For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.”
 She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes, 40
 And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
 “O dearer than the vital air I breathe!
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
 Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
 Without the joys of mother, or of wife? 45
 Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
 Are known or valu'd by the ghosts below?
 I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,
 It well became a woman, and a queen,

The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, 50
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes: 55
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore; 60
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies! 65
Implore the favour of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat, 70
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue; 75
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys), 80
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke, 85
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart? 90
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,

From street to street, the raving Dido roves.
 So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind, 95
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
 Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
 Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
 With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. 100
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along
 The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
 Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
 Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
 This pomp she shews, to tempt her wand'ring
 guest:
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest. 106
 When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
 She longs again to hear the prince relate
 His own adventures, and the Trojan fate. 110
 He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
 For still she begs to hear it once again.
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
 And thus the tragic story never ends. 114

Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
 She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone ;
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears ;
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears, 120
 And seeks the father's image in the child,
 If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand :
 No labours exercise the youthful band,
 Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know : 125
 The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe ;
 The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
 Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
 the sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,
 Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love, 130
 Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
 With soothing words to Venus she begun :
 " High praises, endless honours, you have won,
 And mighty trophies, with your worthy son ! 135

Two gods a silly woman have undone !
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
 This rising city, which my hands erect :
 But shall celestial discord never cease ?
 'Tis better ended in a lasting peace. 140
 You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd ;
 Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
 Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join ;
 So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
 One common kingdom, one united line. 145
 Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
 And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."

Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descry'd,
 Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
 To Libyan shores) thus artfully reply'd: 150
 " Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
 And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
 If fortune with our joint desires comply ?
 The doubt is all from Jove and destiny ;
 Lest he forbid, with absolute command, 155
 To mix the people in one common land—
 Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,

In lasting leagues and sure succession, join.
But you, the partner of his bed and throne, 159
May move his mind:—my wishes are your own.”
“ Mine,” said imperial Juno, “ be the care:—
Time urges now:—to perfect this affair,
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays, 165
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for silvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain 170
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain :
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers’d, and all involv’d in gloomy night :
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord. 175
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there :
So shall their loves be crown’d with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.”

The queen of love consents, and closely smiles. 180

At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,

And horns and hounds awake the princely train :

They issue early through the city gate,

Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185

With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force

Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.

The Tyrian peers and officers of state,

For the slow queen, in ante-chambers wait :

Her lofty courser, in the court below 190

(Who his majestic rider seems to know),

Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,

And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam

around.

The queen at length appears: on either hand,

The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195

A flow'r'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,

And at her back a golden quiver bore :

Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains ;

A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.

Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200

Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great Æneas, when the troop he joins ;
 Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
 Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast, 205
 When to his native Delos he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports ;
 Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands :
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below 210
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose :
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows :
 His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215
 Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
 Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
 The cry pursues the mountain-goats : they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground :
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, 220
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
 And a long chase, in open view, maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel 225
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
 A wint'ry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
 The company, dispers'd, to coverts ride, 235
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.

From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose 245
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love,
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame. 250

The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
 Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
 Soon grows the pygmy to gigantic size; 255
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.

Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
 Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
 Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast. 260

As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
 Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
 And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;
 And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is
 hung. 265

She fills the peaceful universe with cries :
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes :
 By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
 And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news ;
 With court informers haunts, and royal spies ; 270
 Things done relates ; not done she feigns ; and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her bus'ness ; and her chief delight
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
 She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
 Who, " lost to honour and the sense of shame, 275
 Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
 A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled :
 Whole days with him she passes in delights,
 And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
 Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust, 280
 Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust."

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
 And flies at length to king Iarbas' court.
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
 Whom did he not of men and gods accuse ? 285
 This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,

A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire; 289
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love, 295
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
“Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300
Who feast on painted beds; with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign? 305
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds within our state,

A little town, bought at an easy rate;
 She pays me homage—(and my grants allow 310
 A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough);
 Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
 Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
 And now this other Paris, with his train
 Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign! 315
 (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
 Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
 He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
 And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!"

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd, 320
 And held his altar's horns: the mighty thund'rer heard,
 Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame. 325
 He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
 By whom this menacing command he sends:
 "Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly: 329
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days

In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
 Nor minds the future city, giv'n by Fate.
 To him this message from my mouth relate :
 Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
 Thy life with pray'rs; nor promis'd such a son. 335
 Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
 A martial race, and rule the Latian land ;
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw ;
 And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name ?
 What are his vain designs ? what hopes he more
 From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore, 345
 Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
 And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast ?
 Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake :
 With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds 350

His flying feet, and mounts the western winds :

And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,

With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand : 355
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves ;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves ;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space ;
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd, 364
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound,
Snows hide his shoulders : from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin :
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends :
Then, resting thus, he from the tow'ring height 370
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show ;

By turns they dance aloft, and dive below : 375
 Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
 And near the surface of the water flies,
 Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
 He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands, 379
 Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
 Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
 Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
 New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
 (Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wore ; 385
 A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversify'd,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
 Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
 Resuming his own shape—" Degenerate man !
 Thou woman's property ! what mak'st thou here, 390
 These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
 Forgetful of thy own ? All-pow'rful Jove,
 Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
 Has sent me down with this severe command :
 What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land ? 395
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,

Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir :
 The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
 To whom th' Ausonian sceptre, and the state 400
 Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate."
 So spoke the god ; and, speaking, took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds ; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear :
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair. 405
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,
 He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
 What should he say ? or how should he begin ?
 What course, alas ! remains, to steer between
 Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen ? 410
 This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries, and none can find.
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
 After long thought, to this advice he leans :
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415
 The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care :
 Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
 To colour what in secret he design'd.

Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news; 420
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees :
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise 425
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?):
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears. 430
Nor impious Fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round. 435
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man ;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began : 440

“ Base and ungrateful ! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye ?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love ?
Or is the death of a despairing queen 445
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen ?
Ev'n when the wint'ry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False, as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound ; 450
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main ?
See, whom you fly ! am I the foe you shun ?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more 455
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed ;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind ; 460
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race !

For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone, I suffer in my fame, 465
 Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!

Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty, 470
 Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
 A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight, 475
 Some young Æneas to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's face;
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left." 479

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

Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name, 485
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. 490
For, if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those reliques to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. 495
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born, 500
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise, 505
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,

Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears :

And young Ascanius justly may complain,

Defrauded of his fate and destin'd reign.

Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd— 510

Waking I saw him, and his message heard.

From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright

With radiant beams, and manifest to sight

(The sender and the sent I both attest): 514

These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.

Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command :

Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."

Thus while he spoke, already she began

With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,

From head to foot survey'd his person o'er, 520

Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore :

"False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!

Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,

But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!

And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck! 525

Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?

Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,

Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?

All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find. 530
 Of man's injustice why should I complain?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason: yet no thunder flies;
 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies! 535
 Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!
 I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
 Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat 540
 The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
 And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode, 545
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
 But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
 Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main!
 Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow, 550

The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulcres afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name :
 Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame, 555
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep :
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know ; 560
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find. 565
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd— 569
 Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his
 love—

Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove ;

Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride. 575
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, 580
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embody'd ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. 585
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain. 590
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,

Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!

All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws! 596

Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.

No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died. 600

"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind. 604

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

But do not you my last request deny:

With you perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.

You are his fav'rite: you alone can find 610

The dark recesses of his inmost mind:

In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.

Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go, 615

Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust :
Why should he then reject a suit so just ? 619
Whom does he shun ? and whither would he fly ?
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny ?
Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more :
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore. 625
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request, 630
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears :
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain :
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. 635
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move ;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend; 640
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or; shaken, clings more closely to the rocks: 645
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words, still beating on his ears. 650
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees, 655
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;

And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660

This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,

From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,

Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love ;

That honour'd chapel she had hung around 665

With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd :

Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,

Strange voices issu'd from her husband's tomb :

She thought she heard him summon her away,

Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670

Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note

The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,

And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,

With songs obscene, disturbs the silence of the night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears ; 675

And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,

Disdainful as by day : she seems, alone,

To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,

Guideless and dark ; or, in a desert plain,

To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain— 680

Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
 And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight, 685
 Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
 The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief:
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast, 690
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd:

(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)

“ Rejoice ! ” she said. “ Instructed from above,
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. 695

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
 There a Massylian priestess I have found,
 Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
 Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care; 700

'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep:

She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind: 705
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part, 710
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest. 715
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All reliques of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears. 720
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral, in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, 725

She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.

The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730 .

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

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial bed. 735

And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names, 740
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl, 745
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
Robbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queen

Observes, assisting at the rites obscene :
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds; and next the highest altar stands: 750
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
 The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
 And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above, 755
 Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
 Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760
 The stars in silent order mov'd around;
 And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
 ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl
 Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay, 765
 Forgetting the past labours of the day.
 All else of nature's common gift partake:
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find :
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770
 Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart ;
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind :

“ What shall I do ? what succour can I find ?
 Become a suppliant to Iarbas’ pride, 775
 And take my turn to court and be deny’d ?
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 Forsake an empire, and attend a foe ?
 Himself I refug’d, and his train reliev’d—
 ’Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv’d ? 780
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place ?
 Laomedon still lives in all his race !
 Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
 Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue ?
 What force have I but those, whom scarce before 785
 I drew reluctant from their native shore ?
 Will they again embark at my desire,
 Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
 Tyre ?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,

And take the fortune thou thyself hast made. 790

Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,

Or seconded too well what I design'd.

These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—

Had I continu'd free, and still my own—

Avoiding love, I had not found despair, 795

But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.

Like them, a lonely life I might have led,

Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.”

These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—

On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800

Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;

And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears:

His former youthful mien and shape he wears,

And with this new alarm invades his ears: 805

“Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou drown

Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,

Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales

Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?

She harbours in her heart a furious hate 810

(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),

Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.

Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.

The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,

And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore. 815

Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies ;

And sail before the purple morn arise.

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring ?

