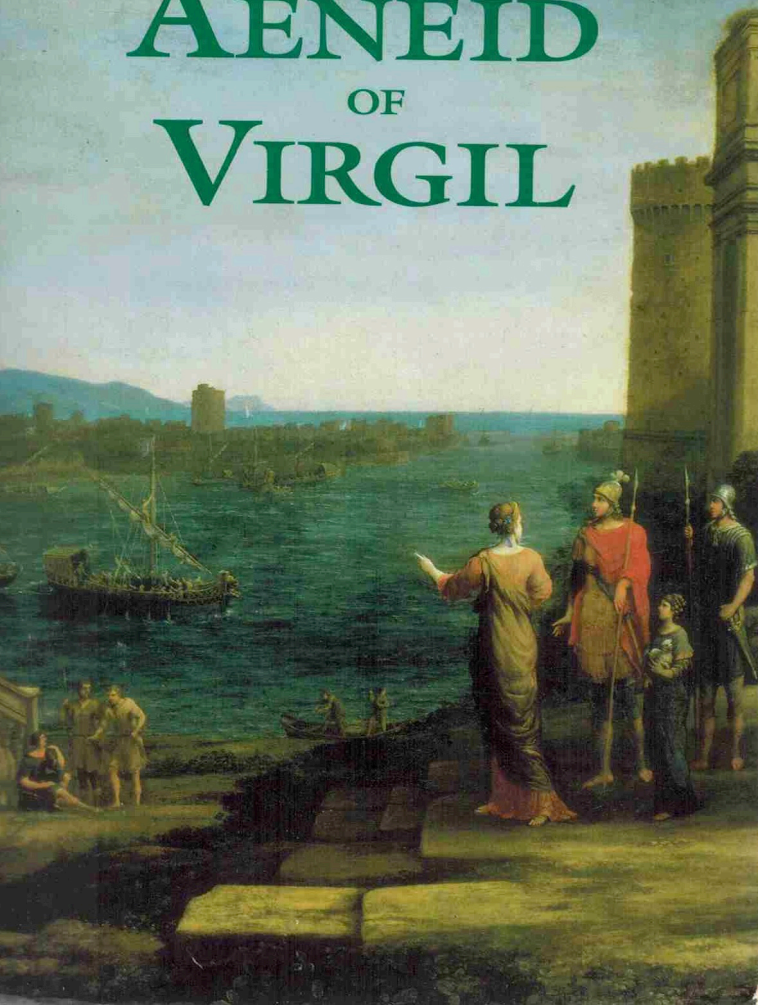


B A N T A M C L A S S I C

A verse translation by Allen Mandelbaum

THE
AENEID
OF
VIRGIL



The
Aeneid
of Virgil

A Verse Translation by
Allen Mandelbaum

New York
2004



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PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO (VIRGIL)

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

So wrote the poet laureate Alfred, Lord Tennyson, on the occasion of the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death. In his own time Romans referred to Virgil simply as "the Poet"; in the Middle Ages he was worshiped as "the Prophet of the Gentiles" and used as a source of mystical predictions: for Dante he was the "Sweet Master" who guides one to the Earthly Paradise. His influence has appeared in the work of almost every Western poet to succeed him.

Throughout his life Virgil was a poet and as far as we know had no interest in pursuing any other career. He was born Publius Vergilius Maro in 70 B.C. near Mantua, in what is now northern Italy. His parents, farm owners, were people of property and substance, if not wealth, and were able to obtain for their son a first-rate education at Cremona, Milan, and Rome. On completing his education, he returned home and possibly began work on the Eclogues, which appeared between the years 42 and 37 B.C. In 41 B.C. the Emperor Octavian (later known as Augustus) confiscated Virgil's family's property, and Virgil was obliged to travel to Rome to negotiate for its return. Fortunately for Virgil, one of the officials secured for him an introduction to the emperor; not only was his land returned, but he also met Octavian's confidant Maecenas, who became Virgil's patron for the rest of his life.

An industrious, meticulous writer, Virgil was not prolific. In addition to the ten Eclogues, which apparently took at least five years to publish, Virgil wrote the four Georgics, which took seven years (37-30 B.C.), and the Aeneid, his great masterwork. Virgil worked on the Aeneid for eleven years, until his death in 19 B.C. Feeling, apparently, that the epic was still unfinished, he directed in his will that the manuscript be destroyed. To the great fortune of succeeding generations, the emperor, Virgil's most prominent friend and admirer, intervened to countermand this provision. He turned the manuscript over to two of Virgil's friends, Varius and Tucca, to edit only obvious errors and repetitions without adding to the text. The result of their work is the beautiful and brilliant Aeneid we have today.

THIS TRANSLATION IS INSCRIBED TO:

Giuseppe Ungaretti, for Aeneas,
lost Dido, pious Palinurus, and
the mind that moves across your *Promised Land*;
and Jonathan, my son, for a Dogon horseman
you hunted down one hot September noon,
that rider on the plains of Troy within us.

Rome • San Francisco • Orta S. Giulio • New York
May 1964 • May 1970

in memoriam

Giuseppe Ungaretti

February 8, 1888–June 1, 1970

INTRODUCTION

I was late come to a full encounter with the *Aeneid*. Three judgments stood in my way. One was a tag line of Mark Van Doren that echoed through my youth with tenacious resonance: "Homer is a world; Virgil, a style" (a late variant of Coleridge's: "If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?"). The second was a passage in a book long since hallowed for me, Georg Lukács' *Die Theorie des Romans*: "The heroes of Virgil live the cool and limited existence of shadows, nourished by the blood of noble zeal, blood that has been sacrificed in the attempt to recall what has forever disappeared." The third was Concetto Marchesi's personal version of the traditional comparison between Homer and Virgil in the most lucid history of Latin literature we have, his *Storia della letteratura latina*. There he was so alert to every defect of the *Aeneid* that its virtues seemed secondary. Marchesi was so splendid on Lucretius, then central to me, that with an illogical extension of trust, I allowed his estimate of the *Aeneid* to usurp my own reading.

All three obstacles were variations on the theme of Homer versus Virgil, using the father to club the son, coupled at times with some variations on the theme of Dante versus Virgil, using the son to club the father. Whichever way one turned in the line of affiliation (Homer-Virgil-Dante)—toward parricide or filicide—the middleman Virgil lost. Nor did another son of that same line, Milton, the English poet who filled the largest space within me when I was growing up, clear the way to the *Aeneid*. Milton was too separate, too massive a mountain then for me to see what lay behind him.

Three ways led me across these obstacles. On one I walked alone; on two my guides were Dante and Giuseppe Ungaretti. Let me begin with Ungaretti, who died as this preface was being written, one of two to whom this translation is dedicated. In the season of his life, in the autumn of his life that followed *Sentimento del tempo* (*Sentiment of Time*), Ungaretti's meditations mingled with Virgilian evocations in *La Terra Promessa* (*The Promised Land*).

This was published in "final" form in 1950 with the Dido choruses and Palinurus sestina; in 1960 his *Il taccuino del vecchio* (*The Old Man's Notebook*) appeared with an additional 27 "Final Choruses for the Promised Land." In the mid-50's I had translated and introduced the 1950 *Promised Land* in *Poetry* and then in a volume of Ungaretti's selected poems called *Life of a Man*; and the final stages of the revision of the *Aeneid* were completed even as I prepared for publication a much fuller *Selected Poems of Giuseppe Ungaretti*, which includes some of the 1960 choruses. In those mid-50's years, then, these words of Ungaretti were often with me:

Perennial beauty (but bound inexorably to perishing, to images, to earthly vicissitudes, to history, and thus but *illusively* perennial, as Palinurus will say) assumed in my mind the aspect of Aeneas. Aeneas is beauty, youth, ingenuousness ever in search of a promised land, where, in the contemplated, fleeting beauty, his own beauty smiles and enchants. But it is not the myth of Narcissus: it is the animating union of the life of memory, of fantasy and of speculation, of the life of the mind; and it is, too, the fecund union of the carnal life in the long succession of generations.

Dido came to represent the experience of one who, in late autumn, is about to pass beyond it; the hour in which living is about to become barren; the hour of one from whom the horrible, tremendous, final tremor of youth is about to depart. Dido is the experience of nature as against the moral experience (Palinurus).

... *La Terra Promessa*, in any case, was, and is still, to begin at the point at which, Aeneas having touched the promised land, the figurations of his former experience awaken to attest to him, in memory, how his present experience, and all that may follow, will end, until, the ages consumed, it is given to men to know the true promised land.

Even when allegorical readings were less in fashion than they are today, Ungaretti could have been seen not only as "using" Virgil but as seeing into him. Here Ungaretti's Virgil is seen both *from* the autumn of a civilization, across the long divides of memory, and *as* the autumnal voice of a civilization, just as he is in Ungaretti's strangely beautiful reading of the first canto of the *Inferno*. In the later 1960 choruses, the promised land of Virgil fuses with the promised land of the Bible and with the terminus of all desire. But the "true promised land" is never a certainty. Much

recent criticism has seen the ache and bite of doubt in the *Aeneid*, ever less—as we read more—a triumphant poem in praise of the *imperium* of Caesar Augustus. But for me, it was chiefly through Ungaretti that I saw in the *Aeneid* the underground denial—by consciousness and longing—of the total claims of the state and history: the persistence in the mind of what is not there, of what is absent, as a measure of the present. The young Lukács who found Virgil too “utopian,” that is, casting back for what is irretrievable, was himself, at the end of *Die Theorie des Romans*, to leave the way open for his own later castings ahead, his affirmations of utopia as nearer and perhaps here, in the same climate that allowed the absolute conviction of Trotsky’s 1924 coda to *Literature and Revolution*: “The average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, or a Marx. And above this ridge new peaks will rise.” Virgil was never so utopian, he never so deified the present or the future, and, as we shall soon see, he understood better the dynamics of deifying the past.

