

The Aeneid
By Virgil

Translated by John Dryden

Book Selections: I, II, IV, VI, VIII & XII

BOOK I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea;
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast

She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:
"Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught.
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,

And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads;

Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:
"O Aeolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n
The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main-
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design;
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line."
To this the god: "'T is yours, O queen, to will
The work which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,

And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Thro' gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:
They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd aland.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the ship was toss'd,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I- but first 't is fit the billows to restrain;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear-
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,

Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
 The god himself with ready trident stands,
 And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
 Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides
 His finny coursers and in triumph rides,
 The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.
 As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
 If then some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
 He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
 And quenches their innate desire of blood:
 So, when the Father of the Flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
 Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
 High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
 The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
 Within a long recess there lies a bay:
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide.
 Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:
 A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
 Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
 The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls:
 No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
 Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,
 The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
 The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
 Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
 repose.
 First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
 Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
 Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves
 The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
 Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
 And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
 The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
 The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
 Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
 Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
 Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
 And takes a prospect of the seas below,
 If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
 Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
 No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
 Three beamy stags command a lordly train
 Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
 Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
 He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
 He took the quiver and the trusty bow

Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first
 He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
 Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
 Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
 For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
 And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
 The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
 When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
 He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
 With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:
 "Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose
 To future good our past and present woes.
 With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
 Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.
 What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
 Resume your courage and dismiss your care,
 An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.
 Thro' various hazards and events, we move
 To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
 Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
 Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
 Endure the hardships of your present state;
 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."
 These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
 His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
 Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls
 with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.
 Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
 The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes-
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
 When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
 Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:
 "O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand
 Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
 Disposing all with absolute command;
 How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?
 Our hope of Italy not only lost,
 On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
 But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.

You promis'd once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labors has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves
And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom the Father of th' immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
"Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Aeneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice thro' the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,

Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threatens the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod:
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace:
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.

She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style- O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are-
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals,
Then warns the widow, with her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.

They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd,
From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came-
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Aeneas am I call'd- a name,
While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet.
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan desarts wander thus alone."
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
"Whoe'er you are- not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n-
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view."
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,

Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own."
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime
To visit Paphos and her native clime;
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn pray'r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow'rs,
Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bow'rs,
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theater;
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labor in the sun;
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;
All with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"
Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then, entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the center of the town there stood,

Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Aeneas this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said (his tears a ready passage find),
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomed, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;

But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Aeneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;

Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
"O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold-
Th' Oenotrians held it once- by common fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds and ev'ry warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn."
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamors his request renew.
The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
"Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.

Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
shine,

And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
"He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,

And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.
The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus began:
"What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwrack'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?
It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;
And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, paternal care
 Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
 Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past,
 And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
 Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
 A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
 An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
 From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
 With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,
 Her mother Leda's present, when she came
 To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
 The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
 Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
 Of double texture, glorious to behold,
 One order set with gems, and one with gold.
 Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
 And in his diligence his duty shows.
 But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
 New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
 That Cupid should assume the shape and face
 Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
 Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
 And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
 For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
 And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
 These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
 And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
 "My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
 Controls the Thund'r'er on his awful throne,
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
 And on thy succor and thy faith relies.
 Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
 For this 't is needful to prevent her art,
 And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
 How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
 Ascanius by his father is design'd
 To come, with presents laden, from the port,
 To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
 Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
 But only for a night's revolving space:
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;
 That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
 The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
 His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride;
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,

And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
 The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
 Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,
 Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
 And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest
 Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
 Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
 Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
 And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
 Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
 Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
 To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
 The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
 Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
 But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
 His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's
 disguise;

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
 But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god about the hero long,
 With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
 Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
 The dead is to the living love resign'd;
 And all Aeneas enters in her mind.
 Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
 A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
 Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
 "O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
 With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;
 Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
 So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line

In lasting concord from this day combine.
 Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
 And gracious Juno, both be present here!
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
 To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
 And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'T was Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;
 He took challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:
 The various labors of the wand'ring moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
 What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
 The summer nights and shortens winter days.
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
 Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
 Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
 The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd.
 "Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
 "The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
 The fatal issue of so long a war,
 Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;
 For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
 Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
 Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
 The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

BOOK II

All were attentive to the godlike man,
 When from his lofty couch he thus began:
 "Great queen, what you command me to relate
 Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
 An empire from its old foundations rent,
 And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
 A peopled city made a desert place;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:
 Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
 But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,

And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
 What in our last and fatal night befell.
 "By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
 And by Minerva's aid a fabric rear'd,
 Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd:
 The sides were plank'd with pine; they feign'd it made
 For their return, and this the vow they paid.
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
 With inward arms the dire machine they load,
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
 In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay.
 There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
 Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
 The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
 The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;
 Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode;
 Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
 Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ:
 The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
 Thymoetes first ('t is doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames designed,
 Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
 Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
 Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
 'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
 What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 This hollow fabric either must inclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 't is an engine rais'd above the town,
 T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as flew,
 Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound

And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,

Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t'inspire a better mind.
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;
Taken to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?'
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer youth to make his own defense,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.
"His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
'T is not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,
Because these fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament-
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care,
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued

Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought-
But why- why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know;
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:
"'Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their
minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
'O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main."
The spreading rumor round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd, with endless clamors and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,

To see my friends, or native soil, again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'
"False tears true pity move; the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;
Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought

Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
And now their navy plows the wat'ry main,
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name

We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast;
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Graecia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'
"With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done-
False tears and fawning words the city won.
"A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies
grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,

And dared to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
 And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
 A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
 Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
 And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
 With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city, built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We haul along the horse in solemn state;
 Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
 Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
 Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
 In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
 Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
 When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
 Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 "'T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
 Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
 Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian spoils,
 Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.

His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds he for his country bore
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
 I wept to see the visionary man,
 And, while my trance continued, thus began:
 'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
 Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
 With length of labors, and with toils of war?
 After so many fun'rals of thy own
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
 "'To this the specter no reply did frame,
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning in these mournful words express'd:
 'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
 The foes already have possess'd the wall;
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
 More than enough to duty and to fame.
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
 From their assistance walls expect,
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the gods,
 With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
 "Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
 The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
 And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
 Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
 Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, and undistinguish'd prey:
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
 The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright

With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.