Woman's a various and a changeful thing." 819

Thus Hermes in the dream ; then took his flight,

Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,

The pious prince arose with hasty fear ;

Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay: 824

"Haste to your banks ! your crooked anchors weigh,

And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea !

A god commands : he stood before my sight,

And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.

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

To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart. 830

Lead thou the way ; protect thy Trojan bands ;

And prosper the design thy will commands."

He said ; and, drawing forth his flaming sword,

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

An emulating zeal inspires his train: 835

They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.

With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,

And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 839

And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,

When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,

Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.

She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,

And scarce in ken the sailing ships descri'd.

Stung with despite, and furious with despair, 845

She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.

"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go (she said),

My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?

Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,

To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet? 850

Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!

Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!

What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns

My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.

Then, when I gave my person and my throne, 855

This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,

The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,

Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore

The burden of his feeble father bore! 860

I should have torn him piece-meal—strow'd in floods

His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—

Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire

Have set the reeking boy before the sire.

Events are doubtful, which on battle wait! 865

Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?

My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,

Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;

And I myself, in vengeance of my shame, 870

Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.

Thou Sun; who view'st at once the world below!

Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!

Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!

Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods! 875

All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,

Attend her curses, and avenge her death!

If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
 Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
 Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes, 880
 His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
 Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 Let him for succour sue from place to place,
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace. 885
 First let him see his friends in battle slain,
 And their untimely fate lament in vain:
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command; 890
 But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
 And lie unbury'd on the barren sand!
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
 And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfill.
 Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim 895
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.
 These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,

When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies
 the rage, 900

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
 With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs!" 904

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days.
 Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
 (For, when she left her country, hers was dead),
 "Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare; 910
 The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings, bring;
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
 With living drops: then let her come; and thou
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
 Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove, 915
 And end the cares of my disastrous love;
 Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
 And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."

The nurse moves onward with officious care,
 And all the speed her aged limbs can bear. 920

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
 Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
 With livid spots distinguish'd was her face ;
 Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her
 pace : 924

Ghastly she gaz'd ; with pain she drew her breath ;
 And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
 And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste ;
 Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind,
 (Not for so dire an enterprise design'd.) 930

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the consciōus bed,
 She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd,
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
 Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last : 935

“ Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
 Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.

My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,

A glorious name, among the ghosts below.

A lofty city by my hands is rais'd ; 940

Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.

What could my fortune have afforded more,
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
 Then kiss'd the couch; and "must I die," she said,
 "And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead! 945
 Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
 On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
 These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
 These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
 She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side 950
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
 Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, 954
 And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
 Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
 And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
 First from the frighted court the yell began;
 Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and
 cries 960
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamour, than if—ancient Tyre,

Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods. 965

Her sister hears: and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
“Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd, 970

These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd (said she),
All only to deceive unhappy me?

Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend? 975

Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come:
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:

Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?

At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me, 980

Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!

Bring water! bathe the wound; while I in death

Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying
breath.”

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd, 985
 Her temples chaf'd ; and her own garments tore,
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the
 gore.

Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
 And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed ;
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light, 990
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
 Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
 A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
 Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife 995
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
 For, since she died, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,
 Or her own crime, but human casualty,
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
 The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair, 1000
 Which Proserpine and they can only know ;
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
 Downward the various goddess took her flight,
 And drew a thousand colours from the light ;

Then stood above the dying lover's head, 1005
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in
 air.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

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

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;

Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind 5
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd.
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind;
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw; 10
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head: 15
Livid it look'd—the threat'ning of a storm:
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
“ What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars, 20
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind.”
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, “ Not heav'n (said he),

Though Jove himself should promise Italy, 25
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.

Mark, how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!

Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way. 30

'Tis Fate diverts our course; and Fate we must obey.

Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright

The southing of the stars, and polar light,

Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores

In safety we may reach with struggling oars." 35

Æneas then reply'd: " Too sure I find,

We strive in vain against the seas and wind:

Now shift your sails: what place can please me more

Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,

Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains, 40

And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?"

The course resolv'd, before the western wind

They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,

Beheld the fleet descending on the land; 45

And, not unmindful of his ancient race,

And joyful victors wait the just reward.
 But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd."
 He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
 Then Helymus, by his example led,
 And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head; 95
 Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
 By thousands follow'd through the flow'ry plain,
 To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found, 100
 He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
 Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
 And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.
 With roses then the sepulcre he strow'd,
 And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud: 105
 "Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
 Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
 The gods permitted not, that you with me,
 Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
 Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be." 110
 Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
 A serpent from the tomb began to glide;

His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd ;
 Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly
 gold :

Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass 115

A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.

More various colours through his body run,

Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.

Betwixt the rising altars, and around,

The sacred monster shot along the ground ; 120

With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,

And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste :

Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest

Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.

The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd, 125

The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd,

Doubtful if this the place's genius were,

Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.

Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew ;

As many swine, and steers of sable hue ; 130

New gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd,

And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.

The glad attendants in long order come,

Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb :
 Some add more oxen ; some divide the spoil ; 135
 Some place the chargers on the grassy soil ;
 Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
 With rosy lustre of the rising light :

The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame 140

Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,

The crowded shore with acclamations fill,

Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.

And first the gifts in public view they place, 144

Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victors' grace :

Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,

Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,

And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.

The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims ;

And all prepare for their appointed games. 150

Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,

Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.

The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,

Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind :

Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands, 155

Which rising like a tow'ring city stands:

Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;

Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;

Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.

Sergestus, who began the Sergian race, 160

In the great Centaur took the leading place;

Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood;

From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,

There stands a rock: the raging billows roar 165

Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,

Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.

In peace below the gentle waters run;

The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.

On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight, 170

The mark to guide the mariners aright.

To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;

Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former

shores.

The lots decide their place. Above the rest,

Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest; 175

The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,

Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
Besmeared with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:
They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting breast 180
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear de-
press'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign ;
At once they start, advancing in a line :
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies ;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise ; 185
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row :
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths
below.

Not fiery coursers, in a chariot-race, 190
Invade the field with half so swift a pace :
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide, 195
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.

Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before: 200

Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:

And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead, 205

And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head:

Now board to board the rival vessels row;

The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.

They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train

In triumph rode, the victors of the main: 210

But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot—"Stand

More close to shore, and skim along the sand!

Let others bear to sea."—Mencætes heard;

But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,

And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he

steer'd. 215

With louder cries the captain call'd again:

"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."

He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
 The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
 Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood, 220
 And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.
 He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got before:—
 Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
 Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
 Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown 225
 His rising rage), and careless of his own,
 The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
 And hoisted up, and over-board he threw:
 This done, he seiz'd the helm; his fellows cheer'd;
 Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.
 Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears, 231
 Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
 Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
 The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,
 Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laught, 235
 To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
 The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
 Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
 While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,

To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place: 240
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;
Then on the deck, amidst his mates, appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
" My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore, 245
Exert your vigour; tug the lab'ring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this our common int'rest, let me find 249
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but, ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain. 255
But to be last, the lags of all the race!—
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."
Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath them sinks; their lab'ring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs gutt'ring down in tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success:—

Sergestus, eager with his beak to press

Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,

Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock. 265

The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,

Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.

The trembling rowers from their banks arise,

And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.

With iron poles they heave her off the shores, 270

And gather from the sea their floating oars.

The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,

Urge their success, and call the willing winds,

Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way

In larger compass, on the roomy sea. 275

As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,

Rouz'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;

The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,

And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:

At first she flutters; but at length she springs 280

To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:

So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;

And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.

Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast. 285

In vain the victor he with ories implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.

Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:
The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.

Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains:— 290
Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.

Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies:

Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through the
skies.

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard, 295
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:

Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.

Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—

For they can conquer who believe they can.— 300

Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies;

(And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize)

When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,

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

" Gods of the liquid realms on which I row? 305
 If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 (Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain:
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
 And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown, 310
 Your grateful gift and my return shall own.
 The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
 And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on and sped the galley to the land. 315
 Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
 And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head; 320
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led—
 The ship's reward—with gen'rous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest, 325
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,

And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
 There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
 Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart :
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue ; 330
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring through the skies, 335
 And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
 Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd ;
 And, summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd—
 A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
 More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore, 340
 In single combat on the Trojan shore.
 This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—
 In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
 But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold, 345
 That scarce two servants could the weight sustain :
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
 Pursu'd, and lightly seiz'd, the Trojan train.

The third, succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd, 350
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus all rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands.
 And now Sergestus, clearing from the rock, 355
 Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.

Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
 And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore:
 As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load 360

Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground—
 In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;
 Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue; 364

Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;
 But, grov'ling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails.

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,

But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.

Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense: 370

Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
 Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
 Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent, 374
 Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.

Full in the midst of this fair valley, stood

A native theatre, which, rising slow

By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.

High on a silvan throne the leader sate;

A num'rous train attend in solemn state. 380

Here those, that in the rapid course delight,

Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.

The rival runners without order stand;

The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.

First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears— 385

Euryalus a boy of blooming years,

With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—

Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renown'd.

Diores next, of Priam's royal race,

Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place 390

(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,

And Salius, his from Acarnanian earth);

Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these
 Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes
 (Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred, 395
 And owning old Acestes for their head),
 With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
 In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd: 400
 " One common largess is for all design'd
 (The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd):
 Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnessian wood,
 A silver studded-axe, alike bestow'd.
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed: 405
 The first of these obtains a stately steed
 Adorn'd with trappings: and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
 With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd:
 A golden belt shall gird his manly side, 410
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content."
 He said. To their appointed base they went;
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,

And, starting all at once, the barrier leave. 415

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

And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.

Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pass'd;

Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.

The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoin'd, 420

Came Salius; and Euryalus behind;

Then Helymus, whom young Dioces ply'd,

Step after step, and almost side by side,

His shoulders pressing—and, in longer space,

Had won, or left at least a dubious race. 425

Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,

When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,

Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,

Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.

The careless victor had not mark'd his way; 430

But, treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,

His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor

He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,

Nor of the sacred bonds of amity, 435

He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,

And caught the foot of Salius as he rose :
So Salius lay extended on the plain :
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd :—applauding peals attend 440
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus ; and then Dioces came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd ; 445
Urges his cause may in the court be heard ;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears ;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize ; 450
Besides, Dioces fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince : “ Let no disputes arise :
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the prize. 455
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend.”
He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws

(Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden paws)

A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives: 460

Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.