Witness: Van Doren in *The Noble Voice*, following a brilliant suggestion of Jacob Klein, brings to bear a passage from Plato’s *Statesman* on the section in Book VI where Anchises says, “But all the rest, when they have passed time’s circle / for a millennium, are summoned by / the god to Lethe in a great assembly / that, free of memory, they may return / beneath the curve of the upper world, that they / may once again begin to wish for bodies.” In citing the *Statesman*, Van Doren assumes that Virgil was geared to the lulling myth of cycles, that he hoped for peace by “miracle” and “magic,” never coming to terms with the fact that civilization is “arduous.” But the man who had written the *Georgics* knew what human labor was; as did the man who, born in 70 B.C., spent the last eleven years of his life, before his death in 19 B.C., at work on one poem—leaving it still incompletely revised. He was not wagering all on the gods or on the man-made god Augustus. Not only is the very myth Anchises posits framed by the terminus of Book VI, with the query raised by Clausen as to its meaning; another, less enigmatic passage, often neglected, reminds us of how complex was Virgil’s vision of god-making. In Book IX, 243–246, Nisus, about to embark on a mission, asks his comrade Euryalus: “Euryalus, is it / the gods who put this fire in our minds, / or is it that each man’s relentless longing / becomes a god to him?” And the god of Nisus and Euryalus plays them false.

Far from belief in miracle and magic, in the utopian leap, there is in Virgil a sense of the lost as truly irretrievable. He was indeed a celebrator of dominion, of the rule of law: “For other peoples will, I

do not doubt, / still cast their bronze to breathe with softer features,
 / or draw out of the marble living lines, / plead causes better, trace
 the ways of heaven / with wands and tell the rising constellations; /
 but yours will be the rulership of nations, / remember, Roman, these
 will be your arts: / to teach the ways of peace to those you conquer,
 / to spare defeated peoples, tame the proud" (VI, 1129–1137). But
 he is able to look with longing not only at the rule of Saturn (the
 gods, too, have their vicissitudes: Saturn had been evicted by
 Jupiter) of which Evander speaks in Book VIII, where Saturn is
 represented as a giver of laws, but also at Latinus' description of his
 people as "needing no laws": "Do not forget / the Latins are a race
 of Saturn, needing / no laws and no restraint for righteousness; /
 they hold themselves in check by their own will / and by the cus-
 toms of their ancient god" (VII, 267–271). This is more than a pas-
 toral backward glance: Aeneas and Jupiter are to defeat the people
 of Saturn; but Virgil knows the price that is paid by the victory of
 the order of positive law over natural law. He knows, too, that his
 "Saturn" may be the product of his own "relentless longing," and
 just as powerless as that longing.

This then was the way on which Ungaretti first led me. But
 Ungaretti was a true Petrarchan (there is no Dantesque tradition in
 Italy); his is not a percussive line, moving ahead relentlessly toward
 certainties, but a self-reflexive line, moving toward queries, shaped
 by consciousness aware of its fragility and the fragility of its im-
 ages. The way to Dante's Virgil was different. It need only be
 sketched here in part. In these last two decades, no poetic text has
 been closer to me than that of the *Commedia*; and for about a de-
 cade, I had planned to translate the *Inferno* with a full commentary.
 That translation is now complete, but in 1964, two years before I
 began to work on the *Inferno*, certain aspects of Virgil that I had felt
 through Dante gave the *Aeneid* priority. One aspect of Dante's
 Virgil is not too distant from Tennyson's "Wielder of the stateliest
 measure ever moulded by the lips of man"; this is the Virgil of "*lo
 bello stile*," "the beautiful style," in Canto I of the *Inferno*. But
 Dante was able to learn from Virgil not only *the* beautiful style, but
 the *styles* of Virgil. Virgil cannot compare with Dante in the range
 of his lexis, in the range of the real he comprehends. His words are
 fewer than Dante's; and he and Dante belong to separate classes in
 the two types of poets distinguished by Donald Davie in *Purity of
 Diction in English Verse*: "One feels that Hopkins could have
 found a place for every word in the language if only he could have
 written enough poems. One feels the same about Shakespeare. But
 there are other poets, I find, with whom I feel the other thing—that

a selection has been made and is continually being made, that words are thrusting at the poem and being fended off from it, that however many poems these poets wrote certain words would never be allowed into the poems, except as a disastrous oversight." One knows that Dante belongs in the first class, Virgil in the second. But Dante was not always in that first class; the writer of the *Vita nuova* and the *Canzoniere*, with their relative homogeneity—the homogeneity of eros—only passed into another and more complex order, the order of politics and history, with the *Commedia*. Virgil had not only preceded him there; he had preceded him there with a style that was not only "stately" but, as Macrobius noted in the *Saturnalia*, was "now brief, now full, now dry, now rich . . . now easy, now impetuous." Also, beginning with a tercet that marked clause or sentence somewhat mechanistically, Dante was to learn from Virgil a freer relation of line and syntax, a richer play of enjambment, *rejet*, and *contre-rejet*. The instances belong elsewhere; the lesson of freedom and definition is what is important here. That freedom also reached an area that Dante, the fastest of poets, never fully realized: the rapid shifts of tense in Virgil, the sudden intrusions of past on present and present on past within the narrative sequence itself (though the double lands of the narrative past and the present of simile were fully explored by Dante). There is no uniform explanation for these shifts in Virgil; but each instance counts in its place and is motivated there.

I have tried to impress what Macrobius heard and Dante learned on this translation, to embody both the grave tread and the speed and angularity Virgil can summon, the asymmetrical thrust of a mind on the move. I have tried to annul what too many readers of Virgil in modern translations have taken to be his: the flat and unvarious, and the loss of shape and energy where the end of the line is inert—neither reinforced nor resisted—and the mass of sound becomes amorphous and anonymous. In the course of that attempt, a part of the self says with Dryden, as he did on VIII, 364–365 (478–480 in our English): "For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think of it, and my self when I translate it"; the other part of the self brings me to the last way, the unmediated one.

That way is the path that opens when the guides, for whom one has been grateful, fall away or say: "I crown and miter you over yourself." Time, with all its density, does not disappear; but it seems to heighten and not to muffle the words of the past addressing us. And place, which for me at least had always been the last mode through which I heard a poet, after twelve years lived in the

landscapes of Virgil, finally began, even as I was leaving Italy, to reinforce the voice of Virgil. That happened to me at a time of much personal discontent. I had long contemned any use of the poetic word for purposes of consolation. But pride lessens with the years, and Virgil consoled. The years of my work on this translation have widened that personal discontent; this state (no longer, with the Vietnam war, that innocuous word "society") has wrought the unthinkable, the abominable. Virgil is not free of the taint of the proconsular; but he speaks from a time of peace achieved, and no man ever felt more deeply the part of the defeated and the lost. Above all, if T. S. Eliot celebrated a Virgil who is linked to Dante in the continuity that "led Europe towards the Christian culture he could not know," there is the other Virgil who calls to mind deep discontinuities between antiquity and ourselves. Virgil does not have Plato's humor; but he does have Platonic tolerance (and more compassion than Plato). And if the relative weights of the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Pythagorean in him are often hard to assess, his humanity is constant—and vital, not lumbering, not marmoreal. And not shrill; and when, with the goad of public despair, my own poetic voice has had to struggle often with shrillness, the work on this translation has been most welcome.

Past these three ways—Ungaretti, Dante, self—there lies another mode of encounter, where Virgil may be defined in relation to others, but then speaks only as himself. Yeats, at a critical point in his own work, in 1909, noted that: "Our modern poetry is imaginative. It is the poetry of the young. The poetry of the greatest periods is a sustained expression of the appetites and habits. Hence we select where they exhausted." Virgil does not swarm with the "appetites and habits" that pack Homer and Dante and Shakespeare. He is not as exhaustive as they are; his is *a* world, not *the* world. He is more selective, less objective, more bent on the color that feeling casts. He seems to lie on the near—not far—side of Wordsworth's watershed for modern poetry: "The feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling." But he is "sustained," and is not "of the young" (though *for* them, and for the aged, too, of Plato's *Laws*); and none of his selection and imagination seems to involve what I think of as premature stripping, where the other world of poetry takes over *before* this world is known: Virgil selects *after* his knowing this world. For this, he is a name-giver whose letters and syllables seem to imitate not what Lukács called "the cool and limited existence of shadows" but "the real nature of each thing."

Any work that spans six years in the life of a man must come to

seem a communal project in his mind. The partial record of my gratefulness to those who have written on Virgil is recorded in the bibliographical note at the end of this volume. Beyond that, I am indebted to many. Sears Jayne, once the best of colleagues and always "*l'amico mio, e non de la ventura*" (as glossed by M. Casella), read portions of this manuscript in the third draft with the kind of care that made the numberless final draft possible, as did Jane Cooper, who has been for me the poet-reader each poet needs: may all my work be worthy of them both. My editor, Toni Burbank, watched over, nurtured, welcomed; Mrs. Ruth Hein, my copy editor, was quarrelsome, scrupulous, a pleasure; Mrs. Ila Traldi helped in many binds of time and spirit. Mrs. Efreim Slabotzky worked on the first draft of the glossary. Mrs. Sybil Langer was prodigal with comments on the early drafts, and Helen McNeil read the manuscript in its middle stages. Seth Benardete, M. T. Grendi, and G. Lanata helped with urgent queries. Susan Hirshfeld was my graduate assistant for two years; during and beyond that span, she has been totally patient with all drafts, with me; for all deadlines, she has served as conscience. My indebtedness to the late Giuseppe Ungaretti is more fully indicated earlier in this foreword and in the dedication; the dedication to my son is an incomplete expression of what his help has meant in countless details. (The Dogon horseman he pointed out to me in the fall of 1966 is a wood statue in the Museum of Primitive Art, reproduced as Number 227 in the Metropolitan's 1969 catalogue, *Art of Oceania, Africa, and the Americas.*) Helaine Newstead and my other colleagues and the students at the Graduate Center have made it a place where to teach is to learn, a place that has sustained me in the work that follows, in all work. All who were patient with my distracted presence and my needed absence while this translation was under way, and especially Bruce Bassoff, Hilail Gildin, Paul Mariani, Joseph Moses, and Isaak Orleans, have been "*amigos a quien amo / sobre todo tesoro.*"

Allen Mandelbaum

The Graduate Center
The City University of New York
June, 1970

The
Aeneid

B O O K I

I sing of arms and of a man: his fate
had made him fugitive; he was the first
to journey from the coasts of Troy as far
as Italy and the Lavinian shores.
Across the lands and waters he was battered 5
beneath the violence of High Ones, for
the savage Juno's unforgetting anger;
and many sufferings were his in war—
until he brought a city into being
and carried in his gods to Latium; 10
from this have come the Latin race, the lords
of Alba, and the ramparts of high Rome.

