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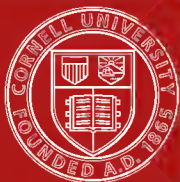


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THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOKS I-VI

TRANSLATED BY

HARLAN HOGE BALLARD



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THIS BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

To my Father

THE ÆNEID

BOOK I

WAR is my song, and the man, who first from the
Ilian seashore,

Banished by fate, into Italy came, and Lavinian
harbors ;

Long was he driven o'er land and sea by the fury
of Heaven,

Through the vindictive wrath of implacable Juno ;
afflicted

Cruelly also by war, or ever he founded a city, 5
Bearing his gods into Latium, whence the proud

race of the Latins,

Sires of the Alban town, and the city of Rome, in
her glory.

Tell me the reasons, O Muse, in what was her
sovereignty wounded,

Or, embittered by what did the queen of the gods
doom a hero

Signal in faith to endure so many reverses of for-
tune,

So many burdens to bear ? Are such the ¹⁰resent-
ments of Heaven ?

There was a city called Ilium, by Tyrian colonists
peopled,

Carthage, opposite Rome, and the far distant
 mouths of the Tiber,
 Rich in treasures of gold, and of desperate daring
 in battle.

This one Juno is said to have loved above all other
 countries,
 Samos, herself, less dear; and here were her arms
 and her war-car. 15

Nay, even then, had the goddess both hope and in-
 tention of making
 Carthage queen of the world, — if only the Fates
 would permit it.

But she had heard that a people of Teucric blood
 was arising,
 Destined in future years to level her Tyrian cas-
 tles; 20

Hence was a nation to come, wide ruling, and
 mighty in battle,
 So had the Fates decreed, to Libya's utter destruc-
 tion.

Fearful of this, and remembering also the earlier
 conflict

Which she had formerly waged at Troy for her
 well-beloved Argos, —

Nor even yet had her reasons for wrath and her
 bitter repinings 25

Faded away from her mind; still rankled the judg-
 ment of Paris

Deep in her wounded heart, and the scornful con-
 tempt of her beauty,

Also the rival race, and Ganymede's high exalta-
 tion; —

Therefore incensed, was Saturnia driving the
 storm-beaten Trojans,

All that were left by the Greeks and spared by
 cruel Achilles, 30
 Far from the Latian shore, and, thus by the Fates
 hurried onward,
 Sea after sea did they roam, and year after year
 did they wander ;
 Such was the infinite toil of founding the race of
 the Romans.

Scarcely out of sight of Sicilian land they were
 gladly
 Spreading their sails for the deep, and with brazen
 keel plowing the sea-foam, 35
 When, the undying wound in her bosom still cher-
 ishing, Juno
 Thus with herself communed : “ Am I to abandon
 the struggle .
 Vanquished, and Italy yield to the king of the
 Teucrian people ?
 I am o’erruled, forsooth, by the Fates ! Was Pal-
 las, then, able
 Vessels of Argos to burn, and the sailors to sink
 in the ocean, 40
 All for the crime and the madness of one, Oilean
 Ajax ?
 She the consuming fire of Jupiter hurled from the
 storm-cloud,
 Scattered their foundering ships, and upturned the
 sea with a tempest.
 Him, out-breathing flame from his breast trans-
 pierced by the lightning,
 High on a splintering rock she impaled with the
 rush of the whirlwind. 45
 I, notwithstanding, who move as Queen of the
 gods, and the sister,

Nay, as the consort of Jove, for so many years,
with one nation,

Carry on war. And henceforth will any one re-
verence Juno's

Will, or with bended knee lay a suppliant's gift
on her altar?"

Silently pondering thus in her wrath-kindled bosom,
the goddess 50

Comes to the home of storms, to Æolia comes,
into regions

Teeming with furious gales. King Æolus, here,
as dictator,

Prisons the struggling winds in the depths of a
measureless cavern,

Curbing by chain and cell the wild and boisterous
tempests.

Ever around their den, with an echoing moan of
the mountain, 55

Sullenly do they roar. King Æolus, ruling with
rigor,

Throned in his hall of state, controls them and
tempers their fury.

But for his care, the sea and the land and the in-
finite heavens

Surely they swiftly would sweep through the air,
and hurl to destruction;

But the omnipotent Father hath shut them away
in dark caverns, 60

Fearful of this, and hath set the mass of towering
mountains

Over them there, and ordained a king, who, under
agreement,

Knows how to hold them in check, and to give
them free rein when commanded.

Juno, a suppliant then, to him thus made her petition : —

“ Æolus, yea, for to thee the father of gods, king
of mortals, 65

Power hath given to quiet the waves and to raise
them by tempests,

Sailing the Tuscan sea is a people unfriendly to
Juno,

Troy into Italy bringing, and bringing their van-
quished Penates.

Lash into fury thy winds, and wreck their found-
ering vessels !

Or disperse their fleet and scatter their bodies to
Neptune ! 70

Nymphs of the air have I, twice seven, of marvel-
lous beauty.

Her who is fairest of all in her loveliness, Deïo-
peia,

Firmly in wedlock to thee will I join, thine own,
and forever,

So that with thee she may pass all her life in re-
turn for thy favor,

Making thee also a father, and bearing thee beau-
tiful children.” 75

Æolus thus replied : “ O queen, be it thine to de-
termine

What thou desirest, and mine be the duty of doing
thy bidding.

Sovereignty, such as I have, my kingdom, and Ju-
piter’s favor,

All are of thee, thou bidst me recline at the ban-
quets of Heaven ;

Thou dost give me the power to govern the storm,
and the tempest.” 80

When he had spoken these words, he drove the
 cavernous mountain
 In on the side with his whirling spear, and the
 winds, like an army,
 Rush where a gate is given, and sweep o'er the
 earth in a cyclone.
 East wind and South wind together, and West wind
 burdened with tempests,
 Fall on the sea, and dash it in mass from its deep-
 est foundations, 85
 Rolling high on the shore great billows of turbu-
 lent water.
 Follows a shouting of men, and a whistling of
 wind in the rigging.
 Suddenly masses of cloud have robbed the eyes of
 the Trojans
 Both of the sky and the day; dark night broods
 over the ocean;
 Thunder the poles, and the heavens incessantly
 glitter with lightning, 90
 While the whole universe threatens immediate
 death to the heroes.
 Instantly icy chills unnerve the limbs of Æneas;
 Groaning in spirit and stretching aloft both hands
 to the heavens,
 Thus he exclaims aloud: "O thrice and again to
 be envied,
 Ye whose fortune it was to die in the sight of the
 fathers, 95
 Under the lofty walls of Troy! O Diomed, bravest
 Soul of the Danaan line, why was it not mine to
 have fallen
 Dead on the Ilian plain, to have yielded this life
 to thy valor,

Where, by the lance of Achilles, fierce Hector and
giant Sarpedon

Lie, and Simois rolls and tumbles under his bil-
lows 100

So many shields and helms and gallant bodies of
heroes ? ”

While he thus voices his grief, a whistling blast
from the northward

Strikes the sail squarely in front, and raises the
waves to the heavens.

Snapped are the oars ; and adrift they roll in the
trough of the ocean.

Heaped in confusion there follows a shuddering
mountain of water. 105

Some hang aloft on the crest, under others the sea
widely yawning

Lays bare its bed 'mid the surges, and sand boils
up in the billows.

Three, by the South wind seized, are whirled upon
reefs that lie hidden,

Rocks in the midst of the sea, in Italy known as
The Altars,

Lifting their giant backs just out of the plane of
the water. 110

Three by the Eastern wind are hurled from the
deep upon sand bars ;

Sad is the sight as they dash on shoals, sand heap-
ing about them.

One ship, that which the Lycians bore, and faith-
ful Orontes,

Full in sight of Æneas a mighty wave like a moun-
tain

Struck on the stern, and dashed from his station
the low-stooping pilot, 115

Hurling him headlong down ; while thrice in the
 spot where she staggered,
 Whirled was the ship by the sea, and quickly de-
 voured by the whirlpool.
 Now appear floating about here and there in the
 wide-circling waters
 Weapons of men, and planks, and treasures of
 Troy, on the billows.
 Now the stout ship of Ilioneus, now that of gallant
 Achates, 120
 That in which Abas sailed, and that which bore
 aged Aletes,
 All by the storm undone, and the joints of their
 sides being loosened,
 Let in the hostile sea, and open in widening fis-
 sures.

Meanwhile Neptune perceives that the sea is
 confused with an uproar ;
 Sternly indignant, he sees that a storm has been
 loosed ; that the peaceful 125
 Depths of the sea have been stirred ; then, looking
 forth from the ocean,
 Lifts his majestic head o'er the foaming crests of
 the surges ;
 Sees the fleet of Æneas dispersed far over the
 waters,
 Sees the Trojans o'erwhelmed by the waves ; and
 the wreck of the heavens ;
 Nor were the craft and resentment of Juno con-
 cealed from her brother. 130
 Eurys and Zephyrus then he summons, and thus
 he rebukes them :
 “ Hath so great confidence, then, in your birth and
 your kindred possessed you

That, without sanction of mine, ye mingle the
earth and the heavens?

And do ye dare, ye Winds, to raise these moun-
tains of water?

Ye will I — but it were better to quiet the turbu-
lent billows : 135

Never again for your deeds shall ye make so light
an atonement ;

Hasten your flight, and take to your king this
message from Neptune :

Not unto him the command of the sea and the ter-
rible trident,

But to myself, pertain ; those desolate rocks are
his portion,

Eurus, where thou dost dwell. In that castle let
Æolus bluster ; 140

There let him lord it at will o'er the winds in his
closely barred dungeon."

Thus doth he speak ; and more quickly than words
he hath calmed the wild waters,

Scattered the masses of cloud, and brought back
the sun to the heavens.

Triton at once and Cymothoë, eagerly toiling to-
gether,

Shove the ships off the sharp rock ; and Neptune
assists with his trident, 145

Clearing great sand banks away and smoothing the
breast of the ocean.

Then in his buoyant car he rides o'er the swell of
the billows ;

And, as in some vast crowd, when, as often, a tu-
mult arises,

And the ignoble throng is roused to a frenzy of
passion,

Firebrands and stones are beginning to fly, for
 fury finds weapons, 150
Then if they chance to behold some man revered
 for his virtues,
Or for his faith, they are hushed, and stand in
 breathless attention,
While he controls their hearts by his words, and
 quiets their passions,
So all the roar of the sea hath subsided or ever the
 Father,
Looking out over the ocean and borne under
 brightening heavens, 155
Urges his flying steeds and guides his swift chariot
 onward.

 Weariedly struggle the men of Æneas to pilot
 their vessels
Each to the nearest shore, and are turned to he
 Libyan seacoast.
Deep in a bay is an island, enclosing a harbor, and
 spreading
Wide its protecting arms, whereon each wave from
 the ocean 160
Breaks, and divides itself into refluent curves; and
 beyond it,
Rising to right and left, tall cliffs and twin crags
 threaten heaven,
Under whose sentinel summits the plain of the
 water is silent
Far and wide; then rises a scene of glimmering
 woodland,
While a dark forest impends from above with
 bristling shadow; 165
Under the opposite front, in the hanging rocks, is
 a grotto;

Seats in the living rock are there, and waters of
crystal,
Home of the nymphs ; no chains here tether the
wave-wearied vessels,
Nor with its curving beak does an anchor ever
restrain them.
From the whole number of ships but seven re-
main, and Æneas 170
Steals in hither with these ; then the Trojans leap
down from their galleys
With a great love for the land, and gain the cov-
eted beaches,
Flinging their wearied limbs all dripping with
brine on the seashore.
Quickly, however, Achates hath struck out a spark
from a flint-stone ;
Now he hath caught up the fire in leaves ; dry fuel
around it 175
He hath arranged, and now he hath kindled a
flame in the fagots ;
Then, grain, wet by the waves, and also the vessels
for cooking,
Bring they dejectedly forth, and make ready the
food they have rescued,
Planning to parch it with fire, and crush it with
stones for their supper.
Meanwhile Æneas is climbing the cliff to secure
an unbroken 180
View of the boundless deep, in the hope that some-
thing of Antheus
Tossed by the wind he may see ; some trace of the
Phrygian galleys ;
Capys, perchance, or, high on the stern, the arms
of Caiens.

Not one ship is in sight ; but, lo, three stags that
are straying

Down by the shore he spies ; whole herds are fol-
lowing slowly 185

After them, seeking their food in a straggling line
through the valleys.

Here did he halt, and reach with his hand for his
bow and his arrows

Swift of flight, for the faithful Achates was bear-
ing these weapons.

First the leaders themselves, uplifting their heads
and their antlers

Like tall branching trees, he drops ; then the herd
in a body 190

Driven with darts, he pursues through the leafy
depths of the forest ;

Nor does he quit the chase till seven huge bodies
he tumbles

Victor-like to the earth, and equals the roll of his
galleys.

Thence he returns to the harbor, and shares them
with all his companions ;

Also the wine which Acestes had kindly stored in
their flagons 195

On the Trinacrian shore, the hero's parting re-
membrance,

Now he divides, and he soothes by his words their
sorrowing bosoms :

“ Comrades ! for this is not our first acquaintance
with trouble,

Ye who have heavier borne, from these, too, our
God will deliver !

Scylla's wrath ye have braved, where deep in her
echoing cavern 200

Thundered the wave-beaten rocks ; ye have also
made trial of Cyclops

Striding among his crags ; take heart, and un-
happy foreboding

Cease ; and hereafter, perhaps, to remember these
things will be pleasant.

Through these varied disasters, through all these
perils of fortune,

Seek we Latium still ; where the Fates are dis-
closing before us 205

Peaceful abodes ; where Troy is destined to rise
from her ashes.

Persevere, and reserve yourselves for a brighten-
ing future.”

Such were the words he spake, but his heart was
heavy with trouble :

Hope he feigned in his face ; crushed down the
deep grief in his bosom.

Then do they gird themselves and make ready the
deer for the banquet, 210

Tearing the hide from the ribs and exposing the
flesh underneath it.

Some cut the meat into slices and fix it on spits,
while it quivers ;

Others set caldrons of brass on the shore and at-
tend to the firing.

Then by the feast they renew their strength, and,
stretched on the greensward,

Drink their fill of old wine, and feast on the fat of
the deer-meat. 215

Then, when the tables are cleared, and their hunger
appeased by the banquet,

Long they inquire of each other the fate of their
missing companions,

Balancing hope and fear, half hoping they yet^s that
be living,

Half afraid they are dead, and beyond the ¹⁸⁵ mere fol-
of earth's voices.

Marked is the grief of kind-hearted Æneas^s line
inwardly sighing

Over the lot of Orontes the brave; now Amor his
mourning:

Lycus, how cruel his fate! bold Gyas, and valbear-
Cloanthus.

Yet there was now an end, when Jupiter, leads
in the heavens,

Looking down thence on the sail-wingèd sea herd
the far stretching mainland, ¹⁹⁰

Scanning the shores and the scattered tribes; ¹⁹⁵ safe
throned in the heavens,

Tarried, and fixed his eyes intent on the Libties
kingdom.

And, as these manifold cares he is pondering there
in his bosom,

Sorrowing more than her wont, her bright eyes
brimming with tear-drops,

Venus entreats him thus: "O thou, who with
endless dominion

Rulest o'er men and gods, thou, who by thy thun-
der appallest, ²⁰⁰

What so great wrong hath Æneas, my son, been
able to do thee,

What have the Trojans, to whom, after suffering
so many death-blows,

Now the whole world, for Italy's sake, refuses a
refuge?

Thou hast assuredly promised that hence in the far
distant future

Thou an leaders shall rise and revive the succession
of Teucer ; 235

Striking the sea and the land with universal do-
minion.

Ceas't it is the motive, my father, hath turned thee
aside from thy purpose ?

Thru'cainly I have been comforted thus for Troy's
desolation,

Seelighing against its pitiful ruin a happier
future.

Peal the same fortune pursues these victims of
constant disaster. 240

Perien wilt thou grant an end, Great King, unto
these tribulations ?

Sue! not Antenor unharmed escape from the midst
of the Grecians,

Ho:read the Illyrian bays, and peacefully enter the
inmost

Realms of Liburnia ; passing beyond the Fount of
Timavus,

Whence, through nine great mouths, with an echo-
ing roar of the mountain, 245

Floods burst forth and deluge the fields with thun-
dering billows ?

There, notwithstanding, the town of Patavium he
hath established ;

Founded a Teucrican state, and given a name to a
nation ;

Quitted his Trojan arms, and now dwelleth in
peace and contentment.

We, thy children, to whom thou hast promised the
glory of heaven, 250

Ships — can I speak of it ? — lost, to gratify one
who is angered,

We are betrayed, and far are divided from Italy's
harbors.

This, the reward of our faith? Is it thus thou
restorest our empire?"

Then, with that look that calms the sky and quiets
the tempest,

Graciously smiling upon her, the father of gods
and of mortals 255

Kisses the lips of his daughter, and answers her
petulant chiding :

"Be not afraid, Cytherea, unchanged are the fates
of thy people ;

Thou shalt behold Lavinium's walls and the city
of promise,

And thou shalt bear to the stars that cluster on
high in the heavens

Noble Æneas, and no persuasion hath altered my
purpose. 260

This, thy son, (I will speak, for this trouble is
preying upon thee ;

Yea, I will stir the secrets of fate, unrolling the
future ;)

Terrible war shall wage in Italy ; peoples ferocious
Crush, and ordain for the men both laws and for-
tified cities,

Till the third summer shall witness him ruling as
Latium's monarch, 265

And the third winter shall bring the Rutulians
under his sceptre.

Then this little Ascanius, taking the surname Iulus,
(Iulus it was while the Ilian state maintained its
dominion,)

Thirty glorious years with their rolling months
shall accomplish

There on the throne ; and then transfer his dominion to Alba, 270

11 Leave the Lavinian realm, and build an impregnable fortress.

Here for full three hundred years shall government flourish

Under Hectorean kings ; till at last a queen and a priestess,

Ilia, bride of Mars, shall bear twin sons to the War god.

Then, rejoiced by the tawny hide of his fostering wolf-nurse, 275

Romulus takes up the line and founds a war-loving city,

Giving his name to the state, and calling the citizens Romans.

I have determined for them nor date nor limit of empire ;

Endless dominion I grant. Nay, even implacable Juno,

Who is now vexing the sea and the land and the sky in her terror, 280

Changed to a kindlier mood, shall join me in aiding the Romans,

Lords of the world, and the nation that robes itself in the toga !

Such is my pleasure. The time shall come in the lapse of the ages

When the Assaracan house, both noble Mycenæ and Phthia

Under its thrall shall bring, and reign in discomfited Argos. 285

Then shall a Trojan be born of illustrious origin, Cæsar !

Ocean the edge of his realm, constellations the
fringe of his glory ;

Julius his name, by right of descent from mighty
Iulus.

Him to the heavens at last, with spoils of the
Orient laden,

Thou shalt surely receive ; and he shall be wor-
shipped with honor. 290

Then, renouncing war, rude ages shall yield to
refinement ;

White-haired Fides and Vesta, and Remus at one
with Quirinus,

Right shall enforce, and the gates of war, grim
iron-bound portals,

They shall be closed and barred ; behind them
malevolent Discord,

Sitting amid his engines of death, bound down by
an hundred 295

Fetters of brass, with blood-stained lips, shall rage
at his prison."

Thus he replies, and dispatches the son of Maia
from Heaven

So that the lands and the newly built castles of
Carthage may open

Gladly to welcome the Trojans ; lest Dido, with
fate unacquainted,

Drive them away from her shore. He flies through
the infinite ether 300

Winging his way, and soon has alighted on Libya's
seacoast.

Lo, his errand is done ; at the will of the god the
Phœnicians

Lay their fierceness aside, and the queen is one of
the foremost

Kindlier thoughts to accept, and friendly good-will
to the Trojans.

Faithful Æneas, however, all night was uneasily
brooding 305

Over his cares, and resolved to go forth as the
morning was breaking,

Study the unknown land which had sheltered his
ships from the tempest,

Learn, for he saw but a waste, whether men or
wild beasts were its tenants,

Then, take back to his comrades a faithful report
of the country.

Deep in a wooded cave, in the rock-sheltered arch
of a cavern, 310

Walled about by trees and darkened by quivering
shadows,

First he conceals his fleet; and, Achates his only
companion,

Goes, with his hand tight clinched on his spears
well pointed with iron.

Crossing his path in the midst of the forest, his
mother confronts him,

Wearing a maiden's mien, and the dress and the
arms of a maiden 315

Spartan by birth, or as Thracian Harpalyce looks
when she wearies

Steed after steed, in her flight, and outruns the
swift waters of Hebrus.

For she had deftly suspended a graceful bow from
her shoulder,

Huntress-like, and her wind-tossed hair was stream-
ing behind her.

Bare was her knee, and caught in a knot were the
folds of her mantle. 320

Straightway she speaks : “ Young men, if happily
one of my sisters

Wandering here you have seen, pray show me the
way she has taken,

Armed with a quiver, and girded about with a
dark spotted lynx-hide,

Or, in full cry, in pursuit of a foam-covered boar
through the forest.”

Venus hath spoken, and thus doth Æneas reply to
his mother : 325

“ I have not heard or seen any one of thy sisters,
O maiden ;

Maiden ! Nay, what shall I call thee ? Thou
hast not a countenance mortal,

Nor is thy voice like the voice of man. Ah, surely
a goddess !

Art thou the sister of Phœbus ? or art thou a child
of the wood-nymphs ?

Graciously hear us, whoever thou art, and lighten
our trouble ; 330

Teach us beneath what sky, on what remote verge
of the planet

We are now thrown ; for, strangers alike to the
land and the people,

Wander we, cast ashore by the wind and the moun-
tainous billows :

Many a victim shall fall by my hand in front of
thine altars.”

Venus replied : “ I consider myself unworthy such
honor ; 335

It is the habit of Tyrian maidens to carry a
quiver,

Also the buskin of purple to bind high over the
ankle ;

This that thou seest is Punic land, by Tyrians
 peopled ;
That is Agenor's town ; fierce Libyans press on
 our borders ;
Dido is queen of the realm ; she abandoned her
 Tyrian city 340
Fleeing her brother ; her wrongs to detail were
 too weary a story,
Yet I will give thee the leading events of her life
 in a moment ;
She was the bride of Sychæus, a landowner reck-
 oned the richest
Man in the city of Tyre, and devotedly loved by
 poor Dido.
Still in her maidenly bloom, her father had sanc-
 tioned their union. 345
Fair were the omens of marriage ; but over the
 Tyrian people
Ruled her own brother Pygmalion, foremost in all
 that is evil.
Bitter dissension arose in the home, and by avarice
 blinded,
Disregarding his sister's love, and heaven defying,
Right at the altar he stealthily slew unsuspecting
 Sychæus. 350
Long he concealed the deed ; and feigning many a
 pretext
Basely deluded with falsehood the hope of his
 heart-broken sister.
But in her slumbers the spirit itself of her un-
 buried husband
Came, and, uplifting a face of strange and unnatu-
 ral pallor,
Showing the bloody shrine and his bosom pierced
 by the dagger, 355

Opened before her view the dark disgrace of the
palace.

Then he persuades her to hasten her flight and
depart from her country ;

Tells of old treasure concealed in the earth to aid
her departure,

Gold unreckoned in weight, and silver unmeasured
in value.

Dido, aroused by this vision, made ready her flight
and her comrades ; 360

Gathered together all who detested the merciless
tyrant,

All who were sore afraid. Then, a vessel that
chanced to be waiting

Seizing, they freighted with gold ; and sordid Pyg-
malion's treasure

Floated away on the sea ; the head of the project,
a woman !

Down to this place they came, where now you be-
hold the majestic 365

Walls and rising towers of the new-born city of
Carthage.

Next they purchased a site called Byrsa because
of their bargain ;

Only so much could they buy as their wit could
surround with a bull's hide.

But of yourselves at last ; who are you ? and
whence do ye journey ?

Whither is now your course ?" To her, as she
made these inquiries, 370

Sighing, Æneas replied, drawing speech from the
depths of his bosom :

"Should I begin at the first, fair goddess, and fol-
low our story,

Hadst thou also the leisure to hear the long tale
of our trials,

Hesperus sooner would close the day, and Olympus
be darkened.

Sailing from ancient Troy, if the name of Troy,
peradventure, 375

Ever hath reached thine ear ; through varied ex-
panses of water,

We have been dashed on this Libyan coast by a
freak of the tempest.

I am god-fearing Æneas ; my gods from the en-
emy rescued

Now do I bear in my fleet, and my glory is known
in the heavens.

Italy, home, do I seek, and my birthright from
Jove the Almighty. 380

Launching a score of ships, I embarked on the
Phrygian waters.

Pointing the way was my mother divine, and Fate
was my pilot.

Scarcely are seven, disabled by surges and tem-
pests, remaining.

Poor and unknown myself, I am roaming the
Libyan deserts,

Outcast of Europe and Asia." Venus, however,
unable 385

Longer to bear his distress, interrupted him thus
in his grieving :

" Whoe'er thou art, I am sure that beloved by the
gods thou art breathing

Life-giving air, for lo ! thou art come to our Tyrian
city.

Only go forward, and hasten thy way to the gates
of the palace ;

For I announce that thy comrades are saved, that
thy fleet hath been rescued, 390
Wafted by shifting gales to the arms of a shelter-
ing haven,
Else have my parents instructed me vainly in vain
divination.
Yonder twelve swans behold, in an orderly column
exultant,
Whom, but a moment ago, Jove's eagle, down-
swooping from heaven,
Whirled through the open sky; they now in un-
broken procession 395
Seem to be choosing a haven, or looking on one
they have chosen.
Now, as, in safety once more, they disport with
their whistling pinions,
And in a company circle the sky with songs of
rejoicing,
Even so thy ships and the youthful sailors that
guide them
Either are safe in port, or glide with full sail into
harbor. 400
On! then, at once, and led by this pathway, con-
tinue thy progress.”
Speaking, she turned, and there flashed from her
neck a roseate splendor;
Not of the earth was the fragrance exhaled by her
tresses ambrosial;
Lengthening down to the earth, her robe flowed
over her sandals,
While in her queenly step she appeared undis-
guised, a true goddess. 405
Recognizing his mother, he cried in pursuit as she
vanished,

“ Why dost thou ever delude thy son with empty disguises ?

Why are we never permitted to give the right hand to each other ?

Never to hear and reply with the natural tones of our voices ? ”

Thus he upbraided his mother, and hastened his steps toward the city ; 410

But, as they went, Venus hedged them about with a shadowy vapor,

Yea, did the goddess enfold them about with a cloud-woven mantle

So that no one might see them, nor any be able to touch them,

Either to cause them delay, or challenge the cause of their coming.

She herself, glad to revisit her home, is wafted to Paphos ; 415

There does a temple await her, and altars an hundred are glowing

Bright with Arabian incense and fragrant with new-gathered garlands.

They, in the mean time, are hastening on where the pathway is guiding ;

Already climbing the hill which, frowning far over the city,

Faces the towering castles that rise from the opposite valley. 420

Marvelous seem to Æneas the blocks where once were rude cabins ;

Marvelous seem the gates, and the din, and the streets with their paving.

Bravely the Tyrians urge on the work ; some extending the ramparts,

Others erecting a tower, or rolling up stones for
the builders ;

Others choose sites for their homes and surround
them with guardian furrows ; 425

Laws they ordain, and judges elect, and a rever-
end senate.

Here again others are dredging a harbor, and oth-
ers the ground-work

Deep of a theatre lay ; while others hew out of
the quarries

Columns colossal, the lofty adornment of scenes
of the future.

Like labor urges the bees in the earliest dawning
of summer, 430

Over bright meadows of sunshine and flowers, or
guiding the full-grown

Young of the hive, or storing compactly the clear-
flowing honey,

Filling their cells to o'erflowing with sweet abun-
dance of nectar ;

Some take the burdens from home-coming work-
ers ; or, forming battalions,

Drive from their precincts the drones, that idle
and indolent faction ; 435

Fervent their labor ; and scented with thyme is
the redolent honey.

“Fortunate people, the walls of whose city al-
ready are rising !”

Murmurs Æneas, uplifting his gaze to the heights
of the city.

Then, hedged about by the cloud, he passes, O
marvelous story !

Into the town, and mingles with men, yet no one
perceives him. 440

There was a grove in the midst of the city, rejoicing in shadow,
Where first the Tyrians, cast on the shore by the waves and the tempest,
Dug up the fortunate symbol foretold by imperial Juno,
Even the head of a fiery steed, for so should the nation
Ever be famous in war, and independent forever. 445
Here Sidonian Dido was building a temple to Juno,
Vast, and enriched with gifts and the presence divine of the goddess.
Pillars of bronze arise from the steps, bronze-bound are the lintels,
And the huge hinges complain of the massive bronze of the portals.
Now, a new marvel revealed in this grove first lightened foreboding ; 450
Here did Æneas first venture to hope for a happier future ;
Here first dared to look for relief from the scourging of fortune,
For, as part by part, he scans the magnificent temple,
Waiting there for the queen, and wondering what lucky planet
Shone on the city, and marveling, now at the skill of the artists, 455
Now at their arduous toil, he sees, depicted in order,
Battles of Troy, and the war whose renown already was world-wide,

Sons of Atreus, and Priam, and, cruel to both,
stern Achilles.

Stopping abruptly, he cries with tears, "What
place now, Achates,

What retreat on earth rings not with the fame of
our struggle? 460

Priam is here! even here hath worth her true guer-
don of honor;

Grief hath her tears; and the heart is touched by
human misfortune.

Fling away fear! our renown shall bring us a mea-
sure of safety."

Thus he exclaimed, and his heart was cheered by
the shadowy picture.

Groaning aloud, he drowned his face in a torrent
of weeping; 465

For he beheld how here, where Pergamos centred
the conflict,

Greeks were in flight, while the Trojan youth were
hotly pursuing;

There, the Trojans were crushed by the car of
crested Achilles.

Near by he recognized also, with tears, the pavil-
ion of Rhesus

Spreading its snow-white vails, as, betrayed in the
first hour of slumber, 470

Diomed, drenched with blood, defiled it with ter-
rible slaughter.

Driving the fiery steeds to his camp or e'er they
had tasted

Once of the pasture of Troy, or once had drunk
from the Xanthus.

Troilus fleeing, disarmed, in another part of the
picture,

Luckless boy, and matched in unequal strife with
Achilles, 475

Dragged by his horses, is hanging supine from his
riderless war-car,

Clinging still to the reins ; his neck and his hair
trail behind him

Over the earth, and scrawled is the dust by the
spear-point inverted.

Meanwhile, matrons of Troy, their hair unbound,
were advancing

Up to the temple of partial Minerva, and bearing
her mantle, 480

Mournfully suppliant, beating the palms of their
hands on their bosoms.

Pallas stood fixing her eyes on the earth, and her
face was averted.

Thrice around Troy had Achilles been dragging
the body of Hector ;

Now he was selling for gold the lifeless form of
his victim.

Verily then he drew a deep sigh from the depths
of his bosom, 485

Seeing the spoils and the car, and the very body
of Hector,

Hector his friend, and Priam outstretching his
hands and defenseless.

Then he perceived himself engaged with the chiefs
of the Grecians ;

Also the Eastern troops, and the armor of dark-
visaged Memnon.

Penthesilea was raging and blazed in the midst of
her legions, 490

Leading her column of Amazons, shielded with
glittering crescents,

Binding under her naked breast the gold of her
girdle ;

Warrior-maiden, audaciously challenging men to
the conflict.

While these marvellous scenes are appearing to
Trojan Æneas,

While he is riveted there in amazement and lost
in the vision, 495

Lo! to the temple advancing, the queen, most
beautiful Dido,

Comes in state, with youths in a multitude throng-
ing around her,

As by the bank of Eurotas, or over the hilltops of
Cynthus,

Dian marshals her train, while round and about
her a thousand

Oreads circle and dance. But she, with her quiver
of silver 500

Hung from her shoulder, eclipses the grace of the
nymphs of the mountain,

While the silent heart of Latona is filled with re-
joicing ;

Such was Dido, and thus was she joyously hasten-
ing onward,

Threading the throng, and approving the toil that
was founding her empire.

Then, at the gates of the goddess, beneath the
arched roof of the temple, 505

Raised aloft on her throne, 'mid a hedge of bright
spears she is seated.

Judgment and law she ordains for the men, and
apportions their labors,

Equaling each to the other, or trusting to chance
the allotment,

When, on a sudden, Æneas beholds, hard pressed
by a rabble,
Antheus drawing near with Sergestus and valiant
Cloanthus, 510
Followed by many of those whom the dark whirl-
ing tempest had scattered
Over the deep, and flung on other and far distant
beaches.
Straightway Æneas was dazed, and Achates, dumb
with amazement,
Trembled with joy and fear: for they ardently
yearned for their comrades,
Longing to grasp their hands, but the mystery
troubled their spirits. 515
Checking their ardor, still veiled in the cloud, they
silently wondered
What had befallen these men; what harbor now
sheltered their vessels;
Why they were coming; for men selected from
each of the galleys
Came to petition for favor, and hastened with
shouts to the temple.
When they had entered, and leave had been given
to speak in the presence, 520
Thus, as the eldest, Ilioneus spake with his wonted
composure:
“Gracious queen, divinely appointed to found a
new city,
And with imperial justice to rule a proud spirited
nation,
Trojans are we, in distress, the prey of the winds
and the waters.
Keep, we beseech thee, the terrible peril of fire
from our vessels; 525

Spare us, a god-fearing people, and patiently hear
our petition.

Not with steel are we come to ravage thy Libyan
hearthstones,

Nor to plunder thy treasure and bear it away on
the ocean ;

We have no purpose of harm ; such presumption
is not for the vanquished.

There is a place which is known as Hesperia,
named by the Grecians, 530

Ancient the land, prevailing in arms, and abound-
ing in harvests,

Settled at first by CEnotrian men ; it is said their
descendants

Now have re-named the race from the name of their
leader, Italian.

Thither our course was set.

When on a sudden uprose from the wave storm-
breeding Orion, 535

Drove us on hidden shoals, and far with his south-
ern born tempests

Scattered us over the sea, and wrecked us on rocks
never charted.

Hither, a pitiful few, we have drifted at last to thy
harbor.

What is this race of men ? What country so bar-
barous is it

Sanctions behavior like this ? The refuge of sand
is denied us ; 540

Quarrels are sought, nay, we are forbidden to step
on thy borders.

E'en though ye fear not man, though ye hold mor-
tal arms in derision,

Yet of the gods beware, who are mindful of good
and of evil.

There was a ruler among us, Æneas, and none was
more upright,

None more devoted, nor any more mighty in arms
or in battle. 545

This man, if fate hath preserved, if still he is liv-
ing and breathing

Heaven-born air, nor already lies low in the pitiless
shadows,

We shall not fear, nor will any advances of timely
assistance

Cause thee regret. There are cities, moreover, in
Sicily's confines,

Cities and fields, and of Trojan progenitors, kingly
Acestes. 550

Grant us permission to land our storm-shaken
boats on thy beaches,

Timbers to hew in thy forests, and oars to trim for
our galleys ;

So that if Italy call us, if comrades and king be
recovered,

Italy, then, we may joyfully seek and Latium's
harbor ;

But, if our safety be slain ; if thee, O best father
of Trojans, 555

Libyan waters are holding ; if now we despair of
Iulus ;

Yet, even then, to Sicanian harbors and homes
that await us,

We may retrace our way, and seek a new king in
Acestes."

Thus did Ilioneus plead, and the Dardans, all
shouting together,

Thundered applause. 560

Dido, then, with downcast eyes, spake briefly in
answer :

“Teucrians, fear from your hearts set free ; put
 away apprehension ;
 Trouble and newness of kingdom compel these
 unfriendly precautions,
 Force me with sentinels widely extended to guard
 my dominions.
 Men of Æneas, the city of Troy ! Who is igno-
 rant of them ? 565
 Or of the deeds and the men and the flames of a
 war so tremendous ?
 Not so hardened the hearts we Carthaginians
 carry ;
 Nor doth the sun yoke his horses so far from our
 Tyrian city ;
 Whether ye choose Hesperia’s broad Saturnian
 cornfields,
 Whether ye choose the borders of Eryx, and
 kingly Acestes, 570
 I will dismiss you in safety with escorts, and lend
 you assistance.
 Yet, are ye willing, as equals, to stay with me
 here in my kingdom ?
 Lo, then, the town I am building is yours ; I will
 harbor your vessels ;
 Trojan and Tyrian, I am your queen, I will make
 no distinction.
 Yet do I wish that your king, compelled by the
 same southern tempest, 575
 Also were with us, Æneas himself ! I will send
 through my seacoasts
 Trustworthy men, and command them to search
 through the Libyan borders ;
 Shipwrecked, he still may be straying in some of
 our forests or cities.”

Stirred in soul by these words, brave Achates and
father Æneas

Long had been burning to break from the cloud
that hung darkly around them. 580

Nor did Achates forbear to address the first word
to Æneas :

“ Child of a goddess ! what thoughts are surging
now in thy bosom ?

All thou beholdest safe ; thy fleet and thy friends
are recovered.