“ If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due

(He said), and falling is to rise by you,

What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,

Who merited the first rewards and fame? 465

In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;

Would Fortune for my fall so well provide!”

With this he pointed to his face, and show'd

His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.

Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd, 470

And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,

Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,

Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.

This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,

And equal justice in his gifts express'd. 475

The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,

Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd:

“ If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare

In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,

His opposite sustain in open view, 480

Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.

Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—

A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,

Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief:

A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief." 485

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears:

Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:

His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield;

And loud applauses echo through the field.

Dares alone in combat us'd to stand 490

The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;

The same, at Hector's fun'rals, undertook

Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,

And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,

Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand. 495

Such Dares was; and such he strode along,

And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.

His brawny back and ample breast he shows;

His lifted arms around his head he throws,

And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows. 500

His match is sought; but, through the trembling band,

Not one dares answer to the proud demand.

Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes

Already he devours the promis'd prize.

He claims the bull with awless insolence, 505

And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince :

“If none my matchless valour dares oppose,

How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?

Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,

To lead this uncontended gift away.” 510

The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,

For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see

The palm usurp'd without a victory,

Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside, 515

And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride :

“Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,

So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,

A prize in triumph borne before your sight,

And shun for fear the danger of the fight? 520

Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,

The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game?

Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil

That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?”

Entellus, thus: " My soul is still the same, 525
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame :
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins ;
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh ! could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain, 530
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force without the promis'd prize."
He said ; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view—
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield, 535
And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull-hides : the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead. 540
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.
" What had your wonder (said Entellus) been, 545
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,

Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green !
 These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
 With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm ; 550
 And these I wielded while my blood was warm,
 This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
 Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my
 head.

But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
 And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use ; 555
 If great Æneas and Acestes join
 In his request, these gauntlets I resign :
 Let us with equal arms perform the fight ;
 And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right."
 This said, Entellus for the strife prepares ; 560
 Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares :
 Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn, he stands,
 A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.
 Then just Æneas equal arms supply'd, 564
 Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
 Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
 Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent ;

Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies; 570
One on his sinews, and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike; 575
Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes— 580
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace; 585
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing eyes;

This and that other part in vain he tries, 590

And more on industry than force relies.

With hands on high, Entellus threatens the foe;

But Dares watch'd the motion from below,

And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending
blow.

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind, 595

And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,

Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,

And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.

So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood

On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood, 600

Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise;

And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.

Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise

The fall'n companion of his youthful days.

Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd: 605

With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury,
burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast;

And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.

He lays on load with either hand, amain,

And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain; 610
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.

But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease, 615
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.

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

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

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

To him propitious, and averse to thee, 620

Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine.

'Tis madness to contend with strength divine."

The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore

His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:

His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood; 625

And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.

Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,

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

The sword and casque are carry'd by his train;

But with his foe the palm and ox remain. 630

The champion, then, before Æneas came,

Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame :
 " O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
 Mark with attention, and forgive my boast :
 Learn what I was, by what remains ; and know, 635
 From what impending fate you sav'd my foe."
 Sternly he spoke ; and then confronts the bull ;
 And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
 The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
 Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound, 640
 But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
 Then thus : " In Dares' stead I offer this.
 Eryx ! accept a nobler sacrifice :
 Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield : 644
 Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."

This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
 The strife of archers, with contending bows.
 The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
 With his own hands he raises on the shore.
 A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie, 650
 The living mark at which their arrows fly.
 The rival archers in a line advance,
 Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.

A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon: 655
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound, 660
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows;
And from the quiver each his arrow chose. 665
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands:
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries 670
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove,
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord, 675

Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invok'd his brother god, 680
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains, 685
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event. 690
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames, ascending, drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay. 695
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into pray'r.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then hon'ring him with gifts above the rest, 700
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
“ The gods (said he) this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old: 705
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.”
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envy'd him the prize, 710
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son, 715
And whisper'd thus: “ With speed Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horse-back let him grace his grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.”

He said ; and, calling out, the cirque he clears. 720

The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.

And now the noble youths, of form divine,

Advance before their fathers, in a line :

The riders grace the steeds ; the steeds with glory
shine.

Thus marching on in military pride, 725

Shouts of applause resound from side to side.

Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,

Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.

Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore ;

Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before. 730

Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green ;

Three graceful leaders at their head were seen ;

Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space between.

The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,

Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy ; 735

(His race in after-times was known to fame,

New honours adding to the Latian name)—

And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.

White were the fetlocks of his feet before ;

And on his front a snowy star he bore. 740

Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius, on a fiery steed, 745

Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view; 750
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at th' appointed sign, 755
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.

The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd
guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin:
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line, 760
They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts afar,

With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run ;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun ;
Broken, they break ; and, rallying, they renew 765
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways, and many a winding fold, 770
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess ;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase 775
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught ;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought,
Shew'd what he learn'd : the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art : 780
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:

But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate :
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues, 785
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views ;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below ;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay. 790
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd ; and, gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone, 795
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan :
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
" Alas ! " said one, " what oceans yet remain
For us to sail ! what labours to sustain ! " 800
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains.
In face and shape, old Beroë she became, 805

Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began :
" O wretched we ! whom not the Grecian pow'r, 810
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour !
O wretched we ! reserv'd by cruel Fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state !
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun ; 815
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to
lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land, 820
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band ?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain !
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew, 825
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view ?

Haste! join with me! th' unhappy fleet consume!

Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.

In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands 829

(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming Brands:

' With these (said she) these wand'ring ships destroy:

These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'

Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:

Slack not the good presage, while heav'n inspires

Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires. 835

See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:

The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands."

Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,

And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.

Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare: 840

Then Pyrgo, rev'renc'd for her hoary hair,

Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race,

" No Beroë this, though she belies her face!

What terrors from her frowning front arise!

Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes! 845

What rays around her heav'nly face are seen!

Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!

Beroë but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,

Her age and anguish from these rites detain."

She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze, 850

Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.

They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:

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

The goddess, having done her task below,

Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted

bow.

855

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

The matrons prosecute their mad design:

They shriek aloud: they snatch, with impious hands,

The food of altars: firs and flaming brands, 859

Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,

And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.

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

And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:

Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars 864

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

Eumelus was the first, the news to bear,

While yet they crowd the rural theatre.

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

A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led 870

His early warriors on his prancing steed,

And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd ;

Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.

Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,

He sent his voice before him as he flew : 875

“ What madness moves you, matrons ! to destroy

The last remainders of unhappy Troy ?

Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,

And on your friends your fatal fury turn.

Behold your own Ascanius ! ”—While he said, 880

He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head,

In which the youths to sportful arms he led.

By this, Æneas and his train appear ;

And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,

Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight, 885

Abhor their actions, and avoid the light ;

Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,

And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,

But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace, 890

Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,

Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.

The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails, 895

The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws 899

To heav'n his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.

“O Jove! (he cry'd) if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;

If any spark of pity still remain;

If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;

Yet spare the reliques of the Trojan train! 905

Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!

Or let thy fury fall alone on me.

At this devoted head thy thunder throw,

And send the willing sacrifice below.” 909

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise.
From pole to pole, the forky lightning flies:
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.

Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent, 914
 Which, hissing thro' the planks, the flames prevent,
 And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
 Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
 If he should still in Sicily reside,
 Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main, 920
 In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.

Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone
 The will of heav'n by Pallas was foreshown—
 Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
 To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd— 925

Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With cheerful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind :

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

With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.

By suff'ring well, our fortune we subdue ; 930

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

Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind :

To him disclose the secrets of your mind :

Trust in his hands your old and useless train,

Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain— 935

The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all the dastard crew who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land.
Here you may build a common town for all, 940
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call."

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd, his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when, to his slumb'ring eyes,
His father's shade descended from the skies; 945

And thus he spoke: "O, more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death!
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd!
The king of heav'n employs my careful ghost
On his commands—the god who sav'd from fire 950
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.

The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war. 955

The stern Italians will their courage try:
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.

But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the blest below:
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains, 960
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way. 964
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now farewell! I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light."
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
"Whither so fast?" the filial duty cry'd; 970
"And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace deny'd?"
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores. 975
Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the god's intent,
With his own purpose.—All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires, obey.

They list with women each degen'rate name, 980
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier. The brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough:
The lots their sev'ral tenements allow. 985
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy;
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin 990
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god:
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his blest abode. 994
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard. 1000
Now loud laments along the shores resound,

Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
 The trembling women, the degen'rate train
 Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share 1005
 Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war :
 Whom good Æneas cheers ; and recommends
 To their new master's care his fearful friends.
 On 'Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays ;
 A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas ; 1010
 Then slips his halsers, and his anchors weighs.
 High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
 With olive crown'd ; a charger in his hands ;
 Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
 And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine. 1015
 Fresh gales arise : with equal strokes they vie,
 And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
 To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears : 1019
 " The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
 The malice, which no suff'rings can assuage,
 Compel me to these pray'rs ; since neither fate,
 Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.

Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife. 1025

As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.

Let her the causes of her hatred tell; 1030
But you can witness its effects too well.

You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign. 1035

With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.

For what remains, your godhead I implore, 1040
And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.

If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main: 1044

"What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?"

My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
 Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
 Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,
 How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.

Thee, Xanthus! and thee, Simois! I attest— 1050

Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,
 And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;
 When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way, 1055
 Stood up on ridges to behold the sea

{New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way};
 When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods;

I spread a cloud before the victor's sight, 1060

Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight—

Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.