Tell me the reason, Muse: what was the wound
to her divinity, so hurting her
that she, the queen of gods, compelled a man 15
remarkable for goodness to endure
so many crises, meet so many trials?
Can such resentment hold the minds of gods?

There was an ancient city they called Carthage—
a colony of refugees from Tyre— 20
a city facing Italy, but far

away from Tiber's mouth: extremely rich
 and, when it came to waging war, most fierce.
 This land was Juno's favorite—it is said—
 more dear than her own Samos; here she kept 25
 her chariot and armor; even then
 the goddess had this hope and tender plan:
 for Carthage to become the capital
 of nations, if the Fates would just consent.
 But she had heard that, from the blood of Troy, 30
 a race had come that some day would destroy
 the citadels of Tyre; from it, a people
 would spring, wide-ruling kings, men proud in battle
 and destined to annihilate her Libya.
 The Fates had so decreed. And Saturn's daughter— 35
 in fear of this, remembering the old war
 that she had long since carried on at Troy
 for her beloved Argos (and, indeed,
 the causes of her bitterness, her sharp
 and savage hurt, had not yet left her spirit; 40
 for deep within her mind lie stored the judgment
 of Paris and the wrong done to her scorned
 beauty, the breed she hated, and the honors
 that had been given ravished Ganymede)—
 was angered even more; for this, she kept 45
 far off from Latium the Trojan remnant
 left by the Greeks and pitiless Achilles.
 For long years they were cast across all waters,
 fate-driven, wandering from sea to sea.
 It was so hard to found the race of Rome. 50

With Sicily scarce out of sight, the Trojans
 had gladly spread their canvas on the sea,
 turning the salt foam with their brazen prows,
 when Juno, holding fast within her heart
 the everlasting insult, asked herself: 55
 "Am I, defeated, simply to stop trying,
 unable to turn back the Trojan king
 from Italy? No doubt, the Fates won't have it.
 But Pallas—was she powerful enough
 to set the Argive fleet on fire, to drown 60
 the crewmen in the deep, for an outrage done
 by only one infuriated man,
 Ajax, Oileus' son? And she herself

could fling Jove's racing lightning from the clouds
 and smash their galleys, sweep the sea with tempests. 65
 Then Ajax' breath was flame from his pierced chest;
 she caught him up within a whirlwind; she
 impaled him on a pointed rock. But I,
 the queen of gods, who stride along as both
 the sister and the wife of Jove, have warred 70
 so many years against a single nation.
 For after this, will anyone adore
 the majesty of Juno or, before
 her altars, pay her honor, pray to her?"

Then—burning, pondering—the goddess reaches 75
 Aeolia, the motherland of storms,
 a womb that always teems with raving south winds.
 In his enormous cave King Aeolus
 restrains the wrestling winds, loud hurricanes;
 he tames and sways them with his chains and prison. 80
 They rage in indignation at their cages;
 the mountain answers with a mighty roar.
 Lord Aeolus sits in his high citadel;
 he holds his scepter, and he soothes their souls
 and calms their madness. Were it not for this, 85
 then surely they would carry off the sea
 and lands and steepest heaven, sweeping them
 across the emptiness. But fearing that,
 the all-able Father hid the winds within
 dark caverns, heaping over them high mountains; 90
 and he assigned to them a king who should,
 by Jove's sure edict, understand just when
 to jail and when, commanded, to set free.
 Then Juno, suppliant, appealed to him:

"You, Aeolus—to whom the king of men 95
 and father of the gods has given this:
 to pacify the waves or, with the wind,
 to incite them—over the Tyrrhenian
 now sails my enemy, a race that carries
 the beaten household gods of Ilium 100
 to Italy. Hammer your winds to fury
 and ruin their swamped ships, or scatter them
 and fling their crews piecemeal across the seas.
 I have twice-seven nymphs with splendid bodies;

the loveliest of them is Deiopea, 105
 and I shall join her to you in sure marriage
 and name her as your own, that she may spend
 all of her years with you, to make you father
 of fair sons. For such service, such return."

And Aeolus replied: "O Queen, your task 110
 is to discover what you wish; and mine,
 to act at your command. For you have won
 this modest kingdom for me, and my scepter,
 and Jove's goodwill. You gave me leave to lean
 beside the banquets of the gods, and you 115
 have made me lord of tempests and of clouds."

His words were done. He turned his lance head, struck
 the hollow mountain on its side. The winds,
 as in a column, hurry through the breach;
 they blow across the earth in a tornado. 120
 Together, Eurus, Notus, and—with tempest
 on tempest—Africus attack the sea;
 they churn the very bottom of the deep
 and roll vast breakers toward the beaches; cries
 of men, the creaking of the cables rise. 125
 Then, suddenly, the cloud banks snatch away
 the sky and daylight from the Trojans' eyes.
 Black night hangs on the waters, heavens thunder,
 and frequent lightning glitters in the air;
 everything intends quick death to men. 130

At once Aeneas' limbs fall slack with chill.
 He groans and stretches both hands to the stars.
 He calls aloud: "O, three and four times blessed
 were those who died before their fathers' eyes
 beneath the walls of Troy. Strongest of all 135
 the Danaans, o Diomedes, why
 did your right hand not spill my lifeblood, why
 did I not fall upon the Ilian fields,
 there where ferocious Hector lies, pierced by
 Achilles' javelin, where the enormous 140
 Sarpedon now is still, and Simois
 has seized and sweeps beneath its waves so many
 helmets and shields and bodies of the brave!"

Aeneas hurled these words. The hurricane
is howling from the north; it hammers full
against his sails. The seas are heaved to heaven. 145
The oars are cracked; the prow sheers off; the waves
attack broadside; against his hull the swell
now shatters in a heap, mountainous, steep.
Some sailors hang upon a wave crest; others 150
stare out at gaping waters, land that lies
below the waters, surge that seethes with sand.
And then the south wind snatches up three ships
and spins their keels against the hidden rocks—
those rocks that, rising in midsea, are called 155
by the Italians "Altars"—like a monstrous
spine stretched along the surface of the sea.
Meanwhile the east wind wheels another three
off from the deep and, terrible to see,
against the shoals and shifting silt, against 160
the shallows, girding them with mounds of sand.

Before Aeneas' eyes a massive breaker
smashes upon its stern the ship that carries
the Lycian crewmen led by true Orontes.
The helmsman is beaten down; he is whirled headlong. 165
Three times at that same spot the waters twist
and wheel the ship around until a swift
whirlpool has swallowed it beneath the swell.
And here and there upon the wide abyss,
among the waves, are swimmers, weapons, planks, 170
and Trojan treasure. Now the tempest takes
the sturdy galleys of Ilioneus
and brave Achates, now the ships of Abas
and many-yeared Aletes; all receive
their enemy, the sea, through loosened joints 175
along their sides and through their gaping seams.

But Neptune felt the fracas and the frenzy;
and shaken by the unleashed winds, the wrenching
of the still currents from the deep seabed,
he raised his tranquil head above the surface. 180
And he can see the galleys of Aeneas
scattered across the waters, with the Trojans
dismembered by the waves and fallen heavens.
Her brother did not miss the craft and wrath

of Juno. Catching that, he calls up both
the east wind and the west. His words are these: 185

“Has pride of birth made you so insolent?
So, Winds, you dare to mingle sky and land,
heave high such masses, without my command?
Whom I—? But no, let me first calm the restless 190
swell; you shall yet atone—another time—
with different penalties for these your crimes.
But now be off, and tell your king these things:
that not to him, but me, has destiny
allotted the dominion of the sea 195
and my fierce trident. The enormous rocks
are his—your home, East Wind. Let Aeolus
be lord of all that lies within that hall
and rule in that pent prison of the winds.”

So Neptune speaks and, quicker than his tongue, 200
brings quiet to the swollen waters, sets
the gathered clouds to flight, calls back the sun.
Together, then, Cymothoë and Triton,
thrusting, dislodge the ships from jagged crags.
But now the god himself takes up his trident 205
to lift the galleys, and he clears a channel
across the vast sandbank. He stills the sea
and glides along the waters on light wheels.
And just as, often, when a crowd of people
is rocked by a rebellion, and the rabble 210
rage in their minds, and firebrands and stones
fly fast—for fury finds its weapons—if,
by chance, they see a man remarkable
for righteousness and service, they are silent
and stand attentively; and he controls 215
their passion by his words and cools their spirits:
so all the clamor of the sea subsided
after the Father, gazing on the waters
and riding under cloudless skies, had guided
his horses, let his willing chariot run. 220

And now Aeneas' weary crewmen hurry
to find the nearest land along their way.
They turn toward Libya's coast. There is a cove
within a long, retiring bay; and there

an island's jutting arms have formed a harbor 225
 where every breaker off the high sea shatters
 and parts into the shoreline's winding shelters.
 Along this side and that there towers, vast,
 a line of cliffs, each ending in like crags;
 beneath the ledges tranquil water lies 230
 silent and wide; the backdrop—glistening
 forests and, beetling from above, a black
 grove, thick with bristling shadows. Underneath
 the facing brow: a cave with hanging rocks,
 sweet waters, seats of living stone, the home 235
 of nymphs. And here no cable holds tired ships,
 no anchor grips them fast with curving bit.

Aeneas shelters here with seven ships—
 all he can muster, all the storm has left.
 The Trojans, longing so to touch the land, 240
 now disembark to gain the wished-for sands.
 They stretch their salt-soaked limbs along the beach.
 Achates was the first to strike a spark
 from flint and catch the fire up with leaves.
 He spread dry fuel about, and then he waved 245
 the tinder into flame. Tired of their trials,
 the Trojan crewmen carry out the tools
 of Ceres and the sea-drenched corn of Ceres.
 And they prepare to parch the salvaged grain
 by fire and, next, to crush it under stone. 250

Meanwhile Aeneas climbs a crag to seek
 a prospect far and wide across the deep,
 if he can only make out anything
 of Antheus and his Phrygian galleys, or
 of Capys, or the armor of Caicus 255
 on his high stern. There is no ship in sight;
 all he can see are three stags wandering
 along the shore, with whole herds following
 behind, a long line grazing through the valley.
 He halted, snatched his bow and racing arrows, 260
 the weapons carried by the true Achates.
 And first he lays the leaders low, their heads
 held high with tree-like antlers; then he drives
 the herds headlong into the leafy groves;
 they panic, like a rabble, at his arrows. 265

He does not stay his hand until he stretches,
 victoriously, seven giant bodies
 along the ground, in number like his galleys.
 This done, he seeks the harbor and divides
 the meat among his comrades. And he shares 270
 the wine that had been stowed by kind Acestes
 in casks along the shores of Sicily:
 the wine that, like a hero, the Sicilian
 had given to the Trojans when they left.
 Aeneas soothes their melancholy hearts: 275

"O comrades—surely we're not ignorant
 of earlier disasters, we who have suffered
 things heavier than this—our god will give
 an end to this as well. You have neared the rage
 of Scylla and her caves' resounding rocks; 280
 and you have known the Cyclops' crags; call back
 your courage, send away your grieving fear.
 Perhaps one day you will remember even
 these our adversities with pleasure. Through
 so many crises and calamities 285
 we make for Latium, where fates have promised
 a peaceful settlement. It is decreed
 that there the realm of Troy will rise again.
 Hold out, and save yourselves for kinder days."

