

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE *ÆNEID* OF VIRGIL

BOOKS I-VI



*G. K. RICKARDS*

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

**THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL**

**BOOKS I-VI.**

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

*Preparing for Publication*

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL  
BOOKS VII.-XII.

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

LORD RAVENSWORTH

---

W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL

BOOKS I.-VI.

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

G. K. RICKARDS, M.A.

WITH

*AN INDEX OF PROPER NAMES*



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON  
MDCCLXXI

298. 9. 41.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

## P R E F A C E.

---

IT is with unfeigned diffidence that I offer to the public a new attempt to render the Æneid into English verse. The world, it may be feared, is becoming sated with translations from the classic poets, which have of late years issued in extraordinary numbers from the press. Yet it is by means of such a competition of translators that the desired result is most likely to be attained. The version which the general judgment pronounces to be the best obtains possession of the field: the unsuccessful sink into oblivion.

To represent worthily through the medium of another language the work of one of the most consummate masters of diction in the whole range of literature, is a task sufficiently arduous in itself; and in the case of the Æneid a new

translator may well feel daunted by the great names and high reputation of his predecessors. The number of English writers who have tried their hands on the great Latin epic is very considerable, though but few are at the present day held in much estimation. Without disparaging other versions, it may fairly be said that there are two which any new aspirant must regard as his most formidable competitors—viz., those of Dryden and of the late Professor Conington.

Each of these works, widely as they differ in character and style, unquestionably possesses great merit. It would be the height of presumption to question the genius of Dryden, to whom, though his poetry is not much in accordance with the taste of the present day, common consent has assigned a prominent place in the hierarchy of English poets. But without at all disparaging his title to the rank which he thus holds, I cannot think either that Dryden's translation of the *Æneid* deserves to be placed on a level with his own greatest works, or that it bears that true resemblance to the original which the discriminating admirers of Virgil are entitled to expect in a translation. It was composed, as we learn from his own account, under the depressing conditions of advancing years, failing health, and poverty; it was done



with great rapidity, and in many parts bears evident marks of haste and inadvertence. It is extremely diffuse in style; and whatever other merits it may have, it certainly does not possess that of fidelity to the original. On this latter point, indeed, I am not disposed to be over-critical—extreme literalness is, in my opinion, not to be looked for in a metrical translation. If such a work is to give any pleasure to an English reader, it must be composed in free, natural, and idiomatic English, with which a rigid adherence to the *verbum verbo reddere* rule is absolutely incompatible. But Dryden takes liberties with his author which even the prerogative of original genius will not warrant. “*Pecca fortitèr*” would seem to be his motto. He interpolates much that Virgil never said; he omits still more which he finds it inconvenient to translate, slurring over too often the delicate touches and fine shades of his master. The more critical spirit of the present day would, I believe, visit with considerable severity such laxity of execution in a modern version.

But not to dwell on imperfections of detail, I confess that my dissatisfaction with Dryden’s *Æneid* rests on broader grounds. As an ardent admirer of Virgil, and deeply impressed with his peculiar beauties, which have been my study and delight for more than forty

years, ~~the great~~ complaint which I have to make against Dryden's version is, that, be it what else it may, it is not *Virgilian*. The genius and spirit of the English poet had, according to my conception, little affinity with those of the Roman—"Magis pares quam similes." Some, indeed, of the high qualities of the poetic intellect were common to both. Force, energy, grandeur of style, splendour and copiousness of diction,—in these they were alike; our own countryman perhaps not greatly the inferior. But there are other characteristics of Virgil wherein he has never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled—which constitute his greatest charm and his true title to the admiration with which his works have been cherished for so many centuries,—exquisite taste and purity of style, inimitable grace of manner, exhibited alike in expression and in reticence, and, above all, a deep and genuine tenderness and pathos, that "touch of nature"—the "mentem mortalia tangunt"—which "makes all hearts kin." The sorrows of Creusa, of Andromache, even of Dido in the most passionate agonies of her grief, never overstep the modesty of nature, yet probe that nature to its inmost depths. Wonderfully skilled and graceful was the hand which traced these lineaments, not of Trojan or of Tyrian, but of universal human nature. Very different from

www.iblib.com.cn  
this was the hand of Dryden. Vigour and strength and powerful grasp indeed it had, but it lacked the grace and delicacy, the purity and tenderness of touch which characterised the Roman artist. Hence it is that in reading Dryden's version the admirer of Virgil is often offended by a coarseness and inelegance of thought and language which intrude themselves in the most refined and touching passages of the original. An incongruous word, an exaggerated epithet, an overloaded ornament, is enough to mar the whole beauty of a passage. Dryden himself evidently felt an imperfect sympathy with a writer of a spirit and temperament dissimilar from his own. He frankly admits that the Muse of Homer was more akin to his genius than that of Virgil. On the metre and structure of his verse I shall have more to say presently.

In referring to the recent translation of Professor Conington, I am treading on more delicate ground. The respect attached to the name of that accomplished scholar, and the universal regret for the loss that literature and the University of which he was an ornament sustained by his death, would be sufficient to check any rude criticism of his work, even were it justly amenable to such treatment. But far from seeking to depreciate it, I frankly acknowledge its high merits. In thorough appreciation

of the spirit of his author, in scrupulous fidelity to the original, in skill and elegance of versification, and in the power of dealing both with the lofty and the tender passages, Mr Conington has shown, in my opinion, most of the essential qualities that a translator of Virgil should possess. Yet at the same time I am compelled to say that the effect of the whole is, according to my apprehension, a shortcoming and a disappointment. The beauty of the entire work is marred by one irredeemable mistake—the most unfortunate choice of metre. An epic in octosyllabic rhyme! One of the few grand heroic poems the world has produced set to the measure of the ‘Lord of the Isles’! There is, in my judgment, but one really suitable English metre for works of this class; yet the heroic couplet of Dryden, the stanza of Spenser, or even that dubious modern importation, the English hexameter, may have some claims to a preference. But to adapt the majestic strains of Homer or of Virgil to the tripping and jingling measure which is the fitting vehicle for Border legends or romaunts of chivalry, is to my mind an irretrievable mistake. How are the stately march, the sonorous volume, the varied cadences, and finely-adjusted rhythm of the great Mantuan to be represented in those little monotonous English couplets, even though diversified by such variations as Mr Conington,



following Sir W. Scott, has interspersed? What is to become of those grand sententious single lines, not unfrequent in the *Æneid*, which by their compact force and fulness stamp themselves like proverbs on the memory? Such lines as the following seem imperatively to demand from the translator to be rendered in the same spirit and within the same limits, verse for verse, as the original:—

‘Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.’

‘Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.’

‘Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.’

The last line is thus expanded by Dryden—

‘If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,  
Hell shall the power of Jove and Heaven supply.’

Thus by Conington—

‘What choice ’twixt under and above?  
If Heaven be firm, the Shades shall move.’

Virgil's line can scarcely fail to recall one of our own epic poet, not, of course, equivalent in meaning, yet a striking counterpart in idea and expression, and scarcely less grand than the Latin—

‘Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.’

The line in question does not fall within the limits of my work, but I would submit that the following, though inadequate, comes nearer to

the ~~true rendering~~ than those which I have cited—

Hell will I raise, if Heaven my suit denies.

The metre of which Professor Conington, so unjustly, as I think, to his own powers, made choice, is not only ill suited in itself to represent the grandeur and stateliness of the *Æneid*, but it has had a deteriorating effect on the whole tone of the composition. The work throughout is pitched in too low a key. The metre has reacted on the diction, which in many passages is deficient in elevation and disfigured by modernisms that jar with the classic model. The associations connected with the measure have a tendency to lower the great heroic drama to the level of modern minstrelsy, and the figure which rises behind the translator's page is not that of Publius Virgilius Maro, but of Walter Scott. It would be easy to give illustrations of these remarks, but I refrain from doing so lest I should seem to disparage one whose remarkable powers and acquirements I regard with respectful admiration.

In the excellent Preface to his own translation of the *Iliad*, Cowper has pronounced a very decided opinion against rhymed epics. He says: "I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impos-

sible. No human ingenuity is equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense, of the original." To this opinion of a competent critic who had himself made ample trial both of blank and rhymed verse, I venture to subscribe my humble assent. The mantle of rhyme, indeed, covers a multitude of faults. The ear, pleased with the regularly-recurring sound, gives absolution for many faults of diction ; but it cannot, surely, be questioned that the exigencies of rhyme form an immense impediment to that free choice of language which is needed to represent with the most exact propriety the sense of the translated author. And just in proportion as the merit of the original consists in felicity of diction, it is essential that the translator should have the range of all the resources of his own vocabulary without let or hindrance. The *Æneid* is a case strictly in point. All critics are agreed that the pre-eminent charm of Virgil lies in his exquisite beauty of expression. The task imposed on an English writer of doing justice to his master in this respect is arduous enough ; but it is made prodigiously more difficult if, besides the considerations of gracefulness and propriety of language, he is still further restricted in his selection by the demands of rhyme.

But worse even, in my opinion, than its effect in limiting the free choice of diction, is the tendency of the rhymed measure to force the composition into the monotonous mould of couplets, however repugnant this may be to the movement and spirit of the original. Couplets, indeed, such as those of Ovid's Elegiacs, may well be translated by couplets; but to compress within these artificial trammels such a poem as the *Æneid*, in which the rhythm and the cadences are infinitely diversified—such diversity, indeed, being one of the chief beauties of the style—is an error which no ingenuity can redeem. Dryden, indeed, seems to have been sensible of this incongruity, for he has interspersed his distichs with a most copious admixture of triplets and Alexandrines. But it may be questioned whether the remedy he adopted was not worse than the disease; for though such variations, sparingly introduced, afford an agreeable change; when used with profusion in every page they have an opposite effect—harassing to the ear. Indeed, this peculiarity has been remarked upon by some judicious critics as one of the chief blots on Dryden's composition. Such expedients afford at best a partial mitigation of the evil in question; the tendency to close the sense with the couplet, is too strong to be resisted. Accordingly, as the



original does not naturally fall into this mould, it is constrained to do so, and the matter is accommodated to the metre by expletives and additions of the translator's own. Hence arises the besetting fault of translations—that enervating diffuseness which may be observed in the workmanship of even the most accomplished writers. Pope, after rendering faithfully enough the concluding line of the *Iliad*—

‘Such honours Iliion to her hero paid,’

tacks on, to complete the couplet, a pure invention of his own—

‘And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.’

Johnson, with admirable terseness, gives the full sense of Juvenal's lines—

‘Haud facîle emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi’—

‘Slow rises worth by poverty depressed ;’

but he is compelled to make out the distich by prefixing the gratuitous assertion—

‘This mournful truth is everywhere confessed.’

Dryden himself has thus diluted the famous apostrophe—

‘Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?’

‘Can heavenly minds such high resentment show ?  
Or exercise their spite in human woe ?’

The effect of that debilitating expansion of the sense which is resorted to in order to eke out the couplet, may be further illustrated by the following comparison :—

The first six books of the <i>Æneid</i>		
contain in the original,	. . .	4755 lines.
The version of Dryden,	. . .	6495 „
That of Pitt, in the same measure,		6523 „
Mr Conington's version contains,		
I believe, about	. . .	7300 „
The adoption of blank verse has		
enabled me to include the		
whole in	. . . .	5410 „

Mr Conington's lines, it should be remembered, are the shortest, consisting generally of eight, but occasionally of only six syllables each. The Latin hexameter averages about fifteen; the English heroic metre—rhyme or blank—ten syllables.

The superior terseness of which blank verse is thus shown to be capable, gives it, in my opinion, a great advantage over other metres; but this is only one of its superiorities. In the hands of our great poets, from Shakespeare and Milton to Wordsworth and Shelley, it has been proved to be capable of the highest flights of sublimity and beauty, and has vindicated its title as the noblest of English measures—the

true and worthy vehicle of the epic muse. Its freedom, its flexibility, the variety of pauses and modulations of rhythm which it admits of, mark it as the true counterpart of the classical hexameter. It adapts itself to every exigency of the composition—the abrupt apostrophe, the terse dialogue, the lucid narrative, or the flowing description. It may be made, in skilful hands, to the full as harmonious as the most exquisitely balanced couplets of Pope, and may more than compensate to the ear for the absence of the rhyming termination by the more subtle melody of rhythm.

The truth of these observations in the abstract will perhaps not be questioned, but it will be objected, that to write blank verse of the quality above described requires the skill of a great master of the art; whereas in inferior hands such charms are lost, and then blank verse becomes a dreary blank indeed. I am not insensible to the force of such remarks, which, indeed, are well calculated to warn humble versifiers, like myself, off the ground. Still I maintain that if Virgil is to be translated at all (which may be a question with some, but the thing has been and will be done), he ought to be translated in that measure which most readily assimilates with his own, and in which an English writer may represent most truthfully not

only the language, but, what is more important, the manner and spirit of the original. The rhymed metre, with its inevitable tendency to expand and weaken the sense, and its monotonous repetition of balanced periods, is, in my estimation, far more wearisome to the ear and mind than the unrhymed verse, which, even if it be not of the highest order of poetry, may at least be terse in style, natural in movement, and free from those palling expletives and make-weights which are needed to fit the dimensions of the unvarying couplet.

It remains that I should state briefly my views as to the obligations of a translator in respect to fidelity to the original, and as to the degree in which I have found myself able to carry those views into execution.

To render a poem from the original into another language with absolute literalness I believe to be impossible without a total sacrifice of poetical effect. Occasional passages may indeed be found which fall naturally into corresponding phrases, and may be rendered with exact nicety, and little, if any, loss of beauty ; but the diversities of any two languages make it impossible to maintain, throughout a long work, an exact conformity to the diction of the original, without sinking into a style which must needs become intolerably stiff and repulsive to the reader.

Any metrical translation which in the pursuit of exactness sacrifices ease, harmony, and spirit, though it may win the applause of scholars as a feat of ingenuity, or become, as Johnson says of Dr Trapp's version of the *Æneid*, "the clandestine refuge of schoolboys," will certainly be pronounced by the bulk of cultivated persons unreadable. Any work that justly incurs such a sentence is a mere misapplication of labour. The highest merit of a poetical translation I conceive to be, that while reflecting all that is really significant in the thought and expression, it should, as far as possible, "read like an original;" and even where it fails to afford an exact counterpart of the language, or varies the form or structure of the sentences, should preserve an accordance with the manner and spirit of the author. Such an essential likeness I believe it is possible to maintain, even where the genius and idioms of the two languages render a more precise approximation undesirable, if not impracticable. To translate the most elegant of Latin poets into lame or Latinised English, would be in my eyes a capital fault, less venial than even some degree of licence in departing from the text. All translation is, in fact, more or less a compromise, in which a lesser advantage must often be surrendered to secure a greater. A skilful writer may

find himself able so to manipulate the resources of his own language as to compensate to the original in one passage for his inevitable shortcomings in another. A bald style, which may remind his readers of "the wrong side of the tapestry," is at all hazards to be avoided. "Whatever else may be right," as an accomplished labourer\* in this field has observed, "a stiff translation of an easy and flowing original must be wrong."

How far I have myself fulfilled the obligation of faithfulness to the original, which it has been my anxious endeavour to observe, it is for others to judge. To those critics who possibly may think my version less exact than it ought to be, I have only to answer, that had I possessed the skill to reconcile a more literal adherence to the text with what I consider the indispensable requisite of ease and freedom of style, I would have done so.

My work appears on the face of it to be but a fragment. More imperious demands upon my time have obliged me to limit myself to the first six books. But happily for me, the continuation of the work has been undertaken, and already carried far towards completion, by another hand. Lord Ravensworth, whose

\* Preface to Translation of the *Odyssey*, by the late Mr Philip Worsley.

name is much better known to the world than my own, through his elegant translation of the Odes of Horace, and other scholar-like productions of his pen, is engaged in translating the other six books of the Æneid in the same measure ; and the publication of his volume will, I hope, within a short interval, follow mine. For my own part, I am fully conscious how far the execution falls short of the ideal standard with which I set out. Those who know Virgil best will most fully appreciate the difficulties of my task. But whatever may be the verdict of the public, it cannot rob me of that satisfaction which a translator who loves his author secures to himself by the execution of his work—a more observant study and a keener perception of the beauties of the original.

G. K. R.

11 CLEVELAND GARDENS, HYDE PARK,  
*June 1871.*

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

•





[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK I.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



## T H E Æ N E I D.

## B O O K I.

ARMS and the man I sing who first, from Troy  
Expelled by Fate's decree, to Italy  
And the Lavinian shores, a wanderer came.  
Sore travail he endured by land and sea  
From adverse Gods, and unrelenting rage  
Of haughty Juno : harassed, too, by war,  
His destined city while he strove to build,  
And raise new altars for his exiled Gods.  
The Latian race, the Alban fathers hence  
Their birth derived — hence Rome's proud fabric  
                  sprung. 10  
Say, Muse, what dire affront 'gainst Heaven's high  
                  queen  
A man far-famed for piety consigned  
To toils so vast, such endless round of woes?

Lives there such rancour in Immortal breasts?

Facing Italia's coast where Tiber yields  
His waters to the main, yet far removed,  
Offshoot of Tyre, a city rose of old,  
Plenteous in wealth, in War's stern schooling trained ;  
Beyond all earthly seats by Juno prized :  
Not Samos dear as Carthage ; here her arms,       20  
Her battle-car was here : this favoured realm,  
Mother and queen of subject-lands to be,  
Did Fate permit, her sovereign will designed.  
But legends told her of a tribe to spring  
From Dardan loins, whose sons unborn should lay  
Proud Carthage low ; by that wide-conquering race  
Should Libya fall : thus Destiny ordained.  
Such fate Saturnia feared ; remembered, too,  
Her ancient feud with Troy for Argos waged ;  
Nor in her bosom had long-festering wrongs       30  
Yet ceased to rankle—deeply there were stored  
The Phrygian shepherd's judgment, the keen pang  
Of slighted charms, Electra's hated brood,  
And Ganymede by lawless love preferred.  
Such wrongs resenting, Ilion's outcast sons,  
By Grecian sword and fierce Achilles spared,  
Far from the Latian coasts the Goddess chased—  
Full many a year they roved, impelled by Fate,  
From sea to sea ; so toilsome was the task

To found the mighty edifice of Rome— 40

Now from Trinacria's fast-receding shore,  
With sails full set, the Trojan mariners  
Steered gaily o'er the deep, their burnished prows  
Cleaving the yeasty foam ; when Juno, still  
Nursing her livelong anguish, with herself  
Fierce converse held : " My counsels must I own  
Discomfited ? my efforts foiled to guard  
Italia's frontiers from this Dardan lord ?  
Fate baulks my purpose ! What ! could Pallas burn  
The Grecian fleet and drown their helpless crews, 50  
For one transgressor's fault, the unhallowed deed  
Of mad Oileus ? Hurling from the clouds  
The Thunderer's fiery bolts, she wrecked their ships,  
Upturned the watery depths ; the stricken chief,  
From his scorched breast disgorging flames, she caught  
With whirlwind blast and on a rock impaled.  
While I, Jove's spouse and sister—I who tread  
Heaven's courts a queen—with one poor race thus long  
Wage bootless war ! Who now will homage yield  
To Juno, or with incense heap her shrine ? " 60

Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,  
Forth to a region wild, Æolia named,  
Birthplace of storms and womb of mighty blasts,  
The Goddess speeds : there in his mountain cave  
King Æolus the struggling winds controls—

Prisoned in sunless vaults and curbed with chains.  
 Fiercely the captives chafe and beat their bars  
 With sullen moan. On high the monarch sits ;  
 His sceptre sways, and calms their furious mood—  
 Such check removed, full soon the rebel blasts, 70  
 In wild tornado mingling earth, sea, air,  
 Would sweep the spheres. Forecasting this, the Sire  
 In caverns deep immured them, heaped o'erhead  
 A towering pile of rocks, and o'er them set  
 A king enthroned, whose firmly-balanced sway  
 Might curb their wrath or loose the reins at will.  
 Him Juno thus in suppliant guise addressed :  
 'Great Æolus, by sovereign Jove ordained  
 To stir the waves with tempest, or allay  
 Their boisterous surge, a race by me abhorred 80  
 Steers o'er the Tuscan billows, and transports  
 Troy and her vanquished Gods to Italy.  
 Launch now thy blasts, and whelm them in the deep ;  
 Or scatter far and wide their barks, and toss  
 The wanderers o'er the main. Seven lovely nymphs  
 Twice numbered form my train—of these the flower,  
 Deïopeia, fairest of the fair,  
 Guerdon of duteous service, shall be thine,  
 In wedlock bands indissolubly joined,  
 To bless thy home with beauteous progeny.' 90  
 Then answered Æolus : 'Tis thine, O Queen !

To give thy wishes utterance ; mine to hear  
The mandate and obey : this bounded realm,  
The favour of great Jove, my place assigned  
At banquets of the Gods, and power supreme  
O'er winds and tempests—all to thee I owe.'

This said, with spear reversed the mount he smote.  
An outlet found, the winds, like serried host,  
Rush forth and sweep with hurricane the earth :  
On ocean next, South, East, and blustering West  
Swoop down, convulse its mighty depths, and roll 101  
Huge breakers to the shore : far off are heard  
The creaking cordage and the seaman's cry.  
Night blackens o'er the main : the Trojan crews  
Nor sea nor sky discern : the thunder peals  
On high, the lightnings glare, and all around  
Appear the dreadful presages of death.  
With terror chilled, Æneas scarce supports  
His tottering limbs ; he lift his hands to heaven ;  
Then with deep sigh, 'O blest ! thrice blest !' he cries,  
'To whom, in sight of Ilion and their sires, 111  
Was given the glorious privilege to die !  
O Diomed ! mightiest of thy Grecian peers,  
Why was the fate denied me, by thy hand  
On Dardan plains to die, where Hector's life  
Achilles pierced, where huge Sarpedon sleeps  
In death, and Simois down his cumbered flood

Rolls scutcheons, helms, and corpses of the brave?’

Full on his sail, ere yet his words were spent,  
 Burst in its might the furious northern gale, 120  
 Tossing the brine to heaven, and crashed the oars :  
 Her prow forced round, the vessel’s side is turned  
 Broad to the tempest ; then comes swelling on  
 A pile of waters, mountainous, abrupt—  
 Some on the billow’s crest aloft are borne,  
 Some plunged beneath, where ocean’s bed lies bare,  
 ’Twixt yawning waves disclosed : the maddened surge  
 Flies mixed with drifted sand. Three hapless barks  
 Caught by the southern blast, on rocks unseen—  
 (A ghastly ridge emerging ’mid the waves, 130  
 By Tuscan seamen “ Altars ” called)—are hurled ;  
 Three more—ah ! piteous sight !—by eastern gale  
 ’Mid shallows flung and shattered on the reefs,  
 Imbedded in the treacherous quicksand lie :  
 One, manned by stout Orontes and his crew  
 Of Lycian oarsmen, in Æneas’ sight,  
 A mighty wave o’ertopping strikes astern ;  
 Headlong the steersman falls ; the ungoverned bark,  
 Thrice round and round in eddying current whirled,  
 Is sucked within the ravening whirlpool’s jaws. 140  
 Lone swimmers, here and there, amid the waves,  
 Spars, weapons, treasures snatched from Troy, appear.  
 Thy gallant ship, Ilioneus, and thine,



Achates, with the barks that Abas bore,  
 And old Aletes, to the impetuous flood  
 Their gaping sides and shattered timbers yield.

Meanwhile great Neptune, sore amazed, beholds  
 The turmoil of the sea, the winds let loose,  
 And ocean from its nether depths upturned.  
 His head majestic lifting o'er the surge, 150  
 He sees the navy of Æneas driven  
 Far o'er the watery waste, the Trojan crews  
 Bewildered in the wrack of sea and sky.  
 Nor did malicious Juno's wiles escape  
 Her brother's ken : Eurus and Zephyrus,  
 Straight to his presence called, he thus upbraids :

‘What mean ye, Winds, on your ethereal birth  
 Presuming, heedless of my sovereign will,  
 To mingle heaven and earth in wild affray,  
 And raise this mighty turmoil in my realm? 160  
 Whom I—but first to smoothe the ruffled waves  
 Is need more urgent—such misdeeds henceforth  
 Shall cost you dear. Begone! and to your king  
 This message bear : Not to his sway, but mine,  
 The liquid empire and the trident dread  
 Hath Fate assigned ; his are the rock-bound caves  
 Where dwell your whirlwinds—in his own bleak halls  
 Let Æolus disport him as he will,  
 Lord of the gloomy prison-house of storms.’

He spoke, and ere he ceased the waves were stilled ;  
The dark clouds chased, the sunlit sky restored : 171  
Cymothœ and Triton joining hands,  
Thrust from the jagged rocks the stranded barks ;  
Himself the trident wields, and clears the way  
Through massy sandbanks, and allays the storm,  
Breasting the billows in his noiseless car,  
As when in some vast crowd Sedition goads  
The rabble crew to fury ; brands and stones,  
As rage finds weapons meet, at random fly :  
Then should some patriot grave for worth revered  
Perchance be seen, the factious din subsides, 181  
Each voice is hushed, all ears are strained to hear ;  
He with sage speech their angry passion calms,—  
So sinks in charmed repose the tranquil deep,  
As though the cleared expanse with loosened rein  
Guides his unflagging steeds the Ocean King.  
The wearied sons of Troy, intent to gain  
The nearest coast, alight on Libya's strand.

Deep in a sheltering cove an island forms  
A land-locked haven, with projecting arms 190  
Breaking the tide, whose parted waves subside  
Amid the winding inlets of the shore.  
Huge rocks enclose the cove ; a giant cliff  
On either side towers heavenward, at whose feet  
The waters sleep becalmed ; above them frowns

A grove of quivering leaves and darksome shade :  
 In front, the impending rocks o'erarch a cave,  
 The Naiad's haunt, within whose deep recess  
 Are limpid springs and seats of living stone.  
 No hawser there the sea-worn galleys need,      200  
 No anchor's gripe to hold them where they ride.  
 Seven barks alone of all his shattered fleet  
 Æneas harbours here ; his jaded crews,  
 Panting for land, spring eagerly ashore,  
 And on the beach their reeking limbs extend.  
 Then first Achates striking from the flint  
 The latent fire, with leafy fuel dry  
 Nursed the faint spark and caught the bursting flame :  
 The exhausted seamen from the ships bring forth  
 Their stores of brine-soaked corn ; some bruise with  
 stones      210  
 The treasured grain, some roast it in the flames.  
 Meanwhile Æneas from a rocky height  
 Wide prospect seaward takes, if haply thence  
 The Phrygian galleys may be spied—the ships  
 Of Antheus or of Capys, or the barge  
 That bears Cæicus' ensign at the stern.  
 No sail the offing shows. Along the beach  
 Three lordly stags are pacing, in whose rear  
 Follows the dappled herd ; far down the dale  
 In lengthened line they graze. Æneas stands      220

At point of vantage, armed with bow and shafts  
Which good Achates for his chieftain bore :  
And first, the leaders of the troop, to heaven  
Tossing their antlered heads, his arrows slew ;  
Then game of lesser mark—till, galled with darts,  
Back to their covert fled the routed herd ;  
Nor ceased his raid, till on the plain were stretched  
Seven goodly victims, for each ship a deer.  
These to the port returned the chief divides  
With his own crews, then brings the wine-casks forth  
Which, ere they left Trinacria's friendly shore, 231  
The good Acestes on his guests bestowed,  
A parting gift. Such boon Æneas gave,  
And with brave words their drooping spirits cheered :  
' Dear friends, well versed in suffering ! tried of old  
By ills surpassing all ye now endure,  
These, too, by favour of the Gods, shall end :  
The ravening jaws of Scylla and the crags,  
Pierced with her yells—the Cyclops' rocky den,—  
Such terrors have ye braved : then quail not now, 240  
Nor let base fear unman you. Time may come  
When griefs like these yield after-thoughts of joy.  
Through many a peril, many a sore mischance,  
For Latium are we bound : there Fate assures  
Rest from our toils—Troy's ancient reign restored.  
Quit you like men, for glorious meed reserved.'

Such words his thoughts belied—the heroic mien  
Breathed hope, but care lay heavy at his heart.  
Promptly the Trojans for the feast prepare :  
Some deftly flay the quarry, some divide 250  
The quivering limbs, and on rude spits impale ;  
Some sling the brazen caldrons o'er the flame,—  
Then, stretched along the turf, with venison good  
And old Sicilian wine their strength repair.  
The meal at length despatched, and hunger quelled,  
They muse in long sad converse on the fate  
Of their lost comrades, poised 'twixt hope and fear—  
Uncertain, or to deem them living still,  
Or in some desperate strait beyond the reach  
Of human voice or aid. His own dear friends 260  
Æneas most deploras—Orontes bold,  
And Amycus by cruel fortune lost ;  
Brave Gyas, Lycus, and Cloanthus brave.

Now was there pause awhile, when from high heaven  
The Omnipotent with downward glance surveyed  
The earth outstretched, and seas where navies ride :  
O'er many a peopled land his glance he threw,  
But fixed his eyesintent on Libya's shore :  
Him, gravely brooding on imperial cares  
With saddened mien, her radiant eyes suffused,  
Venus addressed : 'Thou who dost reign for aye 271  
O'er Gods and men, whose thunders awe the world,

What crime of my Æneas or of Troy  
 Hath moved thy wrath, that every coast is barred  
 Lest that worn remnant gain their Latian home?  
 Surely thy faith was pledged, that from the stock  
 Of Teucer should be born, in years to come,  
 The heroic Roman race, foredoomed to spread  
 O'er sea and land their empire uncontrolled.  
 How is thy purpose changed? In this I sought 280  
 Solace for Troy's sad fall and all her woes—  
 Thus balanced ill with good, and fate with fate.  
 But lo! the same harsh fortune still pursues  
 That ill-starred race: shall such afflictions find  
 No rest, dread king? Antenor, from the host  
 Of Grecian foes escaped, could pass unharmed  
 Th' Illyrian gulf, Liburnia's hostile realm,  
 And cross the stream that gives Timavus birth,  
 Where from nine rocky outlets headlong leaps  
 The impetuous flood, and thunders down the vale.  
 Yet there fair Padua's towers the adventurer raised,  
 Gave to his band of exiles home and name, 292  
 His Trojan arms laid by, and reigns in peace:  
 We, heirs of heavenly mansions, thine own seed,  
 Our ships—oh! cruel wrong!—by tempest lost,  
 By one relentless foe betrayed, are driven  
 Far from Italia's shores! Shall pious deeds  
 Meet such reward? is thus our realm restored?

With smile indulgent, and that brow serene  
That calms the storm and clears the turbid sky, 300  
Kissing her roseate lips, great Jove replied :  
‘ Daughter, dismiss thy fears ; the sure decrees  
Pledged to thy sons of old stand unreversed ;  
The city of thy hopes—Lavinium’s towers—  
Thine eyes shall see ; these starry seats receive  
Thy high-souled chieftain to his destined home.  
No change my purpose knows ; to soothe thy care  
More will I tell, and further yet unfold  
Fate’s hidden scroll. In Latium shall thy son  
Long conflict wage, rebellious tribes subdue, 310  
Walled cities build, and savage manners tame,  
Till three full circling years have seen him reign  
Triumphant o’er the vanquished Rutuli.  
Next young Ascanius, now Iulus named  
(’Twas Ilus once, while Ilion reigned secure),  
For thrice ten years his father’s throne shall fill,  
To Alba from Lavinium shall transfer  
His empire’s seat, and build his stronghold there.  
Three centuries shall the Dardan lineage rule,  
Till Ilia, queen and priestess, at one birth 320  
Twin sons to Mars shall bear, and Romulus,  
Wolf-nursed, and glorying in his tawny garb,  
Shall rear his walls and found his martial State,  
Rome, from her founder named. To her I grant

Dominion ~~unconfined~~ by space or time—  
 A boundless, endless reign. Dread Juno, too,  
 Whose wrathful mood earth, sea, and heaven embroils,  
 By gentler counsels swayed, with me shall join  
 To cherish and uphold the Imperial race,  
 Lords of the flowing gown. This stands decreed—  
 Heirs of Assaracus, long ages hence,                    331  
 On Phthia and Mycenæ shall impose  
 The conqueror's yoke, and lay proud Argos low.  
 Lo! Cæsar, sprung from Trojan stock renowned,  
 From his great sire Iulus, Julius named,  
 Shall compass earth with conquest, heaven with fame :  
 Him shalt thou welcome to these blest abodes,  
 In time predestined, rich with Orient spoils ;  
 To him shall altars rise and vows be paid.  
 Now Peace succeeds to Discord's iron rule,                    340  
 And venerable Faith and Vesta pure,  
 And Rome's twin founders, with benignant laws  
 Control the world. With bolts and bands of steel  
 The gates of War are closed : the Fiend within,  
 Stretched on his pile of bristling arms, his limbs  
 With gyves of brass encircled hundredfold,  
 Gnashes his blood-stained jaws, and yells with rage.'  
 Thus Jove ; and at his nod swift Mercury wings  
 His downward flight, on gracious errand sent,  
 Lest jealous Carthage 'gainst the stranger tribe                    350



Should close ~~her gates to the queen~~, unwarned of fate,  
Drive forth the wanderers. Through the void expanse,  
With well-poised pinions, as with oars impelled,  
The swift-winged God descends on Libya's shore.  
There with prompt skill he tames to gentle mood  
The rugged Punic souls—with pity thrills  
Fair Dido's bosom for her Phrygian guests.

But good Æneas, burthened all the night  
With anxious thoughts, at earliest dawn arose,  
Intent to search the coast, and for his crews 360  
Sure tidings gain—unknowing to what shore  
The winds had borne them ; if by men possessed,  
Or savage beasts ; for waste the region seemed.  
Deep in a sheltered cove, o'erhung with rocks,  
And with dark foliage screened, the ships are moored ;  
Himself with brave Achates sallied forth,  
Two steel-tipped javelins quivering in his hand,  
When lo ! before him, in the forest glade,  
His heavenly mother stood. In form and garb  
She seemed a Spartan virgin, armed for chase, 370  
Or like that Thracian maid Harpalyce,  
Tiring fleet coursers down with foot that mocked  
The speed of eastern gales. A light bow hung  
From her fair shoulders ; huntress-like, her hair  
She gave the winds to toy with ; bare her knee,  
Her flowing tunic with a loop confined.

She greets them first: 'Ho! gallants, have ye seen  
 Aught of a sister of our sylvan train  
 Roaming the woods, her quiver round her slung,  
 In tawny lynx-skin clad—or in full cry 380  
 Urging with hot pursuit the panting boar?'

Thus Venus spoke, and thus her son replied:  
 'Nought have we seen nor heard in all the glade  
 Of thy fair sisters. O! whate'er the name  
 That best befits thee—for no earthly voice  
 E'er breathed, nor mortal visage beamed like thine;  
 Some Goddess surely thou, or of the race  
 Of Nymphs, or sister of the Delian God—  
 Pity, whoe'er thou art, our woeful plight;  
 Say in what spot of earth, beneath what sky— 390  
 By winds and waves we know not whither driven,—  
 Bewildered and forlorn we wander here:  
 Then, slain by grateful votaries, at thy shrine  
 Shall many a victim bleed.' 'Nay, gentle sirs,'  
 Venus replied, 'the homage that ye pay  
 Exceeds my due: 'tis thus we Tyrian maids,  
 Armed for the chase, our quivers sling; thus high  
 Our crimson buskins bind. The land ye see  
 Is Punic soil—Agenor's sons dwell here;  
 But Libya's tribes, a warrior-race untamed, 400  
 The frontier hold: a queen of Tyrian blood,  
 Fair Dido, rules the land; from Tyre she fled,

Forced by a brother's crime—a long dark tale  
Of wrong, but briefly may the sum be told :  
Young Dido to Sichæus was espoused,  
A rich Phœnician lord, by that fond heart  
Too dearly loved. A maiden to his arms  
She came, with nuptial rites and omens fair ;  
But on the Tyrian throne her brother sat,  
Pygmalion, basest of his kind. A feud 410  
Betwixt the kinsmen grew ; with lust of gold  
Possessed, and mindless of his sister's love,  
The king his unsuspecting brother slew,  
With foulest treachery, at the altar's side.  
Awhile the crime he screened, her love-sick mind  
Amusing with fond hopes and tales untrue.  
But to that widowed couch in vision came  
The pale, sad ghost of her unburied lord,  
Bared his red wounds, the hideous deed disclosed,  
The reeking poniard and the blood-stained shrine ;  
Then bade her flee from that polluted land, 421  
And showed, to aid her flight, uncounted hoards  
Of gold and silver, in the earth concealed.  
The queen prepares for exile ; rallies all  
Whom dread of that foul tyrant or fierce hate  
Leagued in her cause ; the ships, equipped for sea,  
Are seized, and freighted with Pygmalion's gold.  
Their sails are set : a woman leads the way ;

Straight to these shores they came, where now ye see  
 Young Carthage rising with her infant towers ; 430  
 A landing gained, one hide of Libyan soil  
 They bought—hence Byrsa named. But, strangers,

now

Declare from whence ye came, and whither bound ?’