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

Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore: 1065

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

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws, 1070
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
 High on the waves his azure car he guides:
 Its axles thunder; and the sea subsides;
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
 The tempests fly before their father's face; 1075
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
 The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
 To right and left: the gods his better side 1080
 Inclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and Nereids
 ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
 The cheerful crew with diligence obey; 1085
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
 A-head of all the master pilot steers;
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky ;
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie; 1090
 When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
 Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
 Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears; 1095
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
 wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
 " The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
 The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
 Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I 1100
 Will take the rudder, and thy room supply."
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
 " Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,
 The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race? 1105
 Shall I believe the Siren South again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?"
 He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep;
 And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw 1110
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian
 dew :

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length;
 The god, insulting with superior strength, 1115
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
 Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain.
 The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air; 1120
 While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
 But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
 And, o'er the dang'rous deep, secure the navy flies;
 Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast, 1125
 Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
 And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,
 And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
 The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
 The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground. 1130

Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd: 1134
“ For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corps is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.”

ÆNEIS,

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

HE said, and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand. 5
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,

Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.
 Thus while their sev'ral charges they fulfill, 10
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade,
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god. 15
 Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
 When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
 (The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame, 20
 To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
 And, here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
 Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd 25
 Androgeos' death, and (off'rings to his ghost)
 Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to these the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast: 30

The mournful parents stand around in tears ;
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen ;
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye ; 35
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—
 The lower part a beast, a man above—
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous maze,
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways : 40
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clue ;
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well, 45
 That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ; 49
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
 All this with wond'ring eyes Æneas view'd :
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.

Eager to read the rest—Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name. 55
 “Time suffers not,” she said, “to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
 Sev’n bullocks, yet unyok’d, for Phœbus choose,
 And for Diana sev’n unspotted ewes.”
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites, 60
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
 Was hew’d and fashion’d by laborious art,
 Through the hill’s hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace: 65
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sibyl’s words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,
 “This is the time! inquire your destinies!
 He comes! behold the god!” Thus while she said
 (And shiv’ring at the sacred entry staid),
 Her colour chang’d; her face was not the same;
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess’d 74

Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look,
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke, 80
"Why this delay?" she cry'd—"the pow'rs invoke.
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear. 85
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd :
"Indulgent god! propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy !
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart 90
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part !
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commands,
Through ambient seas and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground :
And now, at length, the flying coast is found. 95
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,

With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring race.

Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance
end:

Troy is no more, and can no more offend.

And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see 100

Th' event of things in dark futurity !

Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to my fate,

To conquer and command the Latian state ;

To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place

For the long exiles of the Trojan race. 105

Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear

To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r ;

And annual rites, and festivals, and games,

Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.

Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land : 110

For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,

Preserv'd in shrines : and ev'ry sacred lay,

Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—

All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train

Of holy priests, and ever shall remain. 115

But, oh ! commit not thy prophetic mind

To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,

Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate.”
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load, 120
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and, without controul,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul. 125
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
“ Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain. 130
The coast, so long desir'd, (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there: 135
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,

To hell lies open, and the dark abode, 160
 Which Acheron surrounds, th'innavigable flood—
 Conduct me through the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought, 165
 Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd,
 And wrath of heav'n (my still auspicious guide),
 And bore, beyond the strength decrepit age sup-
 ply'd.
 Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night, 170
 His rev'rend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade—
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son. 175
 Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife; 180

If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
 Could free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below;—
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could
 ascend?—

185

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came;
 My mother greater, my descent the same.”
 So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine: 190

“ O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line!
 The gates of hell are open night and day;
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—

In this the task and mighty labour lies. 195

To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth, and heav'nly race.
 Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds 200
 Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.

But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake; 205
Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold) 210
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise; 215
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand, 220
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;

And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend, 225
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend :
 Breathless he lies ; and his unbury'd ghost,
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues : and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led ; 230
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay :
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day."
 She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent, 235
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd,
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd. 240
 But soon they found an object to deplore :
 Misenus lay extended on the shore—
 Son of the god of winds:—none so renown'd,
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound,
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms, 245

And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
 But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
 He chose Æneas; and he chose as well. 250
 Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.
 With envy, Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand.— 255
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep; but most Æneas mourns his fate;
 And hastens to perform the fun'ral state.
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air. 260
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
 (The shady covert of the savage kind),
 The Trojans found: the sounding axe is ply'd:
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke; 265
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown

Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs. 270
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the queen of love:
" O! may thy pow'r, propitious still to me, 275
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight, 280
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
" Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground. 285
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my pray'r."
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight, 289

What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place; but still in view:
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low, 295
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden
bough.

Through the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows
glow;

As, on the sacred oak, the wint'ry misletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd. 300
Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold,
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize. 305

Meantime, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.

First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:

The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew, 310

And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.

The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;

Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,

Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint;

And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint. 315

With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:

Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,

The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,

And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away:

(Such rev'rent rites their fathers us'd to pay.) 320

Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,

And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.

These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour:

Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour;

And, last, the reliques by themselves dispose, 325

Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.

Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,

And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew;

Which thrice he sprinkled round; and thrice aloud

Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd. 330

But good Æneas order'd on the shore

A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,

A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.

Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame

Still to the lofty cape consigns his name. 335

These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,

Hastes, to the nether world, his destin'd way.

Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went

From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;

And here th' access a gloomy grove defends; 340

And here th' innavigable lake extends,

O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,

No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;

Such deadly stench from the depth arise,

And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies. 345

From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,

And give the name Avernus to the lake.

Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,

For sacrifice the pious hero brought. 349

The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;

Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,

Invoking Hecat hither to repair—

A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.

The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive 355
 The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)
 Æneas offers; and, by Fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
 With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills: 360
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
 Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended, till the next returning sun. 365
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere Hecat came.—“ Far hence be souls profane!”
 The Sibyl cry'd—“ and from the grove abstain!
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford: 370
 Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.”
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space:
 The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.
 Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!
 Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night! 375

Ye gliding ghosts ! permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night, 380
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their
eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell, 385
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage ;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,
Sleep

(Forms terrible to view), their centry keep ;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind, 390
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;
The Furies' iron beds ; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad : 395

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head;
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands, 400
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face; 406
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were—
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way, 410
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean: 415
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire

He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were seen 420
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades, 425
And youths, intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands— 430
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 435
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?

Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd? 440

“ Son of Anchises ! offspring of the gods !

(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,

The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state

Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.

The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew 445

Depriv'd of sepulchres and fun'ral due :

The boatman, Charon : those, the bury'd host,

He ferries over to the farther coast ;

Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves 449

With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore ;

At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.”

The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,

Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast. 454

He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,

Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet

graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,

And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,

Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met ;

The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset. 460

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
 Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
 Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
 His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view, 465
 And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow
 knew.

Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O
 friend!

Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
 For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
 Has in your fate alone, my faith betray'd. 470
 The god foretold you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
 Is this th' unerring pow'r?"—The ghost reply'd:
 "Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
 Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep: 475
 But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
 My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
 I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds and raging waves I swear, 480

Your safety, more than mine, was then my care ;
 Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.

Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last : 485

High on a mounting wave, my head I bore,
 Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd. 489
 While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast :
 And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are
 toss'd :

Which, O! avert, by yon ethereal light,
 Which I have lost for this eternal night : 495
 Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead sire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost,
 Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
 And in a peaceful grave my corps compose ; 500
 Or, if a nearer way your mother shows

(Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore." 505

Scarce had he said; the prophetess began:
 "What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
 Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd to cross the floods,
 To view the Furies and infernal gods,
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes? 510
 Attend the term of long revolving years:
 Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—
 The wrath of heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast, 515
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
 And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
 This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name. 520

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,

And mark'd their near approaches to the flood :
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath: 525
“ Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread ! I charge thee, stand,
And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore :
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er: 530
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear
(Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear),
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame ;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied, 535
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side :
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.”
To whom the Sibyl thus : “ Compose thy mind :
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train; 541
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove. 545

If neither piety, nor heav'n's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail, at least"—
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within
her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god 550
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen—
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.

His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command: 555
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.

His passengers at length are wafted o'er, 560
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.
No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair. 565
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd

A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar. 569
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way. 575
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review 580
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls. 585
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their souls away—
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,

And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
 With late repentance, now they would retrieve 590
 The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
 But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
 And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls
 inclose. 595

Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear,
 So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
 The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
 In secret solitude and myrtle shades
 Make endless moans, and, pining with desire, 600
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
 Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
 Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
 With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair. 605
 There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
 Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
 But ending in the sex she first began.

Nor far from these Phœnician Dido stood, 610
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
 (Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light), 615
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 " Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumour true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause?—By heav'n, I vow, 620
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by Fate—
 Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions void of light, 625
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
 'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!" 630
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move

With tears and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
 And, what he says and swears, regards no more, 635
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
 Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove, 639
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her
 love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
 Then took the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls re-
 main'd. 645

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
 All much lamented, all in battle slain— 650
 Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,

Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,
 And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
 The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend, 655
 And with unweary'd eyes behold their friend ;
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady
 plain, 660

Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the rout-
 ed rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes : 664

But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,

Whose face and limbs were one continu'd wound.

Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,

Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.

He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670

His blotted form, and blushing to be known ;

And therefore first began: "O Teucer's race!
 Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
 What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire
 disgrace?"

'Twas fam'd, that, in our last and fatal night, 675
 Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
 Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
 And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
 But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
 A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed; 680
 Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
 The place your armour and your name retains.
 Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
 Design'd for burial in your native ground."

The ghost reply'd: "Your piety has paid 685
 All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade:
 But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
 These are the monuments of Helen's love—
 The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above. 690
 You know in what deluding joys we past
 The night, that was by heav'n decreed our last."

For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed, 695
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest; 700
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls. 705
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.— 710
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.

Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea, 715
 Or did you heav'n's superior doom obey?
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
 To view, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats." 719

While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race :
 And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
 The little time of stay which heav'n had lent :
 But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay : 724
 " Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day :
 'Tis here, in diff'rent paths, the way divides :
 The right to Pluto's golden palace guides :
 The left to that unhappy region tends
 Which to the depth of Tartarus descends— 729
 The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
 Then thus Deïphobus : " O sacred maid !
 Forbear to chide ; and be your will obey'd.
 Lo ! to the secret shadows I retire,
 To pay my penance till my years expire.
 Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd, 735
 And born to better fates than I have found."