These are his words; though sick with heavy cares, 290
 he counterfeits hope in his face; his pain
 is held within, hidden. His men make ready
 the game that is to be their feast; they flay
 the deer hide off the ribs; the flesh lies naked.
 Some slice off quivering strips and pierce them with 295
 sharp spits, while on the beach the others set
 caldrons of brass and tend the flame. With food
 their strength comes back again. Along the grass
 they stretch and fill their bellies full of fat
 venison meat and well-aged wine. That done— 300
 their hunger banished by their feasting and
 the tables cleared—their talk is long, uncertain
 between their hope and fear, as they ask after
 their lost companions, wondering if their comrades
 are still alive or if they have undergone 305
 the final change and can no longer hear

when called upon. Especially the pious
 Aeneas moans within himself the loss
 now of the vigorous Orontes, now
 of Amycus, the cruel end of Lycus, 310
 the doom of brave Cloanthus, of brave Gyas.

Their food and talk were done when Jupiter,
 while gazing from the peaks of upper air
 across the waters winged with canvas and
 low-lying lands and shores and widespread people, 315
 stood high upon the pinnacle of heaven
 until he set his sight on Libya's kingdom.
 And as he ponders this, the saddened Venus,
 her bright eyes dimmed and tearful, speaks to him:

"O you who, with eternal rule, command 320
 and govern the events of gods and men,
 and terrify them with your thunderbolt,
 what great offense has my Aeneas given,

what is his crime, what have the Trojans done
 that, having undergone so many deaths, 325
 the circle of all lands is shut against them—
 and just because of Italy? Surely

you have sworn that out of them, in time to come,
 with turning years, the Romans will be born
 and, from the resurrected blood of Teucer, 330
 rise up as rulers over sea and land?

What motive, Father made you change? That promise
 was solace for Troy's fall and its sad ruin;
 I weighed this fate against the adverse fates.

But now their former fortune still pursues 335
 the Trojans driven by so many evils.

Great king, is there no end to this ordeal?
 Antenor could escape the Argive army,
 then make his way through the Illyrian bays,
 the inner lands of the Liburnians, 340

and safely cross the source of the Timavus,
 where, with a mighty mountain's roar, it rushes
 through nine mouths, till its flood bursts, overwhelming
 the fields beneath with its resounding waters.

Yet here he planted Padua, a town 345
 and home for Teucrians, and gave his nation
 a name and then hung up the arms of Troy;

and now, serene, he tastes tranquillity.
 But we, your very children, we whom you
 had promised heaven's heights, have lost our ships— 350
 unspeakable! Just for the rage of one
 we are betrayed, kept far from Italy.
 Is this the way you give us back our scepter?"

But then he smiled upon her—Jupiter,
 father of men and gods—just as he calms 355
 the heavens and the storms. He lightly kissed
 his daughter's lips; these were his words to Venus:
 "My Cytherea, that's enough of fear;
 your children's fate is firm; you'll surely see
 the walls I promised you, Lavinium's city; 360
 and you shall carry your great-hearted son,
 Aeneas, high as heaven's stars. My will
 is still the same; I have not changed. Your son
 (I now speak out—I know this anxiousness
 is gnawing at you; I unroll the secret 365
 scroll of the Fates, awake its distant pages)
 shall wage tremendous war in Italy
 and crush ferocious nations and establish
 a way of life and walls for his own people—
 until the time of his third summer as 370
 the king of Latium, until he has passed
 three winters since he overcame the Latins.
 But then the boy Ascanius, who now
 is carrying Iulus as his surname (while
 the state of Ilium held fast, he still 375
 was known as Ilus), with his rule shall fill
 the wheeling months of thirty mighty years.
 He shall remove his kingdom from Lavinium
 and, powerful, build Alba Longa's walls.
 For full three hundred years, the capital 380
 and rule of Hector's race shall be at Alba,
 until a royal priestess, Ilia,
 with child by Mars, has brought to birth twin sons.
 And then, rejoicing in the tawny hide
 of his nursemaid, the she-wolf, Romulus 385
 shall take the rulership and build the walls
 of Mars' own city. Romulus shall call
 that people 'Romans,' after his own name.
 I set no limits to their fortunes and

no time; I give them empire without end.	390
Then even bitter Juno shall be changed; or she, who now harasses lands and heavens with terror, then shall hold the Romans dear together with me, cherishing the masters of all things, and the race that wears the toga.	395
This is what I decree. An age shall come along the way of gliding lustra when the house born of Assaracus shall hold both Phthia and illustrious Mycenae and rule defeated Argos. Then a Trojan Caesar shall rise out of that splendid line.	400
His empire's boundary shall be the Ocean; the only border to his fame, the stars. His name shall be derived from great Iulus, and shall be Julius. In time to come,	405
no longer troubled, you shall welcome him to heaven, weighted with the Orient's wealth; he, too, shall be invoked with prayers. With battle forgotten, savage generations shall grow generous. And aged Faith and Vesta,	410
together with the brothers, Romulus and Remus, shall make laws. The gruesome gates of war, with tightly welded iron plates, shall be shut fast. Within, unholy Rage shall sit on his ferocious weapons, bound behind his back by a hundred knots of brass; he shall groan horribly with bloody lips."	415
 The words of Jupiter are done. He sends the son of Maia down from heaven that the newfound lands and fortresses of Carthage be opened wide in welcome to the Trojans; that Dido, ignorant of destiny, not drive away Aeneas from her boundaries. He flies across the great air; using wings as oars, he quickly lands on Libyan shores.	420
He does as he was told. And the Phoenicians now set aside their savagery before the will of god; and Dido, above all, receives into her spirit kindness, a gracious mind to greet the Teucrians.	425
	430

But, nightlong, many cares have held the pious
 Aeneas. And as soon as gracious daylight
 is given to him, this is his decision:
 to go out and explore this foreign country,
 to learn what shores the wind has brought him to, 435
 who lives upon this land—it is untilled—
 are they wild beasts or men—and then to tell
 his comrades what he has found. He hides his fleet
 inside the narrows of the wooded cove,
 beneath a hollow rock shut in by trees, 440
 with bristling shades around. And he himself,
 only Achatas at his side, moves on;
 he brandishes two shafts tipped with broad iron.

But in the middle of the wood, along
 the way, his mother showed herself to him. 445
 The face and dress she wore were like a maiden's,
 her weapons like a girl's from Sparta or
 those carried by Harpalyce of Thrace
 when she tires out her horses, speeding faster
 even than rapid Hebrus as she races. 450
 For, as a huntress would, across her shoulder,
 Venus had slung her bow in readiness;
 her hair was free, disheveled by the wind;
 her knees were bare; her tunic's flowing folds
 were gathered in a knot. And she speaks first: 455
 "Young men there! Can you tell me if by chance
 you have seen one of my sisters pass—she wore
 a quiver and a spotted lynx's hide—
 while she was wandering here or, with her shouts,
 chasing a foaming boar along its course?" 460

So Venus. Answering, her son began:
 "I have not seen or heard your sister, maiden—
 or by what name am I to call you, for
 your voice is not like any human voice.
 O goddess, you must be Apollo's sister 465
 or else are to be numbered with the nymphs!
 Whoever you may be, do help us, ease
 our trials; do tell us underneath what skies,
 upon what coasts of earth we have been cast;
 we wander, ignorant of men and places, 470
 and driven by the wind and the vast waves.

Before your altars many victims will
fall at our hands, as offerings to you."

- Then Venus: "I can hardly claim such honor.
The girls of Tyre are used to wearing quivers
and bind their calves with scarlet hunting boots. 475
You see a Punic country, men of Tyre,
the city of Agenor; but at the border
the Libyans lie—a tribe that swears by war.
Our ruler here is Dido, she who left 480
her city when she had to flee her brother.
The tale of wrong is intricate and long,
but I shall trace its chief events in order.
- "Her husband was Sychaeus: wealthiest
landowner in Phoenicia. For her father 485
had given her, a virgin, to Sychaeus
and joined them with the omens of first marriage.
Unhappy Dido loved him with much passion.
Pygmalion, her brother, held the kingdom
of Tyre; beyond all men he was a monster 490
in crime. Between Sychaeus and her brother
dividing fury came. Pygmalion—
unholy, blind with lust for gold—in secret
now catches Dido's husband off his guard
and cuts him down by sword before the altars, 495
heedless of his own sister's love. For long
he kept this hidden and, insidious,
invented many stories to mock Dido—
she is sick and longing—with an empty hope.
But in her sleep, to Dido came the very 500
image of her unburied husband; he
lifted his pallid face—amazingly—
and laid bare to his wife the cruel altars,
his breast impaled upon the blade, revealing
to her the hidden horror of the house. 505
He urges her to speed her flight, to leave
her homeland; and to help her journey, he
discloses ancient treasure in the earth,
a hoard of gold and silver known to none.
And Dido, moved by this, prepared her flight 510
and her companions. Now there come together
both those who felt fierce hatred for the tyrant

and those who felt harsh fear. They seize the ships
 that happen to be ready, loading them
 with gold. The wealth of covetous Pygmalion 515
 is carried overseas. A woman leads.