With voice of grief, and sigh that rent his breast,  
 Æneas thus replied : ‘ O maid divine !  
 Might time suffice to hear from end to end  
 The eventful tale of our long pilgrimage,  
 Ere evening shades descending shroud the sky :  
 We, sons of ancient Troy (if e’er that name  
 Hath reached thine ears), storm-tost on every sea,  
 By stress of winds were drifted on these shores. 441  
 That Dardan chief am I, whom fame to heaven  
 Extols—Æneas named. Our rescued Gods  
 My ships from Ilium bear ; with highest Jove  
 By race allied, I seek a promised home  
 In Italy, my own ancestral soil.  
 With twice ten ships, fulfilling Fate’s behest,  
 And guided by my heavenly mother’s hand,  
 I sailed from Phrygia’s coast ; scarce seven remain,  
 Rent by the waves and shattered by the gale : 450  
 By Europe spurned, from Asia driven, I range  
 These Libyan wilds, unfriended and unknown.’

Thus far the chief ; yet scarce could Venus brook

Her son's complaint so long, but thus broke forth :  
‘ Whoe'er thou art, not unbeloved, I ween,  
Of heavenly powers, to Carthage art thou come.  
Dismiss thy fears : to Dido's palace gates  
Go boldly on, so surely shalt thou find  
Thy ships unharmed, thy gallant comrades saved,  
Else was my skill in augury taught in vain. 460  
Behold yon sportive group, twelve stately swans,  
Whom Jove's fierce eagle, swooping from the sky,  
Fluttered awhile ; these now in lengthened file  
Light on the shore or hover ere they light ;  
As, downward borne, they circle in mid air,  
With loudly-flapping wings and joyous cry,—  
So thy swift galleys, all with crews unscathed,  
Sweep into port full sail, or anchored ride.  
Then forward lies thy path ; go boldly on.’

Aside the Goddess stepped, but as she turned 470  
A roseate tint her beauteous neck suffused,  
Ambrosial odours from her locks distilled,  
Her robe flowed downward to her feet ; her step  
The Deity betrayed. His mother known,  
The chief with fond reproach her steps pursued :  
‘ Ah cruel ! hast thou mocked with vain disguise  
Thy son once more ?—denied the boon he craves,  
Hand joined to hand, and tones of love unfeigned ?’  
Then onward to the walls the comrades sped ;

But Venus, as they went, around them threw 480  
 A mantle of impenetrable cloud,  
 That none should see nor cross them in their path,  
 With idle quest distract them or delay.  
 Herself to Paphos wings her flight sublime,  
 Scene of her dearest joys, and that proud fane  
 Where incense from a hundred altar-fires  
 And flowers unfading load with scents the air.

Meanwhile the chiefs, their march in haste pursued,  
 Ascend a lofty hill whose beetling brow  
 O'erlooks the city, and confronts its towers. 490  
 In silent wonder wrapt Æneas sees  
 Where huts once stood majestic structures rise ;  
 The streets, the gates, the throng and hum of men :  
 The Tyrians o'er their tasks with ardour bend—  
 Some build the rampart walls, or to the fort  
 Upheave the quarried stone, or trace the site  
 Of stately mansions, and with trench enclose ;  
 These frame the rules of justice, those ordain  
 The civic dignities and senate grave ;  
 Some scoop the harbour, or foundations lay 500  
 Of spacious theatre with columns huge  
 Hewn from the rock to grace the future stage ;—  
 So ply the bees, in summer's flowery prime,  
 Their round of labour : forth to sunny meads  
 Lead the young swarms, or pack their liquid spoil,

And store with luscious nectar-juice their cells ;  
 Or ease the home-bound carriers of their load,  
 Or chase with fierce assault the laggard drones—  
 Fast speeds the work ; thyme scents the honied store.  
 ‘ Ah ! happy builders ! ’ wondering as he views 510  
 The Tyrian towers ascend, Æneas sighs ;  
 Veiled in his garb of mist he walks unseen,  
 And glides a stranger through the unconscious crowd.

A grove delightful with exuberant shade  
 Within the city stood ; it marked the spot  
 Where first the Punic rovers, tempest-driven,  
 Inspired by Juno, from the earth exhumed  
 A fiery courser’s head—auspicious sign  
 Of wealth and prowess to that favoured race  
 Through years unnumbered. Here the Tyrian queen  
 A stately temple to her Goddess raised, 521  
 Famed for rich gifts, for Juno’s presence more—  
 Whose gates of brass a lofty terrace crowned,  
 On brazen posts with burnished hinges hung.  
 Here first Æneas from his load of care  
 Unlooked-for solace found ; his sinking heart  
 Was cheered, and hopes of brighter fortune dawned :  
 For while beneath the spacious dome he waits  
 The queen’s approach, in pensive mood the while  
 Pondering the fortunes of that infant State, 530  
 And marking all around the wondrous feats

Of patient labour and ingenious skill—  
Lo! on the walls depicted, scenes appear  
Of world-wide fame—the battle-fields of Troy ;  
King Priam and the sons of Atreus twain,  
And fierce Achilles, stern to friend and foe.  
Pausing awhile to weep : ‘ Alas!’ he cried,  
‘ What land, Achates, have not Ilion’s woes  
Filled with their fame? Behold the king! his worth  
E’en here a tribute finds, his fate a tear, 540  
And sorrows touch the common heart of man :  
Fear not, our fame may yet our safety prove.’  
Then o’er the painted semblance, lost in thought,  
The hero mused, while freely flowed his tears ;  
For here the Grecian warriors round the forts  
Fled, chased by Troy ; there plumed Achilles pressed  
Hard on the Phrygian rear ; the snow-white tents  
Of Rhesus next a bloody scene recalled,  
How ruthless Diomed at dead of night  
Butchered the slumbering guards and snatched his  
prize, 550  
Ere time was given those fiery steeds to graze  
The Dardan plain or drink Scamander’s stream :  
Next Troilus is seen—unhappy boy—  
By great Achilles overmatched in fight—  
His arms are lost—flung backward from his car,  
The affrighted coursers whirl him o’er the plain—



His hands still clutch the reins, his long hair trails  
In dust, his spear reversed imprints the ground.  
Lo! to the fane of Pallas sore displeased,  
In suppliant sadness, with dishevelled hair, 560  
The Trojan dames in slow procession move ;  
The hallowed robe they bear, and beat their breasts.  
Fixed on the ground her stern averted eyes  
The Goddess keeps. See! Hector's mangled corpse  
Thrice round the Phrygian ramparts dragged in  
scorn

Achilles sells for gold! With throes of grief  
Convulsed, Æneas sees those relics dear—  
The arms, the car, the very form he loved,  
And Priam's helpless hands for mercy raised.  
There, too, amid the press of Grecian knights 570  
Himself the chief discerns, and there the hosts  
Of Orient birth, and swarthy Memnon's arms.  
Fierce as in life, Penthesilea leads  
Her Amazonian chivalry to war,  
With shields like crescent-moon ; herself begirt  
With zone of gold that bares one breast to view,  
Glow in the battle-charge with martial fire,  
And braves, a warrior-maid, the shock of men.

While thus the wondrous sight Æneas held  
Chained to one spot, in mute amazement lost ; 580  
In stately guise with all her courtly train

The Tyrian princess to the temple came,  
In beauty passing fair—not lovelier seems  
Diana, as she leads the sylvan dance,  
Encircled by her train of Oread nymphs,  
By swift Eurotas, or on Cynthian heights ;  
Her quiver round her slung, the huntress-queen  
Majestic o'er each sister Goddess towers ;  
Latona's silent heart is thrilled with joy.  
So by her beauteous presence Dido shed 590  
Sweet influence round, on queenly cares intent,  
And gracious forethought for her infant realm.  
Within the gates, beneath the vaulted roof  
Of Juno, with her guards of state around,  
She sat enthroned ; there to her people laws  
Dispensed with equal hand ; their several tasks  
By lot or just decree to all assigned.

A sudden concourse now Æneas sees,  
And lo ! amid the throng his comrades lost—  
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave, 600  
With many a Teucric captain, whose stout bark,  
Driven from its course, the hurricane had flung  
On alien shores. 'Twixt hope and fear perplexed,  
The chiefs beheld ; their comrades to embrace  
They sorely longed, but wonder held them bound  
In mute constraint ; within their misty shroud  
Invisible they wait, surmising much

What fortune strange their friends had hither brought,  
Where lay their ships—for each had envoys sent  
Safe-conduct to implore, and succour claim. 610

To Dido's presence led, and audience given,  
Their chief Ilioneus with tranquil mien  
His message told : ' Great queen, by Jove ordained  
To found this new-born city, and reclaim  
By thy just sway the stubborn tribes around ;  
We, hapless Trojans, tossed from shore to shore,  
Implore thy succour—from malignant flames  
Protect our ships, our guiltless people spare.  
We come not, we, to waste your Libyan homes,  
Or bear your spoils to sea : such daring deeds 620  
Ill suit the humbled pride of vanquished men.  
A land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named,  
For martial deeds and teeming soil renowned  
Of yore : Ænotrian settlers held it once ;  
Now, fame reports—from Italus the chief—  
'Tis named Italia : thither were we bound  
When wild Orion, herald of the storm,  
From ocean rose ; then boisterous southern gales  
On hidden reefs, through waves that swept their  
decks,  
Our vessels drove. A helpless few, scarce saved, 630  
We gained your shores. What ruthless horde is this,  
That thrusts from their inhospitable coast

The shipwrecked crews, and greets them with the sword?

If mortal arms ye fear not, yet believe  
 That Gods protect the just and punish wrong.  
 Æneas was our king—more honoured none  
 For pious deeds, none braver in the field ;  
 If, haply spared, that soul heroic breathes  
 This vital air, nor sleeps in death's grim shade ;  
 With him in rivalry of generous deeds 640  
 Fear not to vie. To us there yet remain  
 Sicilia's friendly towns, where, sprung from Troy,  
 Acestes, our illustrious kinsman, reigns.  
 We ask but leave to hale our ships ashore,  
 Refit their shattered timbers from the woods,  
 And shape new oars. If fate permits to seek  
 The Italian shore, with chief and crews restored,  
 Then—ho for Italy ! If all be lost—  
 If 'neath the Libyan waves thy loved remains,  
 Dear sire, and young Iulus' hope, lie whelmed— 650  
 Then to Sicilian ports, whence late we sailed,  
 To good Acestes and his proffered home  
 Our barks we steer.' So spake Ilioneus,  
 Then shouted in applause his comrades all.

Briefly, with downcast look, the queen replied :  
 'Take courage, Trojans, and dismiss your fears ;  
 The struggling weakness of an infant state

Warns me to guard my coasts with jealous heed :  
Who has not heard of Troy? her gallant deeds,  
Her valorous chiefs—Æneas and his race— 660  
And that great war that set the world aflame?  
Yon sun, whose chariot warms our Libyan clime,  
Shines not on souls so dead to noble deeds.  
Whate'er your course—to fair Hesperia's fields,  
Or land of Eryx, by Acestes ruled—  
My wealth shall aid you, and my escort guard.  
Or would ye share my realm and settle here ;  
Lay up your ships—this city shall be yours :  
Trojan and Tyrian shall be one with me.  
And much I wish the self-same wind had borne 670  
Your chief Æneas here! To scour the coasts  
Shall trusty guides be sent, and straightly charged  
To search the Libyan borders far and wide,  
If lost in woods he strays, or haunts of men.'

Fired by her words, the heroes yearned to burst  
The encircling cloud, and first Achates spoke :  
'How say'st thou, Goddess-born? Lo! all are saved,  
Our comrades, ships, restored ; one only lost  
Whom our sad eyes beheld engulfed in waves—  
All else thy mother's truthful voice foretold.' 680  
Scarce had he spoken, ere the mantling mist  
Severed in twain and melted in thin air.  
Bathed in transparent light Æneas stood,

In shape and visage God-like, for to him  
 His heavenly mother lent youth's glowing bloom,  
 Ambrosial locks and pleasure-beaming eyes—  
 Such sheen as ivory's polished surface yields,  
 Or Parian stone or silver chased with gold.  
 Then to the astonished crowd he spake, and thus  
 Addressed the queen : 'Tis I, whom late ye sought—  
 Æneas, chief of Troy. O, thou whose heart      691  
 Alone could bleed for Ilion's matchless woes,  
 Could succour lend—thy home, thy kingdom share  
 With us, sad relics of the Grecian sword,  
 Of all bereft, by all disasters tried  
 Of flood and field !—not we, nor all who bear  
 O'er the wide world dispersed, the Dardan name,  
 Can pay thee homage due. The Gods above—  
 If Gods regard the virtuous and the just,  
 If conscience and the self-approving mind      700  
 Can aught avail—shall full requital yield.  
 Happy the age that bare thee ! Happy they  
 Who gave such fair and gracious offspring birth !  
 While rivers roll their waters to the sea,  
 While flitting shadows chequer mountain-sides,  
 While heaven shall feed her starry lamps, thy name  
 Renown and praise shall bear, whate'er abode  
 Our fate assigns.' This said, Æneas greets  
 His comrades—with right hand Ilioneus,

With left Sergestus grasps ; Cloanthus next, 710  
 And Gyas brave.

The queen, amazed to see  
 The apparition strange, nor less to hear  
 His moving tale, exclaims : ‘ O Goddess-born !  
 What demon of misfortune haunts thy steps ?  
 What power impelled thee to these rugged shores ?  
 Art thou that famed Æneas, whom, ’tis said,  
 Immortal Venus to Anchises bare  
 By Simois, Phrygian stream ? I mind me well  
 How Teucer, exiled from his native coasts,  
 To Sidon came, and aid from Belus sought 720  
 New realms to gain. King Belus then had laid  
 Rich Cyprus waste, and bowed it to his sway.  
 Thence to my youthful ears Troy’s piteous fate,  
 Thy name, and Græcia’s chiefs familiar grew—  
 E’en Teucer, though a foe, extolled the race,  
 Well pleased to link his name with Dardan sires.  
 Then welcome, gallant strangers, to my halls ;  
 I too, by adverse fortune long pursued  
 With troubles sore, at last found refuge here,  
 Taught by my own to feel for others’ woe.’ 730

Thus speaking, Dido through the palace gates  
 Conducts her guest, then to the Gods proclaims  
 High festival ; nor yet the absent crews  
 Forgets, but sends rich largess to the ships—

Of steers a score, a hundred bristly swine,  
 Ewes with their fatling lambs a hundred more,  
 With cheer unstinted of the genial God.  
 And now the palace courts with regal pomp  
 Are garnished, and the halls, for banquet decked,  
 Display their draperies wrought with curious skill 740  
 And rich with Tyrian dye. The tables groan  
 'Neath massive plate, that bears embossed in gold  
 The heroic feats of Punic sires, bequeathed  
 By long tradition since the race began.

Meanwhile Æneas, whose parental heart  
 With care unresting dwelt upon his child,  
 In haste Achates to the ships despatched  
 To bear Ascanius tidings, and the boy  
 To Dido's court convey. Rich presents, too,  
 From ruined Troy preserved he bids them send— 750  
 A gold-embroidered mantle, and a veil  
 Inwoven with Acanthus, saffron-dyed,  
 To Helen by her mother Leda given ;  
 From Argos brought when that adulterous bride,  
 On lawless nuptials bent, to Ilion came ;  
 A sceptre, too, which fair Ilione,  
 First-born of Priam's daughters, loved to wield ;  
 A necklace strung with pearls, and coronet  
 With gems and gold, in double circles twined,—  
 Such mandate to the ships Achates bore. 760



But Venus in her subtle breast conceives  
A new device—that Cupid in the form  
Of young Ascanius should beguile the queen,  
Inflame with gifts her ardent soul, and warm  
Her inmost veins with unsuspected fire.  
The smooth-tongued Tyrian race the Goddess fears,  
And rancorous Juno robs her couch of rest.  
Her wingèd boy she thus accosts: ‘ My son,  
Source of my power and sway, who Jove’s dread bolts,  
That quelled the Titans, canst alone defy ;        770  
Thy mother comes, a suppliant for thine aid.  
Well hast thou known how Juno’s causeless hate  
The Trojan chief, thy brother, hath pursued  
O’er land and sea ; thou oft hast shared my grief.  
Him now Phœnician Dido captive holds,  
And with her blandishments constrains to stay ;  
These courtesies of Juno I mistrust ;  
Her plots at such conjuncture will not fail :  
My purpose is to baffle guile with guile,  
And weave my fiery snares around the queen,        780  
That no seduction move her soul to change,  
Fast to Æneas bound with love like mine.  
Now, learn thy part. First object of my care,  
The youth Ascanius, by his sire’s command,  
E’en now to Carthage goes with costly gifts,  
Saved from the vanquished town and stormy seas :

Him wrapped in trance-like slumber will I bear  
 To far Idalia, or Cythera's heights,  
 There safely hide him, lest, our craft discerned,  
 He mar the plan. Do thou for one brief night 790  
 The stripling's form assume, and, skilled to feign,  
 With boyish aspect personate the boy.  
 So when fair Dido at her princely board,  
 While freely flows the wine and all is joy,  
 Shall clasp thee in her arms, with fond caress  
 Enfold, and print sweet kisses on thy lips,  
 The insidious poison through her veins may glide,  
 By thee instilled, and fire the unguarded heart.'

Young Love obeys the mandate, nothing loth,  
 Doffs his light wings, and mocks Iulus' mien ; 800  
 But Venus o'er her dear Ascanius sheds  
 Sleep's soothing balm, then to Idalian groves  
 Bears in her arms, where soft Amaracus  
 Laps him in flowery sweets, and screens with shade.

Now frolic Cupid by Achates led,  
 Well stored with presents, to the palace speeds.  
 There, in the centre of her gilded couch,  
 Beneath rich canopies, the queen reclines.  
 The Trojan chief and all his gallant train  
 On purple cushions round the board are ranged. 810  
 Pages their various ministries fulfil—  
 Pour water for the hands, the wheaten cakes

From baskets deal, the fine-spun napkins bear ;  
Within the household fifty handmaids serve,  
The meats dispense, the blazing hearths attend.  
A hundred youths, as many maidens fair,  
With meat the tables pile, the goblets fill.  
Next, summoned to the feast, the Tyrian guests  
In joyous concourse enter, and repose  
On richly-broidered seats. Amazed they view 820  
The Trojan's costly gifts—the mantle rare,  
The saffron-bordered veil : Iulus, too,  
Their wonder moves ; they mark the glance of fire  
And well-feigned accents of the furtive God :  
But most the queen, to love's fierce anguish doomed,  
Fired by the costly gifts and beauteous boy,  
Gloats on him with insatiable eyes,  
And feeds the kindling fever in her veins.  
Now in Æneas' arms the child is clasped,  
And thrills with new delight his seeming sire ; 830  
To Dido now he runs—her eyes, her soul  
On him are riveted ; awhile she folds  
The urchin to her breast—ah ! little dreams  
What agonising God lies nestled there.  
He, mindful of his Paphian mother's charge,  
Full soon begins the memory to efface  
Of lost Sichæus, and with living flame  
Warms the chilled heart too long disused to love.

A pause succeeds the feast, the board is cleared,  
 Huge beakers then are set and wreathed with flowers ;  
 The vaulted roof with jocund converse rings ;      841  
 Lamps from the gilded ceiling pendent shine,  
 And blazing cressets change the night to day.  
 Now for a mighty goblet Dido calls,  
 Ponderous with gems and gold, by Belus used  
 And all his race. She fills it high with wine ;  
 The hall is hushed to silence, and she speaks :  
     ‘ Great Jove, o’er hospitable rites supreme,  
 Be this auspicious day, with gladness fraught  
 Alike to Tyrians and their Trojan guests,      850  
 By our descendants long in honour held !  
 May Bacchus, mirth-inspiring God, be here ;  
 May gracious Juno smile ! Ye Tyrians, hail  
 With loyal hearts this festival of joy ! ’  
 She spoke, and first libation made, the cup  
 Touched with her lips, with sportive challenge then  
 To Bitias gave ; he promptly to the pledge  
 Replied, and drenched him with the brimming bowl :  
 Next drank the Tyrian lords. With golden lyre,  
 Bard of the flowing locks, Iopas sang      860  
 Strains such as mighty Atlas taught of old—  
 Sang of the changeful moon, of suns eclipsed,  
 The primal birth of men and living things,  
 Whence genial waters come and wasting fires ;

Of planets, too, Arcturus, and the rise  
Of watery Hyades and the Northern Bears ;  
Why wintry suns so swiftly quench their beams,  
Why lengthening nights obscure the closing year ;—  
Vociferous in applause Troy vies with Tyre.

She, too, with varied converse, ill-starred queen,  
Prolonged the night, and deeply drank of love. 871  
Of Priam much she asked, much craved to hear  
Of Hector's deeds, what armour Memnon wore,  
How swift the steeds of Diomed o'er the plain,  
Achilles' arm—how terrible in war !  
'Nay, tell,' she said, ' the whole eventful tale,  
The Greeks' perfidious arts—thy people's fall—  
Thine own long wanderings, too, while doomed to  
roam

Seven tedious years o'er every land and sea.' 879

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK II.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)





## B O O K I I.

---

SILENT they sat, in rapt attention all,  
When from his stately couch the Dardan chief  
Began : Thy mandate, gracious queen, revives  
A grief too great for words—how Grecian arms  
Laid Troy's lamented empire in the dust ;  
A tragic scene, which mine own eyes beheld,  
In which I bore much part : such tale, methinks,  
Nor Myrmidon, nor rude Thessalia's sons,  
Nor soldier of the obdurate Ithacan,  
Could hear unmoved. Already wanes the light, 10  
And setting stars admonish to repose ;  
But if thus urgent be thy wish to learn  
How Ilion fell, and all the woes we bore,  
Though shuddering at the thought of horrors past  
My soul recoils, this brief recital hear.

Wearied with tedious war, and foiled by Fate,  
 Through many a tedious year, the chiefs of Greece  
 Construct, by Pallas taught, a giant horse,  
 Like some huge mountain towering from the plain,  
 And sheathe the hollow ribs with planks of pine. 20  
 'A votive offering for their safe return,'  
 'Twas rumoured : but within the caverned sides  
 A chosen band they hide of warriors armed,  
 A legion pent in that capacious womb.

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle  
 Of wealth and wide renown while Priam reigned,  
 A lonely bay and treacherous roadstead now.  
 In that secluded creek, by night withdrawn,  
 The Grecian fleet lay screened ; we fondly thought  
 Their homeward sails for far Mycenæ bound. 30  
 Quit of her foes, the long-beleagured town  
 Flings wide her gates ; the people, wild with joy,  
 Explore the abandoned camp, and range the shores  
 Unfearing : ' here the fierce Dolopians camped,  
 There truculent Achilles pitched his tent ;  
 Here rode the ships—the battle-field was there.'  
 Some with mute wonder view the enormous horse—  
 Minerva's baneful gift. Thymætēs first  
 (Whether by foul design or Fate impelled)  
 Exhorts us to instal the monstrous shape 40  
 Within our fortress walls. A wiser few,

Of whom the chief was Capys, bade us hurl  
The Greeks' perfidious offering in the sea,  
Or burn it where it stood, or with keen swords  
Probing the hollow sides, unmask the lair :  
Discordant counsels swayed the wavering crowd.

Lo ! from the fort Laocoon, with a throng  
Of followers, hurries down, and as he runs  
Shouts from afar : ' O wretched countrymen,  
What means this frenzy ? Do ye think, indeed, 50  
The foe decamped—his gifts without a snare ?  
For guileless counsels is Ulysses known ?  
Or Greeks in yon dark ambush lie concealed,  
Or 'tis some engine framed to breach our walls,  
O'er top our dwellings, and surprise the town ;  
Whate'er it means, 'tis treachery. Men of Troy,  
Trust not the horse ; beware of gifts when Greeks  
Turn givers.' As he spoke, his massive spear  
Full at the monster's bellying flank he hurled.  
It quivered with the blow, and mighty groans 60  
Rang through the vaulted chambers, peal on peal ;  
And but for fate perverse and warning spurned,  
Our swords had laid the thin-veiled ambush bare—  
Firm to this hour had stood great Priam's throne,  
Unscathed thy lofty towers, imperial Troy !

Behold ! a youth by shepherds to the king  
Dragged with loud cries, his arms behind him bound :—

Caught by his own device, with deep-laid scheme,  
 To yield our gates unguarded to the foe,  
 The stranger came ; for either fate prepared,        70  
 His crafty purpose to achieve, or die.  
 From far and wide the Trojan youth flocked round,  
 To scan the captive's mien, and mock his woe.  
 Mark now his craft, and from this pattern judge  
 Of Grecian treachery. As within our lines  
 He stood unarmed, and gazing round, confused,  
 Beheld the Phrygian legions far and near :  
 'Alas !' he cried, 'what spot on land or sea,  
 What refuge on the inhospitable earth,  
 Is left for me, the outcast of my kind—                80  
 Whom Greeks in hate thrust from them, at whose life  
 The Dardan sword is aimed, athirst for blood ?'  
 Touched by his piteous wail, our hearts relent ;  
 In gentler mood we ask him whence he comes ;  
 What tidings brings he, on what hope relies.  
 His fears at last allayed, the captive spake.  
 'Whate'er betide, great king, no word untrue  
 Shall pass my lips ; nor seek I to disown  
 My Grecian birth : though Fortune all her spite  
 On Sinon wreak, no power can make him false.        90  
 It may be the renown hath reached thine ears  
 Of Palamedes, no inglorious name,  
 From Belus sprung, whom our Pelasgian chiefs,

Indignant that his voice opposed the war,  
By process foul and evidence suborned,  
To death condemned ; now mourn, alas ! too late.  
With him, a kinsman, did my needy sire  
Despatch me, then a stripling, to the war,  
While yet his power stood firm, and influence high,  
At council-board ; nor was my name unknown 100  
In honour's field. When, through the jealous hate  
Of that intriguing Ithacan, my friend  
(A tale but too familiar) of his life  
The forfeit paid,—incensed at that foul deed,  
In solitude and gloom I passed my days,  
Nor, reckless as I was, from speech refrained,  
But vowed, should Fate restore me to my home—  
My native Argos—to revenge the wrong.  
Fierce wrath my words engendered : hence the source  
Of all my woes ; Ulysses ceased not now 110  
New charges to devise ; malicious hints  
Broadcast he sowed, and, self-accused of guilt,  
Sought instruments to crush me. Never slept  
His malice, till with Calchas for his tool—  
But why thus linger o'er a loathsome theme ?  
Why hear me ? if ye count all Greeks alike,  
Swift vengeance take, 'twill please Ulysses much,  
And yield the sons of Atreus priceless joy.'  
But eager all the more to sound the depths

Of Grecian craft, we bade him freely speak ;      120  
With well-feigned trepidation he resumed :  
‘ Long wished our Argive leaders to retreat,  
With war outwearied, and abandon Troy :  
Would they had sailed ! But oft rude southern gales  
Rose in their teeth, and tempests barred the sea :  
More wildly still, when yonder horse of wood  
Rose in his towering stature, raged the storm.  
To Delos sent in haste, Eurypilus  
Brings back this awful message from the shrine :  
“ With maiden’s blood ye pacified the winds,      130  
When to these shores ye came ; with blood, ye Greeks,  
Win your return. A Grecian soul must die.”  
Amazed, the people heard that dread response—  
Their hearts with terror chilled and dire suspense,  
“ What victim claimed the God—who next should  
    bleed ?”  
Loud was the uproar, when Ulysses dragged  
The prophet Calchas forth, and bade him tell  
What meant the oracle : and now my friends  
Forewarned me of the arch-deceiver’s wiles,  
Or felt the dread their lips forbore to speak.      140  
Ten days the seer, reluctant to award  
The doom of death, stood mute : at last o’erpowered  
By clamour of Ulysses, he the word  
Concerted spake, and sentenced me to die.

All gave assent,—each gladly saw the doom  
Himself abhorred, to one devoted head  
Transferred. And now the fatal day drew near ;  
For me the awful pageant was prepared—  
The salted meal, the fillets for my brow :  
I burst my bonds, 'tis true, and fled for life.       150  
Couched in a sedgy swamp all night I lay  
Expectant, till the winds should fill their sails :  
And now my long-lost home, my sire thrice loved,  
No more these eyes shall see, nor children dear,  
On whose defenceless heads my foes may wreak  
Revenge, and hold them forfeit for my flight.  
But thou, O king ! if there be powers on high  
That hear my words and witness to their truth,—  
If faith yet finds a home with mortal men,  
My anguish pity, and redress my wrong.'       160

Moved by his tears, we gave the recreant life.  
Good Priam, prompt to pity, bade them loose  
The tight-drawn cords, and gracious words he spake :  
' Henceforth, though born a Greek, forget the name ;  
Make Troy thy home : but speak, I charge thee, true ;  
What means yon giant horse ? by whom contrived ?  
With what design ?—of piety or war ?'

Extending heavenward his untrammelled hands,  
The caitiff, steeped in native craft, replied :  
' Witness, ye everlasting fires of heaven !       170

And Vesta, thou, inviolable name !  
Ye altars that but now your victim claimed,  
Ye sacrificial bands that wreathed my brow !  
No ties of race or country bind me more :  
No law forbids their counsels to divulge,  
And hate for hate return. Be ye but true  
To me, as I to Troy—my life preserved  
With loyal service shall o'erpay the boon.

‘ Since first the war began our chiefs relied  
For victory on Minerva’s aid alone ; 180  
But since that soul of guile, Ulysses, planned  
In concert with Tydides, impious pair !  
To steal the dread Palladium from her shrine :—  
The guards they slew, the hallowed image seized,  
The fillets of the virgin Goddess soiled  
With gory hands ;—thenceforth the hopes of Greece  
Sank like an ebbing tide ; their strength declined,  
Minerva turned their foe. No dubious signs  
Her wrath betokened : placed within the camp,  
The effigy with fiery eyeballs glared ; 190  
Sweat trickled o’er the limbs ; thrice from the ground  
The Goddess leapt, with shield and quivering spear.  
Then Calchas bade us cross the waves once more,  
For never by our arms should Troy be razed,  
Till sons of Argos from their native shrines  
Should seek new auguries, and the auspicious spells



Win back, that o'er the waves to Troy they bore.  
 Now for Mycenæ bound, with Gods to aid,  
 And arms recruited, will the host return  
 All unforeseen. So Calchas reads the signs. 200  
 This image to the Goddess have they raised,  
 In expiation of her rifled fane :  
 So tall, so vast in bulk of purpose framed,  
 Lest entering at your gates it shield the town  
 With the strong bulwark of its ancient faith.  
 For thus the seer proclaimed—should your rash hands  
 Minerva's consecrated gift profane,  
 Then fell destruction (may that curse recoil  
 On his own head !) shall Priam's race o'erwhelm :  
 But if within your citadel installed 210  
 The horse shall rest, then Asia, leagued in arms,  
 'Gainst Pelops' towers shall hurl invasion's tide,  
 And our descendants reap that awful doom.'

Such tale found credence ; perjured Sinon's tears  
 A victory gained which arms had never won—  
 Not Diomed, nor Larissa's mighty lord,  
 Ten years of siege, nor fleet of thousand sails !

A mightier portent, more terrific still,  
 Confronts us now, and awes the unthinking crowd.  
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot assigned, 220  
 Was slaying to his God a lusty steer,  
 When two huge serpents, horrible to tell !

Of girth prodigious, o'er the smooth expanse  
From Tenedos came floating on the brine,  
And glided towards the beach ; their necks outstretched  
And blood-tinted crests o'ertopped the flood,  
Their nether parts, in coils enormous wound,  
Trailed after them. The waters, lashed to foam,  
Roared in their wake. And now they gained the  
shore,

Their eyes suffused with blood and darting fire, 230  
Their hissing jaws beslavered with the froth  
Shed from their flickering tongues—we at the sight  
Flee all dismayed ; they with unswerving aim  
Dart on Laocoon ; first, with supple folds  
Clasping the slender forms of his two sons,  
They banquet on the agonising limbs.  
The father next, in haste with arms to aid,  
In their fell gripe they clutch, about his waist  
Twice coiled and doubly circling round his throat,  
While o'er his head their lofty crests they rear. 240  
Vainly he strives to rend the scaly links,  
His priestly bands defiled and smeared with gore ;  
Piercing the air with shrieks, like maddened ox  
That, when the ill-aimed axe hath glanced aside,  
Wounded and bellowing from the altar flies.  
Now to the temple's roof, where Pallas sits,  
The monsters glide ; there, coiled around her feet,

Beneath the ample ægis make their lair.

Then horror thrilled each bosom to its core :  
Too well, 'twas said, Laocoon's crime had earned  
Its awful recompense, whose guilty spear,       251  
Aimed at the hallowed form, had pierced its side.  
To drag within the walls that image dread,  
And soothe Minerva's wrath,—was now the cry.  
All lend a willing hand, they breach the walls  
And clear a passage wide : beneath the feet  
Huge rollers drive, and hempen cables twine  
Around the lofty neck : teeming with arms,  
The deadly engine o'er the rampart climbs :  
Maidens and youths their sacred carols chant,       260  
And press to touch the cords. Along the streets  
It glides, and beetles o'er the roofs of Troy.  
O Ilium ! O my country ! O ye towers  
Of Dardanus, for feats of war far-famed !  
Abode of Gods ! thrice, ere it passed the gates,  
The monster paused, thrice clashed the arms within :  
Yet onward still we press, besotted, blind,  
And in our sacred citadel enshrine  
The accursèd shape. Then, too, Cassandra raised  
Her prescient voice—that voice that ever fell       270  
Unheard—so willed the Gods—on Trojan ears.  
Deluded to the last, we deck our fanes  
With festal garlands on the eve of doom.

The face of heaven is changed, swift night descends,  
Her dusky curtain falls o'er earth and sea,  
Shrouding the Grecian wiles : the sons of Troy,  
Through all the town dispersed, their weary limbs  
In sleep repose. And now, the Argive fleet,  
Freighted with all their host, for Ilium bound,  
Beneath the silent moon's befriending beam 280  
Sailed forth from Tenedos. As from her deck  
The royal bark displayed the signal flame,  
False Sinon, prompted by malignant Gods,  
The bolts withdrew, and from their lair set free  
The imprisoned Greeks : with joy they sprung to light,  
Emerging from the monster's teeming sides,  
Thessandrus, Sthenelus—by ropes let down—  
And dread Ulysses ; Thoas, Achamas,  
With Neoptolemus—Achilles' son—  
Machaon, Menelaus, and the head 290  
That hatched the plot, Epeus. They surprise  
The unwary town, in wine and slumber drowned,  
The sentries slay, fling open to their friends  
The gates, and marshal their confederate bands.  
'Twas in the early watches of the night,  
When heaven-sent slumber lightens human care ;  
Then, as I slept, methought great Hector's self,  
Exceeding sad and weeping floods of tears,  
Beside me stood : so looked he as of late

Dragged at the victor's chariot-wheels, all stained 300  
 With dust and dark with gore, his livid feet  
 Pierced with the cruel thongs. Ah me! how changed  
 From that proud Hector who, in spoils arrayed  
 Of great Achilles, from the fight returned,  
 Or swept their Grecian decks with Phrygian flames!  
 Lo! now his beard unkempt, his clotted hair,  
 And his scarred bosom, pierced with many a wound  
 In mortal combat round those Dardan towers.  
 Weeping I gazed, and words of anguish broke  
 Unbidden from my lips: 'O light of Troy! 310  
 Hope of our race! whence art thou? why so long  
 Delayed thy coming? in what sore distress,  
 Bereft of thy brave comrades, overwhelmed  
 With endless woes—our country's and our own—  
 Behold we now our Hector, long-desired!  
 But say, what foul despite thy gracious form  
 Hath thus defaced? what mean those ghastly  
 wounds?'