He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The hero, looking on the left, espy'd

A lofty tow'r and strong on ev'ry side 740

With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,

Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:

And, press'd betwixt the rocks the bellowing noise
resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high

With adamantine columns, threatens the sky. 745

Vain is the force of man, and heav'n's as vain,

To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.

Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;

And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,

Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day, 750

Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.

From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains

Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.

The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries, 754

And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise;

And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,

And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus reply'd: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.

But Hecat, when she gave to rule the woods, 760

Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,

And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.

These are the realms of unrelenting Fate ;

And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.

He hears and judges each committed crime ; 765

Inquires into the manner, place, and time.

The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal

(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),

From the first moment of his vital breath,

To his last hour of unrepenting death. 770

Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes

The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,

And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.

Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door :

With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar. 775

You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost

Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.

More formidable Hydra stands within,

Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.

The gaping gulf low to the centre lies, 780
 And twice as deep, as earth is distant from the skies.
 The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
 Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.

Here lie th' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),
 Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth, 785
 Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
 Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
 Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
 For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
 Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze 790
 Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
 Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew:
 Th'audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
 He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
 Sought godlike worship from a servile train. 795
 Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
 To rival thunder in its rapid course,
 And imitate inimitable force!
 But he, the king of heav'n, obscure on high, 800

Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth 804
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast: 810
The growing liver still supply'd the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithoüs I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame. 815
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of Furies by their sides is set, 820
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,

Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.

Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,

Expel their parents and usurp the throne; 825

Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,

Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—

Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend,

To their poor kindred or a wanting friend—

Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train 830

Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain—

Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,

And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.

All these within the dungeon's depth remain,

Despairing pardon, and expecting pain. 835

Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know

Their process, or the forms of law below.

Some roll a mighty stone; some, laid along,

And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there, 840

Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair:

And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries

(Could warning make the world more just or wise),'

‘ Learn righteousness, and dread th’ avenging deities.’

To tyrants others have their country sold, 845

Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold:

Some have old laws repeal’d, new statutes made,

Not as the people pleas’d, but as they paid.

With incest some their daughters’ bed profan’d. 849

All dar’d the worst of ills, and, what they dar’d, attain’d.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,

And throats of brass, inspir’d with iron lungs,

I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,

Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue: 855

The walls of Pluto’s palace are in view,

The gate, and iron arch above:—it stands—

On anvils labour’d by the Cyclops’ hands.

Before our farther way the Fates allow,

Here must we fix on high the golden bough.” 860

She said: and through the gloomy shades they past,

And chose the middle path.—Arriv’d at last,

The prince, with living water, sprinkled o’er

His limbs and body; then approach’d the door,

Possess’d the porch, and on the front above 865

He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With æther vested, and a purple sky— 870
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing: 875
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once
they fill. 880
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar, 885
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.

Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
 Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
 The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive. 890
 Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
 Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who, for their country's good, 895
 In fighting-fields, were prodigal of blood:
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
 And poets worthy their inspiring god;
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts; 900
 Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
 To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd, 905
 And first to him surrounded by the rest—
 (Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast)—
 " Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,

Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake 910
 We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter
 lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus reply'd:

"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.

In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds, 914

By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;

The path conducts you to your journey's end."

This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,

And shews them all the shining fields below.

They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows

go. 920

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,

Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—

Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,

For future being and new bodies wait— 924

With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,

In Nature's order as they pass'd along—

Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,

In peaceful senates, and successful war.

He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears. 930
 "Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
 O long expected to my dear embrace!
 Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay,
 Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way. 935
 'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
 How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
 When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast." 941
 To this, the filial duty thus replies:
 "Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,
 Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
 After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea, 945
 My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
 But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
 The dear embraces of your longing son!"
 He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
 Then thrice, around his neck, his arms he threw; 950

And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
 Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
 Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
 A sep'rate grove, through which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
 the trees: 955

And, just before the confines of the wood,
 The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
 About the boughs an airy nation flew,
 Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
 In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed, 960
 And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
 The winged army roams the field around;
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
 Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause,
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws. 965
 Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
 Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other bodies ow'd:
 In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
 Long has my soul desir'd this time and place, 970
 To set before your sight your glorious race,

That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."—

"O father! can it be, that souls sublime

Return to visit our terrestrial clime, 975

And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"

Anchises, then, in order, thus begun

To clear those wonders to his godlike son:

"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted
frame, 980

And flowing waters, and the starry flame,

And both the radiant lights, one common soul

Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.

This active mind, infus'd through all the space,

Unites and mingles with the mighty mass. 985

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,

And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same;

And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—

As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay 990

Of mortal members subject to decay,

Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.

From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts, 994
And grief, and joy: nor can the grov'ling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The reliques of invet'rate vice they wear; 1000
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires, 1004
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time 1009
The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure æther of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last),

Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god, 1015
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labours and their irksome years,
 That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again." 1020
 Thus having said, the father spirit leads
 The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 "Survey (pursu'd the sire) this airy throng, 1025
 As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
 These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join
 With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
 And holds the nearest station to the light, 1030
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward on a shining spear:
 Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood: 1035
 Born in the covert of a shady wood,

Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget;— 1040
 Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
 A second Silvius after these appears—
 Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
 For arms and justice equally renown'd; 1045
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear; 1050
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a
 name.
 See Romulus the great, born to restore 1055
 The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
 This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;

And like his sire in arms he shall appear.

Two rising crests his royal head adorn :

Born from a god, himself to godhead born, 1060

His sire already signs him for the skies,

And marks his seat amidst the deities.

Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,

Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—

Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,

Involving earth and ocean in her shade; 1066

High as the mother of the gods in place,

And proud, like her, of an immortal race,

Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,

With golden turrets on her temples crown'd: 1070

A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,

Her offspring all; and all command the sky.

Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see

Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.

There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 1075

Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd

pow'r.

But next behold the youth of form divine—

Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old; 1080
Born to restore a better age of gold.

Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around, 1085
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war. 1090

Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's
fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar, 1095
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,

With curling vines around his purple reins. 1100
 And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
 The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
 But what's the man, who from afar appears,
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
 His hoary beard and holy vestments bring 1105
 His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
 He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
 Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
 An active prince, and prone to martial deeds. 1110
 He shall his troops for fighting-fields prepare,
 Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
 By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
 And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
 Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air, 1115
 But vain within, and proudly popular.
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
 He first renews the rods and axe severe,
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear. 1120
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,

And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
 Unhappy man! to break the pious laws 1125
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue; 1130
 And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-
 come.

The pair you see in equal armour shine,
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join; 1135
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
 From Alpine heights the father first descends; 1140
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.

Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim, 1145
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils, 1150
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Aehillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place. 1155
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see, 1160
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;

And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name, 1165
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
 And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
 Let others better mould the running mass
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh a marble face; 1170
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
 But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
 To rule mankind, and make the world obey, 1174
 Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:—
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.”
 He paus'd—and, while with wond'ring eyes they
 view'd
 The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
 “ See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils, 1180
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
 He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
 Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight; 1185

Then to the Capitol in triumph move:
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
 Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
 A godlike youth in glitt'ring armour shine,
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace: 1190
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's
 side?

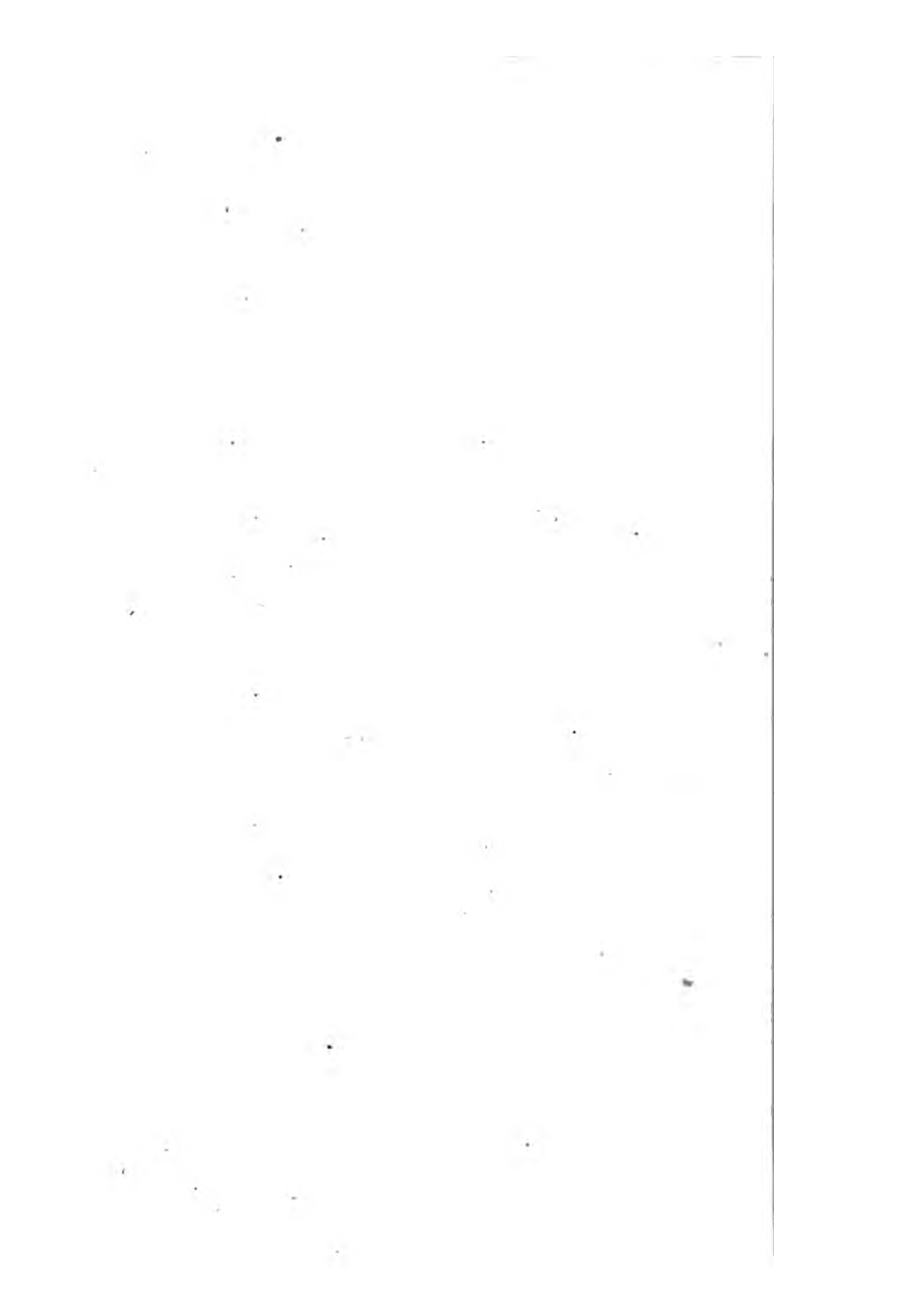
" His son, or one of his illustrious name?
 How like the former, and almost the same! 1195
 Observe the crowds that compass him around:
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread;
 And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
 " Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
 The sorrows of thy sons in future years. 1201
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great. 1205
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!