New clamors and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose
(If fortune favor'd) and repel the foes;
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd,
With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd.
"Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame:
With relics loaden. to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
'What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan:
'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes for entrance press without,
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenae came.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
"I heard; and Heav'n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me thro' lifted swords and rising fires
To run where clashing arms and clamor calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iph'itus by my side engage,
For valor one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Coroebus, who by love was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra's bed,
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all:
'Brave souls!' said I, - 'but brave, alas! in vain-
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp'rate state of our affairs,
And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life the means of living shows.'

So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.
"As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy night-
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood-
So rush'd we forth at once; resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try.
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
An ancient and imperial city falls:
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals;
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night:
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.
In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
Coroebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
'T is fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,

And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.
"But, ah! what use of valor can be made,
When heav'n's propitious pow'rs refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair,
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav'n she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cried-
'T was all she could- her tender arms were tied.
So sad a sight Coroebus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew:
Our leader's rash example we pursue.
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the pond'rous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their pow'rs unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
"Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first again appear
From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our diff'rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Coroebus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the bands
Of awful Phoebus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defense.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.

So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with their right they seize the battlement.
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
"A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led: a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne,
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defense.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forked tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;

And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
 And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace; the double bars at length
 Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
 A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
 Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
 With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
 The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
 In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
 Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
 Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
 Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
 And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
 These eyes beheld him when he march'd between
 The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
 The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
 To stain his hallow'd altar with his brood.
 The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
 So large a promise, of a progeny),
 The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
 The Grecians enter and possess the place.
 "Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
 He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
 On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
 In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
 Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
 Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
 Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
 Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
 Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
 Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
 Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
 'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind?
 What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 These times want other aids! Were Hector here,

Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
 Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
 She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
 Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
 Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
 Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!
 As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
 If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just-
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
 With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his- not he, thy vaunted sire,
 Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
 The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
 Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
 "This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
 Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
 "Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.
 Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
 Slidd'ring thro' clott'rd blood and holy mire,
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
 His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
 Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
 The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
 And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
 Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
 He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,
 Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
 On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
 A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.
 "Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood
 Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
 My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
 Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
 And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
 I look'd about, but found myself alone,
 Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.

Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd
the rest.

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
'T is true, a soldier can small honor gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murmur'ing manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise-
Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,

And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
Full in the Scaean gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor end:
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'

She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high; the nodding crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.
To their united force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain.
'Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev'ry vein.
Had Heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'T is, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulcher, let Heav'n take care.
'T is long since I, for my celestial wife
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
Since ev'ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav'n by Jove's avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry-
'What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve!'
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die:
 'What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I, without so dear a father, live?
 You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
 And you conspire with Fortune to be slain,
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
 For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood- the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!
 Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
 Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
 Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
 Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
 Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:
 'T is the last summons to receive our doom.
 I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
 I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my way,
 And cross the threshold in my passage lay,
 Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
 Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
 'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
 'Take us along to share your destiny.
 If any farther hopes in arms remain,
 This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
 To whom do you expose your father's life,
 Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!'

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
 Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
 For, while I held my son, in the short space
 Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
 Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
 A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
 Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
 Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
 To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
 But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
 His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
 'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
 Thy will; if piety can pray'r's commend,
 Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to
 send.'

From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
 And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idaean grove.
 It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.
 "The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
 'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
 I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
 Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,
 And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
 This tender child! These omens are your own,
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
 "He said. The crackling flames appear on high.
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
 And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
 'Haste, my dear father, ('t is no time to wait,)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
 Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
 Shoots up her venerable head on high,
 By long religion kept; there bend your feet,
 And in divided parties let us meet.
 Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
 In me 't is impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
 Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
 Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
 Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
 And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take;
 While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
 And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
 Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
 Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
 The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
 At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
 Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
 My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear,
 Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
 Their swords and shining armor I descry.'
 Some hostile god, for some unknown offense,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
 For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
 Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell

If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight.
 I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.
 We met: not one was wanting; only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
 "What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
 Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
 This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten care,
 Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
 In shining armor once again I sheathe
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks; thro' night explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
 From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
 A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
 There Phoenix and Ulysses watch prey,
 And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
 The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
 The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
 The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
 And captive matrons, in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
 Thro' all the silent street, Creusa's name:
 Creusa still I call; at length she hears,
 And sudden thro' the shades of night appears-
 Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,
 But a pale specter, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief
 'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, 't indulge your pain;
 You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
 Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
 Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
 On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,

Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
 There end your toils; and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
 There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
 And you for lost Creusa weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
 Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
 Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
 My goddess mother, or my royal race.
 And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
 I trust our common issue to your care.'
 She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
 I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
 And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
 "Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again,
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
 Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The Morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:
 Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
 And all pretense of late relief was lost.
 I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
 And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

BOOK IV

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
 The hero's valor, acts, and birth inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
 "My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
 My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!

Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again;
For, since Sichaeus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows shall ever have;
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave."
She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant that, while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
This little spot of land, which Heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes;
Gaetulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
Barcaean troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies?
Implore the favor of the pow'rs above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties

The nuptial knot and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabaeen smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labor, makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest;
Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures and the Trojan fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,
And thus the tragic story never ends.
Then, when they part, when Phoebe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
No labors exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
the sky,

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

Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'T is better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd:
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Aeneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descried,
Which would the scepter of the world misguide
To Libyan shores, thus artfully replied:
"Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If Fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land-
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own."
"Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care;
Time urges, now, to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The queen, Aeneas, and the Tyrian court
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain;
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night;
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites."
The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early thro' the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in antechambers wait;
Her lofty courser, in the court below,
Who his majestic rider seems to know,
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam
around.
The queen at length appears; on either hand

The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'r'd simar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore;
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Aeneas, the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goading of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.
Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the fork lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company, dispers'd, to converts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious of their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the shame.
The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows:
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings

New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.