One is not here, whom we, with our eyes beheld as
he perished,

Drowned in the sea ; all else is fulfilling the words
of thy mother.” 585

Scarcely had this been said, when suddenly, lo,
the encircling

Cloud divided itself, and dissolved in invisible
vapor.

Then in clear light was Æneas revealed, and he
stood forth resplendent,

Godlike in face and form ; for with radiant hair
had his mother

Crowned her son ; and over him breathed youth’s
roseate splendor, 590

Kindling in his eyes the glory of beauty and glad-
ness ;

Glory such as to ivory art may add, or when
silver,

Or white Parian marble, with yellow gold is sur-
rounded.

Suddenly then, unexpected by all, the queen he
addresses :

“ I, whom thou seekest, am here ! Behold me in
person before thee ! 595

Trojan Æneas, snatched from the jaws of Libyan
breakers !

Thou, who alone dost compassionate Troy's un-
speakable sorrows,

Thou, who hast taken us, left by Greeks, and worn
out by disasters

Both of the land and sea, all destitute, into thy
city,

Into thy home, to return an acknowledgment
worthy, O Dido, 600

This is not in our power, nor yet in the power of
whatever

Remnant of Teucrian men may be scattered abroad
on this planet ;

But may the gods, if any divinities care for the
righteous,

If ever justice avail, or a heart that is conscious
of virtue,

Recompense fitting vouchsafe thee ! what age so
gladsome hath borne thee ! 605

Who are the parents so great have begotten so
noble a daughter !

Long as the rivers shall run to the sea ; as long
as the shadows

Circle the slopes of the mountains, and stars are
nurtured in heaven,

Ever thy glory, forever thy name and thy praise
shall continue,

Be where it may our home !” He paused, and
Ilioneus warmly 610

Welcoming with his right, with his left hand he
greeted Serestus,

Then all the others, both Gyas, the valiant, and
valiant Cloanthus.

First, by the strange apparition was Tyrian Dido
astounded,

Then by the man's great grief, and then her lips
moved, and she answered :

“ What is the fate that through peril so terrible,
child of a goddess, 615

Follows thee on ? What pow'r to these desolate
shores hath constrained thee ?

Art thou indeed that Æneas, begotten by Dardan
Anchises,

Borne by the Queen of Love where Phrygian
Simois floweth ?

Yet I remember now that Teucer once visited
Sidon,

Banished his father's realm, and looking about
for another 620

Kingdom with Belus to aid ; Father Belus was
sweeping with havoc

Cypria's fruitful fields, and ruling by virtue of
conquest.

Ever since then have I known of the fates that
have shadowed thy city,

Known of the name of Troy, thy name and the
kings of the Grecians.

This very prince, though a foe, held the Teucrians
greatly in honor, 625

Proud that he too was derived from the ancient
stock of the Teucri :

Wherefore, arise, O youths ! and accompany us to
our palace.

Fortunes akin to yours have decreed that I also
must settle

In this land at last, after passing through manifold
trials ;

Not unacquainted with grief, I am learning to aid
the unhappy.” 630

Thus she speaks, and leads Æneas at once to the
palace,

While she ordains for the shrines of the gods ap-
propriate honors,

Not forgetting the while to dispatch to the shore
for his comrades

Twenty bulls and the bristling backs of an hun-
dred enormous

Swine, and she added an hundred fatling lambs
with their mothers, 635

Bountiful gifts for the day.

Ah, but her home within, with regal magnificence
furnished,

Dazzles the eye, and a banquet is laid in the midst
of the palace ;

Draperies wrought with art, and colored with cost-
liest purple,

Massive plate on the tables, of silver, embossed
with ancestral 640

Deeds of valor, in gold ; a long, long history,
stretching

Through such a number of men, from the far dis-
tant source of her kindred.

Now doth Æneas, whose fatherly love disquiets
his spirit,

Bid swift-footed Achates run down at full speed
to the harbor,

Tell Ascanius all, and bring the boy back to the
city. 645

All the affectionate father's care in Ascanius
centres.

Gifts, moreover, he bids him bring, from Ilium's
ruins

Snatched in their flight ; a robe, with golden embroidery stiffened ;

Also a veil that is woven around with yellow acanthus ;

Ornaments these of Helen of Argos, the same she had carried 650

Out of Mycenæ when seeking in Troy an unhallowed alliance ;

They were the wondrous wedding gifts of Leda, her mother.

There was the sceptre, too, which Ilione formerly carried,

First born daughter of Priam ; and there was a marvelous necklace

Lustrous with pearls, and a golden tiara resplendent with jewels. 655

Hast'ning for these, was Achates now speeding his way to the vessels.

But Cytherea new plots and plans in her heart is devising,

That, with appearance changed, and changed in countenance, Cupid,

Rather than charming Ascanius, come, and enkindle the frenzied

Queen with his gifts, and entwine with fire the heart in her bosom, 660

For she distrusts the race, fears the double-tongued people of Carthage,

Terrible Juno affrights her, and trouble returns with the nightfall.

Therefore she makes her appeal to Cupid, the wing-bearing love-god :

“ Son, my reliance, in whom alone my mastery dwelleth,

Thou who laughest when Jupiter's thunder appalleth the mighty, 665

Thou art my refuge. I humbly invoke thy divine intervention.

How thy brother Æneas is driven about ev'ry sea-coast

Over the deep by the hatred and cruel injustice of Juno ;

This is well known to thee ; thou hast ever been grieved by my sorrow.

Him, Carthaginian Dido detains, and with gentle entreaty 670

Hinders too long, and I dread these kindly attentions of Juno

How they may turn, for she in a crisis so great will not slumber.

Wherefore I plan to prevent her by guile ; and the queen to encompass

Close with the fires of love, that, unmoved by the will of the goddess,

She may be bound to me by her passionate love for Æneas. 675

How canst thou bring this about ? Attend, while I tell thee my purpose.

He, my chiefest concern, the Prince, is preparing to hasten,

Called by his father's love to enter the Tyrian city,

Bearing gifts that are left from the sea and Troy's conflagration ;

Him will I lull to sleep, and hide in my sacred pavilion, 680

High on Idalia's mountain or on the high hills of Cythera,

So that he neither can know my designs nor unconsciously thwart them.

Thou for one night, not more, must deceptively copy his likeness,

And, a boy thyself, take the boy's familiar appearance,

So that when close to her side, rejoicingly, Dido shall place thee, 685

At the imperial board all bright with the flashing of wine-cups,

When in her arms she shall fold thee and press tender kisses upon thee,

Thou shalt a hidden flame inspire, and betray her with poison."

Cupid obeys the behest of his cherishing mother, and pinions

Doffing, sets off with rejoicing, assuming the step of Iulus. 690

Then doth Venus diffuse through the limbs of Ascanius peaceful

Sleep; yea, lulled in her bosom the goddess doth carry him gently

Up to her lofty Idalian groves, where marjoram softly

Wraps him about with flowers and a fragrant coolness of shadow.

Lo, now, obeying her words, and bearing the offerings regal, 695

Cupid was seeking the city, delighted to follow Achates.

When he appeared, the queen was already composed on her golden

Couch, with its tapestry royal, and placed in the centre of honor.

Enters now Father Æneas; and now the young
Trojans assemble,

Ranging themselves at the board, and reclining on
couches of purple. 700

Water is given by slaves for their hands; bread
offered in baskets;

Napkins also are brought of smooth and delicate
finish.

Handmaidens fifty within; their care to make
ready the viands, —

Long the array, — and with kindling fires to honor
the hearth-gods.

Others an hundred, and pages as many, all equally
youthful, 705

Burden the tables with dainties, and set out the
glittering goblets;

Nor do the Tyrians fail to throng the welcoming
doorways,

Greet one another, and bidden, recline on the tap-
estried couches.

All are surprised by the gifts of Æneas; sur-
prised by Iulus,

Won by the sparkling eyes of the god, and the
rogue's pretty speeches; 710

Pleased by the robe, and the veil embroidered
with yellow acanthus.

Chiefest of all, unhappy Phœnissa, foredoomed to
destruction,

Cannot appease her heart, and kindles anew while
she gazes,

Strangely moved by the boy, and equally touched
by the presents.

When he has run to the arms and clung to the
neck of Æneas, 715

Satisfying his love and roguishly calling him father,

Cupid runs to the queen. Her eyes are riveted on him ;

Riveted all her soul ; and she presses him oft to her bosom,

Little aware, poor Dido, how mighty a god was in ambush.

He, to his mother true, with the thought of effacing Sychæus, 720

Little by little begins to arouse by a living affection

Thoughts that have slumbered long, and a heart long unwonted to passion.

\ When the first lull in the banquet is come, and cleared are the tables,

Generous bowls are set, and the wine is encircled with garlands.

Then there 's a clash in the hall, and voices ring out through the palace ; 725

Down from the gold-fretted ceilings, radiant lamps are suspended.

Darkness is put to flight by the flaring flame of the torches.

Then calls the queen for her bowl ; it is heavy with gold and with jewels.

Fills with wine the cup which Belus and all after Belus

Ever were wont to use ; then silence is made in the palace. 730

“ Jupiter, for we are taught that thou guardest the host and the stranger,

Grant that this day may be bright to the Tyrians, bright to the Trojans ;

Grant that our children's children may hold it
long in remembrance.

Be with us, Bacchus, thou giver of joy; good
Juno be with us.

Tyrians! cheers for this union, and here 's to the
health of our guest-friends." 735

Dido hath spoken, and sprinkled the table with
sparkling libation.

Then first lightly she touched her lips to the brim
of the goblet,

Passing it next to Bitias, calling his name with a
challenge;

Quaffs he in haste from the foaming cup, yea,
drinks from the brimming

Bowl; and the princes beyond in turn. Then long-
haired Iopas 740

Plays on a cithern of gold as Atlas, the mighty,
hath taught him;

Sings of the wandering moon, and sings of the
sun and eclipses,

Whence the race of man and beast, whence rain
and the lightning,

Sings of the Hyades stormy, and sings of the
Bears and Arcturus,

Sings why the wintry sun so hastens to dip in the
ocean, 745

Sings why summer nights are delayed so long in
their coming.

Tyrians thunder applause, and Trojans reëcho
their plaudits.

Meanwhile was Dido, unhappy, protracting the
night with a tangled

Web of discourse, and drinking long draughts
from the deep cup of passion;

Having so much to inquire about Priam ; so much
about Hector ; 750

Now, with what armor the son of Aurora had
come to the battle,

Now, what horses had Diomed ; now, how great
was Achilles.

“ Nay, good guest,” she cries, “ be pleased to tell
us the story

From the very beginning, the plots of the Gre-
cians, thy trials,

And thy wandering course ; for the seventh sum-
mer already 755

Bears thee on land astray, and bears thee adrift
on the ocean.”

BOOK II

ALL became silent, uplifting their faces in eager attention.

Then, from his lofty couch, spake Father Æneas as follows :

“Thou dost require me, O queen, to revive an unspeakable sorrow,

How the dominion of Troy, and the mournful realm of the Trojans,

Greeks overthrew ; all the heartrending scenes I have witnessed, nay even 5

Great part of which I have been. In relating so grievous a story,

Who of the Myrmidon tribe, what soldier of cruel Ulysses,

Or of Dolopia's army, could keep back the tears? and already

Damp night rushes in haste from the sky, and the planets declining

Summon to sleep. But if thou art so eager to learn our misfortunes, 10

If thou wouldst briefly be told Troy's final and desperate struggle ;

Though I may shrink from the pain, though shudders my soul to remember,

I will begin. Defeated in battle and baffled by fortune,

Year after year still slipping away, by divine inspiration,

Prompted by Pallas, the chiefs of the Greeks
built a horse, that in stature 15
Equaled a mountain, its ribs interweaving with
planks of the fir-tree.
Pledged for a safe return, they pretended; that
rumor was published.
Stalwart men, selected with care, they stealthily
prisoned
Deep in its gloomy flank, and filled were its hid-
den recesses,
Hollow and huge, and its paunch, with soldiers in
glittering armor. 20
Tenedos, plainly in sight, is an island exceed-
ingly famous,
Teeming with wealth as long as the kingdom of
Priam continued,
Now it is only a bay, and a harbor distrusted by
vessels.
Hither conveyed, they secreted themselves on the
desolate seashore.
We believed them gone, yes, flown with the winds
to Mycenæ; 25
Therefore all Teucria breaks the long bondage of
sorrow and mourning.
Gates flung wide, what joy to go out to the Do-
rian camp-ground,
View the deserted plain, and gaze on the beaches
forsaken.
Here, the Dolopian band, there, savage Achilles
had tented;
Here they had moored their fleet, and yonder had
marshaled for battle. 30
Part of us stare at the ominous gift of unwedded
Minerva,

Dazed by the bulk of the horse; and first Thy-
mœtes exhorts us :

‘Bring it within the walls, in the citadel give it a
station.’

Traitor! or already thus were tending the fates of
the Trojans.

Capys, however, and they whose minds were of
clearer discernment, 35

Bade us precipitate into the sea all the craft of
the Grecians,

All their insidious gifts, or kindle a fire and de-
stroy them ;

Or, bore into the side and explore the deep lair of
the belly.

Thus is the wavering throng divided in contrary
factions.

First before all of them there, with a multitude
crowding behind him, 40

Down from the citadel’s height Laocoön angrily
hastens,

Crying afar, ‘Alas, poor countrymen, what is this
folly ?

Think ye the enemy gone ? Believe ye still there
are any

Gifts of the Greeks untainted with guile ? Is
Ulysses forgotten ?

Either enclosed in this timber Achæans are lurk-
ing in ambush, 45

Or the machine is an engine upreared in the face
of our ramparts,

Built to command our homes, and prepared to
descend on our city ;

Or there is still some plot ; trust not in the horse,
O ye Trojans !

Be what it may, even paying their vows, I'm
afraid of the Grecians.'

Thus having spoken, he hurled a great spear with
his powerful muscles 50

Into the creature's side and the jointed curve of
the belly.

Quivering there it stuck, and jarred was the horse
to the centre ;

Thundered its cavernous flanks, and rumbled its
echoing hollows.

Then, if the fates of the gods, and our judgment
had not been perverted,

He had compelled us to spoil with steel the lair of
the Argives, 55

Troy, thou wouldst yet remain, and thou, lofty
fortress of Priam !

Lo, at this moment, some shepherds of Troy, with
tumult and shouting,

Drag to the king a youth whose hands are pinioned
behind him.

He, of his own accord, had surrendered himself,
though a stranger,

Crossing their path for the purpose of opening
Troy to the Grecians. 60

Daring in heart was he ; for either alternative
ready,

Either to work out the plot, or yield to sure death
if discovered.

Eddying round on every side in a struggle to see
him

Jostle the Trojan youth, and vie in deriding the
captive.

Hearken ye now to the wiles of the Greeks, and
from one act of treason, 65

Learn the whole race.

For as he stood in full view of the throng, defenseless and troubled,

Gazing around with his eyes on the cordon of Phrygian soldiers,

‘ Ah ! ’ he exclaimed, ‘ what land, what sea can now yield me a refuge ? ’

Wretch that I am, what now is left me at last for my portion ? 70

Nowhere remaineth for me any place among Greeks, and the Trojans,

Yea, they also in wrath the atonement of blood are demanding.’

Changed was our mood by his grief, and checked was each rude demonstration.

Then we exhort him to speak, to say of what blood are his kindred,

Tell what news he may bring, what confidence claim as a captive. 75

Finally, laying aside his fear, he answered as follows :

‘ Happen what may, O king, I will surely acknowledge before thee

All that is true,’ he cried, ‘ nor deny my descent from the Argives ;

This at the first ; nor although a malevolent Fortune hath rendered

Sinon so wretched, not yet shall she render him false or deceitful. 80

If, peradventure, by rumor, the name Palamedes Belides

Ever hath come to thine ear, or the widespreading fame of his glory,

Him, under false accusation, though innocent, wickedly slandered,

Guilty alone of opposing the war, the Pelasgians
murdered ;

Now that he lies in the darkness of death, too late
they deplore him. 85

He was my comrade and kin, and with him my
impoverished father

Sent me off to the war in the earliest years of
young manhood.

While he stood high in the state and strong in the
council of princes,

I, too, had some reputation, and carried a measure
of honor.

Afterward, when through the envy of ever deceit-
ful Ulysses — 90

I am betraying no secret — he passed from the
shores of the living,

Broken in spirit, I fretted my life with gloomy
repining,

Deeply resenting in heart the fate of my innocent
comrade ;

Nor did I hold my peace, but foolishly vowed that,
if Fortune

Ever should guide my victorious feet to my people
in Argos, 95

I would avenge his death ; my words aroused bit-
ter resentment.

Thence my ruin began ; thereafter forever Ulysses
Kept me in fear by new charges, and scattered
mysterious whispers

Over the camp, and constantly sought a conspira-
tor's weapons ;

Nor, in fact, did he rest until, Calchas abetting his
purpose, — 100

Yet, after all, why vainly rehearse this harrowing
story ?

Wherefore delay, if ye hold all Greeks at the
same valuation ?

If ye have heard enough ; postpone your vengeance
no longer ;

This would the Ithacan wish ; the Atridæ repay
with a fortune.'

Then were we truly impatient to hear and consider
his pleading ;

105

Strangers to crime so base ; unversed in Pelasgian
cunning.

Faltering he proceeds, and speaks from his treach-
erous bosom :

' Often the Greeks, out-worn by the ever-length-
ening conflict,

Longed to effect a retreat, leave Troy, and return
to Achaia ;

Would they had done it ! As often, the terrible
wrath of the ocean

110

Intercepted their flight, and a southern-born tem-
pest dismayed them.

Notably, just as this horse, compacted with timbers
of maple,

Rose to its feet, the whole firmament echoed with
warnings of thunder.

Anxiously then to the temple of Phœbus Eury-
palus hastens ;

These are the grievous words he brings from the
shrine of Apollo :

115

' It was with blood ye appeased the winds, and
the death of a virgin,

When at the first ye came, O Greeks, to the Ilian
seacoast ;

It is with blood ye must seek return ; by the life
of a Grecian

Ye must appease the gods ;' this rumor filled the
encampment.

Then were our minds benumbed, and a tremor of
chill apprehension 120

Thrilled our hearts. Who was summoned by
Fate? Who called by Apollo?

Then did the Ithacan drag to the front with a
mighty commotion

Calchas, the soothsayer, fiercely demanding the
oracle's meaning.

Even then there were many who warned me against
the impostor's

Merciless crime; and many in silence foresaw
what was coming. 125

Twice five days he is dumb, discreetly refusing to
sentence

One by his priestly lips; or one to single for
slaughter.

Finally, fairly forced by the Ithacan's violent
urging,

Playing his part, he speaks, and designates me for
the altar.

All were content, and the fate that each for him-
self had been dreading 130

Bore with composure when turned to the death of
another less happy.

Dawns the accursed day; prepared are my sacred
adornments;

Strewn is the salted meal; the fillets are crowning
my temples.

Death I have robbed of his prey; I confess it; I
broke from my fetters,

And, in a marshy lake, all night I lay hid in the
rushes 135

Anxiously watching to catch the first gleam of a
sail on the water.

Now, no more can I hope to behold the old land of
my childhood,

Look on my children dear, or return to my father
belovéd ;

Whom they will even (it may be) demand by
way of atonement

Now I have fled, and avenge this fault by their
pitiful slaughter. 140

Now, by the gods above, by spirits omniscient and
holy,

By, — if there be any yet remaining on earth
among mortals, —

By an inviolate faith, I beseech thee compassionate
trials

Grievous as mine, and be gracious to one so un-
justly afflicted.’

Life for his tears we grant, and freely we give
him our pity. 145

Priam himself at first commands that his shackles
be loosened,

Loosened his chafing cords ; and thus addresses
him kindly :

‘ Give up the Greeks henceforth, whoever thou art,
and forget them.

Be one of us ; yet answer exactly the questions I
ask thee.

Why have they reared this bulk of a monstrous
horse ? Who its author ? 150

What do they seek ? What rite of religion ?
What engine of warfare ? ’

So spake the king ; and the stranger, well skilled
in Pelasgian cunning,

Stretching his hands released from the cords aloft
to the heavens :

‘ Witness ye, deathless fires, ye spirits inviolate,
witness,

Witness,’ he cries, ‘ ye terrible blades and altars
unhallowed 155

I have escaped ; ye fillets divine that I wore as a
victim ;

May I not rightly abjure the sacred oaths of the
Grecians,

Rightly abhor the men, and bring to the light all
their secrets

Should there be any concealed ? I am bound by
no laws of my country.

Only do thou, O Troy, abide by thy word, and
when rescued, 160

Keep thou thy faith, if I bring thee true tidings
and amply requite thee.

All the hope of the Greeks, all faith in the war
from the outset,

Ever hath rested in Pallas ; but Pallas befriends
them no longer ;

For, since Diomed vile, and Ulysses, the plotter
of evil,

Ventured to tear from its consecrate temple the
form of Minerva, 165

Fatal Palladium, slaying the guards on the height
of her fortress,

Seized the image divine, and rudely assaulted the
goddess,

Daring with blood-stained hands to defile her im-
maculate fillets,

Ever since then have the hopes of the Greeks been
failing and falling ;

Broken has been their might, estranged the heart
of the goddess. 170

Nor with uncertain signs did Tritonia show her
displeasure ;

Scarce was the image lodged in the camp when
glittering flashes

Blazed from her angry eyes, and briny sweat be-
gan coursing

Down her limbs, and thrice from the earth, I tell
it with wonder,

Leaped the statue itself, with shield and quivering
sceptre. 175

Instantly Calchas declares that now we must flee
o'er the ocean,

Tells us that Pergamos cannot be razed by the
swords of the Argives

If they repeat not the omens at Argos, and bring
back the goddess

Whom they have carried away o'er the deep in
their high curving galleys.

Now that, borne by the wind, they have flown to
their native Mycenæ, 180

Arms they prepare, and gods to befriend, and, re-
crossing the water,

Suddenly they will be here. Thus Calchas inter-
prets the omens.

Heeding the warning, this horse they have built in
place of the image,

Built for the injured god, to atone for their im-
pious outrage.

Calchas, however, ordained that this towering mass
be erected, 185

Knit with timbers of oak, and lifted high to the
heavens,

So that it never might pass your gates, nor enter
your city,

Nor your people protect by the shield of their an-
cient religion.

For, if your hands affront the gifts that are vowed
to Minerva,

Then great ruin — on him may the gods rather
visit the omen! — 190

Surely shall fall on the kingdom of Priam and all
of you Trojans ;

But, if beneath your hands it ascend to the heights
of your city,

Asia, unprovoked, shall come with her legions to
Argos,

And upon us and ours this curse shall be fastened
forever.'

Through such treacherous words, and the art of
perjuring Sinon, 195

Credence was given the tale ; and we were en-
snared by devices,

Trapped by treacherous tears, whom Diomed never
had conquered,

Nor Larissæan Achilles, a decade, nor thousands
of warships.

Here something other and greater, and far more
fitted to frighten,

Happened to us, and filled with dismay our un-
prepared bosoms. 200

Priestly Laocoön, chosen by lot for the service of
Neptune,

Chanced a huge bull to be slaying in front of the
consecrate altar.

Lo, twin serpents from Tenedos, over the motion-
less water, —

Still do I shudder to tell it, — writhing in huge undulations,

Burden the sea, and side by side, to the shore are advancing. 205

See! 'mid the surf their breasts are erect, and their terrible blood-red

Crests command the waves, while the hinder part of their bodies

Sweeps through the sea, and their giant backs are coiling in spirals.

Now there's a sound in the seething brine: now they glide to the seashore;

Tinged with blood and with fire, their eyes are angrily blazing, 210

While with their flickering tongues their hissing lips they are licking.

Pale, we flee from the sight; but they, in a course undeflected,

Rush on Laocoön; then, at first, each serpent surrounding

One of his sons with its coils, embraces his delicate body,

Tearing the limbs with its teeth, and mangling the pitiful morsels. 215

Then himself, rushing up to their aid, and bearing his weapons,

Seizing, they bind with their spirals huge; and when they have circled

Doubly about his waist, and doubly his throat have enfolded

Close with their scale-clad breasts, their heads and long necks rise above him.

Then with both his hands he strains at the knots that enclose him; 220

Dyed are his fillets with blood, and blackened by
splashes of venom ;

Frightful shrieks he utters the while, appealing to
heaven ;

Roars like the wounded bull, that, breaking away
from the altar,

Angrily shakes from his neck the axe that wavered
in falling.

But the two dragons have glided away to the
height of the temple ;

225

Lo, they are seeking in flight the shrine of relent-
less Minerva ;

Now, at her very feet, by the orb of her shield are
they sheltered.

Then indeed through each trembling heart steals
fresh trepidation ;

Then it is whispered about that Laocoön justly
hath suffered

Punishment for his crime, in that with the point
of his weapon

230

He hath dishonored the sacred oak, with his im-
pious iron

Piercing its breast ; all cry : ‘ Let the image be
brought to the temple !

Heaven’s forgiveness invoked.’

Then, dividing the ramparts, we open the walls of
our city ;

All are girded for work, arranging the gliding of
rollers

235

Under its feet, while cables of hemp they attach to
the shoulders.

Lo, the engine of death with its burden of soldiers
in armor

Crosses the walls, while around it our boys and in-
nocent maidens

Carol their sacred hymns and joyously tug at the
cable.

Still it advances, and, threatening, glides to the
heart of the city. 240

Country of mine! O, Ilium, home of the gods!
and ye Trojan

Bulwarks famous in war! four times at the gate's
very threshold

Halting it stopped; four times from within came
a rattling of armor;

Nevertheless, we continue, unheeding, and blind
in our madness,

Till in our holy tower we have lodged the calami-
tous monster. 245

Then Cassandra, too, unsealed with a song of the
future

Lips, by command of Apollo, forever unheeded by
Trojans.

We, poor wretches, for whom that day should have
no to-morrow,

Covered the shrines of the gods with garlands of
joy through the city.

Meanwhile the sky was revolving, and Night,
rushing up from the ocean, 250

Folded around with shadows vast the earth and
the heavens,

Hiding the Myrmidon wiles; the Trojans, dis-
persed through the city,

All became silent; their limbs, overwearied, close
pinioned by slumber.

Yet already the Grecian host, their boats in a
column,

Soon as the stern of the royal ship had flashed up
the signal, 255

Bound for the well-known shores of Troy, from
Tenedos loosing,
On through the friendly hush of the silent moon
were advancing.

Meanwhile Sinon, secure in the partial favor of
heaven,

Stealthily loosens the bars of pine and releases the
Grecians.

Yawning, the horse gives them back to the air ;
from the dark oaken hollow 260

Gladly they press, Thessandrus and Sthenelus
leading, and Thoas,

Acamas, too, and Ulysses, all gliding down on a
lowered

Rope ; Neoptolemus, grandson of Peleus ; though
first was Machaon,

Then Menelaüs, and lastly Epeus, who framed the
imposture.

Now they steal through the town, deep buried in
wine and in slumber ; 265

Now are the guards cut down, and, the gates flying
open, they welcome

All their companions and friends, and join their
confederate forces.

It was the time when sleep, God's gift to his suf-
fering children,

First begins, and silently steals full sweetly upon
them.

Fronting my eyes in dreams, behold, most sorrow-
ful Hector 270

Seems to be standing before me ; his tears are
falling in torrents ;

Just as of yore when bound to the car, and dark
with the bloody

Dust ; his feet pierced through ; and rankling with
thongs of leather.

Ah, my heart, what a sight ! Alas, how changed
from that Hector

Proudly returning from war, adorned with the
* spoils of Achilles ; 275

Or, as on Grecian ships he hurled his Phrygian
fire-brands !

Stiff was his beard with blood ; blood-stiffened the
locks on his forehead ;

Bearing those numberless wounds, which under
the walls of his country

He had received. Then weeping myself, I seemed
to upbraid him ;

Fain to express with my voice the distress that
burdened my bosom : 280

‘ O thou light of Dardania ; surest hope of the
Trojans,

Why dost thou come so late ? From what far
country, my Hector,

Comest thou, waited long ? Alas, that worn and
discouraged,

Only now we behold thee, when hosts of thy com-
rades have fallen !

After the manifold woes of war and our town !
What unworthy 285

Cause hath disfigured the calm of thy face ? Why
comest thou wounded ? ’

Naught he replied, nor at all did he heed my idle
inquiries ;

Gravely drawing instead a groan from the depth
of his bosom,

‘ Ah, thou child of a goddess,’ he said, ‘ escape
from these burnings !

Enemies hold the walls ; Troy falls from her proud
elevation ! 290

Now for our country and Priam, enough hath been
done ; if our city

Could have been saved by the hand of man, my
hand would have saved it ;

Troy entrusts unto thee her sacred rites and her
hearth-gods ;

Take them to share thy fate, for them seek a wide-
spreading city,

Which, after roaming the sea, thou shalt finally
build in their honor.' 295

Ceasing, he brings with his hands the fillets, and
powerful Vesta,

Also the deathless fire from the innermost shrine
of her chapel.

Meanwhile in every part is the city commingled in
mourning ;

Clearer and still more clear, though the home of
my father Anchises

Stands remote and sheltered by trees, retired from
the highway, 300

Sounds are distinguished, and rushes upon us the
rumble of battle.

Then do I start from my slumber, and, clambering
up to the turret,

Mount to the roof, and, standing erect, attentively
listen ;

Just as when over a wheat-field a flame with a
furious tempest

Rushes along, or with mountain-born flood an im-
petuous torrent 305

Levels the fields, and the harvest glad, and the
labors of oxen,

Headlong dragging the groves, a shepherd, at loss
for its meaning,

Catching the sound from his rocky height, stands
mute and bewildered.

Then, indeed, flashes the truth into light, and the
plots of the Grecians

Dawn on our minds ; and, now, Deïphobus' wide-
spreading palace, 310

Vanquished by fire, is wrecked ; Ucalegon blazes
beside it ;

While the broad straits of Sigeum are gleaming
afar in the firelight.

Rises a clamor of men ; an alarum is sounded by
trumpets ;

Arms, in my folly, I seize, nor in arms have I
needful discretion.

Yet is my heart on fire to assemble a band for the
conflict, 315

And with my comrades rush on to the citadel ;
fury and anger

Sweep me along, and I dream of the glory of dying
in battle.

Panthus, too, behold, escaped from the spears of
the Argives,

Panthus Othryades, priest of the citadel, priest of
Apollo,

Temple service, and vanquished gods, and one little
grandson 320

Dragging unaided, and rushing distractedly up to
my doorway.

‘ Where is the brunt of the battle, O Panthus ?
What tow’r are we taking ? ’

Scarce had I spoken thus, when he sighed, and
returned me this answer :

‘Troy’s last day has come, and the irresistible
moment ;
Trojans we were, Troy was, and the grandeur of
Teucrian glory ! 325
Pitiless Jupiter now hath transferred all his favor
to Argos ;
Now in a city of flame the Greeks are ruling tri-
umphant ;
Tow’ring aloft in the heart of the city, the horse
is outpouring
Soldiers in arms, and victorious Sinon insultingly
scatters
Fire as he goes ; while others crowd in as the gates
are thrown open, 330
Thousands as many as ever have come from mighty
Mycenæ.
Some have already beset with their weapons the
narrowing highways,
Blocking the streets ; an array of serried and glit-
tering spear-points
Stands with a threat of death ; scarce venture the
guards at the gateway
Battle at first, and resist in a blind and disorderly
struggle.’ 335
Then, by the will of the gods, and the words by
Othryades spoken,
Into the flames and the fight I am borne, whither
gloomy Erinys,
Whither the uproar calls ; and clamor arises to
heaven,
Ripheus and Epytus, bravest in battle, revealed
by the moonlight,
Join me as trusty friends, while Hypanis also, and
Dymas 340

Take their place by my side, together with youth-
ful Corcebus,
Offspring of Mygdon, who then, as it happened,
had come to the city
Kindled at heart by a foolish and passionate love
of Cassandra,
Bringing, for love to the daughter, his aid to the
king and the Trojans ;
Happier far had he heeded the counsel his bride
in her frenzy 345
Uttered in vain.
When I perceive them close banded together and
nerved for the conflict,
Thus I begin : ‘ Young men, brave hearts ; alas,
vain are the bravest !
If you still have the desire to follow me while I
adventure
Certain destruction ; for ours, as you see, is a
desperate mission, 350
All of the gods in whose strength this empire was
strong have deserted,
Leaving their altars and shrines ; you run to the
aid of a burning
Town ; let us die ; let us rush with all haste to the
thick of the combat ;
’T is the one safety of them that are conquered to
hope for no safety ! ’
Thus, in the hearts of the youths desperation is
kindled ; thenceforward, 355
Like unto ravening wolves in the vapors of night,
driven onward
Blind and mad with the torture of hunger, whose
cubs, long deserted,
Wait them with parching throats, we go, through
weapons, through foemen,

Marching to certain death, straight on through
the heart of the city

Holding our course ; dark night hovers round us
with shadowy pinions. 360

Who can untangle with words that night of death
and of carnage?

Who is able with tears to equal the flood of our
sorrows ?

Crumbles the ancient town, after so many years of
dominion.

Everywhere through the streets is a swath of mo-
tionless bodies ;

Nay, through our very homes, and the hallowed
halls of our temples. 365

Nor is the vengeance of blood from Teucrians only
demanded ;

Sometimes courage returns even into the hearts of
the vanquished ;

Some of our conquerors fall, there is ev'rywhere
pitiful wailing,

Ev'rywhere trembling, and ev'rywhere Death's
ever-multiplied image.

First of the Grecians to meet us, Androgeos,
heading his column, 370

Welcomes us gladly, believing that we are a
friendly detachment,

Little he knows ! and offers us freely this kind
admonition :

'Hasten, my men ! What slothfulness brings
you so tardily hither ?

Here are the rest of us plundering Troy, and sack-
ing the blazing

Citadel ; while ye now first come from the tower-
ing vessels.' 375

Spoken had he, and, at once, for hardly assuring
responses

Greeted his words, he perceived that he stood sur-
rounded by foemen.

He was astounded, recoiling a step with an outcry
of terror ;

Just as a man who in struggling along amid briery
brambles

Unexpectedly steps on a serpent, and, suddenly
startled, 380

Shrinks as it rises in wrath, distending its collar of
azure ;

Not unlike him, did Androgeos tremblingly start
when he saw us.

On them we rush, and encompass them round with
the surge of our weapons,

Dropping them right and left, for terror had taken
them captive,

Ignorant of the ground. We are launched with a
breeze of good fortune. 385

Flushed by victory, then, and exulting in spirit,
Corœbus

Cries, ' O my comrades, where, first, kind fortune
discloses a pathway

Leading to safety, and where she is beckoning,
there let us follow !

Let us exchange our shields ; on ourselves fit the
Grecian devices ;

Courage or craft in an enemy, who can be quib-
bling about them ? 390

They shall themselves provide armor.' So say-
ing, he puts on the crested

Helm that Androgeos wore, and his shield with its
beautiful emblem,

While he adjusts to his side a sword of Grecian
designing.

Ripheus follows his lead, and Dymas, and all of
the others,

Youthful and glad, each arming himself from the
newly won trophies. 395

On we advance, intermingled with Greeks, out of
favor with Heaven,

And, in the blindness of night, as we run upon
many a battle,

Join in the fight, and despatch not a few of the
Grecians to Hades.

Others disperse to their ships, and hasten in flight
to the faithful

Shores of the sea ; and some, in ignominious ter-
ror, 400

Climb back into the horse, and are hid in its well-
known recesses.

Ah ! when the gods are offended, there 's nothing
't is right to confide in.

For, from the temple and shrine of Minerva a
maiden is ravished,

Even the daughter of Priam, Cassandra, her hair
in disorder,

Lifting her glittering eyes to Heaven in vain sup-
plication, 405

Lifting her eyes, for her delicate hands are cruelly
shackled.

This is a sight not brooked by the fiery soul of
Corœbus ;

Instantly, heedless of death, he springs to the
midst of the rabble ;

All of us follow his lead, and charge with our
spears in a column.

Then we are first overwhelmed by a javelin-show'r
which the Trojans 410

Hurl from the roof of a temple; then follows
most piteous carnage,

Due to the style of our arms, the mistake of our
Danaan helmets.

Then do the Greeks with a roar, enraged by the
loss of the maiden,

Gather from every side, and attack us;—most
furious Ajax,

Twins of Atreus, both, and all the Dolopian
army; 415

Just as a bursting tornado, when winds from
opposite quarters

Fiercely contend; both Zephyrus, Notus, and
Eurus enjoying

Orient steeds; while forests are screaming, and
foam-covered Neptune

Ruthlessly plunges his trident and churns the
deep sea to the bottom.

Also, if any by guile in the darkness of night
through the shadows 420

We have dispersed in flight, and scattered all over
the city,

They, too, appear and, first, our shields and coun-
terfeit weapons

Recognize, afterward noting the dissonant tones
of our voices.