How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield !
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tyber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity !
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give, 1210
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
 The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost !
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth !
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth ! 1215
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting-field
 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,
 Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah ! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee ! 1221
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring :
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow :
 This gift which parents to their children owe, 1225
 This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow !"
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground ;

Which when Anchises to his son had shown, 1229
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate ;
 The strength and customs of the Latian state ;
 The prince, and people ; and fore-arms his care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn ; 1235
 Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn :
 True visions through transparent horn arise ;
 Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last. 1240

Then, through the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay. 1245
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor :
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.



ÆNEIS,

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!

Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:

Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,

The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.

Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains: 5

Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night;
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright; 10
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
A dang'rous coast!—The goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays. 15
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears, 20
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour), 25
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night, 30

With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,

And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.

Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,

And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies,

When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own, 36

And from her face the breathing winds were blown,

A sudden silence sate upon the sea,

And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood, 40

Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:

Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,

With whirlpools dimpled: and with downward force

That drove the sand along, he took his way,

And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. 45

About him, and above, and round the wood,

The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,

That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,

To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.

The captain gives command: the joyful train 50

Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato! thy poet's mind inspire,

And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.

Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:

Declare the past and present state of things, 55

When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,

And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.

These are my theme, and how the war began,

And how concluded by the godlike man:

For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage, 60

Which princes and their people did engage;

And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,

In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate,

That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,

And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms. 65

A larger scene of action is display'd;

And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd

The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:

His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame 70

His mother; fair Marica was her name.

But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew

His birth from Saturn, if records be true.

Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,

Had Saturn author of his family. 75

But this old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,

Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed :

His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate :

One only daughter heir'd the royal state.

Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led, 80

The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.

Among the crowd, but far above the rest,

Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.

Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,

Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen : 85

With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand ;

But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood

A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood ;

Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair 90

Was kept and cut with superstitious care.

This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,

Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd :

And last, in honour of his new abode,

He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god. 95

It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!),

A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight),
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight ;
There, with their clasping feet, together clung, 100
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence :
“ Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince !
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth : his army lands ; 105
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands.”
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire
(Strange to relate !), the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke, 110
Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire :
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire :
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views, 115
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews :
“ The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd ;

But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
 War shall the country waste, and change the state."
 Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent, 121
 For counsel to his father Faunus went,
 And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
 Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
 To those the Latian and the Sabine land 125
 Fly, when distress'd; and thence relief demand.
 The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
 And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
 A swarm of thin aërial shapes appears,
 And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears. 130
 These he consults, the future fates to know,
 From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
 Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
 Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
 Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd, 135
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
 No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
 When, from above, a more than mortal sound
 Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
 " Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke 140

Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
 A foreign son upon the shore descends,
 Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
 His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
 Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound: 145
 'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around."
 These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
 The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
 The fame through all the neighb'ring nations flew,
 When now the Trojan navy was in view. 150
 Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
 His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
 And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
 They sate; and (not without the god's command),
 Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band 155
 Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
 To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
 Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
 "See! we devour the plates on which we fed."
 The speech had omen, that the Trojan race 160
 Should find repose, and this the time and place.
 Æneas took the word, and thus replies—

{ Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes) :

“ All hail, O earth ! all hail, my household gods !

Behold the destin'd place of your abodes ! 165

For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,

And this our fatal place of rest foretold :

“ When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,

“ By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,

“ Then ease your weary Trojans will attend, 170

“ And the long labours of your voyage end.

“ Remember on that happy coast to build ;

“ And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.”

This was that famine, this the fatal place,

Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race. 175

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,

To search the land, and where the cities lie,

And what the men ; but give this day to joy.

Now pour to Jove ; and, after Jove is blest,

Call great Anchises to the genial feast : 180

Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught :

Enjoy the present hour ; adjourn the future thought.”

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows

With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows ;

Adoring first the genius of the place, 185
 Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,
 The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
 And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
 And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove, 189
 And last his sire below, and mother queen above.

Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice
 aloud;

And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
 Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,
 The time was come their city to renew. 194
 Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
 The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
 The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
 To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
 The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore: 200
 Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands;
 Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
 To found his empire, and his town to raise,
 A hundred youths from all his train selects, 205

And to the Latian court their course directs
 (The spacious palace where their prince resides),
 And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
 They go commission'd to require a peace,
 And carry presents to procure access. 210

Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
 The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
 The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
 And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way, 215
 From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;
 At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
 They see the boys and Latian youth debate
 The martial prizes on the dusty plain: 219

Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
 Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
 And some with darts their active sinews try.
 A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
 Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
 That foreign men, of mighty stature, came; 225
 Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
 The king ordains their entrance, and ascends

His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood, 230
And round incompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with rev'rence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r:
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore 235
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat. 240
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood—
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face, 245
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines;

Then warlike kings who for their country fought
 And honourable wounds from battle brought. 251
 Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
 Above the rest, as chief of all the band, 255
 Was Picus plac'd; a buckler in his hand;
 His other way'd a long divining wand.
 Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain, 260
 'Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
 Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
 She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie. 265
 In this high temple, on a chair of state,
 The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
 "Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own; 270
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—

Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?

Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?

(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,

And oft befall to miserable men); 275

Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,

Spent and disabled in so long a way?

Say what you want: the Latians you shall find

Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;

For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign, 280

His hospitable customs we retain.

I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)

Th' Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born

On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,

And Samothracia, Samos call'd before. 285

From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:

But after, when exempt from mortal earth,

From thence ascended to his kindred skies,

A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."

He said.—Ilioneus made this reply: 290

"O king, of Faunus' royal family!

Nor wint'ry winds to Latium forc'd our way,

Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.

Willing we sought your shores ; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found ; 295
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd ;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.

The god began our line, who rules above ;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove :
And hither are we come, by his command, 300
To crave admission in your happy land.

How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd ;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms ; 305
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea ;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.

From that dire deluge, through the wat'ry waste 310
(Such length of years, such various perils past),
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare—
The common water, and the common air ;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,

Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods. 316
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train. 320
Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear—
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear 325
These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends; 330
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy, 335
Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
This royal robe and this tiara wore

Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,
 In full assemblies, and in solemn games : 339
 These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames."

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
 His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast ;
 Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest, 344
 But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight—
 Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.

On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind ;
 And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
 This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
 To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed : 350

This was the race that sure portents foreshew
 To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
 At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke :
 "The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both invoke,
 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be, 355
 And firm our purpose with their augury!

Have what you ask : your presents I receive :
 Land, where and when you please, with ample leave :
 Partake and use my kingdom as your own :

All shall be yours, while I command the crown. 360
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear:
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest, 365
I add to his commands my own request:
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line. 370
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require, 375
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire."
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,

The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.

Then to his absent guest the king decreed 385

A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire ;

Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produced on earth, 389

Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.

These draw the chariot which Latinus sends ;
And the rich present to the prince commends.

Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height, 395

As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.

She saw the Trojan and his joyful train

Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success, 400

Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.

Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul ; and thus she said :

“ O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
 O fates of Troy, which Juno’s fates oppose! 405
 Could they not fall unpity’d on the plain,
 But, slain, revive, and, taken, ’scape again?
 When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
 Through fires and swords and seas they forc’d their
 way.

Then vanquish’d Juno must in vain contend,— 410
 Her rage disarm’d, her empire at an end!
 Breathless and tir’d, is all my fury spent?
 Or does my glutt’d spleen at length relent?
 As if ’twere little from their town to chase,
 I through the seas pursu’d their exil’d race; 415
 Engag’d the heav’ns, oppos’d the stormy main:
 But billows roar’d, and tempests rag’d in vain.
 What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
 When these they overpass, and those they shun?
 On Tyber’s shores they land, secure of fate, 420
 Triumphant o’er the storms of Juno’s hate!
 Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;
 And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia’s wrath,
 Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon—

(What great offence had either people done?): 425
 But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
 Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
 With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
 And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!
 If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt 430
 To seek for needful succour from without?
 If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,
 Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.
 Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
 The Trojan race to reign in Italy: 435
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
 And both the people near destruction brought.
 So shall the son-in-law and father join, 440
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
 O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
 With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
 Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:
 Another queen brings forth another brand, 445
 To burn with foreign fires another land!

A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
 Shall fire his country with a second flame."

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
 To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat 451
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.

This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
 One who delights in wars, and human woes.
 Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race; 455

Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.

Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
 "O virgin daughter of eternal Night, 460

Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.

Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.

Expel from Italy that odious name, 465

And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,

And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays, 470
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds :
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war." 475
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood :
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight ; 479
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus, disposess'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes 485
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes :
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.

Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims 491
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs, 495
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees ;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war, 500
And thus bespoke her husband : " Shall," she said,
" A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed ?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come, 505
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom :
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away !
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore 510
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word ;

And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son. 515
 Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
 Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
 Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
 Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
 Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace, 520
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race."
 But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast. 525
 She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
 And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about, 530
 Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
 They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
 Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows

Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes. 535

Not yet content, she strains her malice more,

And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:

She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng

Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,

Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious

ways, 540

And with these arts the Trojan match delays.

She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cry'd aloud,

And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.

“ Evæ! O Bacchus!” thus began the song;

And “ Evæ!” answer'd all the female throng. 545

“ O virgin worthy thee alone!” she cry'd;

“ O worthy thee alone!” the crew reply'd.

“ For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,

And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.”

Like fury seiz'd the rest: the progress known, 550

All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:

All, clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,

Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;

And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.

The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine, 555

Shook high above her head a flaming pine,
 Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song:
 "Iö! ye Latian dames, if any here
 Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear; 560
 If there be here," she said, "who dare maintain
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."
 Amata's breast the Fury thus invades, 565
 And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.
 Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
 The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
 Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
 And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies. 570
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old
 By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,
 Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
 Of following Argives, through the stormy main, 574
 Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
 'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;
 Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.

Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
 Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
 Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside 580
 Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
 The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
 Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
 Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
 Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws; 585
 Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
 Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
 Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began, 590
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
 " Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
 In fighting-fields, and conquer towns in vain?
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories? 595
 The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
 The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sou ht!
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!

Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize; 600

Protect the Latians in luxurious ease!

This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends: I bear

Her mighty mandates; and her words you hear.

Haste! arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;

With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train: 605

Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that
lie

In Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.

The Latin king, unless he shall submit,

Own his old promise, and his new forget—

Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove, 610

And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.

For such is heav'n's command."—The youthful
prince

With scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence.

"You tell me, mother, what I knew before,

The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore. 615

I neither fear nor will provoke the war:

My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.

But time has made you dote, and vainly tell

Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.

Go! be the temple and the gods your care: 620

Permit to men the thought of peace and war."

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke:
And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.

Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;

Her hideous looks and hellish form return: 625

Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,

And open all the furies of her face:

Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,

She cast him backward as he strove to rise, 629

And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.

High on her head she rears two twisted snakes:

Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;

And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:

"Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell

Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell! 635

Behold the Fates' infernal minister!

War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.

Aghast he wak'd; and starting from his bed, 640

Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.

“Arms! arms!” he cries: “my sword and shield
prepare!”

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.

So, when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,

The bubbling waters from the bottom rise: 645

Above the brims they force their fiery way;

Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band

He firsts commissions to the Latian land,

In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest, 650

To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,

To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,

And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.

Himself alone an equal match he boasts,

To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts. 655

The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare

Their arms, and warm each other to the war.

His beauty these, and those his blooming age,

The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise, 660

The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies;

New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,

Which overlooks the vale with wide command ;
 Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train, 664
 With horns and hounds a hunting-match ordain,
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
 The fury fires the pack ; they snuff, they vent,
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
 High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies. 670
 From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
 The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

 The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
 Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
 Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring, 675
 Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king :
 Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
 The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
 To hang his budding horns, with ribands ty'd
 His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide, 680
 And bath'd his body. Patient of command
 In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
 He waited at his master's board for food ;
 Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,

Where grazing all the day, at night he came 685
 To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
 This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
 Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
 As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
 In the cool waters, and to quench his heat. 690
 Ascanius, young and eager of his game,
 Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
 But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
 Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
 The bleeding creature issues from the floods, 695
 Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
 His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
 He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
 Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
 Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700
 For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
 The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
 In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
 One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
 Arm'd with a knotty club another came: 705
 Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,

Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrreus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn, 715
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew. 725
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,

But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favour'd neither side, 730

The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd :

But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields

Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.

A shining harvest either host displays,

And shoots against the sun with equal rays. 735

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,

White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries ;

Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies ;

Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,

The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown. 740

First Almon falls; old Tyrrheus' eldest care,

Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war :

Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,

And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.

Huge heaps of slain around the body rise : 745

Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies ;

A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,

Amidst the madness of th' unruly train :

Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd ;

His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. 750

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
 The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood ;
 Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
 To Juno thus she speaks : " Behold ! 'tis done, 755
 The blood already drawn, the war begun ;
 The discord is complete ; nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
 Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood 759
 Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood ;
 Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more :
 The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
 Then Juno thus : " The grateful work is done, 765
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun :
 Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
 A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line : 770
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair ;
 For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear

Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
 Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd, 775
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):
 Below the lofty mounts on either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide. 780
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell, 785
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring
 skies.

Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
 Attends the fatal process of the war. 790
 The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,
 Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
 The corps of Almon, and the rest, are shown:

Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears, 795
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear, 801
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's int'rest in the land),
Against the public sanctions of the peace, 805
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves— 810
Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides—
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd, 815

And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
 He calls the gods to witness their offence,
 Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.

“Hurry'd by fate,” he cries, “and borne before
 A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore! 820

O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
 The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:

Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
 And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.

For me, my stormy voyage at an end, 825
 I to the port of death securely tend.

The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
 Is all I want, and all you take away.”

He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
 Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd; 830

Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
 But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
 Their standard when in fighting fields they rear 835
 Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—

Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
 Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain. 839

Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
 And still are worship'd with religious fear)
 Before his temple stand : the dire abode,
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts ; without the gates,
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits. 845

Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military shouts arise,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies. 850

These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
 Were the king's office : but the king refus'd,
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war ;
 But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms, 855
 Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.

Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from
 high ;

At her approach the brazen hinges fly ;

The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar ;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war. 860
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire ; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare ;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, 865
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.
Part scour their rusty shields with seam ; and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart ;
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky. 870
Five cities forge their arms—th' Atinian pow'rs,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town :
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field ; 875
Some twine young sallows to support the shield ;
The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share 879
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.

Old fauchions are new temper'd in the fires :
 The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
 The word is giv'n ; with eager speed they lace
 The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
 The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd ; 885
 The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,
 Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
 Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,
 Their arms, and armies under their command ; 890
 What warriors in our ancient clime were bred ;
 What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
 For well you know, and can record alone,
 What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain : 895
 Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
 Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
 He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
 The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
 Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire ; 900
 To Turnus only second in the grace
 Of manly mien, and features of the face.

A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
 With fates averse a thousand men he led :
 His sire unworthy of so brave a son ; 905
 Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
 The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
 Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field ;
 His father's hydra fills his ample shield ; 910
 A hundred serpents hiss about the brims ;
 The son of Hercules he justly seems,
 By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—
 Of heav'nly, part, and, part, of earthly blood,
 A mortal woman mixing with a god. 915
 For strong Alcides, after he had slain
 The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
 His captive herds ; and, thence in triumph led,
 On Tuscan Tyber's flow'ry banks they fed.
 Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove 920
 The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore ;
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
 Like Hercules himself, his son appears

In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears; 925
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest. 929

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name),
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front ap-
pear,

Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight; 935
They rush along, the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, 940
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields, 945

The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,

Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—

A num'rous rout, but all of naked men :

Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,

Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field, 950

But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead ;

And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head :

The left foot naked, when they march to fight ;

But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire), 955

Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,

In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms

A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms :

The just Faliscans he to battle brings, 959

And those who live where lake Ciminius springs ;

And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,

Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands :

All these in order march, and marching sing

The warlike actions of their sea-born king ;

Like a long team of snowy swans on high, 965

Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,

When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,

They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
 Not one who heard their music from afar, 969
 Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
 But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
 With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
 Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
 Of troops embody'd from the Sabine land,
 And, in himself alone, an army brought. 975
 'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,
 The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
 To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
 He led the Cures forth of old renown,
 Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town, 980
 And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band
 That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
 And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
 And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
 And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica, 985
 And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,
 And where Himella's wanton waters play.
 Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
 By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:

The warlike aids of Horta next appear, 990

And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,

Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,

Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.

Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,

When pale Orion sets in wint'ry rain, 995

Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,

Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,

Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;

Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came, 1000

A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:

From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid,

A thousand men the youthful hero led,

Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,

And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground, 1005

And those who live by Sidicinian shores,

And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,

Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,

And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants.

Light demi-lances from afar they throw, 1010

Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
 Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
 And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor, Cæbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
 From nymph Sebethis and old Telon sprung, 1015

Who then in Teloboan Capri reign'd;
 But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,
 And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
 Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—

O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees, 1020
 From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.

And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
 Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
 Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight; 1024
 Their casques are cork, a cov'ring thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
 And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
 The rude Æquiculæ his rule obey'd;
 Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
 In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd: 1030
 Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,

By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid ;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage, 1035
And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart. 1040
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair ;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore, 1045
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed: 1050
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore ;

Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. 1055
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd:
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart, 1060
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove, 1064
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art; and warrior steeds he rein'd. 1070
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r, 1075
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
 With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
 A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
 To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd; 1080
 And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
 Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood.
 A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
 With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
 Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands, 1085
 And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands;
 Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
 And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
 And those who near Numician streams reside,
 And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide; 1090
 Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
 Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame: 1095
 Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
 Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,

Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain, 1100
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes: 1105
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd; 1110
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields, 5
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.

Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud. 10
These through the country took their wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomedè they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform 15
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
“ Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate; 20
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears, 25
And common int'rest was involv'd in theirs.”
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind; 30

Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd ;
 Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
 So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
 Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, 35
 The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side ;
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
 And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep 40
 The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
 And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
 Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
 And found in silent slumber late relief.
 Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood, 45
 Arose the father of the Roman flood ;
 An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
 A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head :
 Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd, 49
 And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd :
 " Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
 O long expected in this promis'd place !

Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes—

This is thy happy home, the clime where fate 55
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.

Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

And that this nightly vision may not seem

Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream, 60

A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,

All white herself, and white her thirty young.

When thirty rolling years have run their race,

Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,

Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame, 65

Which from this omen shall receive the name.

Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,

And how with sure success to crown thy pains,

With patience next attend. A banish'd band,

Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land, 70

Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls:

Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,

Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:

But the fierce Latians old possession claim,

With war infesting the new colony. 75

These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.

To thy free passage I submit my streams.

Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;

And, when the setting stars are lost in day,

To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay; 80

With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:

Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.