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

lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.
The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to King Hyarba's court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, thro' his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire,
Mad with despair, impatient with desire;
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
"Great Jove! propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,

A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plow;
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns. The mighty Thund'rer heard;
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,
By whom his menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful not and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
'Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land,
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.'
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain designs! what hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast!
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand;
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, tho' clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapors bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin;

A beard of ice on his large breast depends.
 Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
 Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
 Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
 As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,
 Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
 By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
 Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
 And near the surface of the water flies,
 Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
 He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
 Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
 Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
 Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
 New ramparts raising for the town's defense.
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
 (Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist he wore;
 A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
 Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
 Resuming his own shape: "Degenerate man,
 Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
 These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
 Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
 Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
 Has sent me down with this severe command:
 What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
 The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
 To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and the state
 Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."
 So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.
 The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,
 He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
 What should he say? or how should he begin?
 What course, alas! remains to steer between
 Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries, and none can find.
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
 After long thought, to this advice he leans:
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
 The fleet, and ship their men with silent care;
 Some plausible pretense he bids them find,
 To color what in secret he design'd.
 Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
 Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
 And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
 To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
 Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
 But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
 (What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)

She was the first to find the secret fraud,
 Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
 Love the first motions of the lover hears,
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
 Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
 The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
 And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
 Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
 Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
 When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
 At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
 "Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
 And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?
 Nor could my kindness your compassion move.
 Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
 Or is the death of a despairing queen
 Not worth preventing, tho' too well foreseen?
 Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
 You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
 Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
 Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
 See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
 Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
 By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
 To challenge, but the faith you gave before;)
 I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone I suffer in my fame,
 Bereft of honor, and expos'd to shame.
 Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
 (That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
 Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
 A queen that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
 Some young Aeneas, to supply your place,
 Whose features might express his father's face;
 I should not then complain to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
 Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
 Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
 "Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
 Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,

While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 This only let me speak in my defense:
 I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
 For, if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
 And not submit my life to fate's decree,
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
 Those relics to review, their dust adore,
 And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
 But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
 That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
 And all my vows are terminated there.
 If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
 With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
 Why may not we- like you, a foreign race-
 Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
 Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
 And young Ascanius justly may complain
 Of his defrauded and destin'd reign.
 Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd:
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
 (The sender and the sent I both attest)
 These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
 Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."
 Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man;
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forebore:
 "False as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn!
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
 Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
 Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?-
 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
 Of man's injustice why should I complain?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies,
 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
 Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more!
 I sav'd the shipwrack'd exile on my shore;
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
 Fool that I was- 't is little to repeat
 The rest- I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
 And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,

Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
 But go! thy flight no longer I detain-
 Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main!
 Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchers afford
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
 Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame;
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
 Abruptly here she stops; then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her ivory bed.
 But good Aeneas, tho' he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
 Tho' much he mourn'd, and labor'd with his love,
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
 Reviews his forces: they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
 And well-calk'd galleys in the harbor ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
 Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands, that blacken all the shore:
 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burthen on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
 Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
 When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
 All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
 Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untried,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
 "Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
 They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
 The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,

Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny;
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his fav'rite; you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
Why should he then reject a just!
Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly!
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny!
Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now;
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds with her own her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks;
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursued by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees:
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murther'd love;
That honor'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb;
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 't is heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Aeneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain:
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief;
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigor in her eyes appears):
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'T was she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
A mortal paleness in her face appears:

Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
 The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
 Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
 She fear'd no worse than when Sichaeus fell;
 Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
 Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
 Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
 The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
 The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
 And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
 And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
 The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
 Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
 And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles round
 With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;
 Culls hoary simples, found by Phoebe's light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
 And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
 Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
 Observes, assisting at the rites obscene;
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
 The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
 And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
 Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
 "'T was dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper thro' the woods,
 Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
 The stars in silent order mov'd around;
 And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
 ground
 The flocks and herds, and party-color'd fowl,
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past labors of the day.
 All else of nature's common gift partake:
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
 Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
 Despair, and rage, and love divide her heart;
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
 Then thus she said within her secret mind:
 "What shall I do? what succor can I find?
 Become a suppliant to Hyarba's pride,
 And take my turn, to court and be denied?
 Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
 Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd-

'T is true- but am I sure to be receiv'd?
 Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!
 Laomedon still lives in all his race!
 Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
 Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
 What force have I but those whom scarce before
 I drew reluctant from their native shore?
 Will they again embark at my desire,
 Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
 Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
 Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
 Or seconded too well what I design'd.
 These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
 Had I continued free, and still my own;
 Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
 But shar'd with salvage beasts the common air.
 Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
 Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
 These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.
 To whom once more the winged god appears;
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
 And with this new alarm invades his ears:
 "Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
 Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
 She harbors in her heart a furious hate,
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
 And sail before the purple morn arise.
 Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
 Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight
 Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
 Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
 Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
 "Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh,
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 A god commands: he stood before my sight,
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
 O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art,
 To thy blest orders I resign my heart.
 Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
 And prosper the design thy will commands."
 He said: and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
 An emulating zeal inspires his train:
 They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward; but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despise, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste, haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battles wait:
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below;
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow;
Thou Hecate hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First, let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will;
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim,
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;

Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the
rage

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood;
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs;
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichaeus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead):
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passions shall expire."
The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!"
Then kiss'd the couch; and, "Must I die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'T is doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 't is better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
She said, and struck; deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,

And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
 Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
 And thro' the town the dismal rumor spread.
 First from the frightened court the yell began;
 Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
 Not less the clamor, than if- ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire-
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
 Her sister hears; and, furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
 And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
 "Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd;
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
 Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,
 "All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
 Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
 Bring water; bathe the wound; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;
 Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
 And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed;
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
 Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
 A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
 Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
 For since she died, not doom'd by Heav'n's decree,
 Or her own crime, but human casualty,
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
 The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
 Which Proserpine and they can only know;
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
 Downward the various goddess took her flight,
 And drew a thousand colors from the light;
 Then stood above the dying lover's head,
 And said: "I thus devote thee to the dead.
 This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
 Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
 The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

BOOK VI

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
 The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaeen shore:
 Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
 They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
 Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
 Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
 Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
 When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by Fame,
 To the Cumaeen coast at length he came,
 And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
 Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;
 Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears,
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well
 That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mold.
 All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;
 Each varying object his delight renew'd:
 Eager to read the rest- Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
 "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes

With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.
 Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:
 "This is the time; enquire your destinies.
 He comes; behold the god!" Thus while she said,
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd.)
 Her color chang'd; her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
 Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:
 "Why this delay?" she cried- "the pow'rs invoke!
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
 She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
 O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 "Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
 Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity;
 Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latian state;
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my land;
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.