We are outnumbered and crushed in a moment,
and first falls Corcæbus,

Slain by Peneleus' hand at the shrine of the God-
dess of Battle. 425

Ripheus also falls, and he was by far the most
righteous

Ever was known in Troy, and the most observant
of justice ;
Otherwise thought the gods ; both Dymas and
Hypanis perish,
Pierced by their friends, nor, alas ! did all thy
devotion, O Panthus,
Shield thee when thou didst fall, nor the sacred
bands of Apollo. 430
Witness, ye ashes of Troy, ye funeral fires of my
people,
Witness that in your fall I shrank from no Da-
naan weapons,
Shunned no hazard of Greeks ; and, were it my
fate to have fallen,
I had deserved it by valor. From thence we are
suddenly hurried,
Iphitus, Pelias, I ; but Iphitus already stag-
gered 435
Under his years, while Pelias lagged with a wound
from Ulysses.
Summoned by outcries, we hasten at once to the
palace of Priam.
Here do we witness a battle indeed, as great as if
nowhere
Other battles had been, nor any lay dead in the
city ;
Such is the fury of Mars, and the Greeks, how
they charge on the palace ! 440
See how the doorway is blocked ; how the shields
made a roof for the soldiers.
Ladders are hugging the walls ; nay, right by the
side of the doorposts,
Crowding the steps, with the left hand opposing
their shields to the javelins,

Soldiers reach up with the right, and grapple the
edge of the cornice.

Trojans, on their part, are tearing the tiles from
the top of the palace, 445

Turret and roof, foreseeing the end, and prepare
with such missiles

Means of defense in their struggle with Death,
already triumphant ;

Also the gilded beams, their ancestors' proud deco-
rations,

Tumble they down, while the rest draw sword and
block every passage

Down below, where they stand on guard in a ser-
ried battalion. 450

Kindled anew are our souls to relieve the imperial
mansion,

Succor the men by our aid, and strengthen the
hearts of the vanquished.

There was an entrance with secret doors, once
used as a passage,

Joining the wings of the palace ; its entrance, a
postern, neglected,

Gave on the rear ; by this, as long as the empire
continued, 455

Hapless Andromache often had gone, unattended,
to visit

Hector's parents, and little Astyanax lead to his
grandsire.

Slipping in there, I mount to the topmost roof,
whence the Trojans,

Pitiful sight, still hurled with their hands ineffec-
tual weapons.

Right on the edge of the roof of the palace a tur-
ret was standing, 460

Towering under the stars ; all Troy and the Grecian encampments

Used to be seen from thence, and the Danaan ships in the harbor.

This we attack with our spears at a place where the uppermost stories

Loosening joints present ; and, tearing it loose from its lofty

Seat, we topple it down ; and, suddenly sliding, it tumbles 465

Wrecked, with a crash, and far and wide on the ranks of the Grecians

Falls ; but others come up ; and meanwhile, with no interruption,

Stones are filling the air, and missiles of every fashion.

Close to the entrance court, at the very doors of the palace,

Pyrrhus, exulting stands in a brazen glitter of armor, 470

Just as a snake that has fed on poisonous herbs, after lying

Swollen under the earth through the cold and the darkness of winter,

Now, renewing its youth, new clad in glittering splendor,

Rolls its slippery back in a coil, while its neck is uplifted

Into the light, and its three-forked tongue is incessantly flashing. 475

Next him is Periphas huge, and Automedon bearing his armor.

Armor-bearer now, once charioteer of Achilles.

All the Scyrian youth hurl brands to the roof of the palace.

Pyrrhus, himself, at their head, having seized a
huge axe, double-bladed,
Breaks through the stubborn sills, and tears the
bronze posts from their sockets : 480
Now he has cut out the beam, and hewn through
the tough oaken timber.
What a wide gap he has made ! what a yawning
and terrible window
Showing the home within ! long hallways open
their vistas ;
Priam's apartments appear ; and the chambers of
earlier monarchs ;
While, close up to the door, behold armed soldiery
standing. 485
Ah ! but the home within, with wailing and piti-
ful tumult
Grows confused, and, far in the inner court of the
palace,
Hear that shrieking of women ! The golden
planets are startled !
Then through the spacious hallways, wander the
shuddering matrons ;
Lo, they cling to the doors ; they are printing the
portals with kisses. 490
On presses Pyrrhus, true son of his father, no
bars can withstand him,
Nay, nor the guards themselves ; the door to his
thunder incessant
Yields ; and the doorposts, hurled from their
sockets, are falling before him.
Forcing their way, they burst in the doors, and the
in-thronging Grecians
Butcher the first that oppose, and flood the broad
hallway with soldiers ; 495

Not so madly the white foaming river sweeps over
the cornfield,
Bursting its banks, and whirling away the dykes
that oppose it,
Rolling its watery mass, and over the low-lying
meadow,
Sweeping both herds and barns. I saw them in
murderous frenzy,
Saw them myself in the doorway, Pyrrhus and
both the Atridæ ; 500
Hecuba, too, I beheld, and her hundred daughters,
and Priam,
Quenching with bloody defilement the fires he had
kindled to Vesta.
Those fifty chambers of marriage, strong hope of
unbroken succession,
Fitted with doors of barbaric gold, and resplen-
dent with trophies,
Sink to the dust, and the Greeks' hold fast where
the flames are relenting. 505
But, perchance thou are querying what were the
fortunes of Priam.
When he hath witnessed the fall of the captured
town, and the palace
Doors from their hinges torn, and the foe in the
midst of his household,
Armor long disused, on shoulders aged and trem-
bling,
Vainly the old man girds, and is belted about with
his useless 510
Sword, and, resolved on death, runs to meet the
dense throng of assailants.
Out in the court of the palace, and under the
dome of the heavens,

There was an altar huge, o'erhung by a patriarch
laurel,

Leaning over the shrine and folding the gods in
its shadow.

Hecuba here, and her daughters, were crouching
in vain by the altar, 515

Huddling like terrified doves in the gathering
gloom of a tempest ;

Clinging with desperate arms to the gods that
were imaged in marble.

But, as her eyes beheld Priam, in youthful armor
accoutred,

' Ah ! my poor husband,' she cried, ' what purpose
so frightful hath urged thee

Thus to be girded with arms ? or where art thou
rushing so madly ? 520

Not such assistance as thine, nor such defenders
as thou art,

Times like these demand ; nay, not if my Hector
were with us !

Yield to my prayer and come ; we shall all be
saved by this altar,

Or thou wilt die with us here.' Thus speaking,
she tenderly drew him

Close to her side, and shielded his age in the sa-
cred asylum. 525

But, from the slaughter of Pyrrhus escaped, lo,
here is Polites,

One of the sons of Priam ; he flies through the
darts of the Grecians,

Down the corridors long, and dashes through
courts all deserted,

Wounded ; while Pyrrhus, on fire, pursues him
with threatening weapon ;

Now, even now, with his hand he hath touched him ;
now pressed with his spear-point. 530

Breaking away at last, right under the eyes of his
parents,

Fainting he falls, and with torrents of blood is
yielding his spirit.

Hereupon, Priam, though death already is closing
about him,

None the less draws not back, nor checking his
voice and his anger,

‘ Ay, may the gods,’ he cries, ‘ if there be any jus-
tice in Heaven 535

Heedful of such concerns, for a crime like this,
for this outrage,

Render thee fitting thanks, and grant thee a just
compensation,

Merited richly by thee who hast murdered my son
in my presence,

Causing the blood of a son to defile the face of his
father :

Nay, not Achilles himself, whom, thou liar, thou
callest thy father, 540

He was not such toward Priam, his foe ; he blushed
at dishonor,

Blushed at a suppliant’s faith, and he gave the
dead body of Hector

Back to the tomb, and me he returned unharmed
to my kingdom.’

So spake the aged king ; and a spear ineffective,
unwarlike,

Hurled ; but the ringing brass checked quickly
the impotent weapon 545

Harmlessly hanging there in the outermost boss
of the buckler.

Pyrrhus replied : ' Then take this message and go
as informer

Unto my father Achilles, to whom of my infamous
conduct

Fail not to speak, and remember your tale of de-
generate Pyrrhus ;

Now dost thou die ! ' and, with this, he hath
dragged him close to the altar 550

Trembling, and slipping about in the streaming
blood of Polites.

Now with his left hand twined in his hair, his right
draws a gleaming

Blade ; and now in his side to the hilt he hath
buried a dagger.

This was the end to which Priam was destined ;
this death was his portion ;

Fated to witness the burning of Troy, and the
citadel falling ; 555

Yesterday, haughty king of so many countries and
peoples,

Monarch of Asia ! he lies on the shore but a torso
colossal,

Head from the shoulders torn, a nameless, un-
recognized body.

Then first, I myself, by cruel fear was encom-
passed ;

I was dismayed ; there arose the form of my father
beloved 560

As I beheld the king, of like age, with injuries
mortal

Breathing away his life ; I thought of deserted
Creusa,

Then, of my home, and then, of the peril of little
Iulus.

Backward I look to discover what remnant of
force is about me.

All have deserted, forespent; they have leaped
from the roof in their terror, 565

Or to the flames in despair have given their suf-
fering bodies.

Thus am I left alone; when down in the temple
of Vesta,

Watching the door, and still, and shrinking back
in the shadow,

Helen of Greece I see, bright flames giving light
as I wander

Hither and thither, and turn my eyes on every
object. 570

She, fore-dreading the Trojans enraged by the
fall of their city,

Dreading the vengeance of Greece, and the wrath
of her husband forsaken,

Common scourge that she was both of Troy and
the land of her fathers;

There she hath hidden herself, and, detested, is
crouched by the altar.

Burns in my spirit a fire; I dream in my rage of
avenging 575

Teucra as she falls, of requiting the infamous
traitor.

Shall she, indeed, with impunity, Sparta and na-
tive Mycenæ

Greet with her eyes? Shall she go as a queen
who has conquered, in triumph?

Husband, and parents, and children, and home, is
she to behold them,

Tended by ladies of Troy, and served by Phrygian
captives? 580

This, and Priam slain, and Troy still smoking in
ashes ?

This, while all our coast still reeks with the blood
of the Trojans ?

Never ! for, though it be true that vengeance
wreaked on a woman

Wins no glorious name, though that victory bring
me no honor,

Yet, to have ended the wretch, to have evened the
balance of justice, 585

This will win ample praise ; and my soul shall
exult in avenging

Fire, and rejoice to have paid a just debt to my
countrymen's ashes.

While I was pondering thus, and yielding to furi-
ous anger,

Lo ! there appeared by my side the benignant
form of my mother,

Never so clearly revealed ; she gleamed through
the night in her glory, 590

Owning her nature divine, and retaining the grace
and the stature

Seen by the heavenly host, and, grasping my hand,
she detained me,

While, with her roseate lips, she uttered a stern
admonition :

‘ Son, what grief so profound hath aroused thine
intractable anger ?

Why dost thou rage ? or whither hath vanished
thy care for thy parents ? 595

First look where thou hast left thy father, aged
and helpless ;

Where is Anchises now ? Is thy wife Creusa still
living ?

Little Ascanius, too? All around them are bands
of the Grecians
Roaming on every side, and now, but for my in-
tervention,
Flames would have swept them away, and the
sword of the enemy slain them. 600
Not the detested form of Laconian Tyndarus'
daughter,
Nor the transgression of Paris; the wrath of Im-
mortals, Immortals,
Now overthrowing thy realm, hurls Troy from the
height of her glory.
Look! for the curtaining cloud that, veiling thee
now as thou gazest,
Darkens thy mortal view and diffuses its vapors
around thee, 605
I will wholly withdraw; nor of any behest of thy
mother
Be thou afraid, my son, nor refuse to obey her
commandments.
Here, where thou seest stone broken from stone,
huge masses of ruin,
Columns of smoke and dust confusedly mingled
together,
Neptune is heaving the walls by the might of his
terrible trident, 610
Shaking their rock-bound beds, and wrecking the
very foundations
Under the town; and here at the front, lo! piti-
less Juno
Watches the Scæan gate, and summons her bands
from the galleys,
Frenzied and girt with steel.
Now, on the roof of the castle, behold! Tritonian
Pallas, 615

Gleaming in cloud and glittering shield, hath
taken her station ;

Nay, the Great Father, himself, fresh courage and
strength is imparting

Unto the Greeks ; against Troy all the fury of
heaven arousing.

Fly, while thou canst, my son, and put an end to
the struggle ;

I will not leave thee until thou art safely at home
with thy father.' 620

Speaking no more, she was veiled by the deepening
shadows of midnight.

Terrible forms appeared, and, arrayed against
Troy, the embattled

Majesty of the skies.

Then, all Ilium seemed to me to be sinking in
ashes,

Utterly overthrown the imperial city of Nep-
tune ; 625

Yea, like an ancient ash that, crowning the crest
of a mountain,

Peasants are struggling together to drag to the
earth, after hacking

Round it with steel and with many an axe. It
constantly threatens,

Bows its shuddering head of leaves, and, jarred to
the summit,

Little by little now yields to its wounds, then utters
a dying 630

Groan, and, torn from the hills, down crashes,
majestic in ruin.

Now I descend, through flame and through foe,
led on by the goddess,

Making my way, while weapons give place, and the
fire shrinks before me.

Now, when at last I stood at the door of the home
of my fathers ; —
Dear old home that it was ! — my father whom I
was so anxious 635
First to bear to the hills ; yes, he whom first I was
seeking,
Stoutly refused to prolong his life and suffer in
exile
After the ruin of Troy ; ‘ O ye whose young
blood is still coursing
Fresh in your veins,’ he cries, ‘ whose strength
still abides in its vigor,
Take ye thought for flight ! 640
But, if the gods above had wished me to live any
longer,
They would have spared my home. ’T is enough,
and too much ! we have witnessed
One desolation, and once have survived the loss of
our city.
Thus, O thus, as it lies, speak the last farewell to
my body ;
Death with my hand I will find of myself, or the foe
will have pity, 645
Seeking the garments I leave ; and a tomb, well,
what does it matter !
Hated long by the gods, through profitless years
have I lingered,
Since the Creator of gods and Ruler of mortals in
anger
Touched me with finger of fire, and blasted my life
with his thunder.’
Such were the words he repeated persistently, fixed
in his purpose. 650
Meanwhile, bathed in tears, myself and Creusa
together,

Little Ascanius, yea, the whole household, entreated my father

Not to destroy us all, nor add a fresh pang to our sorrow.

Still he refused, still held unchanged his purpose and posture,

Driving me back to the fight, for death was the choice of my anguish. 655

What availed prudence now, what hope had fortune to offer ?

That I could lift a foot, my father, if thou wert forsaken,

Hast thou believed ; or named with thy lips a crime so abhorrent ?

If the immortals have willed that so mighty a city shall perish,

If this be fixed in thy mind, and thou longest to add to the ruin 660

Both thyself and thine own, the door to that death is wide open ;

Pyrrhus will soon be here, still red with the murder of Priam ;

Son in the sight of the father, and father at altar he butchers.

Is it for this thou hast brought me, dear mother, through weapons and burnings,

Only to see the foe in the midst of my home, and to witness 665

Father, and son, and wife, Ascanius close to Creusa, Huddled together in death, each stained by the blood of the other ?

Arms ! my men, bring arms ! the last morning is calling the vanquished.

Take me back to the Greeks ; rekindle the smouldering battle !

We may all die to-day, but not without tasting of
vengeance !' 670

Then, again girded with steel, my left hand to the
shield I was fitting,

While I was rapidly hastening out through the
door of the palace.

Lo, however, my wife, embracing my feet on the
threshold,

Clung to me there, holding out to his father our
little Iulus.

'If thou art rushing to death, take us with thee
wherever thou goest ; 675

But, if, through trial, thou hast any faith in the
arms thou hast taken,

First defend this home. Who will care for our
little Iulus ?

Who for thy father ? And whom has thy once
honored wife to protect her ?'

Shrieking these words aloud, she filled the whole
house with her wailing,

When, unexpectedly, rises before us a marvelous
omen 680

'Mid the embraces and parting words of his sor-
rowing parents ;

For, a light tongue of fire appears on the head of
Iulus,

Shedding a lambent light, and a flame, quite gentle
and harmless,

Seems to be kissing his curly hair and caressing
his temples.

Startled, and trembling with fear, we hasten to
shake out the blazing 685

Hair, and strive to extinguish the sacred flame at
the fountain.

Father Anchises, however, uplifting his eyes to
the planets,

Joyously stretched his hands to the sky, and made
his petition :

‘ Jupiter, lord of all, if prayers are ever availing,
Look thou upon us ; we ask no more ; and, if we
are worthy, 690

Then, vouchsafe thine aid, O Father, and second
these omens ! ’

Scarce had the old man spoken these words, when,
suddenly pealing,

Thundered the left, and a star rushed down from
the sky through the darkness,

Drawing a glittering train, and passing in terrible
splendor.

Then, after gliding high over the roof of the pal-
ace, we saw it 695

Bury itself, unquenched, in the depths of the for-
est of Ida,

Ploughing a flaming way, and then the long track
of its furrow

Blazes with light, and widely around smokes the
mountain with sulphur.

Then, indeed, overcome, my father slowly arises,
Speaks to the gods in prayer, and blesses the star
they have sent him. 700

‘ Now, no longer delay ! wherever thou leadest, I
follow.

Gods of my fathers, protect my home, watch over
my children !

Yours is the augury ; Troy is still in your merci-
ful keeping.

Yes, I yield, and now, ’ my son, lead on and I fol-
low.’

Yet, as he speaks, even now, through the town the
fire is more clearly 705

Heard, and the billows of flame are rolling nearer
and nearer.

‘Come then, father belovéd, behold, my neck is
thy refuge !

See ! my shoulders I bend ; such freight is no wea-
risome burden.

Be the event as it may, our share of the danger is
equal ;

Equal our share of hope ; now, closely let little
Iulus 710

Cling to my side, and my wife at a distance shall
follow our footsteps.

You, my servants, to what I shall say, give closest
attention :

There is a hill as you pass from the town, and a
temple of Ceres,

Old and disused ; and a tree, an old cypress, is
standing beside it,

Saved through all these years by the reverent faith
of the fathers : 715

Following different paths, we shall meet in this
common asylum.

Father, thy hand must receive our sacred utensils
and hearth-gods ;

I, coming forth from so mighty a war, still reek-
ing with slaughter,

Dare not approach them now ; nor until in a free-
flowing fountain

I shall have bathed.’ 720

Having thus spoken, my bended neck and the
breadth of my shoulders

Covering with a cloak and the tawny skin of a lion,

Under my burden I rise ; to my right hand little
Iulus
Tightly is clinging, and striving in vain to keep
step with his father ;
Follows my wife behind, and we hasten along
through the shadows. 725
Me, whom, an hour before, no rain of weapons had
daunted,
No, nor the Greeks, though they charged in a mass
from the front of the column,
Now each breeze dismayed, each sound now filled
with disquiet,
Hesitant, doubly afraid for the charge of my hand
and my shoulders.
And we were now drawing nigh to the gate ; we
had turned the last corner, 730
Breathing more freely, when, all on a sudden, the
trampling of footsteps
Rang in our ears, and then, peering forth through
the shadow, my father
Shouted, ‘ Beware, my son ! away, my son ! they
are coming !
Blazing shields and glittering brass, I see right
before us.’
In my alarm, I know not what malevolent spirit 735
Seized my disordered mind, for, hurrying on
through a by-path,
When I had passed from the beaten track of the
well-known highway,
Woe is me ! my wife, Creusa, was torn from my
bosom
By some grievous fate ; did she stop ? did she
stray ? was she weary ?
No one can tell ; but, alas, she was never restored
to our vision ; 740

Nay, I looked not back to discover my loss, nor
was troubled

Till we had come to the mound of ancient Ceres,
and entered

Into her sacred shrine ; but there, when we all met
together,

One was not ; one failed her friends and her son
and her husband.

Whom of the gods or of men did I spare in my
foolish upbraiding? 745

What more cruel thing had I seen in the desolate
city?

Little Ascanius, father Anchises, the Trojan
Penates,

All I entrust to my friends and hide in a shelter-
ing hollow,

Then seek the city again, and am girded with glit-
tering armor,

Bent on renewing all risks, resolved all Troy to
retraverse, 750

Ready once more to hazard my life, to confront
every peril.

First, I retrace my way to the walls and the
shadowy gateway

Whence I had made my escape ; and, closely ob-
serving my footsteps,

Follow them back through the night and trace them
by flashes of firelight.

Horror is all around, the very silence affrights
me. 755

Thence I haste to my home, if perhaps, — if per-
haps, — she has thither

Guided her feet. The Greeks have rushed in and
are crowding our dwelling ;

All is now lost ; fierce flames are wreathing the
roofs of the turrets,

Surges of fire arise, and roll to the heavens in
fury.

Yet I go on to the palace of Priam and visit the
castle ; 760

Already now in the desolate courts, in Juno's
asylum,

Guardians chosen for might, both Phenix and sav-
age Ulysses,

Keep their eyes on the spoil ; for hither the Teu-
crian treasures

Snatched from blazing shrines are brought from
all parts of the city ;

Sacred tables, and stolen robes, and bowls from
the temple, 765

All of pure gold. An array of boys and shud-
dering matrons

Hover around.

Then I even dared to drive my voice through
the shadows,

Filling the streets with my cries and sadly shout-
ing ' Creusa,'

Vainly repeating her name, and calling it over and
over. 770

Still I was searching and rushing distractedly over
the city,

When the unhappy form, yea, the spirit itself, of
Creusa,

Rose before my eyes, a familiar but glorified image.
Bristled my hair with fright, and my tongue be-
came speechless with terror.

Then, unclosing her lips, she spoke and ended my
trouble : 775

‘ Why doth it please thee, my husband belovéd,
to yield to this frantic

Passion of grief? These events come not without
sanction of Heaven.

Thou art forbidden to carry Creusa to share in
thine exile!

This is forbidden by him, who is throned upon
lofty Olympus.

Banishment long for thee! thou must plough the
great plain of the ocean; 780

Yea, thou shalt come to that Western land, where
Lydian Tiber

Rolleth his peaceful tide through fields that bring
wealth to the people.

There prosperity waits, and a throne; and, a
daughter of princes,

There is a wife for thee; weep not for thy cher-
ished Creusa.

I shall not look on the Myrmidon homes, nor
Dolopian grandeur, 785

Nor shall I go as a slave to serve the Pelasgian
matrons;

I! a Dardanian princess, and child of the Queen
of the Heavens;

But the Great Mother of gods detaineth me here
in her mountains;

Now, farewell, and cherish thy love for the son I
have borne thee.’

When she had spoken thus, she left me weeping
and longing 790

So many things to say; like a mist of the morning
she vanished.

Thrice I attempted to throw my arms round her
neck as she stood there,

Thrice, unavailingly clasped, the vision denied my
embraces

Like the light kiss of the wind, still more like a
dream in its swiftness.

So, at last, when the night is done, I return to
my comrades ; 795

Here, with amazement, I find a great number of
faithful companions,

Comrades new who have gathered here, both ma-
trons and heroes,

Youth, also, banded in exile, — a wretched and
mournful assembly, —

Flocking from every side, and prepared with heart
and with treasure

Bravely to follow my lead o'er the sea, not ques-
tioning whither. 800

Now o'er the rugged brow of Mount Ida the day-
star was rising,

Ushering in the dawn ; and the Greeks were hold-
ing the guarded

Entrance of every gate ; Troy needed my succor
no longer.

Yielding, at last, I caught up my father and fled
to the mountain.

BOOK III

AFTER it pleased the gods to destroy the Asian
kingdom,
Even the guiltless nation of Priam ; when Ilium,
haughty,
Fell, and all Neptunian Troy lay smoking in
ashes,
We, by tokens divine, are driven abroad into
exile,
Seeking an unknown land ; and under the walls of
Antandros, 5
Under the Phrygian mountain of Idá, we fashion
our galleys,
Knowing not whither the Fates may lead, where
grant us a refuge.
Likewise we gather our men. It was only the
dawning of summer
When ' Give sails to the Fates ' was the order of
father Anchises.
Then I abandon with tears my native shore, and
the harbor, 10
Yea, and the plain where Troy hath been. I am
borne as an exile
Over the deep, with my son and my friends, my
gods and Penates.
There is a distant land, broad-fielded, well-peo-
pled, and warlike,
Tilled by the Thracians, and formerly governed by
daring Lycurgus,

Ancient confederate friend of Troy, in a holy
alliance, 15

Long as our star shone bright. Hither-borne, I
erect on its winding

Shore my earliest walls, — for the Fates were al-
ready against me, —

Making a name from my own, and calling my
people Æneads.

Down on the shore, I was offering gifts unto Venus,
my mother,

And to the gods who preside over new undertak-
ings ; a shining 20

Bull was I slaying for Jove, great king of the
dwellers in heaven.

Near me, by chance, rose a mound whose top bore
bushes of cornel,

Also the lance-like wands of a bristling thicket of
myrtle ;

This I approached, but, when I endeavored to
pluck the green branches

Up from the earth, that with dark leafy boughs I
might cover the altars, 25

Dreadful and strange to relate was the omen that
greeted my vision ;

For, as with snapping roots the bush first torn
from the hillock

Yields to my hand, dark drops of blood ooze out,
and with crimson

Color the earth. Cold chills unnerve my shiver-
ing body,

While my freezing blood congeals with shudder-
ing terror. 30

Still do I venture once more to gather another
tough cornel,

Seeking deeply to probe the mysterious cause of
the portent ;

When, from the bark of the second, lo ! drops of
dark blood again trickle.

Anxiously pondering then, I entreated the nymphs
of the woodland,

Father Gradivus, too, for he cares for the fields of
the Thracians, 35

That they would hallow the sight, and graciously
lighten the omen.

But, as again and with greater force I pull at the
saplings,

Struggling hard with my knees on the sand that
resists my endeavor,

Shall I be silent or speak ? There arises the
mournfullest moaning

Out of the depths of the earth, and a voice replies
as I listen : 40

‘ Why dost thou mangle my body, Æneas ? Why
trouble my slumber ?

Spare me ! Spare to defile thine innocent hands.
Not an alien

Unto thyself was I born in Troy ; and not from a
cornel

Trickles this blood. Ah ! fly from this covetous
shore, from this cruel

Land ! Polydorus am I, and here transfixed, hath
an iron 45

Harvest of spears overwhelmed me, and grown to
a forest of lances.’

Verily then by a twofold fear was I troubled in
spirit ;

Bristled my hair with fright, and my tongue be-
came speechless with terror.

Long before this, when first he despaired of the
 arms of the Trojans,
 Seeing the city already surrounded and closely
 beleaguered, 50
 Sorrowful Priam had secretly sent to the king of
 the Thracians
 This Polydorus, with treasure of gold, to be reared
 in the palace ;
 He, when the power of the Trojans was broken,
 when Fortune had left them,
 Joining the side of the Greeks, and choosing vic-
 torious standards,
 Violates every right ; Polydorus he murders, and
 seizes 55
 Forcibly on the gold. Accurséd hunger for
 riches,
 Unto what crime constrainest thou not the spirit
 of mortals !
 After my terror subsides, I report to the chiefs of
 my people,
 First to my father, the signs of the gods, and beg
 for their counsel.
 All are agreed in mind ; to depart from the infa-
 mous country, 60
 Flee from the treacherous land, and give the
 south winds to our galleys.
 Therefore we pay Polydorus the honors of burial,
 raising
 High o'er his grave a mound, and an altar we
 build to his spirit,
 Mournful with fillets of black, and dark with fu-
 nereal cypress.
 Matrons of Troy attend, with hair unbound, as our
 way is ; 65

Then, after this, new milk in foaming vessels we
offer,
Chalices also of sacred blood, giving rest to his
spirit
There in the grave, and, at last, with loud fare-
wells do we leave him.
Then, when first we can trust to the deep, and the
winds give a quiet
Sea, and the southern breeze, low whispering, calls
to the ocean, 70
Then my companions uncable their ships, and
throng to the beaches.
Outward borne from the harbor, the cities and
shores are retreating.
There's a delightful land in the midst of the sea.
It is sacred
Both to the Nereids' mother, and Neptune who
rules the Ægean ;
Once it went drifting from shore to shore, but holy
Apollo 75
Linked it securely to Myconos, moored it to Gya-
ros lofty,
Rendered it safe to be lived in, and taught it to
laugh at the tempests.
Hither I drift ; this island of peace, with its shel-
tering harbor,
Welcomes the weary ; we land, and worship the
home of Apollo.
Anius, king of the people, and priest of the Tem-
ple of Phœbus, 80
Fillets and sacred wreaths of laurel encircling his
temples,
Hastens to greet us, and finds an old friend in my
father Anchises.

Then do we join right hands in friendship, and enter their dwellings.

I was adoring the god in an ancient temple of marble: —

‘Grant us, O Phœbus, a home of our own; grant walls to the wearied; 85

Children vouchsafe, and a permanent town; protect the new city;

Save us, a remnant escaped from the Greeks and from cruel Achilles.

Whom shall we follow? Or where dost thou bid us to go; where to settle?

Grant us, O Father, a sign; yea, make of our spirits thy temple.’

Scarcely had this been said, when ev’rything suddenly trembled, 90

Lintel, and laurel divine; the whole mountain about us was shaken,

And, as the doors of the shrine were unfolded, loud rumbled the caldron.

Humbly we fall to the earth; the oracle speaks, and we listen:

‘Brave-hearted Trojans, the land that at first from the stock of your fathers

Fostered your earliest growth, the same shall receive you with gladness, 95

Safe to her bosom restored; ye must patiently seek your old mother.

There shall the sons of Æneas be masters of every sea-coast,

They and their children’s children, and all generations that follow.’

Phœbus hath uttered these words: then rise loud shouts of rejoicing;

While we all question what land this may be ;
and whither Apollo, 100
Ordering us to return, is calling the wanderers
homeward.
Then, my dear father, recalling the legends of
primitive heroes,
Cries, ‘ Give ear, O chiefs, and learn of the hopes
you inherit ;
Crete, an island of Jove supreme, lies far in the
ocean ;
There is Mount Ida, and there is the cradle that
cherished our nation ; 105
Populous cities an hundred are there, most fruitful
dominions ;
Thence, if I rightly recall the tradition, the first
of our fathers,
Teucer, was carried, in days of old, to the Rhœ-
tian sea-board ;
There chose a place for his realm. Not yet was
Ilium standing,
Nor the proud castles of Troy ; the people dwelt
low in the valleys ; 110
Hence the Great Mother of Cybela, hence Cory-
bantian cymbals,
Hence the Idean grove, and the rites of mysteri-
ous silence,
Also the lions in harness that bow to the yoke of
their mistress.
Come then, and whither the gods have shown us
the way, let us follow.
Let us invoke the winds ; let us haste to the Gno-
sian kingdoms ; 115
Not far distant are they ; let Jupiter only be with us,
And the third morning shall anchor our fleet in the
port of the Cretans.’

Thus having spoken, he slew at the altar appropriate victims ;

Offered to Neptune a bull, and a bull unto thee,
bright Apollo ;

Black was the lamb for the Storm, and white for
the favoring Zephyrs. 120

Flies a report that Idomeneus, forced to surrender his sceptre,

Hath from the realm of his father withdrawn, that
the shores are abandoned,

Houses free from a foe, and dwellings deserted
and empty.

Leaving Ortygia's harbor, we spread our sails to
the ocean ;

Coasting the Bacchanal mountains of Naxos, and
verdant Donysa, 125

Skirting Olearos, Paros, pure white, and the Cy-
clades scattered

Over the sea ; through straits that are fretted by
clustering islands.

Shouts of the sailors arise with varied and glad
emulation,

Calling aloud to each other, ' Sing ho ! for Crete
and our fathers ! '

Rising astern, a breeze follows after us hastening
onward, 130

Till we glide at last to the ancient coast of the
Cretans.

Eagerly then do I build the walls of my long
wished for city,

Calling it Pergamum, urging the citizens, proud of
their title,

Ever to love their homes, and to guard them by
building a fortress.

High and dry had most of our galleys been drawn
on the seashore ; 135

Occupied were our youth with weddings and work
in the cornfields ;

I was ordaining laws and homes ; when a wasting
infection

Suddenly fell on our frames from a tainted tract
of the heavens ;

Over our trees and crops came a piteous blight,
and a season

Fruitful in death ; men died, or dragged about
suffering bodies ; 140

Sirius parched our fields, and left them barren and
wasted ;

Scorched was the grass, and the withering corn
portended a famine.

Back to the shrine of Ortygia, back to Apollo, my
father

Urged us to go, to retrace the sea, and to pray
for his mercy ;

Asking what end he will give to our trouble, and
whence he will have us 145

Seek relief from our woes, or whither continue
our journey.

Now it was night, sleep holding the earth and
the souls of the living,

When the sacred forms of the Phrygian gods
and Penates

Which I had brought from Troy, from the midst
of the flames of the city,

Seemed to be standing before my eyes in a dream
as I slumbered. 150

Clearly they stood revealed, and were crowned
with a halo of glory

Where the full moon was pouring her light
through the deep sunken windows.

Then, addressing me thus, they spake and relieved
my foreboding :

‘ What Apollo would say if Ortygia thou shouldst
revisit,

Here he reveals of his own accord, sending us to
thy threshold. 155

We who, since Troy was burned, have accom-
panied thee and thy fortunes,

We who have measured with thee the heaving
main in thy galleys,

We, yes we, will exalt to the stars thy future de-
scendants ;

We will secure to thy city dominion. ’T is thine
to establish

Bulwarks of might for the mighty. Fear not the
long labor of exile ; 160

Thou must remove thy home ; these shores are not
for thy dwelling ;

Thou art not bidden to settle in Crete by Delian
Apollo ;

There is a place which is known as Hesperia, —
named by the Grecians, —

Ancient the land, prevailing in arms and abound-
ing in harvests,

Settled at first by Ænotrian men ; it is said their
descendants 165

Now have entitled the race from the name of their
leader, Italian.

This is our proper abode ; our Dardanus sprang
from this country

(Father Iasius, too) the prince who founded our
nation.

Come, then, arise! and report to thine aged father
with gladness
These undeniable words: it is Corythus he is to
search for, 170
And the Ausonian land; Jove denies thee the
meadows of Dicte.'
Stunned by a vision like this, by the voice of my
hearth-gods astounded,
(Nor was that sleep profound, but I seemed to re-
cognize plainly
Features and fillet-bound locks, and to see their
faces about me;
Then, too, an icy sweat was starting all over my
body,) 175
Springing up from my couch, I stretch to the hea-
vens my open
Palms, and cry aloud, and sprinkle a holy libation
Over the hearth; and then, having finished the
sacrifice, gladly
Hasten Anchises to tell, and unfold the whole
story in order.
Frankly he owns our double descent, our claim to
two founders; 180
Also his error through modern confusion of an-
cient tradition,
Then he exclaims, 'Dear son, sore chastened by
Ilium's downfall,
None but Cassandra predicted to me so grievous
disaster;
Now I remember she chanted that this was the
fate of our nation;
Often she sang of Hesperia, often of Italy's em-
pire; 185
But who could ever believe that unto Hesperian
harbors

Trojans would come! or whom could Cassandra
convince by her visions?

Let us to Phœbus yield; we are warned, let us
follow more wisely.'

Thus does he speak, and we all acquiesce in his
words with rejoicing.

This home, too, we abandon, and leaving a few of
our comrades, 190

Spreading the sails of our hollow barks, we skim
the wide ocean.

After our boats had gained the deep, and land is
no longer

Now to be seen, but on all sides the sky, and on
all sides the water,

Then, right over my head, there lowers a leaden-
hued storm-cloud,

Bringing night and a storm, and shudder the waves
in the darkness. 195

Presently winds are rolling the sea, great billows
are rising,

Scattered are we o'er the vast abyss, and tossed by
the surges;

Clouds have enshrouded the day, rain and dark-
ness have hidden the heavens;

Lightnings redouble their strokes from the clouds
that are riven asunder;

Wildly we drive from our course, and drift o'er
the dark heaving waters. 200

Palinurus, himself, declares that he cannot distin-
guish

Night from day in the sky, nor remember his way
in the ocean.

Thus, for three uncertain days, we grope in the
darkness

Blindly over the sea ; three starless nights do we
wander.

When the fourth day was come, land seemed at
last to be rising, 205

Mountains loomed up in the distance, and volumes
of smoke were discovered.

Sails drop down ; we rise on our oars ; no delay,
but the sailors

Bend to their toil, and scatter the foam, and sweep
the blue water.

Saved from the waves, the shores of the Strophades
first give me refuge,

Strophades, called by a Grecian name ; they are
islands uplifted 210

Out of the great Ionian sea, where dreadful Cæ-
læno

Dwells with her sisters dire, from the time they
abandoned in terror

Banquets they used to share, till barred from the
Phinean palace.

Monster more fell than they, nor any more utterly
cruel

Curse and scourge of the gods, e'er rose from the
Stygian waters. 215

Vultures envisaged like virgins, polluted below and
polluting,

Such are the Harpies, with claws for hands, and
their faces with hunger

Pallid for aye.

When, hither-drifted, we enter the harbor, behold,
all about us

Herds of cattle are seen contentedly grazing the
lowlands ; 220

Also a flock of goats, untended, are cropping the
herbage.