They landed at the place where now you see
 the citadel and high walls of new Carthage
 rising; and then they bought the land called Byrsa,
 "The Hide," after the name of that transaction 520
 (they got what they were able to enclose
 inside a bull's skin). But who, then, are you?
 From what coasts have you come? Where are you going?"
 To these her questions he replied with sighs;
 he drew his words from deep within his breast: 525

"O goddess, if I tracked my story back
 until its first beginning, were there time
 to hear the annals of our trials, then
 the evening would have shut Olympus' gates
 and gathered in the day before I ended. 530

But we were sailing out from ancient Troy—
 if Troy means anything to you—across
 strange seas when, as it willed, a tempest drove us
 upon the coasts of Libya. I am pious
 Aeneas, and I carry in my ships 535
 my household gods together with me, rescued
 from Argive enemies; my fame is known
 beyond the sky. I seek out Italy,

my country, my ancestors born of Jove. 540

When I set out upon the Phrygian sea,
 I had twice-ten ships, and my goddess-mother
 showed me the way; I followed my firm fates.

Now I am left with scarcely seven galleys,
 ships shattered by the waves and the east wind;
 and I myself, a needy stranger, roam 545
 across the wilderness of Libya; I
 am driven out of Europe, out of Asia."

But Venus had enough of his complaints,
 and so she interrupted his lament:

"Whoever you may be, I hardly think 550
 the heaven-dwellers hold a grudge against you:
 the breath of life is yours, and you are near
 a Tyrian city. Only make your way
 until you reach the palace of the queen.

For I can tell you truthfully: your comrades
 are given back to you, your fleet is saved
 and driven toward sure waters by the winds
 that shifted to the north—unless my parents
 have taught me augury to no good end.
 Look there, where you can make out twice-six swans
 that gladly file along, whom once the bird
 of Jupiter had scattered, swooping down
 from upper air into the open sky.
 And now, in long array, they either seem
 to settle down or else to hover, waiting
 and watching those that have already landed;
 and just as they, returning, play with rustling
 wings, as they wheel about the sky in crews,
 and give themselves to song—not otherwise
 your ships and youths are either in the harbor
 or near its mouth with swelling sails. Only
 move on and follow where this pathway leads.”

These were the words of Venus. When she turned,
 her neck was glittering with a rose brightness;
 her hair anointed with ambrosia,
 her head gave all a fragrance of the gods;
 her gown was long and to the ground; even
 her walk was sign enough she was a goddess.

And when Aeneas recognized his mother,
 he followed her with these words as she fled:
 “Why do you mock your son—so often and
 so cruelly—with these lying apparitions?
 Why can't I ever join you, hand to hand,
 to hear, to answer you with honest words?”

So he reproaches her, then takes the road
 to Carthage. But as goddess, Venus cloaks
 Aeneas and Achates in dark mist;
 she wraps them in a cape of cloud so thick
 that none can see or touch them or delay
 their way or ask why they had come. And she
 herself glides through the skies to Paphos, gladly
 revisiting her home, her temple and
 her hundred altars fragrant with fresh garlands
 and warm with their Sabaeon frankincense.

the grating hinges of the doors were brass.
 Within this grove, the sights—so strange to him—
 have, for the first time, stilled Aeneas' fear;
 here he first dared to hope he had found shelter, 640
 to trust more surely in his shattered fortunes.
 For while he waited for the queen, he studied
 everything in that huge sanctuary,
 marveling at a city rich enough
 for such a temple, at the handiwork 645
 of rival artists, at their skillful tasks.
 He sees the wars of Troy set out in order:
 the battles famous now through all the world,
 the sons of Atreus and of Priam, and
 Achilles, savage enemy to both. 650
 He halted. As he wept, he cried: "Achates,
 where on this earth is there a land, a place
 that does not know our sorrows? Look! There is Priam!
 Here, too, the honorable finds its due
 and there are tears for passing things; here, too, 655
 things mortal touch the mind. Forget your fears;
 this fame will bring you some deliverance."
 He speaks. With many tears and sighs he feeds
 his soul on what is nothing but a picture.

He watched the warriors circling Pergamus: 660
 here routed Greeks were chased by Trojan fighters
 and here the Phrygian troops pursued by plumed
 Achilles in his chariot. Nearby,
 sobbing, he recognized the snow-white canvas
 tents of King Rhesus—with his men betrayed, 665
 while still in their first sleep, and then laid waste,
 with many dead, by bloody Diomedes,
 who carried off their fiery war horses
 before they had a chance to taste the pastures
 of Troy, or drink the waters of the Xanthus. 670

Elsewhere young Troilus, the unhappy boy—
 he is matched unequally against Achilles—
 runs off, his weapons lost. He is fallen flat;
 his horses drag him on as he still clings
 fast to his empty chariot, clasping 675
 the reins. His neck, his hair trail on the ground,
 and his inverted spear inscribes the dust.

Meanwhile the Trojan women near the temple
of Pallas, the unkindly; hair disheveled,
sad, beating at their breasts, as suppliants, 680
they bear the robe of offering. The goddess
averts her face, her eyes fast to the ground.

Three times Achilles had dragged Hector round
the walls of Troy, selling his lifeless body
for gold. And then, indeed, Aeneas groans 685
within the great pit of his chest, deeply;
for he can see the spoils, the chariot,
the very body of his friend, and Priam
pleading for Hector with defenseless hands.
He also recognized himself in combat 690
with the Achaean chiefs, then saw the Eastern
battalions and the weapons of black Memnon.
Penthesilea in her fury leads
the ranks of crescent-shielded Amazons.
She flashes through her thousands; underneath 695
her naked breast, a golden girdle; soldier-
virgin and queen, daring to war with men.

But while the Dardan watched these scenes in wonder,
while he was fastened in a stare, astonished,
the lovely-bodied Dido neared the temple, 700
a crowding company of youths around her.
And just as, on the banks of the Eurotas
or though the heights of Cynthus, when Diana
incites her dancers, and her followers,
a thousand mountain-nymphs, press in behind her, 705
she wears a quiver slung across her shoulder;
and as she makes her way, she towers over
all other goddesses; gladness excites
Latona's silent breast: even so, Dido;
so, in her joy, she moved among the throng 710
as she urged on the work of her coming kingdom.

And then below the temple's central dome—
facing the doorway of the goddess, guarded
by arms—she took her place on a high throne.
Dido was dealing judgments to her people 715
and giving laws, apportioning the work
of each with fairness or by drawing lots;

when suddenly Aeneas sees, as they
press forward through that mighty multitude,
Sergestus, Antheus, and the brave Cloanthus, 720
and other Trojans whom the black whirlwind
had scattered on the waters, driven far
to other coasts. Aeneas is astounded;
both joy and fear have overcome Achates.
They burned to join right hands with their companions, 725
but this strange happening confuses them.
They stay in hiding, screened by folds of fog,
and wait to see what fortune found their friends,
on what beach they have left the fleet, and why
they come; for these were men who had been chosen 730
from all the ships to ask for grace, who now
made for the temple door with loud outcries.

When they had entered and received their leave
to speak in Dido's presence, then the eldest,
Ilioneus, calmly began: "O Queen, 735
whom Jupiter has granted this: to bring
to being a new city, curbing haughty
nations by justice—we, unhappy Trojans,
men carried by the winds across all seas,
beg you to keep the terror of fire from 740
our fleet, to spare a pious race, to look
on with us kindness. We do not come
to devastate your homes and with the sword
to loot the household gods of Libya or
to drive down stolen booty toward the beaches 745
That violence is not within our minds;
such arrogance is not for the defeated.
There is a place the Greeks have named Hesperia,
an ancient land with strong arms and fat soil.
Its colonists were the Oenotrians. 750
Now rumor runs that their descendants call
that nation 'Italy,' after their leader.
Our prows were pointed there when suddenly,
rising upon the surge, stormy Orion
drove us against blind shoals; and insolent 755
south winds then scattered us, undone by brine,
across the crushing sea, the pathless rocks
A few of us have drifted to your shores.
What kind of men are these? Or is your country

so barbarous that it permits this custom? 760
 We are denied the shelter of the beach;
 they goad us into war; they will not let us
 set foot upon the border of their land.
 If you despise the human race and mortal
 weapons, then still consider that the gods 765
 remember right and wrong. We had a king,
 Aeneas, none more just, no one more pious,
 no man his better in the arts of war.
 If fate has saved this man, if he still feeds
 upon the upper air, if he is not 770
 laid low to rest among the cruel Shades,
 then we are not afraid and you will not
 repent if you compete with him in kindness.
 Within Sicilian territory, too,
 are fields and cities and the famed Acestes, 775
 born of the blood of Troy. Let us haul up
 our fleet, smashed by the winds, along your beaches
 and fit out timber from your forests, trim
 our oars; and if we find our king and comrades
 and are allowed to turn toward Italy 780
 and Latium, then let us sail out gladly.
 But if our shelter there has been denied us,
 and you, the finest father of the Trojans,
 were swallowed by the sea of Libya, and
 no hope is left us now for Iūlus, then 785
 at least let us seek out again the straits
 of Sicily, the land from which we sailed.
 There houses wait for us, and King Acestes."
 So spoke Ilioneus. The other sons
 of Dardanus approved his words with shouts. 790

Then Dido softly, briefly answers him:
 "O Teucrians, enough of fear, cast out
 your cares. My kingdom is new; hard circumstances
 have forced me to such measures for our safety,
 to post guards far and wide along our boundaries. 795
 But who is ignorant of Aeneas' men?
 Who has not heard of Troy, its acts and heroes,
 the flames of that tremendous war? We Tyrians
 do not have minds so dull, and we are not
 beyond the circuit of the sun's yoked horses. 800
 Whatever you may choose—Hesperia and

the fields of Saturn, or the land of Eryx
 and King Acestes—I shall send you safe
 with escort, I shall help you with my wealth.
 And should you want to settle in this kingdom
 on equal terms with me, then all the city
 I am building now is yours. Draw up your ships.
 I shall allow no difference between
 the Tyrian and the Trojan. Would your king,
 Aeneas, too, were present, driven here
 by that same south wind. I, in fact, shall send
 my trusted riders out along the shores,
 to comb the farthest coasts of Libya and
 to see if, cast out of the waters, he
 is wandering through the forests or the cities.”

The words of Dido stir the brave Achates
 and father Aeneas; long since, both of them
 had burned to break free from their cloud. Achates
 speaks first to his companion: “Goddess-born,
 what counsel rises in your spirit now?
 You see that everything is safe, our ships
 and sailors saved. And only one is missing,
 whom we ourselves saw sink among the waves.
 All else is as your mother said it would be.”