But O! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he press'd;
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
 "Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
 The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),
 Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid wars, I view- a field of blood,
 And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
 And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
 The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
 The dawns of thy safety shall be shown
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."
 Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
 And the resisting air the thunder broke;
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
 Then thus the chief: "No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new.
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
 The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.
 This let me crave, since near your grove the road
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood;
 Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
 And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supplied.
 Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night
 His reverend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade;
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.
 Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
 Could free his brother, and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below-
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could
 ascend?
 Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came;
 My mother greater, my descent the same."
 So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
 "O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day;
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labor lies.
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.
 Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
 Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
 But if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
 Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
 There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold!)
 The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
 The first thus rent a second will arise,
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favor'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labor can the tree constrain;
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,

To find the regions destitute of day."
 She said, and held her peace. Aeneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
 But soon they found an object to deplore:
 Misenus lay extended the shore;
 Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate in honorable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
 But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,
 He chose Aeneas; and he chose as well.
 Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep; but most Aeneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
 (The shady covert of the salvage kind,)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is plied;
 Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And by his pious labor urges theirs.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then with vows implor'd the Queen of Love:
 "O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 "Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
 And thou, great parent, with celestial care,
 In this distress be present to my pray'r!"
 Thus having said, he stopp'd with watchful sight,
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
 They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew

Still farther from the place, but still in view:
 Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
 To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun
 They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,
 Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
 Thro' the green leaf the glitt'ring shadows glow;
 As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
 Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
 He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold;
 Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
 Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
 To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
 First, from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
 Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
 The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
 And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
 The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
 Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
 Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,
 And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
 With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
 Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
 The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
 And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away-
 Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay.
 Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
 And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
 These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;
 Then on the living coals red wine they pour;
 And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,
 Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
 Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the crew,
 And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
 Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
 Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.
 But good Aeneas order'd on the shore
 A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
 A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar.
 Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
 Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
 These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
 Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
 Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went
 From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
 And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
 Such deadly stench from the depths arise,
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
 And give the name Avernus to the lake.
 Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
 For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
 The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;

Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
 Invoking Hecate hither to repair:
 A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.
 The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
 The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)
 Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,
 With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;
 Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended till the next returning sun.
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls profane!"
 The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove abstain!
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford;
 Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy sword."
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;
 The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.
 Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
 Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
 Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
 The mystic wonders of your silent state!
 Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
 Along the waste dominions of the dead.
 Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
 By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
 When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
 And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
 Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
 The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
 Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.
 Full in the midst of this infernal road,
 An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
 And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
 Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,
 Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
 Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
 And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
 Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
 And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.
 The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
 Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
 Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
 Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
 And told him what those empty phantoms were:

Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast-
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;
Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd;
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.
"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"
The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast,
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honors claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'er-set.
Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,

Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
The god foretold you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied;
"Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast;
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are
toss'd:

Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
Which I have lost for this eternal night!
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
Scarce had he said, the prophetess began:
"What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
To view the Furies and infernal gods,
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving years;
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:
The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:

Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
 "Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,
 And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
 Know this, the realm of night- the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er;
 Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides- men of mighty fame,
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
 In fetters one the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
 Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."
 To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;
 Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
 Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
 Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
 The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
 Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
 If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail at least."
 Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god
 Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
 Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen-
 A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
 Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
 Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
 With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
 He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
 Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
 Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
 Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws

Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
 Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
 The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
 Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
 And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
 Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
 The next, in place and punishment, are they
 Who prodigally throw their souls away;
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
 With late repentance now they would retrieve
 The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
 But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
 And with circling streams the captive souls inclose.
 Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear
 So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
 The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,
 In secret solitude and myrtle shades
 Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
 Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
 Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
 With Phaedra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
 There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves,
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
 Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man,
 But ending in the sex she first began.
 Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
 Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
 (Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,)
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 "Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumor true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I vow,
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate-
 Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions void of light,
 Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:
 'T is the last interview that fate allows!"
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
 With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
 And what he says and swears, regards no more
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,

Hid in the forest and the shades of night;
Then sought Sichaeus thro' the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls
remain'd.

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
All much lamented, all in battle slain;
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.
And proud Idaeus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend;
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed
rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: "O Tsucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire
disgrace?

"Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honors I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armor and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground."
The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade;
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.

You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night that was by Heav'n decreed our last:
For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambushade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenseless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state:
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."
While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'T is here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid,
Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd!
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found."
He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espied
A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise
resounds

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and Heav'n's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.

Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide from whence those yells arise;
And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.
She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the center lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd
space.

Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them both,)
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth

From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supplied the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Perithous I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mold'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:
Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are
hung

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise):
'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils labor'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."

She said: and thro' the gloomy shades they pass'd,
 And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,
 The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
 His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,
 Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
 He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.
 These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
 Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
 The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
 With ether vested, and a purple sky;
 The blissful seats of happy souls below.
 Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;
 Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
 And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
 Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
 Others in artful measures led the ring.
 The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
 There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;
 His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
 Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.