On them we rush with our darts, and invoke to
their share of the booty
Jove, himself, and the gods, and then, on the curve
of the seashore,
Build our couches high and prepare for a gener-
ous banquet.
But, with a frightful swoop, the Harpies come
down from the mountains, 225
Taking us unaware, then, screaming and flapping
their pinions,
Tear at our meat, and defile the feast by their
odious contact,
Uttering fearful cries, and emitting a pestilent
odor.
Then, in the depths of a cave, in the sheltered re-
treat of a cavern,
Hedged all about by trees, and darkened by bris-
tling shadows, 230
Spread we our tables again, and rekindle the fire
on our altar ;
But from the opposite sky, and down from dark
places of hiding,
Circling their prey again, with crooked talons, the
noisy
Flock come flying, and foul the feast by their
beaks. Then I order
Arms to be seized by my friends ; and war to be
waged on the monsters. 235
Strictly obeying my words, they bury their swords
in the grasses,
Hidden from sight, and conceal their shields, and
wait for the combat.
So, when the noise of their swooping resounds on
the wide-curving beaches,

Loud from his lofty watch Misenus trumpets the
signal ;
Then my comrades attack, and attempt a new
fashion of battle, 240
Trying to maim with their swords these flying
pests of the ocean ;
But no weapon can pierce their skin, or injure
their plumage ;
Swiftly they fly away, and soar aloft in the hea-
vens,
Leaving their half-eaten prey and the loathsome
marks of their talons.
One of them perches aloft on a cliff of the moun-
tain, Celæno, 245
Prophetess of despair, and thus gives vent to her
curses :
‘ Sons of Laomedon, offer ye war for the death of
our bullocks ?
Or for our heifers slain ? or are ye prepared for
the battle
Thinking to drive from their native realm the in-
nocent Harpies ?
Take, then, these words of mine to your hearts,
and never forget them, 250
Words which to Phœbus the Father Supreme, and
which Phœbus Apollo
Hath unto me foretold, now I, who am Queen of
the Furies,
Utter. For Italy now are ye bound, and, appeas-
ing the tempests,
Italy shall ye gain, and be suffered to enter her
harbors ;
But no walls shall arise around that city of
promise 255

Till, constrained by dire distress, for the crime of
our slaughter,

Ye shall have hungrily gnawed with your teeth,
and eaten your trenchers.'

Speaking, she rose on her wings, and disappeared
in the forest ;

But, with a sudden chill of dread, the blood of my
comrades

Froze in their veins ; their hearts were afraid, and
no longer with weapons, 260

Rather with vows and prayers, for peace they were
fain to petition,

Whether to spirits divine or to vultures fierce and
ill-omened.

Father Anchises, too, uplifting his hands on the
seashore,

Called on the mighty gods, ordaining due sacrifice
for them.

' Silence these threats, ye gods ! Ye gods, avert
such disaster ; 265

Graciously keep thy servants in peace.' Then he
ordered the cable

Torn from the shore, and the ropes to be shaken
out ready for action.

South winds fill the sails ; we flee o'er the white
foaming breakers

Whither our course and the wind and the pilot are
bidding us follow.

Now there appear in the midst of the sea the
groves of Zacynthos ; 270

Later, Dulichium, Samos, and Neritos lofty and
rock-bound ;

Swiftly we flee by the Ithacau crags, and the realm
of Laertes,

Cursing the land that had cradled the childhood
of cruel Ulysses.

Soon, too, the storm-crowned peaks of Leucata are
looming before us ;

Rises also the fane of Apollo, the terror of
sailors. 275

This we weariedly seek, and steer to the quaint
little city ;

Anchors are dropped from our bows, and the shore
is fringed with our galleys.

• Thus, in spite of our fears, at last we are come
to a haven,

And, with purified hands, we worship at Jupiter's
altar,

Honoring also the Actian shores with Ilian con-
tests. 280

Stripped, and supple with oil, my comrades prac-
tise the wrestling

Learned in their native land ; well pleased to have
safely avoided

So many Grecian towns, to have slipped through
the midst of their foemen.

Meanwhile, the sun sweeps around the majestic
path of his orbit,

And, with his northern blasts, chill winter roughens
the waters. 285

Then, to the front of the temple, the shield of
proud Abas I fasten,

Hollow and forged of brass ; and add this metrical
legend :

‘ This is the armor Æneas hath captured from
conquering Grecians.’

Then I give orders to loose from the port ; ‘ To
your oars, to your benches ! ’

Eagerly striking the sea, my comrades are sweep-
ing the billows. 290

Presently leaving behind us the airy summits of
Corfou,

Coasting the shore of Epirus, we enter Chaonia's
harbor

Safely, and come, at last, to the towering walls of
Buthrotum.

Here our ears are surprised by an almost incredi-
ble story ;

Even that Helenus, Priam's own son, Greek cities
was ruling ; 295

Nay, had obtained the wife and the crown of
Æacian Pyrrhus,

And that again to a husband of Troy had Andro-
mache fallen.

I was amazed, and my heart was inspired with a
wonderful longing

Unto the hero to speak, and learn the strange tale
of his fortunes.

So I go up from the port, leaving shore and ves-
sels behind me, 300

Just as by chance, near the gates of the city, Au-
dromache offered

Funeral gifts and a yearly feast in a grove by the
feigné

Waters of Simois unto the dead, and was mourn-
fully calling

Hector's shade to the empty turf-covered tomb, and
the altars

Twain she had hallowed there as a sacred asylum
of sorrow. 305

Now, when she saw me draw near, and beheld with
amazement the Trojan

Armor that compassed me round, appalled by the
strange apparition,
Rigid, and fixedly staring, she stood ; life's heat
left her body ;
Falling, long time she lay, unable to speak ; then
she murmured,
' Art thou a living form ? Dost thou verily bring
me a message ? 310
Goddess-born, then dost thou live ? or, if life's
kindly light hath departed,
Where is my Hector ? ' She spoke, and wept,
and with loud lamentation
Filled the whole place ; I could say but a word
now and then as she wildly
Raved, but in deep distress I faltered a few broken
answers :
' Surely I live, and prolong my life amid infinite
trouble ; 315
Doubt not the vision is true.
Ah, but what fate hath o'ertaken thee, robbed of
so noble a husband ?
Or, what return of good fortune hath worthily
raised thee to honor ?
Hector's Andromache, art thou consenting in mar-
riage to Pyrrhus ? '
Dropping her eyes, with a tremulous voice she
sadly responded : 320
' O, above all, how supremely blest was that
daughter of Priam
Bidden to die at her enemy's tomb, under Troy's
lofty ramparts !
Happy that maiden for whom no lots have been
cast, and who never
Hath in captivity touched the bed of a conquering
master !

We, when our city was burned, through sea after
 sea were transported, 325

We have endured the scorn of the haughty heir of
 Achilles, —

Mother and slave in one, — and then when he left
 me to follow

Leda's fair daughter, Hermione, — seeking alliance
 with Sparta, —

Me, as a slave to a slave, into Helenus' hands he
 delivered.

Then, Orestes, aflame with passionate love for his
 stolen 330

Bride, and urged by the Furies of Crime, surprised
 him, and slew him,

While he was off his guard, at the altar his fathers
 had builded.

When Neoptolemus died, a part of the realm he
 abandoned

Fell to Helenus' lot, who named the Chaonian
 lowlands, —

All Chaonia named, — from the name borne by
 Chaon, the Trojan ; 335

Pergamum, too, he hath built on the hills, and this
 Ilian fortress.

But, what winds have directed thy course? what
 destiny guided?

Or, to our shores what god hath driven thee on-
 ward so blindly?

What of the boy, Ascanius? Is he yet living and
 breathing?

Whom unto thee in Troy — 340

Nay, but the boy, — is he grieving still for the loss
 of his mother?

Or have his father Æneas and Hector, his uncle,
 bequeathed him

Something of ancient pride, and something of
manly endurance?’

Thus she continued with sobs, then burst into vio-
lent weeping.

Useless, alas, are tears ! when down from the city
the hero, 345

Priam’s own Helenus came, attended by many
companions ;

Recognized his friend, and led us with joy to his
threshold,

Fain to shed tears himself in the midst of his
greetings of welcome.

Then I go on, and a tiny Troy, and a citadel
copied

After her mighty tower, I recognize, also a Xan-
thus 350

Thirsty and small ; and I gather a Scæan gate to
my bosom.

All my Trojans, too, are welcomed as guests of the
city ;

Unto his spacious abode the king in person invites
them.

There, in the midst of the hall, they pour a liba-
tion to Bacchus ;

Served is a banquet in gold, and their hands lay
hold of the wine-cups. 355

“ Now, that day and the next have flown, and
breezes arising

Call to our sails, and the wind of the South is
swelling our canvas.

Then to the prophet I speak these words, and ask
him these questions :

‘ Trojan-born, mouthpiece of God, who knowest
the will of Apollo,

Thou who knowest the caldrons, the Clarian laurel,
the planets, 360
Also the language of birds, and the portent of
swift-flying pinions,
Tell me, I pray, for a kind revelation hath guided
my journey
All the long way, and all of the gods by their
omens have urged me
Italy to pursue, and her far distant shores to ad-
venture ;
Only the Harpy, Celæno, new horrors unlawful to
utter 365
Prophesies, threat'ning the curse of her terrible
anger and vengeance,
Even a famine malign ; what perils must first be
avoided ?
Under whose lead can I finally conquer these fear-
ful disasters ?'
Hereupon, Helenus, first invoking the gods for
their favor,
Sacrificed bullocks according to custom ; then
loosened the fillets 370
Binding his sacred brow, and me to thy portals,
O Phœbus,
Led by his holy hand, overawed by thy manifest
presence.
Then, with his lips divine, thus chanted the Priest
of Apollo :
' Child of a goddess, — for sure is my faith that
thy galleys are sailing
Under a prosperous star, for the King of the gods
is directing 375
Destiny thus, thus shaping thy fortune ; this course
is determined ; —

I will unfold to thy view a few of his manifold
counsels ;
So shalt thou traverse more safely the prosperous
sea, and find refuge
In the Ausonian port ; but the rest Fate hides
from thy knowledge,
Nor doth Saturnian Juno give Helenus leave to
discover. 380
Italy, first, that thou thinkest so near, already pre-
paring
Neighboring harbors to enter, not knowing the
truth, this is Sundered
Far, by a path untried and long and by far-reach-
ing countries ;
Also thine oars must first be bent in Trinacrian
waters,
Thou must pass over the plain of Ausonian brine
with thy vessels, 385
And thou must visit the Lake of Shades and the
Island of Circe,
Ere in a peaceful land thou canst hope to establish
a city.
I will reveal the signs ; do thou hold them fixed in
remembrance.
When by thine anxious eyes an enormous sow is
discovered
Near to the bank of a darkling stream, under
shore-shading oak-trees, 390
When thou shalt see her outstretched on the
earth, the mother of thirty
Young, and, white herself, giving breast to a white
brood around her,
There shall thy city be set ; yea, there shalt thou
rest from thy labors.

Tremble no more with dread of that threat of a
 “gnawing of trenchers,”

Fate will provide a way, and Apollo, invoked, will
 be with thee. 395

But, this country of ours, and the coast-line of
 Italy's sea-board

Nearest at hand, and washed by the tides that our
 sea is up-rolling,

This thou must shun, for its towns are all peopled
 by desperate Grecians.

Here, the Narycian Locrians dwell in a fortified
 city ;

Also the Sallentine plains hath Cretan Idomeneus
 crowded 400

Thick with his troops ; and Philoctetes, here, a
 chief Melibœan,

Little Petelia rules, Petelia trusting in bulwarks.

Furthermore, when thy fleet, after coursing the
 sea, shall be anchored,

When thou shalt offer thy vows on the shore that
 shall welcome thine altars,

Muffle thy face, and cover thy head with a mantle
 of purple, 405

Lest some evil eye meet thine and trouble the
 omens,

While in the name of the gods the hallowed
 flames are arising.

Let thy companions continue this rite ; do thou
 also retain it ;

Yea, let thy reverent children maintain this ob-
 servance forever.

But, when the wind shall have shifted thy course
 toward Sicily's headland, 410

When the close straits of Pelorus begin to grow
 wider before thee,

Then must thou turn to the land on thy left, and
the sea to the southward,
Making a long detour ; shun the shore and the
waves to the northward.
Once these regions were rent by the throes of a
mighty convulsion,
Such are the changes wrought by the endless suc-
cession of ages, 415
Torn apart, it is said, though anciently one and
unbroken
Both these shores ; and the sea hath forced a rough
passage between them,
Sundering Italy's flank from Sicily ; pouring its
narrow
Tide between cities and fields, once joined, now
rudely dissevered.
Scylla is guarding the shore on the right, and
hungry Charybdis 420
Watches the left, and thrice each day in the depths
of her yawning
Cavern she gulps far down in her throat the pre-
cipitous waters,
Belching them forth in turn, and drenching the
sky and the planets.
Scylla, however, lurks hidden from sight in cav-
erns of darkness,
Reaching out with her jaws, and shattering ships
on her ledges. 425
Human her form above, a maiden of beautiful
bosom
Down to the waist ; but, below, an enormous and
hideous monster,
Dolphin-like tails conjoined to a girdle of ravening
sea-wolves.

Better it were to delay, and round the Trinacrian
headlands,
Doubling Pachynus and making a long and wearisome circuit, 430
Rather than once to have looked upon Scylla far
off in her monstrous
Cave, and the rocks that resound with the howls
of her brine-colored sea-dogs!
Further, if Helenus hath any wisdom, if in his
foreknowledge
Any reliance be placed; if Apollo hath truly inspired him,
One thing there is, O child of a goddess, one more
than all others, 435
I will foretell and forewarn thee, repeating it over
and over.
First, invoke with prayer the presence of powerful
Juno;
Chant unto Juno thy willing vows, and with suppliant
off'rings
Conquer the mighty queen; for so, from Trinacria
parting,
Thou shalt be guided at last in triumph to Italy's
borders. 440
When thou art thither borne, drawing nigh to the
city of Cumæ,
Nearing the lake divine, and Avernus rustling with
forests;
There, in a cave of the rock, shalt thou find a mad
writer of verses
Chanting the fates, and committing to leaves her
letters and phrases.
All the prophetic songs she hath written on leaves
doth the virgin 445

Lay in an orderly row, and leave in her cavern
secluded.

Motionless there they remain in their places, nor
stir from their order ;

Nevertheless, when the hinges are turned, and a
breeze hath disturbed them,

When the light breath of the door the delicate
leaves hath disordered,

Never again doth she care, as they flutter about in
the cavern, 450

Either to catch and arrange them aright, or re-
couple her verses.

Wise as you came you depart, reviling the home
of the Sibyl.

Here, let no cost of delay appear in thine eyes of
such moment,

Though thy companions be ne'er so impatient,
though urgent thy voyage

Call to the deep thy sails, though favoring gales
be inviting, 455

But that thou visit the Sibyl and beg her to chant
her predictions

Then and there ; till her voice and her lips be
unsealed in thy favor.

She will advise thee of Italy's people, of wars that
await thee,

Also how best to avoid or endure each coming dis-
aster,

And in response to thy prayer will grant thee a
prosperous voyage. 460

This is all of thy future my lips are permitted to
utter.

On, then ! and by thy deeds exalt great Troy to
the heavens.'

After these words with his friendly lips the prophet had spoken,
 Gifts that were heavy with gold, and ivory carvings, he ordered
 Carried down to the ships; and stowed a ballast of silver 465
 Over their curving keels; gave also Dodonæan caldrons,
 Adding a corselet of gold with triplicate links interwoven,
 Also the cone and the flowing crest of a marvellous helmet,
 Armor of Pyrrhus; and then, there were personal gifts for my father;
 Horses he added, and guides; 470
 Fitted our galleys with oars, and provided my comrades with weapons.

“Meanwhile Anchises commands to make ready the sails for the galleys
 So that no time may be lost when the wind shall invite our departure.
 Him, then, the priest of Apollo addresses with courtly politeness:
 ‘Thou who art proudly and worthily wedded to Venus, Anchises, 475
 Care of the gods, twice rescued by them from a city in ruins,
 Yonder, behold thine Ausonian land! Sail forth and possess it!
 Nevertheless, thou must pass beyond this land on the ocean;
 Far is that part of Ausonia destined for thee by Apollo.
 Onward, then, blessed by the love of thy son! What need of prolonging 480

Speech? Or wherefore delay the rising wind by
discourses?’

Then, Andromache, too, no less grieved at our
parting forever,

Brings to Ascanius garments embroidered in fig-
ures, with threadwork

Woven in gold; and a Phrygian cloak, and, with
unsurpassed bounty,

Loads him with gifts of her loom, and says, as she
presses them on him, 485

‘Take these, also, dear boy; of my hands may
they ever remind thee;

Long may they speak to thee, too, of the love of
Andromache, Hector’s

Wife; receive them, then, as the farewell gifts of
thy kindred;

Thou, the one copy I have of my little Astyanax’
image!

Thine are the eyes, and the hands, and thine are
the lips of my darling; 490

Just of thine age, he, too, would now be attaining
to manhood.’

Tears then filled my eyes, and I said, while turn-
ing to leave them,

‘Farewell, happy pair, whose lot is already deter-
mined;

Summoned are we to pass from one strange fate
to another,

Ye have attained your rest; by you no field of the
ocean 495

Waits to be ploughed; nor must Italy’s plains, for-
ever receding,

Still be pursued; ye look on the pattern of Troy,
and a Xanthus

Which your own hands have made, and I hope
 with far happier omens ;
 Destined I trust to be free from Grecian invasion
 forever.

If I shall ever have entered the Tiber and gained
 the fair meadows 500

Fringing its bank, and have seen a city vouchsafed
 to my people,

Then, our cities fraternal, our nations united by
 kinship,

Yours in Epirus, in Italy ours, both having one
 founder,

Dardanus ; having, moreover, a common fate, we
 will make them

Both one Troy in heart ; let this be the care of our
 children.' 505

“ Over the sea we are borne, close by the Cerau-
 nian mountains,

Whence is the shortest way to Italy over the wa-
 ter.

Meanwhile the sun rushes on, and the mountains
 are darkened in shadow.

Then we are stretched on the breast of the coveted
 land, by the seaside.

Watchers we draft for the oars, and, scattered
 along the dry beaches, 510

Strengthen our hearts with food, and refresh our
 tired bodies with slumber.

Not as yet have the Hours borne Night through
 half of her circuit,

When Palinurus, alert, springs up from his couch
 and examines

All of the winds, and listens attent to the voice of
 the breezes ;

Notices all the stars as they glide through the si-
lence of heaven, 515

Studies the Hyades stormy, and studies the Bears
and Arcturus ;

Carefully studies the golden belt and the sword of
Orion.

Seeing that all is at peace in the cloudless heavens,
a cheerful

Signal he gives from the deck ; we move our en-
campment, and venture

Forth on our way, outspreading the wings of our
sails to the night-wind. 520

Now had the stars been driven to flight, and Au-
rora was blushing,

When, far away, we behold dark hills ; land
stretching below them.

‘ Italy ! Italy ! ’ first Achates cries with rejoicing ;
‘ Italy ! ’ all my companions salute with glad ac-
clamation.

Then doth my father Anchises enwreath a huge
bowl with a garland ; 525

Now he hath filled it with wine, and now on the
gods he is calling,

Standing aloft on the stern :

‘ Gods of the sea and shore, ye gods who govern
the tempest,

Hasten our prosperous way by your winds ; breathe
graciously on us.’

Freshens the coveted breeze, and opens before us
the harbor, 530

Distant no longer ; and crowning the height is a
fane of Minerva.

Then do my friends furl sail, and turn our prows
to the mainland.

Curved by the eastern wave to the form of a bow is
the harbor ;

Foaming with briny spray are the cliffs confront-
ing the ocean ;

Hidden the port, for the towering crags, with a
double escarpment, 535

Lower their mighty arms, and the temple retreats
from the shore-line.

Here my first omen I see ; four horses abroad in
the meadow

Browsing the plain at large ; four horses shining
and snow-white.

Father Anchises cries : ‘ Strange land, thou be-
tokenest battle,

Horses are ready for battle ; of battle these herds
are a menace. 540

Yet to the wain these very steeds once used to be
subject,

Bowing their necks to the yoke, and peacefully
wearing a harness ;

Still there is hope of peace.’ Thereupon we in-
voke the fair goddess,

Pallas, resounding in arms, who hath welcomed us
first in our gladness,

Veiling our heads at her shrine with mantle of
Phrygian purple ; 545

Also, obeying the precepts which Helenus urgently
gave us,

Duly we offer the honors commanded to Juno of
Argos.

Tarrying not, as soon as our vows have been duly
accomplished,

Round to the sea we turn the horns of our sail-
covered yard-arms,

Leaving the homes of the children of Greece, and
the fields we distrusted. 550

Next, on the bay of Tarentum, a city, if rumor be
trusted,

Founded by Hercules, rises, across from Lacinia's
temple ;

Also Caulonia's tow'rs, and that wrecker of ships,
Scylacæum ;

Then, afar off, looms up from the surge Trinacrian
Ætna ;

Also we hear the deep groan of the sea, rocks
beaten by breakers 555

Far in the distance ; and then, the sullen roar of
the beaches ;

Leap the deep waters of ocean, and sand and wave
are commingled.

Father Anchises, then : ' This, truly, is frightful
Charybdis ;

These are the cliffs and the terrible rocks of which
Helenus warned us.

Save us, my men ! arise ! arise on your oars ! all
together ! ' 560

All they are bidden, they do ; and first Palinurus
has sharply

Whirled to the left the prow till it roars in the
rush of the water ;

Then the whole fleet bears hard to the left with
oar and with canvas.

Up we are raised to the sky, as the sea arches
under our galleys,

Then, as the wave gives way, we sink into regions
infernal ; 565

Thrice in caverns of stone is a roaring of rock all
around us ;

Thrice have we seen the foam dashed up, and the
firmament dripping.

Meanwhile the wind goes down with the sun,
deserting us wearied.

Ignorant, then, of our way, we drift to the shore
of the Cyclops.

“ Safe from the entrance of winds is the har-
bor itself, and capacious ; 570

But, on one side, with most terrible noises, Mount
Ætna is roaring ;

Sometimes hurling aloft in the sky black clouds,
and a murky

Whirlwind of smoke, whose gloom is filled with
glimmering cinders,

Shooting up balls of fire that glitter high in the
heavens ;

Sometimes, belching, it raises rocks, and tearing
the entrails 575

Out of the mountain, whirls the molten mass to
the zenith,

Roaring aloud and boiling up from its very foun-
dations.

There 's a tradition that under this mountain En-
celadus' body,

Half consumed by the lightning, is crushed, while
ponderous Ætna,

Over him hurled, breathes flame from furnaces
bursting asunder ; 580

Also, as oft as he shifts his wearied side, with a
murmur

All Trinacria trembles, and smokes till the hea-
vens are darkened.

All that night in the sheltering wood we endured
the terrific

Omens, unable to see what it was that occasioned
the uproar ;

For there was neither the light of stars, nor a
firmament shining 585

Bright in a peaceful sky, but clouds in a heaven
of darkness,

While the untimely night imprisoned the moon in
a storm-cloud.

Now in the farthest East, the morning already
was breaking,

Yea, Aurora had swept from the sky the shadowy
vapor,

When from the wood, on a sudden, emerges the
form of a stranger, 590

Clad in pitiful rags, a wasted, emaciate figure.

Then, as entreating our aid, he stretches his hands
to the seashore.

Backward we turned ; there was dreadful filth ;
his beard was neglected ;

Thorns held his clothing together ; the rest beto-
kened a Grecian ;

One who of yore had been sent to Troy with the
ships of his nation. 595

As for himself, when he saw from afar our Dar-
danian garments,

Saw the armor of Troy, he was frightened, and
faltered a moment,

Checking his steps ; but, soon, he swiftly rushed
down to the seashore,

Throwing himself on our mercy with tears : ‘ By
the stars, by the Powers,

Yea, by the light of the sky, by this air that we
breathe, I conjure you, 600

Spare me, O men of Troy ! To what country
soever ye take me

That will suffice ; it is true that I have embarked
with the Grecians ;

Yea, I confess that your Ilian homes I have rav-
aged in battle ;

If, on this account, the guilt of my crime be so
grievous,

Scatter me over the wave, or drown me deep in
the ocean ; 605

If I must die, I shall gladly have died by hands
that are human.'

Having said this, he embraced our knees ; to our
knees in his writhing

Still did he cling. We exhort him to tell what
family claims him ;

Then to explain what fate is the cause of his great
agitation.

Father Anchises, himself, gives the youth his right
hand in a moment, 610

Reassuring his mind by a pledge so cordially
offered.

Finally, laying his fear aside, he tells us his story :
' Ithacan born am I, a friend of unhappy Ulysses.
I, Achemenides, went to Troy, Adamastus, my fa-
ther,

Being so poor ; ah, me ! to be back in those days
of my childhood ! 615

Here, in the depths of the cavern of Cyclops, my
comrades forgetful

Left me behind as they fled from his cruel abode
in their terror.

It is a house of blood ; of blood are the feasts it
hath witnessed ;

Dark within, and huge ; its master so tall that his
forehead

Strikes the high stars ; ye gods, remove from the
earth such a monster ! 620

One who devours the flesh, and drinks the dark
blood of his victims,

Looked on by none without fear, and spoken to
never by any.

I have seen him myself, when flat on his back in
his cavern,

Two of our number, gripped in his giant hand, he
was dashing

Dead on the rock, while the floor ran red with the
blood that was scattered. 625

When he was crunching their bodies, from which
black gore was exuding,

While the limbs, yet warm, quivered under his
teeth, I beheld him ;

Not unpunished, indeed ; such things were not
brooked by Ulysses,

Nor in a crisis so great was the Ithacan shorn of
his cunning ;

For, when gorged with the horrible feast and
stupid with drinking 630

He had reclined his drooping neck, and stretched
through the cavern

All his enormous bulk, while he vomited blood in
his slumber,

Blood and morsels of flesh with bloody wine inter-
mingled,

We, having prayed to the gods, drew lots, and
gathered about him ;

Then his eye, that enormous eye that used to lie
sunken, 635

Sunken and single beneath his terrible brow, like
a Grecian

Shield, or the lamp of Apollo, we bored with a
well-sharpened weapon,

Yea, at last we rejoiced to avenge the shades of
our comrades.

But, O wretched men, flee away, flee away, and
your cables

Burst from the shore ! 640

For, as grim and as huge as Polyphemus who
gathers

Wool-bearing ewes in his hollow cave, and presses
their udders,

There are an hundred more dread Cyclops who
thickly inhabit

All these curving shores, and roam these towering
mountains.

Now are the horns of the moon for the third time
filling with brightness, 645

While I am dragging out life in the woods 'mid
the haunts and deserted

Lairs of ferocious beasts, peering forth from the
rock of the giant

Cyclops, and trembling with fear at their tread
and the sound of their voices.

Boughs have yielded my meagre fare, hard cornels
and berries,

And with their uptorn roots the herbs of the field
have sustained me. 650

Sweeping all with my eyes, this fleet of yours I
discovered

First approaching the shore, and to this, whatever
might happen,

Trusted my life. 'T is enough from that cursed
tribe to be rescued ;

Take ye my life away, by whatever death; it were
better.'

“Scarce had he spoken thus, when behold, on
the crest of the mountain, 655
Moving amid his flocks, with body enormous, the
shepherd,
Polyphemus himself, coming down to his haunts
by the seashore !
Monster terrific, deformed, gigantic, and robbed
of his vision.
Grasping the trunk of a pine, he guides and
steadies his footsteps ;
Wool-bearing sheep are about him, and they are
his only enjoyment, 660
Only solace of ill.
Soon as the crested wave he hath touched, by the
shore of the ocean,
Then, from his hollowed eye he washes the blood
as it trickles,
Gnashing his teeth with a groan ; and, now,
through the sea is he striding,
Nor as yet have his lofty flanks been wet by the
breakers. 665
Then far away with a shudder we hasten our flight,
taking with us
Him who had prayed so well ; and we silently
sever our cable ;
Then, with emulous oars, bend forward and sweep
o’er the water.
This he perceives, and turns his step to the sound
of our voices.
But as soon as he finds that his hand is unable to
seize us, 670
When he no longer can breast the Ionian tides in
pursuing,
Then he utters a roar so loud that the sea and the
surges

Tremble together with fear, and Italy's heart is
affrighted,

Yea, even Ætna reëchoes the roar in her deep
winding caverns.

But, from the woods and the lofty hills, the tribe
of the Cyclops, 675

Startled, rush down to the harbor and crowd the
shore of the ocean ;

Brethren of Ætna, we see them all standing in im-
potent fury,

Each with his frightful eye, uplifting his head to
the heavens ;

Horrid assembly, they ! As when, on the top of
a mountain,

Towering oak-trees stand, or cone-bearing cypresses
cluster, 680

Forming a lofty forest of Jove, or a grove of
Diana.

Urgent fear with headlong haste constrains us to
loosen

Halyards at random, and stretch our sails to the
care of the breezes ;

Yet the injunctions of Helenus warning us not to
go forward

'Twixt Charybdis and Scylla — two paths with
little distinction 685

Leading to death ; — we determine to turn our
sails to the southward.

Lo ! however, sent forth from the narrow straits
of Pelorus,

Boreas comes ; I am borne by Pantagia's mouths
in the living

Rock, past Megara's bay, and the low-lying city
of Thapsus.

Such were the shores, as we carried him back o'er
 the course he had traversed, 690
 Achemenides showed us, the comrade of wretched
 Ulysses.

Stretching before the Sicilian bay lies an island
 confronting
 Foaming Plemyrium, once Ortygia called by the
 ancients.

There is a story that hither Alphēus, a river of
 Elis,

Burrowed his lonely way through the sea. He
 now, Arethusa, 695

Through thy fountain commingles his tide with
 Trinacrian waters.

Heeding command, we adore the powerful gods of
 the country.

Thence I pass the too fertile soil of stagnant He-
 lorus,

Next, the lofty cliffs and jutting rocks of Pachy-
 num

Coast we along ; and, afar, Camarina appears,
 whose removal 700

Even the Fates forbade ; and the lowlands of Gela,
 and Gela

Taking its name from the name of the mighty and
 turbulent river.

Lofty Acragas, then, uplifts her proud walls in the
 distance,

Acragas, formerly known as the breeder of spir-
 ited horses.

Thee, too, palmy Selinus, I leave, by the winds
 that are granted ; 705

Coasting along thy reefs and dangerous shoals,
 Lilybæum ;

Next, the harbor and joyless coast of Drepanum
greet me.

Here, after beating my way through so many
storms of the ocean,

Here, alas, did I lose my father Anchises; my
greatest

Comfort in care and grief; it was here, O noblest
of fathers, 710

Thou didst forsake me, outworn, thou, rescued in
vain from such perils.

Helenus, wise as he was, when he warned me of
manifold horrors,

Never foretold this sorrow to me; nor did fright-
ful Celæno.

This was the final blow; this the goal of my pil-
grimage weary.

When I departed thence, heaven drove me down
to your seacoast." 715

Thus was Father Æneas, alone, while all were
attentive,

Telling the fates of the gods, and rehearsing his
wandering courses.

He became silent at last, and, ending the story, he
rested.

BOOK IV

AN, but the queen, long since sore hurt by the
arrows of Cupid,
Feeds her love with her life, and is secretly wasted
by passion.
Constantly runs in her mind the man's great worth,
and the noble
Honor that crowns his life; his words and his
looks are still clinging
Fixed in her heart, and love disquiets the peace of
her slumber. 5
So, when Aurora next lighted the earth with the
torch of Apollo,
When she had swept from the sky cool night with
its mist-laden shadows,
Thus, all distracted, she cried to the answering
heart of her sister,
“ Anna, dear sister, what dreams are affrighting
me, sad and bewildered !
What strange guest is this who hath entered our
home ! How distinguished 10
Both in his face and mien ! And his heart, how
brave, how heroic !
I, for one, and with reason, believe him descended
from Heaven.
Fear betrays low-born souls ; but, alas, by what
cruel misfortune
He hath been ever pursued ! What wearisome
wars he recounted !

Dwelt there not in my heart a fixed and immovable purpose 15

Never again to consent to be linked to another in wedlock,

Since my first love failed, since Death deceived and bereft me,

Were I not utterly weaned from the torch and the chamber of marriage,

Unto this one reproach I might, perhaps, have surrendered.

For, I will own, dear Anna, that since the sad fate of Sichæus, 20

Since by my brother's crime our home was defiled and dishonored,

This man alone hath stirred my heart, and mastered my spirit.

Yielding, I feel once more the glow of long slumbering passion.

But I had rather the earth should yawn to its depths underneath me,

Rather the Father omnipotent strike me down with his thunder 25

Where in profoundest night pale shades of Erebus wander,

Rather, my honor, than violate thee, or break thy requirements.

He who wedded me first took with him my heart when he left me ;

Still let him keep his own ; in his tomb let him guard it forever."

Speaking these words, with a torrent of tears she deluged her bosom. 30

Anna replies, " O thou, who art dearer than life to thy sister,

Wilt thou in loneliness pine, till the days of thy
 youth are departed,
 Knowing no children sweet, and enjoying no bless-
 ings of Venus?
 Thinkest thou ashes will care; or the shades of the
 buried be troubled?
 Grant that no lover before hath won thy heart
 from its grieving, 35
 Either in Libya now, or aforetime in Tyre; bid
 Iarbas
 Go, if thou wilt, with scorn, and the rest of the
 African princes,
 Mighty in war; yet, why resist a love that delights
 thee?
 Hath it not crossed thy mind whose lands these are
 thou hast settled?
 Here are Gætulian towns, a race unconquered in
 battle, — 40
 There wild riding Numidians press, and impassable
 quicksands.
 Here is a region made desert by drought, and rav-
 aged by roaming
 Barcans; and why do I speak of Tyre and its
 ominous war cloud,
 Or of our brother's threats?
 Guided by Heaven, I believe, and under the favor
 of Juno, 45
 Hither these Ilian keels have found their way in
 the tempest.
 What a proud city, my sister, thou yet shalt
 behold! What a nation
 Spring from a match like this! With the arms
 of the Trojans to help us,
 By what illustrious deeds shall we heighten the
 glory of Carthage!

Seek but the favor of Heaven, and when thou hast
gained absolution, 50

Then be as kind as thou wilt ; find reasons to keep
him delaying

Long as the seas are rough, while stormy Orion is
raging ;

Urge his shattered ships, and plead the implacable
heavens."

Thus by her words she fanned the flame that pas-
sion had kindled,

Thus freed a wavering heart from the bondage of
fear and of honor. 55

First they visit the temples, and pass from altar
to altar,

Paying their vows ; and sheep, selected according
to custom,

Offer to law-giving Ceres, to Phœbus, and father
Lyæus,

But, before all, unto Juno, the guardian goddess
of marriage.

Holding the cup in her own right hand, most
beautiful Dido 60

Empties it fairly between the horns of a snow-
white heifer ;

Or, invoking the gods, draws nigh to the rich laden
altars,

Hourly renewing her gifts, and still, as each sheep
is laid open,

Watches with lips apart, and questions the quiver-
ing vitals.

Ah ! unseeing seers ! What balm can your vows
and your temples 65

Bring to a wounded heart ? For still the soft
flame without ceasing

Feeds on her life ; and the hidden wound still
lives in her bosom.
Dido, on fire with love, goes wandering on through
the city,
Frantic and sore distressed, like a deer that a
shepherd pursuing,
Drawing his bow at a venture, hath pierced afar
off and unwary, 70
Deep in the Cretan groves, and, unwitting, abandons
his arrow ;
But, as the wounded deer goes roaming the forests
of Dicte,
Still in her side as she flies, the fatal arrow is
clinging.
Now she guides Æneas along through the midst
of the city,
Shows him the wealth of Tyre, and her capital
nearly completed ; 75
Opens her lips to speak, and stops with the sen-
tence unfinished.
Then, as the day declines, she invites him again to
a banquet,
Begs, in her frenzy, to hear once more the Trojan
disasters,
Hangs for the second time on his lips as he tells
her the story.
Then, when her guests are gone, and the moon in
turn disappearing 80
Puts out her light, and the stars as they set are
inviting to slumber,
Lone in her empty hall she is sad, and the couch
he has quitted,
Presses, and, absent, sees and listens to him who
is absent ;

Or to her bosom she folds Ascanius, charmed by
his father's

Likeness, if thus, perhaps, she may cheat her un-
speakable longing. 85

Towers forget to rise ; armed youth no longer are
marshalled

On the parade ; all work on harbor and walls is
suspended ;

Buildings abruptly stop ; the threatening crest of
the rampart

Stands unfinished and bare, and the towering der-
ricks are idle.

Soon as the consort beloved of Jupiter sees her
o'er-mastered 90

Thus by the fever of love, and modesty yielding to
passion,

Quickly with words like these Saturnia turns upon
Venus : —

“Truly, with honor unheard of, and glorious
trophies thou comest,

Thou and this boy of thine ! Thy name shall be
great and immortal !

If by the cunning of two of the gods one woman
be vanquished, 95

Yet I am not so blind, for I know that thou fear-
est our bulwarks,

Watching the rising homes of Carthage with se-
cret misgiving.