Yet he was hardly done when suddenly
 the cloud that circled them is torn; it clears
 away to open air. And there Aeneas
 stood, glittering in that bright light, his face
 and shoulders like a god's. Indeed, his mother
 had breathed upon her son becoming hair,
 the glow of a young man, and in his eyes,
 glad handsomeness: such grace as art can add
 to ivory, or such as Parian marble
 or silver shows when set in yellow gold.

But then, surprising all, he tells the queen:
 “The man you seek is here. I stand before you,
 Trojan Aeneas, torn from Libyan waves.
 O you who were alone in taking pity
 on the unutterable trials of Troy,
 who welcome us as allies to your city
 and home— a remnant left by Greeks, harassed

by all disasters known on land and sea,
 in need of everything—we cannot, Dido,
 repay you, then, with gratitude enough
 to match your merits, neither we nor any 845
 Dardans scattered over this great world.
 May gods confer on you your due rewards,
 if deities regard the good, if justice
 and mind aware of right count anywhere.
 What happy centuries gave birth to you? 850
 What splendid parents brought you into being?
 While rivers run into the sea and shadows
 still sweep the mountain slopes and stars still pasture
 upon the sky, your name and praise and honor
 shall last, whatever be the lands that call me.” 855
 This said, he gives his right hand to his friend
 Ilioneus; his left he gives Serestus;
 then turns to brave Cloanthus and brave Gyas.

First at the very sight of him, and then
 at all he had endured, Sidonian Dido 860
 was startled. And she told the Trojan this:
 “You, goddess-born, what fortune hunts you down
 through such tremendous trials? What violence
 has forced you onto these ferocious shores?
 Are you that same Aeneas, son of Dardan 865
 Anchises, whom the gracious Venus bore
 beside the banks of Phrygian Simois?
 Indeed, I still remember banished Teucer,
 a Greek who came to Sidon from his native
 kingdom, when with the help of Belus he 870
 was seeking out new realms (my father Belus
 was plundering then, as victor, wealthy Cyprus).
 And even then I learned of Troy’s disaster,
 and of your name and of the kings of Greece.
 And though he was the Trojans’ enemy, 875
 Teucer would often praise the Teucrians
 and boast that he was born of their old race.
 Thus, young men, you are welcome to our halls.
 My destiny, like yours, has willed that I,
 a veteran of hardships, halt at last 880
 in this country. Not ignorant of trials,
 I now can learn to help the miserable.”

So Dido speaks. At once she leads Aeneas
 into the royal palace and announces
 her offerings in the temples of the gods. 885
 But meanwhile she does not neglect his comrades.
 She sends down to the beaches twenty bullocks,
 a hundred fat lambs with their ewes, and Bacchus'
 glad gift of wine. Within the palace gleam
 the furnishings of royal luxury; 890
 the feast is readied in the atrium.
 And there are draperies of noble purple
 woven with art; and plate of massive silver
 upon the tables; and, engraved in gold,
 the sturdy deeds of Dido's ancestors, 895
 a long, long line of happenings and heroes
 traced from the first beginnings of her race.

Aeneas (for his father's love could not
 permit his mind to rest) now quickly sends
 Achates to the Trojan ships, to carry 900
 these tidings to Ascanius, to lead
 Aeneas' son up to the walls of Carthage:
 all his paternal love and care are for
 Ascanius. He also tells Achates
 to bring back gifts snatched from the wreck of Troy: 905
 a tunic stiff with images of gold,
 and then a veil whose fringes were of saffron
 acanthus—these once worn by Argive Helen,
 who had borne them off to Troy and her unlawful
 wedding when she had fled Mycenae—splendid 910
 gifts of her mother Leda; and besides,
 the scepter that had once been carried by
 Ilione, eldest of Priam's daughters,
 a necklace set with pearls, and then a crown
 that had twin circles set with jewels and gold. 915
 And hurrying to do all he was told,
 Achates made his way down to the boats.

But in her breast the Cytherean ponders
 new stratagems, new guile: that Cupid, changed
 in form and feature, come instead of sweet 920
 Ascanius and, with his gifts, inflame
 the queen to madness and insinuate

a fire in Dido's very bones. For Venus
 is much afraid of that deceptive house
 and of the Tyrians with their double tongues. 925
 The thought of savage Juno burns; by night
 her care returns. Her words are for winged Love:

"Son, you are my only strength, my only power;
 son, you who scorn the shafts of the great Father's
 Typhoean thunderbolts, I flee to you 930
 for refuge; suppliant, I call upon
 the force within your godhead. For you know
 how, through the hatred of resentful Juno,
 across the sea and every shore your brother
 Aeneas has been hunted down; and often 935
 you have sorrowed with my sorrow. Now Phoenician
 Dido has hold of him; with sweet words she
 would make him stay. The hospitality
 of Juno—and where it may lead—makes me
 afraid; at such a turn I know she'll not 940
 be idle. So, before she has a chance,
 I plan to catch the queen by craftiness,
 to girdle Dido with a flame, so that
 no god can turn her back; I'll hold her fast
 with great love for Aeneas. Hear me now; 945
 I need your help to carry out this plot.
 Ascanius, my dearest care, is ready
 to go along to the Sidonian city,
 called by his loving father, carrying
 gifts saved from Troy in flames and from the sea. 950
 But I shall lull the royal boy to sleep
 on high Cythera or Idalium
 and hide him in my holy house, so that
 he cannot know—or interrupt—our trap.
 And you will need—for one night and no more— 955
 to counterfeit his features; as a boy,
 to wear that boy's familiar face, and so
 when Dido, joyful, draws you close during
 the feasting and the flowing wine, when she
 embraces you, and kisses tenderly, 960
 your breath can fill her with a hidden flame,
 your poison penetrate, deceptively."

• • •

Love does what his dear mother asks. He sheds
 his wings and gladly tries the walk of Iūlus.
 But Venus pours upon Ascanius 965
 a gentle rest. She takes him to her breast
 caressingly; and as a goddess can,
 she carries him to her Idalium
 where, in high groves, mild marjoram enfolds him
 in flowers and the breath of its sweet shade. 970

Now Cupid's on his way, as he was told.
 Gladly—Achates is his guide—he brings
 the Tyrians royal gifts. As he arrives,
 he finds the banqueting begun, the queen
 already settled on her couch of gold 975
 beneath resplendent awnings, at the center.
 Father Aeneas and the Trojan warriors
 now gather; they recline on purple covers.
 The servants pour out water for their hands
 and promptly offer bread from baskets and 980
 bring towels smooth in texture for the guests.
 Inside are fifty handmaids at their stations—
 their care to stock the storerooms and to honor
 the household gods with fire—and a hundred
 more women, and as many male attendants 985
 of equal age with them, to load the tables
 with food and place the cups. The Tyrians, too,
 have gathered, crowding through the happy halls—
 all these invited to brocaded couches.
 They marvel at Aeneas' gifts, at Iūlus— 990
 the god's bright face and his fictitious words—
 and at the cloak, the veil adorned with saffron
 acanthus borders. And above all, luckless
 Dido—doomed to face catastrophe—
 can't sate her soul, inflamed by what she sees; 995
 the boy, the gifts excite her equally.
 And he pretends to satisfy a father's
 great love by hanging on Aeneas' neck
 in an embrace. Then he seeks out the queen.
 Her eyes cling fast to him, and all her heart;
 Her eyes cling fast to him, and all her heart; 1000
 at times she fondles him upon her lap—
 for Dido does not know how great a god
 is taking hold of her poor self. But Cupid,

remembering his mother, Venus, slowly
begins to mist the memory of Sychaeus 1005
and with a living love tries to surprise
her longings gone to sleep, her unused heart.

And at the first pause in the feast the tables
are cleared away. They fetch enormous bowls
and crown the wine with wreaths. The uproar grows; 1010
it swells through all the palace; voices roll
across the ample halls; the lamps are kindled—
they hang from ceilings rich with golden panels—
and flaming torches overcome the night.
And then the queen called for a golden cup, 1015
massive with jewels, that Belus once had used,
Belus and all the Tyrian line; she filled
that golden cup with wine. The hall fell still.

“O Jupiter, for they say you are author
of laws for host and guest, do grant that this 1020
may be a day of happiness for those
who come from Tyre and Troy, and may our sons
remember it. May Bacchus, gladness-giver,
and gracious Juno, too, be present here;
and favor, Tyrians, this feast with honor.” 1025
Her words were done. She offered her libation,
pouring her wine upon the boards; and then
she was the first to take the cup, but only
touching her lips to it. She passed it next
to Bitias and spurred him to be quick. 1030
He drained the foaming cup with eagerness
and drenched himself in that gold flood; in turn
the other chieftains drank. Long-haired Iopas,
whom mighty Atlas once had taught, lifts up
his golden lyre, sounding through the hall. 1035
He sings the wandering moon; the labors of
the sun; the origins of men and beasts,
of water and of fire; and of Arcturus,
the stormy Hyades, and the twin Bears;
and why the winter suns so rush to plunge 1040
in Ocean; what holds back the lingering nights.
The Tyrians applaud again, again.
The Trojans follow. So the luckless Dido
drew out the night with varied talk. She drank

long love and asked Aeneas many questions:
of Priam; Hector; how Aurora's son 1045
was armed; and now, how strong were Diomedes'
horses; now, how tremendous was Achilles.

"No, come, my guest," she calls, "and tell us all
things from the first beginning: Grecian guile, 1050
your people's trials, and then your journeyings.
For now the seventh summer carries you,
a wanderer, across the lands and waters."

B O O K I I

A sudden silence fell on all of them;
their eyes were turned, intent on him. And father
Aeneas, from his high couch, then began:

“O Queen—too terrible for tongues the pain
you ask me to renew, the tale of how
the Danaans could destroy the wealth of Troy,
that kingdom of lament: for I myself
saw these sad things; I took large part in them.
What Myrmidon or what Dolopian,
what soldier even of the harsh Ulysses,
could keep from tears in telling such a story?
But now the damp night hurries from the sky
into the sea; the falling stars persuade
to sleep. But if you long so much to learn
our suffering, to hear in brief the final
calamity of Troy—although my mind,
remembering, recoils in grief, and trembles,
I shall try.

“The captains of the Danaans,
now weak with war and beaten back by fate,
and with so many gliding years gone by,

are able to construct, through the divine
 art of Minerva, a mountainous horse.
 They weave its ribs with sawed-off beams of fir,
 pretending that it is an offering
 for safe return. At least, that is their story. 25
 Then in the dark sides of the horse they hide
 men chosen from the sturdiest among them;
 they stuff their soldiers in its belly, deep
 in that vast cavern: Greeks armed to the teeth.