He to such idle quest no answer deigned,  
 But heaving from his breast a mighty groan:  
 'Fly, Goddess-born,' he cried, 'ere yet the flames 320  
 Arrest thee: all is lost—our walls admit  
 The foe—proud Ilion from her summit falls.  
 For Troy and Priam hath enough been done;  
 Could arm of man have saved our sinking state,

That arm was mine. To thee thy country trusts  
 Her sacred ministries, her household Gods.  
 Make these the partners of thy fate : for these  
 In distant land, beyond the traversed main,  
 A city shalt thou build.' This said, he snatched  
 From Vesta's shrine the unextinguished fire, 330  
 The fillet bands, and effigy divine.

Meanwhile a wildering roar of sounds confused  
 The city filled : though from the din retired,  
 And screened with trees, Anchises' mansion stood—  
 E'en there the uproar wild and clash of arms  
 Louder and louder came. From slumber roused,  
 I climbed the roof-top, and stood still to hear :—  
 Such was the sound as when wild southern blasts  
 Through waving cornfields drive the roaring flame,  
 Or when the mountain torrent, swoln with storms, 340  
 Lays some fair champaign waste,—the cultured fields,  
 And labours of the swain,—and whirls along  
 The woods uprooted in its headlong race :  
 Astounded from the heights the shepherd hears  
 The tempest's wrack. Now was the truth made plain,  
 The Grecian plots disclosed. In ruin soon,  
 Deiphobus, thy stately mansion lay,  
 O'er-mastered by the flames : thy neighbouring walls  
 Next caught the blaze, Ucalegon ; the waves  
 Far o'er Sigeum's cape flung back the glare. 350

Then rose the battle-shout and trumpet's bray—  
Madly I fly to arms, though reason owns  
That arms are useless now ; yet longs my soul  
A trusty band to rally, and hold out  
The citadel ; with wrathful passion fired,  
Methought 'twere glorious end in fight to die.

Lo ! Pantheus, scarce escaped the Grecian spears,  
The son of Othrys and Apollo's priest,  
His outcast Gods and sacred vessels bears,  
His youthful grandchild clinging to his side,      360  
And rushes, wild with terror, to my gate.

'Ho ! Pantheus,' I exclaim, 'how fares the cause?  
What stronghold shall we seize?' He with deep sigh  
Replies, 'Alas ! my friend, the hour is come—  
The doom we cannot 'scape from :—sons of Troy  
Are we no longer—Ilion is no more ;  
Dardania's glories live but in the past.

Remorseless Jove to Greece transfers the sway,  
The Argive lords it in our blazing streets.  
Towering aloft, the accursèd horse pours forth      370  
His warrior brood, while glorying in his wiles  
False Sinon deals the fiery brands around.  
Such hosts Mycenæ never sent to war  
As throng our unclosed gates—the streets are barred  
With serried foes—a rampart of bright steel  
Glistens with sword-points fixed—amid the gloom

Surprised, ~~your sentries scarce~~ make feint to fight.'

Fired at his words, and maddening for the fray,

Amid the roaring flames and shock of arms

Headlong I plunged, where'er the Battle-fiend 380

With loudest shrieks and wildest havoc raged.

First, as it chanced, the moon's uncertain light

Brought Ripheus to my side, and Epytus,

A warrior well renowned ; next Dymas came,

With Hypanis, and Mygdon's gallant son

Chorœbus ; he, distracted with the love

Of young Cassandra, to King Priam's aid

For her dear sake his gallant succours led :

O that his plighted bride's ecstatic strains

Had warned him of his doom !

When these I saw

In close array, and panting for the fight : 391

' Brave friends,' I cried, ' but brave in vain, if yet

Ye dare to follow one who dares the worst,

Mark in what plight we stand ; our country's Gods,

Erewhile this empire's strength, forsake their shrines—

The city ye defend is wrapt in flames :

Then charge yon foemen's ranks, and die for Troy !

Despair itself lends hope when hope is none.'

My words inspired new ardour ; fierce as wolves,

Whom hunger's pangs at nightfall drive abroad, 400

Or quest of plunder for their ravening whelps,



'Mid fire and sword, despairing of our fate,  
We range the city through : night's murky cloud  
Enfolds us in its canopy of gloom.  
The carnage and the horrors of that night  
What tongue can tell, what flood of tears bewail?  
The old imperial city is laid low,  
Her streets, her fanes, her dwellings, piled with dead.  
Nor Troy alone the brunt of battle bears,  
Her vanquished sons take heart awhile, and Greeks  
Bleed in their turn : on every side is death      411  
In countless forms, and anguish and dismay.

Androgeos, captain of a Grecian band,  
First, in the gloom encountering, deems us friends,  
And chides, as comrade might : 'On, laggards, on!  
Why linger thus? Your fellows, more alert,  
Already sack and strip the burning town :  
Ye from your ships thus slowly wend?' He spoke,  
And in a moment, meeting scant response,  
Knew us for foes : at once his step was stayed,      420  
His voice was dumb. As one that on a snake  
Stumbling in thorny covert unawares,  
Recoils affrighted from the sweltering throat  
Of the roused monster, towering in his ire ;  
So the scared Greeks spring back—at once we close,  
And in compact battalion hem them round ;  
With panic seized, in unknown paths surprised,

They fall in heaps around. Thus Fortune speeds  
Our first adventure well. With triumph flushed,  
And confident of soul, Chorcebus cries : 430  
'Such promise of success methinks, brave friends,  
'Twere wisdom to pursue : exchange we now  
Our shields and scutcheons with the fallen foe,  
And mask us in his spoils ; the battle o'er,  
Who asks if craft or valour won the day ?'  
This said, he seized the Greek's emblazoned shield,  
Placed on his head the casque with nodding plume,  
And girt the Argive falchion to his side.  
Next Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, well pleased,  
Attire them in the trappings of the slain ; 440  
Then, mingling with the Greeks, we scour the town,  
And, favoured by the night, in many a fray  
Victorious, lay the invaders in the dust.  
Some wait not combat, but with hurried flight  
Rush to their ships ; a coward few remount  
The sheltering horse, and couch them in his lair.  
Ah ! bootless, brief success, unblest of heaven !  
Lo ! with dishevelled hair and frantic mien  
Cassandra, from the tutelary shrine  
Of Pallas dragged a captive, lifts in vain 450  
Her flashing eyes to heaven ; her eyes—for bonds  
Her hands confined ; infuriate at the sight,  
Chorcebus singly 'gainst a host in arms

Rushed to his certain fate ; reckless alike  
 We follow, close-beset with serried foes.

But now a piteous slaughter thins our ranks—  
 Our friends, deceived by feint of borrowed arms  
 And Grecian helmets, from the temple's roof  
 Hurl on our heads an iron shower of spears.  
 Now, too, the Greeks—the sons of Atreus twain—  
 Fierce Ajax and the whole Dolopian host— 461  
 Fired at the rescue of their maiden prize,  
 Join in one furious charge their severed bands,—  
 As when the winds of heaven, north, south, and west,  
 And that wild rider of the eastern gale,  
 With warring blasts encounter in mid-air ;  
 The reeling forests groan ; the Sea-god roused,  
 With his forked sceptre stirs the depths profound,  
 And churns the waves to foam.

A crowd of foes,

Whom in the darkness our deceitful arms 470  
 Had scattered, rally now ; at once detect  
 Our emblems feigned, and tones unlike their own.  
 By numbers we are crushed : Chorœbus first,  
 Struck down by Peneleus, beside the shrine  
 Of Pallas the Armipotent, expires.  
 Next Ripheus falls ; of all the sons of Troy  
 Most upright he, of faith inflexible ;  
 But heaven so willed ! Then Dymas, slain by friends,

And Hypanis; nor could thy blameless life,  
 O Pantheus! nor Apollo's mitre, save 480  
 Thy sacred head.

Witness, ye dying fires  
 Of Troy, ye ashes of her heroes slain,  
 In that last conflict from no foe I quailed,  
 No danger shunned; had fate decreed my fall,  
 My deeds had earned me no inglorious end.  
 Now severed was our company; with me  
 Went Iphitus, a warrior weak with age,  
 And Pelias, from the wound Ulysses gave.  
 Thence deafening shouts to Priam's mansion call:  
 So furious there the strife, you well might deem 490  
 No battle waged, no death-blows dealt beside,  
 In all the town. Unflinchingly the Greeks,  
 Linking their shields in tortoise form o'erhead,  
 Rush on the palace gates: the storming crew,  
 Their ladders firmly grappling to the walls,  
 Press upward, step by step: the left hand bears  
 The targe upraised for shelter, with the right  
 They grasp the battlements. Not less resolved,  
 The Trojans from the roof huge rafters tear,  
 And turrets hurl, and beams inlaid with gold,— 500  
 Pride of ancestral mansions,—on the foe;  
 Nor spare in dire extremity to wield  
 What weapons chance may lend. A trusty guard,

With falchions bared, defends the doors below.  
Our hearts beat high to save the imperial dome  
From rapine, and revive our drooping friends.

There stood a postern-gate that through the courts  
Of Priam's palace secret access gave,  
Whereby Andromache, while Priam held  
His throne, would unattended pass to greet     510  
The royal pair, or lead her infant son,  
Astyanax, to his fond grandsire's arms :  
There entering, to the battlements I climbed,  
Whence Trojan spearmen still made feeble fight.  
Skirting the parapet, a watch-tower rose  
Sheer to the sky, whence all the plain of Troy,  
The Grecian camp, and anchored fleet beyond,  
Lay to the view outstretched. With lever's point,  
Inserted where the loosened floors gave room,  
A breach we make—the turret, undermined,     520  
In instantaneous ruin topples down,  
Crushing a host beneath : still as they fall  
New swarms succeed ; nor fails a moment's space  
The unceasing storm of javelins, brands, and stones.

Lo ! Pyrrhus at the gates, with conquest flushed,  
In burnished mail all radiant—like a snake  
With poisonous grasses fed, that in the earth  
Lay couched and bloated all the winter long ;—  
Warmed to new life, his scaly raiment purged,

Full in the sun his glittering breast he rears,      530  
Trails his smooth coils, and darts his arrowy tongue.  
Huge Periphas, and brave Automedon,  
Who drove Achilles' car and bore his arms,  
With all the Scyrian youth, beset the walls—  
Fling firebrands on the roof. The chief himself,  
With axe in hand, the massive portal cleaves ;  
The brazen posts are severed ; the strong oak,  
Pierced through and through, a gaping fissure yields.  
Lo ! Priam's inmost chambers stand revealed,  
The stately courts of ancient kings laid bare,      540  
And sentries armed across the threshold stand.

Within is tumult all and dire dismay,  
And women's agonising shrieks that pierce  
The skies and through the vaulted dome resound :  
Pale mothers run distracted to and fro,  
Or round the columns with fond kisses cling.  
To Pyrrhus all gives way ; nor barriers strong,  
Nor guards withstand him—all his father's might  
Is in that youthful arm : unhinged, and rent  
By ceaseless battery, sinks the massive door ;      550  
Force carries all before it—on they come :  
The foremost guards are slain ; the Greeks rush in,  
Resistless as a stream whose tide, unpent,  
Sweeps pile and mound away, and o'er the plain  
Bursts in a flood, engulfing flocks and folds.

Within the threshold with these eyes I saw  
Fell Pyrrhus maddening in the gory fray—  
Saw both the hated sons of Atreus' line—  
Saw Hecuba with all her weeping train,  
Wives of a hundred sons, and—saddest sight!— 560  
The altar, hallowed late by Priam's vows,  
Now reeking with his blood. Within those walls  
Were fifty bridal-chambers, promise fair  
Of royal progeny ; their couches decked  
With gold, and spoils barbaric—all o'erthrown,—  
The Greek is master where the flames have failed.

Hear now the piteous tale of Priam's end.  
Soon as he learns his captured city's fate,  
His palace stormed, the foeman in his halls,  
The agèd chief arrays his trembling limbs— 570  
Ah, bootless task!—in armour long disused,  
Clasps to his side his unavailing sword,  
And sallies forth to die. An altar vast  
Within the precincts of the palace walls,  
Stood open to the sky, and, close beside,  
An ancient fig-tree with expanding shade  
O'ercanopied the shrine. Here Hecuba  
And her fair daughters terror-stricken sate,  
Like doves that cower before the darkening storm,  
And clasped with fond embrace their country's gods.  
Soon as the queen her royal spouse beheld 581

Arrayed in panoply of arms, unmeet  
 For reverend age, her anguish thus burst forth :  
 ' What dire resolve is this? what madness prompts  
 To gird thee with these arms, unhappy lord?  
 Not such the champion nor the aid we crave  
 In hour of mortal need : 'twere bootless now,  
 Though Hector's self, our loved and lost, were here !  
 Hither retreat ; this shrine shall guard us all,  
 In life or death—a refuge or a tomb.' 590  
 Thus Hecuba : submissive to her prayer,  
 The king within the hallowed pale retires.

But now Polites, child of Priam's age,  
 Sore wounded by Achilles' vengeful son,  
 Flies, winged by terror, down the long arcades,  
 Darts through the vacant courts, and strains for life :  
 Him Pyrrhus with uplifted arm and spear  
 Pursues, in act to strike ; the goal just gained,  
 Even at his father's feet the unhappy boy  
 Exhausted sinks, and bathed in blood expires. 600  
 Then could not Priam, though in utmost strait,  
 And face to face with death, forbear to speak,  
 Nor curb his righteous ire : ' To thee,' he cried,  
 ' For this thy cruel and unnatural deed,  
 Full retribution shall the Gods award  
 (If Gods, indeed, take reckoning of such crimes).  
 Inhuman ! who with murder of a son



Hast done foul outrage to a father's eyes.  
 Unlike to thee, thy falsely-vaunted sire,  
 Achilles, though an enemy, my suit                    610  
 Disdained not, but a suppliant's rights revered :  
 My Hector's corpse for sepulture restored,  
 Me to my home sent scathless.' As he spoke,  
 His feeble spear with nerveless arm he threw.  
 It clattered on the brass, but made no dint,  
 And in the target's boss innocuous hung.  
 'This message, then,' cried Pyrrhus, 'shalt thou bear,  
 Old man, and to my sire in shades below  
 Tell the ill deeds of his degenerate son :  
 Now die.' He seized the unresisting king,                    620  
 And dragged him o'er the pavement, all beslimed  
 With his son's life-blood, to the altar's side ;  
 Then with his left hand clutched the hoary locks,  
 And drawing with his right the gleaming blade,  
 Hilt-deep he plunged it in the monarch's breast.  
 Such was the issue of his fate—such death  
 Great Priam died, with Troy before his eyes  
 In blazing ruin laid,—there, in the dust,  
 Once lord of Asia's wide and peopled realm,  
 A headless form, a nameless trunk, he lay.                    630

Then horror first o'ermastered me ; I stood  
 Aghast : the murdered monarch's form recalled  
 My sire, in years the same ; with him the thought

Of my forsaken spouse, Creusa, came,  
 Of young Iulus, and our ravaged home.  
 I gazed around ; my comrades all were gone—  
 Exhausted they had sunk, or in despair  
 Leapt from the walls or plunged amid the flames.

Awile I stood alone, when in the gloom  
 Of Vesta's fane a cowering form I spied— 640  
 'Twas Helen. As with all-observant eyes  
 I scanned the scene, the burning city's glare  
 Threw light upon her ; she—of all abhorred,  
 And fearing all ; the hate of ruined Troy,  
 The Argive's vengeance, her wronged husband's wrath ;  
 Alike the curse of Ilium and of Greece—  
 Concealed and crouching at the altar lay.  
 Rage grew within me at the sight ; I burned  
 To wreak resentment for my country's wrongs  
 Upon that guilty head : ' Shall such as she 650  
 Flaunt with our Phrygian maidens in her train  
 Through Sparta or Mycenæ, like a queen  
 Flushed with the pride of conquest ? unavenged  
 Shall Priam fall ? his city wrapt in flames,  
 His soil in carnage steeped ?—it must not be ;  
 For though such conquest o'er a woman won  
 Scant honour yield, 'twere no unworthy deed  
 To execute stern justice for foul crime,  
 To slake the burning passion for revenge,

And soothe the injured Manes of the slain.' 660

Thus in the storm and frenzy of my thoughts,  
Discoursing with myself I raved, when lo !  
A luminous form athwart the darkness gleamed :  
My Goddess-mother—never seemed before  
So heavenly bright the vision ; all divine  
In form and stature, as she moves on high  
Among the Immortals : firmly by my hand  
She held me, as with roseate lips she spake :  
' Ah ! why, my son, this transport of wild wrath ?  
Where now thy care for me—so quickly flown ? 670  
Nor knowest thou in what plight thy helpless sire  
Be left—if yet Creusa and thy child  
Ascanius live : meanwhile the banded Greeks  
Swarm round them ; my protecting arm alone  
Averts the sword and shields them from the flame.  
If Ilion sinks in dust, not Helen's form  
Abhorred, nor much-blamed Paris, but the Gods—  
The inexorable Gods—have dealt the blow,  
And laid in ruins this majestic realm.  
Lo ! now the humid cloud will I dispel 680  
That darkens o'er thy mortal sense and clouds  
Thy vision : thou, whate'er thy mother's voice  
Enjoins, obey. Mark you those riven piles,  
Huge stones asunder wrenched, 'mid billowy clouds  
Of smoke and dust commingled ? Neptune there

The deep foundations with his trident heaves,  
 And rocks the tottering city to its base.  
 There, first and fiercest, at the Scæan gates,  
 With sword begirt, dread Juno from the ships  
 Fresh succours to the deadly onslaught calls. 690  
 See! on the rampart's verge, a cloud-veiled form,  
 With Gorgon shield refulgent, Pallas sits.  
 Great Jove himself against yon towers incites  
 The Gods; himself lends fury to the foe.  
 Fly, then, my son, thy bootless toil give o'er;  
 Myself will shield and guide thee to thy home.  
 She spoke, and vanished in the murky night.  
 Terrific shapes appear: the Gods in arms  
 Arrayed, the dread antagonists of Troy.

Now suddenly before my vision seemed 700  
 Great Neptune's towers to sink amid the flames—  
 Like some old mountain-ash on lofty peak,  
 That foresters with blows of sturdy axe  
 Strain all their strength to fell; the quivering stem  
 Totters awhile and bows its leafy head,  
 Impending to its fall; till, stroke by stroke  
 Asunder cleft, it heaves a parting groan,  
 And strews, a giant wreck, the mountain-side.  
 Safe in my heavenly guardian's charge I pass  
 Uninjured through the thickest of the fight— 710  
 The flames give room, the darts are turned aside.

But when at last my old paternal home  
 Was gained, my father—he, whom first I sought,  
 And longed to bear for safety to the hills—  
 Refuses to outlive his country's fall,  
 Or brave an exile's fate : ' For you,' he cried,  
 ' Whose limbs are firmly strung, whose pulses beat  
 With unabated life, 'tis well to fly.  
 Had Heaven designed to lengthen my brief span,  
 Its hand had spared these walls : enough for me—  
 Enough and more—that this proud city's wreck 721  
 I once beheld, and lived when Ilion fell.  
 Go ; bid me thus, as one laid out for death,  
 A solemn last farewell ; the parting stroke  
 Myself will give ; the foe that spoils perchance  
 Will pity too : to die unsepulchred  
 Afflicts not me, who all too long have borne  
 The burthen of a life unblest of heaven,  
 Since me the all-ruling sire of Gods and men  
 Branded with lightning-blast and scathed with fire.'

Thus rooted in his firm resolve he stood : 731  
 In vain our household all, dissolved in tears,  
 My wife, my child,—besought him to relent,  
 Nor, rushing on his fate, o'erwhelm us all :  
 Deaf to our prayers, he stirs not. In despair  
 Once more I fly to arms and covet death,  
 Since counsel failed and chance no succour gave.

' Heard I a right, and couldst thou bid thy son  
 (O words unseemly from a father's lips !)  
 Forsake these shores and leave thee to thy fate ? 740  
 If the high Gods of all that once was Troy  
 No remnant spare, and thy resolve consigns  
 Thyself, friends, kindred, to the common doom,  
 Have now thy wish fulfilled. Lo ! Pyrrhus comes  
 Reeking with blood of Priam and his race,  
 Who butchered in the father's sight the child,  
 And at the altar's foot the father slew.  
 For this, dear Goddess-mother, didst thou save  
 From sword and flame thy hardly-rescued son,  
 That murderous foes should riot in his halls— 750  
 Wife, father, child, before his eyes despatched,  
 Sink in one bloody grave ! To arms, brave friends !  
 To arms ! and charge the conquering Greeks once  
 more.  
 Be death our portion ; one at least will die  
 Not unavenged ! '

Once more I grasp my sword,  
 Adjust my shield, and gird me for the fight ;  
 But ere I passed the gate, Creusa knelt,  
 Iulus in her arms, and clasped my feet :  
 ' If death you seek,' she cried, ' why leave us here ?  
 The doom you meet be ours ! if yet you trust 760  
 In spear and shield, remain and guard your home.

To whom ~~wouldst thou abandon~~ all most dear ?  
Thy father, young Iulus, me thy wife,—  
Till now, alas ! so deemed.' With sobs she spoke,  
And through the mansion rang her piteous wail.

But now a wondrous portent we beheld.  
As 'twixt his parent's arms Iulus lay,  
A slender tuft of flame from his fair head  
Emerging, flashed amid his waving locks  
With harmless sheen, and round his temples played.  
Alarmed, we wring the blazing hair, and haste 771  
With water to allay the sacred fire ;  
But good Anchises lifted with delight  
His eyes, and stretched his suppliant arms to heaven.  
' All-puissant Jove ! if mortal prayers can move  
Thy pity, hear us now ; to pious hearts  
Lend succour, and confirm the auspicious sign.'  
Scarce had he ceased to speak, when on the left  
A sudden peal of thunder shook the sky ;  
Then darted down a solitary star, 780  
Trailing a stream of light athwart the gloom :  
We marked its course as o'er the palace roof  
It seemed to glide, then sank in Ida's woods,  
Graving its fiery track adown the skies ;  
While with sulphureous vapour reeked the air.  
Instant the old man rose, the mystic star  
Adored, and bowed submission. ' On !' he said ;

‘ No more I bid you linger—let us go !  
 Gods of my fathers ! guard our ancient house,  
 And this its heir ! from you the augury came ;      790  
 Troy by your grace yet lives. Go on, my son ;  
 Where'er you lead, I follow.’

As he spoke,  
 Near and more near the burning city's crash  
 Smote on our ears, more scorching grew the blast.  
 ‘ Now, father, on my shoulders mount,’ I cried ;  
 ‘ These arms shall bear thee well, nor grudge their load.  
 Let both one peril face, whate'er befall,  
 Or one deliverance share : with me shall walk  
 Ascanius hand in hand ; my wife behind  
 Keep the same track, and mark our footsteps well ;  
 And ye, my followers, this injunction heed :      801  
 Beyond the ramparts, on a slope retired,  
 An unfrequented fane of Ceres stands,  
 Hard by an ancient cypress, that of old  
 Was hallowed by the worship of our sires.  
 There will we reunite our scattered bands.  
 Our Gods and sacred rites, thou, father, bear :  
 I, soiled with blood, red-handed from the fight,  
 May touch them not, till purged by living stream.’  
 Apparelled in a tawny lion's hide,      810  
 My shoulders now received their honoured load ;  
 Beside me, pacing with unequal steps,



Ascanius clasped his little hand in mine ;  
Behind Creusa came. Through darkling ways  
We strode ; and I, whom late nor shower of spears  
Nor serried Greeks alarmed, now, coward made  
By him whose steps I led, and him I bore,  
Start at each sound and tremble at the wind.  
At last we reached the gates, and deemed escape  
Assured, when trampling as of warrior feet 820  
Seemed close at hand, and, peering through the gloom ;  
'Haste, haste, my son ! they come !' Anchises cried ;  
'I see their flashing arms and gleaming shields.'  
'Twas then—I know not how—distraction held  
My reason spell-bound. As we travelled on  
By unfamiliar paths and by-ways dim,  
Creusa, by some dire mischance, was lost.  
Conjecture all was vain—if faint with toil  
She stopped to rest, or wandered from the way :  
Never in life these eyes beheld her more. 830  
Nor wist I, all bewildered, what befell,  
Till, halting for a while by Ceres' fane,  
Our little band we numbered—one was gone :  
Gone unperceived by husband, friends, or son.  
Frantic with grief, I railed on Gods and men ;  
Nor in the anguish of my country's fall  
Endured a keener pang. Within a nook  
Retired, to trusty comrades I consign

My child, Anchises, and the Gods of Troy.  
Then, armed for fight, again I scour the town,      840  
Reckless of life, and tempt my fate once more.

Retracing step by step our devious track  
By wall and gate, I searched each dim recess :  
The silence as of death appalled my soul.  
Then to my home I turned, if haply there  
Her steps had wandered ; ere I came the Greeks  
Had stormed the gates, and made our halls their  
own.

E'en now the mantling flames, by night-wind fanned,  
Streamed o'er the roof ; the air like furnace glowed.  
To Priam's palace next I bent my way ;      850  
There in the vacant courts, by Juno's shrine,  
Phoenix and stern Ulysses watched the spoil ;  
Dread sentinels ! I saw the wealth of Troy  
Piled in promiscuous heaps ; embroidered vests,  
Beakers of massive gold—the pillaged hoards  
Of blazing temples. Boys in long array,  
And matrons, shuddering in their bonds, stood near.  
Nor feared I through the unpeopled streets to shout  
Aloud to her I sought, till far and wide  
The walls re-echoed with Creusa's name.      860  
Yet fruitless still my wild distracted search  
Through all the city made, when suddenly  
The very counterpart of that dear form,

Yet statelier than in life,—appalled my sight.  
With hair erect, and utterance choked with fear,  
I stood aghast. With soothing tones she spake :  
' Grieve not, dear husband mine, with frantic grief :  
Thus have the Gods ordained ; the Olympian king  
Permits not that Creusa share thy flight :  
It may not be : long exile must be thine,           870  
Wide seas must first be traversed ere thou gain  
The Hesperian clime, where Lydian Tiber glides  
With gently-coursing stream, prolific land  
Of heroes. Joyous days await thee there :  
A throne predestined, and a royal bride.  
Mourn not Creusa. No proud Myrmidon  
Me to his home shall bear ; no Grecian dame  
Call me her slave—a Dardan princess born,  
Whom Venus daughter owns ! But now, farewell !  
The mother of the Gods detains me here :           880  
Cherish our much-loved child : once more, fare-  
well !'

She ceased, and as I wept and strove to frame  
The words that crowded to my lips, was gone.  
Thrice round her neck my longing arms were flung,  
Thrice did the dear illusion mock my grasp,  
Swift as the wind, and fleeting as a dream.

Now as the night was waning, I rejoined  
My comrades, and beheld our slender band

Swoln to a host, from every side convened.  
Wondering, I viewed the mingled group forlorn : 890  
Matrons and youths were there, and stalwart men,  
With stores for flight prepared, and hearts resolved  
My steps to follow, lead where'er I might,  
Beyond the main. O'er Ida's topmost peaks  
Rose now the morning-star, day's harbinger.  
All hopes of succour failed ; at every gate  
The Greeks kept watch and ward. To fate resigned,  
Once more I stooped my shoulders to receive  
My helpless sire, then climbed the mountain's side.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK III.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



## B O O K   I I I.

---

WHEN Asia's realm and Priam's guiltless race  
Fell doomed of heaven, and Ilion's stately towers,  
By Neptune built, a smoking ruin lay,  
Celestial portents warned us to depart,  
And seek new homes on some unpeopled shore.  
Hard by Antandros' walls, beneath the heights  
Of Ida, ships we build and levies raise:  
Our course, our destined haven, all unknown.  
My sire, Anchises, at the earliest dawn  
Of summer, bade us, trusting all to Fate,                    10  
Hoist to the wind our sails. With tears I left  
My native shores, the plain that once was Troy—  
Launched on the deep an exile, with my friends,  
My child, my country's Gods, and household shrines.  
There is a land where Thracia's warlike sons

Till the broad plains that once Lycurgus ruled ;  
An hospitable coast and friendly tribe  
While Fortune smiled on Troy. Here first I land,  
And here with inauspicious omens trace  
My future walls, entitled from my name 20  
Æneadæ. With sacrificial rites  
My heavenly Mother and the Gods to aid  
Our labours I invoked, while on the shore  
I slew to sovereign Jove a lusty steer.  
A mound was nigh, where tapering cornel grew,  
And myrtle's spear-like shafts a thicket made :  
My rustic altar fain to deck with leaves,  
I plucked a sapling from the ground ; when lo !  
A prodigy more dread than words can tell :  
Soon as the slender stem from earth was torn, 30  
A crimson moisture trickled from the root,  
And dyed the soil with gore. Chill horror shook  
My limbs, and froze the life-blood in my veins.  
Intent to learn the cause, a second shoot  
With trembling hand I snatched ; ensanguined drops  
Again flowed reeking from the bark. With fear  
Bewildered, I invoked the woodland Nymphs,  
And Mars, the guardian lord of Thracian plains,  
These awful portents to assuage, and change  
To happier aspect. As again I strove, 40  
With sturdier force and straining knee, to rend



The stubborn roots—O horror ! shall my lips  
 The dreadful truth declare?—a piteous groan  
 Burst from the mound, a voice of anguish spake :  
 ‘ Ah ! why, Æneas, dost thou torture thus  
 My wretched frame? Vex not my buried corpse,  
 Nor stain with sacrilege thy pious hands.  
 No stranger, but a son of Troy, lies here ;  
 Nor flows this blood from stocks : haste, haste to leave  
 These shores accurst, this cruel land of greed— 50  
 ’Tis Polydore that speaks : the darts that pierced  
 My life took root, and burst in bristling spears.’

Fear paralysed my soul : aghast I stood,  
 With hair erect, and lips with terror dumb.  
 This Polydore did Priam, hapless sire,  
 With stores of gold to Thracia’s king confide,  
 When foes encompassed Ilion, and distrust  
 Of Dardan arms prevailed. The treacherous prince,  
 As Troy grew feebler and her fortunes waned,  
 Alliance with the conquering Argive made, 60  
 His sacred trust betrayed, slew Polydore,  
 And seized the spoil. Accursèd lust of gold !  
 By thee impelled, what crime too foul for man?  
 Roused from my trance of horror, I revealed  
 First to Anchises, to our leaders next,  
 Heaven’s awful portents, and their counsel prayed :  
 All gave their voice to sail, and quit the land

With ~~perfidy and guilt of murder~~ stained.  
 But first to Polydorus' ghost we pay  
 The funeral rites ordained : a lofty pile                    70  
 Of earth, and altars to the dead, we raise,  
 With mournful cypress wreathed, and fillets pale :  
 The Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,  
 Stand weeping round : we pour the steaming cups  
 Of milk and consecrated blood, and thrice  
 Bid with loud voice the buried shade farewell.

Soon as unruffled waves give promise fair,  
 And whispering southern gales invite to sea,  
 Our shipmates throug the beach, and launch from shore :  
 Dim grows the land, the cities fade from view.                    80  
 Girt by the waves, fair Delos, dedicate  
 To Neptune and the Nereid mother, lies ;  
 Rocked on the shifting tides from shore to shore  
 It floated, till the grateful Archer-God  
 To Myconus and Gyaros bound fast  
 The wandering isle, that now, securely fixed,  
 Defies the storm. Its haven of deep calm  
 Receives our ships ; Apollo's hallowed seat  
 We hail with awe. Here Anius, priest and king,  
 With fillets round his brow and bay-leaves twined, 90  
 His ancient friendship with my sire renewed,  
 And frankly bade us welcome to his halls.  
 Within the ancient rock-built fane I prayed :

‘Grant, lord of Thymbra, to our wayworn band,  
Hearths of their own, a home wherein to rest,  
A city sure and lasting! O preserve  
Germ of the future Troy, this remnant saved  
From fierce Achilles and the Argive sword.  
Say, whither shall we steer? what goal pursue?  
What guidance follow? To thy suppliants grant 100  
Auspicious portents, and their hearts inspire.’  
Ere ceased my prayer, a sudden shock convulsed  
The gates, the laurel groves, and heights around:  
Then from the tripod, through the unclosed shrine,  
Mysterious murmurs broke; we prostrate fell.  
Then spake the voice: ‘Ye hardy Dardan souls,  
The ancestral soil that gave your patriarchs birth  
Shall greet with joy their progeny: go, seek  
That ancient fatherland. From thence the seed  
Of great Æneas every clime shall sway, 110  
From sire to son, a countless line of kings.’

So spake the God: a strange bewildered joy  
Thrilled every heart, and eager question rose:  
‘What means the voice? to what primeval land  
Bids Phœbus thus our wandering host repair?’  
My sire revolves his legendary lore:  
‘Hear me, ye chiefs,’ he cries; ‘your fortunes learn:  
Amid the waves lies Crete, Jove’s favoured isle,  
Mount Ida’s seat, and cradle of our race—

A teeming realm, that boasts its hundred towns. 120  
Hence our first founder, so traditions tell,  
Great Teucer, to the Phrygian seaboard came,  
And marked his seat of empire : Ilion's towers  
Rose not as yet, nor frowned the forts of Troy :  
The sheltered vales were tenanted. Hence came  
Dread Cybele's inviolable rites—  
The Idæan grove, the Corybantian drums,  
And harnessed lions tamed to draw the car.  
Haste thither ; seek the home by heaven designed,  
Appease the winds with gifts, and steer for Crete. 130  
Nor long the voyage ; ere three suns be set,  
If Jove be kind, that haven shall ye gain.'  
Then victims to the Gods Anchises slew—  
A bull to Neptune, and to thee a bull,  
Beauteous Apollo ! to the Storm a lamb  
Of sable fleece : a white to Zephyrs fair.

'Twas rumoured that Idomeneus, deposed  
From his ancestral throne, had fled from Crete ;  
Thus clear of foes and vacant was the land.  
Loosed from Ortygia's port we skim the main, 140  
Skirting the shores of Naxos, with its heights  
Of Bacchanalian fame ; Donysa green,  
And Paros marble-white, Olearon,  
The Cyclades amid the ocean strown,  
And islets numberless that stud the waves.

Our decks with joyous acclamations ring ;  
' For Crete and fatherland,' the seamen cry.  
Fair blows the wind and wafts us to the shore  
Where dwells an ancient tribe, Curetes named.  
Impatient of delay, I trace the walls, 150  
And designate the city, long-desired,  
Home of our race, Pergamea, and exhort  
My comrades, glorying in the well-known name,  
Their hearths to cherish and with forts defend.  
On useful labours bent, our youth began  
To seek them wives, to till and plant the soil,  
I dwellings to assign and laws to frame ;  
When lo ! engendered by the tainted air,  
A wasting sickness with insidious grasp  
Assailed the limbs ; a season fraught with death 160  
Smote trees and fields with desolating blight.  
Our people yielded up their lives, or sank  
In slow decline : then Sirius scorched the plains ;  
The pastures withered, and the sickly grain  
No nurture gave. Anchises now enjoined  
Our toil-worn crews to cross the seas once more  
And seek new counsel from the Delian shrine :  
Whither to turn for succour—where to find  
End to our search, and from our toils repose.  
'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things,  
When, as I lay in sleep, before me stood 171

The Phrygian deities, whose hallowed forms  
 My arm had rescued from the flames of Troy,  
 Radiant in light, that through my casement streamed,  
 Shed by the full-orbed moon. Methought they spoke,  
 And calmed with soothing tones my anxious breast :  
 ‘The words that Phœbus from the Ortygian fane  
 Would speak, he bids thee from our lips receive :  
 We, who from blazing Ilion saved by thee,  
 Thine arms have followed, in thy ships have crossed  
 The stormy billows—we thy sons unborn           181  
 Will raise to glory and with empire crown.  
 Build thou for mighty dwellers mighty walls,  
 Nor shrink from travel long nor labour sore.  
 New mansions must be sought—not these the shores  
 The Delian God foretold, nor Crete thy home.  
 There is a land, by Greeks Hesperia named,  
 For deeds of war and teeming soil renowned,  
 Once peopled by Ænotrian settlers, now,  
 From Italus their chief, Italia named.           190  
 Your destined realm is there—thence Dardanus,  
 Iasius thence, your line’s first founders, came.  
 Go, to your aged sire this message bear,  
 Which none that hears may question : bid him seek  
 The land of Corythus, Ausonia’s plains—  
 From Crete great Jove debars you.’