Where shall we make an end ? What profits a
quarrel so bitter ?

Shall we not rather agree on perpetual peace, and
a union

Sanctioned by both ? Thou hast gained what thy
heart hath been set on securing ; 100

Did is burning with love ; her heart is surging
with passion ;

Let us with equal authority govern a nation
united ;

Dido shall yield her hand to the hand of a Phry-
gian husband,

She shall entrust to thee her dowry of Tyrian sub-
jects."

Then, (for she clearly perceived how craftily Juno
had spoken, 105

Hoping that Italy's power might be turned to the
African seacoast,)

Thus did Venus reply : " Is there any so mad as
to question

Terms like these, or prefer to engage in a quarrel
with Juno ?

If we could only be certain that fortune would fa-
vor the project.

But I have come to distrust the fates ; whether
Jupiter wishes 110

These who have come from Troy to unite with the
people of Carthage,

Whether he favors this blending of blood, and
these bonds of alliance ;

Thou art his wife ; 't is thy right to coax him to
show thee his purpose.

Lead, I will follow." Then thus quick answered
imperial Juno :

" Mine shall that duty be. And now, I will briefly
advise thee 115

How what remains to be done can be done most
successfully : listen !

Into the forest together Æneas and heart-stricken
Dido

Plan to go hunting to-morrow as soon as the arch
of Apollo

Flashes above the sea, unveiling the earth with its
glory.

Over them, then, the blackness of clouds, commin-
gled with hailstones, 120

I will outpour from the sky, and shake the whole
welkin with thunder

While their horsemen are spreading their toils and
enclosing the jungles ;

Then shall their comrades be scattered and cov-
ered by midnight darkness ;

Dido and Ilium's lord shall reach the same cavern,
together ;

I will be there, and if thou wilt only vouchsafe us
thy blessing, 125

I will proclaim the bans and join them by mar-
riage forever ;

This their wedding shall be." Cytherea, by no
means reluctant,

Nodded assent to the plan and laughed as the plot
was unfolded.

Meanwhile Aurora, arising, has left the waves of
the ocean.

Chivalrous youth of Tyre ride out of the gates
with the sunrise, 130

Laden with nets and toils, and hunting-spears
bladed with iron.

Libya's knights rush forth with kennels of keen-
scented boar-hounds.

Still, as the queen in her chamber delays, the
princes of Carthage

Wait at her gates ; and, proud in his trappings of
gold and of purple,

Stands her own hunter, impatiently champing his
foam-covered snaffle. 135

Lo, she appears at last, encompassed by thronging
attendants ;

Woven with colors the border that fringes her
Tyrian mantle ;

Quiver of gold she bears, with gold she hath fas-
tened her tresses ;

Golden the girdle below, that binds her vesture of
purple.

Also advancing come Trojan retainers, and joyful
Iulus, 140

While Æneas, himself, surpassing all others in
beauty,

Graces the sport with his presence, and mingles
his train of attendants,

Like to Apollo, when, Lycian winter and hurrying
Xanthus

Leaving behind, he visits the home of his mother
in Delos.

There he renews the dance, and around bacchana-
lian altars, 145

Cretans chant, and Dryopians dance with tattooed
Agathyrsi ;

But on the hilltops of Cynthus he walks, inter-
twining his wind-tossed

Hair with a light pressing chaplet of gold and
leaves of the laurel ;

Arrows clang on his back. With no less grace
doth Æneas

Move than he ; while beauty as godlike shines in
his features. 150

Soon as the mountains were reached, and the
trackless haunts of the jungle,

Wild goats leap from the ledges, and scamper
with pattering hoof-beats
Over the hilltops, and columns of deer, in the op-
posite quarter,
Thunder their way o'er the shelterless fields, until
all the stampeding
Dust-covered ranks unite in flight, and abandon the
mountains. 155

But, in the midst of the plain, Ascanius, boy-like,
rejoices,
Proud of his horse ; and, swiftly outrunning one
after another,
Prays that instead of these spiritless herds a boar
may be granted,
Or that his vows may bring from the mountains a
tawny-skinned lion.

Meanwhile, the heavens are filled with an ominous
rumble of thunder, 160
Followed at once by a storm of rain commingled
with hailstones.

Hither and thither the Tyrian train and the Tro-
jan retainers,
E'en the Dardanian grandson of Venus, have
sought in their terror
Huts dispersed through the fields ; wild torrents
rush from the mountains.

Dido, the queen, and the Lord of Troy have
reached the same cavern. 165

Then, first of all, Mother Earth and Juno, the
goddess of wedlock,
Giving the signal, the lightnings blaze for torches
of marriage,
Flames the conspiring sky, and nymphs loudly
wail on the hilltop.

That day first foretokened her death and fore-
shadowed her anguish,
For, no longer disturbed by visions of sin or of
scandal, 170
Dido, contented no longer with loving her lover
in secret,
Cloaks her disgrace with a name, and calls Æneas
her husband.

Instantly Rumor goes flying through all the great
Libyan cities,
Rumor, a curse than whom no other is swifter of
motion.
Ever on swiftness she thrives, and gains new vigor
by speeding. 175
Cringing at first with fear, she lifts herself quick
to the heavens,
Treading still on the earth, but veiling her face in
the storm-cloud.
Earth brought her forth, it is said, impelled by
her rage against heaven.
She was the latest born of the terrible sisters of
Titan.
Swift are her feet, and swifter the flight of her
hurrying pinions ; 180
Monster terrific and huge, who, under each sepa-
rate feather,
Carries a watchful eye ; by each eye, O marvellous
story !
Babble a tongue and a mouth, and an ear pricks
forward to listen.
Rustling, she flies by night, between earth and sky
in the darkness,
Never closing her eyes in the sweet refreshment of
slumber ; 185

Watching by day like a spy, she perches aloft on
the housetops,

Or upon lofty towers, and causes great cities to
tremble ;

Tale-bearer, loving the truth no better than slan-
der and libel.

Such was the one who was filling the nation with
manifold rumors,

Gloating, and equally glad whether telling a truth
or a falsehood. 190

How that Æneas had come, a descendant of an-
cestors Trojan,

How that to him fair Dido had deigned to surren-
der her honor,

How that in luxury now they were idling away
the long winter,

Caring no more for their kingdoms, enslaved by
an infamous passion.

Such were the stories the hideous goddess was
scattering broadcast. 195

Suddenly then she veers in her course to the court
of Iarbas,

Kindles his wrath by her words, and adds new
flame to his fury.

He, the descendant of Ammon, who ravished the
nymph Garamantis,

Temples an hundred to Jove in his wide-spreading
realm had erected,

Altars an hundred had built, and vowed to keep
burning upon them 200

Slumberless fires, for the gods a perpetual care ;
and a pavement

Rich with the blood of sheep, and gates ever
blooming with garlands.

There, with frenzied heart, and maddened by tid-
 ings so bitter,
 He, it is said, fell prone, in the presence divine, by
 the altar,
 Urgently pleading with Jove, with hands out-
 stretched in petition : 205
 “ O thou omnipotent Jove, unto whom the Mauru-
 sian nation,
 Feasting on couches of purple, now offer their
 sparkling libations,
 Seest thou this? Or is it for naught that we
 tremble, O Father,
 When thou art hurling thy bolts? And the flames
 in the clouds that appal us,
 Are they but random fires, and vain, ineffectual
 rumblings? 210
 Here is a woman who, straying among us, on land
 that we sold her,
 Founded a beggarly city; we gave her our shore-
 lands for tillage,
 Granted her also the rights of the land; now, hav-
 ing rejected
 Marriage with us, she hath opened her realm to
 her lover, Æneas;
 Nay, at this moment, that Paris, subserved by
 effeminate courtiers, 215
 Glistening locks and beard by a Phrygian bonnet
 enfolded,
 Revels in stolen love; while we, forsooth, to thy
 temples
 Come to present our gifts, and cherish an empty
 tradition.”
 When he had uttered this prayer, and while he
 yet clung to the altar,

Jove, the omnipotent, heard, and directed his eyes
to the royal 220

Town, and the lovers there, forgetful of nobler
tradition.

Mercury then he addresses, and these are the man-
dates he utters :

“Up and away, my son ! call zephyrs, and haste
on thy pinions,

And to this Dardan lord who yonder in Tyrian
Carthage

Lingers, and cares no more for the cities the Fates
have vouchsafed him, 225

Speak ; yea, ride on the winds and deliver him
these my commandments :

This is not what his most glorious mother hath
prophesied of him,

Neither for this hath she rescued him twice from
the sword of the Grecians ;

But to be one who should govern an Italy pregnant
with empires,

Sounding aloud with war ; a man who should
prove by his valor 230

Kinship with Teucer of old, and bow the whole
world to his sceptre.

Yet, if no vision of glorious victory kindle his
spirit,

Though, for his own renown, he covet not labor
and hardship,

Yet, shall a father withhold the castles of Rome
from Iulus ?

What is his plan ? By what hope is he held in
the midst of his foemen ? 235

Hath he forgot his Ausonian line, and Lavinian
meadows ?

Bid him, in short, set sail. Let this be the sum
of our message.”

Then to obey the commands his omnipotent father
hath uttered,

Mercury hastens, and first to his ankles he fastens
his wingéd

Sandals of gold, which bear him aloft with the
speed of the whirlwind, 240

Whether above the land or over the plain of the
ocean.

Then he assumes the rod which he bears when he
summons from Orcus

Pallid shades, or remands the remainder to regions
infernial.

Slumber he gives and takes, and he opens the eyes
of the dying.

Trusting to this, he urges the winds and rides on
the storm-clouds ; 245

Now he beholds in his flight the peak and high
ridges of Atlas, —

Atlas the rugged, supporting the sky on his tower-
ing shoulders,

Atlas whose pine-crowned head, with clouds and
darkness encircled,

Ever is beaten by winds, is buffeted ever by
tempests.

Snow for his shoulders has woven a mantle, and
torrents are tumbling 250

Down from his aged chin, and his rough beard
bristles with hoar-frost.

Here Cyllenius first down swooping on balancing
pinions,

Rested, and bodily hence he flung himself down
to the billows,

Like to a low-flying bird which, skimming the
plain of the ocean,

Circles about the shores and over the fish-haunted
ledges. 255

Thus the Cyllenean-born between earth and the
heavens was flying,

Thus was he cleaving the air toward Libya's sand-
covered seashore,

While he was coming from Atlas, the father of
Maia, his mother.

Scarcely with wingéd feet hath he touched the
skirts of the city,

When he discovers Æneas establishing castles and
building 260

Houses anew ; and there was his sword with amber-
hued jasper

Brilliantly set ; and a cloak resplendent with Ty-
rian purple

Hung from his shoulders, the gifts which munifi-
cent Dido had made him,

Interweaving the fabric with gold in delicate
threadwork.

Mercury straight attacks : “ Foundations of tower-
ing Carthage, 265

Here for thy love thou art laying, and building a
beautiful city !

Quite forgetful, alas, of thine own dominion and
duty !

Now hath the king of the gods, who revolveth the
sky at his pleasure,

Hastened me down unto thee from the shining
heights of Olympus,

Sent by himself, on the wings of the wind, I am
come with these mandates ; 270

What dost thou plan ? With what hope dost thou
loiter in Libya's borders ?
Yet, if no vision of glorious victory kindle thy
spirit,
Though, for thine own renown, thou covet not labor
and hardship,
Think on Ascanius, growing, consider the hopes of
Inlus ;
He is thine heir ; unto him falls Italy's throne as
a birthright, 275
Aye, and the land of Rome." Cyllenius thus hav-
ing spoken,
Waiting for no reply, withdrew from the vision of
mortals,
And afar off disappeared from their eyes in the
shadowy heavens.
But, by the vision astounded, Æneas was dumb
with amazement ;
Bristled his hair with fright, and his tongue be-
came speechless with terror ; 280
Burning to make his escape, and the land of de-
light to abandon,
Stunned by so great a rebuke, and Heaven's im-
perial mandate.
But, alas ! what can he do ? What speech can he
risk for appeasing
Now the infuriate queen ; what words adopt for
his prelude ?
Swiftly his wavering thoughts he despatches now
hither, now thither, 285
Hurries them back and forth, and turns them to
every quarter.
This, to his hesitant mind, appears the most hope-
ful solution :

Mnestheus he calls, and Sergestus, and also intrepid Serestus ;

Quietly they are to order the fleet, get the men to the seashore,

See to the arms, and invent some excuse for their sudden manœuvres. 290

Meanwhile, he himself, while as yet most excellent Dido

Has no suspicion, nor fears that affection so strong can be broken,

He will discover a way, the most delicate moment for speaking,

And the most feasible mode of arranging the matter. His orders

Instantly all obey, and rejoicingly follow his bidding. 295

Nevertheless the queen (who ever outwitted a lover?)

Fathomed their wiles, and was first to divine their approaching departure,

Fearful while all was safe. To her frenzy the same cruel Rumor

Whispered of ships equipped, and a course already determined.

Breaks her distracted heart, and wandering over the city 300

Madly she raves like Thyas, inspired by the frantic procession,

When the triennial orgies arouse her, and Bacchus is calling,

When she is summoned at night by the clamorous voice of Cithæron.

Finally, breaking forth, she wildly reproaches Æneas : —

"What, perfidious man! hast thou hoped that
 a crime so atrocious 305
 Thou couldst dissemble? and stealthily steal away
 from our borders?
 Doth not our love constrain, nor the troth thou
 hast plighted so lately?
 Nay, nor Dido doomed to a cruel death if thou
 leave her?
 What! art thou building a fleet in the very heart
 of the winter?
 And dost thou hasten to go on the deep while the
 north winds are raging? 310
 Cruel! But what! were thy quest not an alien
 land and an unknown
 Place of abode, nay, grant that thine ancient Troy
 were still standing,
 Wouldst thou for Troy set sail across a tempestu-
 ous ocean?
 Me dost thou flee? By these tears, by thine own
 right hand I implore thee,
 (Since I myself have reserved to myself naught
 else in my sorrow,) 315
 By our marriage bond, by the wedded life we have
 entered,
 If I have ever well merited aught of thy love, or
 have ever
 Found any grace in thy sight, oh, pity a house that
 is falling.
 If there be still any place for my prayers, abandon
 thy purpose!
 'T is for thy sake the Numidian kings and Libyan
 nations 320
 Hate me, and Tyrians threat; for thee, and thee
 only, my honor

And the good name I bore, my only credentials to
heaven,

These are no more! Unto whom dost thou leave
me, while dying, my guest-friend?

Since this name alone is left to me now for my
husband!

What shall I live for? for brother Pygmalion to
ruin my city? 325

Or for Iarbas, the Moor, to carry me off as his
captive?

Ah, if before thy flight, some child might have
called me his mother,

One who should bear thy name; if I had any lit-
tle Æneas

Playing about my hall, who might only re-image
thy features;

I should not seem to myself so wholly deceived or
deserted!" 330

Thus had she spoken, but he, at the bidding of
Jove, remained steadfast,

Eyes unmoved, and controlled the love in his heart
with a struggle.

Few were his words at last: "O queen, that thou
richly deservest

All and more than all thou art able to put into
language, 334

I will never deny; I will gladly remember Elissa
While I remember myself, while my body is ruled
by my spirit.

There is but little to say. Think not that I hoped
to elude thee,

Fleeing by stealth; not so; nor yet have I ever
put forward

Claim to a husband's right, or made any compact
of marriage.

Nay, if the Fates had allowed me to order my life
as I listed, 340
And to arrange a career in accord with mine own
inclination,
I should have honored first the Trojan town and
the cherished
Ashes of those I loved, and Priam's tall towers
would be standing,
And I had raised with my hands a Troy new-built
for the vanquished.
But, to great Italy, now, Grynæan Apollo hath
called me ; 345
Italy is the goal ordained by the Delphic responses ;
There is my love and my home. If the castles of
Carthage detain thee,
Thee, a Phœnician by birth, if thou lovest thy
Libyan city,
Prithee, if Teucrians settle Ausonian land, what
objection
Hast thou to that ? We, too, have a right to seek
foreign dominions. 350
Often as Night enfolds the Earth in her dews and
her shadows,
Oft as the glittering stars arise, my father, An-
chises,
'Monishes me in dreams, and his troubled image
affrights me.
Me Ascanius warns, and the wrong I am doing my
darling,
Whom I defraud of Hesperia's throne, and his
destined dominions. 355
Nay, 't is but now that the herald of Heaven, at
Jupiter's bidding,
Witness ye deities twain ! — on the wings of the
wind hath delivered

Heaven's command to me ; I saw him myself in
broad daylight

Passing within the walls ; with these ears did I
drink in his message.

Harrow no longer thy heart and mine by useless
repining. 360

Not of my choice is Italy's quest."

While he is speaking thus, her gaze has long
been averted,

Wandering hither and yon ; but now she looks
him all over,

Lifting her silent eyes, and thus indignantly an-
swers : —

"No goddess-mother was thine, nor from Darda-
nus art thou descended, 365

Traitor ! but, bristling with crags, it was Caucasus
gave thee thy being,

Yea, and Hyrcanian tigers encouraged thy life with
their udders.

For, what need to dissemble ? What worse can I
fear in the future ?

Had he a groan for my tears ? Did his eyes once
soften with pity ?

Was he constrained to weep ? Did my love arouse
his compassion ? 370

What is there left to choose ? Now, neither most
powerful Juno

Nor the Saturnian Father looks on with aspect
impartial.

Nowhere is faith secure. I welcomed thee ship-
wrecked and needy,

Nay, in my madness I gave thee a home and a
share in my kingdom,

Rescued the fleet thou hadst lost, and from death I
redeemed thy companions ; 375

Oh, I am urged by the furies of hate ! Now augur
 Apollo,
Now the Lycian omens, now even the herald of
 Heaven,
Sent by Jove himself, comes flying with terrible
 mandates !
This, I suppose, is the work of the gods ; this care
 is disturbing
Heaven's tranquillity ! Go ! I neither detain nor
 dispute thee ! 380
Italy chase with the winds ; seek over the billows
 thy kingdom !
But, as for me, I hope, if the good gods have any
 power,
Thou mayest drink thy reward 'mid the rocks, till
 thou callest on Dido
Oft, and by name ; and, from far, with terrible
 flames I will follow ;
Ay, and when icy death shall have sundered the
 flesh from my spirit, 385
Die where thou wilt, my shade will be with thee.
 Thy crime shall be punished ;
Wretch, I shall hear, and this tidings will reach
 me in nethermost Hades.”
Speaking these words, she awaited no answer, but
 rushed from the courtyard,
Fainting, avoiding his eyes, and fleeing away from
 his presence ;
Leaving him much that he feared to say, and much
 that already 390
Waited to spring from his lips. Her maidens sus-
 tained her, and bore her
Yielding form to a couch in her bridal chamber of
 marble.

Yet god-fearing Æneas, for all that he longed to
 console her,
Longed to assuage her grief, and, speaking, to
 comfort her anguish,
Groaning aloud, and shaken in mind, by the pow'r
 of his passion, 395
None the less follows the word of the god, and
 returns to his galley.
Then how the Trojans toil, and down from all
 parts of the seacoast
Drag their lofty ships, and float the oiled keels on
 the billows.
Leafy the oars they bear, and the oak rough hewn
 in the forest,
Cut in their zeal for flight. 400
See! they are hurrying forth with a rush from
 each gate of the city,
Just like an army of ants, that, prudently mindful
 of winter,
Steal a great pile of grain and lay it away in their
 garner.
Moves a black line in the field, as they carry their
 spoil through the herbage,
Over the foot-worn path; part struggling hard
 with their shoulders 405
Pushing huge kernels along; part keeping the col-
 umn in order,
Punishing all delay; the whole pathway is seeth-
 ing with labor.
What are thy feelings now, at the sight of such
 diligence, Dido!
How didst thou groan when, looking abroad from
 the top of thy castle,
Thou didst behold thy shores alive far and wide,
 and the ocean, 410

Far as thine eyes can reach, confused with so
mighty an uproar?
Pitiless Love, unto what dost thou force not the
spirit of mortals!
Driven again to tears, she must try him once more
by entreaty ;
And once more, as a suppliant, humble her pride
to her passion,
Lest she should needlessly die by leaving some
way unattempted. 415
“ Anna, thou seest them hasten all over the shore,
as they gather
Rushing from every side, and the sails now call to
the breezes.
See how the sailors rejoicing have covered the
decks with their garlands !
If I have lived through the dread of this terrible
moment of anguish,
I shall also, my sister, have strength to endure it :
yet, Anna, 420
Grant me one boon in my grief ; for only on thee
hath this traitor
Looked with respect, and to thee hath confided his
innermost feelings ;
Thou alone knowest the time and the winning way
to approach him.
Go, dear sister, and humbly entreat our imperious
guest-friend.
I did not swear with the Grecians at Aulis to
slaughter the Trojans ; 425
Nor did I send out a fleet against his Pergamene
city ;
I have not troubled the ashes or shades of his
father Anchises.

Why should his obdurate ears deny themselves to
my pleading ?

Wherefore this haste? Let him grant his poor
queen this final concession,

Let him but wait for a prosperous flight, and for
favoring breezes. 430

I am not asking him now to renew the old ties he
hath broken,

Nor to abandon his beautiful Rome, and relinquish
his kingdom ;

Time, only time, do I seek, a respite and rest from
my madness ;

Time for my sorrow to teach me how they who are
vanquished should suffer.

This do I ask as my final request : O pity thy
sister ! 435

When thou shalt grant this boon, at my death I
will doubly repay thee."

So she kept pleading, and such are the wailings
her heart-broken sister

Carries and carries again ; but no lamentations
can move him ;

There are no voices now to which he indulgently
listens ;

Fate stands guard, and God defends the calm ears
of the hero. 440

And, as when Alpine winds from the north are
struggling together,

Blowing now this way, now that, to tear from the
earth an old oak-tree,

Strong with its centuried fibres ; its foliaged
boughs, 'mid the roaring,

Litter the earth from on high, as the trunk is
rocked by the tempest,

Yet the tree clings to the cliff, and as high as its
crown is uplifted 445

Into the sky, so deep are its roots toward Tartarus
reaching.

So, now this way, now that way, the hero is beaten
by ceaseless

Cries, and his mighty heart is deeply stirred with
compassion,

Yet is his mind unmoved, and vain are the tor-
rents of weeping.

Verily then, dismayed by her fate, unfortunate
Dido 450

Prays for death ; she is tired of the sight of the
arches of heaven.

Further to fix her resolve the sunlight of life to
relinquish,

While she was laying her gifts on the altars glow-
ing with incense,

Shocking to tell, she beheld the milk turn black
in the chalice ;

While to polluted blood was changed the wine she
had sprinkled. 455

This was a sight that she told to none, not even
her sister.

Added to this, there stood in the palace a chapel
of marble,

Raised to her husband of old, which she honored
with wondrous devotion,

Solemnly wreathed with garlands of leaves and
snow-white fillets.

Hence she seemed to hear the voice and the words
of her husband 460

Calling her when dark night was enfolding the
earth in its shadows.

Also, alone on the eaves, an owl with funereal wailing

Often complained, and prolonged her cries in long lamentation.

Many predictions, moreover, delivered by reverend augurs,

Made her afraid by their terrible warning; and even Æneas 465

Cruelly haunted her frenzied dreams; in her dream she was always

Left by herself alone, and a path she was following ever,

Lonely and long; for her countrymen searching through regions deserted,

Just as when Pentheus in frenzy beholds an army of Furies,

Sees two suns in the sky, and the city of Thebes appears double; 470

Or, as when seen in the play, Agamemnon's Orestes is haunted;

When, with torches and serpents of midnight his mother pursues him

While the Furies of Hell are crouching low on the threshold.

Therefore, as soon as, all vanquished by grief, she hath welcomed the Furies,

Sentenced herself to death, and the very time and the manner 475

Fixed in her mind; she then, as she speaks to her sorrowing sister,

Hides her intent with a smile, and drives the sad frown from her forehead.

“Dearest, a way I have found (be glad in thy sister's good fortune)

Which shall restore me my own, or free me from
love's bitter bondage.

Close to the shore of the ocean, not far from the
region of sunset, 480

Farthest of all is the Æthiop land, where Atlas the
mighty

Turns on his shoulder the firmament studded with
bright constellations ;

Thence hath been brought to my knowledge a cer-
tain Massylian priestess,

Formerly guard of the shrine of Hesperides ; she
who provided

Food for the dragon, and watched o'er the tree
and its consecrate branches, 485

Sprinkling the liquid honey, and drowsy juice of
the poppy.

She professes to free any heart she may choose by
her magic,

While she lets loose upon others anxieties many
and grievous ;

Rivers she stops in their flow, and turns back the
stars in their courses ;

Also she calls up the shades of the dead. You
shall see the earth rumbling 490

Under her feet, and the ash-trees moving down
from the mountains.

God, and thyself, dear sister, and thy dear head,
bear me witness

Not of my own accord am I girt with the weapons
of witchcraft.

Do thou in secret erect a pyre in the court of the
palace,

Under the sky ; and the armor that wretch hath
left hung in his chamber, 495

Heap thou upon it, and all of his garments, and
also the marriage

Bed, upon which I fell, for the prophetess warns
and commands me

Utterly to destroy all tokens of one so unfaithful.
After these words she is silent, while pallor takes
captive her features.

Anna, however, believes not that death is disguised
by her sister 500

Under these novel rites ; nor yet in her mind hath
imagined

Passion so fierce, or feared aught worse than the
death of Sychæus ;

So she obeys her commands.

But, when a lofty pyre of timbers of oak and of
pitch-pine

Stands in the open air in the innermost court of
the palace, 505

Then doth the queen with bright garlands and
boughs of funereal cypress

Wreath it ; and lay on a couch the sword he hath
left, and his garments,

Also Æneas in effigy ; knowing full well of the
morrow.

Altars are standing around ; and with hair dishev-
elled the priestess

Thunders the roll of the gods ; now Erebus call-
ing, now Chaos, 510

Hecate, triple, and visages three of the Virgin
Diana.

Counterfeit waters, too, of the fount of Avernus
she sprinkles ;

Downy herbs, all cut by brazen knives in the
moonlight,

Also are sought, whose juice is a black and virulent poison ;

Sought is the lover's charm, which away from the mare hath been stolen, 515

Torn from the brow of her new-foaled colt.

Dido, herself, with the meal in her purified hands by the altar,

One foot freed from the cords of the sandal, her vesture ungirdled,

Calls, at the threshold of death, on the gods and the prescient planets ;

Then, if there be any Power, both just and regardful, that watches 520

Lovers unequally yoked, that Power she invokes to avenge her.

Now, it was night, and throughout the earth tired bodies were snatching

Tranquil repose, and the woods and the wild sea-level were quiet,

While in mid-orbit the stars roll on, and glide through the heavens,

While all the fields are still, the beasts, and the bright feathered songsters, 525

Whether they linger by limpid lakes, or whether they favor

Thicketed fields, in the stillness of night are cradled in slumber,

Soothing their cares by sleep, and their hearts forgetful of trouble.

Not Phœnissa, however ! Unhappy of soul, she is never

Lulled into sleep, nor now doth she ever, with eyes or with spirit 530

Welcome the night, but her cares increase, and her love, again rising,

Mingles its furious tide with the ebb and the flow
of her anger.

Thus evermore she is brooding; thus ever com-
munes with her spirit:

“What shall I do? Make trial again of my
former admirers,

Braving their scorn? Shall I stoop to invite a
Numidian marriage? 535

I who so often already have looked with disdain
on my lovers?

Shall I, then, follow the Ilian fleet, and the Teu-
crian's bidding

Unto the end? Will it help me that once they
were saved by my favor,

And that the thought of my long ago kindness is
gratefully cherished?

Nay, if I wished, who would suffer or take me, the
jest of the city, 540

Into those haughty ships? Oh, lost as thou art,
wilt thou never

Learn that the oaths of Laomedon's line are made
to be broken?

What then? Am I to fly alone with the triumph-
ing sailors?

Or with my Tyrians follow, surrounded by all my
retainers?

Those, whom I scarcely was able to tear from the
city of Sidon, 545

Back to the sea shall I drive, and bid them give
sails to the breezes?

Nay, let me die as becomes me, and drive out my
grief with a dagger.

Thou, overborne by my tears, thou first, my sister,
didst burden

Me with these woes, and leave me undone at mine
enemy's mercy.

Why had I not the right to continue my life with-
out marriage, 550

Like the beasts of the field, and never have come
to such trouble ?

I have not kept the faith I vowed to the shades of
Sychæus."

Such and so great were the wailings that constantly
burst from her bosom ;

While, in his lofty ship, Æneas, determined on
going,

Peacefully slumbered, for all preparations were
fully completed. 555

Him the form of the god, returning with aspect
unaltered,

Fronted in dreams, and seemed again to utter
these warnings.

Mercury's self he appeared in all ; in his voice, in
his color,

Even his golden hair, and the beautiful limbs of
young manhood.

"Goddess-born ! in a crisis like this canst thou
lengthen thy slumber ? 560

Seest thou not what perils are swiftly gathering
round thee ?

Madman, hearest thou not the favoring breath of
the Zephyrs ?

Dido is nursing a plot and a terrible crime in her
bosom,

Bent upon death, and adrift on the changing tide
of her passion.

Fleest thou not from hence with speed while speed
may avail thee ? 565

Soon shall thine eyes behold the ocean surging with
galleys,

Torches fiercely ablaze, and the shore one vast
conflagration,

If, still loitering here, the light of Aurora shall
touch thee.

Up, then, and shake off thy sloth! A creature
inconstant and fickle,

Woman for aye!" And with this he mingled
himself with the midnight. 570

Then, in sooth, did Æneas, alarmed by the
strange apparition,

Instantly start from sleep, and rally his drowsy
companions:

"Quick! be awake, my men! together, now, quick
to the benches!

Up with the flying sails! A god commissioned
from Heaven

Urges to hasten our flight, and to sever the strands
of our cables. 575

Lo! 't is the second time! Whoever thou art,
blessed Herald,

Thee do we follow, rejoicing again to obey thy
commandment.

Oh, be thou near us, and lead us in peace; let the
stars in the heavens

Favor our course." He spake, and drew forth his
sword from its scabbard.

Flashes the naked steel as he strikes the cables
asunder. 580

Kindles each heart with fire, and together they
tug and they struggle.

Now they have left the shore, and the sea is hid by
their vessels.

Straining, they whirl the foam, and sweep the
deep blue of the ocean.

Now the new light of dawn was Aurora begin-
ning to sprinkle

Over the earth, as she sprang from the golden
couch of Tithonus. 585

Soon as the queen from her windows perceives
that the morning is breaking,

Soon as she sees the fleet with sails wing and wing
disappearing,

Sees the shore and the harbor deserted and empty
of oarsmen,

Thrice and again she beats with her hand her
beautiful bosom,

Tearing her golden hair, and exclaiming: "Ye
Gods! shall this stranger 590

Thus be allowed to depart, and hold our throne in
derision?

Will they not rush to arms and pursue from all
parts of the city?

Are there not others to tear our boats from their
moorings? What, ho, there!

Hither with torches! To arms! Row hard, my
Tyrian boatmen!

What am I saying? Where am I? What mad-
ness disorders my reason? 595

Ah, wretched Dido, at last do deeds of disloyalty
touch thee?

Then were it meet, when thou gavest thy sceptre!
Oh, faith and devotion!

This is the man, they say, carries with him the
gods of his fathers!

This is the man who bore on his shoulders his age-
stricken parent!

I could have seized him and torn him in pieces
and scattered his body 600

Over the waves ; or his friends, Ascanius even,
have slaughtered —

Why could I not ? — and have served him up as a
feast for his father !

But had the hazard of war been uncertain ? Then
let it have been so.

Whom did I fear at Death's door ? I might have
set fire to his galleys,

Filling his hatches with flame ; and when with the
son and the father 605

I had destroyed the race, have flung myself on the
embers.

O thou Sun, who searchest all deeds of the Earth
with thy glory,

Also, thou Juno, who knowest and feelest these
tortures of passion,

Hecate, too, who wailest by night through the
streets of the city, 609

Yea, ye avenging fiends, ye gods of dying Elissa,
Listen to this, and vouchsafe your presence to
woes that deserve it.

Listen, and hear our prayer ; and if it must cer-
tainly happen

That his accurséd head reach land and float to a
harbor,

If the decrees of Jove are fixed, if this goal is
determined,

Yet, undone by war and the sword of a resolute
people, 615

Banished the realm and torn from the arms of his
darling Iulus,

Let him go begging for aid, and see his best and
his bravest

Slain in disgrace ; and when to a treacherous peace
 he hath yielded,
Let him not then enjoy a throne or the day he
 hath longed for,
But, ere it dawn, let him fall far away on the
 shore, and unburied. 620
This is my prayer ; with my blood I pour this dying
 petition.
Then, O ye Tyrian men ! his seed to the last gen-
 eration
Follow with hate, and send these offerings down
 to our ashes.
Neither be love nor league between these nations
 forever !
Rise from my bones in the days to come, thou
 unknown avenger ! 625
Follow with fire and sword the Dardanian colo-
 nists ever !
Now, and hereafter, whenever the time and the
 power shall be granted,
Shore against opposite shore, and sea against sea,
 I invoke it, —
Sword against sword, let them fight, themselves
 and all their descendants ! ”
Having thus spoken, she hurried her thoughts in
 ev’ry direction 630
Seeking the speediest way to break off the life she
 detested.
Then she briefly addressed old Barce, the nurse of
 Sychæus,
For dark Death held her own in the ancient land
 of her fathers !
“ Go, my dear nurse, and hither to me bring Anna,
 my sister.

Say she must hasten to sprinkle her body with
free-flowing water, 635

Also to fetch, when she comes, the sheep and ap-
pointed oblations ;

So shall she come ; and do thou bind thy temples
with consecrate fillets.

Vows unto Stygian Jove, which I have begun in
due order,

It is my wish to complete, and thus put an end to
my trouble,

Also to set the torch to the pyre of Dardania's
chieftain." 640

Quickly on this the good nurse pattered off with
an old woman's ardor.

But, affrighted and crazed by these gruesome be-
ginnings, poor Dido —

Eyes with a murderous gleam, under eyelids trem-
bling and tear-stained,

Face all white at the thought of Death so swiftly
approaching —

Burst through the doors that led to the inner
court, and in frenzy 645

Mounted the lofty pyre and unsheathed the sword
of Æneas,

Which, though not for this use, she had begged as
a gift from her lover.

Here, as soon as she saw the familiar couch, and
the garments

He had worn, she stood for a moment, weeping
and thinking,

Then she fell on the bed, and these were the last
words she uttered : 650

“ Relics of happier days, when God and the Fates
were indulgent,

Take this spirit of mine, and set me free from
these troubles.

Lo, I have lived ; I have finished the course that
fate hath appointed ;

Now my illustrious shade shall pass to the realms
of the future.

I have established a glorious town ; I have seen
my own bulwarks ; 655

I have avenged my husband, and punished my
treacherous brother ;

Happy, too happy, alas ! if only the keel of the
Dardan

Never had touched our shore !” Then, pressing
her face to the pillow,

“ Must we then die,” she cried, “ with no compen-
sation of vengeance !

Yet, let us die ! Thus ! thus ! we rejoice to enter
the shadows. 660

Let him, afar on the sea, drink these flames with
his eyes, cruel Dardan !

Yea, let him bear in his heart our death and its
ominous tokens.”

Dido hath spoken. The words are still on her lips
when her maidens

See her sink down on the steel, see the blood foam-
ing out round the dagger ;

See her hands besprent. Then rings a loud cry
through the lofty 665

Hall, and Rumor runs wild in the startled and
terrified city ;

Echoes the palace with groans, and the weeping
and wailing of women ;

Echoes the vaulted sky with the loud lament of
the people,

Just as if Carthage or ancient Tyre were falling
in ruins,

Left to the mercy of foemen, and flames were roll-
ing in fury, 670

Leaping from home to home, and roaring from
temple to temple.

Breathless, her sister heard, and, frantic with ter-
ror and running,

Marring her face with her nails, and frenziedly
beating her bosom,

Forces her way through the throng, and calls by
name on the dying :

“ Was it for this, dear heart, thou didst craftily
beg my assistance ? 675

This for me were thy pyre and thy fires and thine
altars preparing ?

What is the first complaint of my loneliness?
didst thou despise me

For a companion in death? Hadst thou called me
to die with thee, sister,

Lo, one anguish had ended us both, — one hour,
and one dagger !

Have I then builded this pyre, and called on the
gods of our fathers 680

Only that thou shouldst fall like this, — I cruelly
absent ?

Me hast thou slain, my sister ; thyself, and the
princes of Sidon ;

Ended thy city, thy race ! Give place, good friends,
that with water

I may assuage her wounds, and catch the last
breath of her spirit

Should it be flickering still ! ” and with this, the
tall pyre she ascended ; 685

Now she is folding her dying sister close to her
bosom,

Groaning aloud, and striving to staunch the dark
blood with her garments.

Dido endeavored to raise her heavy eyes, but, ex-
hausted,

Fainted again, while gurgled the wound deep fixed
in her bosom.