Here found they Tsucer's old heroic race,
 Born better times and happier years to grace.
 Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
 Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
 The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
 Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
 Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
 Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
 The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive.
 Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
 Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
 In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
 And poets worthy their inspiring god;
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
 To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
 And first to him surrounded by the rest
 (Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast):
 "Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus, say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake
 We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus replied:
 "In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
 By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
 The path conducts you to your journey's end."
 This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shews them all the shining fields below.
 They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go.
 But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
 Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:
 Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
 For future beings and new bodies wait-
 With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
 In nature's order as they pass'd along:
 Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,

In peaceful senates and successful war.
 He, when Aeneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
 "Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
 O long expected to my dear embrace!
 Once more 't is giv'n me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay
 Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
 'T is true, computing times, I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
 How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
 When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."
 To this, the filial duty thus replies:
 "Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
 Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
 After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
 My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
 But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun
 The dear embraces of your longing son!"
 He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
 Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
 And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
 Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
 Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
 A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the trees;

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

That this presaging joy may fire your mind
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd."-
 "O father, can it be, that souls sublime
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
 And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
 Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"
 Anchises then, in order, thus begun
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
 "Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
 This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same,
 And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
 And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
 But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
 The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
 And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
 For this are various penances enjoin'd;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.

All have their manes, and those manes bear:
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
 Then are they happy, when by length of time
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,
 But the pure ether of the soul remains.
 But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
 (So long their punishments and penance last,)
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeian flood,
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labors, and their irksome years,
 That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
 Thus having said, the father spirit leads
 The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 "Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
 As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.
 These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
 With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,

And holds the nearest station to the light,
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward, on a shining spear:
 Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place;
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood,
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
 Then Procas, honor of the Trojan name,
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
 A second Silvius after these appears;
 Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears;
 For arms and justice equally renown'd,
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear;
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
 See Romulus the great, born to restore
 The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
 This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests, his royal head adorn;
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born:
 His sire already signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome-
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
 High as the Mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd;
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 "Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
 The mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.
 But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Caesar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
 At his foreseen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian lake:

Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's
fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honor, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears?
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears,
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armor from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods and ax severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
However the doubtful fact is understood,
'T is love of honor, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes
o'ercome
The pair you see in equal armor shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!

And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bearist the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mold the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 't is thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war by thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,
Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
Aeneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's
side:
"His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)

Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
 The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;
 Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;
 This gift which parents to their children owe,
 This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
 Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
 The strength and customs of the Latian state;
 The prince, and people; and forearms his care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
 Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
 Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
 True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
 Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
 Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Aeneas his way,
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

BOOK VIII

When Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
 His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
 When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
 Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
 Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields;
 While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields;
 Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
 To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.

Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
 With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
 These thro' the country took their wasteful course,
 The fields to forage, and to gather force.
 Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
 To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
 Declare the common danger, and inform
 The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
 Aeneas, landed on the Latian coast,
 With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
 Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
 And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;
 What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
 And how they spread his formidable name.
 What he design'd, what mischief might arise,
 If fortune favor'd his first enterprise,
 Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
 And common interest, was involv'd in theirs.
 While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
 The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
 Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
 Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
 Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
 So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
 Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
 The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
 And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
 'T was night; and weary nature lull'd asleep
 The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
 And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
 Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
 And found in silent slumber late relief.
 Then, thro' the shadows of the poplar wood,
 Arose the father of the Roman flood;
 An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
 A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
 Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
 And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
 "Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
 O long expected in this promis'd place!
 Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd gods,
 Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
 This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
 Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
 Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
 And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
 And that this nightly vision may not seem
 Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
 A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
 All white herself, and white her thirty young.
 When thirty rolling years have run their race,
 Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
 Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
 Which from this omen shall receive the name.
 Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,

And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great-grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name; among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."
He said, and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Aeneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
"Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Aeneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song and ev'ning vows.
But, O be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!"
Thus having said, two galleys from his stores,
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
Wondrous to tell!- She lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.
Aeneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The foll'wing night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.

One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the greenwood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'T was on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies,
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way;
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern Aeneas his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made;
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: 'The Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend.
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Aeneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
"Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you, tho' I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus tho' your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim;
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.

Thus from one common source our streams divide;
 Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
 Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
 Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
 But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
 The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
 The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
 Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
 The victor troops from universal sway?
 Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
 And either sea from side to side command.
 Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine;
 Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
 We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
 In council cautious, and in fields we dare."
 He said; and while spoke, with piercing eyes
 Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
 Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face:
 Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
 "O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
 In whom the features of thy father shine,
 How I recall Anchises! how I see
 His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
 Long tho' it be, 't is fresh within my mind,
 When Priam to his sister's court design'd
 A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
 And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
 Then, past a boy, the callow down began
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
 I saw the shining train with vast delight,
 And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
 I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
 I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
 And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
 And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
 Now celebrate with us this solemn day,
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
 Honor our annual feast; and take your seat,
 With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."
 Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
 The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
 A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
 In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
 Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued
 chine.

But when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
 "These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
 From no vain fears or superstition spring,
 Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
 Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance;
 But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
 The labors of a god we recompense.
 See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
 About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
 Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in air!
 'T was once a robber's den, inclos'd around
 With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
 The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
 This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
 The pavement ever foul with human gore;
 Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
 Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his sire,
 Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
 Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
 And brought the needful presence of a god.
 Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
 Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:
 Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
 His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
 Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
 Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
 By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
 The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
 Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd;
 And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
 He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky den.
 The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
 And led the searcher backward from the cave.
 "Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
 To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass.
 The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
 With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
 One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
 Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
 Alcides found the fraud; with rage he shook,
 And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
 Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace;
 Fear his eyes, and paleness in his face,
 Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
 As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
 Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
 His body, on his back the door he drew
 (The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):
 He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
 And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,

And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back;
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood
Adverse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide;
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapors, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his
way,

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound;
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes:
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thoro' lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighborhood, with glad surprise,
Behold his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd
eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.

Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honors, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our common god."
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd,
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound-
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
The lay records the labors, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate:
"Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"
In numbers thus they sung; above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound,
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey,
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
With greedy joy enquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.

Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
 "These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,
 Of Nymphs and Fauns, and salvage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share,
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
 Their exercise the chase; the running flood
 Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
 With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate and discolored age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians came;
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home
 By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by Heav'n's
 command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
 Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
 Who to her son foretold th' Aenean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place:
 Then shews the forest, which, in after times,
 Fierce Romulus for perpetrated crimes
 A sacred refuge made; with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rock had rites divine:
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
 Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely reeds.
 A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
 Some god, they knew- what god, they could not tell-
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
 Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
 The mighty Thund'r'er with majestic awe,
 Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
 Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood,)
 Saturnia's and Janicula's remains;
 And either place the founder's name retains.
 Discoursing thus together, they resort
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.