Wonder-struck

At that dread vision and the voice divine—  
For surely 'twas no dream, but, as I thought,  
The very form and presence of the Gods,  
Their awful brows, and locks with fillets bound—  
Chill sweat bedewed my limbs : in trembling haste  
I started from my couch, my hands and voice 202  
To heaven upraised, and fed the altar fires  
With hallowed sacrifice : this service paid,  
The message to my sire with lightened heart  
I bore, and told my tale. Anchises owns  
His mind by dubious ancestries confused  
And lands misnamed : ' My son,' he cries, ' sore tried  
By Troy's hard fortunes, I bethink me well  
How oft Cassandra's solitary voice 210  
These destinies foretold ; how oft she spoke  
Of Italy and fair Hesperia's realm,  
The destined home and birthright of our race.  
But who then dreamed of Troy to Latian shores  
Transferred, or gave Cassandra's ravings heed ?  
By wiser counsel warned, to Phoebus now  
Submission let us yield.' All heard with joy  
The sage resolve, and hastened to obey.  
A few we leave behind, then spread our sails :  
Swift o'er the vasty deep our vessels bound. 220  
Now on mid-ocean launched, nor land we saw,  
Nor aught save skies above and waves around :

Herald of Night and Storm, the rain-cloud broke  
O'erhead, and darkly frowned the furrowed deep.  
Then rose the winds and swelled the mountain waves,  
Hurling our scattered galleys far and wide :  
Dark mists effaced the day and shrouded heaven,  
While through rent clouds the fitful lightning gleamed.  
Bewildered, o'er the trackless main we drive ;  
No more could Palinurus' well-trained eye       230  
Read in the skies the signs of night and morn—  
Vain all his seaman's lore, his reckoning lost.  
Three sunless days our ships before the gale  
All-helpless float ; three nights without a star.  
The fourth day breaks and land at last is spied  
In outline faint ; hills peering through the mist,  
And wreaths of waving smoke : the sails are furled,  
Our gallant seamen, straining to their oars,  
Cleave the light foam and skim the azure main.

Saved from the storm, on island shores we land,  
By Grecian name called Strophades, the haunt   241  
Of fell Celæno and her Harpy tribe,  
Outcast from Phineus' board, where once they fed.  
More hideous forms or deadlier scourge the wrath  
Of Gods ne'er summoned from the depths of hell :  
Like maidens is their visage, stench abhorred  
Their bodies yield, their talons forked, and gaunt  
With never-sated hunger are their cheeks.



Soon as we gain the port, with joy we view  
Rich herds of oxen grazing far and wide,       250  
And flocks of goats untended on the plains.  
With swords we make swift onslaught, and invite  
The Gods and Jove himself our feast to share ;  
Then piling seats of turf along the shore,  
We revel in our spoils ; when suddenly  
With horrid swoop the Harpies pouncing down,  
Flap their huge pinions with discordant clang,  
Ravage the board, and all they touch befoul :  
Loathsome their odour, horrible their screech.  
Once more, within a deep sequestered dell       260  
O'er-arched with rocks and screened with clustering  
trees,  
We spread our meal, our altar-fires relume :  
Once more from distant lair a clamorous throng  
Swarms round the board, our food with noxious taint  
Polluting. Then I bid my comrades arm,  
And hand to hand assail the accursèd crew :  
Prompt at my word, their swords in ambush ranged,  
And flashing bucklers in the grass they hide ;  
Soon as the rustling wings along the shore  
Are heard, Misenus from his watch-tower high   270  
With trumpet sounds the charge ; our men rush forth,  
And in strange combat with the ravenous host  
Engaging, ply the steel ; but all in vain :

His yearly round had made, and winter keen  
 Had ruffled with his icy blast the main.  
 High on the Temple gates a shield of bronze,  
 Which Abas, mighty chief, in battle bore,  
 I fixed, and on the trophy graved a line ;  
 ' This from the conquering Greeks Æneas won,' 330  
 Then bade my gallant shipmates launch from port,  
 And stretch them to their oars. With flashing stroke,  
 Crew vies with crew : they sweep the waves, and soon  
 Phæacia's airy heights are lost to view.  
 Skirting Epirus' coast, Chaonia's port  
 And steep Buthrotus' citadel we gain.

Here rumour passing credence meets our ears,  
 That Helenus, King Priam's son, o'er Greeks  
 Bore sway, succeeding to the throne and bed  
 Of Pyrrhus—that Andromache once more 340  
 Had found a Phrygian consort. Wonder-struck,  
 I longed to meet the prince, and from his lips  
 Such strange adventures hear : the ships I left,  
 And sallied forth.

It chanced that in a grove  
 Without the town, where flowed a stream that feigned  
 The name of Simois, Hector's widowed spouse  
 Was offering sad commemorative gifts,  
 With invocations to her hero's shade,  
 Beside the empty tomb her love had raised

With pile of verdant turf and altars twain, 350  
Incentives of her grief. She, as I came,  
Gazed on me, and, bewildered at the sight  
Of Trojan arms, with horror stood aghast ;  
Life's heat forsook her limbs : swooning awhile  
She lay ; at last found speech : ' O Goddess-born,  
Is this thy true presentment ? Hast thou come  
On no false errand ? Art thou living man ?  
Or if that light be fled, O where is he—  
My Hector ? ' As she spoke, her tears gushed forth,  
And all the grove resounded with her shrieks. 360  
Amidst her transport, few and broken words  
Dropped from my gasping lips : ' I live, 'tis true,  
A life through all extremities endured—  
Misdoubt me not : but thou—to what reverse  
From such majestic spouses art thou fallen !  
Or hath the Fortune thou didst once enjoy  
Not ill thy state restored ? Andromache—  
Once Hector's wife—is Pyrrhus still thy lord ?'

With downcast look and faltering voice she spoke :  
' O blest beyond all maidens of thy race, 370  
Daughter of Priam ! by the foeman's tomb,  
In sight of Ilion, happier far to die,  
Than draw the lot of servitude, and live  
Dishonoured partner of a conqueror's bed !  
I, forced when Troy was sacked, to cross the main,

The haughty humours of Achilles' son  
 Endured, and children in my bondage bore ;  
 Till, lured by young Hermione, he sought  
 From Lacedæmon fairer bride, and me,—  
 Slave to a slave,—to Helenus consigned.      380  
 But fierce Orestes, maddened by his wrongs,  
 And goaded by the Furies that distract  
 The guilty, at the altar of his sire  
 Waylaid and slew the spoiler.    Pyrrhus dead,  
 Part of his realm to Helenus devolved,  
 Who wide Chaonia's plains by title new  
 From Trojan Chaon called, and built him walls  
 And ramparts on the steep, whose names remind  
 Of Pergamus and Troy.    But thou—what gale  
 Drove hitherward thy ships?    What chance, what God  
 Impelled thee all unconscious to these shores?    391  
 What of thy son Ascanius? lives he yet?  
 Whom Troy already. . . .

Hath he tender thoughts  
 Of his lost mother? breathes there in the boy  
 Aught of the antique spirit, the high soul  
 Of fortitude, by great examples taught,  
 His uncle Hector, or thyself his sire?'

Thus choked with tears she spake, and roused anew  
 Her unavailing grief, when from the walls,  
 With gallant train, came Priam's royal son,      400

Kind greeting gave, and to his palace-gates  
Welcomed his Trojan guests, with many a tear  
Commingling his discourse. In pensive thought  
I traced the town, the miniature of Troy :  
Its Xanthus, shrunken stream ; its fort surnamed  
Of Pergamus ; its mimic Scæan gates  
I kissed in fond remembrance of the true.  
Meanwhile the city's genial mirth refreshed  
My weary comrades, whom in stately halls  
The king with hospitable cheer regaled— 410  
Full cups in honour of the jovial God  
They quaffed, at sumptuous banquets, served on gold.

Day after day sped on ; fair breezes wooed  
Our fleets to sea, yet idly on the yards  
The canvas flapped : at length the prophet king  
I thus accosted : ' Son of Troy's high race,  
Interpreter of Heaven ! to thee are known  
The inspirations of the Clarian shrine,  
The tripods and the grove—the starry signs,  
The prescient notes and mystic flight of birds, 420  
Thy wisdom can discern. With one accord,  
Lo ! all the Gods and oracles divine  
Fair auguries announce, and point the way  
To distant Italy ; the Harpy-queen  
Alone, Celæno, on our heads invokes  
Foul famine's curse, unutterable woe.

How may such plagues be borne, such perils shunned?  
 Speak, heavenly monitor.' No answer then  
 Gave Helenus, but first with votive blood  
 Of heifers duly slain his God appeased, 430  
 His fillet-bands unbound, and by the hand  
 Led me, with awe bewildered, to the shrine;  
 Then spake the words prophetic: 'Goddess-born,  
 Doubt not, illustrious auguries attend  
 Thy voyage o'er the deep—the all-puissant Sire  
 Thus singles from the sortilege of Fate  
 The lot decreed, thus roll in ordered round  
 The wheels of Doom. Some warning words, though  
 few,  
 To guide thee on thy course through seas unknown  
 Safe to the Ausonian haven, may I speak: 440  
 Stern Fate permits no more, and Juno's ban  
 Seals fast my lips. From those Italian shores  
 You fondly deem so near, and count your ships  
 E'en now abreast the strand, long trackless seas  
 Divide you; in Sicilian streams your oars  
 Must first be plied, Ausonian waves be braved,  
 The Avernian lakes, and Circe's isle explored,  
 Ere, harboured in your destined city's walls,  
 Ye find repose. Mark now this presage well:  
 When to thy wistful gaze, beside a stream 450  
 Sequestered, with o'ershadowing holm-oaks fringed,

A sow, new-farrowed, shall appear, outstretched  
With thrice ten sucklings clustered round her teats,  
All white—alike the litter and the dam—  
There shall thy walls be built, thy rest be found.  
Nor dread the curse of boards devoured for bread ;  
The Fates shall find deliverance, and your prayers  
Gain Phoebus for your friend. But shun the coasts  
Of Italy, to our sea-bordered realm  
Contiguous—by malignant Greeks possessed. 460  
There Locrian warriors from Naricia dwell ;  
There fierce Idomeneus, with Cretan troops  
O'erawes Salentum's plain ; there, petty fort  
Of Philoctetes, Melibœan chief,  
Petilia frowns. Another warning heed :  
When on the long-sought beach thy ships are moored,  
Thine altars raised—thou, ere thy vows be paid,  
With purple robe veil reverently thy head,  
Lest aught of hostile aspect, on thy sight  
Intruding, 'mid those hallowed fires, the Gods 470  
Dishonour and thine auguries confound.  
This pious usage cherish, thou and thine—  
Be this through all posterity maintained.  
But when, departing hence, fair breezes waft  
Thy barks toward Sicily, and, nearer seen,  
Pelorus opes his rocky gates more wide ;  
Then hug the southern coast, and far to left

Your galleys steer; the treacherous northern shore  
 Shun for your lives : two lands that erst were one,  
 'Tis said, a mighty earthquake rent in twain— 480  
 Such wondrous transformations Time hath wrought—  
 The fierce sea rushed between, and tore apart  
 Italia's coast, from Sicily disjoined.  
 'Twixt severed fields and hamlets intervenes  
 A narrow frith : the right side Scylla guards ;  
 Implacable Charybdis on the left  
 Sucks down its whirlpool's fathomless abyss  
 The eddying waves ; by turns the refluent flood  
 Dashes aloft, and heavenward hurls the spray.  
 But Scylla in her cave of darkness lurks, 490  
 And with her gaping jaws outstretched allures  
 The unwary ships, and strands them on the rocks.  
 Human her visage seems, her bosom fair,  
 A woman to the waist, but, strangely joined,  
 A huge sea-monster in her nether parts,  
 Wolf-bellied, dolphin-tailed. 'Twere better far  
 To round Pachynus' cape, with circuit wide,  
 Than face the hideous beldame in her cave,  
 And hear, 'mid echoing rocks, her sea-dogs howl.  
 ' Yet more—if aught of insight or of skill 500  
 To Helenus belongs, if Phœbus guides  
 His mind aright, this precept, first and last,  
 Store in thy breast ; this more than all observe :



To Juno, puissant Goddess, homage pay,  
To Juno pour thy vows : that haughty Queen  
With suppliant gifts propitiate,—thus at last,  
Triumphant, shalt thou reach Ausonia's shore.  
That haven gained, advancing on thy way  
To Cumæ and the Avernian lakes divine,  
Girt with resounding forests ; thou shalt find 510  
The frantic Priestess in her rock-hewn cave,  
Who reads the darkling future, and inscribes  
Her mystic symbols on the forest-leaves.  
The characters on those frail tablets traced  
Leaves the weird maiden on the rocky floor,  
Each in determined rank and sequence due ;  
But should the ruffling wind through unclosed door  
Disperse the fleeting lines, no heed she takes  
To stay the leafy notes at random tost,  
Or weave anew her disconnected strain : 520  
Their unregarded prayers her votaries mourn,  
And curse the Sibyl's cave ; yet fail not thou,  
Though time be brief, though comrades chide delay,  
And breezes murmur in your belying sails,  
To seek her shrine ; then win her to unseal  
Her lips, and all thy destinies declare.  
She of Italia's tribes, of wars to come—  
How dangers may be shunned, and toils endured—  
Shall warning give, and speed thee on thy way.

No more I dare disclose. Go on, brave friend, 530  
 And raise to loftier heights regenerate Troy.'

Such friendly counsel gave the Prophet-King,  
 And sent withal rich presents to our ships—  
 Gold, ivory carved, of silver ample store,  
 With massive caldrons of Dodona's mould :  
 A shirt of mail with golden links thrice coiled,  
 And high-peaked helmet, with o'ershadowing plumes,  
 Which Neoptolemus in battle wore.  
 Gifts for Anchises, too, the monarch sends ;  
 Horses and guides supplies, and martial stores, 540  
 And with stout oarsmen mans our barks anew.

Meanwhile, lest time and favouring wind be lost,  
 Anchises bade his captains hoist their sails.  
 Him then, with reverent mien, Apollo's priest  
 Addressed : ' Anchises, favoured of the Gods,  
 Whom Venus made illustrious by her love,  
 Twice saved from ruined Troy ! behold the land  
 You seek—Ausonia ! Thither wend your way ;  
 Yet Fate permits not on yon shores to rest,  
 But onward steer to that far-distant port 550  
 Which Phœbus hath revealed. Go, happy sire  
 Of pious son ! let words of mine no more  
 Detain you, nor the rising breeze delay.'  
 Now, too, Andromache, sore grieved to part,  
 Brings forth for young Ascanius broidered vests,

With gold inwoven, and a Phrygian cloak,  
Meet for his princely rank ; rich tissues, too,  
From her own loom—and sadly speaks farewell :  
‘ Receive, dear youth, these robes my hands have  
wrought,  
Pledge of Andromache’s enduring love, 560  
Last gift of her who once called Hector lord.  
O sole surviving image of my boy,  
My lost Astyanax !—thine eyes, thy mien,  
Thine every look recalls him ; were he here,  
Now had his dawning manhood matched with thine.’  
Loath to depart, I bade, with tearful eyes,  
The royal pair farewell : ‘ Rest happy, ye  
Whom Fortune’s fitful changes vex no more :  
Me ever-shifting Fate drives to and fro.  
Your rest is won : no stormy seas to brave, 570  
No Italy, long sought, yet distant still.  
Another Xanthus, and a second Troy,  
Built by your hands, are here ; may kindlier Fates  
Shield them from harm, nor envious Greeks assail !  
Should ever Tiber and his bordering plains  
Yield to my wandering people home and walls,  
The sons of Dardanus in either land,  
Epirus and Hesperia, kinsmen true  
And linked by joint misfortune, as by birth,  
Shall form in heart one undivided Troy,— 580

Long may our children's children guard the bond !'  
Skirting Ceraunia's heights, whence speediest sail  
Is made to Italy, we bear to sea ;  
Low sinks the sun, and shadows veil the hills.  
Then land our seamen on the welcome beach :  
While watch is kept by turns, outstretched they lie,  
And bathe their limbs in slumber's healing dews.  
Scarce had the night-hours traversed half their round,  
Ere wakeful Palinurus starts from sleep ;  
He notes each presage of the changeful sky,      590  
And strains his ear to catch the whispering breeze ;  
Then marks the constellations as they glide  
Along the silent heaven—Arcturus bright,  
The watery Hyades and the Northern Bears,  
And armed Orion with his belt of gold.  
All signs betoken calm, and from the stern  
He sounds his signal shrill. Aroused in haste,  
Our camp is all astir ; the galleys, launched,  
Spread to the breeze their snowy wings ; and now,  
As pale the stars before the reddening dawn,      600  
Dark hills and land just peering o'er the waves  
Are spied. Anchises first shouts ' Italy !'  
' Ho ! Italy !' our joyful crews reply.  
Then fills my Sire a mighty bowl with wine,  
And from the lofty poop invokes the Gods :  
' Ye Powers supreme of Ocean, Earth, and Storms,

Grant favouring gales, and waft our barks with speed.  
Fresh blows the wind, the port expands to view,  
And on the summit towers Minerva's fane ;  
Our sails we furl, and drive our prows to shore. 610

Scooped by the fretting of the eastern surge,  
The harbour forms a bow ; projecting rocks,  
Dripping with briny spray, the inlet screen :  
Two walls of living stone enclose the sides  
With craggy battlements ; the Temple stands  
Withdrawn. First omen here that greets our eyes,  
Four milk-white steeds are grazing on the plain :  
' War is thy badge, strange land ! ' Anchises cries,  
' War's emblems these ! the steed is trained for war ;  
Yet, tamed by skill, and coupled to the yoke, 620  
Obeys the rein—a symbol thus of peace.'  
To Pallas, Goddess of the clashing arms,  
Whom first with joy we hailed, with Phrygian robes  
Veiling our suppliant heads, our vows we pay ;  
To Argive Juno next, the solemn charge  
Of Helenus remembering, we fulfil  
The sacrificial rites : this service done,  
Veering our sailyards to the wind, we bid  
The dangerous precincts of the Greeks farewell.  
Then first Tarentum, built, if Fame be true, 630  
By Hercules, displays its glassy bay ;  
Lacinia's fane appears, and Caulon's towers,

And Scylaceum's coast, bestrewn with wrecks.  
Then looms Trinacrian Ætna o'er the deep :  
A roar of mighty waves and sea-lashed cliffs  
Peals loud and far ; the boiling surges leap,  
And the wild surf flies, mingled with the sand :  
'Charybdis, as I live !' Anchises cries ;  
'Those ghastly rocks that Helenus foretold !  
Now to your oars, my gallant shipmates, now.      640  
Swift—or we perish !' As he spake, 'twas done.  
First, Palinurus snatched the helm, and drove  
Southward, with grasp of might, the creaking prow.  
All hands to southward strain with oar and sail :  
Now on the crested surge aloft we ride,  
Now sink, the waves receding, deep as hell ;  
Thrice hear the hollow roar of caves profound,  
Thrice see the dripping heavens suffused with spray.  
Wearied at last as wind and daylight fail,  
We drift, unknowing, on the Cyclops' shore.      650  
Wide is the port, though screened from ruffling  
winds ;  
But Ætna, fraught with ruin, thunders near :  
Now shoots aloft a cloud of pitchy fumes,  
With whirling embers hot, and flakes of fire ;  
Now belches fragments from the mountain's womb  
Disgorged, and from the rumbling crater pours  
The molten rock. As ancient legends tell,

Beneath that mighty pile Enceladus,  
His giant bulk with lightning half consumed,  
Imprisoned lies ; while Ætna overlaid 660  
Through her rent caverns vents the smouldering flame.  
Oft as the monster shifts his aching side,  
Trinacria quakes through all her shuddering frame,  
And smoke enshrouds the sky. We all night long  
Couched in the woods, by hideous phantoms scared,  
And sounds mysterious, lay ; no light appeared,  
Nor sheen of stars, nor constellation's blaze,  
But murky clouds and mists that veiled the moon.

Scarce had the dawning Morn from eastern skies  
Dispelled the shadows dank, when from the woods,  
Startling our sight, a figure strange and wild, 671  
Human in shape, yet wasted to a ghost  
By dire distress, in miserable guise,  
With suppliant hands outstretched, approached the  
shore.

We stood and gazed : a form with filth begrimed,  
Long haggard beard, and garments tagged with thorns ;  
Yet in his aspect seemed the wretch a Greek,  
Sometime a soldier in the wars of Troy.  
Soon as our Dardan garb and arms he spied,  
Awhile by terror paralysed he stood ; 680  
Then with impetuous haste advanced, and thus  
With tears adjured us : ' By the Gods above—

The stars—~~this vital air and~~ light of heaven—  
 O take me, Teucrians, bear me where ye list—  
 I reckon not whither! True, from Greece I came  
 With that great armament that sailed for Troy  
 To spoil your homes—for this, my crime confessed,  
 Fling, if ye will, my body to the waves;  
 Drown me in Ocean's depths—'twill lighten death  
 To die, if die I must, by hands of men.' 690

Imploring thus the stranger clasped my knees,  
 And grovelled at my feet. His name, his race,  
 By what malignant Fortune thus pursued,  
 We bade him tell: my Sire the suppliant's hand  
 Grasped in his own; that pledge new courage gave,  
 And, bolder grown, he spake: 'My native land  
 Was Ithaca; Ulysses, ill-starred chief,  
 My captain; Achæmenides my name.  
 My father, Adamastus, in his need  
 To Ilium sent me—happier far for me 700  
 Had Fortune left unchanged our lowly home!  
 Here did my comrades, as they fled dismayed  
 From that foul den, unthoughtful in their haste  
 Leave me defenceless in the Cyclops' cave;  
 A vast and murky vault, with carnage steeped  
 And revelries of blood. He (may the Gods  
 From such detested presence rid the earth!)  
 Of loftiest stature, towering to the clouds,



Abhorring sight and speech of mortal men,  
Feasts on the reeking entrails of the slain. 710  
These eyes beheld him grasp with his huge hand  
Two of our hapless crew, as stretched he lay  
Along the cave, then dash them on the rocks,  
Drenching the spattered pavement with their gore.  
I saw their limbs that quivered as they dripped  
With blood betwixt his jaws. Not unavenged  
Our comrades fell ; nor did Ulysses brook  
Such outrage, nor his native craft belie.  
Soon as in sleep supine the monster lay,  
With feasting gorged and stupefied with wine, 720  
Extended all at length, and belching forth  
The blood-smear'd fragments of his foul repast,—  
With supplications to the Gods for aid,  
And casting lots, we hemmed the giant round ;  
Then pierced with sharply-pointed stake his eye—  
That single orb which 'neath his grisly brow  
Glowed like the sun's red disc or Argive shield :  
Such vengeance took we for our murdered friends.  
But fly, unhappy strangers—fly with speed,  
And cut the hawsers of your lingering ships ; 730  
For, vast as Polyphemus, and as fierce  
As that grim shepherd who in mountain fold  
Shelters his fleecy flock and milks his ewes,  
A hundred giants more of Cyclop mould,

Unutterably savage, haunt these shores  
And range the mountains. Thrice the moon hath filled  
Her horn since I, in lonely thickets hid,  
Crouching in caves and dens of beasts, have borne  
A loathsome life ; beholding on the rocks  
Those monstrous forms, and shuddering as I heard  
Their voices and the thunder of their tread.       741  
The innutritious berries of the brake,  
The stony cornel, and wild roots uptorn,  
Were all my sustenance. Ever on the watch,  
Your ships I spied, and, heedless whom they bore,  
I flung me at your feet—enough for me  
To 'scape the clutches of that fiendish horde,  
Whate'er the death you choose to end my woes.'

Scarce ceased his words when on the topmost ridge  
Dread Polypheme himself amidst his flock,       750  
Heaving along his ponderous bulk, was seen,  
As to the well-known shore he wound his way—  
A hideous, huge, misshapen, sightless form !  
A rugged pine-stem for a staff he bore ;  
His sheep, sole joy and solace of his grief,  
Around him flocked. When now he reached the sea,  
Gnashing his teeth, the monster with deep groan  
From his void socket washed the clotted gore ;  
Then plunging in the waves, whose highest flood  
His flanks scarce wetted, through the billows strode.

With terror seized, we hurriedly aboard 761  
 The stranger take, who well had earned release,  
 And cut our cables free without a word ;  
 Then bending to our oars we pull for life,  
 And sweep the main. The giant heard the sound,  
 And wheeled about, impatient to pursue ;  
 But in his effort foiled to clutch our ships,  
 And by the Ionian tide o'ermatched in speed,  
 He raised a shout so mighty that the sea  
 Throbbled with the thunderous sound through all her  
 waves : 770

Ausonia's distant plains with terror quaked,  
 And Ætna's winding caves flung back the roar.

Roused at his call, the whole Cyclopean host,  
 From hills and woods descending, thronged the strand.  
 Along the beach we saw, with scowling brows,  
 Discomfited, the sons of Ætna stand—  
 An awful conclave ! lifting their huge heads  
 Like giant oaks or cone-crowned cypresses,  
 Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove.

Reckless with fear our crews were fain to spread,  
 Drift where they might, their canvas to the gale ;  
 Yet dared we not, by Helenus forewarned, 782  
 Midway 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steer,  
 With equal risk and imminence of death  
 On either hand : then backward we resolved

To turn our sails, when suddenly upsprung,  
 Fresh from Pelorus' straits, a northern breeze.  
 We skirt Pantagia with its basin scooped  
 From living rock, the Megarean bay,  
 And Thapsus, low-sunk coast : each land we passed  
 Did Achæmenides our guide declare— 791  
 Reversing now the course he traced before,  
 Companion of Ulysses, ill-starred chief.

An island stretched athwart Trinacria's bay,  
 Facing Plemmyrium's storm-vexed haven, lies,  
 By ancients called Ortygia. Here, 'tis said,  
 Alpheüs, who in distant Elis springs,  
 Winding his subtle way beneath the sea,  
 With thee, O Arethusa, mingling, yields  
 His waters to the main. Forewarned, we pay 800  
 Due honours to the Gods that guard the isle ;  
 Then leave behind Helorus and the plains  
 That drink luxuriance from his brimming flood,  
 Pachynus with his spurs of jutting crag,  
 And Camarina's towers beheld afar,  
 By Fate declared immovable for aye.  
 The wide Geloan plains in turn are seen,  
 And Gela, from its mighty river named.  
 Next towering Acragas stands out to view  
 For high-bred coursers famed ; and past thy shores,  
 Selinus, rich with palmy groves, we glide ; 811

Then skirt with wary prow the rocks that lurk  
In Lilybæan shallows, and at last  
At Drepanum a joyless haven find.  
For, wearied as I was and vexed with storms,  
My Sire, beloved companion and support  
In all my griefs, Anchises here I lost.  
Ah! why from thousand perils saved in vain,  
Dear father, thus forsake thy toil-worn son?  
Of all the terrors Helenus foretold,  
Of all Celæno's woes, was none like this,  
My heaviest sorrow and my last; here, too,  
The close of all my wanderings: sailing hence  
Some friendly God impelled me to your shores.

820

Æneas thus, while all gave heedful ear,  
His destinies, ordained of Heaven, declared;  
His wanderings all recounted,—here at last,  
Ending his tale, in silence he reposed.

828

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK IV.

VOL. I.

H

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)





B O O K I V.

---

BUT now the stricken queen, through all her veins,  
Feels the keen pang, and pines with secret fires :  
The hero's worth, the glories of his race,  
Fill all her thoughts : his voice, his looks, are graved  
Deep on her heart,—no rest her pain allows.  
Soon as the morrow's sun with early light  
Illumed the earth, and chased the shadows dark,  
She to her sister's sympathising ear  
Her sorrows told : ' Say, Anna, sister mine,  
Whence these distempered dreams that haunt my soul ?  
What stranger-guest is here ? What stately mien ! 11  
What valorous heart ! What prowess in the field !  
If coward fear bespeaks degenerate race,  
'Twere no vain thought to deem his birth divine.  
Ah me ! what hardships he endured ! what storms

Of Fate, and toils of long-protracted war !  
 But for my fixed resolve, that knows no change,  
 No more to bind me with connubial ties,  
 Since my first youthful love by death was crossed—  
 But that the bridal torch and rites I loathe— 20  
 This once might weakness find excuse to yield.  
 Yes ! Anna, let me own : since murder foul  
 Our altar stained, and by a brother's hand  
 Sichoëus fell, this Trojan chief alone  
 Hath touched my wavering heart and thrilled my veins :  
 I feel new stirrings of that long-quenched flame.  
 But oh ! may earth her yawning gulfs disclose,  
 May Jove's red lightning hurl me to the shades—  
 The pallid shades of Hell and Night profound—  
 Ere deed of mine profane chaste Honour's laws ! 30  
 No ! let him hold it still who first subdued  
 My virgin heart—still guard it in his grave !'

She ceased, dissolved in tears ; then Anna made  
 Reply : ' Dear sister—dearer than my life !—  
 Must thy sweet youth in lonely sadness wane,  
 Nor children dear, nor love's sweet transports know ?  
 Think you such cares disturb the buried dust ?—  
 'Twas meet no suitor once thy widowed heart  
 Should please, nor Libya's sons, nor lords of Tyre—  
 Iarbas was disdained, and many a chief 40  
 Whom Afric, famed for high achievements, bred ;

But why thus struggle with congenial love?  
Think how thine infant realm is girt with foes :  
Here dwells the unsubdued Gœtulia ; there  
Numidians, wild as their unbitted steeds.  
Inhospitable wastes, and Syrtes drear  
Thy frontier bound, and Barce's desert-tribes  
Marauding far and wide : why speak of Tyre  
With war fermenting, and thy brother's threats?  
'Twas Juno's hand, I ween, and Gods benign,      50  
That cast these Dardan rovers on our shores.  
With Troy by wedlock linked, to what proud heights  
Might Carthage rise !—what power thy Punic realm  
Attain !—what glory from their arms allied !  
Do thou with sacrifices first the Gods  
Propitiate, then thy hospitable bent  
Indulge at will, detaining still thy guests  
With pretexts fair—while wintry tempests rave,  
While turbulent Orion stirs the main,  
And frowning skies bode ill to shattered ships.'      60  
Such words heaped fuel on her bosom's fire,  
Inspired new hope, and loosed the bonds of shame.  
Then to the Temple haste the sisters twain,  
And peace from Heaven implore from shrine to shrine.  
Choice victims from the fleecy flock they slay,  
To thee, Lyæus—to the Delian God—  
To Ceres, mother of sage laws, nor least

To Juno, guardian of the nuptial bond.  
Peerless in beauty stands the Tyrian queen,  
With chalice in her hands, and pours the wine 70  
Between a snow-white heifer's budding horns ;  
With stately step before the altar moves,  
Her votive offering day by day renews,  
Bends o'er the reeking sacrifice, and scans  
The quivering entrails with divining eye.  
Ah ! bootless auguries, and prophets blind !  
The love-distracted soul what prayers can soothe ?  
What shrine its pangs allay ? the insidious flame  
Meanwhile is mining at the bosom's core,  
And inly bleeds the immedicable wound. 80  
With anguish Dido burns, and through the town  
Distracted roves—like arrow-stricken hind,  
Whom, wandering heedless in Dictæan glades,  
Some shepherd, aiming from afar, hath pierced,  
And left his shaft, unknowing, in the wound :  
O'er Cretan glens and brakes she maddening flies,  
Fixed in her side the dart her life-blood drains.  
Conducting now her guest, the queen displays  
Her Tyrian wealth, her city's ample stores,  
Strives oft to speak, but checks her thought half-told.  
Now seeks the oft-repeated feast at eve, 91  
And craves, infatuate, from his lips to hear  
Troy's fate once more, and on each utterance hangs.

Parting at length, when sinks the paling moon,  
And setting stars admonish to repose,  
In her lone hall she pines on couch forlorn,  
Still sees the absent form, still hears the voice ;  
Or fondles young Ascanius in her arms,  
And, ravished by the image of his sire,  
Cheats, self-beguiled, her heart's unuttered pain. 100  
Meanwhile the rising towers unfinished stand ;  
The youth no more to martial exercise  
Are trained ; their half-completed works they leave,  
The ramparts and the port—and motionless  
The mighty engines hang that towered to Heaven.

Perceiving now the queen by such fierce plague  
Possessed, e'en Honour's self to Love enslaved,  
The spouse of Jove beloved to Venus spoke :  
' A noble triumph truly hast thou won,  
Rich trophies, vast renown, thy Son and Thou : 110  
Two Deities to work one woman's fall !  
Nor pass unheeded thy suspicious looks  
On Carthage cast : but why this bootless feud ?  
Why strive for aye ? Nay, rather let us make  
Fast treaty, and with wedlock seal the bond :  
The end thy heart did covet thou hast gained—  
Through every vein enamoured Dido burns :  
Then let us rule as one the nations twain ;  
A Phrygian husband's sway the queen shall own,

And Carthage to thy son for dowry bring.' 120  
 Then Venus (well her rival's aim she knew  
 To found her Italy on Libyan shores)  
 Replied : 'Such truce 'twere madness to decline ;  
 Who would not rather choose thee friend than foe?—  
 Might Fortune grant thy well-laid scheme success.  
 But doubtful destinies perplex me still ;  
 Will Jove permit that Troy and Carthage leagued  
 Henceforth one people form, one rule obey?  
 His consort thou ; 'tis thine of right to know  
 That sovereign will, and urge thy suit. Go on ; 130  
 Thy guidance I obey.' 'That charge be mine,'  
 The haughty queen replied : 'Hear now the means  
 Meet for our end. Soon as to-morrow's sun  
 With his first orient rays unveils the world,  
 Thy Dardan hero and the ill-starred queen  
 Prepare for hunting in the woodland glade.  
 Then, while the foresters speed to and fro,  
 And spread their toils for game, will I a flood  
 Of murky rain and hail pour swiftly down,  
 And rend the skies with tempest ; all the train 140  
 Shall flee for shelter 'mid the thickening gloom :  
 The queen and chieftain in a cave retired  
 Shall meet, where I, of thy consent assured,  
 In wedlock's ties will bind the amorous pair ;  
 And Hymen shall his genial presence lend.'

She spoke, and, laughing Venus smiled assent,  
Pleased to behold her rival's wiles unmasked.

Now from her ocean bed as Dawn arose,  
Forth with the earliest light a youthful band  
Pours from the palace-gates, equipped for chase 150  
With nets and snares and hunter's steel-tipped poles,  
Keen-scented hounds, and mounted Moorish grooms.  
The queen within her chamber tarrying long,  
Her Tyrian courtiers at the gates attend :  
Impatiently her palfrey champs the bit,  
Proud of his crimson housings pranked with gold :  
She comes at length, with all her courtly train,  
In richly-broidered vest of Tyrian dye ;  
Gold from her quiver's polished surface gleams,  
Her vest is clasped, her hair is bound, with gold. 160  
There, too, amid his Phrygian compeers blithe,  
Iulus rides ; but far surpassing all  
In manly grace, Æneas joins the throng.  
Fair as Apollo when from Xanthus' side  
And plains of wintry Lycia he returns  
Exulting to his native Delian isle,  
Renews the sports and leads the dance once more,  
While Dryopes and Cretans shout for joy,  
And painted Agathyrsi hail their king—  
His flowing locks with leafy circlet bound, 170  
And twined with gold, he treads the Cynthian heights

With rattling quiver round his shoulders flung :  
 So graceful moved, such beauteous form and mien  
 Æneas wore !

When now the forest heights  
 The hunters gained, lo ! from their craggy lairs  
 The mountain-goats dashed wildly down the rocks ;  
 While, rallying from the hills their antlered herd,  
 The stags in dust-encircled squadrons swept  
 Adown the vale. On mettled steed elate  
 Ascanius heads the chase ; his mates outstripped 180  
 He passes one by one, and feebler game  
 Disdaining, fain would see the mountain-boar  
 Or tawny lion from the hills descend.

But now with gathering storm the welkin roars,  
 And hail and rain in mingled floods descend.  
 With sudden rout dispersed, the Trojan youth  
 And Tyrian gallants all for shelter flee ;  
 While down the mountains rush the swollen rills.  
 The Dardan chief and Dido, tempest-driven,  
 Meet in a cave retired ; then Juno, queen 190  
 Of Hymenæal mysteries, and Earth  
 Accordant signal give : the conscious Heavens  
 Those spousals saw and flashed with meteor-fires,  
 And wildly shrieked the Wood-nymphs on the steep.  
 Ah ! rueful day, with sorrow fraught and death !  
 Henceforth nor fame nor fair report the queen



Holds dear, nor strives her passion to conceal,  
But cloaks with wedlock's specious name the sin.