Thrice attempting to rise, she lifted herself to her
elbow, 690

Thrice fell back on the couch, and sought with
wandering glances

Light in the lofty sky, but the light only deepened
her moaning.

Then did omnipotent Juno, moved by her linger-
ing anguish,

Touched by her struggle with death, send Iris down
from Olympus,

Bidding her loose the impatient soul from the
body that held it ; 695

For, since neither by fate, nor a death deserved,
she was dying,

But untimely and sad, and suddenly mastered by
passion,

Not as yet had Proserpine stolen a lock of her
golden

Hair, or doomed her head to the gloom of Stygian
Orcus.

Therefore on saffron wings doth Iris fly down
through the heavens, 700

Dewy, and drawing a thousand different hues from
the sunbeams

Crossing her pathway, and hovers right over her
head. " Under orders

This unto Pluto I bear as a sacred gift, and re-
lease thee

Thus, from thy body." She speaks, and severs
the hair ; the same instant

Heat hath all vanished, and life hath passed to the
whispering breezes.

BOOK V

Now in the mean time Æneas was steadfastly holding his galleys
True to their destined course, and cleaving the storm-darkened billows ;
Looking back at the walls already aglare with the blazing
Pyre of unhappy Elissa. The cause of so great conflagration
None of them knew ; but the pangs of passion intense and dishonored, 5
This, and the knowledge of what may be done by a desperate woman,
Led the hearts of the Trojans to sad and gloomy foreboding.

After their vessels had gained the deep, and land was no longer
Visible now, but sky all around, all round them the waters,
Then dark masses of cloud hung sullenly over their vessels, 10
Bringing night and storm, and shuddered the waves in the darkness.
E'en Palinurus the pilot himself called down from the stern-sheets :

“ Ah ! why is it that clouds like these have encompassed the heavens ?
Or, Father Neptune, what hast thou in store ? ”
With this he gave orders,

“Stand by the ship! To the thwarts! Give way
with your tough oaken oar-blades!”¹⁵
Then, as he slanted the bellying sail to the tem-
pest, he shouted,
“Valiant Æneas, though Jove the Creator should
give me his promise,
I should not hope in this weather to reach one of
Italy’s harbors.
Shifted athwart our bows, the winds are rising and
roaring
Out of the blackening west, and thickens the air
into vapor.”²⁰
Strength have we none to make headway against
it, nor yet are we able
Even to hold our own; since fate overpowers, let
us follow,
Veering wherever she calls; methinks, too, the
safe and fraternal
Shores of Eryx are near, nor distant are Sicily’s
harbors,
If I remember aright in retracing the stars I have
noted.”²⁵
Then replied faithful Æneas: “That such is the
will of the tempest
I have been long aware, and vain are thy strug-
gles against it.
Change thy course with the sails; could there be
any haven more grateful,
Or could I choose any harbor for mooring my
wave-wearied galleys
Rather than this which is sheltering for us our
Dardan Acestes;”³⁰
Cherishing, too, in its bosom, the bones of my
father, Anchises?”

Having thus spoken, they make for the port, and
favoring breezes

Fill out the sails, and the fleet is swiftly swept
through the surges,

And to familiar shores they are brought at last
with rejoicing.

But from the lofty top of a far-off mountain,
Acestes 35

Hastens with glad surprise to greet their friendly
arrival,

Bristling about with darts, rough clad in a Libyan
bear-skin ;

Trojan his mother ; his father the god of the
Crimisus river.

He, remembering well his ancient lineage, greets
them ;

Gives them joy of their rescue ; receives them with
glad rustic welcome ; 40

Ministers unto their weariness out of his friendly
abundance.

Later, when cloudless day first scattered the stars
at its dawning,

Then from the whole broad shore Æneas convok-
ing his comrades

Into a listening group, with a mound for his ros-
trum, addressed them :

“ Noble Dardanidæ, sprung from the glorious
blood of immortals, 45

Now hath an annual circle of twelve full months
been completed,

Since we laid in the earth the ashes and bones of
my father,

Now with the gods, and reared for his worship our
altars of mourning.

Nay, if I err not, the day draws nigh which I shall
forever

Reckon both sacred and sad ; for such is the plea-
sure of Heaven. 50

Were I to pass this day in Gætulian deserts, an
exile ;

Should the Argolian sea, or crowded Mycenæ de-
tain me,

Still these yearly vows, and this solemn and orderly
service

I should fulfil, and crown his altars with fitting
oblations.

But, by my father's own ashes and bones to-day
we are gathered, 55

Not, I for one believe, without divine intervention,
And, though swept from our course, we rest in a
welcoming harbor.

Come, then, and let us together glad sacrifice do
in his honor,

Praying for winds and permission to pay these
annual tributes,

After our city is founded, in temples ordained for
his worship. 60

Oxen twain unto you doth Trojan-descended
Acestes

Offer for each of your ships ; invite to the banquet
your country's

Household gods, and the gods that our host Aces-
tes revereth.

If the ninth morning, moreover, shall bring us a
day of fair weather,

And if Aurora shall brighten the earth with radiant
sunshine, 65

First I will order a race of the swift-oared Teucrian
galleys ;

Also whoever is good at a foot race, or trusts in
his prowess
Either with dart to excel, or to win with the light
wingéd arrow ;
Whoso hath courage to enter the lists with gaunt-
lets of rawhide ;
All shall attend and expect the rewards of merited
honor.” 70
All shout aloud in applause, and bind their tem-
ples with chaplets.
Having thus spoken, he wreathes his brow with
his mother’s own myrtle ;
Elymus does the same ; the same does aged
Acestes,
Youthful Ascanius, too, and the other young men
in due order.
Then, with a mighty host, Æneas proceeds from
the council 75
Unto the tomb, in the midst of a thronging crowd
of companions.
Here, duly making libation, he empties two beak-
ers of purest
Wine, and two of new milk on the earth, and two
that with sacred
Blood were o’erbrimming ; and blossoms of purple
he scatters, exclaiming : —
“ Hail, O parent divine ! Once more, all hail,
O ye ashes 80
Vainly to me restored ! Hail, spirit and soul of
my father !
Not with thee might I search for Italy’s confines
and destined
Fields ; nor, be what it may, discover Ausonian
Tiber.”

This had he said, when a huge and glittering serpent came trailing
Up from the base of the shrine seven coils and sevenfold spirals, 85
Gently encircling the tomb, and gliding over the altars.
Markings of emerald blazoned its back, and varying tinctures
Kindled its scales with gold ; as Iris o'erarching the storm-cloud
Flashes back to the sun the myriad hues of the rainbow.
Stunned by the sight was Æneas ; yet still, in a lengthening column 90
Winding its sinuous way 'mid bowls and glittering goblets,
Lightly it lipped the feast, and harmlessly backward retreated
Under the base of the tomb, just tasting and quitting the altars.
All the more zealously now he continued the rites to his father,
Knowing not whether the serpent were God of the place, or a spirit 95
Guarding the dead. Two lambs he offered according to custom,
Also a couple of swine and a pair of sable-skinned bullocks,
Pouring out bowls of wine, and calling aloud on the mighty
Soul of Anchises, whose shades were redeemed from Acheron's prison.
Then his companions, too, each after his means, with rejoicing 100

Offer their gifts, till they burden the altar ; some
sacrifice bullocks,

Others arrange great caldrons of brass, or,
stretched on the greensward,

Kindle a fire of coals and roast the flesh by the
embers.

Dawns the expected day ; already are Phaëthon's
horses

Bearing the ninth Aurora aloft with glory un-
unclouded. 105

Rumor, moreover, conjoined with the name of the
famous Acestes,

Roused the neighboring people, who joyously
crowded the seashore

Eager to gaze on the Trojans ; and some to en-
gage in the contests.

First, in the sight of all, and ranged in the inner-
most circle,

Prizes are shown, even tripods of sacrifice, leafy
green chaplets, 110

Palm branches, too, for the victors, and armor, and
garments of purple,

Evenly dyed, and a talent of gold, and a talent of
silver ;

While from the hilltop the trumpet announces the
opening contest.

Chosen from all the fleet, four galleys of uniform
oarage,

Equal also in weight, have entered the first of the
races. 115

Mnestheus with eager crew is urging the swift-
darting Pristis ;

“ Mnestheus of Italy,” soon, whence the name of
the Memmian household ;

Gyas commands the Chimæra, which looms up
vast as a city,

Bulky and broad and high, and Dardanian youth
on the benches

Drive it along with oars that strike in triplicate
measure. 120

Then Sergestus, from whom the Sergian line is
descended,

Rides on the Centaur huge ; on dark green Scylla,
Cloanthus,

Whence thine illustrious line is traced, O Roman
Cluentius.

Opposite foaming shores is a rock, far away in
the offing,

Pounded and whelmed at times by the on-rush of
turbulent breakers, 125

When bleak northwest winds o'ercloud the stars in
the heavens :

Silent in days of calm, it rises through slumbering
waters

Level and smooth, a site most favored by sun-
loving sea-gulls.

Here did father Æneas determine the goal by a
verdant

Bough from a thick-leaved oak ; that the rowers
might know by this token 130

Whence they must make their return, and where
their long course must be doubled.

Next they chose places by lot ; and, astern on the
decks, are the captains

Gleaming afar in gold, and the radiant beauty of
purple,

While all the youth at the oars are crowned with
chaplets of poplar.

Thoroughly rubbed with oil, their naked shoulders
are gleaming. 135

Now as they sit on the thwarts, their forearms
stretched for the oar-stroke,

Nervously waiting the signal, the quivering throb
of their pulses

Drains their rioting hearts, and sharp is their
hunger for glory.

Then, when the shrill-toned trumpet resounds,
there is no hesitation ;

All shoot forth from the line ; heaven rings with
the shouts of the oarsmen ; 140

Churned by the might of their muscular arms the
channel is foaming ;

Parallel furrows they cut, and all the sea-level
breaks open,

Harrowed by oars, and ploughed by the three-
pronged beaks of the galleys.

Not with so headlong a plunge from the goal in a
double-yoked contest

Chariots dash o'er the plain and stream out over
the race-course ; 145

Nor over steeds so free have charioteers, leaning
forward,

Shaken their floating reins, as they hang far over
the whip-lash.

Then with the clapping and shouting of men, and
cheers of well-wishers,

Ring all the groves at once ; wooded shores reëcho
the chorus,

While the reverberant hills resound with tumultu-
ous echoes. 150

Drawing away from the rest, in the height of the
bustle and uproar,

Gyas darts over the waves to the front ; then closely
Cloanthus

Follows, more skilled at the oars, but the weight
of his lumbering galley

Holding him back ; in the rear, and about the same
distance asunder,

Struggle the Centaur and Pristis to gain the bet-
ter position. 155

Aye ! and now Pristis hath won it ; and now the
huge bulk of the Centaur

Passes her vanquished, and now both vessels sweep
onward together,

Ploughing the shallow brine in long and parallel
furrows.

Now they were nearing the rock and making the
turn of the goal-post,

When in the midst of the eddying waters victori-
ous Gyas 160

Shouted aloud to Menœtes, who guided the helm
of the vessel :

“ Why art thou going so far to the right ? Direct
thy course hither ;

Cuddle the shore ! Let the oar-blade graze the
ledges to larboard ;

Leave the deep sea to the others ! ” he cries, but
Menœtes, the helmsman,

Fearful of hidden rocks, keeps turning the prow
to the channel. 165

“ Why dost thou still go wrong ? Turn back to
the rock, O Menœtes, ”

Gyas again roars out ; and lo, in his wake, close
behind him,

Sees Cloanthus dart forward, and steer in nearer
the shore-line.

He, between Gyas's boat and the rocks that were
 sullenly roaring,
Grazing the left, wins the inside course, and sud-
 denly passing 170
Him who was first, clears the goal and glides into
 safe open waters.
Then, of a truth, great wrath blazed up in the
 young captain's marrow,
Nor were his cheeks unwet with tears, and, equally
 reckless
Both of his own good name and the safety of those
 who were with him, 174
Headlong into the sea he tumbled clumsy Menœtes.
He, then, the master himself, springs quick to the
 tiller as steersman,
While he both rallies the rowers and wrenches the
 helm to the landward.
But, as at length scarce saved from the watery
 depths, old Menœtes,
Heavy and drenched, is now clambering up the
 precipitous ledges,
Now on the sun-dried rock is seated in brine-drip-
 ping garments, 180
Him, as he fell, did the Trojans deride; they
 mocked at him swimming;
Now they are laughing again as his lungs reject
 the salt water.
Then in the two who are last, Sergestus and Mnes-
 theus, a joyous
Hope is enkindled that Gyas may now be passed as
 he lingers.
Rushes Sergestus ahead, and now to the rock is
 approaching, 185
Yet he is not in the lead by quite the length of his
 galley;

Partly ahead, part pressed by the beak of emulous
Pristis.

But, in the midst of his boat and striding up close
to his comrades,

Mnestheus exhorts, " Now rise ! rise, now, on your
oars all together,

Hector's own lads, whom I chose for my friends
when the final disaster 190

Fell on the city of Troy ; now give us a proof of
that prowess,

Show us that spirit once more that you showed in
Gætulia's quicksands,

Through the Ionian sea, and the hounding waves
of Maléa !

Mnestheus covets not now to be first, nor strives
to be victor,

Though ! — but let them succeed unto whom thou
hast granted it, Neptune. 195

Yet it were shame to be last to return ; this dis-
grace, O my comrades,

Vanquish, and suffer it not ! " Then they with
their utmost endeavor

Pull till the great bronze keel is quivering under
their oar-strokes.

Backward is driven the sea ; then hurried and
difficult breathing

Shakes their limbs and their parching lips, and
sweat flows in rivers. 200

Only an accident brings to the men the coveted
honor :

For while maddened with rage Sergestus is urging
his galley

Inwardly toward the rocks, and threading the
treacherous channel,

On a projecting rock the luckless captain is driven.
Tremble the cliffs, and the oars on the shelving
edge of the ledges 205
Strain and snap, and the prow hard jammed on
the rock is suspended.
Rowers all spring to their feet ; there 's delay and
a terrible uproar ;
Iron-shod poles they seize, and grasping their
sharp-pointed boat-hooks,
Gather the splintered oars that float in the eddy-
ing waters.
Mnestheus, however, rejoicing, and keener for very
good fortune, 210
Under the swift-marching oars, and winds invoked
to befriend him,
Makes for the level sea, and glides into smooth
open water.
Yea, as a dove from a cleft in the rocks, when
suddenly startled, —
Safe in the sheltering cliff are her home and her
brood of sweet nestlings, —
Rises to fly to the fields, and frightened away from
her covert, 215
Makes a great flapping of wings, then into still
air quickly gliding,
Skims on her liquid way, nor flutters her arrowy
pinions ;
Even so Mnestheus, so Pristis herself, in her flight
cuts the farthest
Waters, and glides along impelled by sheer force
of momentum. 219
First he passes Sergestus, toiling hard on the lofty
Rock and the sandy shoals, and shouting in vain
for assistance,

Learning the difficult art of rowing with oars that
are broken.

Making for Gyas next, he challenges clumsy Chi-
mæra ;

Who, of her pilot bereft, is fain to withdraw from
the contest.

Now at the very end, when no one is left but Clo-
anthus, 225

Him he pursues and presses hard in a desperate
struggle.

Then, of a truth, the din is redoubled ; all shout
to encourage

Him who pursues, and the sky reëchoes the sound
of their cheering.

These are incensed by the thought of losing the
fame and the glory

Already won, and are willing to barter their lives
for their honor ; 230

Those are cheered by success ; they can win, for
they seem to be winning.

Aye, and with even prows, perchance they had
tied for the prizes,

Had not Cloanthus extended both hands to the
ocean, outpouring

Prayers and invoking the gods with vows to grant
his petition :

“ Gods, whose realm is the sea, ye Rulers whose
waters I traverse, 235

Joyously on this beach to your altars a glistening
bullock

I, under bond of my vow, will pledge, and scatter
its vitals

Over the salt sea wave, and wine will I pour in
libation.”

Heard were the words he spake by the nymphs in
the depths of the ocean,
All the Nereid choir, the Tritons, and chaste Pan-
opea ; 240
Nay, with his own great hand pushed Father Por-
tunus the galley.
She than the wind more swift, more swift than the
quick-flying arrow,
Sped away to the shore, and hid herself deep in
the harbor.
Then did the son of Anchises, when all had been
formally summoned,
Through the loud voice of a herald proclaim as
the victor, Cloanthus, 245
Wreathing about his brows a crown of evergreen
laurel ;
Also he gives to the rowers their choice of re-
wards, whether bullocks
Three for each vessel, or wine, or a generous talent
of silver ;
Special prizes he adds for the men who had cap-
tained the galleys ;
Mantle of gold for the victor, surrounded by broad
Melibœan 250
Purple in winding streams, flowing on like a double
Mæander,
While, embroidered between, the Prince on leaf-
hidden Ida
Wearies nimble deer with his dart and the speed
of his running.
Life-like, as if he were breathing, Jove's eagle hath
snatched him from Ida,
And in his crooked claws is swiftly bearing him
upward. 255

Vainly his guardians old are spreading their palms
to the heavens,

Vainly his furious hounds are baying the sky in
their anger.

But unto him who has won by his valor the second
position,

Unto this man, for his own, he gives a glittering
corselet,

Woven with triplicate links of gold ; which him-
self as a victor 260

Stripped from Demoleus, near great Troy, where
Simois rushes.

This he may keep as a prize and a sure protection
in battle.

Phegeus and Sagaris, bondmen, though bracing
their shoulders together,

Bend 'neath the weight of its manifold links, yet
Demoleus wore it

When long since on foot he followed the scattering
Trojans. 265

Unto the third he gives twin caldrons of brass as
a trophy,

Skiff-patterned cups of wrought silver, moreover,
embossed with raised figures.

Finally all had been honored, and proud of their
gifts were departing

Having their temples adorned with fillets of Ty-
rian purple,

When, from the merciless rock wrenched free by
skill and hard labor, 270

Crippled by loss of oars, and bereft of one rank of
his oarsmen,

Lo, amid jeers, without honor, Sergestus came
driving his galley.

Just as quite often a serpent, that, caught on the
crown of a highway,

Sidelong a brazen wheel has crossed, or a wayfarer
fiercely

Smiting has left half killed by a stone, and man-
gled, endeavors 275

Vainly to make its escape, describing long curves
with its body,

Part of it angry, with eyes ablaze, and raising its
hissing

Throat in the air, while part by its bruises disabled
retards it,

Turning and twisting and knotting itself in its
own convolutions ;

Rowed in a similar fashion, the lumbering boat had
been moving ; 280

But is now spreading her sails and entering port
with full canvas.

Glad that his vessel is saved, and rejoiced that his
friends have been rescued,

Unto Sergestus Æneas presents the reward he has
promised :

Pholoë, Cretan by birth, is given to him for a
handmaid,

Skilled in the arts of Minerva, and pressing twin
sons to her bosom. 285

Now that this contest is closed, God-fearing
Æneas advancing

Enters a grass-covered plain completely encircled
by forests

Set upon curving hills ; and, cent'ring the theatre-
valley,

There was a race-course ring, to which, with thou-
sands around him,

Forward the hero pressed to a station commanding
the concourse. 290

Here by prizes he fires the zeal of all who are wil-
ling

In the swift race to contend ; and here he exhibits
the trophies.

Trojans from every side and Sicilians come throng-
ing together ;

Nisus the first, with Euryalus.

Noted for beauty, Euryalus, famed for his vigor-
ous manhood ; 295

Nisus, for loyal love to the lad ; next after them
followed

Princely Dioreas, descended from Priam's illustri-
ous household.

Patron and Salius next, the one Acarnania's hero,
While the Arcadian blood of the other was traced
from Tegæa ;

Helymus, then, a Trinacrian youth, and Panopes
also, 300

Craftsmen in forest lore, and friends of aged
Acestes.

Many besides there were, now lost in the gloom of
tradition.

Stationed then in the midst, Æneas addressed them
as follows ;

“ Take these words to your hearts ; rejoice and be
glad in this promise ;

None of this number shall go unrewarded by me
with a guerdon ; 305

Gleaming with burnished steel, two Cretan darts
I will give you,

Also an axe for a trophy, twin-bladed and hilted
with silver.

This one gift is assured unto all ; three prizes the
leaders

Also shall win, and their brows shall be wreathed
with golden-leaved laurel.

He that wins first shall receive a steed resplendent
with trappings ; 310

He that is next be graced with an Amazonian
quiver

Filled with arrows of Thrace ; a broad gold band
runs around it,

And with a tapering jewel a buckle securely con-
fines it ;

He who is third shall depart content with this
helmet from Argos."

Taking their place at the word, and suddenly hear-
ing the signal, 315

Stream they forth on the track, and leaving the
line far behind them

Sweep straight on like a storm, all eyes intent on
the goal-post.

Nisus is first away, his body in front of all others
Flashing, more swift than the wind, yea, swifter
than wings of the lightning.

Next unto him, but next at a well marked distance,
there followed 320

Salius ; then with a space left widely open between
them,

Came Euryalus third.

Close is Euryalus pressed by Helymus, then right
behind him

Flies Diorea ; behold ! how heel with heel he is
grazing !

Shoulder to shoulder he runs, and if only the
course could be lengthened, 325

He would out-distance his rival, or render the victory doubtful.

Now, exhausted and near to the end of the track, they were speeding

On to the goal itself, when Nisus, unfortunate Nisus,

Slipped on some gliddery blood, which it chanced from sacrificed bullocks

Over the ground had flowed, and thoroughly drenched the green herbage. 330

Here, on the slippery earth, the youth already exultant

Fails his tottering steps to hold, but plunges head-foremost

Into the thick of the mire, and the blood of the consecrate victims.

Yet he remembers Euryalus, nor is their friendship forgotten,

For from the slime he springs against Salius heavily striking, 335

So that he staggers and falls outstretched on the miry arena.

Forward Euryalus flashes, and victor by favor of friendship,

Darts to the front and flies 'mid a tumult of clapping and cheering.

Helymus finishes next, and now, third victor, Diores.

Then the whole ring of the vast amphitheatre, also the foremost 340

Ranks of the senators, Salius fills with loud protestations,

While he demands that the prize that was captured by fraud be restored him.

Favor Euryalus saves, with the grace of his tears
and his courage,

Worth being valued the more when it comes in a
beautiful person.

Also Dioces assists, and loudly proclaims him the
victor ; 345

For he has won the palm, and vainly attained the
last honor,

If the return of the first unto Salius now be con-
ceded.

Then said Father Æneas, “ Young men, the deci-
sion is final ;

Safe are your prizes, and none shall disturb the
order of merit ;

Let me console the mischance of a friend un-
touched by dishonor.” 350

Speaking, he flung the skin of a huge Gætulian
lion,

Heavy with hair and with claws of gold, around
Salus’ shoulders.

Instantly Nisus exclaimed, “ If such be the meed of
the vanquished,

If thou so pity the fallen, what fitting reward
upon Nisus

Wilt thou bestow, who had won unchallenged the
first of the chaplets, 355

Had not the same ill chance which Salus met
overthrown me ? ”

Then, as he spoke these words, he showed his limbs
and his features

Stained and besprent with mire. At his plight the
most excellent father,

Smiling, and bidding a shield be brought, Didy-
maon’s handwork,

Taken down by the Greeks from the sacred portal
of Neptune, 360

On the distinguished youth bestowed this illustri-
ous trophy.

Afterward, when all races were closed and the
prizes awarded,

“Now if any be bold, with a resolute heart in his
bosom,

Stand and raise your hands and forearms, bound
with the gauntlets.”

Thus he exclaims, and announces a twofold reward
for the contest ; 365

Unto the victor a bull bedecked with gold and
with fillets ;

Also, to comfort the vanquished, a sword and a
marvellous helmet.

Instantly, waiting for naught, gigantic and power-
ful Dares ✓

Lifted his head, and stood 'mid loud acclaim of the
heroes ;

Dares, the only man who was wont to stand against
Paris ; 370

He, too, it was by the tomb where Hector, the
mighty, lies buried,

Smote victorious Butes, the giant, who haughtily
boasted

Kinship with Amycus' line by descent from Bebry-
cian princes,

Stretching him, hurt to the death, on the golden
sand ; such is Dares

Who is now loftily lifting his head at the first note
of battle, 375

Showing his shoulders' breadth, and his arms, one
after the other,

Stretching haughtily forth, and beating the air in defiance.

Where is another to match him? Not one in the whole great assembly

Dares to confront this man, or put on the gauntlets before him.

Eagerly, therefore, and thinking that all had withdrawn from the contest, 380

Facing Æneas he stands, and short is his limit of patience :

Then the left horn of the bull he seizes : “ O son of a goddess,

Since there is none who dares to hazard his life in the combat,

What is the limit of waiting? How long is it right to detain me?

Bid me lead off the prize.” The Trojans, all shouting together, 385

Roar their approval, demanding the promised reward for the hero.

Then, with upbraiding, Acestes unsparingly lashes Entellus,

Next unto whom he reclines on the verdant couch of the hillside :

“ O Entellus, in vain aforetime the bravest of heroes,

Dost thou so patiently suffer, without any contest, such prizes 390

Thus to be won? Where now is that Eryx we worshipped, whom vainly

Thou for thy master hast claimed? Where now is thy fame that o’ershadowed

All the Trinacrian isle, and those trophies that hung in thy palace? ”

Quickly he answered, "Not quenched by fear is
my longing for glory ;

Nor my desire for praise ; but age is retarding the
icy 395

Flow of my blood, and the sluggish currents of
life are congealing.

Had I what once I had, and in which yon braggart
confiding,

Vaunteth himself ; were mine that youth which
hath long since departed,

Not allured by a prize and the hope of a beauti-
ful bullock

Would I have come ; nor now do I tarry for
gifts ! " and thus speaking, 400

Into the midst he hurled a pair of ponderous gaunt-
lets.

Eryx the dauntless, of yore with these had been
wont to do battle,

Binding his hands and arms with thongs of well-
seasoned bull's-hide.

Hearts were appalled ; seven folds of the hides of
bulls so enormous

Stiffened in rigid coils insewn with lead and with
iron. 405

Dares himself, above all, was confounded, and
stoutly protested ;

E'en the brave son of Anchises eyed keenly the
terrible weapons,

Turning over and over the ponderous coils of the
gauntlets.

Then these words from his heart the old man flings
in rejoinder :

" What, then, if one could have seen the arms and
looked on the gauntlets 410

Hercules owned ; and have viewed on this very
shore the grim battle !

Eryx once wore these arms, yes, Eryx, the son of
thy mother ;

Still canst thou see how with blood and with brains
they are stained and bespattered.

'Gainst the great son of Alcides with these did he
stand ; and I used them

Long as more vigorous blood gave strength ; while
Age, my dread rival, 415

Had not as yet grown gray, nor scattered his frost
on my temples.

But, if your Dares of Troy object to these arms of
our choosing,

If good Æneas approve, and Acestes, my sponsor,
be willing,

Make we the fight more fair ; I spare you the
bull's hide of Eryx ;

Banish thy fears ; and thou must relinquish those
Ilian gauntlets." 420

Having thus spoken, he flung from his shoulders
the folds of his mantle ;

Then, the huge joints of his limbs, his mighty
frame and great muscles

Baring, gigantic he stood in the midst of the sandy
arena.

Then did Father Æneas bring gauntlets that
matched one another,

Binding with equal arms the hands of both the
contestants. 425

Instantly each stood forth, with body erect, and on
tiptoe ;

High aloft in the air his arms each dauntlessly
lifted ;

Back, far away from the stroke, their towering
heads they are tossing ;
Hands intermingle with hands ; they are daring
each other to combat ;
That one, the better of foot, on the quickness of
youth is relying ; 430
This one excels in the bulk of his limbs, but his
knees' tardy hinges
Fail, and laboring breath his giant body con-
vulses.
Many blows in vain do the champions thrust at
each other ;
Many on echoing ribs they rain ; and loudly they
thunder
Full on the chest, while hands about ears and
temples are playing 435
Heavy and fast, and jaws 'neath terrible buffets
are cracking.
Ponderous stands Entellus, and, fixed in the same
alert posture,
Only with body and vigilant eye is avoiding the
lunges ;
Dares, like one who beleaguers a towering city
with engines,
Or with tented array besieges a hill-crowning for-
tress, 440
Skilfully tries now these and now the other ap-
proaches,
Circling the ring, and attacking in vain with va-
ried manœuvres.
Rising against him, Entellus outstretched his right
hand and upraised it
High overhead ; but his foe, as the stroke came
down from above him,

Quickly foresaw, and escaped by a sudden swerve
of his body. 445

Wasting his strength on the air, Entellus, un-
touched by his rival,

By his own ponderous bulk overweighted, pitched
heavily forward,

Falling to earth, as oft upon Mount Erymanthus
or Ida,

Pine-trees, hollow and huge, have suddenly fallen
uprooted.

Teucrian men and Trinacrian youth spring up in
confusion ; 450

Rises a shout to the sky, and Acestes is first to
run forward,

And in compassion lift up from the earth the
old friend of his boyhood.

But, unhurt by his fall, and nothing daunted, the
hero

Keener returns to the fight, and arouses his
strength by his fury ;

Shame and conscious worth are also enkindling
his spirit ; 455

Fiercely o'er all the plain he drives the fugitive
Dares ;

Now and again his blows with right hand and left
are redoubled.

Neither delay nor rest ; with strokes as incessant
as hailstones

Rattling from cloud to roof, with either hand is
the hero

Ceaselessly buffeting Dares and driving him o'er
the arena. 460

Father Æneas, however, imposing a limit to an-
ger,

Also restraining Entellus from venting his violent
temper,

Instantly ended the fight, and rescued discomfited
Dares,

Comforting him with words, and thus he kindly
addressed him :

“ Ill-fated man ! What madness so great hath
o’ermastered thy spirit ! 465

Recognizest thou not the might and displeasure of
Heaven ?

Yield to the god.” He spake, and speaking ended
the contest.

Faithful young comrades, however, lead Dares
away to the galleys,

Dragging his faltering knees, his head all listlessly
swaying,

Spitting thick gore from his mouth, and teeth with
blood intermingled. 470

Then they are summoned back to receive the sword
and the helmet,

While they resign to Entellus the bull and the
glory of conquest.

Then cried the victor, elated in mind, and proud
of his bullock,

“ Child of a Goddess, and Teucrians all, be ad-
vised by this token

Both what strength was mine ere age had enfee-
bled my body, 475

And from what death redeemed ye have rescued
the life of this Dares.”

Thus having spoken, he stood directly confronting
the bullock,

Which, as the gift of the fight, was standing be-
side him ; then backward

Raising his hand on high, he dashed the terrible
gauntlet

Midway the horns, through the skull, and crushed
was the brain underneath it. 480

Staggered the bull, and fell, head foremost, trem-
bling and lifeless.

Standing above it, such words as these he poured
from his bosom,

“ Better than Dares’ death, this life do I pay thee,
O Eryx !

Here, as a victor, henceforth resigning my art and
my gauntlets.”

Straightway Æneas invites to contend with the
swift-flying arrow 485

Those who may chance to be willing, and fixes the
order of prizes.

Also with powerful hand, a mast from the ship of
Serestes

Raises, and down from its top suspends a flutter-
ing pigeon,

Held by a floating cord ; at this they may level
their arrows.

Gather the men ; and the lots in a brazen helmet
are mingled. 490

Then doth Hippocoön, Hyrtacus’ son, amid shouts
of approval,

Draw the first lot for himself, and win the first
place in the contest.

Next him Mnestheus comes, the winner just now
of the boat-race,

Mnestheus, around whose brow still circles the
green of the olive ;

Third is Eurytion, brother to thee, O Pandarus
mighty ; 495

Thou who in days of old, when bidden to break
off the treaty,
Into the midst of the Greeks wert first to deliver
thy weapon ;
Last, in the depths of the helmet, Acestes alone is
remaining,
Daring to try with his own right hand the feats of
young manhood.
Now their curving bows they are bending with
powerful muscles, 500
Each for himself, and each draws forth a shaft
from his quiver.
First flew the arrow of Hyrtacus' son from the
whistling bow-string
Far through the sky, and cleft the fleeting breezes
asunder ;
Straight to the mast it flew, and deep in the wood
was embedded.
Trembled the mast, and the bird was frightened
' and fluttered her pinions ; 505
Echoed the hills and shore with the sound of up-
roarious cheering.
Mnestheus next, with bended bow stepped eagerly
forward,
Aiming aloft with eyes as tensely strained as his
bowstring ;
Yet the unfortunate man hath failed of sending
his arrow
Into the bird ; but the knot and the hempen cord
he hath broken, 510
Fastened by which she hung by her foot from the
towering masthead.
Forth on the wind she fled, to the shelter of clouds
and of darkness ;

Straightway then, as an arrow already he held on
his bow-string,
Strained for the shot, did Eurytion pray to his
brother to help him,
Watching the dove as she flew through the open
sky with a joyous 515
Beating of wings; then pierced her under the
darkening storm-cloud.
Dying she fell, and left her life in the spaces of
heaven,
While in her breast, as she dropped, she brought
down the death-dealing arrow.
Only Acestes remained, but the prize was already
another's ;
Yet high into the air the old man launches an ar-
row, 520
Proud to exhibit his skill, and the sounding twang
of his bowstring.
Suddenly then do our eyes behold a marvellous
portent,
Pregnant with fate: the event soon afterward
taught us its meaning ;
All too late did the pitiless augurs interpret the
omen ;
For, as through cloud and rain the arrow was fly-
ing, it kindled, 525
Marking its track with fire; then vanished from
sight in the heavens,
Wholly consumed; as stars, at times, when loosed
from their stations,
Gliding across the sky, leave fiery furrows behind
them.
Heroes of Troy and Trinacria stand bewildered
and awe-struck,

Supplicating the gods; and even most noble
 Æneas, 530

Recognizing the sign, embraces exultant Acestes,
 Loads him with generous gifts, and utters these
 words for his comfort:

“Take them, O father; for thee the great king of
 Olympus hath destined

No chance honor to gain from an omen so signal
 and joyous.

Thou shalt receive this gift, once owned by aged
 Anchises, 535

Even this cup, wrought in sculptured relief, which
 Cysseus, the Thracian,

Long ago gave to Anchises, my father, a gift of
 rare value,

Ever to keep as his own as a token and pledge of
 affection.”

Having thus spoken, he wreathed his brows with
 evergreen laurel,

And, before all the rest, proclaimed as first victor
 Acestes. 540

Nor did noble Eurytion envy his honor and glory,
 Though he alone had brought the dove from the
 depths of the heavens.

Next to share the awards was he who had severed
 the fast'nings;

Last was he who had pierced the mast with his
 swift flying arrow.

Father Æneas, however, the games not yet being
 ended, 545

Summoning Epytus' son, the tutor of beardless
 Iulus,

Also his friend, confides to his faithful ear these
 directions:

“Hasten,” he whispers, “and tell Ascanius, if he
be ready,
Having his line of boys prepared, and the drill of
his horsemen
Planned, to deploy his troop, and exhibit himself
in his armor, 550
Here by his grandsire’s tomb.” Then he orders
the throng of spectators
All to retire from the length of the course, that
the plain may be vacant.
Forward the boys march out, and, under the eyes
of their parents,
Gleam in an even line on their bridled steeds ; and
advancing,
All the Trinacrian youth and the Trojans admire
and applaud them. 555
Each has his forehead enwreathed by a chaplet
according to custom ;
Each is bearing two spears of cornel-wood headed
with iron ;
Polished quivers by part are borne on their shoul-
ders, and pliant
Links of twisted gold fall over their necks and
their corselets.
Three are the troops of horse, and three their
curvetting leaders ; 560
Then there are twice six boys, who, following after
each captain,
Gleam in divided bands with the glory of uni-
formed marshals.
One of the joyous divisions of youth young Priam
is leading ;
Bearing his grandsire’s name ; thy glorious son, O
Polites ;

Destined to found an Italian line ; his mount is a
Thracian 565

Steed, all dappled with white ; there are glimpses
of white on his forefeet ;

And, as he tosses his head, there 's a gleam of white
on his forehead.

Atys is next, whence Rome derives the Attian
household :

Little was Atys, and dearly beloved by little Iulus.
Last, but surpassing them all in beauty of form,
comes Iulus, 570

Riding a Tyrian horse which beautiful Dido had
sent him,

Ever to keep as a proof and pledge of her loving
affection.

By the Trinacrian steeds of aged Acestes the other
Youths are borne.

Tremble the anxious boys, and the Trojans receive
them with plaudits, 575

Glad to behold in their faces the looks of their gray-
headed fathers.

After they joyously wheel on their horses around
the arena

Under the eyes of their friends, Epytides then
from a distance

Utters the signal — “ Attention ! ” and gives a
sharp crack with his whip-lash.

Then, into equal bands by threes the troopers di-
viding, 580

March in diverging lines ; and these, when the
order is given,

Wheel their courses again, and charge with threat-
ening lances ;

Then fresh sallies they make, again to new onsets
returning,

Rushing together from far, and wheeling in intricate circles,

Forming a picture of war, a portrayal of actual battle. 585

Now they expose their backs in flight, then, turning their weapons,

Take the attack, and now sweep onward in peaceful procession.