“Before their eyes lies famous Tenedos, 30
 an island prosperous and powerful
 as long as Priam’s kingdoms held their own,
 but now only a bay, a treacherous
 ships’ anchorage. And here the Argives sail
 to hide themselves along that lonely shore. 35
 We thought that they had left, to seek Mycenae
 before the wind. And all of Troy is free
 of long lament. The gates are opened wide;
 gladly we go to see the Doric camp,
 deserted places, the abandoned sands. 40
 For here a squadron of Dolopians,
 here fierce Achilles once had pitched his tent;
 and here their ships were anchored; here they fought.
 Some wonder at the deadly gift to maiden
 Minerva, marveling at the horse’s bulk; 45
 Thymoetes was the first of us to urge
 that it be brought within the walls and set
 inside the citadel. He so advised
 either through treachery or else because
 the fates of Troy had willed this course. But Capys 50
 and those with sounder judgment counsel us
 to cast the Greek device into the sea,
 or to set fire to this suspicious gift,
 or else to pierce and probe that hollow belly.
 The doubting crowd is split into two factions. 55

“The lead is taken by Laocoön.
 He hurries from the citadel’s high point
 excitedly; and with a mob around him,
 from far off he calls out: ‘Poor citizens,
 what wild insanity is this? Do you 60
 believe the enemy have sailed away?’

Or think that any Grecian gifts are free
of craft? Is this the way Ulysses acts?
Either Achaeans hide, shut in this wood,
or else this is an engine built against 65
our walls to spy upon our houses or
to batter down our city from above;
some trickery is here. Trojans, do not
trust in the horse. Whatever it may be,
I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts.' 70
And as he spoke he hurled his massive shaft
with heavy force against the side, against
the rounded, jointed belly of the beast.
It quivered when it struck the hollow cavern,
which groaned and echoed. Had the outcome not 75
been fated by the gods, and had our minds
not wandered off, Laocoön would then
have made our sword points foul the Argive den;
and, Troy, you would be standing yet and you,
high fort of Priam, you would still survive. 80

"Meanwhile with many shouts some Dardan shepherds
were dragging to the king a youth they had found.
His hands were bound behind his back; he was
a stranger who had surrendered willingly,
that he might bring about this very thing 85
and open Troy to the Achaeans; he
was sure of spirit, set for either end:
to win through stratagems or meet his death.
From every side the young of Troy rush out,
all swarming in their eagerness to see him, 90
contending in their taunts against the captive.
Now listen to the treachery of the Danaans
and learn from one the wickedness of all.
For as he stood with every eye upon him,
uneasy and unarmed, and looked around 95
while taking in the Phrygian ranks—'What land,'
he cries, 'what seas can now receive me? What
awaits my misery? I have no place
among the Danaans; and in bitterness
the Trojans ask for vengeance, for my blood 100
as penalty.' His lamentation turned
our feelings. Every violence was checked.
We urge him on to speak, to tell us who

his family may be, what word he brings,
what is he hoping for as prisoner. 105
At last he lays aside his fear and speaks:

“ ‘O King, I shall hide nothing of the truth,
whatever comes of it for me. I’ll not
deny that I am born an Argive; this
I first confess. For fortune made of Sinon 110
a miserable man but not a man
of faithlessness and falsehood. Now by chance
you may have heard men talk of Palamedes,
the son of Belus, famous, glorious;
though he was innocent, the Greeks condemned him 115
to death on lying evidence, false charges,
simply because he had opposed the war.
Now that his light is lost, his killers mourn him.
When I was young, my father—a poor man—
sent me to serve in arms as a companion 120
to Palamedes, our close relative.
And while my kinsman’s realm was safe and sure
and while his word was strong in the kings’ council,
I was respected and I shared his fame.
But after he had left these upper shores, 125
a victim of the sharp Ulysses’ envy
(no man is ignorant of what I tell),
I dragged my bitter life through grief and darkness,
I raged within me at the doom of my
innocent friend. And in my madness I 130
did not keep silent, but I swore to act
as his avenger if I found the chance,
if ever I returned to my homeland
of Argos as a victor. With my words
I stirred up bitter hatred; and for this 135
I first was touched by threats; from that time, too,
Ulysses menaced me with fresh complaints;
the words he spread among the army were
ambiguous; aware of his own guilt,
he looked for weapons. And he did not stop 140
until, with Calchas as his tool—but why
do I tell over this unwelcome story,
this useless tale? Why do I hold you back?
If you consider all Achaeans one,
it is enough for you that I am Grecian. 145

Then take your overdue revenge at once:
 for this is what the Ithacan would wish;
 the sons of Atreus—they would pay for this.'

"But then indeed we burn to know, to ask
 the reasons; we were far too ignorant 150
 of so much wickedness, of Greek deception.
 Trembling, he carries on. His words are false:

"The Greeks have often wanted to abandon
 the plain of Troy, to slip away, to flee,
 weary of this long war: would that they had! 155
 But each time they were blocked by bitter tempests
 across the waters, terrified because
 the south wind beat against their sails. Above all,
 when this high horse you see was ready, built
 of maple beams, storm clouds droned through the heavens. 160
 Bewildered, we send out Eurypylus
 to ask the oracle of Phoebus; from
 the shrine he brings back these grim words to us:
 "By blood and by the slaying of a virgin,
 Grecians, you stilled the winds when you first came 165
 to Troy; by blood seek out your homeward way.
 The only offering that is suitable:
 an Argive life." And when the army heard
 this oracle, they were amazed; within
 the Grecians' deepest marrow cold fear shuddered. 170
 For whom has fate prepared this end? Whose life
 does Phoebus want? At this, with much fanfare
 the Ithacan drags out the prophet Calchas
 before the crowd and asks of him what are
 the gods' demands. And many now foretold 175
 to me this schemer's ruthless villainy;
 they saw—but unprotestingly—what was
 to come. For twice-five days the seer is still,
 secluded in his tent; his tongue refuses
 to name a single Greek or to betray 180
 death's victim. Finally, with difficulty
 and driven by the Ithacan's loud urgings,
 as they had planned, he breaks his silence and
 assigns me to the altar. All approved;
 what each feared for himself he now endured 185

when someone else was singled out for ruin.

“ ‘And now the day of horror was at hand;
 the rites were being readied for me: cakes
 of salt and garlands round my temples. I
 confess, I snatched myself from death; I broke
 my bonds; and in a muddy pond, unseen,
 nightlong I hid among the rushes, waiting
 for them to sail away—if only that
 could be! And now there is no hope for me
 to see my old country, my tender sons,
 my longed-for father, on whom they may levy
 the punishment for my escape, making
 poor victims pay for my crime with their death.
 I beg you, therefore, by the High Ones, by
 the powers that know the truth, and by whatever
 still uncontaminated trust is left
 to mortals, pity my hard trials, pity
 a soul that carries undeserved sorrows.’

“We grant life to his tears and, more, our mercy.
 And Priam is the first to have the fetters
 and tight chains taken off the fugitive;
 he speaks to him with words of friendliness:
 ‘Whoever you may be, from this time on
 forget the Greeks you lost; you are one of us.
 And answer truthfully the things I ask:
 Why have they built this massive horse? Who was
 its maker? And what are they after? What
 religious gift is it? Or engine of war?’

“He stopped. The other, schooled in Grecian guile
 and wiles, lifts his unfettered hands to heaven:
 ‘You everlasting fires,’ he cries, ‘and your
 inviolable power, be my witness;
 you altars, savage swords that I escaped,
 you garlands of the gods I wore as victim,
 it now is right for me to break the holy
 oath of my loyalty and right for me
 to hate the Greeks, to bring all things to light,
 whatever they conceal. I am no longer
 bound to obey the laws of my own country.
 But, Troy, you must hold fast what you have promised;

preserved, preserve your word to me, if now
I tell the truth and so repay you fully.

“The only hope and confidence the Danaans
had ever had in undertaking war
lay in the help of Pallas. But in fact, 230
since that time when the godless Diomedes,
the son of Tydeus, first went with Ulysses,
inventor of impieties, and tried
to tear down from its sacred shrine the fateful
Palladium, when they cut down the guardians 235
of that high citadel with ruthless hands,
daring to touch the virgin goddess’ garlands—
since then the Danaans’ hopes have ebbed away,
receding, falling back; their force is broken;
the mind of Pallas has not turned toward them. 240
The omens of her change were not uncertain.
No sooner was her image in the Grecian
camp site than salt sweat poured across its body
and quivering flames blazed from its staring eyes;
and then, amazingly, three times the goddess 245
herself sprang from the ground with trembling shaft
and shield. And straightway Calchas warns them that
they must try out the seas in flight, that Troy
could never be destroyed by Argive arms
unless fresh auspices were brought from Argos; 250
that would regain the favor of the gods
who first helped bring the curving keels from Greece.
Then with the wind they sought their native land,
Mycenae, to make ready gods and weapons
as their companions, to recross the seas, 255
to come back suddenly. For so had Calchas
interpreted the omens. And he warned them
to build this effigy as their atonement
for the Palladium, to serve as payment
for their outrage against the goddess’ image, 260
to expiate so great a sacrilege.
But he instructed them to make this mass
of interwoven timbers so immense
and build it up so high to heaven that
it cannot pass the gate, can never be 265
received within Troy’s walls, never protect
the people under its old sanctity.

For if your hands should harm Minerva's gift,
 then vast destruction (may the gods turn this
 their prophecy against the priest's own lips!) 270
 would fall on Priam's kingdom and the Phrygians;
 but if it climbed by your hands into Troy,
 then Asia would repel the Greeks and, more,
 advance in war as far as Pelops' walls;
 this is the doom that waits for our descendants.' 275

"Such was the art of perjured Sinon, so
 insidious, we trusted what he told.
 So we were taken in by snares, forced tears—
 yes, we, whom neither Diomedes nor
 Achilles of Larissa could defeat, 280
 nor ten long years, a thousand-galleyed fleet.