Meanwhile through Libyan cities Rumour flies—  
Rumour, that swiftest of all mischief works,           200  
Grows as she runs, and gathers strength from speed :  
Cowering and frail at birth ; soon bolder grown,  
She stalks erect and lifts her front to heaven.  
This, last-born sister of her Titan sons  
Enceladus and Coeus,—mother Earth,  
Resentful of the Olympian tyrant's wrong,  
Brought forth—a monster swift of foot and wing,  
Hideous and huge ; but, wondrous to relate,  
For every feather in her plummy wings,  
So many piercing eyes and wakeful ears,           210  
So many mouths she wears, and clattering tongues.  
Midway 'twixt earth and sky the livelong night  
Buzzing she flits, nor shuts her wakeful eye :  
By day on rooftree perched her watch she keeps,  
Or haunts, a shape of fear, some city's towers ;  
As prompt false news to forge as spread the true.  
Among the nations now a tangled tale  
Of fact with fiction blent, the fiend diffused,—  
That great Æneas, Trojan-born, had come,  
Whom beauteous Dido thought not shame to wed :  
That in base dalliance all the winter long,           221  
Mindless of realm and fame, the lovers toyed ;—

Such tidings blazed the foul-mouthed pest abroad.  
To King Iarbas next in haste she flies,  
Taunts him with burning words, and fires his soul.  
Son of great Hammon he, by ravished nymph  
Of Barbary, a hundred temples vast,  
A hundred altars through his wide domains  
To his divine progenitor had raised,  
And guarded day and night their sleepless fires ; 230  
With blood of fleecy victims reeked the soil,  
With floral garlands were the gates adorned.  
He now in bitterness of soul, incensed  
With that vile rumour, to his sovereign God  
With outstretched hands before the altar prayed :  
' All-puissant Jove, to whom our Moorish tribes,  
Carousing on their broidered couches, pour  
The full Lyæan goblets, seest thou this  
Dread Sire? or, when thy lightning-bolts are hurled,  
Start we in vain affright, and stand aghast 240  
At empty threatenings and innoxious fires?  
This woman—late a wanderer on these shores,  
Who to our sufferance owed her petty town  
And strip of purchased soil, disdains my suit,  
And takes Æneas to her bed and throne.  
He, like another Paris, with his train  
Of unmanned sycophants, with essenced hair,  
And Lydian bonnet round his temples tied,

Gloats on his prize : we on thy shrines, forsooth,  
Heap gifts, and homage to a phantom yield !' 250

Him as he prayed and to the altar clung,  
Jove heard, and, gazing down on Carthage, saw  
The lovers, mindless of their better fame ;  
Then to Cyllenius thus his mandate gave :  
' Go, bid the Zephyrs waft thee : fly with speed,  
And bear my message to the Trojan chief,  
Who in yon Tyrian city lingers yet,  
Of Fate regardless and his destined realm.  
Not such his beauteous mother vouched her son,  
Twice snatched, by her fond arm, from Grecian swords.  
To master Italy she deemed him born, 261  
Convulsed with empire's throes, and fierce with war—  
One who old Teucer's race to loftier heights  
Should raise, and bend all nations to his sway.  
If, faint of heart and reckless of renown  
The sire, must young Ascanius lose the prize—  
His destined crown and heritage of Rome ?  
What means this dallying on a hostile shore,  
Ausonia lost, the Latian throne disdained ?—  
Speak in one word my mandate : let him sail.' 270

Thus Jove : obedient Mercury on his feet  
First binds the golden sandals tipped with wings,  
That, soaring through the air, o'er earth and sea,  
Fleet as the wind transport him ; next he takes

The wand, that conjures up pale ghosts from hell,  
Or thrusts unbodied spirits to the shades,  
Sheds or dispels soft slumber, and unseals  
The eyes of death. With this he drives the winds  
Before him in his flight, and breasts the storm.  
Now, swooping down, he sees the towering peaks 280  
Of hardy Atlas, who upholds the skies—  
Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, for ever swathed  
In clouds, is buffeted by blast and storm ;  
The mantling snows around his shoulders fall,  
Adown his hoary chin the torrent streams,  
And stiff with icicles his grisly beard.  
Here first with balanced wings the herald God  
Tarried awhile, then headlong to the deep  
He plunged, like sea-bird that, with lowly flight  
Skimming the waves, pursues its finny prey. 290  
So darts Cyllenius down 'twixt earth and sky,  
Cleaving the winds, till on the sandy shore  
Of Afric rest at last his wingèd feet.  
Æneas he beholds new domes and towers  
Constructing, where the Libyan huts had stood.  
A falchion, starred with jasper, graced his side,  
A mantle round his shoulders loosely hung,  
That blazed with Tyrian purple ; each the gift  
Of bounteous Dido ; her fair hand had wrought  
The tissue, interlaced with threads of gold. 300

Straightway the God broke forth : ' Is this thy task,  
 Besotted with a wife, to build the walls  
 Of Carthage, and her beauteous town adorn,  
 Reckless of sovereign rights and nobler cares ?  
 Me the dread lord of Heaven and Earth hath sent,  
 Myself a God, to bear his stern behest,—  
 What dost thou, loitering on this Libyan shore ?  
 If dead to fame thy recreant spirit shrinks  
 From toil, bethink thee of Ascanius, reft  
 Of Italy and Rome's imperial crown.' 310  
 No more Cyllenius spoke, but, swiftly lost  
 To mortal vision, vanished into air.

Confounded at the sight Æneas stood,  
 With hair erect and utterance choked by fear :  
 Awed by the imperious mandate of the Gods,  
 Fain would he fly from that enchanted land ;  
 But how approach the queen ? how frame the words  
 Of parting, and her fierce resentment brave ?  
 Full many a project in his wavering mind  
 He ponders o'er and o'er : at length resolved, 320  
 Calls Mnestheus and Sergestus to his side,  
 With brave Cloanthus,—and imparts his plan :  
 Bids them in secret fit the ships for sea  
 With arms and stores, and muster all the crews ;  
 Dissembling well their aim : himself the while,  
 Since unsuspecting Dido fears no ill,

Nor deems such ardent love can ever change,  
Will seize some genial mood, some moment fair,  
His purpose to disclose. Their chief's design  
All hail with joy, and at his bidding speed. 330

But (ah ! what art can baffle love ?) the queen  
First marked the notes of parting, and alarmed,  
While all seemed fair around, their wiles foreknew—  
The same malignant Rumour to her ears  
Brought news of ships prepared and flight decreed.  
In ecstasy of rage, to reason lost,  
She scours the town ; like Bacchanal possessed,  
Whom at triennial orgies of her God  
The wild Lyæan shout to madness goads,  
While dark Cithæron stuns the night with cries : 340  
With burst of wrath Æneas she assails :

‘ Perfidious ! didst thou hope to mask thy crime,  
And undetected from my kingdom steal ;  
Regardless of our love, thy plighted faith,  
And Dido left a cruel death to die ?  
And canst thou now beneath bleak winter's star  
Refit thy ships and tempt the northern gales ?  
Inhuman ! did no foreign shores invite,  
Were Troy, your ancient home, a kingdom still,  
Say, would those stormy waves be crossed for Troy ?  
Or is it me you flee from ? By these tears, 351  
By thine own hand, Æneas—since to me

Is nothing left, alas! to call mine own—  
 By our brief season of connubial joy,  
 If aught my loyal service hath deserved,  
 If aught in me thy fancy ever charmed,  
 Pity my ruined fortunes, and renounce,  
 If prayers can touch thee yet, that fell resolve.  
 For thee the Libyan chiefs and Nomad tribes  
 My rule abhor; for thee is Tyre my foe;      360  
 For thee was honour lost, and my proud name,  
 Exalted once to heaven, is forfeit now—  
 By thee forsaken, left alone to die,  
 My husband—if that title be denied,  
 At least my guest—to whom shall Dido turn?  
 Here must I tarry till Pygmalion come  
 To raze my walls, or that Gætulian chief  
 Iarbas bind me captive to his car?  
 Hadst thou but left me ere thy flight some pledge  
 Of love, whose features might his sire recall—      370  
 Some young Æneas in my halls to play—  
 Not all undone and friendless had I seemed.'

Awhile she paused. He, warned by Jove, main-  
 tained

Unaltered mien, repressed with stern control  
 His bosom's pangs, then briefly made reply :  
 'Remind me as thou wilt of high desert  
 And generous service, nought from me, great queen,

Shall meet denial : never from my heart  
Shall fade Elissa's form while conscious life  
Beats in my breast, while throbs this breathing frame.  
Brief answer for my cause I fain would make ; 381  
Mine was no base device—dismiss the thought—  
Unnoticed to depart and steal to sea :  
Nor hither did I come in suitor's guise,  
Nor ever to such compact pledged my vow :  
Would Fate, indulgent to my longings, mould  
My life, and shape its current to my will,  
First would I choose to build old Troy anew,  
Preserve those dear remains, raise Priam's towers  
From dust, and vanquished Pergamus restore ; 390  
But now to Italy the Æolian king  
Apollo bids our lingering fleet repair ;  
To Italy the Lycian oracles  
Repeat the call—our home, our hearts are there.  
If Carthage, Dido, to thy soul be dear,  
If beauteous in thine eyes these Libyan towers,  
Why grudge Ausonia to our homeless race?  
We, too, crave new dominions : oft as night  
Robes earth in shade, and lights her starry fires,  
My sire Anchises comes, a troubled ghost, 400  
Scares me with dreams, and robs my couch of rest ;  
The wrongs of young Ascanius urge me sore,  
Reft of his destined heritage and crown.



E'en now the herald of the Gods from Jove  
 Sent down (by either awful head I swear),  
 Brought Heaven's imperious mandate from the skies :  
 His form all radiant gliding through the gates  
 These eyes beheld ; his voice yet fills my ears.  
 Embitter not with taunts thy heart and mine—  
 Fate rules, not choice, my course.'

Him as he spoke

With looks askance and eyes that wildly glared 411  
 The queen beheld ; surveyed him o'er and o'er  
 With silent scorn ; then burst her wrath in words :  
 ' No Goddess-mother thee, false traitor, bare ;  
 No ancient Dardanus was sire of thine :  
 Thee Caucasus in stony dens begat,  
 Dugs of Hyrcanian tigress gave thee suck.  
 Why strive to hide my pain ? what heavier woe  
 Could e'er befall me ? Did he yield one sign  
 Of sorrow ? did he change a look, or breathe 420  
 Sigh for my grief or pity for my love ?  
 What wrongs can rival mine ? Nor Juno now,  
 Nor her Saturnian lord, my cause regard  
 With righteous eyes—no trust in God or men !  
 This ruined castaway I made my guest,  
 Fool that I was, and gave him half my realm,  
 His famished crews revived, and saved his ships.  
 Ha ! Furies ! how ye whirl my maddened brain !—

But now Apollo, mighty augur, speaks ;  
Now Lycian oracles ; now straight from Jove 430  
Comes Heaven's own envoy with some mandate dread.  
Such cares, forsooth ! distract—such thoughts employ  
The leisure of the Immortals ! Be it so.  
I question not thy words, nor bid thee stay.  
Fly where thou wilt ; to Italy begone ;  
Pursue thy Latian empire o'er the waves,—  
Doomed, as I hope, to pay, if Heaven be just,  
The forfeit of thy crimes, dashed on the rocks,  
And calling in despair on Dido's name.  
My vengeance shall pursue thy steps with fire ; 440  
And when pale Death dissolves this breathing frame,  
My ghost shall haunt thee still : thy guilty head  
Shall wrath o'ertake, and in the shades below  
My spirit shall exult to learn thy doom.'  
Abruptly here she ceased, then sickening, turned  
And left him sore amazed ; by fear constrained,  
Yet longing much to speak : the fainting queen  
Her maidens to the stately chamber bear.  
But good Æneas, though he yearned to soothe  
Her grief, and speak soft pity to her soul, 450  
Himself heart-stricken and distraught with love,—  
Yet to the fleet, submissive to the Gods,  
At once repaired. The Trojans all alert  
Were hauling down their vessels from the beach ;

Careened and trim for sea, the galleys ride ;  
While poles yet leafy from the forest brought  
Are fashioned into oars : all speed the work,  
In haste to sail. From every side a throng  
Comes flocking from the town and crowds the shore :  
Like ants that, mindful of their winter's need, 460  
A pile of grain beset, and to their store  
Bear off the provender : along the plain  
Moves the dark troop, and down the narrow track  
Impels the load ; with shoulders firmly set,  
Some heave the ponderous mass, some drill the ranks  
Or urge the lagging carriers ;—all the scene  
Is brisk with toil and animate with life.  
What then, unhappy Dido, were thy thoughts ?  
What sighs burst from thee, as, from yon high tower,  
Thine eyes beheld the swarming busy port, 470  
The hurrying crews, and turmoil of the sea ?  
Ah ! tyrant love, what heart withstands thy sway ?  
By thee constrained, the queen submits once more  
To supplicate, to weep,—nor leaves untried  
Aught that may move her lover, ere she die :  
‘ See, Anna,’ she exclaims, ‘ how thronged the  
shore !  
What stir ! what haste ! Already to the wind  
Their sails are set, their decks with garlands hung.  
This sorrow that I hoped not to escape,

I lack ~~not strength to bear~~; but, sister mine, 480  
 This only favour grant me; for to thee  
 That faithless one compliant ever proved,  
 His thoughts to thee divulged; none skilled like thee  
 To seize occasion meet and gain his ear;  
 Go now and parley with our haughty foe:

‘I never leagued with Greece; I swore no oath  
 At Aulis to destroy the Trojan name;  
 I sent no fleet to Ilion; ne’er profaned  
 Anchises’ tomb, nor vexed his honoured shade.  
 What means this haste? in pity to my love 490  
 Beseech him—’tis my last request—to wait  
 Awhile, till wind and sea propitious prove:  
 The wedlock he renounced I ask not now,  
 Nor urge him to forego his Latian realm;  
 A little breathing-time is all I crave,  
 Some respite from the fever of my brain,  
 Till my sad heart be taught its grief to bear.  
 This favour, sister dear, in pity grant;  
 Full well my death that service shall repay.’

Such was her prayer, which Anna to the chief 500  
 Once and again conveyed, but all in vain:  
 No tears can melt him, no entreaties move  
 His unrelenting mind; the Fates forbid,  
 And the stern God to pity steels his ears.  
 As when, with rude encounter, Alpine blasts

Strive to uprend ~~some ancient~~ sturdy oak—  
 Hoarsely the tempest roars ; the lofty stem  
 Is bowed, and foliage, from the summit torn,  
 Bestrews the plain ; yet rooted in the rock  
 The giant stands, his feet as deeply sunk      510  
 In earth as towers on high his leafy crown,—  
 So stern of mind Æneas, though assailed  
 By ceaseless plaints that rend his heart with grief,  
 Nor supplication heeds, nor idle tears.

Then Dido sinks ; affrighted at her fate,  
 She prays for death, and loathes the light of heaven.  
 Dire prodigies confirm her stern resolve :  
 As on the incense-breathing shrine she laid  
 Her gifts, the hallowed chalice—awful sign !—  
 Grew black, the wine was curdled into gore !—      520  
 Dread secret, e'en to sister's ears untold !  
 Yet more : within the regal precincts stood,  
 Memorial of her lord, a marble fane,  
 With wreaths of snow-white wool and garlands hung ;  
 Thence to her startled ear, at dead of night,  
 With awful voice, Sichæus seemed to call ;  
 While from the roof the melancholy owl,  
 With long-drawn wailing note, his death-dirge shrieked ;  
 And on her memory flashed terrific woes,  
 Denounced by seers of old. Æneas now      530  
 In dreams pursues her, and to madness goads.

Alone through dreary wastes an endless way  
 She roves, and seeks her Tyrian friends in vain,—  
 Like Pentheus, when he sees the banded Fiends,  
 Two citadels of Thebes, two suns in heaven :  
 Or like Orestes in the tragic scene,  
 When from his mother's grisly shape he flies ;  
 She with red torch and scorpion thong pursues ;  
 While scowling Furies on the threshold stand.

When now with frenzy fired, and crushed with grief,  
 The queen resolved to die, the mode and time 541  
 Herself devised ; then to her sister spoke,  
 Cloaking her stern design with tranquil brow :  
 ' Rejoice, dear sister, I have found a spell  
 To win him to my arms, or cure my love.  
 Hard by the setting sun, where Ocean ends,  
 The far-secluded Æthiopians dwell,  
 Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies  
 With stars bespangled. Hither from that land  
 Has come a priestess of Massylian race, 550  
 Who the far-famed Hesperian garden kept,  
 Watched o'er the golden-fruited tree, and soothed  
 The dragon guard with honey-moistened cates  
 And poppies' drowsy syrup. She, with charms,  
 Can love-sick bosoms ease or rack with pain ;  
 Arrest the planet's course ; turn back the stream ;  
 Or summon from the tomb night-wandering ghosts :

By her the yawning earth is rent with groans,  
 And the tall ash from mountain-summit hurled :  
 By Heaven and thy sweet self, dire need alone 560  
 Drives me to lean on Sorcery's baneful aid.  
 This charge be thine : within the palace courts,  
 But open to the sky, do thou construct  
 A lofty funeral pyre ; and on the mound  
 The arms, the vesture, and equipments lay  
 Which he, base recreant, in my chamber left :  
 Above them place the bridal couch, sad cause  
 Of my undoing. Fain would I destroy  
 All traces of that arch-deceiver's guilt.  
 The priestess thus enjoins.' As Dido spake, 570  
 A deadly paleness o'er her visage passed :  
 Yet Anna little dreamed what desperate thoughts  
 Her soul possessed—what deadly purpose lurked  
 In those strange rites,—nor feared she worse mischance  
 Than when Sichæus died. Her sister's charge  
 Unfearing she fulfils.

And now the pile

On framework of cleft oak and pinewood reared,  
 Within the palace rose, in face of heaven.  
 With leafy screen of dark funereal boughs  
 The queen enclosed it round ; above she placed  
 The scutcheon, sword, and image of the chief, 581  
 And (well foreseeing all) the bridal bed.

Beside the altar now the Enchantress stands  
With weird dishevelled locks; and thunders forth  
Her invocation to a hundred Gods  
Thrice told : on Erebus and Chaos calls ;  
And Dian's threefold form in Heaven, Earth, Hell.  
Then waters, of Avernus falsely-famed,  
She sprinkles round, and potent philters brings ;  
Juices of poisonous plants, with brazen shears 590  
By moonlight culled, and that weird lock of love  
That sprouts upon the brow of colt new-born  
Ere severed by its dam. The death-doomed queen,  
With bare unsandalled foot and zone unbound,  
The salt-besprinkled offering in her hands,  
Bends o'er the shrine ; appeals to all her Gods,  
The conscious stars, and those benignant Powers  
That pity and requite ill-mated love.

'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things ;  
The rustling woods, the sea's wild waves were still ;  
Their midway course in Heaven the planets kept ; 601  
Hushed were the fields, the flocks, the gay-plumed  
birds

That skim the mere or haunt the bosky dell,—  
All ceased their labours, and from carking care  
Found welcome respite in the stilly night—  
All, save unhappy Dido ; she alone,  
Sleepless in heart and eye, sad vigil kept :



Thick-coming cares distract her mind ; now love,  
With fiercer pangs reviving, storms her breast ;  
Now anger's wavering gusts in turn prevail. 610  
Thus communes with her heart the indignant queen :  
' Scorned as I am, ah ! whither shall I turn ?—  
To those Numidian chiefs that wooed me once,  
And cringe to suitors whom I spurned before ?  
What then ? Commit me to the Trojan ships  
A bond-slave to their will—such grateful hearts  
Already have my bygone favours won !  
But grant I wished it, could I thus intrude,  
My hated presence on their haughty crews ?  
Misguided woman ! little dost thou know 620  
Laomedon's forsworn and faithless race ?  
What, if I follow in their wake alone,  
Or, heading in pursuit the Tyrian host,  
Drag my unwilling subjects o'er the waves,  
Whom erst from their Sidonian homes I tore ?  
Nay, better die at once and end my woes—  
Fate well deserved ! Thou, sister, by my tears  
Subdued, and to my madness falsely kind,  
Hast wrought my fall—betrayed me to my foes.  
Oh ! could I but have lived unmated, free, 630  
As beasts of chase, nor known this load of care,  
Then had my life been blameless, nor my vows  
To dead Sichæus pledged been thus belied !'—

To such laments her bursting heart gave way.

Now on the lofty poop, resolved to sail,  
 His fleet equipped for sea, Æneas slept,  
 When at his side the same celestial form,  
 With voice of stern rebuke, once more appeared.  
 'Twas Mercury himself—his voice, his bloom,  
 His golden locks, and limbs of youthful grace: 640  
 'Is this a time to slumber, Goddess-born,  
 Blind to the dangers thickening round thy head ;  
 Deaf to the favouring breeze that woos thy sail :  
 A dark insidious plot the queen conceives,  
 Distraught with rage, and resolute to die.  
 Haste, then ! while time is yet thine own,—begone :  
 Full soon, should morning's light o'ertake thee here,  
 Yon sea will swarm with galleys—blazing brands  
 Flash far and wide—the shores be red with flames :  
 Delay not for thy life. A woman's mind 650  
 Was ever wavering known, and prone to change.'  
 He spoke, and vanished in the dusky night.

Scared by the dream, Æneas starts from sleep,  
 And rouses all his men. 'Awake, awake !  
 In haste,' he cries, 'bend, shipmates, to your oars !  
 A God from Heaven commands. Your moorings slip,  
 And hoist your sails. Gladly, O heavenly guide !  
 Whoe'er thou art, thy bidding we obey ;  
 Auspicious stars and speeding breezes send.'

His sword, unsheathed like lightning as he spoke,  
 The hawser cleft in twain—through all the crew 661  
 Contagious ardour spreads : they run, they haste ;  
 The port is cleared : the waves o'erspread with sails ;—  
 Swiftly the straining oarsmen cleave the brine.

As, rising from Tithonus' amber bed,  
 Aurora flung her earliest beams abroad,  
 Sad Dido from her watch-tower marked the dawn,  
 The fleet with full-spread sails far out to sea,  
 The abandoned port below ; then thrice she smote  
 Her beauteous breast, thrice rent her locks of gold.  
 'And shall he leave me thus, great Jove?' she cried ;  
 'This homeless wanderer thus insult my realm? 672  
 Why rally not my people?—bid them haste  
 To rescue—from their moorings loose the ships?  
 Swords, firebrands bring—launch boats, and put to sea.  
 What have I said? Where am I? Do I rave?  
 Unhappy Dido ! now thy guilty deeds  
 Find retribution : better had it come  
 When thou didst share thy throne ! Lo ! now, how  
 true,  
 How loyal to his plighted faith, the man 680  
 Who bears about, 'tis said, his country's Gods,  
 Whose pious shoulders saved his helpless sire!  
 Had I not power to seize that caitiff form,  
 Tear limb from limb, and fling them to the waves—

His comrades all destroy—Ascanius slay,  
And for his father's banquet serve the boy?  
True, there was risk in war ; perchance defeat ;—  
What recked I, bent on death? I could have fired  
Their fleet with torches, swept their decks with flame,  
And in one blazing ruin sire and son, 690  
With all their race, consumed—myself the last.  
Thou Sun, whose beams all human deeds survey!  
Thou Juno, witness to wronged lovers' woes!  
Thou Hecate, with midnight shrieks invoked  
In cross-ways dim! ye direful Sister-Fiends,  
And Gods who watch o'er Dido's end!—give ear,  
Pity my anguish, and my curse fulfil:  
If Fate and stern necessity ordain  
This recreant chief should gain the Ausonian shore;  
May he—long harassed by fierce warrior tribes, 700  
Torn from Iulus' arms, from his own land  
An outcast—humbly supplicate relief,  
While friends sink round him in dishonoured graves;  
Nor, when at length for ignominious peace  
He barter fame, may he with prosperous age  
Or power be blest, but perish ere his time  
Cut off, and rot unburied where he lies!  
'Tis my last prayer, and with my life-blood sealed.  
And ye, O Tyrians, grant my buried shade  
This recompense: with unrelenting hate 710

The accursed race pursue ye, root and branch—  
 Let never league nor truce the nations bind !  
 Rise, some Avenger, from my ashes rise !  
 To scourge with fire and steel this Dardan horde,  
 Now, and in after-times, as oft as power  
 Gives reins to vengeance : battle to the last,  
 Ye and your children's children—arms with arms  
 Confronting, shore with shore, and sea with sea.'

Such were her words, her thoughts intent the while  
 On speediest quittance from the life she loathed. 720  
 To Barcè then, Sichæus' aged nurse  
 (Her own in Tyre had found a grave), she spake :  
 ' Good nurse, my sister Anna hither send ;  
 With lustral water sprinkled bid her come,  
 And sable victims and atonements bring.  
 Thou, too, with pious chaplet wreath thy brow ;  
 The sacrificial rites to Stygian Jove  
 Fain would I now complete, to end my pain,  
 And burn the Trojan emblems on the pyre ;  
 Her feeble steps, thus urged, the dame bestirred. 730

Trembling and pale at Death's impending doom,  
 Yet to her desperate purpose fiercely strung,  
 Rolling her bloodshot eyes, her glowing cheeks  
 With crimson streaked, the queen with hurried steps  
 Bursts through the inner courts and mounts the pile ;  
 Unsheathes the Dardan sword—ah ! luckless gift,

Ne'er for such use bestowed—and gazes round.  
 The Phrygian robes, the well-known bridal bed,  
 She saw—a moment paused to muse and weep,  
 Sank on the couch and spake her dying words : 740  
 'Dear relics of a happier time, while Heaven  
 And Fate were kind, receive my parting breath,  
 And from this livelong anguish set me free.  
 My life is done—my destiny fulfilled :  
 Now shall my queenly shade to night descend.  
 A glorious city have I built, avenged  
 A husband's blood, a brother's wrong repaid ;  
 Blest in my lot—beyond all wishes blest—  
 Had Trojan bark ne'er drifted on my shores !'  
 Then on the coverlet her lips she pressed. 750  
 'And must I die?' she said, 'and unavenged?  
 Yes ! welcome death !—thus, thus 'tis joy to die.  
 Let the false Dardan as he roves the deep  
 Feed full his gaze, and may this blazing pile  
 Flash on his soul the presage of despair !'

Scarce had she ceased to speak, when on the sword  
 Her maidens saw her fall—with horror saw  
 The reeking blade and blood-besprinkled hands.  
 Then tumult fills the palace, and abroad  
 Wild Rumour stalks, and riots through the town. 760  
 From house to house groans, shrieks, and women's  
 wails

Break forth—the welkin rings with notes of woe.  
 Such was the din as though some warrior host  
 Had stormed the gates of Carthage or old Tyre,  
 And o'er their palaces and fanes the tide  
 Of conflagration rolled. Those sounds of fear,  
 With consternation breathless, Anna heard,  
 Smote with clenched hands her bosom, her fair cheeks  
 Defaced, and darting through the midst, addressed  
 The dying queen by name: 'Were these thy wiles?  
 Thus, Dido, didst thou cheat thy sister's love? 771  
 For this were altars, pyre, and rites prepared?  
 Forsaken that I am, all utterance fails  
 For grief like mine! Ah! wherefore didst thou scorn  
 Companionship in death? One hour, one sword—  
 It needed but a word—had both released.  
 Ah me! these very hands the altar raised,  
 These lips invoked the Gods, thy life beloved  
 The sacrifice; I—heartless—far away!  
 O sister! thou hast slain thyself and me, 780  
 Thy people at one blow, thy Tyrian realm,  
 All, all destroyed. Ho! water bring with speed  
 To bathe the wound. I with my lips will catch  
 The flickering pulse of life.'

Upon the pyre

She sprang, with fond caress the unconscious form  
 Embraced, and stanch'd the life-blood with her robe.

The queen just raised her heavy lids ; again  
She swooned, while oozed afresh the gurgling tide.  
Thrice, resting on her arm, her head she raised ;  
Thrice on the couch sank back, with straining eyes  
That sought the light, yet shuddered at its glare. 791

But now her lingering pains and slow release  
With pity Juno saw, and from the skies  
Sent Iris down, with ministering aid  
To loose the fleshly bonds, the spirit free ;  
For since nor crime nor ordinance of Fate,  
But shock of grief untimely wrought her end :  
Nor Proserpine as yet the golden tress  
Had severed from her brow, nor yet her soul  
To Orcus doomed,—for this did Iris speed 800  
Her flight with dewy pinions, flashing back  
A thousand tints refracted from the sun.  
Then, standing at the head, ‘By Heaven’s decree,  
This lock to Stygian Jove I dedicate,  
And quit thee of this mortal coil,’ she said ;  
Then closed the shears. The spark of life grew cold,  
And mingling with the winds her spirit fled. 807



[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK V.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



B O O K V.

---

MEANWHILE Æneas, firm of purpose, held  
His course to sea : his galleys cleft the waves  
Crisped by the northern gale : behind him lay  
The city, red with Dido's blazing pile ;  
What cause had lit the flame they knew not yet ;  
But the sharp agonies of love disdained,  
And the roused furies of a woman's breast,  
With dire forebodings filled the sons of Troy.

Now on mid-ocean launched, nor land they saw,  
Nor aught save skies above and waves around. 10  
Herald of night and storm, the rain-cloud broke  
O'erhead, and darkly frowned the furrowed deep.  
The pilot, Palinurus, at the helm  
Exclaims, 'Ah ! why these mists that clog the air ?  
What wouldst thou now, great Neptune ?' Then he  
bids

His seamen furl the sails and ply their oars ;  
And hauling round his vessel to the wind,  
Thus to Æneas speaks : ' High-hearted chief !  
Vain were the hope, though Jove's own word were  
pledged,  
Through these foul skies to gain the Italian shore ; 20  
The wind veers round, and from the darkening west  
Beats on our sails aslant : the murky air  
Congeals to mist : our straining ships no more  
Make head against the storm, nor hold their way.  
Since Fortune wills it so, we needs must yield,  
And shape our course to hers. Not far, methinks,  
If observation of the stars of old  
Bears out my reckoning, are the friendly shores  
Of Sicily, where once thy mother's son  
Eryx was king.' ' Enough,' the chief replies ; 30  
' Long have I watched thee struggling with the storm,  
That must perforce prevail. Shift now thy course ;  
What more congenial haven could I find,  
Our ships what friendlier refuge, than the land  
Where reigns Acestes, true-born son of Troy,  
Where, in his peaceful grave, Anchises lies ?'  
Straight for the port they steer ; a favouring breeze  
Their canvass fills, and, floating with the tide,  
They hail with joy the hospitable strand.  
The well-known ships that bear his friends to shore,



With wonder from the heights Acestes views ; 41  
 In shaggy hide of Libyan bear attired,  
 With javelins armed : of Trojan mother born,  
 The river-God Criniscus was his sire ;  
 His kinsfolk, mindful of ancestral ties,  
 He blithely greets, and from his rustic store  
 Regales with genial cheer the wearied crews.

Soon as the morrow's dawn had chased the stars,  
 Æneas, all his comrades on the shore  
 Assembling, from a lofty mound addressed : 50  
 ' Sons of the mighty Dardan, heaven-born race !  
 Through all its circling months the year hath run,  
 Since in the earth my godlike father's bones  
 We laid, and sanctified his altar-tomb.  
 Now, if I mark aright, the day is near,—  
 Sad to my heart, yet ever to be held—  
 Since thus the Gods ordained—in honour due :  
 That day, though exiled in Gætulian wilds,  
 On Grecian seas o'ertaken, or immured  
 Within Mycenæ's walls, would I observe 60  
 With ceremonial pomp and annual rites,  
 And heap rich offerings on the hallowed shrine.  
 Not by our own resolve, but, as I ween,  
 O'erruled by counsel of the Gods, we stand  
 Beside the tomb and ashes of my sire,  
 By Fortune to this friendly haven led.

Then let us solemnise our festal day,  
Entreat the winds, and of Anchises crave  
That, in our new-built city, year by year,  
Commemoration at his fanes be made : 70  
Acestes, true compatriot, on our crews  
Two goodly heifers for each ship bestows.  
Invoke to bless the feast your country's Gods,  
Your own, and those your generous host adores.  
When the ninth morn, illuming with her beams  
The earth, shall dawn, will I a race proclaim  
Wherein the ships of Troy may prove their speed ;  
Then, too, the swift of foot, the stout of limb,  
The combatants well skilled in bow or spear,  
And those who dare with cæstus to engage ; 80  
All for their meed of honour may contend :  
Wreathe now your brows ; ill-omened words forbear.'

Thus speaking, with his Mother's myrtle-leaves  
He twined his hair : thus, too, did Elymus,  
Acestes, ripe in years, the princely boy  
Ascanius, and his youthful compeers all.  
Forth from the conclave then the hero came,  
With countless train attended, to the tomb.  
Libation there he made—new milk and wine,  
And consecrated blood, of each two bowls— 90  
In honour of the genial God outpoured ;  
Then, strewing purple flowers, invoked the dead :

'Soul of my sainted father, hail once more !  
Hail, holy shade ! hail, ashes saved in vain !  
'Tis not for us together to behold  
Fair Italy, our people's destined home,  
Or Tiber, wheresoe'er that stream be found.'  
Scarce ceased his words, when, from the inmost shrine,  
A slimy serpent trailed his sevenfold coils,  
Glided the altar round, and clasped the tomb— 100  
His back with azure streaked, his scales with gold  
Bespangled, like the cloud-encircling bow  
With thousand tints refracted from the sun.  
Æneas gazed astounded, as the beast  
Amid the burnished cups his spiral folds  
Wound harmlessly ; then, tasting of the meats,  
The altar left, and sank beneath the mound.  
Fired with new zeal, the pious son fulfils  
The rites ordained, uncertain should he deem  
The serpent, of that consecrated spot 110  
The genius, or attendant of his sire.  
Two sheep with customary rites he slays,  
Of swine and coal-black heifers each a pair,  
Then fills the flowing wine-cups, and invokes  
The shade of great Anchises, and his soul  
From Acheron released : his people too,  
As each could spare of substance, cheerfully  
Their pious offerings on the altar laid ;

Some lead the steers to slaughter, others bring  
The brazen caldrons forth, or, on the sward 120  
Reclining, pile the embers, and with spits  
Transfix the meat and roast it at the flame.

Now dawned the ninth fair morning, and in light  
Unclouded rolled the chariot of the Sun.  
Allured by rumour and the honoured name  
Of King Acestes, flocked the neighbouring tribes  
In joyous multitudes, intent to see  
The strangers, or themselves in games to strive.  
First, in the lists the prizes are displayed—  
The consecrated tripods, and the palms, 130  
The leafy chaplets for the victors' brows,  
Bright arms, and tissues shot with purple dyes,  
Ingots of gold and silver ;—suddenly  
A trumpet's peal proclaims the sports begun.

First enter for the race, with ponderous oars,  
Four well-matched barks, the swiftest of the fleet :  
Mnestheus—a name in Italy long since  
Illustrious, whence the house of Memmius sprang—  
Commands fleet Pristis with her stalwart crew.  
To Gyas the Chimæra's mighty bulk, 140  
Huge as a floating city, is assigned :  
In triple tier her lusty rowers sit,  
Three banks of oars they ply. The Centaur bears  
Sergestus, founder of the Sergian name.



At sea-green Scylla's helm Cloanthus stands,  
The sire, Cluentius, of thy Roman line.

Fronting the shore, but far to seaward, stands  
A rock, that when the wild north-western gales  
Blot out the starry skies, is washed with spray,  
But lifts its head serene when winds are still, 150  
The haunt of sea-mews basking in the sun.