They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall;
 (Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl;)
 Then, stooping, thro' the narrow gate they press'd,
 When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
 "Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,
 Which feasted him, and emulate a god."
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
 The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
 Now Night had shed her silver dew around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun,)
 Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
 "While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
 Nor did the succor of thy skill implore;
 Nor urg'd the labors of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,
 Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
 The dangers of Aeneas did deplore.
 But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious pow'r, that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
 With fated arms a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
 With fire and sword my people to destroy,
 And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy."
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
 Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
 "Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
 Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labor arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
 And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
 My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love."
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the Night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god-
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise-
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labor add the night:
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep the nuptial bed-
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.
Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Aetna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around; the boiling waters roar,
And smoky flames thro' fuming tunnels soar.
Hether the Father of the Fire, by night,
Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round.
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast;
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axletrees and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside;
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.
Arms for a hero forge; arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close:
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.

The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs;
The fiery work proceeds, with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labors thus, and ply th' Aeolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Aeneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
"Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succors I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare, to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favor your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Caere to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods, replace
On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more-
The people's patience, tir'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favor'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:

Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts; they cry
To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people; seek a foreign head.'
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native; but, in you, combine
A manly vigor, and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;
In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;
Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;
Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own."
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succors, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
Aeneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the Queen of Love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent care

Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;
And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms;
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."
He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest:
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his
face.

"Would Heav'n," said he, "my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Praeneste's wall;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more-
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;
Nor proud Mezentius, thus unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees- which, O! I dread-
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O this very moment, let me die!
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;

While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
 I strain him close within these aged arms;
 Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
 He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground.
 His servants bore him off, and softly laid
 His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
 The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
 Aeneas at their head, Achates by his side.
 Next these, the Trojan leaders rode along;
 Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng.
 Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
 Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
 So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
 The star by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
 Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
 The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
 And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
 Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
 The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
 O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
 Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
 The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
 A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
 Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
 Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
 Which add a holy horror to the grove.
 The first inhabitants of Grecian blood,
 That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
 The guardian of their flocks and fields; and pay
 Their due devotions on his annual day.
 Not far from hence, along the river's side,
 In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
 By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
 Aeneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
 And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
 Thether his warlike train the Trojan led,
 Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.
 Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with charms,
 Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
 Within a winding vale she finds her son,
 On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
 She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
 And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
 "Behold," she said, "perform'd in ev'ry part,
 My promise made, and Vulcan's labor'd art.
 Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
 And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
 She said; and, having first her son embrac'd,
 The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd,
 Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
 He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
 His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold:

Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright;
 So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
 He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
 The plated cuishes on his manly thigh;
 But most admires the shield's mysterious mold,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
 For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
 There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
 They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they
 fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks; a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
 With imprecations on the perjurer's head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
 By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood,
 And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
 There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights;
 The Roman youth assert their native rights.
 Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half-threat'ning, half-disdaining stood,
 While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
 The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
 Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.
 High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
 Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
 The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls' approach; th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests; long Alpine spears they wield,
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance;
 And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance,
 In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd from heav'n.

Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
 Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline
 Hung on a rock- the traitor; and, around,
 The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
 And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
 Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
 But foaming surges there in silver play.
 The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
 The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
 Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
 Young Caesar, on the stern, in armor bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
 And, with propitious gods, his foes assails:
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
 Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings;
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him- th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
 It seems, as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fireballs are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly;
 The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms-
 Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen defy:
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
 Mars in the middle of the shining shield
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Dirae souse from heav'n with swift descent;
 And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
 And soft Sabaeans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.

Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
 And Rome, triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,

The domes with songs, the theaters with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
 With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides,
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind;
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind,
 And Morini, the last of humankind.
 These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labor'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK XII

When Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
 Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,
 Himself become the mark of public spite,
 His honor question'd for the promis'd fight;
 The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
 The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
 He rous'd his vigor for the last debate,
 And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.
 As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
 He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;
 But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
 The lordly beast returns with double pride:
 He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
 His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
 So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,

Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
 Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
 At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
 "No more excuses or delays: I stand
 In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
 This base deserter of his native land.
 The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
 The same conditions which himself did make.
 Renew the truce; the solemn rites prepare,
 And to my single virtue trust the war.
 The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;
 This arm unaided shall assert your right:
 Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
 To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."
 To whom the king sedately thus replied:
 "Brave youth, the more your valor has been tried,
 The more becomes it us, with due respect,
 To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
 You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
 Or cities which your arms have made your own:
 My towns and treasures are at your command,
 And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land;
 Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
 Unmarried, fair, of noble families.
 Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
 Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
 But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
 Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.
 The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
 No prince Italian born should heir my throne:
 Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
 And oft our priests, foreign son reveal'd.
 Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
 Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
 Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied,
 I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
 Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
 All ties of treaties, and of honor, broke:
 On your account I wag'd an impious war-
 With what success, 't is needless to declare;
 I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.
 Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
 Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
 The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
 The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore.
 Why put I not an end to this debate,
 Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
 If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
 Why should I not procure it whilst you live?
 Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
 What would my kinsmen the Rutulians say?
 And, should you fall in fight, (which Heav'n defend!)
 How curse the cause which hasten'd to his end
 The daughter's lover and the father's friend?
 Weigh in your mind the various chance of war;
 Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."
 Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
 The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
 The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,

With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
 "The care, O best of fathers, which you take
 For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
 Permit me not to languish out my days,
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
 And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
 His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
 The flying coward with an empty cloud."
 But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
 Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
 "O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears,
 And whate'er price Amata's honor bears
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
 Since on the safety of thy life alone
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
 To waive the combat, and pursue the war.
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
 Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
 I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
 Usurp'd by strangers or a Trojan son."
 At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
 Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
 The driving colors, never at a stay,
 Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry shows,
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.
 The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
 Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
 "O mother, do not by your tears prepare
 Such boding omens, and prejudice the war.
 Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
 To shun my death, if Heav'n my death decree."
 Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
 "Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;
 Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's light
 Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight;
 The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
 Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
 Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
 And to the victor be the beauteous bride."
 He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,
 He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
 At his approach they toss their heads on high,
 And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
 The sires of these Orythia sent from far,
 To grace Pylumus, when he went to war.
 The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
 Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their
pride

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,
And girt his faithful fauchion to his side.
In his Aetnaean forge, the God of Fire
That fauchion labor'd for the hero's sire;
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
Fail not this day thy wonted force; but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe!
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil!"