When thou return'st victorious from the war,

Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.

The god am I, whose yellow water flows 85

Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:

Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,

Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.

This is my certain seat. In times to come,

My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome." 90

He said; and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,

His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.

He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies

With purple blushing, and the day arise.

Then water in his hollow palm he took 95

From Tyber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:

“ Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tyber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.

Whatever fount, whatever holy deep, 100

Conceals thy wat'ry stores—where'er they rise,

And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—

Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn

Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,

For this thy kind compassion of our woes, 105

Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows.

But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,

And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.”

Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,

With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars. 110

Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—

Wond'rous to tell!—She lay along the ground:

Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;

She white herself, and white her thirty young.

Æneas takes the mother and her brood; 115

And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The following night, and the succeeding day,

Propitious Tyber smooth'd his wat'ry way:

He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling; and a peaceful flood. 120

The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.

Shouts from the land give omen to their course;
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.

The woods and waters wonder at the gleam 125
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.

One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid
glass.

The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space, 130

When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,

Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.

These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor) 135
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.

'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove

To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove. 140

Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;

And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the
flood,

And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,

They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast, 145

Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest

To pay the rites. Himself without delay

A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way,

Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far :

“ Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;

Your bus'ness here, and bring you peace or war ? ”

High on the stern Æneas took his stand,

And held a branch of olive in his hand,

While thus he spoke: “ The Phrygians' arms you

see,

Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy 155

By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—

At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.

This message bear: the Trojans and their chief

Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.”

Struck with so great a name, and all on fire, 160

The youth replies: "Whatever you require,

Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,

A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."

He said, and, downward hasting to the strand, 164

Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.

Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke

The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:

"Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,

I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—

Undaunted I approach you, though I know 170

Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;

From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,

And both the brother kings your kindred claim:

Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,

Your virtue, through the neighb'ring nations blown,

Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice, 176

Have led me hither, less by need than choice.

Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,

And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:

Electra from the loins of Atlas came— 180

Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.

Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.

Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,

Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky. 185

Thus from one common source our streams divide:

Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.

Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,

Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;

But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.

The same Rutullans, who with arms pursue 191

The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.

Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay

The victor troops from universal sway?

Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,

And either sea from side to side command. 196

Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:

Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:

We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;

In council cautious, and in fields we dare." 200

He said: and, while he spoke, with piercing eyes

Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—

Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face;

Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
" O valiant leader of the Trojan line, 205
In whom the features of thy father shine!
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd 210
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight; 215
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands, 219
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I su'd, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnoisian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold, 225

And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away. 230

Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take your seat,
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."

Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear) 235

The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.

On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:

A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,

Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,

A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, they spread. 240

The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine

In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:

Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued
chine.

But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,

Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest: 245

"These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,

From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance :
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense, 250
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky ;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie ;
Such undigested ruin ; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air ! 255
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore ; 260
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot : and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god. 265
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain :—
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.

His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's banks, to graze the shady grove. 270

Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen, 275

He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.

The tracks averse a lying notice gave,

And led the searcher backward from the cave.

Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,

To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass. 280

The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around

With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.

One heifer, who had heard her love complain,

Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.

Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook, 285

And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.

Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,

He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.

Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:

Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face, 290

Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;

Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw

His body: on his back the door he drew—

(The door, a rib of living rock; with pains 295

His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):

He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,

And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;

The fierce avenger came with bounding haste; 300

Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;

And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.

He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round

With winged speed the circuit of the ground.

Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain, 305

And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.

A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,

Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:

Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night, 309

Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.

The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,

And nodded to the left. The hero stood

Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock 315
Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tyber div'd beneath his bed. 320
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high, 325
The gods with hate behold the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th'invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away, 330
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.

He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires 335

Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,

Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,

To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.

The wrathful god then plunges from above, 339

And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,

There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes

his way,

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.

The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;

He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,

And in a knot his crippled members bound; 345

Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes:

Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.

The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day;

And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.

The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air agen. 350

Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.

The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,

Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,

His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd

eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine, 355
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows :
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade, 359
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood;
And with deep draughts invoke our common god."
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd; 365
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening-star began to rise. 370
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load, 375
And with full chargers offer to the god.

The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song. 380
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules :
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands ;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew, 385
Th' Æchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
“ Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew : 390
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat. 395
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight ;
Thee, god ! no face of danger could affright ;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,

Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heav'n's
 command." 444

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
 Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
 Who to her son foretold th' Ænean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place;— 450
 Then shews the forests, which, in after-times,
 Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
 A sacred refuge made;—with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rock had rites divine;—
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest, 455
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
 Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely
 reeds.

A rev'rent fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains. 460
 Some god, they knew—what god, they could not tell—
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.

Th' Arcadians thought him Jove: and said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around, 465
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood)
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;
And either place the founder's name retains. 470
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall—
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):
Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest: 476
“ Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror,
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feasted him; and emulate a god.” 480
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now Night had shed her silver dews around,

And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground, 485
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
 Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid—
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love. 491
 " While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore; 495
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,
 Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
 The danger of Æneas did implore.
 But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree, 500
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious pow'r, that rul'st my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won 505
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace

With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the reliques of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy, 510
And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy."
She said; and strait her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire; 515
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles. 520
Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
"Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand, 525
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage. 530

Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love."

Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms, 535
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till, in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

Now when the Night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god— 540

The time when early housewives leave the bed:
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—

With yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light, 545

And to their daily labour add the night:

Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,

And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—

Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,

Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r. 550

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks: and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal: 555
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight. 560
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast— 565
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste:
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame. 570
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,

And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
 To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold 575
 The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
 Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
 With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
 "My sons!" said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside:
 Your strength and master-skill must now be try'd.
 Arms for a hero forge—arms that require 581
 Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
 He said. They set their former work aside,
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold, 585
 And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd:
 Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war,
 Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close.
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows. 590
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
 By turns, their arms advance in equal time;
 By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.

They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs :
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs. 596

While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise. 600

He leaves his lowly bed : his buskins meet
Above his ankles ; sandals sheath his feet :
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd. 605
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly
guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend ;
And true Achates waited on his friend. 610

They join their hands : a secret seat they choose ;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews :
“ Undaunted prince ! I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend : 615

But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds:
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join 620
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown, 625
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour, 630
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes?
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race! 635
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupl'd face to face, and hand to hand,

Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more— 640
 The people's patience, try'd, no longer bore
 The raging monster; but with arms beset
 His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
 They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
 They force his guards, and execute his friends. 645
 He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
 To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
 By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
 With arms, their king to punishment require: 649
 Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
 My counsel shall submit to your command.
 Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
 To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
 An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate, 654
 With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
 "Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
 Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
 Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
 To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!

Know this: no native of our land may lead 660
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head."

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament: 665

The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.

But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,

And a soul conscious of its own decay, 670
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.

My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,

And half a native: but, in you, combine
A manly vigour and a foreign line. 675

Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.

The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;

In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare, 680
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
 And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
 Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
 Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band. 685
 These in my name are listed; and my son
 As many more has added in his own."
 Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
 With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
 Who, short of succours, and in deep despair, 690
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:
 Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky; 694
 And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
 Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
 And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
 Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,
 Æneas only, conscious to the sign, 701
 Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.

Then, to th' Arcadian king: " This prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me. 705
 Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
 Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
 My goddess mother, whose indulgent care
 Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
 This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms, 710
 Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
 Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
 Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
 Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn: 714
 And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tyber borne,
 Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:
 And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
 The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
 And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires; 720
 Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
 There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
 And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
 Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
 Draws out the best, and ablest of the crew. 725

Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest, 730
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march : amid the fearful crowd, 735
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace, 740
Strain'd his departing friend ; and tears o'erflow his
 face.
" Would Heav'n (said he) my strength and youth
 recall,
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—
Then when I made the foremost foes retire, 744
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire ;

When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue ;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms, 750
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms ;
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king! 755
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return'd with peace and victory :
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight ;
If we shall meet again with more delight ;
Then draw my life in length ; let me sustain, 760
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head ;
This, O! this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie ; 765
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms—

Before that fatal news my soul shall wound !”

He said, and swooning sunk upon the ground.

His servants bore him off, and softly laid 770

His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd
wide;

Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.

Next these the Trojan leaders rode along :

Last, follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng. 775

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;

Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.

So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head

The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led;

Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew, 780

Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,

And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,

Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far

The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.

The troops, drawn up in beautiful array, 786

O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.

Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:

The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. 790

A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.

The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood, 795

That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.

Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide, 800

By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,

And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.

Thither his warlike train the Trojan led, 805
Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with
 charms,

Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.

Within a winding vale she finds her son,

On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone. 810
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
" Behold (she said) perform'd, in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy, 815
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight. 820
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright. 825
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold: 830
For there, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought

(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)

The wars in order, and the race divine

Of warriors issuing from the Julian line. 834

The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:

There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins,

Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:

The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:

They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,

She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as

they fed. 840

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games

Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.

The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,

For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.

Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend: 845

The Romans there with arms the prey defend.

Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;

And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,

Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand 850

A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,

With imprecations on the perjur'd head.

Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green, 854

By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.

There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.

One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:

The Roman youth assert their native rights. 860

Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.

Their king, half threat'ning, half disdain'g, stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide, 865
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clœlia for their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,

To guard the temple, and the temple's god.

Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.

The silver goose before the shining gate 871

There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.

She told the Gauls' approach: th'approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair; 875
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance: 879
And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance:
* In caps of wool: the targets dropt from heav'n.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen; 885
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws. 890
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage— 895
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.

Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
 Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight: 900
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
 And with propitious gods, his foes assails.
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows, 905
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war: 910
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
 It seems, as if the Cyclades again 915
 Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.

Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lines fly :
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye. 920
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was ! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate ; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky, 925
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ætherial train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field. 930
The Diræ sowse from heav'n with swift descent :
And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease : her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height, 935
Pours down his arrows ; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales. 940

Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide 945
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd. 950
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays. 955
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory, 960
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,

Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race; 965
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides, 969
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought. 975
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

END OF VOL. III.