On this a leafy mast of holm-oak green  
Æneas fixed, a signal for the crews  
To round the point, then backward steer to shore.  
Each takes by lot his station ; on the poop,  
In gold and purple gorgeously attired,  
The captains stand ; the gallant crews, with sprigs  
Of poplar decked, their manly shoulders bare  
Glistening with oil, sit panting for the start  
With arms outstretched, and hearts with tremor  
thrilled, 160

Yet fired with high ambition for renown.  
Soon as the trumpet's note gives signal, each  
Darts forward from his post ; with seamen's shouts  
The welkin rings ; by straining arms convulsed,  
The waves are streaked with foam, and ocean yawns,  
Furrowed with oars, and cleft by three-forked prows.  
Less wildly bound the chariots in the race,  
Flash from the goal, and storm the plain with speed ;  
Less wildly o'er their steeds with reins outflung


And brandished lash, the maddening drivers hang,  
With shouts and acclamations of applause 171  
The forest rings; the hollow shores fling back  
The clamour, and the echoing hills reply.  
Amid the press and tumult, Gyas first  
Emerging, leads the race: him follows next  
Cloanthus, weighted with his bulky craft,  
Though better manned with oars: at intervals  
Scarce differing, Pristis and the Centaur strive  
For mastery; now a moment Mnestheus leads,  
A moment, and the Centaur darts ahead; 180  
Now side by side they row, with straining bows  
Abreast, and furrow with long keels the brine.  
Close on the rock at length the vessels came,  
And neared the goal, when Gyas in mid-stream  
Foremost, and deeming victory wellnigh won,  
Addressed Menætes, helmsman of his crew:  
‘Why bear so far to seaward? to the left  
Incline, and graze the barrier with your oars;  
To others leave the deep. His words were vain;  
Fearful of hidden shelves, Menætes still 190  
Gave wider berth, and seaward turned his prow.  
Yet louder Gyas shouted: ‘Once again,  
Menætes, shift your helm and hug the shore;’—  
Then turning, saw Cloanthus close astern,—  
‘Twixt Gyas and the crag’s projecting edge,

Midway his bark he drove, his rival passed,  
 Rounded the point, and found his sea-way clear.  
 But Gyas, stung with anguish, scarce restrained  
 His tears : of honour and his comrades' lives  
 Regardless, from the lofty prow he flung           200  
 The craven pilot headlong to the waves,  
 The tiller seized, and, cheering on his crew,  
 Steered for the goal. Meanwhile Menætes, old  
 In years and cumbered with his dripping garb,  
 Climbed the steep cliff, and on the ridge sat down.  
 Loud laughed the Trojans as they saw him fall,  
 And buffet with the billows : louder still  
 To see him sputter forth the choking brine.  
 But now Sergestus, struggling in the rear,  
 And Mnestheus, too, are fired with hope to seize 210  
 The vantage Gyas lost : the vacant space  
 Sergestus, verging on the rock, forestalls ;  
 Scarce half his length ahead, for Pristis shoots  
 Her beak midway along her rival's side.  
 But Mnestheus, pacing down the deck, incites  
 His gallant crew : ' Now, now, my men, make way :  
 Clansmen of mighty Hector, whom I chose  
 For comrades in the last sad hour of Troy,  
 Show now your native prowess, tried so oft  
 Amid Gætulian quicksands, in the gulf           220  
 Of Grecian seas, and Malea's rushing flood.

I seek not, I, the victor's palm, nor claim  
The foremost place ; yet oh ! if Mnestheus might—  
But whom thou favourest, Neptune, his the prize ;  
Yet to be last were shameful. O my friends,  
Avert such obloquy !' With zeal new-roused  
They fling them on their oars ; the stout ship reels  
Beneath their stroke, the yielding waves recede ;  
With heaving chest, parched throat, and quivering  
frame, 229

They tug ! while floods of sweat their limbs bedew.  
But now unlooked-for chance their efforts crowns,  
For while Sergestus, reckless in his haste  
The narrow intervening space to thread,  
Too close upon the verge his galley drove ;  
Fast on the jutting crags he stuck aground.  
The rocks recoiled, while shivering on the peak  
Grated the oars, and fractured hung the prow.  
The rowers from their bench with uproar spring,  
Their sturdy poles and steel-tipped boat-hooks ply,  
And clutch the floating tackle from the waves. 240

But Mnestheus, with success elate, invokes  
The winds to aid, and, speeded by swift oars,  
Darts down the open channel. Like a dove  
That in some cavernous rock hath lodged her young ;  
Scared from her sheltering nook, in wild alarm  
She flaps her sounding pinions as she flies ;



Then launching on the liquid fields of air,  
 Noiseless she floats, nor stirs her buoyant wings,—  
 Thus in fleet Pristis Mnestheus skims the wave,  
 Thus self-impelled the well-trimmed vessel glides.  
 And first Sergestus, labouring in the shoals,       251  
 He leaves astern, while vainly he entreats  
 Relief, and strives to row with shattered oars.  
 Next Gyas, with his monster bark unsteered,  
 Is forced his place to yield. And now alone,  
 Close on the goal, Cloanthus heads the race,  
 Whom Mnestheus, straining every nerve, pursues.  
 Then louder grows the din : redoubled shouts  
 Rending the skies, incite the chasing crew ;  
 These count the prize already won, disdain       260  
 Surrender, and would barter life for fame :  
 Those learn new courage from their own success,  
 And in the confidence of strength are strong.  
 Both now perchance had equal honours shared,  
 But to the Gods Cloanthus breathed a prayer  
 With hands outspread : ‘ Ye Gods, whose watery  
                   realm  
 I traverse now, two snow-white bulls to bleed  
 Before your altars will I gladly yield  
 In quittance of my vow, their entrails fling  
 Forth to the brine, and flowing wine-cups pour.’   270  
 Deep in their crystal caves beneath the main,

The Nereid band of Phorcus heard his prayer ;  
 The sea-born maiden Panopea heard,  
 And old Portunus with strong hand impelled  
 The bark : as arrow swift or southern gale,  
 She shot to land, and safe in harbour lay.

Then in the sight of all, Anchises' son  
 Loud proclamation by his heralds made,  
 And with dark bays Cloanthus victor crowned :  
 Gifts for the crews—three goodly steers for choice,  
 Wine, and a silver talent—next bestowed ;       281  
 But costlier guerdon to the captains gave :  
 A mantle to Cloanthus, wrought in gold,  
 With two meandering lines of purple edged  
 Of Melibœan dye ; the woof displayed  
 The beauteous prince \* of Ida's leafy grove—  
 Him, as with nimble foot and hunter's spear,  
 Keen on his game, as one that pants for breath,  
 He chased the flying deer, Jove's warrior bird,  
 Swooping with forky talons, snatched aloft ;       290  
 Aghast his guardians stand, their agèd arms  
 Upraised to Heaven, while fiercely bay the hounds.  
 To him whose prowess earned the second prize,  
 A hauberk bright, with links of gold thrice coiled,  
 At once the warrior's safeguard and his pride,  
 The hero gave ; of which his own strong arm

\* Ganymede.

Despoiled Demoleon on the battle-field  
Of Simois, hard by Ilion's stately towers.  
Phegeus and Sagaris scarce, with strength conjoined,  
The huge chain-armour on their shoulders bore ; 300  
Yet stout Demoleon, reckless of the weight,  
Chased, thus arrayed, the broken ranks of Troy.  
The third reward two brazen caldrons yield,  
And cups of moulded silver, richly chased.

Now decked with costly gifts the victors all  
Went forth, their brows with crimson chaplets bound ;  
When, scarcely from the treacherous reefs escaped,  
One tier of oars disabled, others lost,  
Sergestus hauled his luckless bark to land,  
With many a jeer saluted ;—like a snake 310  
Crushed on the highway by the o'erpassing wheel,  
Or by some traveller mangled, and with stones  
Of half his life bereft : in vain he writhes  
In impotent contortions ; fierce his front,  
His attitude erect, with hissing throat  
And eyes fire-breathing ; but his nether part  
Hangs paralysed and helpless, as he drags  
His sinuous length, and doubles on his coil ;—  
Thus tardily the crippled bark made way,  
But spreading all her sails, the harbour gained. 320  
Rejoicing o'er his crew and galley saved,  
Æneas to Sergestus Pholœ gave,

A slave of Cretan birth, in textile arts  
Well skilled : twin infants at her breast she bore.

This contest ended, to a grassy plain,  
Girdled with wood-clad hills, the chief repairs,  
Where, like a sylvan theatre, the vale  
A circus forms ; there seats him on a mound  
High-raised, the centre of a crowded ring.  
Then prizes for the footrace he proclaims, 330  
And tempts fleet runners to contend in speed.  
Sicilian youths and Trojans side by side  
Stand forth,—Euryalus and Nisus first :  
Euryalus for youthful grace renowned,  
Nisus for pure affection to his friend.  
Diores next, of Priam's royal line,  
Patron, of high Arcadian ancestry,  
And Acarnanian Salius ; Panopes  
And Helymus, to sylvan sports inurèd,  
Comrades of old Acestes : many a youth 340  
Besides, whose names oblivious Fame conceals.  
Then spake Æneas : ' Hearken gladly all :  
No runner in this race shall lack reward ;  
Two Cretan javelins, tipped with burnished steel,  
A battle-axe besides, with silver chased,  
Will I on each bestow ; the foremost three  
Shall olive chaplets wear and prizes gain :  
The first a steed richly caparisoned ;



The next an Amazonian quiver, stored  
With Thracian shafts, encircled with a belt 350  
Of ample gold, and buckled with a gem ;  
The third this Grecian helmet may content.'

Now all in line they stand, and at the word  
Forth from the barrier spring, across the plain  
Burst like a storm, and mark the goal in view.  
Outstripping all competitors, more fleet  
Than southern gale or levin's fiery wing,  
Bounds Nisus foremost ; next, yet far apart,  
Comes Salius, and with scanty space between,  
Euryalus is third ; then Helymus, 360  
Whom now Diores justles, with close steps  
Grazing his heel, and had full space allowed,  
Had passed him by, or dubious left the prize.  
Close on the goal at last the runners came,  
When Nisus on the blood-besprinkled sward,  
Wet from the slaughtered heifers, slipped and fell.  
Flushed as he was with triumph wellnigh won,  
His tottering steps gave way, and in the mire  
Dyed with the victims' gore, outstretched he lay ;  
Yet ne'er in his extremity forgot 370  
The love he bare Euryalus : to his feet  
Struggling he rose, himself on Salius flung,  
And rolled him headlong in the slippery clay.  
Then seized Euryalus the foremost place,

And victor by his friend's devotion, flew,  
With acclamation speeded, to the goal.  
But Salius, with remonstrance fierce and loud,  
Assails the conclave, to the chiefs appeals,  
And claims his rightful prize, by treachery lost.  
The favour of the crowd, his graceful tears,       380  
And merit lovelier in a beauteous form,  
Plead for Euryalus; Diores, too—  
Who vainly for the third reward had striven,  
Should Salius gain the first—maintains his cause.  
Then spake the chief: 'Brave youths, our rule abides  
Unchanged—let none dispute the palm assigned;  
From me a friend's distress may pity claim.'  
To Salius then a Moorish lion's hide,  
With ponderous mane and golden claws, he gave.  
Said Nisus: 'If misfortune finds reward,       390  
And such rich solace to the vanquished falls,  
What prize is mine, who, foremost in the race,  
Was foiled, like Salius, by mischance alone?'  
This said, he showed his spattered face and limbs,  
Begrimed with filth. Benignly smiled the Sire,  
And bade a shield be brought, the masterpiece  
Of Didymaon's skill, which plundering Greeks  
Had torn from Neptune's threshold, where it hung;  
Such guerdon to the generous youth he gave.       399  
The race thus ended, and the victors crowned,

'Now,' said the chief, 'ye champions all who bear  
Hearts well resolved, and courage for the fray,  
Draw near, and bind the cæstus on your arms.'  
Two prizes for the combat he assigns :  
A steer, with fillets decked and gilded horns,  
The victor to reward ; a falchion keen  
And glittering casque the vanquished to console.  
A moment scarce had passed when in his might,  
Amid the applauding concourse, Dares rose.  
He, only he, with Paris durst contend ;                   410  
He, too, at mighty Hector's obsequies,  
The unconquered Butes, vaunting in his pride,  
Bebrycian birth, and Amycus his sire,  
Struck down, and laid him gasping on the sand.  
Such he who, panting for the fight, displayed  
His shoulders broad, reared high his head, his arms  
Battling the air, alternately outflung.  
Where shall his match be found? In all the host  
None dares the gauntlet wield, and bide his blow.  
Soon as he saw all rivals hold aloof,                   420  
He stood before the chief, the bullock's horn  
Grasped in his strong left hand, and thus he spake :  
'Since none accepts the challenge, Goddess-born,  
Why more delay?—what need to tarry here?  
Award me now my prize.' The Trojans all  
Shouted applause, and claimed their champion's due.

But King Acestes in reproachful strain  
Addressed Entellus, who beside him lay,  
Couched on a grassy bank : ' Entellus, thou,  
Once fondly deemed our bravest, canst thou sit 430  
And tamely see without competitor  
Such honours lavished ? O remember him,  
Eryx, that God, thy vaunted master once :  
Where now thy fame through wide Trinacria spread,  
And those proud trophies that adorn thy halls ?'  
    ' Nay, prince, my thirst for glory is not quenched,'  
He answered, ' nor my courage quelled by fear.  
But, well-a-day ! the frosts of age have numbed  
My limbs, and chilled the current in my veins.  
Could I that prime of lusty youth recall, 440  
Whereof yon blustering caitiff boasts him now,  
'Twould need no gilded heifer to allure  
Me to the fight ; nor care I for reward.'  
E'en as he spoke, two gauntlets huge he flung  
Down in the midst, which Eryx used to wield  
Laced on his brawny arms with thongs of hide.  
All gazed astonished at the sevenfold plaits  
Of bull's-hide, studded thick with lead and steel.  
Confounded more than all, and far aloof,  
Stood Dares, while the chief turned o'er and o'er 450  
The ponderous gloves, and poised them in his hands.  
Then spake the veteran : ' Ah ! that ye had seen

The arms and cæstus of great Hercules,  
And that grim combat on this self-same strand !  
Those gauntlets did thy kinsman Eryx wear  
(Mark you how stained with blood and spattered  
brains);

With these he braved Alcides face to face :  
These was I trained to wield when my strong arm  
Beat with the pulse of youth, ere jealous age  
Had graved his hoary furrows on my brow.       460  
But since your Trojan champion dreads these arms,  
Should good Æneas and my own-liege lord  
Approve, with equal weapons let us fight :  
Fear not—the gloves of Eryx I resign ;  
Thou, Dares, lay thy Trojan cæstus down.’  
Off from his shoulders broad his double vest  
He flung, his massive limbs and sinews bared,  
And in the lists erect the giant stood.

Two gauntlets, then, well matched in weight and size,  
On either champion’s wrists Æneas bound.       470

Now each with fearless mien on tiptoe stands,  
Their arms upraised to strike, each head thrown back  
To ’scape his rival’s blow : thus hand to hand  
They spar awhile, and skirmish ere they close,—  
One confident in youth and agile limb :  
The other in his mightier bulk and frame ;  
But tremblingly his knees their burthen bear,

And with quick sobs his panting bosom heaves.  
Full many a sturdy buffet to and fro  
They deal : their hollow ribs reverberate 480  
With blows unceasing ; ears and temples round,  
And crackling jaws, the iron tempest rings.  
Erect Entellus stands, immovable,  
Only by turn of body and quick eye  
Baffling the blows ; the other,—like the foe  
Who 'gainst beleaguered towers his battery rears,  
Or to some mountain fort lays siege,—explores  
Each inlet of attack, his rival's fence  
Tries here and there, and seeks a breach in vain.  
Entellus, towering in his might, uplifts 490  
His arms to strike ; the Trojan, all alert,  
Foresees the blow, and nimbly darts aside.  
The baffled veteran spends his strength on air ;  
But, by that impulse and his own huge bulk  
O'er-weighted, prostrate falls,—so topples down  
On Ida's steep or Erymanthian glade  
The uprooted pine : confusedly from their seats  
Spring the Trinacrian youth and sons of Troy ;  
Shouts rend the air ; in haste, with pity moved,  
Acestes lifts his comrade from the ground : 500  
But that stout warrior, reckless of his fall,  
And nought disheartened, to the fray returns.  
Rage fires his bosom ; shame, and sense of might

Disparaged, nerve his arm; in hot pursuit,  
With right hand and with left redoubling blows,  
He drives belaboured Dares round the field.  
No pause, no respite—as the clattering hail  
Pelts on the roof, so from each ponderous fist  
Swift blows unceasing crush and stun the foe.  
But good Æneas suffered not too far 510  
The fierce Sicilian's soul to wreak its ire;  
He bade the combat cease, and from the lists  
Exhausted Dares drew, with kindly words  
Consoling him: 'Infatuate! seest thou not  
The Gods forsake thee for the adverse side?  
To them the victory yield.' At his command  
The lists are closed. Stout comrades to the ships  
Their luckless champion bear, his tottering knees  
Bend under him, his head from side to side  
Sways heavily, and from his lips spouts forth 520  
A crimson foam—crushed teeth and curdled gore.  
For him the sword and helm his friends receive,  
The victor's palm and bull Entellus gains.  
He, overjoyed with conquest and his prize,  
Exclaims, 'Thou Goddess-born, ye Trojans all,  
Judge now the prowess of my youthful prime;  
See from what fearful fate was Dares saved.'  
Fronting the bull he stood, with strong right arm  
Drawn back, and rising to the blow, let fall

The massive gauntlet full betwixt the horns. 530

Deep in the skull it sank and crushed the brain ;

A lifeless, quivering mass low lay the bull.

Then, bending o'er the slain, ' Eryx ! ' he cried,

' A worthier victim here in Dares' stead

To thee I dedicate : this triumph gained,

The cæstus I renounce, and fight no more.'

A match for archers skilled in shaft and bow,

With prizes meet, Æneas next ordains.

A tapering mast Sergestus' galley yields,

Raised by strong arms and planted in the sand. 540

From thence a fluttering dove, the bowman's mark,

Suspended hangs. The rival youths flock round,

And from a brazen casque the lots are drawn.

First comes thy name, Hippocoon, worthy son

Of Hyrtacus, with acclamation hailed ;

Next Mnestheus, victor in the naval race—

Mnestheus, whose brows the olive chaplet crowns ;

The third is thine, Eurytion ; brother thou

Of that famed archer Pandarus, who first,

Urged by divine command to break the truce, 550

Amid the Grecian ranks his arrow threw :

Last from the helm Acestes draws his name,

Nor shrinks from youthful feats, though old in years.

Now with strong arm each marksman bends his bow ;

Each from his quiver draws the feathered reed.



First the swift arrow from the sounding string  
Of young Hippocoon, hurtling through the sky  
With force unspent, sank buried in the mast.  
The tall stem quivered, and the affrighted bird  
Her pinions flapped : loud plaudits rent the air. 560  
Then stood bold Mnestheus forth, with bowstring  
drawn

Back to his breast, and upward-straining eye,  
But, luckless archer ! failed to strike the bird—  
Severing the noose and flaxen bonds alone  
That tied its feet : the captive, thus unbound,  
Breasted the wind, and through the clouds upflew.  
But with bent bow and arrow on the string,  
Eurytion, swiftly gazing, marked her flight,  
Brief invocation to his brother made,  
Then pierced the fluttering ring-dove in mid-air : 570  
Her feeble life expiring in the skies,  
Sheathed in her breast the shaft to earth she bore.

Acestes yet remained, nor deemed it vain  
To launch his arrow though the prize was gone ;  
Proud of his well-trained hand and twanging bow.  
But now a wondrous prodigy appeared,  
Pregnant with dire events, as time revealed,  
And evil-boding seers too late divined.  
The arrow, as it cleft the watery cloud,  
Burst into light and graved its path in flame, 580

Then, wasting in the blaze, was lost to view :  
Like some bright errant star that flies unsphered,  
And trails athwart the heavens its fiery hair.  
The Trojans and Sicilians to their Gods,  
Awe-stricken, bowed in prayer ; the Dardan chief  
Scorned not the omen, but with joy embraced  
And loaded with rich gifts his ancient friend :  
'Take these, dear Sire,' he said, 'the Olympian King  
By such clear prodigies for thee designs  
Transcendent honours : this fair guerdon, once 590  
Bestowed on old Anchises, shall be thine ;  
A goblet richly moulded, which of yore  
The Thracian Cisseus to my father gave,  
An earnest and memorial of his love.'  
Then round Acestes' head the bays he twined ;  
Acestes victor in the sport proclaimed.  
Nor envied good Eurytion such award,  
Albeit his shaft alone had struck the bird :  
He took the second prize who cleft the cord,  
The third, who lodged his arrow in the mast. 600

Now ere the games are closed, Æneas calls  
The son of Epytus, companion true  
And guardian of Iulus, to his side,  
And breathes a secret message in his ear :  
'Go, bid Ascanius, if his youthful band  
Be mustered, and his horsemen all equipped,

In honour of his grandsire hither lead  
His squadron, and the mimic fight array.  
Then from the lists he bids the thronging crowd  
Retire, and clears the plain. On managed steeds  
The youths before their parents' eyes defile,      611  
While Teucrians and Sicilians shout applause :  
Each round his close-trimmed hair a chaplet wears  
Stripped of its leaves ; two javelins tipped with steel  
Each horseman wields ; some burnished quivers bear ;  
Circling the throat, a collar of bright gold  
Falls on the breast. Three troops of cavaliers—  
Twelve youthful knights to each, and officered  
Each by its own boy-captain—scour the plain.  
One joyous company young Priam leads,      620  
Heir to his grandsire's name—thy gallant son,  
Polites, destined to Italian fame ;  
A charger he bestrides of Thracian breed,  
Dappled with spots of snow, his fetlocks white,  
And white the star that on his forehead gleams.  
Next Atys, whom the Roman Attii claim  
Their ancestor : in stature yet a boy  
Was Atys, by the royal boy beloved.  
Himself, Iulus, last, surpassing all  
In beauty, a Sidonian palfrey rode,      630  
Fair Dido's gift and token of her love.  
Sicilian steeds, high-mettled, for the rest

Acestes lent. The Trojans, at the sight  
Exulting, cheered the panting youths with praise,  
And in the sons traced likeness of their sires.

When now, in sight of friends and clansmen all,  
The cavalcade of horsemen had swept by,  
The son of Epytus loud signal gave  
With voice uplifted and resounding thong ;  
Then parts each troop in twain—to right and left 640  
Retires ; then formed anew, and, wheeling round,  
With levelled spears they rally to the charge :  
In evolution swift advance, retreat  
By turns, and circle within circle wind,  
With feint and strategy of mimic war :  
Now turn their backs in flight, now brandish arms,  
Now all abreast in peaceful order ride ;—  
Tortuous as Crete's famed labyrinth of old,  
Whose thousand paths and alleys blind, by walls  
Impenetrably screened, all clue defied 650  
To thread the inextricable endless maze.  
In such fantastic guise the sons of Troy  
Pursue their sportive tactics—fight and fly  
Like dolphins that in Libyan billows sport,  
Or dive and gambol in Carpathian seas ;  
Such feats of arms and gallant horsemanship  
First taught Ascanius to his Latian tribes  
What time he built Long Alba's stately walls ;

By such traditions of the Teucrian youth, 659  
And their young chief, the Albans trained their sons.  
Great Rome herself through many an age retained  
The ancestral usage : ' Troy ' she called the game,  
And named the combatants ' the Trojan band.'

Thus honoured they with sports the sainted Sire :  
But now capricious Fortune changed her mood,  
For, ere the games were ended, Juno, still  
New schemes revolving, her inveterate hate  
Unsatisfied, sent Iris from the skies,  
By breezes wafted, to the Trojan fleet.  
She, gliding down her thousand-tinted bow, 670  
Swiftly to earth descends, unseen of all,  
Surveys at once the concourse at the lists,  
The ships unguarded, and the port forlorn.  
There, on the solitary beach apart,  
Mourning Anchises' fate, the Phrygian dames  
Sat gazing o'er the deep with tearful eyes :  
' O waves untraversed yet ! O boundless main !'  
Such their sad monody. With stormy seas  
Outworn, for sheltering walls they sue in vain :  
The Nymph, well skilled to feign, her form divine 680  
And robe disguising, mingled with the throng.  
Beröe she seemed—a mother once in Troy,  
Honoured and nobly born, now bent with age ;  
The Thracian chief Doryclus was her lord.

Discoursing with the matrons, thus she spake :  
' O miserable ! whom the ruthless Greek  
Dragged not beneath your native walls to die !  
O ill-starred race, by cruel Fortune spared  
For heavier woes ! These seven long summers past,  
Since Troy was laid in dust, we, forced to fly, 690  
Have traversed many a land, crossed many a sea,  
Steering through treacherous reefs, by stars unknown ;  
While Italy, long sought, eludes us still.  
Here once our leader's kinsman Eryx reigned ;  
Now reigns his friend Acestes. What forbids  
To build our city here, our wanderings end ?—  
Dear native shores ! ye household Gods in vain  
Snatched from the flames ! shall never city more  
Bear name of Troy ?—no more these eyes behold  
Xanthus and Simois, Hector's hallowed streams ? 700  
Nay, rather let us burn the accursèd ships !  
To me Cassandra proffered in my dream  
A flaming brand—"Your home, your Troy is here,"  
She cried. Such awful signs forbid delay ;  
Now must the deed be done. Four altars, lo !  
To Neptune blaze : the God himself supplies  
The torch to kindle and the heart to dare.'  
Swift, as she spoke, a glowing brand she seized,  
And, whirling it aloft, with well-nerved arm  
The missile flung. The matrons with affright 710

Dumb-stricken stood. Then spake an aged dame,  
Pyrgo, once nurse of Priam's royal sons,  
The veteran of the band : ' No Beröe this,  
No wife of old Doryclus ; mark ye not  
That more than human grace—those flashing eyes,  
The mien, the step, the utterance,—all divine ?  
Our sister Beröe have I left but now  
Sick and in grief, debarred her part to bear  
Of duteous service to Anchises' shade.'  
Awhile the matrons stood with looks askance 720  
Eying the ships, distracted in their choice  
Betwixt the present and the promised land ;  
When lo ! the Goddess, soaring on her wings,  
Rose through the cloud and mingled with the bow.  
Then wild dismay and frenzy seize the throng ;  
They shriek, they snatch the altar's hallowed fires,  
Despoil the shrines, fling branches, fagots, brands,  
To feed the flame—the Fire-God, uncontrolled,  
Riots o'er bench and deck and painted stern.  
Meanwhile Eumelus, hastening to the tomb, 730  
Bears to the startled concourse at the lists  
News of their burning ships. As round they gazed,  
Dense clouds of drifting embers filled the sky.  
Then first Ascanius, as he led full speed  
His youthful squadron, spurning the control  
Of his bewildered guardians, to the camp

Spurred in hot haste on! O wretched Trojan wives !  
 What mean ye?—what new frenzy this?' he cried :  
 'No Grecian fleet, but your own hopes, ye burn.  
 'Tis I, your prince, Ascanius.' As he spoke, 740  
 The helmet which in mimic fight he wore  
 Down at their feet he flung. And now approached  
 In haste Æneas and his Trojan band ;  
 But those distracted matrons down the shore  
 Fled wildly, loathing light, and fain to lurk  
 Concealed in dens and caverns—at the sight  
 Of friends abashed, and stricken with remorse  
 For their fell purpose : Juno's baneful spells  
 Had ceased to goad them. Not less fierce the while  
 The conflagration rages unsubdued ; 750  
 Beneath the moistened planks the enkindled tow  
 Is smouldering, and infectious vapour steals  
 From stem to stern ; nor might of stalwart arms,  
 Nor drenching floods, the fiery pest allay.  
 The pious hero from his shoulders tore  
 His robe, his suppliant hands outstretched to Heaven,  
 And thus for succour prayed : 'O sovereign Jove !  
 All-puissant ! if not utterly abhorred  
 By thee our Dardan race ; if mortal woes  
 Thou pitiest, as of old, defend our ships 760  
 From flames, and rescue from the jaws of death  
 This wreck of Troy ! Or, if the guilt be mine,



Hurl thine avenging lightnings at my head,  
And crush me in thy wrath.' Scarce had his words  
Found utterance, ere with floods of mighty rain  
Burst a fierce tempest forth : the hills and plains  
Shook with redoubled peals, and all the sky  
Grew black with whirling blast and surging storm.  
The decks were drenched, the half-burnt timbers  
reeked

With moisture, till the murky fumes died out, 770  
And all, save four good ships, escaped the flame.

But grieved with such mischance, and burthened sore  
With anxious cares, Æneas wavered long,  
Irresolute, to make those shores his home,  
Heedless of destiny, or still in quest  
Of Italy sail on. Wise counsel gave  
Nautes, the sage, whom Pallas more than all  
With varied lore endowed : he, weighing well  
The wrath of Heaven by prodigies displayed,  
And Fate's resistless ordinance, thus spake, 780  
Lightening his leader's grief : 'O Goddess-born !  
'Tis ours to follow, lead us where it may,  
The path ordained : let Fortune do her worst,  
He conquers who endures. A friend thou hast,  
Acestes, of the heaven-born Dardan line.  
Make him the willing partner of thy cares ;  
The seamen thy diminished fleet may spare,

The recreants from thy noble enterprise,  
The women wearied of the sea, the old,  
The sick, the timorous to his charge confide ; 790  
Here let them build their walls : with thy consent  
Acesta shall their infant town be named.'

Such counsel cheered his soul, yet conflict dire  
Of thoughts still racked the chief. And now pale Night  
With her yoked steeds had mounted high in heaven,  
When suddenly the image of his sire  
Anchises, gliding from the skies, appeared,  
And in sad accents spake : ' My son, more dear  
Than life while life was mine ! O sorely tried  
By Troy's hard destinies ! from Jove I come, 800  
Who from thy galleys turned the flames aside,  
And now relenting from high Heaven looks down.  
Thou to wise Nautes yield obedient ear ;  
Thy flower of youth, thy stoutest hearts lead on  
To Italy. The fierce untutored tribes  
Of Latium must by War's stern arm be tamed.  
But first the nether realms where Pluto reigns  
Thy foot must tread : beyond the Avernian gulf  
Seek converse with thy sire ; 'tis there I dwell,  
Not in Tartarean shades, the prison-house 810  
Of guilty souls, but in Elysian plains,  
The blissful convocation of the just ;  
Thither, her sable victims duly slain,

The Sibyl, ~~saintly maid,~~ thy steps shall guide :  
There shall thy destined home, thy sons unborn,  
Be to thine eyes revealed. But now farewell !  
Far spent is dewy Night, and on me breathe  
The panting coursers of relentless Dawn.’  
He ceased, and vanished like a mist in air.  
‘ Ah ! whither hast thou fled ?—what cruel haste 820  
Is this ?—why thus thy son’s fond arms forsake ?’  
Æneas cried : then kindled he anew  
The sunken fires, and adoration paid,  
With hallowed meal and incense, at the shrines  
Of hoary Vesta and his country’s Gods.  
His father’s counsel, then, and Jove’s behest,  
First to Acestes, to his comrades next,  
Imparts, nor leaves his own resolve untold.  
The friendly prince approves ; the plan speeds well ;  
A crowd of timid matrons, and of men 830  
Uncovetous of fame, they leave on shore ;  
The rest new benches for the ships prepare,  
Replace the timbers which the flames had charred,  
The masts with cordage fit, the banks with oars,—  
A slender band, but ardent warriors all.

Meanwhile Æneas with a plough designs  
The city’s bounds, allots to all their homes,  
This place surnames from Ilium, that from Troy.  
Acestes, with a patriot’s pride, surveys

His growing realm; a forum he designs; 840  
 Convoles the Senate, and proclaims the laws.

A temple to the Idalian queen they found  
 High on the steeps of Eryx, and assign  
 A ministering priest, and grove far-famed,  
 To guard the precincts of Anchises' tomb.

Nine days of solemn feast and sacrifice  
 The sons of Troy fulfilled; and now soft airs  
 Had lulled the waves, and whispering south winds  
 wooed

Their fleet to sea. Along the winding shore  
 Burst forth the voice of mourning; night and day 850

Friends soon to part prolonged their last farewell.  
 The women, too, and they who loathed the sight  
 Of the rude ocean, and its name abhorred,  
 All fearless now of hardship, longed to sail.

Æneas soothes their anguish, and with tears  
 Commends them to his royal kinsman's care.

Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb,  
 He slays; then bids his seamen from the strand  
 Their hawsers loose; himself, with olive wreath  
 Circling his brow, a beaker in his hand, 860

Stands on the lofty prow, and o'er the waves  
 The quivering entrails flings, and pours the wine.  
 Fresh blows the breeze astern, in friendly strife  
 The gallant oarsmen vie, and cleave the main.

Meanwhile, complaining to the Ocean King,  
 In piteous tones spake Venus, racked with care :  
 ‘ To all entreaties, Neptune, must I stoop,  
 Since Juno’s inextinguishable hate  
 Nor time can heal, nor piety disarm,  
 Nor Jove’s behest, nor Fate itself subdue.           870  
 Unsated, though the Phrygian city’s walls  
 Fell by her ceaseless rancour undermined ;  
 Though woes innumerable thinned the ranks  
 The sword had spared,—the wreck of ruined Troy  
 Her curse pursues. Why thus incensed with ire,  
 She best can tell : what turmoil late she raised  
 On Libya’s waves thou knowest,—sea and skies  
 Her hand commingled, aided by the blasts  
 Of Æolus,—usurping thy domain.  
 E’en now, beguiling with malignant spells           880  
 The Trojan dames, she fires the ships, casts forth  
 The crews, abandoned, on an unknown shore.  
 I ask but this—safe conduct for the fleet  
 To reach Laurentian Tiber’s banks unharmed ;  
 This—if the prayer be lawful—if the Fates  
 Concede the long-sought city—I implore.’  
 ‘ Good reason hast thou, Venus,’ then replied  
 The Ruler of the waves, ‘ to trust my realm ;  
 Thine own it is by birth, and I, in sooth,  
 Deserve thy trust. Full often for thy sake           890

Rude winds and angry billows have I stilled :  
 Nor less on land—be witness Xanthus, thou,  
 And Simois, too—Æneas was my care ;  
 What time Achilles hurled in hot pursuit  
 Back on their walls the breathless hosts of Troy,  
 When thousands fell before him, and the streams  
 Were choked with slain : e'en Xanthus scarce made  
                   way

Down his encumbered channel to the main.  
 Thy hero then, in combat overmatched  
 By dread Pelides' arm and adverse Gods,                   900  
 Wrapt in a cloud I saved—albeit I longed  
 To lay that perjured city in the dust  
 Which mine own hands had raised. Dismiss thy fears ;  
 My purpose stands unchanged ; the Avernian bay,  
 That haven long desired—thy son shall gain :  
 One only ravished by the waves—one life  
 A ransom paid for many—shall he mourn.'

Soothing the Goddess with such words, the Sire  
 Yoked his fleet coursers, foaming as they champed  
 Their bits of gold, his slackened reins flung free, 910  
 And skimmed with sea-green car the crested tide :  
 Stilled is the surge, and levelled by his wheels  
 That roll in thunder, sinks the billowy plain,  
 While scudding rain-clouds leave the welkin clear.  
 Strange shapes and uncouth monsters of the main

Their lord attend—the troop of Glaucus old,  
 Palæmon, Phorcus, and his Triton crew ;  
 Thalia on his left, and Melitè,  
 Thetis, and Panopea, sea-nymph fair ;  
 Nesæe, Spio, and Cymodocè. 920

O'er his care-burdened soul Æneas feels  
 New gladness steal : he bids his willing crews  
 With speed their mainmasts hoist, and bend their sails ;  
 All hands the hawsers tug, the sail-yards veer,  
 And spread their canvass to the freshening gale.  
 His pilot Palinurus leads the van ;  
 The rest, observant of his signals, steer.

Now Night had climbed the pinnacle of heaven ;  
 The drowsy seamen, on hard benches stretched  
 Beside the oars, their wearied limbs reposed ; 930  
 When, parting with his wings the dusky air,  
 Sleep softly glided from the star-lit skies :  
 Thee, Palinure, he sought ; ill-omened dreams  
 For thee devising ; on the poop reclined,  
 In shape assumed of Phorbas, thus he spake :  
 'Son of Iasius, with the tide we float—  
 The wind blows calmly—'tis the hour for rest :  
 Steal from thy weary watch a brief repose ;  
 Thine office will I take and guide the helm.'

With eyes scarce raised, the wary mariner 940  
 Made answer : 'Canst thou deem me so beguiled

By Ocean's smiling surface, as to trust  
The wily monster in his treacherous calm?  
Shall I, oft flattered by deceitful skies,  
Betray Æneas to the faithless winds?' .  
This said, he firmly to the steerage clung,  
Nor ever from the stars unfix'd his gaze;  
But the false God a branch with Lethe's stream  
Bedew'd, and medicin'd with Stygian spells,  
Above his temples wav'd, his faltering sense      950  
O'er-master'd, and relax'd his glazing eye.  
Then, as the slumberous influence o'er him stole,  
Grappling the prostrate wretch, he hurl'd him down,  
With fraction of the stern and shattered helm,  
Amid the waves, imploring help in vain;  
Himself with wings outspread took flight to Heaven.  
Yet not less swiftly sped the fleet, secure  
In Neptune's promised tutelage. And now  
Close on the Siren's rocky isle they came,  
A dangerous coast of old, and white with bones; 960  
E'en then the surge beat hoarsely on the crags:  
His ship bereft of pilot, drifting wide,  
The chief perceived, then seized himself the helm,  
And through the darkness steered, bewailing much  
His comrade's fate: 'Too blind, alas! thy trust  
In sky and waves serene: on this lone strand  
Unburied, Palinurus, must thou lie!'      967



[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

THE ÆNEID

BOOK VI.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

B O O K V I.