Just as in lofty Crete the Labyrinth once had an entrance

Fashioned with windowless walls, and a blind and treacherous pathway

Branching a thousand ways, where a slight and unmarked deviation 590

Baffled return, and confused all signs that were trusted for guidance ;

So, interweaving the lines of their marching, the sons of the Trojans

Circled in mazes of flight, intermingled with mimic encounters ;

Not unlike dolphins that cleaving the liquid Carpathian waters,

Swim through the Libyan sea, disporting themselves in the billows. 595

These evolutions and games Ascanius first reestablished

After he girded the town of Alba Longa with ramparts,

Teaching the primitive Latins to keep them alive in the fashion

He himself knew as a boy, with Troy's young chivalry round him :

Alba then taught the same sport to her children, and, centuries later, 600

Rome in her glory revived it to honor the fame of
the fathers.

Still is the game called "Troy;" still "Trojan"
the band of young troopers.

Thus far were carried the games in the name of
his deified father.

Treacherous Fortune then first broke her faith
with the Trojans.

While at the tomb they are paying their homage
with varying contests, 605

Down to the Ilian fleet, from heaven, Saturnian
Juno,

Full of her wiles (for insatiate still was her an-
cient resentment),

Iris despatches, and breathes forth breezes to has-
ten her going.

She o'er the radiant arch of her thousand-hued
rainbow is speeding,

Coursing the dazzling track, a swift but invisible
maiden. 610

Now the vast throng she views; now, sweeping the
shore with her vision,

Sees that the port is deserted; and notes that the
fleet is unguarded,

While, far away on the lonely beach, the Ilian
matrons,

Mourning apart for Anchises lost and weeping
together,

All gaze forth on the deep. "Alas! what wastes
for the weary!" 615

"So much sea yet left!" is the cry of each wo-
man among them.

Home is their prayer; they are tired of endur-
ing the toil of the ocean.

Therefore into their midst, and not without inkling
of evil,
Iris, doffing the face and the garb of a goddess,
is hastening.
Beroë aged, she seems, Ismarian Doryclus' good-
wife ; 620
For he could formerly boast of nobility, honor, and
children.
Thus then, bearing herself 'mid the throng of Dar-
danian matrons,
“ Wretched women,” she cries, “ whom no Greek
hand in the battle
Dragged unto death in sight of the walls of our
country! O Nation,
Destined to sorrow, to what sad end hath Fortune
reserved thee ! 625
Now, since the sacking of Troy, the seventh sum-
mer is speeding,
While, after traversing seas and lands, and so
many cruel
Rocks, and changing skies, we are fated to chase
o'er the boundless
Waters our fugitive Italy, fated to toss on the
billows.
Here is the country of Eryx our kinsman ; here
friendly Acestes ; 630
Who, then, forbids us to build and give to our
people a city ?
O my country — my gods, in vain from the en-
emy rescued,
Shall not a town, after all, be named for our Troy ?
Shall we never
Look upon Simois more, or Xanthus, the rivers of
Hector ?

Nay! but follow with me; let us burn these ships
of disaster! 635

For unto me in a dream the shade of Cassandra
the prophet

Seemed to give flaming brands; 'It is here your
Troy must be sought for;

Here is your home!' she cried, and now doth the
time require action;

Falter not thus forewarned. Behold four altars
of Neptune!

Here doth the god himself provide both torches
and spirit." 640

Speaking these words, she first caught up a threat-
ening firebrand,

And, with uplifted arm, high whirling the glitter-
ing fagot,

Hurled it with all her force. Aroused were the
souls of the matrons;

Hearts all astounded, till one, the eldest of all the
assembly,

Pyrgo, the royal nurse of so many children of
Priam, 645

Shouted, "Not Beroë this; not this, O matrons,
the Rhætian

Consort of Doryclius; mark these tokens of beauty
celestial!

Look at those radiant eyes where flashes the soul
of a goddess!

Mark ye her face, and the sound of her voice, and
her manner of walking!

It is but now that I myself left Beroë grieving 650
That she alone is, by illness, debarred from the
joy of this service,

Nor is permitted to render Anchises his merited
honors."

These were her words.

Yet, for a time undecided, the matrons with eyes
of abhorrence

Gazed on the ships, and were torn 'twixt a pitiful
love for their present 655

Haven of rest, and desire for the realms to which
destiny called them ;

But, as on balancing wings the goddess arose
through the heavens,

Sweeping under the clouds on the mighty arch of
the rainbow,

Then indeed, by the omen astounded, and goaded
by madness,

All, with loud cries, begin snatching the fire from
the holiest altars ; 660

Others the shrines despoil, and garlands, and fil-
lets, and firebrands

Hurl in a shower ; and the Demon of Fire, un-
checked in his fury,

Sweeps over benches and oars, and the painted fir
of the galleys.

Swift to Anchises' tomb, and through the wedged
rows of spectators,

Eumelus carries the news that the ships are on
fire ; and the Trojans 665

See for themselves black clouds of smoke uproll-
ing behind them.

Then, as Ascanius joyed to lead his manœuvering
troopers,

So was he first to dash on horseback swift to the
troubled

Camp ; nor, stricken with fear, are his guardians
able to check him.

“ What new madness is this ? Whither now,
whither now are ye tending ? 670

Ah, wretched women, not foes nor a hostile encampment of Argives,
 But your own hopes ye burn. Behold it is I, your Iulus ! ”

Then he tears from his head and flings at their feet the light helmet,
 Covered by which he was urging in sport the counterfeit battle.

Hastens Æneas now, now hasten the bands of the Trojans. 675

But in their terror the women are scattering over the seashore

Hither and yon, and away into caverns and forests are stealing

Whithersoever they may ; they shrink from the deed and the daylight ;

Contrite, they welcome their friends, and Juno is cast from their bosoms.

But not for that do the flames lay aside their intractable fury ; 680

Still, far under the water-logged timbers the smouldering oakum

Lives, and lazy smoke pours forth, and the fire, crawling onward,

Gnaws at the hull, and death eats into the heart of the vessel ;

Nor is heroic toil and the pouring of water availing. Rending his vesture then from his shoulders, god-fearing Æneas 685

Stretched forth his hands in prayer, and called on the gods for assistance.

“ Jove, thou omnipotent ! liveth there yet even one of the Trojans

Not in thy sight abhorred, if thine ancient compassion regardeth

Human distress at all, O father, vouchsafe that
our vessels

'Scape from the flames ; and from ruin redeem the
frail cause of the Trojans ; 690

Or, as naught else is left, by a bolt of thy merci-
less thunder

Grant the release of death, and here by thy hand
let me perish."

Scarce had he uttered these words, when a storm
in strange fury descended,

Black with torrents of rain ; and the lofty hills
and the lowlands

Tremble with thunder ; and clouds come rushing
over the heavens 695

Swollen with rain, and exceedingly black with
southerly tempests.

Filled from above are the ships, and drenched are
the half-consumed timbers,

Till the last smouldering flame is extinguished,
and all of the galleys,

All with the loss of four, are rescued from cruel
destruction.

Father Æneas, however, o'ercome by the bitter
misfortune, 700

Shifted his burden of care now this way now that
in his bosom,

Pondering whether, unheeding the fates, it were
better to settle

Here in Sicilian fields, or struggle for Italy's har-
bors.

Then did old Nautes, to whom alone Tritonian
Pallas

Destiny had revealed, and had rendered him fa-
mous for wisdom, 705

Teach by these oracles either what Heaven's great
 anger portended,
 Or the appointed course which the order of fate
 was demanding,
 And with words like these began to encourage
 Æneas :

“ Goddess-born, whithersoever our destiny leads,
 let us follow ;

Happen what may, we must conquer each trial by
 patient endurance. 710

Here thou hast Dardan Acestes whose lineage links
 him with Heaven ;

Take him to share in thy counsels ; enlist him in
 cordial alliance ;

Leave to his care all those who survive the lost
 ships, and surrender

All who are faint in thy cause, and weaned from
 thy great undertaking ;

Also the aged men, and the matrons outworn by
 the voyage ; 715

Pick out moreover all those that are feeble, and
 fearful of danger,

And in these lands let all the disheartened estab-
 lish a city,

Which they shall call, if the name be allowed
 them, the city Acesta.”

Then, of a truth, aroused by these words of his
 aged companion,

Swiftly wandered his mind through all his haras-
 sing problems. 720

Meanwhile, chariot-borne, dark Night was enfold-
 ing the heavens ;

Gliding then from the sky, the form of his father
 Anchises

Seemed of a sudden to breathe on the air these
voicings of counsel :

“ O my son, ever dearer than life, while life was
remaining,

O my son, sore tried by Ilium's fatal disasters, ⁷²⁵
Herald am I from Jove, who hath warded the
flames from thy galleys,

And from the heavenly heights hath looked at last
in compassion ;

Heed the most wise advice which reverend Nautes
hath given ;

Chosen youth and the bravest of hearts into Italy
carry.

Desperate peoples of barbarous breeding, in La-
tium's borders 730

Thou must subdue ; and yet the mansions infernal
of Pluto

First thou must visit, my son, and through the
dark depths of Avernus

Seek for a meeting with me ; for me neither Tar-
tarus curséd

Holds, nor its mournful shades ; but the blessed
abodes of the righteous,

These are my home, and Elysium ; hither the pure-
hearted Sibyl, 735

Freely shedding the blood of her dusky herd, shall
conduct thee ;

Here all thy progeny thou shalt behold, and the
city vouchsafed them.

Meanwhile, fare thee well ; damp Night from the
sky is receding,

Pitiless Day with his panting steeds is breathing
upon me.”

Speaking, he vanished like smoke in the shadowy
mist of the morning. 740

“ Whither ? ” Æneas exclaims, “ ah, whither so soon dost thou hasten ?

Whom dost thou fear ? or who forbids thee to wait my embraces ? ”

Having thus spoken, he fans to a flame the slumbering embers,

Honoring on his knees both Pergamene Lar and gray Vesta’s

Chapel with sacred meal, and a casket o’erbrimming with incense. 745

Straightway he summons his comrades, Acestes first, and discloses

Both the commandment of Jove and the words of his well-beloved father,

Also the purpose on which his mind was now fully determined.

Nothing delayed his plans, and Acestes refused not his bidding.

Then they enroll for the town the matrons, and set off the people 750

Willing to stay, even all who were fired by no lofty ambition.

Then they replace the thwarts, and renew in the vessels the timbers

Charred by the fire ; and refurnish the galleys with oars and with cordage.

Scant is their number, but brave are their hearts and ardent for warfare.

Meanwhile Æneas defines the bounds of a town with a furrow ; 755

Homes he allots, and the town calls Ilium ; while the surrounding

District is Troy ; and Acestes, the Trojan, rejoices to rule it,

Founding a forum, and publishing laws to the
council of fathers.

Then, near the stars, on the summit of Eryx, a
temple is builded

Unto Idalian Venus ; and over the tomb of An-
chises 760

There is a priest installed, and a grove, far hon-
ored, is planted.

Now for nine days all the people have feasted,
and knelt at the altars

Paying their vows ; light winds have smoothed the
face of the waters,

And once more the freshening breeze is calling
them seaward.

Over the winding shore arises a loud lamenta-
tion. 765

They are delayed for a night and a day in parting
embraces ;

Even the matrons, now, and they to whom lately
the ocean

Seemed so fearful a sight, and its name too fright-
ful to utter,

Wish to go on, and are ready to bear all the bur-
dens of exile.

Kindly Æneas with comforting words consoles
them, and, weeping, 770

Unto the care of Acestes, their common kinsman,
commends them.

Then he commands them to sacrifice three young
bullocks to Eryx ;

Unto the Weather a lamb ; and, at last, to unfas-
ten the cables.

He himself, crowning his head with leaves fresh
plucked from the olive,

Standing aloft on the prow, upraises a goblet, and
sprinkles 775

Over the salt waves wine, and the inward parts of
the victims.

Springing astern, a breeze arises to prosper their
voyage.

Striking with emulous oars, his comrades are sweep-
ing the billows.

Meanwhile doth Venus, tormented by cares, take
counsel with Neptune ;

Pouring forth from her breast this torrent of bitter
complaining : 780

“Juno’s pitiless wrath, and her ne’er-to-be-sated
resentment,

Force me, O Neptune, to sink to the lowest depths
of entreaty ;

Her, neither lapse of time, nor any devotion ap-
peases ;

Nor is she stilled by fate, nor humbled by Jupi-
ter’s mandate.

’T is not enough with unspeakable hate to have
ravished their city 785

Out of the heart of the Phrygian race ; to have
dragged through all tortures

All that is left ; she pursues e’en the ashes and
bones of the nation

After its death. Ask her for the cause of so
merciless anger.

Thou wast thyself a late witness for me in the
Libyan waters

What a commotion she raised ; on a sudden com-
mingling with heaven 790

All the wide seas and straits in vain with her blus-
tering tempests.

This she hath dared in realms of thine own.
Lo, she hath even destroyed their ships by her
wicked devices,
Folly seducing the matrons of Troy, and, through
loss of their vessels,
Forced them on unknown shores to abandon their
friends and companions. 795
Still there is this to ask, that over thy billows in
safety
They may be suffered to sail, and reach the Lau-
rentian Tiber,
If I seek only our own ; if fate still concedes us
that city.”
Then the Saturnian lord of the deep made answer
as follows :
“ Every right hast thou to have faith in the sea,
Cytherea, 800
Whence thou derivest thy line. I, too, have de-
served it, for often
I have rebuked the wrath and the fury of sky and
of ocean,
While upon land, no less, let Xanthus and Simois
witness,
I have protected Æneas, thy son ; when Achilles,
pursuing,
Forced to the wall of the city the terrified bands
of the Trojans, 805
Gave many thousands to death, and the surfeited
rivers were groaning,
Nor could the Xanthus discover its way, or roll
itself onward
Into the sea ; then I, as he struggled with mighty
Achilles,
Rescued Æneas, o’ermatched in strength and less
favored by Heaven,

Hiding him in a cloud ; although I had rather
 have levelled 810

All the defences of perjured Troy that my hands
 had erected.

Still do I cherish the same good will ; no longer be
 troubled ;

He shall in safety attain the Avernian port thou
 desirest ;

Only one man shall he lose, drawn down in the swirl
 of the waters ;

One for many shall die.” 815

When by these words he hath soothed the gladden-
 ing heart of the goddess,

Yokes the father his steeds with gold, and fits to
 his coursers

Foaming bridles, and then, with the reins all
 streaming before him,

Light in his azure car he flies o'er the crests of
 the billows.

Sink the waves to rest, and, under his thundering
 axle, 820

Calm grows the face of the deep ; clouds fly from
 the spaces of heaven ;

Lo, then a changeful train of huge cetacean mon-
 sters,

Glaucus's ancient choir ; Palæmon, the offspring
 of Ino ;

Also the Tritons swift, and all the retainers of
 Phorcus ;

Thetis and Melite marshal the left, and fair Pan-
 opea, 825

Spio and Thalia next, Cymodoce, too, and Nesæa.

Now, in its turn, sweet joy steals into the heart
 of Æneas

Harassed so long by care ; all masts he bids to be
quickly

Raised, and sails unfurled and hoisted home to the
cross-trees.

All together tack ship, and veering the billowy
mainsail 830

Starboard and port by turns, they shift the taper-
ing yardarms

Over and back ; and the fleet is borne by favoring
breezes.

Foremost of all, Palinurus was leading the closely
ranked column,

Signals set for the others to follow the course of
his galley.

Now, moreover, had mist-laden night to the zenith
of heaven 835

Nearly attained, and the crews, outstretched on the
hard rowing-benches

Under their oars, were sunk in the peaceful aban-
don of slumber,

When, from the star-studded heavens the shadowy
Dream-god descending,

Parted the yielding air, and scattered the fugitive
shadows,

Seeking for thee, Palinurus, and bringing thee,
guiltless of evil, 840

Evil suggestions in dreams ; and aloft on the
stern of thy galley,

Perched in the semblance of Phorbus, he opened
his lips and addressed thee :

“ Iasides Palinurus, the sea of itself bears thy
vessels,

Steadily breathes the wind ; an hour of repose is
vouchsafed thee ;

Lay down thy head, and steal thy wearied eyes from
their labor. 845

I myself, in thy stead, will relieve thee awhile
from thy duties."

Scarcely raising his eyes, Palinurus returns him
this answer :

"Biddest thou me not heed the face of the sea
when it slumbers ?

Watch not the sleeping waves ? Wouldst have
me rely on these tokens ?

Shall I, indeed, entrust Æneas to treacherous
breezes ? 850

I, so often deceived by the snare of a cloudless
horizon ?"

Such was the answer he gave, and clinging fast to
the tiller,

Nowise released his hold, and kept his eyes fixed
on the planets.

Lo, then, over his brows a branch with the waters
of Lethe

Dripping, and drugged with death, the god is
drowsily waving, 855

Setting the tired eyes free in despite of the pilot's
resistance.

Scarcely had slumber surprised and relaxed the
limbs of the helmsman,

When the incumbent god overpowered him, and
hurled him down headlong

Into the limpid waves, with part of the stern and
the tiller

Torn from the ship, and often in vain calling out
to his comrades. 860

He himself swiftly arose through the yielding air
on his pinions.

None the less safely the fleet runs its course o'er
the face of the waters,

Fearlessly forward borne, as father Neptune had
promised.

Now, as still adrift, it was nearing the rocks of the
Sirens,

Direful of old, and white with the bones of num-
berless victims, 865

Hoarsely and far the rocks incessant re-echo the
surges.

Soon as the father perceives that the pilotless ves-
sel is drifting,

He himself guides her course through the midst
of the night-darkened waters,

Frequently sighing, and grieved at heart by the
fate of his comrade.

“ Ah! too sure of a sky serene and an ocean un-
troubled, 870

Stark on an unknown shore, Palinurus, thou liest
unburied.”

BOOK VI

SPEAKING these words with tears, and giving free
rein to his vessels,

Safely he glides at last to the shore of Chalcidian
Cumæ.

Seaward they turn their prows; the stubborn
tooth of the anchor

Firmly secures the ships; curved sterns are fring-
ing the shore-line.

Then the young men in troops leap eagerly down
from the galleys 5

On the Hesperian strand. Some search out the
sparks that lie hidden

Deeply in veins of flint; some plunge into forest
and jungle

Haunted by beasts of prey, and bring tidings of
rivers discovered.

Faithful Æneas, however, ascends to the heights
where Apollo

Dwells, and adventures the gloom of the dread
unapproachable Sibyl, 10

Even the awful abode of her whom the Delian
prophet

Fills with his own great soul, and the gift of in-
spired divination.

Now they draw nigh to the groves and golden halls
of Diana.

Dædalus, fleeing the kingdom of Minos, — so
runs the tradition, —

Trusting himself on swift and adventurous wings
to the heavens, 15
Flew through the trackless sky toward the glim-
mer of frosty Arcturus,
Never arresting his flight till he gained the Chal-
cidian mountain.
Here, first restored to the earth, his feathery oar-
age, O Phœbus,
Unto thyself he vowed, and built thee a marvel-
lous temple ;
Carved on its gate is the death of Androgeos ;
then, with what pathos, 20
Stand the Athenians, doomed to surrender in
yearly atonement
Maidens and youths, twice seven ; behold the
dread urn standing empty !
Darkly companioning this, looms the island of
Crete from the ocean.
Here is the mad and incestuous passion of Pasi-
phæ pictured,
Here its unnatural fruit, that monster half brute
and half human ; 25
Darkly the Minotaur stands monumental of name-
less dishonor.
Here, too, that marvellous maze with its hopelessly
intricate windings ;
Hopelessly ? Nay, for the king hath pitied his
love-stricken daughter,
And hath himself resolved the bewildering plan
of the palace,
Guiding her lover's return by a thread ; thou,
Icarus, also, 30
Largely hadst shared in a work so grand, had
sorrow permitted.

Twice he essayed in gold to picture thy cruel mis-
fortune ;

Twice fell the father's hand. And thus they
might long have continued

Scanning each scene in turn ; but, lo ! their her-
ald, Acestes,

Timely appeared, with Deiphobe, daughter of
Glaucus, and priestess 35

Both of Diana and Phœbus, who spake these
words to Æneas :

“Not such sights as these the present hour is
demanding !

Now from the virgin herd to slaughter seven bul-
locks were better,

Also as many lambs, selected according to cus-
tom.”

Thus she addressed the king, — nor delayed was
the sacrifice ordered. 40

Then to her lofty abode the prophetess summons
the Trojans.

Vast is the cavern hewn in the side of the moun-
tain of Cumæ.

Pathways an hundred are there, wide arching, and
portals an hundred,

Whence, through an hundred mouths, the Sibyl's
responses are uttered.

Them, at the threshold, the virgin arrests: “To
question the future, 45

Now is the time. The god ! behold the god !”
and, thus crying,

Suddenly faces the gate, herself nor in feature nor
color ;

Kempt are her tresses no more ; she is gasping ;
her bosom is heaving ;

Swells with a frenzy her passionate soul, and tow-
ring above them,
And with no mortal voice, for the god is now
breathing upon her 50
Nearer and still more near; "Dost halt in thy
vows and petitions,
Trojan Æneas," she cries; "Art silent? Then
never the mighty
Mouths of this awful shrine shall open;" and,
thus having spoken,
Ceased, and an icy chill unnerved the strong
limbs of the Trojans,
While from his inmost heart their king poured
forth his petitions: 55
"Phœbus, compassionate ever of Troy's over-
whelming disasters;
Thou who didst guide the hand and Dardanian
arrow of Paris
'Gainst Achilles' frame, my pilot o'er many dark
billows,
Breaking on boundless shores; my guide to Mas-
sylvian peoples,
Far remote; and to lands far fringed by the Lib-
yan Syrtes, 60
Now that at last we are come to fugitive Italy's
seacoast,
Let it suffice that the Fates of Troy thus far have
pursued us.
Ye, too, well may be reconciled now to the Perga-
mene nation,
Gods and goddesses all, whom Ilium e'er hath
offended,
Or the great Dardan name. And thou, O priest-
ess most holy, 65

Thou that foreknowest the future, O grant (and
I ask for no kingdom
Promised me not by fate) that Latium harbor the
Trojans,
Shelter their wandering gods and Teucris's trou-
bled Penates ;
Trivia, then, to thee and to Phœbus a temple of
massive
Marble will I erect, and games shall be named for
Apollo ; 70
Thee, too, Sibyl benign, great shrines await in our
kingdom ;
For I will treasure thy oracles there, and the mys-
tic arcana
Unto our race revealed ; and chosen men to thy
service
I will ordain. But, oh, write not upon leaves thy
responses,
Lest, at the sport of the wind, they fly disturbed
from their order ; 75
Sing them thyself, I pray." Then, closing his
lips, he is silent.
Not submissive, however, as yet to Apollo, the
fearful
Prophetess raves in the cavern, and still the great
god from her bosom
Hopes to be able to drive ; her frenzied lips the
more sternly
Ruling, Apollo curbs and masters her furious
spirit. 80
Now, of their own accord, the ponderous doors of
the temple
Open their hundred mouths, and utter the word of
the Sibyl.

“ Hail to thee, finally done with the sea and its manifold perils !

Graver, however, of land remain. The Dardans shall enter

Into Lavinian realms ; dismiss this care from thy bosom, — 85

But they shall likewise repent of their coming, for battles, grim battles

Now I behold, and the Tiber all foaming with blood and with carnage !

Neither shall Simois fail thee, nor Xanthus, nor Doric encampments ;

Cradled already in Latium rises a second Achilles ; Goddess-born, too, is he ; nor e'er will implacable Juno 90

Far from the Teucrians be ; while thou, as a suppliant beggar,

Where shalt thou wander not, among Italy's nations or cities ?

Sorely the Trojans shall suffer again from a foreign alliance,

And from an alien bride.

Yield not thou to misfortunes, but go the more bravely to meet them, 95

Up to the limit thy Fates permit. The first way of safety,

What will surprise thee most, from a town of the Grecians will open.”

Thus from her hidden shrine the Sibyl of Cumæ replying,

Chanted her fearful enigmas, and thundered them forth from her cavern,

Darkly involving the truth ; such force, while she rages, Apollo 100

Uses to urge her on, and goads her wild spirit to
frenzy.

Soon as her raving subsides, and her furious lips
become silent,

Answers Æneas the hero: "O maiden, not one
of my trials

Rises before my view as a startling or strange
apparition ;

I have already imagined them all, and endured
them in spirit ; 105

Only since here, we are told, are the gates of the
monarch infernal,

Also the murky pool of the fountain of Acheron,
be it

Mine to look once more on the face of my father
belovéd ;

Show me the path to take, throw wide the terrible
portals !

Him on my shoulders I hurried through flames
and a thousand pursuing 110

Weapons, and bore him away unharmed from the
midst of his foemen.

Long he companioned my way ; he shared all the
perils of ocean ;

Patiently suffered with me all the threats of the
sea and the heavens,

Weak as he was, and beyond an old man's lot or
endurance.

Nay, it was he who implored and enjoined me to
go to thy threshold 115

Seeking thy favor. I humbly entreat thee, kind
maiden, to pity

Father and son, for pow'r unbounded is thine, and
not vainly

Hecate set thee here to govern the groves of Aver-
nus.

If, upon tuneful lyre and Thracian cithern rely-
ing,

Orpheus was able to charm Eurydice's spirit from
Hades, 120

If, by dying alternately, Pollux, redeeming his
brother,

Trod and retrod the path so often, why call to re-
membrance

Theseus or Hercules mighty? I, too, have a birth-
right in Heaven."

While he was praying thus, and holding the
horns of the altar,

Thus did the Sibyl begin her reply: "O child of
Immortals, 125

Trojan son of Anchises, descent to Avernus is
easy;

Both by night and by day the gates of grim Pluto
stand open;

But to retrace the step, to get back to the air and
the sunlight,

This is labor and toil. A few have been able to
do it,

Heirs of the gods, whom Jove hath graciously
loved, or a quenchless 130

Valor restored to earth. The space intervening
vast forests

Guard, and Cocytus surrounds with sunless and
wandering waters.

Yet, if so deep the desire of thy heart, if so urgent
thy longing

Twice on the Stygian wave to embark, if twice
upon gloomy

Tartarus thou wouldst gaze, if this labor of mad-
ness delight thee, 135

Hear what must first be done. There's a tree in
the heart of a forest,

Hiding within its gloom a branch all golden in
leafage,

Golden in stem, and held to be sacred to Stygian
Juno.

This the whole wood surrounds, and buries in val-
leys of shadow.

Yet, before any have leave to descend to the earth's
dark abysses, 140

First he must ravish away from the tree her gol-
den-haired children ;

This for her own delight hath fair Proserpina
ordered

Brought to herself. The first no sooner is plucked,
than a second

Branch of like metal appears, as golden of leaf as
the other.

Search for it, therefore, with eyes uplifted, and,
when thou hast found it, 145

Grasp it with reverent hand, for thee will it wil-
lingly follow,

Needing no force, if the fates are calling thee ;
otherwise never

Shalt thou by strength or by toughness of iron be
able to move it.

More than all this, the corse of a comrade of thine
lieth lifeless, —

Thou, alas, knowing it not! — and pollutes the
whole fleet by its presence, 150

While thou art questioning fate, and lingering
here at our threshold.

Him, to his place of rest, first bear, and bury the
body ;

Lead black sheep to the altar ; let this be thy first
expiation ;

So shalt thou look, at last, on the Stygian groves,
and the kingdom

Trackless to living feet." She spake, closed her
lips, and was silent. 155

Now, with steadfast eyes and sorrowful aspect,
Æneas

Walks forth, leaving the cavern, and secretly
weighs in his bosom

Fate's mysterious ways. By his side ever faithful
Achates

Goes as companion, with step as reluctant, and
equally anxious.

Many the thoughts they exchange with each other
in wide ranging converse ; 160

Which of their friends could the prophetess speak
of as lifeless ? What body

Waited for burial ? Then, as they came, they
beheld on the sandy

Shore, bereft of life by a death he deserved not,
Misenus ;

Yes, Misenus, Æolides, ever the foremost in rous-
ing

Men to the fight with his bugle, and kindling the
battle with music. 165

He the friend of great Hector had been, and to-
gether with Hector

Rushed into battle, conspicuous both for his spear
and his trumpet.

Then, after Hector had died by the sword of tri-
umphant Achilles,

Unto Æneas, the Dardan, Misenus transferred his
allegiance,
Bravest of heroes, himself, nor found a less noble
commander. 170

But when it chanced that he deafened the sea with
his echoing conch-shell,
When, with his trumpet, he challenged the gods to
a contest of music,
Then, if the story be true, in the fury of envy had
Triton
Caught him amid the rocks, and drowned him in
foam-crested surges.

So, with loud lament, they all were mourning
around him, 175

Chiefly devoted Æneas. And then the commands
of the Sibyl,
Weeping, but tarrying not, they haste to obey, and
they labor
Gathering trees, and piling them high for a funeral
altar.

Seeking the forest old, the majestic abode of wild
creatures,
Resinous pines crash down ; the holm-oak rings
with their axes ; 180

Ashen logs and straight-grained oaks are riven by
wedges ;
Down from the hills they roll the trunks of huge
mountain ash-trees.

Here, too, amid such toil, Æneas, as ever the
leader,
Urges his comrades on, and is girded with tools
like the others.

He with his own sad heart, however, is deeply com-
muning, 185

Scanning the boundless wood, and at last gives
voice to his longing :

“ Now, if that golden bough should suddenly
gleam on our vision,

Out of a forest so vast ! since all things the pro-
phetess truly, —

Ah, as relates to thee, Misenus, — too truly hath
spoken.”

Scarce hath he uttered these words, when a pair of
wild doves chance to flutter 190

Down from the sky overhead right under the eyes
of Æneas,

Till on the verdant earth they rest. Then the
greatest of heroes

Recognizes the birds of his Mother, and prays with
rejoicing :

“ Ah, if there be any path, may ye be my guides,
through the heavens

Winging your way to the groves where the golden-
leaved bough overshadows 195

Darkly the forest mould ; and do thou in my blind-
ness be near me,

O my mother divine !” So speaking, he halted
his footsteps,

Watching what omen they bear, and whither their
course may be tending.

Gleaning and feeding they flutter before, but with
flight never longer

Than can be kept in view by the keen-eyed watch-
ers who follow. 200

Now, when later they come to the pestilent gulf
of Avernus,

Swiftly they rise aloft, and, through the clear at-
mosphere gliding,

Deep in the two-fold tree sink down in their favorite covert,

Whence the contrasted hue of gold gleams out through the branches.

As in the cold of December the mistletoe, deep in the forest,

205

Nursed by an alien tree, is wont to grow green with new leafage,

While with a burgeon of sunshine it brightens the tapering tree-trunks ;

So from the dark holm-oak flashed a vision of foliage golden,

So in the gentle breeze the leaves of gold softly rustled.

Quickly Æneas hath seized it, and eagerly, spite of its clinging,

210

Plucks it, and bears it away to the shrine of the soothsaying Sibyl.

Meanwhile, with no less devotion, the Teucrians mourn for Misenus,

Paying to thankless clay the last sad rites, by the seashore.

Rich with resinous pine, and big with hewn oaken timbers,

First they build a pyre, interweaving the sides with dark branches,

215

Also arranging in front thick rows of funereal cypress,

While they adorn it above with the glittering arms of Misenus.

Some, with lotions warm and caldrons hot from the embers,

Bathe the cold limbs of the dead, and anoint the inanimate body.

Wailings arise, and now, with tears, they are lay-
ing the body 220

Down on the couch, over all disposing his gar-
ments of purple,

Raiment remembered well. Then others draw
nigh the great altar, —

Sorrowful service, — applying the torch, and avert-
ing their faces

After the way of their fathers, and offerings burn
in profusion, —

Frankincense, flesh of beasts, and jars of the oil
of the olive. 225

After the ashes had sifted down and the flame had
subsided,

Wine o'er the cinders they poured, and cooled the
hot thirst of the embers,

While, in an urn of bronze, the gathered bones
Corynæus

Covered, and thrice around his comrades passed
with pure water,

Flinging a delicate spray from a branch of the
fruit-bearing olive, 230

Purifying the men and pronouncing the last bene-
diction.

But god-fearing Æneas a massive tomb hath
erected,

Setting upon it the arms of the hero, his oar and
his trumpet,

Under a cloud-capped hill, still called by Italians,
Misenus,

So that his name lives on through the ages forever
and ever. 235

When this is finished he quickly obeys the com-
mand of the Sibyl.

There was a bottomless pit, wide yawning with
frightful abysses,
Jagged, and guarded by darkening waves and
shadowy forests,
Over which none of the birds that fly had ever
been able
Safely to wing their way, so deadly and dense
exhalations 240
Rose from its murky throat to the lofty dome of
the heavens ;
Wherefore this dismal lake had been named by
the Grecians, Avernus.
Here hath the priestess at first ranged four black
bullocks in order,
Then on the brow of each a libation of wine is
outpouring,
And from between the horns, the hairs that are
uppermost plucking, 245
These on the sacred fire she lays as the first expi-
ation,
Hecate loudly invoking, who rules both in Hell
and in Heaven.
Others draw knife to the throat, and catch the hot
blood in their goblets ;
While Æneas himself a black-fleeced lamb with
his sword-blade,
Unto the Mother of Furies and unto her powerful
sister 250
Slays, and a barren cow, to thee, O Proserpina,
offers.
Then to the Stygian king he consecrates altars at
midnight,
Laying upon the flames the inward parts of the
bullocks,

Firm and unbroken, and pouring rich oil on the
hot blazing vitals.

But, as the first faint flush of morning foretokened
the sunrise, 255

Rumbled the earth beneath, and a waving began
in the topmost

Boughs of the forest, and hounds bayed loud in
the darkness to herald

Hecate's advent. "Avaunt! Avaunt, ye profane,"
cried the Sibyl;

"Far be your feet withdrawn; depart one and all
from the forest!

But, do thou dare the way, thy sword pluck forth
from the scabbard; 260

Now hadst thou needs be bold, now steadfast of
heart, O Æneas!"

Speaking no more, she hath flung herself fren-
ziedly into the cavern.

He, with resolute step, keeps pace with the stride
of his escort.

Gods, whose dominion is over the dead! and ye,
voiceless shadows!

Chaos, and Phlegethon, too, ye realms far silent
in darkness, 265

Sanction me now to reveal the things I have heard;
let me open

Mysteries hid in the depths of the earth beneath
her dark vapor.

Under the shield of the silent night they went
through the shadow,

Through the unpeopled abodes of Dis, and his
ghostly dominions,

As by the treacherous light of the faithless moon,
in a forest, 270

Travellers pass when Jove hath buried the heavens
 in shadow,
 And dark night hath stolen the color from every
 object.
 Hard by the mouth of Hell, where yawn the wide
 portals infernal,
 Grief and avenging Care have fixed their slumber-
 less couches ;
 Here wan Sickness dwells, with wretched Age for
 a neighbor, 275
 Sordid Penury, too, and Fear, and desperate Fam-
 ine ;
 Shapes that affright the eye ; and Death and La-
 bor and Slumber,
 Dull twin brother to Death, and the guilty Joys of
 the spirit.
 Near to the opposite portal, lo ! death-dealing
 War is abiding ;
 There are the iron cells of the Furies, and Dis-
 cord, in frenzy 280
 Binding together her viperous tresses with blood-
 crimsoned fillets.
 Midway, a gloomy elm vast boughs and centuried
 branches
 Giant-like stretches abroad, and there false dreams
 have their dwelling, —
 So it is said, — and beneath all the leaves they are
 swarming and clinging.
 There are the phantoms besides of a myriad mon-
 sters prodigious ; 285
 Centaurs are stalled in the entrance, with Scylla,
 half beast and half human,
 Hundred-handed Briareus, too, and the Dragon of
 Lerna,

Horribly hissing ; and, armed with breathings of
flame, the Chimæra ;

Gorgons, and Harpies dire, and Geryon's three-
headed spectre.

Then, in sudden alarm, Æneas, unsheathing his
dagger, 290

Flashes the naked blade in defiance of all who
approach him ;

And did his wiser guide not warn him that light,
unsubstantial

Beings are flitting about in the shadowy semblance
of bodies,

He would rush on, and in vain with steel strike
shadows asunder.

Hence is the way that leads to Tartarean Ache-
ron's billows ; 295

Here, aroil with slime, and with vortex vast, is a
whirlpool,

Seething, and all its mud disgorging into Cocytus.

Guarding these waters and floods is a boatman,
beheld with a shudder,

Charon, of terrible filth, whose great gray beard
all neglected

Flows from his chin ; his eyes out-standing like
fiery torches, 300

Dingy the mantle and foul that hangs in a knot
from his shoulders.

Poling his barge himself, he handles the sails un-
assisted,

While in his dusky skiff he ferries the dead o'er
the river ;

Old, even now, but a god's old age is ruddy and
rugged.