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight;
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy;
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.
Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.
The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labor join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass,
Where, with religious their common gods they place.
In purest white the priests their heads attire;
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred veryain wear,
In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:

Their various arms afford a pleasing sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dyed;
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls and houses' tops are lin'd.
Meantime the Queen of Heav'n beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name).
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespoke,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd:
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.
Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,
But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favor'd, nor Heav'n's King denied
To lend my succor to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.
Thou, if thou dar'st thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try."
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from fate:
New tumults kindle; violate the truce:
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'T is not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.
And now pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,

To mark his lineage from the God of Day.
 Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
 And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
 Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
 Aeneas, author of the Roman line;
 And by his side Ascanius took his place,
 The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
 Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears,
 And off'rings to the flaming altars bears;
 A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.
 Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
 And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
 With salt and meal: with like officious care
 He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
 Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;
 With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.
 Aeneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
 And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd:
 "All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian soil,
 For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
 Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the Queen of Air,
 Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;
 Thou, God of War, whose unresisted sway
 The labors and events of arms obey;
 Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
 All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
 Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
 Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
 My Trojans shall encrease Evander's town;
 Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
 All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;
 Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
 But, if my juster arms prevail in fight,
 (As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)
 My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain,
 Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
 I ask but altars for my weary gods.
 The care of those religious rites be mine;
 The crown to King Latinus I resign:
 His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
 His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
 For me, my friends another town shall frame,
 And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."
 Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
 The Latian king before his altar stands.
 "By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth, and main,
 And all the pow'rs that all the three contain;
 By hell below, and by that upper god
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his
 nod;

So let Latona's double offspring hear,
 And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
 And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names;
 Whatever chance befall on either side,
 No term of time this union shall divide:
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,

Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind;
 Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
 Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
 Ev'n as this royal scepter" (for he bore
 A scepter in his hand) "shall never more
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth:
 An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
 By the keen ax, dishonor'd of its hair,
 And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear."
 When thus in public view the peace was tied
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
 The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
 And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
 Already the Rutulians deem their man
 O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
 First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
 Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
 Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes
 The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
 The nearer they approach, the more is known
 Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
 Turnus himself appears in public sight
 Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
 Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
 With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;
 And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
 A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
 With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
 Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
 When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she heard,
 And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
 Dissembling her immortal form, she took
 Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
 A chief of ancient blood; in arms well known
 Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
 His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
 And humoring their first motions, thus began:
 "For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
 Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
 Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
 Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
 View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
 And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:
 Undaunted to the battle if we go,
 Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
 Turnus, 't is true, in this unequal strife,
 Shall lose, with honor, his devoted life,
 Or change it rather for immortal fame,
 Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
 But you, a servile and inglorious band,
 For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
 Those fruitful fields your fighting fathers gain'd,
 Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."
 With words like these, she carried her design:
 A rising murmur runs along the line.

Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But, while he lags, and labors in his flight,
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force;
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,
And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
"At length 't is granted, what I long desir'd!
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey.
Your timely succor to your country bring,
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."
He said; and, pressing onward thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamors rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
And meet their ardor in the middle space.
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting prease,
At King Aulestes, by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There, pitching on his shoulders and his head,
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear, descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries:
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armor, and uncrown his head.
Priest Corynaeus, arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad ax enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound;
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
around
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Aeneas rush'd amid the bands;
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace!
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defense,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
But, whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand or hostile god was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
At once his arms and coursers he requires;
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches; over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.
Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
The God of Battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,
The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame;
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprise! and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, th' Aetolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car;
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;

Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!"

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew,
Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring courser threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Aegaeon shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held
Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp and his unerring bow.
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phoebean bays.
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.

Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents;
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near;
And first their friends, and then their foes appear:
Their friends retreat; their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky,
The shouts those who kill, and groans of those who die.
But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stern, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd,

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And odorous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord,
And health and vigor are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound,
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
"Arms! arms!" he cries; "the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends."
The hero arms in haste; his hands infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance, and with such vigor shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:
"My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare;
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honors of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth;
Assert thy birthright, and in arms be known,

For Hector's nephew, and Aeneas' son."
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train,
Attend his steps; the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around,
Labors beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Aeneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With like impetuous rage the prince appears
Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock in open field;
Osiris is by strong Thymbraeus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamors rend the liquid sky,
And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few;
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armor, and his mien,
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows;
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What should he do! Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail.
The great Messapus, thund'ring thro' the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held:

Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigor threw.
Aeneas saw it come, and, stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume which on his helm he wore.
Forced by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
The Prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardor, now invades the field;
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labors of that fatal day;
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died;
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd;
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field!
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!
Aeneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valor made the Trojans quit their ground;
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw:
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phoebus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menoetes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread;
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew:
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown;
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high;
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their diff'rent ways, nor less destruction make.

With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear;
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Aenean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his date;
But who can pass the bounds, prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hosts their broken troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And, where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height;
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigor, and our speed.

Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend.
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires;
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires."
He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear,
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honor doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamors in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends;
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their
friends.