---

WEeping he spake ; then loosed his flowing sails,  
And gained at last Eubæan Cumæ's bay :  
There, anchored fast, their beaks to seaward turned,  
With rounded stems the galleys fringe the strand.  
The impatient youth leap eagerly ashore :  
Some strike from veins of flint the imprisoned fire ;  
Some scour the forest, haunt of savage beasts,  
Or trace the winding streamlet to its source.  
But to the sacred heights, Apollo's seat,  
Devout Æneas hastes, and that dim cave           10  
Secluded, where the awful Sibyl dwells,  
Whose soul with Divination's mystic lore  
The prophet-God inspires : through Dian's grove  
They pass, and stand beneath her gilded dome.  
    'Tis famed that Dædalus, from Minos' realm  
Escaping, on aerial pinions borne,

Far to the chilly north his flight pursued,  
 Till, resting on Chalcidian heights at last,  
 He vowed, in homage to the Delian God,  
 Where first he touched the earth, his oar-like wings ;  
 Then reared a mighty fane. Upon the gates, 21  
 Modelled in gold, Androgeos' cruel death  
 Was graved ; to expiate that foul murder died  
 Seven blooming sons of Athens year by year.  
 The fatal urn stood nigh—the lots just drawn.  
 In counterview displayed rose sea-girt Crete,  
 Pasiphæ's monstrous love and secret shame,  
 And Minotaur, that misbegotten shape,  
 Half-man, half-beast, offspring of lust abhorred.  
 Next, miracle of skill, the wondrous maze, 30  
 The Labyrinth's inextricable wiles—  
 Threaded with clue, which Dædalus supplied,  
 In pity to the royal maiden's\* love.  
 Thou, Icarus, too, could art have mastered grief,  
 A place hadst found ; to grave thy fate in gold  
 The sculptor twice essayed, twice anguish keen  
 Unnerved the parent's hand. With curious gaze  
 The Trojans fain would linger o'er the scene ;  
 But now Achates with the maid returned—  
 Priestess of Trivia and of Phœbus too, 40  
 Glaucus her sire, Deiphobè her name,  
 Who thus addressed the chief : ' Unmeet the time

\* Ariadne.

For shows like these; let victims first be slain—  
Seven lusty steers that never felt the yoke,  
Seven spotless ewes.' Her bidding promptly done,  
She bids them all within the temple stand.

Deep in the mountain's side a cavern vast  
Was scooped, whence, peeling through its hundred  
gates,

Bursts forth the Sibyl's utterance, hundred-tongued ;  
Beside the porch they stood : ' Now, now,' she cries,  
' The hour is come ; demand to know thy fate : 51  
'Tis he, the God, the God !' As thus she spake,  
At once her visage changed, its colour fled ;  
Dishevelled was her hair ; unearthly seemed  
Her voice ; her form dilated, as more near  
She felt the o'ershadowing presence of the God :  
' Now to thy prayers, Æneas, to thy prayers,  
Else shall these awestruck portals ne'er unclose.'  
No more she said : the Trojans' hardy souls  
Were thrilled with fear ; the chief devoutly prayed : 60  
' O, ever piteous to the woes of Troy!  
Thou who didst aim the Dardan shepherd's dart  
That pierced Achilles' heel—Apollo, hear !  
Wide oceans have I traversed, thou my guide,  
And many a sea-encircled coast explored,  
E'en to the uttermost Massylian tribes,  
And plains by arid Syrtes belted round :

At last Italia's long-sought shores we gained.  
Thus far had Troy's hard fate our race pursued.  
But ye, Celestial Powers, who looked askance 70  
On Ilion's palmy state and old renown,  
Her much-enduring sons afflict no more ;  
Thou, holiest priestess, Heaven-illumin'd maid,  
Vouchsafe this boon—'tis mine by Fate's decree :  
To plant on Latian soil our exiled race,  
Our Gods long-banished to their shrines restore ;  
To Phoebus then and Dian will I raise  
A marble fane, and jubilee proclaim  
In honour of the God. Thy mysteries too,  
Dread Virgin, will I reverence, and enshrine 80  
Thine oracles and books of mystic lore  
Among the sacred archives of my realm,  
To chosen priests consigned,—I ask but this :  
Write not thy fleeting utterance on the leaves  
For wanton winds to sport with : let thy lips  
Pronounce the dread decree.' He said no more.

But frantic now and panting to o'erthrow  
The mastery of her soul-enthraling God,  
The priestess writhes : the imperious Deity  
Her chafing spirit curbs and moulds at will ; 90  
Then with a sudden blast the hundred gates  
Roll backward, and she speaks : ' Escaped at last  
The perils of the main, yet sorer ills

On land await thee : to Lavinium's coast—  
 Mistrust not this—thy Teucrian host shall come,  
 Yet rue the hour they came. Wars, horrid wars,  
 I see, and Tiber's waves run red with gore.  
 Lo ! Xanthus, Simois, Grecian camps appear  
 Revived on Tuscan shores : from Latium springs  
 A new Achilles—he, too, Goddess-born ; 100  
 And Juno's curse enduring cleaves to Troy.  
 What tribe, what city in thy sore distress  
 Shalt thou not sue for aid ! A foreign bride  
 Is Ilion's bane once more. Yet quail not thou  
 With troubles sore beset, but undismayed  
 Outface the frowns of Fortune : least foreseen,  
 Deliverance shall a Grecian city yield.'

In tones that thundered through the vaulted cave  
 The Sibyl raved, with parables obscure  
 Commingling truth : the inexorable God, 110  
 Her fury bridles and incites by turns.  
 When hushed her foaming lips and calmed her throes,  
 Æneas spoke : 'To me no shape of ill,  
 O maiden ! unexpected seems or strange :  
 All suffering hath my thoughtful soul presaged.  
 One boon I crave : since here, if fame be true,  
 Are those dread portals of the Infernal King,  
 That lake whose fount o'erflowing Acheron fills—  
 Grant me to see my father's face once more,

In his loved presence stand,—the path declare, 120  
 The awful gates unclose. That agèd Sire,  
 'Mid shower of spears and flames that raged around,  
 I rescued on these shoulders from the foe :  
 Companion of my wanderings, he endured  
 All storms and accidents of sea and sky  
 With fortitude beyond the strength of age.  
 By his behest impelled, I sought thy shrine.  
 Have pity, gentle maid, on sire and son :  
 All power is thine ; by Hecatè ordained  
 High-priestess of the dread Avernian grove. 130  
 If Orpheus could his spouse from Hell reclaim,  
 Armed but with tuneful chords and Thracian lyre ;  
 If Pollux treads so oft the alternate road  
 Of life and death, his brother's fate to share—  
 Of Theseus or Alcmæna's mighty son  
 What need to speak?—I too claim kin with Jove.'

Thus, clinging to the altar's side, his prayer  
 Æneas urged : the Virgin Seer replied :  
 'Son of Anchises, Heaven-born prince of Troy !  
 Smooth is the downward road that slopes to Hell :  
 The infernal gates stand open night and day ; 141  
 But upward to retrace the steep ascent,  
 This, this is toil and pain ! But few have dared  
 Such enterprise whom righteous Jove most loved,  
 Or high pre-eminence in merit raised



To rank divine. Adown the path midway  
Stretch boundless forests, and Cocytus winds  
His sable flood. But if such wish be thine,  
Such desperate hardihood, to traverse twice  
The Stygian gulf, grim Tartarus twice explore, 150  
This must thou first achieve : half-hid from view  
Amid a tree's dark verdure hangs a bough,  
Its leaves and slender stalk alike of gold—  
Sacred to Stygian Juno, and enshrined  
Within the umbrageous fastness of the grove.  
None to those nether shades may entrance gain  
But he whose hand hath seized the mystic spray ;  
This tribute beauteous Proserpine demands.  
Soon as the first is plucked, a second shoot  
With golden foliage bursts and sprouts anew : 160  
Search warily aloft, then boldly grasp  
The precious branch ; if thine the destined hand,  
'Twill follow at a touch—else human arm  
Would fail to break, or steel to cleave, the bough.  
Meanwhile, unknown to thee, thy friend's remains  
Unburied lie, and his dishonoured corse  
Thy camp defiles, whilst thou before my shrine,  
Inquisitive of Fate, art lingering still.  
First to the dead funereal honours pay ;  
Next slay the dark-fleeced ewes, and to the Gods  
Atonement make : thine eyes may then behold 171

Hell's awful realms, by mortal foot untrod.'

This said, her lips were sealed. With downcast  
mien

Went forth Æneas from the cave, perplexed  
With such dark auguries : beside him walked  
Achates, faithful partner of his cares.

Grave converse held the friends, and much surmised  
Of what neglected corse, what warrior slain,  
The priestess spake.

Lo ! as they reached the strand,  
Ingloriously dead Misenus lay, 180  
Brave son of Æolus, whose trumpet-blast  
Pealed through the ranks and fanned the flames of  
war :

Once mighty Hector's comrade, skilled alike  
To wind the clarion or the spear to wield.  
When stricken by Achilles Hector fell,  
Æneas then, not less renowned a chief,  
His valiant henchman followed to the field.  
Him, as with tuneful shell he thrilled the waves  
And challenged all the Gods to match his strain,  
Did jealous Triton, if the tale be true, 190  
Plunge in the foaming billows unawares,  
And dashed him on the rocks. Loud wailing raised  
The Trojans o'er their comrade ; most of all,  
Æneas mourned his friend : with saddened hearts

The Sibyl's charge they hasten to fulfil.  
A lofty altar-tomb they build, with trees  
Hewn from an ancient grove, the wild beast's lair.  
Low lies the stately pine, the ilex rings  
With dint of woodman's steel; by wedges riven,  
Yields the stout oak, the ash from mountain-side  
Rolls down: Æneas foremost in the throng      201  
Wields the broad axe and cheers his toiling crew.

As now in melancholy mood the chief  
The far-stretched forest scanned, a sudden prayer  
Burst from his lips: 'O that in yonder grove  
Would flash upon my sight that branch of gold!  
Since all too true of thee, Misenus, spake  
The prescient Maid.' Scarce uttered were his words,  
When two fair doves came fluttering through the air,  
And lighted on the sward. O'erjoyed to view      210  
The birds his Mother loved, 'Be ye my guides,'  
He cried, 'and by your airy flight denote  
The brake where that bright bough its shadow flings.  
And thou, dear Goddess-mother, in this strait  
Fail not thy son.' With slow and wary steps  
He followed, marking well the ring-doves' track,  
Heedful of every sign. On flew the birds,  
Resting awhile to feed—as fain to lure  
Pursuit, yet not outstrip the gazer's ken.  
Soon as they came abreast the reeking fumes      220

Of pestilent Avernus, high they soared ;  
Then gliding through the sky, with folded wings  
Perched on the tree, amid whose branches gleamed,  
Checkering its foliage dark, the golden spray.  
As in the wintry forest glimmers green,  
With parasitic tendrils lithely clasped  
Round stems of alien growth, the Mistletoe,—  
So flashed the lustrous ore, so quivering waved  
The leaf's thin foil, and tinkled in the breeze.  
Exultingly Æneas seized the bough, 230  
And to the Sibyl's cavern bore his prize.

Meanwhile his mourning comrades on the beach  
Sepulchral honours to the unconscious shade  
Of brave Misenus pay. A lofty pyre  
With planks of oak and unctuous pine they raise ;  
The sides with dark funereal boughs are twined ;  
In front the cypress flings its doleful shade ;  
A trophy of bright arms surmounts the pile.  
Some from the caldron steaming waters pour,  
Bathe and anoint with oil the frigid limbs : 240  
Loud is the wail of grief, as on the couch  
They lay the loved remains, and o'er them fling  
The well-known purple robes their comrade wore.  
Then sadly they uplift the massy bier,  
And with averted face the torch apply,  
As ancient rites enjoin : with frankincense,

With sacrificial meats and oil outpoured  
They feed the flame. When o'er the embers pale  
Sink the extinguished fires, they drench with wine  
The dust and ashy relics of the dead. 250  
Then Corinæus in a brazen urn  
Enshrined the bones ; and next with olive rod,  
In hallowed waters steeped, lustration made,  
Sprinkling the hosts around, and with loud voice  
Bade the heroic shade a last farewell.  
But good Æneas a colossal tomb  
Raised to his friend, and o'er it piled his arms,  
The oar he wielded, and the trump he blew :  
A towering sea-mark on the mountain-peak,  
Misenus called, that guards his fame for aye.— 260  
This done, the Sibyl's bidding he attends.  
Deep in a craggy gorge a cavern yawned ;  
A pitchy lake and forests black as night  
Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed  
O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight—  
Such baneful exhalation through the air  
Reeked from its murky jaws : by Grecians hence  
Aornos named. And now the priestess takes  
Four sable steers, their foreheads bathes with wine,  
Then crops the budding tufts between their horns—  
Prime offering to the Gods—and calls aloud 271  
On Hecatè, adored in Heaven and Hell.

Then in the victims' throats the knife is fleshed,  
And bowls receive the blood. Æneas next  
To Earth, and to her sable sister Night,  
Mother of Furies, slays a coal-black lamb ;  
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee :  
Then at the altar of the Infernal King,  
Heaping the flames with flesh of mighty bulls,  
Rich unguent on the steaming entrails pours. 280  
Scarce had the dawn begun to break, when, lo !  
Loud rumblings shook the earth, the hill-tops quaked,  
And howling dogs amid the gloom announced  
The Goddess near : ' Avaunt ! ye souls profane,  
Avaunt ! ' the Sibyl shrieks, ' and quit the grove.  
Thou, prince, march boldly on and bare thy sword :  
With all thy courage, Trojan, arm thee now.'  
Then madly down the yawning gulf she plunged ;  
He with unwavering steps his guide pursued.

Ye Gods that rule the ghastly realms of death ! 290  
Ye disembodied Shades ! ye awful Powers  
Chaos and Phlegethon ! may I unblamed  
Speak what mine ears have heard ! your depths unveil,  
In silence wrapt and everlasting night ?  
Along the void unpeopled plains of Hell,  
Darkling they went, the solitary pair :  
As when the fitful moon with sickly ray  
Gleams on the traveller's path in forest dim,

When vapours clog the air, and every shape  
In that weird light looks colourless and pale. 300

Beside the threshold, in the jaws of Hell,  
Sorrow and carking Cares their couch had made,  
And wan Disease and melancholy Eld,  
Base Fear, and Hunger, counsellor of ill,  
Terrific shapes, appeared : then Toil and Death,  
And Death's twin-brother Sleep and guilty Joys.  
Darkening the porch, War's horrid front was seen,  
The Furies on their steely beds, and Strife,  
Her snaky locks with blood-red fillets bound.

Athwart the path an ancient bowery elm 310

Its arms outspread ; there, clinging to the leaves,  
Swarms of fantastic dreams their covert made.

Around were apparitions strange and births  
Portentous ; Centaurs stabling in the gates,  
Half-human Scyllas, and the hundred heads  
Of Briareus, and Lerna's hissing pest,  
Chimæras belching flames, foul Harpy fiends,  
And Geryon's threefold shape, and Gorgons dire.

Scared at the sight, Æneas grasped his blade,  
And had not she, his sage companion, warned 320  
These were but lifeless phantoms, shapes of air,  
His sword had cleft their ghostly ranks in vain.

From thence to murky Acheron lay the road—  
That lake whose whirling current, foul with slime,

Disgorges its offscourings in the bed  
 Of deep Cocytus. O'er these streams keeps guard  
 Charon, grim ferryman, whose aspect foul  
 Appals the sight : his locks unkempt, his chin  
 Shagged with a hoary wilderness of beard ;  
 His eyes aglow with fire, his gaberdine,                    330  
 Tattered and vile, about his shoulders hung.  
 He with a pole impels, and speeds with sail  
 His dingy craft, and ferries o'er the pool  
 His shadowy freight—a veteran seems the God  
 In years, but stalwart in his lusty age.  
 A motley throng came flocking to the marge :  
 Matrons and bearded men, and youths and maids,  
 And ghosts of mighty chiefs whose race was run,  
 And children on untimely biers in sight  
 Of parents laid ; in number infinite,                    340  
 As leaves that strew the woods in early frost  
 Of autumn, or the innumerable birds  
 Whom the chill blast of winter o'er the sea  
 Drives forth to sunnier climes. Upon the brink  
 With arms outstretched, all yearning to depart  
 And gain the further shore, the phantoms stand :  
 By turns the sullen boatman takes aboard  
 Now these, now those ; some rudely thrusts away.  
     Æneas, lost in wonderment, exclaims :  
 'Say, heavenly maid, what mean these thronging souls?



Why this tumultuous concourse on the strand? 351  
Those shades repelled—these ferried o'er the wave?'  
Briefly the maid replied: 'Anchises' son,  
True scion of the Immortals! you behold  
Cocytus and the awful Stygian pool,  
Which Gods adjure, nor dare to slight the vow.  
Lo! Charon there—his freight the buried dead:  
Yon outcast souls no sepulture have found;  
Nor, till their mortal limbs in earth repose,  
May cross the abhorred gulf. A hundred years 360  
Their flitting spectres hover round the brink,  
Then gain at last dismissal o'er the stream.'  
In sorrowful amaze Æneas stood,  
Moved with compassion for their helpless plight.  
Amid the sad dishonoured crowd his eye  
Glanced on Leucaspis, and that captain brave  
Of Lycian ships, Orontes, whom the gale  
Dashed on the rocks, engulfing bark and crew,  
When o'er the stormy waves they sailed from Troy.  
The pilot Palinurus next appears, 370  
Late, on his Libyan voyage, from the helm  
Plunged in the billows, as he watched the stars:  
Him, through the murky twilight dimly seen,  
The chief addressed: 'O Palinurus! say,  
What fate befell thee? by what envious God  
Hurl'd in the deep? Thy death alone belied

Apollo's words—else truthful ever found ;  
For thee safe advent to Ausonia's shores,  
Unscathed by storm, the Deity foretold :  
Thus keeps he faith?' 'Nay, prince,' the shade  
replied, 380

'Nor oracle of Phœbus played thee false,  
Nor wrought a God my fall. Sure watch I kept,  
Guiding the helm, when, lo ! the vessel's stern  
Parted in twain, and whelmed me in the deep.  
Be that wild sea my witness that I felt  
Less for my own sad plight than fear for thee,  
Should thy dismantled bark, of pilot reft,  
Sink in the surging tide. Three wintry nights,  
Tossed to and fro by blustering southern gales,  
I drifted on the waves ; the fourth day dawned, 390  
When from the billow's crest obscurely seen  
Rose Italy to view : with much ado  
I swam to shore, and deemed my perils o'er,  
When some inhuman tribe, on plunder bent,  
With swords assailed me, as the rugged rocks  
I clutched, encumbered with my dripping garb ;  
Now vexed with winds and waves my relics lie.  
O ! by the genial light and air of Heaven,  
By thy dear sire Anchises, by the hopes  
Of young Ascanius, save me from this woe, 400  
Unconquered chief ! Or back to Velia's port

Thy vessels steer, and on my hapless corse  
Some dole of earth bestow ; or, if perchance  
Thy heavenly Mother may vouchsafe her aid  
(For surely 'tis some God impels thee now  
To cross the bottomless Tartarean pool),  
Reach forth thy hand and guide me o'er the stream ;  
Then shall my weary ghost in peace repose.'  
Sternly the Seer rebuked him : 'Hath thy mind,  
O Palinure! such impious wish conceived?      410  
Canst thou, unsepulchred, the Stygian lake,  
Haunt of the accursèd Sisterhood, behold?  
Unbidden wouldst thou tread this awful strand?  
Deem not that Heaven's decrees are changed by  
prayer ;—

Yet in thy sore distress this solace take :  
For thy foul murder shall the bordering tribes,  
Warned by celestial signs, atonement make,  
Raise o'er thy bones a lofty pile, and rites  
Ordained fulfil ; for ever shall the name  
Of Palinurus mark the pilot's grave.'      420  
He listened and was soothed ; the thought of lands  
Entitled by his name his spirit cheered.

Now speeding on their way, beside the stream  
The pilgrims came, whom, ere they reached the banks,  
Observing from his skiff the boatman stern  
Challenged aloud, and thus the chief addressed :

‘ What errand brings thee here, a warrior armed ?  
Stay thy rash foot, intruder, come not near.  
These are the realms of Sleep and drowsy Night ;  
This Stygian raft no living soul may bear. 430  
Nor had I cause for joy that once my bark  
Pirithoüs, Theseus, Hercules conveyed—  
The last Hell’s yelling watch-dog bound in chains,  
And dragged the cowering beast from Pluto’s throne ;  
Those daring ravishers would fain have torn  
E’en from the couch of Dis his beauteous queen.’  
‘ Fear not,’ the Sibyl answered, ‘ such designs  
We own not, nor bespeak these arms a foe.  
Still may the blatant beast with ceaseless howl  
Scare the pale ghosts ; still Proserpine may guard 440  
With fame unstained her consort-uncle’s bed,—  
Æneas, Prince of Troy, renowned alike  
For warlike deeds and piety, hath come  
To seek his father here. If filial love  
Heroic fails to move thee, look on this.’  
Then from her robe the golden spray she drew.  
At once the wrathful pilot’s anger fell ;  
No more he said, but, wrapt in wonderment,  
Gazed on the mystic bough, unseen so long.  
Then to the margin drove his dusky prow, 450  
And thrusting from their seats a ghostly crowd,  
The hatches cleared, and in the hold received

The stalwart chief, the patched and crazy bark  
 Creaked with its load, and opened to the waves  
 Its leaking sides ; yet safely bore at last,  
 Amid the slimy sedge, the twain to land.

There Cerberus, the three-necked Warder huge,  
 Couched in his grisly den before the gates,  
 Stunned all the infernal precincts with his roar ;  
 The priestess, as his snake-encircled throats      460  
 He raised, a cake, with soporific drugs  
 And honey steeped, before the monster flung.  
 He, gaunt with hunger, oped his triple jaws  
 And gorged the food ; at once his giant limbs  
 Relaxed, his hideous length along the cave  
 Extended lay. Æneas swiftly seized  
 The unguarded pass, and left the stream behind,  
 Which whoso passeth once, hath passed for aye.

Now from the porch a sound of voices came  
 In concert sad : the wail of infant souls,      470  
 Whom, from their mother's breasts untimely torn,  
 Robbed of their heritage of joyous life,  
 Fell Death immersed in darkness. Next were they  
 By man's unrighteous sentence doomed to die :  
 These have their trial still, nor pass the gates  
 Unchallenged. Minos, stern inquisitor,  
 Presides in judgment, cites before his bar  
 The trembling shades ; their lives, their crimes reviews.

To them succeeds a melancholy band,  
 Who, loathing light, yet innocent of crime, 480  
 Flung life away : thrice happy, might they now  
 Brave toil and penury in the realms of day.  
 Fate bars retreat ; dark Acheron hems them round,  
 And Styx with ninefold current interposed.

Thence, stretching far, the 'Mourning Fields' are  
 seen.

Here, wandering in sequestered paths, with groves  
 Of myrtle screened, are they who drooped and died  
 By the slow pangs of unrequited love :  
 Not e'en in death their anguish finds repose.  
 Phædra and Procris here Æneas sees ; 490  
 And Eriphyle, pointing to the wounds  
 Her ruthless son had made ; Pasiphæe here,  
 Laodamia, and Evadne dwell,  
 And Ceneus, once a man, a woman now,  
 Here to her pristine shape by death restored.  
 Among the rest, the Carthaginian queen,  
 With wounds yet reeking, Dido, paced the grove :  
 Her through the twilight shade the chief descried,  
 As one who, when the moon is newly born,  
 Amid the gloaming sees, or deems he sees, 500  
 Veiled in transparent clouds her image pale.  
 Melted to tears, in love's soft tones he spake :  
 ' Ill-fated queen ! the tidings then were true

That thou hadst perished in despair, self-slain ;—  
Was I, alas ! thy murderer? By the stars,  
The Powers above—and if these nether realms  
Lend aught of sanction to an oath—I swear,  
Unwillingly I left thy realm. The Gods,  
Who bid me now Hell's loathsome depths explore,  
Left me no choice but flight. I little deemed, 510  
Departing, to inflict so keen a wound.  
Nay, turn not thus away, but pause awhile ;  
Recoil not from my gaze, nor scorn my words,  
The last my lips shall utter in thine ears.'  
With such fond pleadings, weeping as he spake,  
Æneas strove to soothe her wrathful mien.  
Fixed on the ground her stern averted eyes  
She kept : as well might prayers avail to move  
The insensate flint, or melt Marpesian stone.  
Then hurrying from his sight she sought the grove  
Where her first spouse, Sichæus, kindred soul, 521  
Grieved with her grief, and love for love returned.  
Touched by her piteous destiny, the chief  
With wistful eyes gazed after her and wept.  
Then onward they advanced, and gained at last  
The confines of the plain, secluded haunt  
Of mighty warriors. Tydeus here they found,  
Parthenopæus, famed in battle-field,

And that pale phantom once Adrastus named.  
 Here, too, were Troy's brave champions, much be-  
 moaned 530

In upper air : Æneas with deep sigh  
 Beheld their lengthened ranks,—Glaucus was there,  
 Thersilochus and Medon—three brave chiefs,  
 Sons of Antenor ; Polybætēs, too,  
 Whom Ceres owned her priest ; Ideaus still  
 The whirling chariot urged, still grasped the reins.  
 Around their visitant the spectres thronged,  
 Nor stood content to gaze, but held him long  
 In converse ; much inquiring for what end  
 He sought the realms of Night. But Græcia's chiefs  
 And Agamemnon's hosts with terror quailed 541  
 As flashed the hero's armour through the gloom,—  
 Some turned to flight, as erst at Troy they sought  
 The covert of their ships ; some strove to raise  
 An ineffectual shout—the cry, still-born,  
 Died on their gasping lips.

Next Priam's son,  
 Deiphobus, appeared—his visage seamed  
 With ignominious scars, his nostrils gashed,  
 Shorn of his ears and hands : that mangled shape,  
 Cowering to hide its shame, his friend scarce knew :  
 ' Deiphobus,' he cried, ' thou valiant knight, 551  
 True heir of Teucer's line, what barbarous hand



Such vengeance wreaked?—who dealt those ghastly  
wounds?

'Twas rumoured thou, on Ilion's fatal night,  
Wearied with carnage of unnumbered Greeks,  
Hadst sunk on heaps of dead confusedly piled.  
Then, careful of thy fame, a cenotaph  
I built thee on Rhœteum's lofty shore,  
And thrice invoked thy shade—thy name and arms  
Mark well the spot : thyself I might not find,     560  
Dear friend, nor lay thy dust in Dardan soil.'  
Then Priam's son made answer : ' Well thy part  
Was done—all honours to my relics paid ;  
Mine own hard fortune, and the accursèd wiles  
Of that Lacænian traitress, wrought my fall :  
These parting tokens of her love she gave:  
Need I remind thee?—who can e'er forget?—  
How in mad mirth we spent that night of woe,  
When o'er our ramparts stalked the fateful horse,  
Teeming with steel-clad men. In dancing guise     570  
A tribe of Phrygian Bacchanals she led,  
Herself a torch amid the orgies bore,  
And from the fort waved signals to the foe.  
As wearied on my ill-starred couch I lay,  
And on my eyelids fell sleep's soothing balm,  
Deep as the dreamless slumber of the dead,  
My peerless spouse our mansion stripped of arms,

And stole my trusty falchion from my side ;  
 To Menelaus then unclosed the doors—  
 Fain by such service to her amorous lord           580  
 To earn oblivion for her past misdeeds.  
 Why linger o'er the tale? The Greeks burst in—  
 Ulysses, soul of mischief, with the rest.  
 Requite such outrage on their heads, ye Gods,  
 If righteous prayer be mine ! But tell me now  
 What errand brings thee here, a living man?  
 Hath Heaven's own mandate, or mischance of sea,  
 Or stress of Fortune, urged thee to explore  
 These joyless realms that never saw the sun ?'  
 Such converse held they till the car of day,           590  
 With roseate wheels, had traversed half the Heaven,  
 And all their time in fond discourse had sped ;  
 But now the Sibyl spoke : ' Night falls apace,  
 Æneas ; weeping thus, we waste the hours.  
 Henceforth the road, diverging, parts in twain—  
 The right to Stygian Jove's pavilion leads  
 And blest Elysium ; Tartarus on the left,  
 Abode of crime and penal torment, lies.'  
 ' Nay, chide not, gracious prophetess,' the Shade  
 Replied. ' I go, and hasten to fulfil           600  
 My term of durance in the house of gloom.  
 Pride of our race, illustrious chief, farewell !  
 May happier Fates attend thee !' Suddenly

He turned, and as he spake was lost to view.

Æneas gazed around : beneath a rock  
That beetled on the left, a fortress rose,  
With triple walls encircled ; round its base  
Rolled fiery-flowing Phlegethon, with sound  
Of thunder whirling down the rocky gorge.  
A gate, with adamantine columns huge,                   610  
Fronted the pass : no might of mortal men,  
Nor all the embattled Gods, could burst its bars.  
An iron tower stood near ; before the porch  
Tisiphone, in vesture dyed with blood,  
Keeps watch and ward unceasing night and day :  
Hence agonising cries and scourgings dire,  
And grating bolts are heard and clanking chains.  
Affrighted at the din Æneas stood :  
' Say, holy maid, what scenes of guilt are here?—  
What tortures of the damned?—what shrieks of woe?'  
' Great chief of Troy,' the prophetess replied,           621  
' These courts accurst no guiltless foot may tread.  
To me, when to my guardianship she gave  
The Avernian grove, did Hecatè reveal  
The secrets of this prison-house of woe.  
Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful court,  
Unmasks deceit, and from the conscious souls  
Confession wrings of crimes by fraud concealed,  
Till death exacts atonement, late but sure.

Then fell Tisiphonè, insulting fiend,                   630  
 Leaps on the felon spectres, scourge in hand,  
 And brandishing aloft her knotted snakes,  
 Goads on her sister Furies to their prey.

‘Lo ! now on grating hinges backward roll  
 The infernal gates. Mark you what horrid shape  
 Cowers at the porch—what hideous sentinel  
 The threshold guards !—a Hydra, fiercer still,  
 With fifty yawning throats, lies couched within.  
 As deep the abyss and sheer descent of Hell,  
 As measures twice the space ’twixt earth and sky.  
 Down in the lowest pit, by lightning scathed,       641  
 Earth’s ancient brood, the Titans weltering lie.  
 With those twin giants of Aloeus born,  
 Who fain would storm the battlements of Heaven,  
 And drag the all-puissant Thunderer from his throne.  
 Salmoneus, too, I saw with tortures racked,  
 Who dared to counterfeit the Olympian peal,  
 And Jove’s own fires : he, with four harnessed  
                   steeds,  
 Flaunting his fiery torch, along the streets  
 Of Elis drove, and in the sight of Greece       650  
 Usurped the honours of the Gods. Vain fool !  
 To mock with tramp of horse and brazen clang  
 The inimitable thunderbolts of Heaven ?  
 Him, not with smouldering brand or cresset dim,

But with red lightning from the livid cloud,  
The Omnipotent hurled headlong to the Shades.  
There Tityos, offspring of all-nurturing Earth,  
Lies stretched full forty roods the rocks along ;  
While on his never-dying entrails preys,  
With forky talons delving in the flesh, 660  
The vulture huge, and battens on his breast,  
Tearing the fibrous core that grows afresh  
With endless renovation. Need I speak  
Of Lapithæ, or Ixion's dreadful doom,  
Or thine, Pirithous? Ever o'er their heads  
Impends the falling rock that never falls ;  
Rich couches gleam with pedestals of gold,  
And sumptuous feasts are spread before their gaze :  
Lo ! at the banquet sits the Fury Queen,  
And from the untasted food the famished ghosts 670  
With brandished torch and voice of thunder, scares.

‘ In durance here the souls await their doom,  
Who, living, 'gainst a brother burned with hate,  
Who smote a parent or a client wronged,  
Or brooded o'er their hoarded wealth, withheld  
From other's need ;—a countless legion these—  
Or died the adulterer's death for bed defiled,  
Or raised the banner of unnatural war,  
Or master's trust perfidiously betrayed.  
What destiny of sufferance waits on each 680

www.libtool.com.cn  
"Twere fruitless to inquire. Some upward roll  
The huge recoiling stone, or on the spokes  
Of wheels extended hang—in fixed despair  
There sits unhappy Theseus, and shall sit  
To endless time; and Phlegyas ever chants  
The same sad warning, and proclaims aloud,  
"Revere the Gods, ye mortals, and be just."  
This sold his country's liberties for gold,  
Imposed a tyrant's yoke, and for base gain  
Changed to and fro the landmarks of the law; 690  
That stained with foul embrace a daughter's bed;  
Each dared some nameless prodigy of guilt,  
And triumphed in his daring. Vain the task,  
Had I a hundred throats and lungs of steel,  
To number all the enormities of crime,  
And endless catalogue of penal woes.'

Thus spake the ancient Prophetess: 'But now  
Speed onward to thy destined task,' she cried;  
'Already, by Cyclopean forges wrought,  
The palace-walls of Dis, and those huge gates 700  
Whose threshold fronts our path, are plain to view:  
'Tis here our offering must be paid.' She ceased;  
Then straightway down the darkling path they strode,  
The intermediate region swiftly passed,  
And gained the portal. With unfaltering step  
Entered the chief; with flowing stream his limbs

He bathed, then o'er the lintel fixed the bough.

And now, their homage to the Goddess paid,  
 To joyous regions, ever-blooming bowers,  
 Delightful groves, and mansions of the blest, 710  
 Their pathway led. An ampler, purer air  
 Floats round and bathes in light the glowing clime ;  
 Its own bright sun and stars illumine the sky.  
 In friendly strife disporting in the lists,  
 Or wrestling on the sands, the ghosts are seen.  
 Some to the dance beat time, or carols sing.  
 In flowing robe, the Thracian prophet-bard \*  
 Wakes Music's sevenfold notes, and sweeps the lyre  
 With glancing fingers or with ivory bow.  
 Here rest the high-souled chiefs of Teucer's line,  
 True warriors of the old heroic time, 721  
 Assaracus and Linus—mighty names—  
 And Troy's great founder, Dardanus. With awe  
 Æneas views their arms and shadowy cars :  
 Fixed in the ground their spears ; their coursers graze  
 Unharnessed o'er the plain,—the same delight  
 In show of glittering arms, the same fond pride  
 Of glossy steed and chariot that inspired  
 The living hero's soul, outlasts the grave.  
 Stretched on the grassy sward are others seen, 730  
 With feast and symphonies of joyous song

\* Orpheus.

Whiling the hours; around them laurel groves  
Shed fragrance, and with ample tide rolls down  
His earth-born stream Eridanus. Here dwell  
Patriots, who, battling for their country, bled;  
Priests undefiled, and holy bards who sang  
Strains such as Phœbus loves; and they whose minds  
Inventive by new arts embellished life;  
And they whose deeds beneficent are shrined  
In grateful memories—with snow-white wreaths 740  
These all are crowned. The Sibyl this bright throng  
Addressed; but first Musæus, as he stood  
The centre of a group, surpassing all  
In form majestic: 'Tell me, happy souls,  
And thou, blest minstrel, in what region dwells  
Renowned Anchises? Hither have we come,  
And crossed Hell's awful gulf, to find his shade.'  
Briefly the bard replied: 'No fixed abode  
Is ours; we rove at large in bosky glades,  
On grassy slopes repose, and haunt the meads 750  
With freshening rivulets green: from yonder height  
Would ye so far ascend, the path is plain.'  
He led the way, and from the summit showed  
The glittering champaign;—thither sped the pair.