Hither a straggling crowd were all rushing down
to the margin, — 305
Matrons and men, and the souls, discharged from
life's duty, of heroes
Valiant of heart, and of boys, and unmarried girls,
and of children
Laid on funeral pyres before the sad eyes of their
parents,
Many as are the leaves that fall at the first cold of
autumn
Far in the forest, or thick as the birds that from
Ocean's deep waters 310
Gather in flight to land when icy Winter pursues
them
Over the billows, and urges them on to a sunnier
climate.
Standing there, then, they begged to be first in
making the crossing ;
Stretching out their hands to the further shore in
entreaty ;
But the inflexible ferryman, choosing now one,
now another, 315
Drives the others away far back from the banks
of the river.
Moved and amazed by the tumult, Æneas cries,
“ Tell me, O maiden,
What is the will of this multitude thronging the
bank of the river ?
What do these souls desire ? Or say with what
discrimination
These retire from the shore, while those are swept
o'er the dark waters ? ” 320
Briefly the prophetess old replied to the question
as follows : —

“Son of Anchises, assuredly sprung from the
 gods, thou art looking
Down on the Stygian lake, and the slumbering
 depths of Cocytus,
Taking an oath in whose name e’en the gods are
 afraid to be faithless.
All this throng thou beholdest are poor and un-
 neraled people ; 325
Yonder old ferryman, Charon ; those crossing the
 river, the buried ;
None may he bear across these dreadful shores and
 hoarse waters,
Till in their quiet graves their bodies are peace-
 fully sleeping.
Near to these banks for an hundred years they
 wander and hover,
Then are permitted once more to return to the
 coveted waters.” 330
Paused the son of Anchises, and halted his hur-
 rying footsteps,
Pondering deeply, and touched to the heart by their
 grievous condition.
Broken by grief and bereft of funereal honors,
 Leucaspis
There he beholds, and Orontes who captained the
 Lycian squadron,
Whom, as together they sailed from Troy o’er
 tempestuous billows, 335
Blasts from the south overwhelmed, and sunk both
 the ship and the sailors.
 Hastening eagerly forward, behold Palinurus,
 the pilot !
Who, but now, while he watched the stars on the
 voyage from Carthage,

Fell from the lofty stern and was lost in the midst
of the billows.

When through the darkness he recognized dimly
the sorrowful features, 340

Thus he was first to speak. "What one of the
gods, Palinurus,

Snatched thee away from our ship, and buried thee
deep in the ocean ?

Quick ! thy reply, for my faith, in this response
only, Apollo —

Never before found false — hath betrayed ; for he
sang that from ocean

Thou shouldst receive no harm ; and he sang that
Ausonia's borders 345

Thou shouldst attain. Alas ! is it thus he redeem-
eth his promise ?"

He, however, replied ; " O son of Anchises, nor
Phœbus

Thee hath deceived, nor me hath a god over-
whelmed in the ocean ;

For as I headlong fell, I chanced to drag with me
the tiller

Forcibly wrenched away, to which, as its author-
ized keeper, 350

Firmly I clung, and directed our course ; wild
waves, be my witness,

None so great fear for myself then seized me, as
fear for thy vessel,

Lest, of her rudder bereft, and suddenly robbed
of her pilot,

She should despair in the midst of so rude and
tempestuous surges.

Over the boundless sea, three dark stormy nights
through the water 355

Violent winds from the south impelled me. The
fourth day was dawning

When from the top of a wave, high tossing, I
faintly discovered

Italy, toward whose shores I wearily swam, and
had gained them,

Had not a barbarous people, in vain expectation
of plunder,

Fallen upon me with swords, as, heavy with brine-
dripping garments, 360

Clutching with fingers bent, I grappled the sharp
rocky ledges.

Me doth the flood now hold, and winds roll about
on the seashore.

But, by the pleasant light, by heaven's sweet air,
I implore thee,

By thy filial love, by the promise of rising Iulus,
Rescue me from these waves, thou hero unvan-
quished, by sprinkling 365

Earth on my bones, — thou canst, by searching
the port of Velinum;

Or, if there be any way, if thy mother divine any
guidance

Giveth (for not, I believe, without the approval of
Heaven

Thou art attempting to pass these floods and Sty-
gian waters),

Give a poor wretch thine hand, and carry me, too,
o'er the billows, 370

So that, at least in death, I may peacefully rest
from my labors."

Such were the words he spake, and thus did the
prophetess answer :

"Whence this longing of thine, so impious, O
Palinurus ?

Shalt thou, unburied, behold the Stygian wave, or
the cruel

River of Furies, or tread unbidden the marge of
the river? 375

Banish the hope that the Fates of the gods can be
changed by entreaty.

None the less cherish these words to solace thy
bitter misfortunes.

Far and wide through their cities pursued by the
portents of Heaven,

They that live near to thy bones shall pay them
the rites of atonement;

They shall both build thee a tomb, and bear to
the tomb their oblations, 380

So that the place shall preserve thy name, Palinurus,
forever."

Then by these words are his cares removed; from
the sorrowful spirit

Slowly is grief dispelled; in the name-honored
land he rejoices.

So they continue their journey begun, and draw
nigh to the river.

Now as the Stygian ferryman looked from the
wave, and perceived them 385

Threading the silent wood, and shoreward bending
their footsteps,

Straightway attacking with words, he angrily challenged
their coming: —

"Thou, whoever thou art, who bravest our stream
with thy weapons,

Speak! Why comest thou? Halt! Reply, but
advance at thy peril.

This is the region of shades, of sleep, and of
slumberous midnight. 390

Living bodies to bear in our Stygian craft is forbidden.

When I received on the lake Alcides himself at his coming,

It was no joy to me ; nor Pirithous pleased me, nor Theseus,

Though they were sprung from the gods and were also by mortals unvanquished.

That one seized with his hands the warder of Hell,
and he dragged him 395

Forth from the very throne of the King, enchained and affrighted ;

These attempted to force the Queen from the chamber of Pluto."

Briefly to him replied the Amphrysian Sibyl as follows : —

" No such insidious plots are here — thy fear is ungrounded ;

Nor do our arms bring force. Lo, still in his den
your gigantic 400

Warder may bark his fill, and frighten pale
shadows forever ;

Still by her uncle's door may chaste Proserpina
linger.

Trojan Æneas, renowned alike for his faith and
his valor,

Through the profoundest shades of Erebus goes to
his father.

If thou art not constrained by so noble a proof of
devotion, 405

Yet this branch " — and she showed him the
branch that lay hid in her bosom —

" Thou mayest know." His heart then sinks from
its tumult of passion ;

Speaking no more, and awed by the mystical gift
of the fateful

Branch not seen before for many a year, the dull
colored

Vessel he turned about, and pushed in close into
the margin. 410

Then, the unbodied shades, that on the long
benches were huddled,

Routing, he cleared the boat, at the same time into
its hollow

Taking unwieldy Æneas, beneath whose weight the
stitched shallop

Groaned, and its leaky sides drank deep of the
trickling water.

Over the stream at last, unharmed, both Sibyl and
hero 415

Deep in a dismal swamp, 'mid sea-green sedges he
landed.

Cerberus, stretching his monstrous bulk in an op-
posite cavern,

Makes these regions resound with the noise of his
• three-throated howling.

Now, as she sees his necks upbristling with ser-
pents, the seeress

Flings him a sop imbrued with honey and somno-
lent juices. 420

He, with hunger mad, his three throats widely dis-
tending,

Catches it ere it falls, and, relaxing his powerful
haunches,

Prone on the earth lies huge along the whole length
of the cavern.

Seizing the pass, while its keeper is buried in
slumber, Æneas

Swiftly withdraws from the brink of the river
 none ever recrosses. 425

Presently cries are heard, and the sound of a
 great lamentation,
 And, at the outer gate, the wailing spirits of chil-
 dren,
 Babes unsharing in life's delight, and torn from
 the bosom,
 Whom a dark day bore away, and plunged into
 Death's bitter waters.

Next abide those condemned to death upon false
 accusation ; 430

Nor are these places assigned without formal allot-
 ment of judges ;

Minos, presiding, impanels a jury, assembling a
 silent

Council of ghosts, and investigates fully their lives
 and transgressions.

Stations next these are reserved for the sorrowing
 spirits, who guiltless,

By their own hands found death, and hurled their
 souls into darkness, 435

Loathing the light. But, ah ! how willingly now
 would they suffer

Hunger and bitter toil, if restored to the land of
 the living !

Heaven forbids, and the mournful ooze of deso-
 late marshes

Holds, and the Styx restrains, nine times enfolded
 around them.

Near by, also, are shown the Plains of Lamenta-
 tion, — 440

Such is the name they bear, — extending far over
 the valley.

Here lone pathways hide, and groves of myrtle
o'ershadow

Those whom pitiless love hath wasted with cruel
repining ;

Not in death itself are they freed from the thral-
dom of passion.

Phædra and Procris he saw, and there he saw sad
Eryphyle, 445

Showing the wounds received from her cruel son ;
and Evadne,

Pasiphae, also; with whom Laodamia went as com-
panion ;

Cæneus, too, now changèd once more from a man
to a maiden,

Dowered again by fate with the vanished grace of
her girlhood ;

Compassèd about by whom, her bosom still bleed-
ing, Phœnician 450

Dido came wandering on in the boundless wood,
and the Trojan

Hero, soon as he stood by her side and distin-
guished her shadowed

Form, as one who sees, or thinks he hath seen, in
the early

Dawn of the month, amid clouds, a glimmer of
silvery moonlight,

Burst into tears, and spoke with tenderest words
of affection : 455

“ Then were the tidings true that reached me, un-
fortunate Dido ?

‘ Dido is dead ; by the sword she hath ended her
life and her trouble.’

Ah, and have I been the cause of thy death ? I
swear by the heavens,

By the great gods above, by whatsoe'er oath Hell
regardeth,
Not of mine own desire, O Queen, did I loose
from thy harbor ; 460
But the commands of the gods, that are driving
me now through these shadows,
Through this wilderness tangle of thorn and mid-
night darkness,
By their own power constrained ; nor could I at all
have imagined
That I should bring thee by going so grievous a
burden of sorrow.
Stay thine impatient feet ! withdraw thyself not
from our presence. 465
Whom dost thou flee ? These words are the last
fate grants us forever.”
Thus did Æneas endeavor to soothe her implaca-
ble spirit,
And to bring tears to the eyes where fierce indig-
nation was burning.
She, with averted face, remained looking fixedly
downward,
Changed in expression no more, as Æneas began
to entreat her, 470
Than if hard flint she stood, or a rock on the
mount of Marpessa.
Finally, breaking away, unrelenting, she hurries
for refuge
Into the shadowy grove, and there her first lover,
Sychæus,
Comforts her every care, and answers her heart's
deepest longing.
Nevertheless, dismayed by her undeserved anguish,
Æneas 475

Follows her far on her way with tears of compassion and sorrow.

Thence his allotted way he toils ; and now they are gaining

Those most distant fields reserved for illustrious heroes.

Tydeus meets him here, and Parthenopæus, distinguished

Highly in war ; here, too, appears the pale shade of Adrastus ; 480

Here, lamented on earth, the Dardanians fallen in battle,

Whom in a long array, beholding, he groaned in his spirit.

Glaucus he recognized there, Thersilochus also, and Medon,

Three of Antenor's line, Polyphætès, the servant of Ceres,

Also Idæus, who still retained both his car and his armor. 485

Frequent to right and left the spirits come thronging about him,

Nor does one look suffice ; they are ever delighted to linger,

Eager to walk by his side, and question the cause of his coming.

Ah ! but the chiefs of the Greeks, and Agamemnon's battalions,

When they behold the man and his glittering arms through the shadows, 490

Tremble with deadly fear ; and some turn their backs in confusion,

Or, as of yore, retreat to their ships ; others raise unavailing

Cries ; their voices die on lips wide parted, but
silent.

Here Deiphobus, too, son of Priam, he sees, with
his body

Wounded from head to foot, his features all cru-
elly mangled ; 495

Marred are his face and his hands ; his temples are
robbed of their beauty ;

Shorn are his ears, and his nose by a hideous cut
is disfigured.

Hardly he knew him at all, as he tremblingly cov-
ered his frightful

Wounds, yet he instantly spoke in his well-known
voice to the hero : —

“ Valiant and mighty Deiphobus, sprung from the
proud blood of Teucer, 500

Who hath desired to inflict so cruel a punishment
on thee ?

Who hath been suffered to injure thee thus ? It
was rumored among us

During that fatal night, that exhausted by killing
so many,

Thou hadst fallen at last on a mound of Pelasgian
corpses.

Then on the Rhoetian shore, by a cenotaph raised
in thine honor, 505

Taking my stand, I called three times and aloud
on thy spirit ;

Now thy name and thine arms are guarding the
place ; thee, my comrade,

Vainly I sought, ere departing, to lay in the soil
of thy country.”

Answered the son of Priam : “ My friend, thou
hast nothing neglected ;

Thou hast done all for Deiphobus, all for the spirit
departed. 510

Naught but my fate and the murderous crime of
the Spartan hath plunged me

Into these ills ; it is she that hath left me these
marks of remembrance ;

For, how that fatal night we passed in ill-founded
rejoicing,

Well dost thou know, too well to need any word
of reminder.

Soon as the fatal horse leaped over our towering
ramparts, 515

Pregnant with steel, and filled with a legion of
soldiers in armor,

She, on pretence of a festival, marshalled the
Phrygian matrons,

Dancing with Bacchanal songs, herself in the midst
with a flaming

Torch, and she called to the Greeks from the loft-
tiest point of the fortress.

Me, with care forespent, and buried in sleep, my
ill omened 520

Chamber was sheltering then ; and a deep and
delectable slumber,

Likest the stupor of death, was weighing me down
as I lay there.

Meanwhile my excellent wife had removed all my
arms from the palace,

Even my faithful sword she had stolen from under
my pillow ;

Into the palace she called Menelaus ; my door she
threw open, 525

Hoping, forsooth, to bestow a most precious re-
ward on her lover,

Ay! and that thus might be purged all the sin
and the shame of her lifetime.

Why do I linger? They burst my door; one com-
rade is added,

Even that father of crime, Ulysses. Ye gods!
to the Grecians

Recompense grant in kind, if I with clean lips de-
mand vengeance! 530

But, in return, say, now, what chances have
brought thee, still living,

Into this place? Dost come by ocean wanderings
driven;

Or by the gods' decree? or what is the fortune
constrains thee

Saddened and sunless abodes and realms of confu-
sion to visit?"

While they exchanged these words, already Au-
rora had traversed, 535

High in her rosy car, the meridian line of the
heavens.

All their allotted time might perhaps have been
spent in this manner,

But their companion gave warning, and briefly the
Sibyl admonished:—

“Night rushes on, O Æneas; we squander our
moments in weeping;

This is the place where the path divides into oppo-
site courses; 540

One on the right to the city of Pluto the mighty
extending;—

We to Elysium thus;—but that on the left retri-
bution

Brings to the damned, and sends them down to
regions infernal.”

Answered Deiphobus, "Nay, great priestess, give
over thine anger,

I will depart, I will fill the roll, and return to the
shadows : 545

Onward, our Glory, on! Improve thine happier
fortunes!"

So much only he spake, and speaking turned back,
ward his footsteps.

Quickly Æneas looks back, and sees a broad
city extending

Under a cliff to the left, surrounded by triplicate
bulwarks.

Round it the swift flowing stream of Tartarean
Phlegethon rushes, 550

Surging with flames of fire, and roaring through
rock-laden channel.

Huge was the gate in front, with impregnable
adamant columns,

So that no might of man, nor e'en the battalions
of Heaven

Warring against it prevail; high looms the grim
fortress of iron;

While Tisiphone, girt with her blood-dripping
mantle, is crouching, 555

Guarding the entrance by night and by day with
no respite of slumber.

Hence from afar deep groans were heard, and the
echo of cruel

Scourging, and dragging of chains, and the sound
of the clanking of iron.

Halted Æneas, and stood dismayed by the noise,
and bewildered.

"What are these forms of crime? Speak boldly,
O maiden, and answer. 560

What are the pains they bear? Why rises this
wailing to heaven?"

Thus, then, the priestess replied: "O glorious
chief of the Trojans,

No pure spirit is suffered to pass that threshold
infernial;

But, when great Hecate placed the Avernian
grove in my keeping,

She, herself, showed me all Hell, and taught me
the judgments of Heaven. 565

Over these stern domains, Rhadamanthus, the
Cretan, presiding,

Tortures hypocrisy true, and forces the false to
confession

Even of crime committed on earth, whose late ex-
piation

Any deferred until death, exulting in futile decep-
tion.

Armed with her scourges, avenging Tisiphone
lashes the guilty, 570

Ceaselessly taunting their woe, her left hand lift-
ing her cruel

Serpents on high, and she calls her pitiless army
of sisters.

Then, with a creaking of harsh, grating hinges,
the terrible portals

Open before them at last. Dost see what manner
of warden

Sits in the outer porch, what a shape is on guard
at the threshold? 575

Hydra, more cruel and huge, her fifty dark mouths
gaping open,

Watches the gate within; then Tartarus, yawning
before you,

Plunges as far again sheer down into regions of
darkness

As to our upward gaze high tower the crests of
Olympus.

Here do the first-born children of Earth, her off-
spring Titanic, 580

Hurled by the thunder down, still writhe in its
deepest abysses.

Here, too, I saw the Aloïdan twins, gigantic of
stature,

Who with their hands essayed to rend the vast
arch of the heavens,

And to thrust Jupiter down from his throne of
celestial dominion.

There, too, I witnessed the fearful atonement Sal-
moneus rendered, 585

Daring to imitate Jupiter's fire, and Olympian
thunder,

Borne in a four-horse car, and brandishing torches,
he proudly

Passed through the tribes of Greece, and the prin-
cipal city of Elis.

Madman! to claim for himself the honor due only
to Heaven,

Counterfeiting with brass and the horny hoofs of
his horses 590

Cloud, and tempest, and hail, and the matchless
voice of the thunder!

But, from an angry sky, one bolt the omnipotent
Father

Hurling, — not firebrands, he, nor flaring and
smouldering torches, —

Dashed him headlong down by the awful breath
of his lightning.

Tityos, son of all-mothering earth, could be recognized also, 595
Stretched on the ground, his frame o'er nine whole
acres extending,
While, with its curving beak, a ravenous vulture
forever
Tearing his undying liver and vitals prolific of torment,
Worries about for its food, and under his ribs'
lofty arches
Ever abides, and allows no rest to the burgeoning
fibres. 600
Why of the Lapithæ speak, of Pirithous, or of
Ixion,
Whom a dark rock overhangs, ever slipping, and
trembling, and seeming
Certain to fall; the frames of grand and luxurious
couches
Glitter with gold, and feasts that a monarch might
envy are standing
Full in their view; but the chief of the Furies,
couching beside them, 605
Instantly leaps to her feet if they stretch forth
their hands to the tables,
Beating them back with her torch, and thundering
curses upon them.
Here, whoever on earth hath been guilty of hating
a brother,
Whoso hath beaten a parent, or broken faith with
a client,
All who have selfishly clung to treasure unearthed
by good fortune, 610
Setting apart no share for their friends — and this
throng is the greatest —

All for adultery slain, and all who have joined in
sedition,

Daring to break their oaths and plighted vows of
allegiance ;

All, here imprisoned, await their reward. Seek
not to discover

What that punishment is, or what manner of doom
hath o'erwhelmed them. 615

Some a huge rock must roll, or, immovably fas-
tened, are hanging

Stretched by the spokes of wheels ; there sits, and
shall sit through the ages,

Heart-broken Theseus, while Phlegyas mournfully
cries through the shadows,

Testifying aloud, and admonishing all who will
listen,

‘ Learn from my fate to be just, and hold not the
gods in derision.’ 620

This one hath bartered his country for gold, and
a powerful tyrant

Placed on the throne, and laws for a price hath
ordained and abolished ;

This with unholy desire hath dishonored the name
of a daughter ;

All have dared some infamous crime, and daring,
achieved it.

Not, if an hundred tongues were mine, if mine
were an hundred 625

Mouths, and an iron voice, could I tell all the
forms of transgression,

Or all the names rehearse of the retributions they
suffer.”

Soon as the reverend priestess of Phœbus had
ended her story,

“Speed on your way,” she cried ; “now finish the course undertaken.

Hasten we onward ! The walls wrought out in
the forge of the Cyclops 630

Now I behold, and the gate in the arching rock
that confronts us,

Where we are now required to surrender the gift
we are bearing.”

Silently, then, pressing forward together through
shadowy pathways,

Swiftly they cover the space that remains, and
draw nigh to the portal.

Quickly Æneas approaches the entrance, and over
his body 635

Sprinkles pure water, and fastens the branch to
the lintel before him.

Finally, when this was done, and the rites of
the goddess completed,

Into glad places they come, and delectable mea-
dows, embosomed

Deep in delightful groves, the blessed abode of the
righteous.

Here a sublimer air over-mantles the valleys with
purple ; 640

Here their own stars they know, and their own
sun shineth above them.

Some, in grassy courts, are training their disci-
plined bodies,

Or, on the yellow sand, are contending in friendly
encounter ;

Others are treading a dance, and marking the
measure with carols ;

Nor does the Thracian bard, appalled in long
flowing garments, 645

Fail to awake from his lyre the varying notes of
the octave,

Striking them now with his fingers, and now with
an ivory plectrum.

Here is the ancient line of Teucer's illustrious
children,

Heroes noble of soul, and nurtured in happier
ages :

Ilus, Assaracus also, and Dardanus, Ilium's
founder. 650

Yonder the arms and the empty cars of the heroes
delight him ;

Spears stand fixed in the earth, and, ranging at
large and untethered,

Horses are grazing the plain. All the fondness
for car and for armor

Ever confessed in life, their delight in the care of
their shining

Steeds, abides unchanged long after the body is
buried. 655

Others to right and left along the bright sward are
discovered

Feasting, and chanting hymns of glad thanksgiv-
ing in chorus,

Deep in a fragrant grove of laurel, from whence
to the valley

Rolls the abundant tide of Eridanus down through
the forest.

Here are the heroes who fell while fighting the
wars of their country, 660

Here are the holy priests whose lives upon earth
were unsullied,

Here the poets divine, who sang as inspired by
Apollo, —

All who have dignified life by the arts they have
won by invention,

All who have worthily earned the lasting regard
of their fellows,

All these, having their brows encircled with snow-
white fillets, 665

Scattered in various groups, the Sibyl addresses as
follows —

Chiefly Musæus, for him the most numerous band
of companions

Gather about and revere, as he stands head and
shoulders above them : —

“ Tell us, ye fortunate souls, and thou most illustrious poet,

Where is the region, and where the place that is
holding Anchises ? 670

For, for his sake are we come, and have crossed
the great river of Darkness.”

Thereupon, briefly the hero replied to the questioning Sibyl : —

“ None hath a changeless abode ; we dwell in the
shadowy forests,

Couch by the banks of streams, and wander
through rill-freshened meadows ;

Yet if your hearts are so eagerly bent on fulfilling
your mission, 675

Traverse this ridge, and soon I will set a smooth
pathway before you.”

Speaking, and taking the lead, he showed them, far
down in the valley,

Sunlighted plains, and then they left the tall hill-
tops behind them.

But, in the midst of the green and hill-sheltered
valley, Anchises

Chanced to be fondly reviewing the spirits impris-
 oned, and destined 680
 Soon to the light of earth. Yes! there he stood
 reckoning over
 All the long roll of his line, and all his belovéd
 descendants,
 Reading the fortune and fate, and the conduct and
 wars of the heroes.
 When he discovers Æneas approaching across the
 green meadow,
 Eagerly both his arms are opened wide to receive
 him ; 685
 Wet are his cheeks with tears, and his lips break
 forth in rejoicing : —
 “ Comest thou, then, at last, and thy long-trusted
 love for thy father,
 Hath it the hard way won? Am I suffered to
 gaze on thy features,
 O my son ; may we speak in the voices of old to
 each other ?
 This I kept ever in mind, for this I was trusting
 the future, 690
 Counting the lingering days ; nor hath my heart's
 longing deceived me.
 Borne over how many lands, and o'er what ex-
 panses of ocean,
 Thee I receive, and by perils how great hath my
 son been encompassed !
 How have I feared lest harm should befall thee in
 Libya's kingdom ! ”
 He, however, “ O father, thine image, thy sorrow-
 ful image, 695
 Fronting me often, constrained to continue my
 course to thy dwelling ;

Moored is our fleet in the Tuscan sea. O give
me, my father,
Give me thy hand to grasp ; forbid thou me not to
embrace thee ! ”

Wet were his cheeks with tears, while thus he
stood earnestly pleading ;

Thrice he attempted to throw his arms 'round the
neck of his father, 700

Thrice, unavailingly clasped, the image denied his
embraces

Like the light kiss of the wind, still more like a
dream in its swiftness.

Meanwhile Æneas perceives a lonely grove in a
distant

Part of the valley, and hears the whispering leaves
of a forest,

Also peaceful abodes on the shore of the river of
Lethe. 705

Hovering round about were peoples and tribes
without number ;

And, as in meadows where bees, in the cloudless
sunshine of summer,

Cluster on varied flowers, and swarm about snow-
white lilies,

So the whole plain is filled with the murmur of
shadowy legions.

Dazed by so wondrous a sight, and knowing not
what it portended, 710

Straightway, Æneas inquired the name of the far
distant river,

Who were the men that were thronging its banks
in so mighty a concourse.

Father Anchises replied : “ The souls to whom
fate hath appointed

Reincarnation are there, on the shore of the river
of Lethe,

Endless release from care, and eternal oblivion
quaffing. 715

These have I long desired to marshal in order
before thee,

Naming thee all their names, and rehearsing our
line of descendants,

So that in Italy won, thy joy and mine own may
be greater."

"Must we, my father, believe that hence to the air
and the daylight

Some of these souls will arise, and return into
burdensome bodies? 720

What so dread desire have sorrowful spirits for
living?"

"Surely, my son, I will answer, and leave thee no
longer in darkness,"

Father Anchises replies, and discusses each ques-
tion in order.

"In the beginning the air, and the earth, and the
waters of ocean,

Also the moon's bright orb, the sun, and the great
constellations, 725

Thrilled with an indwelling soul; and a spirit, per-
vading each atom,

Stirred the whole mass, and informed each part of
the boundless creation:

Whence the race of men, and beasts, and birds
was engendered, —

Yea, and the monsters that breed 'neath the mar-
ble plain of the ocean.

Theirs is the vigor of fire, and celestial the source
of their being, 730

Save as inimical bodies embarrass their freedom,
and earth-born
Frames and corruptible members have deadened
the fire of the spirit.
Hence are their fears and hopes, their griefs and
their joys ; and, in darkness,
Prisoned in sightless clay, they attain not the
heavenly vision :
Nay, when the last faint glimmer of life shall have
gone from the body, 735
Not even then shall all ills, nor all traces of carnal
corruption,
Leave the unhappy soul ; and it must be that
manifold evils,
Slowly and deeply acquired, are ingrained in a
marvellous manner.
Therefore by pain are they purged, and penance
for former transgression
Pay to the uttermost ; some, suspended, are spread
to the fleeting 740
Winds ; from others the stain of sin is washed by
a whirling
Torrent of water away, or the spirit is chastened
by burning ;
Each his own chastisement bears ; thence unto
Elysium's freedom
We are dismissed, and we few in the fields of the
blest are abiding
Till, when our cycle be ended, a day in the far
distant future 745
Purge from the purified soul the last lingering ves-
tige of evil,
Leaving a deathless flame of pure uncontaminate
spirit.

After these souls have completed a full millennial
 circle,
 God calls them all in a numberless band to the
 river of Lethe,
 That, as the future dawns, the past may be wholly
 forgotten, 750
 And that again may be born a desire for the life
 of the body."

Silent Anchises became, then guided his son and
 the Sibyl
 Through the gathering throng to the midst of the
 murmuring concourse.

Then he selected a mound from whence to sur-
 vey the long column
 Threading the distant plain, and study the faces
 approaching. 755

"Come, now, let me unfold in words what glory
 the future

Holds for the Dardan race, what descendants in
 Italy wait thee,

Souls of illustrious heroes predestined thy name
 to inherit;

Listen, and I will reveal thy fate and the fate of
 thy people.

Seest thou yonder youth, who leans on an ironless
 spear-shaft? 760

Fate hath assigned him the earliest place in the
 light; he shall soonest

Rise to the air above, old Troy with new Italy
 blending, —

Silvius, Alban the name, the latest born of thy
 children,

Whom in the years of thine age a Lavinian wife
 shall have borne thee;

Child of the forest he, a king, with kings for de-
scendants, 765

Whence o'er the long white city our line shall
inherit dominion.

Next after him is that Procas, the pride of the
Ilian nation,

Capys, and Numitor, too, and, reviving thy name
and thy glory,

Silvius, surnamed Æneas, as famous for faith as
for fighting,

If he shall ever attain his rightful dominion in
Alba. 770

Ah! what youths they are! behold, what a vision
of valor!

Proudly they lift their brows with civic oak over-
shadowed!

These shall establish Nomentum, Fidena, and
Gabii, for thee;

Those shall set on the hills the crown of Collatia's
castles;

Castrum Inui, too, Pometia, Bola, and Cora; 775

Lands that are now unnamed shall bear these
names in the future.

Ay! and the son of Mars shall forever be named
with his grandsire;

Romulus, he who shall call Assaracan Ilia mother:
Seest thou how twin plumes stand forth as a crest
from his helmet?

How the great Father hath set his own seal of
divinity on him? 780

Lo, my son, thine illustrious Rome shall, under
his sceptre,

Measure her empire with earth, and measure her
valor with Heaven!

She, for herself and alone, seven hills shall sur-
round with her ramparts,

Blest in her brood of men : as the Berecynthian
mother,

Crowned with her turrets, is borne in her car
through Phrygian cities, 785

Glad in the birth of gods, and embracing an hun-
dred descendants,

Habitants all of the sky, all dwelling on lofty
Olympus.

Hitherward, now, concentre thy gaze ; look forth
on this nation ;

These, thy Romans, behold ! Lo, Cæsar and all
the Iulian

Line, predestined to rise to the infinite spaces of
heaven. 790

This, yea, this is the man, so often foretold thee in
promise,

Cæsar Augustus, descended from God, who again
shall a golden

Age in Latium found, in fields once governed by
Saturn.

Further than India's hordes, or the Garymantian
peoples,

He shall extend his reign ; there's a land beyond
all of our planets, 795

'Yond the far track of the year and the sun, where
sky-bearing Atlas

Turns on his shoulders the firmament studded with
bright constellations ;

Yea, even now, at his coming foreshadowed by
omens from Heaven,

Shudder the Caspian realms, and the barbarous
Scythian kingdoms,

While the disquieted harbors of sevenfold Nile
are affrighted! 800

Verily, neither Alcides e'er traversed so much of
this planet,

Though he hath slaughtered the brazen-hoofed stag,
and secured Erymanthus

Peace in his forest glades, though his bow hath
made Lerna to tremble ;

Nor, who triumphantly guideth his coursers with
vine-wreathéd bridle,

Bacchus, down-driving his tigers from Nysa's pre-
cipitous mountains. 805

And do we hesitate still to broaden our prestige
by valor ?

Or shall we yield to fear, and withdraw from Au-
sonia's borders !

Ah, but who yonder is he, distinguished by
branches of olive,

Sacred insignia bearing ? The locks and gray
beard of the Roman

King I recognize there, who first shall establish a
city 810

Founded in law ; he shall rise from the poor, nar-
row acres of Cumæ

Unto an empire vast. Then quickly shall come to
succeed him

Tullus, predestined to break the repose of his
country, and rally

Slumbering heroes, and troops unacquainted with
conquest, to battle.

Next after him, behold vainglorious Ancus advan-
cing, 815

Already, even now, too dependent on popular
favor.

Seest thou, too, the Tarquinian kings, and the
proud Roman spirit

Breathing in Brutus, th' avenger? behold ye the
fasces recovered?

Consular power he first shall assume, and the ter-
rible axes;

And, in fair Liberty's name, this father shall sen-
tence his children 820

Unto the pains of death for conspiring against the
Republic.

Ill-fated hero! However his deeds may be judged
in the future,

Love for his country and boundless ambition for
glory shall conquer!

Nay, but the Decii see, and the Drusi beyond, and
Torquatus,

Pitiless with his axe, and Camillus restoring the
standards. 825

Those, however, whose arms thou seest are equal
in splendor,

Spirits harmonious now, and as long as the dark-
ness constrains them,

How great a war, alas, shall they wage with each
other, if ever

They shall attain to the light of life; what battle,
what carnage!

Down from the Alpine heights and the walls of
Monœcus, the father 830

Rushes to meet the son arrayed with Eastern bat-
talions.

Suffer ye not, my lads, your souls to grow used to
such conflicts;

Turn not your stalwart might against the life of
your country!

And do thou first forbear, who tracest thy line to
Olympus.

Fling from thy hand the spear, thou blood of my
blood!

835

That one, renowned for the Greeks he hath slain,
shall drive his triumphant

Car to the Capitol's height, when the city of Cor-
inth is conquered;

That one shall Argos destroy, and Agamemnon's
Mycenæ,

Capturing Perseus himself, the descendant of war-
like Achilles,

Venging the sires of Troy, and the shrine of dis-
honor'd Minerva.

840

Who can great Cato forget, or pass thee, O Cos-
sus, in silence?

Who the two Gracchi, or Scipios twain, twin
lightnings of battle,

Libya's scourge, or Fabricius, poverty crowning
with honor?

Or who would name thee not, as thou sowest thy
furrow, Serranus?

Whither, ye Fabii, bear ye the wearied? That
Maximus art thou

845

Who dost alone reëstablish our prestige in war by
delaying.

Others may fashion the breathing bronze with
more delicate fingers;

Doubtless they also will summon more lifelike
features from marble;

They shall more cunningly plead at the bar; and
the mazes of heaven

Draw to the scale, and determine the march of the
swift constellations;

850

Thine be the care, O Rome, to subdue the whole
world to thine empire ;

These be the arts for thee, the order of peace to
establish,

Them that are vanquished to spare, and them that
are haughty to humble ! ”

Thus spake Father Anchises, and thus, as they
marvel, continued : —

“ See how Marcellus advances, adorned with rich
trophies of conquest ! 855

How as a victor he comes, surpassing all heroes in
glory !

Knightly defender of Rome, he shall save her
from deadliest peril,

Crushing the armies of Carthage, and quelling the
Gallic rebellion,

Offering trophies thrice in the temple of Father
Quirinus.”

Then did Æneas exclaim, — for he saw, by the
side of Marcellus, 860

Wondrous in beauty, a youth, arrayed in glitter-
ing armor,

Yet with joyless brow, sad eyes, and sorrowful
features : —

“ Who, my father, is he, who follows yon hero so
closely ?

Is he his son, or one of his glorious line of de-
scendants ?

Round him what comrades are surging ! Himself,
how inspiring a presence ! 865

Yet is dark night brooding over his head with the
shadow of sorrow.”

Then, with a burst of tears, doth Father Anchises
make answer : —

“ Ah ! seek not, my son, to learn the deep grief of
thy people ;
Fate shall vouchsafe to the world but a glimpse of
his glory, nor suffer
Earth to detain him long. Too great in your eyes
would the Roman 870
Nation appear, ye gods, were gifts such as these to
be lasting !
What lamentation of men shall arise from you
plain to the mighty
City of Mars ! and what funeral rites shalt thou
witness,
While by his new-made grave thou shalt mourn-
fully ripple, O Tiber !
Neither shall ever a son of the Ilian line raise the
Latin 875
Fathers to hope so high, nor e'er shall the land of
the Roman
Glory so proudly again in any one of her chil-
dren.
Ah, what devotion, what freshness of faith, and,
unconquered in battle,
What a right arm were his ! There were none
who could safely withstand him,
Whether with arms he should march on foot to
encounter his foemen, 880
Or should he plunge the spur in the flank of his
foam-dappled charger.
Ah ! thou child of our tears, if thou breakest
from fate's bitter bondage,
Thou, Marcellus shalt be ! Bring lilies, full hand-
fuls of lilies,
Let me strew blossoms of purple ; at least, let me
offer thy spirit

These little tokens of love, and render this trivial
tribute !” 885

So, throughout all that bright country, they wandered
on hither and thither

Over wide, airy plains, and noted each mountain
and valley.

After Anchises hath guided his son through the
vistas of Heaven,

When he hath kindled his soul with desire for a
glorious future,

Then of the wars that are soon to be waged he
speaks to the hero ; 890

Tells of Laurentian tribes, and tells of the town
of Latinus ;

Teaching both how to avoid and how to endure
each misfortune.

Twain are the gates of Sleep, and of these, by
common tradition,

One is of horn, whereby true visions pass easily
upward ;

Fashioned of ivory fair, the other is white and
resplendent, 895

Yet are the dreams untrue that the Spirits release
through its portals.

Here, having spoken these words to his son and
the Sibyl, Anchises

Halted his steps, and then, through the ivory gate-
way dismissed them.

He by the speediest way returns to his ships and
his comrades.

Coasting the shore to the right he comes to the
port of Cajeta ; 900

Anchor from prow is dropped, and the sterns are
at rest on the seashore.

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