The helpless king is hurried in the throng,
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labor on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapors, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But fate and envious fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear-
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will;
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.
Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair

And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumor fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes;
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon seduc'd to change what he so well design'd;
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.
Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind,
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamors from the town arise?"
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins.
She who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honor equal, equal in success."
To this, the prince: "O sister- for I knew
The peace infring'd proceeded first from you;
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight;
And now in vain you would deceive my sight-
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground:
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honor on the place,
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
His vest and armor are the victor's prize.
Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted, to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!
How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion show,)
Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefather's name!"
He said; and while he spoke, with flying speed

Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
 Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
 And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
 "Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends
 Our last relief: compassionate your friends!
 Like lightning, fierce Aeneas, rolling on,
 With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
 The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire
 To drive along the deluge of the fire.
 All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
 Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice;
 Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
 The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
 Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
 'T is true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
 An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
 You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
 Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty
 Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
 And various cares revolving in his mind:
 Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
 And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
 And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,
 And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
 By slow degrees his reason drove away
 The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
 And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
 A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;
 And bridges laid above to join the space,
 And wheels below to roll from place to place.
 "Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
 The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune show.
 The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
 Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
 My force, and vent my rage before I die."
 He said; and, leaping down without delay,
 Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
 And left the grieving goddess far behind.
 As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
 By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots-
 Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
 Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
 Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
 Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth
 rebound:

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
 Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
 Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,

Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew,
 And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue.
 First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
 He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
 "Rutulians, hold; and Latin troops, retire!
 The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
 'T is just that I should vindicate alone
 The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
 This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,
 Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."
 Both armies from their bloody work desist,
 And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
 The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
 The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
 Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
 Greedy of war where greater glory calls.
 He springs to fight, exulting in his force
 His jointed armor rattles in the course.
 Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
 Or Father Apennine, when, white with snows,
 His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
 And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
 The nations, overaw'd, surcease the fight;
 Immovable their bodies, fix'd their sight.
 Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
 Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.
 In silent order either army stands,
 And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
 Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,
 Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
 Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
 With swords to try their titles to the state.
 Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
 They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
 They launch their spears; then hand to hand they meet;
 The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
 Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
 Courage conspires with chance, and both ingage
 With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
 As when two bulls for their fair female fight
 In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
 With horns adverse they meet; the keeper flies;
 Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,
 And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
 And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
 With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
 And push for push, and wound for wound return;
 Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood;
 Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood:
 Such was the combat in the listed ground;
 So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
 Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
 The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs.
 On this side, life and lucky chance ascends;
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
 Shrill shouts and clamors ring on either side,

As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now is but death, or flight; disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'T was not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd;
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.

Aeneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace-
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse-
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers;
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand.
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace;
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear;
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
With vigor, tho' diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.
Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were ingrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwrack sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,

To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' incumbent'd spear from the tenacious tree;
That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
"O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother Earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
Your plant has honor'd, which your foes profan'd,
Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He said,
Nor with successful vows invoc'd their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again,
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
The Queen of Love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief,
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
"What new arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent
To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?
What farther hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Aeneas, (and thou know'st it too,)
Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats are due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?
Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honor of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care;
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload:
Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?
Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy foes distress,
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command." The Thund'rer said;

And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
 "Because your dread decree too well I knew,
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
 Else should you not behold me here, alone,
 Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,
 But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
 'T is true, Juturna mingled in the strife
 By my command, to save her brother's life-
 At least to try; but, by the Stygian lake,
 (The most religious oath the gods can take,)
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
 Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
 And now, resign'd to your superior might,
 And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe the fight.
 This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
 Both for myself and for your father's land,
 That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless.)
 The laws of either nation be the same;
 But let the Latins still retain their name,
 Speak the same language which they spoke before,
 Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
 Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
 And name of Troy, with that detested town.
 Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign
 And Rome's immortal majesty remain."
 Then thus the founder of mankind replies
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes)
 "Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
 Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.
 From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
 The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:
 I will, myself, their common rites provide;
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
 All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
 From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
 Equal to gods, excelling all below.
 No nation more respect to you shall pay,
 Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."
 Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
 Had found success, and from the cloud retires.
 The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
 To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
 Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
 Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
 These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
 Indued with windy wings to flit in air,
 With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.

In heav'n the Dirae call'd, and still at hand,
 Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
 His ministers of wrath, and ready still
 The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
 Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate

On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
 Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care,
 And terrifies the guilty world with war.
 One sister plague if these from heav'n he sent,
 To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
 The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
 Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
 Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
 And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction
 flies.

With such a sudden and unseen a flight
 Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
 Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,
 Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
 Where songs obscene on sepulchers she sings.
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
 The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
 A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
 Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood.
 Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry
 And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing
 hair.

"Ah me!" she cries, "in this unequal strife
 What can thy sister more to save thy life?
 Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
 In arms with that inexorable fiend?
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night;
 The lashing of your wings I know too well,
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
 The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
 O hard conditions of immortal state,
 Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
 Companion to my brother's ghost below!
 The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains,
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
 What earth will open her devouring womb,
 To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"
 She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
 But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
 Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
 Now stern Aeneas his weighty spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
 "What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
 What empty hopes are harbor'd in his mind?
 'T is not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
 What skill and courage can attempt in war;
 Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!"

The champion shook his head, and made this short
 reply:
 "No threats of thine my manly mind can move;
 'T is hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."
 He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
 The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
 Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
 An antique stone he saw, the common bound
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground;
 So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
 Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy,
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
 For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
 And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
 The sickly fancy labors in the night;
 We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
 In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;
 The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:
 So Turnus far'd; whatever means he tried,
 All force of arms and points of art employ'd,
 The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavor void.
 A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;
 He star'd about, nor aid nor issue found;
 His own men stop the pass, and his own walls
 surround.
 Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.
 The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,

The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
 Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:
 Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
 Naught could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
 Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly wound
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
 With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
 Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
 Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
 With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd,
 And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
 "I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
 Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
 Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown-
 Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son-
 Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
 And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
 Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
 Give to my friends my body void of breath!
 The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
 Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
 Against a yielded man, 't is mean ignoble strife."
 In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
 And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
 He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
 His manly soul with more compassion melt;
 When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
 The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
 The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
 From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
 Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
 (Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)
 "Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
 Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
 To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
 'T is Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
 He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
 Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
 The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

THE END

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