It chanced that in a green sequestered vale  
The patriarch chief Anchises, wrapt in thought,  
Was musing on the souls, secluded now,



But destined soon to rise to upper day :  
 Before his prescient gaze in vision passed  
 His own dear progeny,—of each in turn       760  
 The fortunes, fates, achievements, he surveyed ;  
 But when Æneas o'er the sward he spied  
 Advancing, both his arms in ecstasy  
 Of joy the Sire outflung—his eyes with tears  
 Brimmed o'er—his lips found utterance : ' Art thou  
           come,  
 O long desired ?—and hath thy filial love  
 Surmounted all the terrors of the way ?  
 And may I see thee face to face once more ?  
 And talk with thee in old familiar strain ?  
 Surely my heart with no vain forecast deemed       770  
 Our meeting near, computing well the time.  
 What perilous adventures hast thou braved !  
 What tracts of land and ocean travelled o'er,  
 Since last these arms embraced thee ! How I feared  
 Lest Libya's witcheries should work thee ill !'  
 'Twas thou, dear Sire,' Æneas made reply,  
 'Twas thy sad ghost, that many a time and oft,  
 Urged me to seek thee here. On Tuscan seas  
 My galleys safely ride. O bid me clasp  
 Thy hand in mine, nor shun this last embrace !'       780  
 Tears down his cheeks were coursing as he spake ;  
 Thrice round that form beloved his arms he flung,

Thrice mocked his grasp the unsubstantial shade,  
Fleet as the wind, and transient as a dream.

Meanwhile a sheltered glen, with rustling brakes,  
The hero sees, and Lethe's placid stream  
Skirting the blest abodes : beside the banks  
Hovered a countless host of tribes and tongues—  
Like bees that on the flowers in summer's prime  
Alight, and round the snow-white lilies cling,     790  
While all the air their droning murmur fills.  
Amazed the chief inquires : 'What stream is this?  
What multitudinous concourse on the banks?'  
'These souls,' his Sire replied, 'hath Fate decreed  
To wear transmuted forms in upper air ;  
But first at Lethe's opiate springs they quaff  
The anodyne of deep forgetfulness.  
Oft have I wished before thee to array  
These embryo forms, my progeny unborn :  
So shalt thou more delight thee in the prize     800  
Of thine Italian realm.' 'Nay, can it be,'  
His son rejoined, 'that souls emancipate  
From earth should travel back the weary round,  
And seek reunion with their fleshly load?  
Infatuate ! whom such greed of life beguiles?'  
'Attend and thou shalt learn,' his Sire replied ;  
Then all the wondrous mystery unveiled.  
'Know first that Earth and Sky, the Ocean plains,

The Moon's clear orb, the Stars and giant Sun,  
By one indwelling Spirit are sustained— 810  
One all-informing Mind, that breathes and moves  
Through every pulse of that stupendous whole ;  
To all created things the fount of life,—  
Men, beasts and fowls, and monsters of the deep.  
A fiery force and energy inspire  
The vital germ, though in base contact held  
With sluggish earth and perishable frame.  
Hence passions spring—joy, anguish, fear, desire ;  
Nor can blind mortals, in their bondage dim,  
Pierce the dull mist and lift their gaze to Heaven ;  
Nor e'en when life forsakes them, do the plagues 821  
That haunt the earthly tenement depart,  
But cling by long companionship ingrained :  
Therefore must guilty souls their crimes atone  
By penal chastisement. Some stretched on high  
Are blanched by winds ; some rid them of their  
stains,  
Cleansed by immersion in the vasty deep,  
Or, burnt away by purgatorial fires :  
Each shade its own ordeal must endure.  
Thence to Elysian plains, from sufferance freed, 830  
They pass ; but few those blissful seats attain  
Till lapse of slow-revolving years hath purged  
From foul commixture, every taint erased,

The ~~pure ethereal~~ germ and spark divine.  
 But when a thousand years their round have run,  
 Myriads of ghosts, convened at Lethe, drink  
 Oblivion : thence, unconscious of the past,  
 They long to wear corporeal forms once more,  
 And rise to upper day.' Thus spake the Sire,  
 And through the murmuring concourse to a mound  
 Contiguous led the chief and Sibyl maid ;        841  
 Thence the long file of phantoms as they passed  
 Bade them observe, and scan their aspect well.

‘ Mark now, my son, and learn the destinies  
 Of those illustrious souls, whom Italy  
 Upon the old heroic stock of Troy  
 Shall graft, and add new lustre to our name.  
 Yon stripling see, who on his headless spear  
 Stands leaning, nearest to the gates of life,  
 And foremost claimant to the realms of day?        850  
 Mixed in his veins Ausonian blood shall flow :  
 Silvius of Alba named, thy last-born son,  
 Whom in the sylvan glades thy destined spouse  
 To thee Lavinia in thine age shall bear ;  
 A king himself, and sire of kings to be—  
 First of our race Long Alba's crown to wear.  
 Next Procas, glory of the Teucric line ;  
 Capys and Numitor ; thy namesake, too,  
 Alike for piety and arms renowned

(Should Fate permit to mount his Alban throne), 860  
Silvius Æneas. Lo! what forms are there!  
What might of lusty youth! and round their brows  
The patriot's civic wreath, the oak, is twined.  
These shall strong bulwarks for thy kingdom build—  
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ's walls,  
Collatia towering on her castled steep;  
Pometia, and the fort of Inuus—towns  
In days to come illustrious, nameless now.  
See! Romulus beside his grandsire stands,  
Whom Ilia, priestess of pure Dardan blood, 870  
To Mars shall bear! Lo! blazing on his helm  
The double plume, and stamped upon his brow  
The signet of paternal Deity;  
By him with glorious auspices begun,  
Encircling with one wall her sevenfold hill,  
Rome, queen of nations, shall her empire bound  
By earth, her lofty spirit by the skies,  
Rich in heroic progeny of sons.  
So rides in triumph through her Phrygian realms  
The Berecynthian mother, crowned with towers, 880  
Prolific parent of a hundred Gods,  
All throned on high, all denizens of Heaven.  
'Now yonder turn thine eyes; thy sons behold—  
Thine own illustrious Romans—Cæsar there,  
And seed that from Iulus' loins shall spring,

Await their earthly heritage of fame.  
 There, there, thy great descendant, promised long,  
 Child of the Gods, Augustus Cæsar, stands—  
 Restorer of the antique age of gold.  
 O'er Latian plains, where Saturn reigned of yore ;  
 Lord of a wide-extended realm that far 891  
 Outlies the bounds of Garamant or Ind ;  
 Beyond the Planets' range and Solar way ;  
 Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies  
 With stars bejewelled. As his hour draws nigh,  
 The Caspian and Mæotian tribes, appalled,  
 Quake at the dismal auguries of their Gods,  
 And turbid flow the streams of seven-mouthed Nile.  
 Not Hercules such boundless tracts o'erran,  
 Albeit he pierced the brazen-footed hind, 900  
 Freed from their scourge the Erymanthian glades,  
 And quelled the Lernian monster with his bow ;  
 Nor Bacchus, who with vine-encircled reins  
 His harnessed tigers drives down Nysa's steep.  
 And doubt we to extend our fame by deeds,  
 Or shrink disheartened from the Ausonian shore ?  
 ' But who comes next, with olive chaplet crowned,  
 The priestly censer in his hands ? I know  
 Thy hoary locks and beard, thou Roman king, \*  
 New founder of the State by well-framed laws ; 910

\* Numa Pompilius.

Called from thy niggard soil and petty realm  
 Of Cures, to ascend a loftier throne.  
 Him follows Tullus, who with trumpet-blast  
 Shall break the dreams of peace, and rouse to arms  
 His sluggish hosts, to conquest long disused.  
 Ancus comes next, vainglorious prince, e'en now  
 Too greedy of the shouting mob's applause.  
 Or would you see the kings of Tarquin's line,  
 And Brutus the avenger, haughty soul !  
 Who freedom's ravished emblems shall restore ? 920  
 Him first shall men hail Consul : the dread axe  
 Before him shall be borne ; and his own sons,  
 In traitorous arms against their country leagued,  
 The unpitying father shall adjudge to die,  
 In Liberty's dear cause. O sorely tried !  
 Howe'er posterity account the deed,  
 Thy patriot zeal, insatiate of renown,  
 Shall bear the palm.

The Decii, Drusi, see,

And stern Torquatus with the headsman's steel ;  
 And there, with standards rescued from the Gaul,  
 Camillus stands. Mark now yon warrior pair, 931  
 In arms alike ; here, in their darkling state  
 Congenial souls. Ah ! when their day of life  
 Shall dawn, what deadly combat shall they wage,  
 What hosts shall clash, what streams of carnage flow !

One chief\* from Alpine citadel descends,  
 His kinsman † leads the embattled East to war.  
 Cease, cease, my sons, the unhallowed strife, nor  
     pierce  
 Your country's bosom with her own sharp steel ;  
 Thou, offspring of Olympus, mine own blood,   940  
 First fling thy weapons down.

Lo ! near thee stands

One ‡ who, in conquering car with blood of Greeks  
 Imbrued, shall to the Capitol bear home  
 The spoils of vanquished Corinth.

Yonder shade §

Shall Agamemnon's haughty towers destroy,  
 Lay Argos low, and that Thessalian king ||—  
 Who boasts Æacian blood, and claims for sire  
 Achilles the invincible—o'erthrow ;  
 Avenging his great ancestors who died  
 At Ilium, and Minerva's outraged fane.           950

‘Who, Cato, thy great name, or Cossus thine,  
 Could pass untold? the Gracchi, glorious clan,  
 Or Scipios, those twin thunderbolts of war,  
 Scourges of Lybia? or Fabricius, rich  
 In low estate? or thee, content to sow  
 Thy glebe, Serranus? Spare my failing breath,

\* Julius Cæsar.

† Pompey.

‡ Mummius.

§ Paulus Æmilius.

|| Perseus, King of Macedon.



Ye Fabii: thou, the Greatest\*—thou alone

By masterly delay shalt save the State !

‘Let others mould in bronze the lifelike form,  
Or carve the breathing lineaments in stone ;      960  
Plead at the bar with more persuasive skill,  
Or count the constellations as they rise,  
And map their wanderings on the chart of Heaven,—  
Be thine the imperial privilege to reign,  
And bow the nations, Roman, to thy sway ;  
With peaceful rule to discipline mankind,  
The vanquished spare, but crush the haughty foe.’

Awhile Anchises paused, but as they gazed  
In silent wonder wrapt, his theme pursued :  
‘See there Marcellus, crowned with gorgeous spoils,  
In pride of conquest towering o’er his peers ;      971  
He, when the State is rocked with wild alarms,  
Shall stay the tottering fabric, trample down  
The Carthaginian and rebellious Gaul,  
And the third trophy of triumphal arms  
Raise to Feretrian Jove.’

But now a youth  
Beside the elder chief Æneas sees,  
Clad in resplendent arms, and passing fair ;  
But grave his mien and downcast is his brow.  
‘Say, father, who is this?—the hero’s son,      980

\* Fabius Maximus Cunctator.

Perchance, or distant offshoot of his line?  
 What murmur of attendants round the boy!  
 What dignity of bearing all his own!  
 But o'er him hovers Night's funereal shade.  
 Tears gushed unbidden as his Sire replied:  
 'Seek not, my son, to learn the heaviest grief  
 That o'er thy house impends: that godlike boy  
 Shall envious Fate a moment lend to earth,  
 Then snatch the boon away; but, O ye Gods!  
 Well might ye deem our progeny too blest,           990  
 Could Rome such prize retain. Ah me! what groans,  
 Wrung from the breasts of warriors, shall be heard  
 On that broad plain beside the towers of Mars!  
 What mournful pageant shall thy stream behold,  
 O Tiber, gliding by his new-made grave!  
 Never shall child of Troy with such fond hopes  
 Inspire his Latian fathers, never Rome  
 So proudly hail the promise of a son.  
 O piety! O pure and pristine faith!  
 O valour, irresistible in arms!                   1000  
 Woe to the foeman that shall face his steel—  
 Whether he heads afoot the charging ranks,  
 Or digs the rowels in his foam-flecked steed!  
 Dear child of sorrow, should stern Fate allow  
 To burst the cloud, Marcellus shalt thou be!  
 Bring lilies in your arms a plenteous pile;

Be this sad office mine, with purple flowers  
To strew my kinsman's early grave, and pay  
This unavailing homage to his shade.'

Thus wandering through the spacious fields of air,  
They traversed all the region ; all in turn 1011  
Surveyed : Anchises to his son the while  
The secrets of futurity unveiled,  
And fired his breast with visions of renown ;  
Forewarned him, too, of conflicts yet to come—  
Of King Latinus and Laurentian tribes ;  
What perils must be braved, what toils endured.

The gates of Sleep are twain—the first of horn,  
Whence truthful spirits on their errands speed ;  
The other of transparent ivory wrought, 1020  
Whence baseless visions of the night ascend.  
Through this fair portal sent Anchises forth—  
His fond discourse continuing to the last—  
To upper day the Sibyl and his son.  
He to the ships, impatient to rejoin  
His comrades, hied in haste ; along the coast  
Straight to Caieta's bay his bark he steered :  
There rode his anchored galleys fast to shore. 1028

## I N D E X

TO THE

PRINCIPAL PROPER NAMES OCCURRING  
IN THIS VOLUME.\*

---

Troy is otherwise called Ilium or Ilion, from Ilus, one of its early kings ; and Pergamus, from its citadel.

The Trojans are called Dardans, from Dardanus, their founder ;  
Teucrians, from Teucer, a king of Phrygia ; and Phrygians.

Italy is called also Hesperia and Ausonia.

The Greeks are called Argives, Achæans, Pelasgians, or Dorians.

---

## A

*Acestes*, king of a portion of Sicily, of Trojan descent on his mother's side, a friend of Æneas.

*Achates*, a Trojan, the faithful friend and counsellor of Æneas.

*Achilles*, son of Peleus, the most formidable of the Greek warriors against Troy. He was born at Phthia, in Thessaly.

\* The idea of this Index, as a substitute for foot-notes, as well as some of the descriptions it contains, I have taken the liberty to borrow from the Translation of Virgil published by the Rev. Rann Kennedy and Mr C. R. Kennedy.

- Actium*, a town and promontory of Epirus, famous for the naval victory of Augustus over Anthony; now Azio.
- Adrastus*, a king of Argos, friend and ally of Theseus. He is said to have died of grief for the death of his son Ægialeus.
- Æolus*, God of the Winds. His kingdom was called Æolia, —now the Lipari Islands—between Italy and Sicily.
- Agamemnon*, king of Mycenæ and Argos, and brother of Menelaus. They are commonly described by Virgil as the “Atridæ,” or two sons of Atreus.
- Agathyrsi*, a people of Scythia.
- Agenor*, a king of Phœnicia, son of Neptune and Libya.
- Ajax*. There were two Grecian heroes of this name who fought against Troy; one, the son of Telamon—the other the son of Oileus, king of Locris.
- Alba Longa*, a city of Latium, supposed to have been built by Ascanius, the son of Æneas. Destroyed by the Romans 665 B. C.
- Alcides*, the patronymic of Hercules, who was grandson of Alcæus.
- Alcmæna*, wife of Amphitryon, a prince of Thebes, and the mother of Hercules.
- Alpheus*, a river of Elis, in Peloponnessus. He was said to have been enamoured of the nymph Arethusa, who, being changed into a fountain, he pursued her under the sea till she rose in Ortygia, an island near Sicily.
- Ammon* or *Hammon*, the name under which Jupiter was worshipped in Libya.
- Androgeos*, son of Minos of Crete. He was assassinated by order of Ægeus, king of Athens. This led to a war between those countries, which ended in a treaty binding Ægeus to send every year seven boys and girls of Athens to Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur. See *Minos*.
- Andromache*, the wife of Hector; after his death, carried off to Epirus by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. He afterwards discarded her, and she became the wife of Helenus, a son of Priam.
- Arcturus*, a star near the tail of the Great Bear, whose rising and setting were supposed to indicate tempests.

*Arakusa.* See *Alpheus*.

*Ascanius*, son of *Æneas* and *Cressa*, otherwise called *Iulus*.

*Assaracus*, a Trojan prince, son of *Tros*, father of *Capys*, who was father of *Anchises*. The Trojans are from him called the children of *Assaracus*.

*Astyanax*, son of *Hector* and *Andromache*. At the fall of *Troy*, being then a child, he is supposed to have been put to death by *Ulysses*.

*Atlas*, one of the *Titans*, king of *Mauritania*. It was fabled that he was changed into a mountain of *Africa*, so high that it supported the skies. Hence he is represented as sustaining the globe upon his shoulders.

*Aulis*, a town of *Boeotia*, where the Greek chieftains assembled for their expedition against *Troy*.

*Avernus*, a lake of *Campania* in *Italy*, close to *Puteoli*, which, on account of the dark woods that surrounded it, and its sulphureous exhalations, was believed to be the entrance to the infernal regions.

## B

*Bebrycii*, a people of *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*.

*Belus*, son of *Neptune* and *Libya*, twin brother of *Agenor*, and father of *Ægyptus* and *Danans*. He was regarded as the ancestral hero and national divinity of several eastern nations.

*Berecynthia*, a name given to *Cybele*, the mother of the Gods, from *Mount Berecynthus* in *Phrygia*, where she was worshipped.

*Brutus*, *Lucius Junius*, the first Consul of *Rome*, and father of the Republic, who avenged the outrage done to *Lucretia*, expelled the *Tarquins*, and caused his two sons to be put to death for attempting to restore that dynasty.

*Byrsa*, a citadel of *Carthage*, so called from a Greek word signifying a hide.

## C

*Calchas*, a celebrated soothsayer, son of *Nestor*, who accompanied the Greeks to *Troy*.

*Camillus*, one of the great heroes of the Roman Republic, celebrated for his glorious repulse of the Gauls before *Rome*.

- Cassandra*, a daughter of Priam, remarkable for her gift of prophecy, and for the unbelief with which her predictions were received.
- Celano*, the queen of the Harpies, who inhabited the islands called Strophades, in the Ionian Sea.
- Centaurs*, a tribe of Thessaly, said to have been half-men, half-horses, an idea probably derived from their skill in horsemanship.
- Ceraunia*, mountains of Epirus.
- Chaonia*, part of Epirus, so called from Chaon, a son of Priam.
- Charybdis*, a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily. See *Scylla*.
- Chimera*, a fabulous monster, with the fore part of a lion, the middle of a goat, and the hinder parts of a dragon. From its mouth it spouted forth flames.
- Circe*, a sorceress supposed to be able to transform men into beasts. The island of *Æa*, near Cumæ in Italy, was reputed to be her abode.
- Citharon*, a mountain of Bœotia.
- Clarian*, Apollo was so called from Clarus, in Ionia, where he had an oracle.
- Corybantes*, priests of Cybele, who beat cymbals at her festivals, and behaved as if delirious. They were reputed to have inhabited Mount Ida, and from thence to have removed into Crete.
- Corytus*, supposed to have been the father of Dardanus, the founder of Corythus (*Cortona*).
- Cossus Cornelius*, Consul, B.C. 428, who killed Lar Tolumnius, the king of the Veii, in single combat, and dedicated his spoils in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius.
- Creïsa*, daughter of Priam, and the first wife of *Æneas*.
- Crinisus*, a river of Sicily.
- Cumæ*, the place where *Æneas* landed in Italy, and one of the most ancient of its towns. It was situated north-west of the Bay of Naples, in the neighbourhood of Baiæ and Puteoli. The famous Sibyl's cave was here, and a magnificent temple of Apollo.
- Cybele*, the mother of the Gods.
- Cyclades*, a cluster of islands in the *Ægean* Sea.

*Cyclops*, fabulous one-eyed giants, who inhabited the neighbourhood of Mount *Ætna*, and feasted on human flesh. See *Polyphemus*.

*Cyllene*, a mountain of *Arcadia*, the supposed birthplace of *Mercury*, who was hence called *Cyllenius*.

*Cynthus*, a mountain of *Delos*, the reputed birthplace of *Apollo* and *Diana*.

*Cythera*, an island near *Peloponnessus*, sacred to *Venus*, who was hence called *Cytherea*, and was believed to have arisen from the sea near its coast.

## D

*Dædalus*, a celebrated artist and mechanician of *Athens*, the author of many wonderful inventions. Amongst others he is reported to have made himself wings, by which he flew through the air from *Crete* to *Cumæ*; but his son *Icarus*, who accompanied him, perished in the attempt.

*Decii*. Three of that family—grandfather, father, and son—were illustrious as consuls and generals of the Roman commonwealth, and at successive periods devoted themselves to death on the field of battle, to insure victory to their countrymen.

*Deiphobus*, one of the sons of *Priam* and *Hecuba*. He married *Helen* after the death of *Paris*, but was betrayed by her to *Menelaus*, who cruelly mutilated and killed him.

*Dictæan*, another name for *Cretan*—from *Dicté*, a mountain in *Crete*.

*Dis*, another name for *Pluto*, God of *Hell*.

*Dodona*, in *Epirus*. It was the seat of a famous oracle of *Jupiter*.

*Dolopians*, a people of *Thessaly*, who went under *Phœnix* to the *Trojan* war.

*Drepanum*, a town on the coast of *Sicily*, now *Trapani*.

*Drusi*, father and son of the same names (*M. Livius Drusus*), were famous generals and statesmen of the Roman commonwealth.

*Dryads*, wood-nymphs.

*Dryopes*, a people of *Greece*, near Mount *Æta*, in *Thessaly*.

*Dulichium*, an island of the *Ionian* Sea.



[www.libtool.com](http://www.libtool.com)**E.cn**

*Electra*, mother of Dardanus, founder of Troy, by Jupiter.

*Elissa*, another name for Dido.

*Emathia*, an ancient name for Macedonia and Thessaly. *Emathian* is an epithet given to Achilles on account of his Thessalian birth.

*Eridanus*, the Greek name for the River Po.

*Erymanthus*, a mountain of Arcadia. Hercules slew a famous boar which infested it.

*Eryx*, a hero of Sicily, reputed son of Venus. He was killed in a boxing match by Hercules, and gave his name to Mount Eryx in Sicily.

*Eurotas*, a river of Thessaly, near Mount Olympus.

*Euryalus*, a beautiful Trojan youth, beloved by Nisus. See *Nisus*.

#### F

*Fabius Maximus*, mentioned in the 6th *Æneid*, one of the many members of the Gens Fabia, who acquired renown by their services to the Republic, conducted the wars against Hannibal with great skill and address. From his cautious tactics he was surnamed *Cunctator*.

*Fabricius*, one of the most popular heroes in the Roman annals, celebrated for his simplicity and incorruptibility of character. Being sent ambassador to Tarentum in the war against Pyrrhus, he withstood all the tempting offers of that monarch. He was censor in 275 B.C., and distinguished himself by the severity with which he strove to repress the growing taste for luxury.

*Fauns*, rural deities worshipped by the country folk, having the feet of goats, with human bodies.

#### G

*Gætulia*, a wild country of Africa, bordering on the Garamantians.

*Ganymede*, a beautiful Trojan youth, who was reputed to have been carried up to heaven, where he was made cup-bearer to Jupiter.

- Garamantians*, a people in the inland parts of Africa.  
*Geryon*, a fabulous monster of Gades (Cadiz), represented as having three heads and three bodies. He was destroyed by Hercules.  
*Glaucus*, a Sea-God. Also a Lycian prince, killed in the Trojan war.  
*Gnossus*, a town of Crete, whence the Cretans were called Gnosians.

## H

- Hæmus*, a chain of mountains in the north of Thrace.  
*Harpalyce*, a female warrior of Thrace.  
*Hebrus*, a river of Thrace.  
*Hecaté*, the same as Proserpine. The same Goddess was Luna in Heaven, Diana upon Earth, and Hecaté or Proserpine in Hell.  
*Hecuba*, wife of Priam.  
*Helenus*, a son of Priam, celebrated for the gift of prophecy. After the fall of Troy he was carried by Pyrrhus to Epirus, and on the death of that prince succeeded to his throne, and married the widowed Andromache.  
*Hermione*, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. She was first married to Pyrrhus, son of Achilles; but her cousin Orestes, who had been pre-engaged to her, slew Pyrrhus, and became her second husband.  
*Hesperia*, another name for Italy.  
*Hyades*, a constellation whose rising and setting portended rain.  
*Hyrcania*, a country of Asia, at the north of Parthia, abounding in wild beasts and serpents.

## I

- Icarus*. See *Dædalus*.  
*Ida*, a celebrated mountain of Troas, where Paris adjudged the prize of beauty to Venus. There was another mountain of the same name in Crete. See *Corybantes*.  
*Idomeneus*, a king of Crete, who fought before Troy. On his return he came to Italy, and founded a city on the coast of Calabria, which he called Salentum.

*Illyricum*, a country bordering on the Adriatic Sea, opposite Italy.

*Iphitus*, a Trojan warrior, killed at the sack of Troy.

*Iris*, the rainbow. She was reputed to be the handmaid and messenger of Juno, and one of her offices was to cut the thread on which hung the life of mortals.

*Iulus*. See *Ascanius*.

*Ixion*, one of the tortured souls in Hell, who was punished by being affixed to a wheel, which perpetually turned round. His crime was an attempt to seduce Juno.

## L

*Lacinium*, a promontory in the south of Italy, where Juno Lacinia had a magnificent temple.

*Laodamia*, the wife of Protesilaus, celebrated for her devoted love to her husband.

*Laomedon*, son of Ilus, king of Troy. With the aid of Apollo and Neptune he built the walls of Troy. He was put to death for a breach of faith by Hercules. The Trojans are sometimes called after his name, Sons of Laomedon.

*Lapithæ*, a tribe of Thessaly, celebrated for their horsemanship.

*Larissa*, a town of Thessaly. Hence Achilles is called Larissæus.

*Latona*, the mother of Apollo and Diana.

*Lavinium*, a town of Italy, founded by Æneas, the capital of Latium.

*Leda*, the mother of Helen of Troy.

*Lerna*, a country of Argolis, where Hercules killed the famous Hydra.

*Liburnians*, a people of Illyricum, now Croatia.

*Libya*, a part of Africa, for which the name is often used as a synonym.

*Lilybæum*, a promontory of Sicily, now Boco, with a town of the same name, now Marsala.

*Lyæus*, a surname of Bacchus.

*Lycia*, a country of Asia Minor, where Apollo had a celebrated oracle.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

*Maotis Palus*, now the Sea of Azof.

*Marcellus*, the two persons of that name referred to in the 6th Æneid are : 1. Claudius Marcellus, conqueror of Syracuse, and five times Consul. Having slain Britomartus, king of the Gauls, in single combat, he dedicated his spoils to Jupiter Feretrius, the third and last instance in Roman history in which such an offering was made. 2. The younger Marcellus was the son of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and born B. C. 43. Augustus adopted him as his son, gave him his daughter Julia in marriage, and is believed to have designed to make him his successor ; but being seized with a disease at Baiæ, he was cut off by death in his 20th year. He was considered to have given so much promise of future excellence that his end was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral oration was pronounced by Augustus himself, who also richly rewarded Virgil for the beautiful tribute to his memory at the close of the 6th Æneid.

*Marpessus*, a mountain in the island of Paros, from whence the celebrated marble was obtained.

*Massyla*, in Africa, a part of Mauritania near Mount Atlas.

*Melibœa*, a town on the coast of Thessaly, famous for the dye of wool.

*Memnon*, son of Tithonus and Aurora. He came to assist Priam in the defence of Troy, and was slain by Achilles.

*Minos*, an ancient king and lawgiver of Greece, who for his wisdom and justice was made judge of the departed spirits in the infernal regions. His 'son, the second Minos, had a wife named Pasiphae, who, indulging an unnatural passion, gave birth to a monster called the Minotaur. This was confined by Minos in the famous Labyrinth of Crete, constructed by Dædalus. Minos exacted from the Athenians, whom he had vanquished in war, a yearly tribute of seven youths to be devoured by the Minotaur. The monster was at last destroyed by Theseus, who penetrated the Labyrinth with a clue furnished to him by Dædalus at the request of Ariadne the king's daughter.

*Musæus*, one of the most ancient of the Greek poets, whose compositions are now lost.

*Mycenæ*, a city of Argolis, in the Peloponnessus, of which Agamemnon, at the time of the Trojan war, was king.

*Myrmidons*, a people on the southern borders of Thessaly, who followed Achilles to the Trojan war.

## N

*Naiads* and *Nereids*, nymphs of the sea.

*Narycia*, a town in the south of Italy built by the Locrians, who, on their return from Troy, were shipwrecked on the Italian coast.

*Neoptolemus*. See *Pyrrhus*.

*Nisus*, a Trojan celebrated for his devoted friendship to Euryalus.

*Nomads*, a name given to the pastoral tribes who wandered from place to place without settled habitation.

*Numidians*, a name derived from the above. They were a people of Africa, bordering on the Gætulians and Mauritanians.

*Nysa*, a town of Ethiopia, sacred to the God Bacchus, who was fabled to have been brought up there.

## O

*Enotria*, a name given by the Greeks to Italy.

*Olympus*, a mountain of Thessaly, whose summit was represented by the poets to be the abode of the Gods. Jupiter is hence called Olympian.

*Orcus*, the infernal regions, including both Elysium, the region of the blessed, and Tartarus, the place of punishment.

*Oreads*, mountain-nymphs.

*Orestes*, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. He avenged the murder of his father by killing his mother and her paramour Ægistheus, and as a consequence of his crime was haunted by the Furies.

*Orion*, a constellation composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man bearing a sword. The rising of Orion was supposed to portend rain and storm.

*Orpheus*, a mythical personage, regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the pre-Homeric poets. It was fabled of

him that having lost his wife Eurydice by death, he went down into the infernal regions, and by the charms of his lyre prevailed upon Pluto to release her ; but at the moment when he was about to pass the boundary of the lower world, he could not refrain from looking back to see if his wife was following him, and beheld her caught back again into the place from which he had rescued her.

*Ortygia*, a small island in the bay of Syracuse, where rose the fountain Arethusa.

## P

*Pachynus*, a promontory of Sicily, now Passaro.

*Palamedes*, a Grecian chief, son of Nauplius, king of Eubæa. He joined the expedition against Troy. In revenge for an injury suffered at his hands, Ulysses devised a crafty plot, whereby Palamedes was unjustly sentenced and put to death by the Greek princes, on the pretext of a traitorous correspondence with Priam.

*Palinurus*, the pilot of Æneas, who fell overboard into the sea near Velia, on the coast of Italy, and was murdered there by the inhabitants. The promontory now called Palinuro was named after him.

*Palladium*, a celebrated statue of Minerva, supposed to have fallen from Heaven. It was believed that on its preservation depended the safety of Troy. Ulysses and Diomed entered the city by night and carried it away, to the great displeasure of the Goddess.

*Panopea*, one of the Nereids.

*Parthenopæus*, one of the seven heroes who engaged in the celebrated expedition against Thebes, where he was slain.

*Psiphæa*. See *Minos*.

*Patavium*, a city of Italy on the shores of the Adriatic, now Padua.

*Pelops*, a son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, who gave his name to Peloponnessus (the Morea). He was the father of Atreus, and founder of the famous dynasty which long held sway over the peninsula.

*Pelorus*, a promontory of Sicily, now Cape Faro.

*Penthesilea*, queen of the Amazons and daughter of Mars. Slain by Achilles at Troy.

*Petilia*, an Italian town, built by Philoctetes on his return from the Trojan war.

*Phædra*, the wife of Theseus, and step-mother of Hippolytus, for whom she conceived a criminal passion.

*Phineus*, a king of Thrace, who was persecuted by the Harpies, until they were driven away to the Strophad Islands.

*Phlegethon*, the fiery river of Hell.

*Phlegyas*, son of Ares and Chryse. He set fire to the temple of Apollo, and for this offence was sentenced to severe punishment in the lower regions.

*Phthia*, a town of Thessaly, the birthplace of Achilles.

*Pirithous*, a son of Ixion, and king of the Lapithæ. He was the intimate friend of Theseus, and the two undertook to go down to the infernal regions and carry away Proserpine, but were defeated in this attempt by her consort Pluto. For this outrage they were sentenced to a cruel punishment in the infernal regions.

*Pollux*, a son of Leda, and twin brother of Castor. It was fabled that from his devoted affection to his brother, who was killed in war, he prayed Jove to be allowed to share his fate, and it was decreed that each should alternately pass one day in Hades, and the next in Heaven.

*Polyphemus*, one of the Cyclops who lived near Mount *Ætna*, a ferocious giant and cannibal, whose eye Ulysses put out in revenge for the slaughter of his companions.

*Portunus*, the Latin name for the Sea-God Palæmon. He was so called from his speeding ships into port.

*Priam*, the last king of Troy, husband of Hecuba. Slain at the sack of that city by Pyrrhus.

*Pyrrhus*—otherwise called *Neoptolemus*—the son of Achilles.

## R

*Rhadamanthns*, a son of Jupiter, born in Crete. He reigned with so much equity and firmness that he was reputed to have been made, with Minos, one of the judges of the dead in the infernal regions.

*Rhesus*, a Thracian prince, who came to Troy as an ally of Priam.

There was a prophecy that Troy should never be taken if his horses should drink the waters of the river Xanthus ; but he was slain, and his horses were carried away by Ulysses and Diomed on the first night of his arrival.

*Rhodope*, a mountain of Thrace.

*Rhateum*, a promontory on the Mysian coast, near Troy.

## S

*Salentum*. See *Idomeneus*.

*Salmoncus*, a king of Elis, who after his death was sentenced to eternal torture in Tartarus for his presumption in imitating thunder and lightning by the sound of his chariot rattling over a brazen bridge, and by the brandishing of torches.

*Samos*, an island in the Ægean Sea, where Juno had a magnificent temple.

*Saturn*, the father of Jupiter. Being driven from his throne by his son, he took refuge in Italy, where he reigned over Latium, which enjoyed under him such prosperity that the period is described by the poets as the golden age.

*Saturnia*, a name given to Juno as daughter of Saturn.

*Scæan*, the name of one of the gates of Troy.

*Scamander*, a river of Troas, otherwise called Xanthus.

*Scylaceum*, a town of the Bruttii in Italy—the modern *Squillaci*.

*Scylla*, a dangerous rock on the Italian coast, opposite to an equally dangerous whirlpool, called Charybdis, on the Sicilian side. The navigation between the two was so difficult that it passed into a proverb. According to the poets, Scylla was a sea-monster, her upper parts those of a woman, with barking monsters like dogs below her waist ; the legend being probably derived from the roaring of the waters at the foot of the rocks.

*Scyros*, a rocky island in the Ægean Sea, near Eubœa.

*Serranus*, a surname given to C. Atilius Regulus, Consul, B. C. 257, said to be derived from the circumstance of his being engaged in sowing his land when the news was brought to him of his elevation to the consulship.

*Sicanians*, another name for the people of Sicily.

*Simois*, a river of Troas, which falls into the Xanthus.



*Strophades*, islands in the Ionian Sea ; the fabled abode of the Harpies.

*Strymon*, a river of Thrace.

*Syrtes*, large sandbanks in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Africa.

## T

*Tarentum*, a town and harbour of Calabria, now Tarento.

*Tartarus*. See *Orcus*.

*Theseus*, a celebrated king and hero of Athens. Among his other exploits he is reputed to have gone down to Hell with his friend Pirithous to carry off Proserpine. Their attempt was defeated by Pluto, and Theseus was sentenced to sit for ever chained to a huge stone.

*Thymbra*, a place in Troas where Apollo was worshipped.

*Timavus*, a broad river of Italy, which issues from a mountain north-east of Aquileia, and falls with nine separate streams into the Adriatic.

*Tisiphone*, one of the Furies.

*Titans*, the sons of Coelus and Terra (Heaven and Earth), a family of giants, who were said to have made war against Saturn, the father of Jupiter. Of these Virgil mentions by name Aloeus, Coeus, Enceladus, Tityus, &c. They are represented as sentenced, for their rebellion against Heaven, to an eternity of suffering in the infernal regions.

*Tithonus*, son of Laomedon, king of Troy, said to have been the husband of Aurora, Goddess of the Dawn. He was the father of Memnon, who came to assist Priam, and was slain by Achilles.

*Torquatus*, *Titus Manlius*, a famous warrior and dictator of Rome, who sentenced his son Titus Manlius to death for having violated the orders of the consuls by engaging in single combat with one of the enemy in the Latin war.

*Trinacria*, a Greek name for Sicily, derived from its three promontories—Lilybœum, Pachynus, and Pelorus.

*Triton*, a Sea-God, son of Neptune, generally represented as blowing a shell.

*Trivia*, a name given to Diana, because she was worshipped at places where three roads met.

*Troilus*, one of the sons of Priam slain by Achilles.

*Tyides*, a patronymic of Diomed, son of Tydeus, who was the son of Ceneus, king of Calydon.

## V

*Velia*, a city of Lucania in the south of Italy, near to which Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas, lost his life.

## X

*Xanthus*, a river of Troas, the same as Scamander. There was another river of the same name in Lycia, sacred to Apollo.

## Z

*Zacynthus*, one of the Ionian Islands, now Zante.

THE END.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)