"Now yet another and more dreadful omen
 is thrust at us, bewilders our blind hearts.
 Laocoön, by lot named priest of Neptune,
 was sacrificing then a giant bull 285
 upon the customary altars, when
 two snakes with endless coils, from Tenedos
 strike out across the tranquil deep (I shudder
 to tell what happened), resting on the waters,
 advancing shoreward side by side; their breasts 290
 erect among the waves, their blood-red crests
 are higher than the breakers. And behind,
 the rest of them skims on along the sea;
 their mighty backs are curved in folds. The foaming
 salt surge is roaring. Now they reach the fields. 295
 Their eyes are drenched with blood and fire—they burn.
 They lick their hissing jaws with quivering tongues.
 We scatter at the sight, our blood is gone.
 They strike a straight line toward Laocoön.
 At first each snake entwines the tiny bodies 300
 of his two sons in an embrace, then feasts
 its fangs on their defenseless limbs. The pair
 next seize upon Laocoön himself,
 who nears to help his sons, carrying weapons.
 They wind around his waist and twice around 305
 his throat. They throttle him with scaly backs;
 their heads and steep necks tower over him.
 He struggles with his hands to rip their knots,

his headbands soaked in filth and in dark venom,
 while he lifts high his hideous cries to heaven, 310
 just like the bellows of a wounded bull
 when it has fled the altar, shaking off
 an unsure ax. But now the snakes escape:
 twin dragons, gliding to the citadel
 of cruel Pallas, her high shrines. They hide 315
 beneath the goddess' feet, beneath her shield.

“At this, a stranger terror takes its way
 through every trembling heart. Laocoön
 has justly paid the penalty—they say—
 for outrage, since his spearhead had profaned 320
 the sacred oak, his cursed shaft been cast
 against the horse's back. Their cry is that
 the image must be taken to the temple,
 the favor of the goddess must be sought.

“We break the walls and bare the battlements. 325
 We set to work; beneath the horse's feet
 we fasten sliding wheels; about its neck
 we stretch out ropes of hemp. And fat with weapons,
 the engine of our fate climbs up the rampart.
 And boys and unwed girls surround it, singing 330
 their sacred chants, so glad to touch the cable.
 The horse glides, menacing, advancing toward
 the center of the city. O my land,
 o Ilium, the home of gods and Dardan
 walls long renowned in war, four times it stalled 335
 before the gateway, at the very threshold;
 four times the arms clashed loud inside its belly.
 Nevertheless, heedless, blinded by frenzy,
 we press right on and set the inauspicious
 monster inside the sacred fortress. Even 340
 then can Cassandra chant of what will come
 with lips the gods had doomed to disbelief
 by Trojans. That day was our last—and yet,
 helpless, we crown the altars of the gods
 with festive branches all about the city. 345

“Meanwhile the heavens wheel, night hurries from
 Ocean and clothes within its giant shadow
 the earth, the sky, the snares of Myrmidons.

The silent Trojans lie within their city
as sleep embraces their exhausted bodies. 350

“And now from Tenedos the Argive army
were moving in their marshaled ships, beneath
the friendly silence of the tranquil moon,
seeking familiar shores. The royal galley
has signaled with its beacon torches; Sinon, 355
shielded by the unkindly destinies

of gods, can secretly set free the Danaans
out of the monster’s womb, the pinewood prison.
The horse, thrown open, gives them back to air.
They exit gladly from the hollow timber: 360

Thessandrus, Sthenelus, the captains; fierce
Ulysses, gliding down the lowered rope;
and Thoas, Acamas, and then the grandson
of Peleus, Neoptolemus; the chieftain
Machaon, Menelaus, then Epeos, 365
the very maker of the stratagem.

They fall upon the city buried deep
in wine and sleep. The guards cut down, the gates
thrown open, they can welcome their companions
and gather the conspirators in one. 370

“It was the hour when for troubled mortals
rest—sweetest gift of gods that glides to men—
has just begun. Within my sleep, before
my eyes there seemed to stand, in tears and sorrow,
Hector as once he was, dismembered by 375
the dragging chariot, black with bloodied dust;

his swollen feet were pierced by thongs. Oh this
was Hector, and how different he was
from Hector back from battle, putting on
Achilles’ spoils, or Hector when he flung
his Phrygian firebrands at Dardan prow! 380

His beard unkempt, his hair was thick with blood,
he bore the many wounds he had received
around his homeland’s walls. And I myself
seemed then to weep, to greet him with sad words: 385
‘O light of Troy, o Trojans’ trusted hope!

What long delay has held you back? From what
seashores, awaited Hector, have you come?
For, weary with the many deaths of friends,

the sorrows of your men, your city, how
 our eyes hold fast to you! What shameful cause
 defaced your tranquil image? Why these wounds?" 390

"He wastes no words, no time on useless questions—
 but drawing heavy sighs from deep within,
 'Ah, goddess-born, take flight,' he cries, 'and snatch 395
 yourself out of these flames. The enemy
 has gained the walls; Troy falls from her high peak.
 Our home, our Priam—these have had their due:
 could Pergamus be saved by any prowess,
 then my hand would have served. But Troy entrusts 400
 her holy things and household gods to you;
 take them away as comrades of your fortunes,
 seek out for them the great walls that at last,
 once you have crossed the sea, you will establish.'
 So Hector speaks; then from the inner altars 405
 he carries out the garlands and great Vesta
 and, in his hands, the fire that never dies.

"Meanwhile the howls of war confound the city.
 And more and more—although my father's house
 was far, withdrawn, and screened by trees—the roar 410
 is sharper, the dread clash of battle grows.
 I start from sleep and climb the sloping roof
 above the house. I stand, alerted: just
 as when, with furious south winds, a fire
 has fallen on a wheat field, or a torrent 415
 that hurtles from a mountain stream lays low
 the meadows, low the happy crops, and low
 the labor of the oxen, dragging forests
 headlong—and even then, bewildered and
 unknowing, perched upon a rock, the shepherd 420
 will listen to the clamor. Now indeed
 the truth is plain, the guile of Greece made clear.
 The spacious palace of Deiphobus
 has fallen, victim of the towering Vulcan.
 And now Ucalegon's, his neighbor, burns; 425
 and wide Sigeum's harbor gleams with fire.
 The cries of men are high, the trumpets clang.

"Insane, I seize my weapons. There's no sense
 in weapons, yet my spirit burns to gather

a band for battle, to rush out against
the citadel with my companions. Rage
and anger drive my mind. My only thought:
how fine a thing it is to die in arms. 430

“But Panthus, slipping past the Grecian swords—
Panthus, the son of Othrys, priest of Phoebus
within the citadel—now rushes toward 435
my threshold, madly; in his hand he carries
the holy vessels and defeated gods.
He drags his tiny grandson. ‘Panthus, where’s
the crucial struggle? Where are we to stand?’ 440
My words are hardly done when, with a groan,
he answers: ‘It has come—the final day
and Troy’s inevitable time. We Trojans
were; Troy has been; gone is the giant glory
of Teucrians: ferocious Jupiter 445
has taken all to Argos. And the city
now burns beneath its Danaan overlords.
The horse stands high within the heart of Troy
and it pours out armed men. The mocking Sinon,
now he has won, is scattering firebrands. 450
Some crowd the open gates—as many thousands
as ever came from great Mycenae; others
have blocked the narrow streets with ready blades;
the sword edge stands, unsheathed, its gleaming point
is set for slaughter; at the forward line 455
the guards can scarcely stand; they battle blind.’

“The words of Panthus and the will of gods,
these carry me into the flames and weapons,
where bitter Fury, where the roar and cries
that climb the skies call out. And in the moonlight 460
I now am met by comrades: Epytus,
great warrior, and Ripheus come to join us;
to march beside us, Hypanis and Dymas
and then the young Coroebus, son of Mygdon.
For in those days he chanced to come to Troy, 465
insane with love for his Cassandra, bringing
his help, as son-in-law, to Priam and
the Phrygians—sad Coroebus, would he had
heeded the warnings of his frantic bride!

“And when I saw them hot again for battle,
in tight ranks, I began: ‘Young men, your hearts
are sturdy—but for nothing; if you want
to follow me into my last attempt,
you see what fortune watches us. For all
the gods on whom this kingdom stood have quit
our shrines and altars, gone away. The city
that you would help is now in flames. Then let
us rush to arms and die. The lost have only
this one deliverance: to hope for none.’

“So were these young men’s spirits spurred to fury.
Then—just as plundering wolves in a black fog,
when driven blindly by their belly’s endless
frenzy, for they have left behind their cubs
to wait with thirsty jaws—through enemies,
through swords we pass to certain death; we make
our way into the heart of Troy; around us
the black night hovers with its hollow shade.

“Who has the words to tell that night’s disaster?
And who to tell the deaths? What tears could equal
our agony? An ancient city falls
that ruled for many years; through streets and houses
and on the sacred thresholds of the gods
so many silent bodies lie about.
Nor are the Teucrians the only ones
to pay the penalty of blood: at times
new courage comes to beaten hearts, and then
the Danaan victors die; and everywhere
are fear, harsh grief, and many shapes of slaughter.

“The first to face us is Androgeos,
surrounded by a mighty mob of Greeks.
In ignorance, he thinks us fellow troops
and welcomes us at once with friendly words:
‘But hurry, men! What laziness has kept
you back? The others are at sack and plunder
in burning Pergamus. Have you just come
from your tall ships?’ He spoke and knew at once—
for he received no sure reply from us—
that he was in the hands of enemies.

He drew back, dazed. He checked his step and voice.
 Even as one who works his way along 510
 the ground through tangled briars when, unawares,
 he treads upon a serpent and recoils
 in terror, suddenly, as it ignites
 in anger, puffing up its azure neck:
 just so, on seeing us, Androgeos trembled, 515
 trying to make his quick escape. We rush
 to ring the Greeks, our weapons thick; we kill
 on every side. They do not know the ground
 and panic overcomes them. Fortune smiles
 on our first trial. And here Coroebus, glad 520
 at our success and spirits, cries: 'My comrades,
 where Fortune first points out the path of safety,
 where first she shows herself auspicious, there
 must be the way to follow: let us change
 our shields, take Danaan armor for ourselves. 525
 If that be guile or valor—who would ask
 in war? Our enemies will give us weapons.'

"These were Coroebus' words. Then he puts on
 Androgeos' crested helmet and his shield
 with handsome emblem, fastening to his thigh 530
 the Argive sword. So Dymas does and Ripheus
 and the excited youths: each arms himself
 with these new spoils. We move ahead, to mingle
 with Argives under auspices not ours.
 Through that long night we clash in many combats, 535
 and we send many Danaans down to Orcus.
 Some scatter to the ships, to seek the shore
 of safety; some in their low fear climb back
 to the familiar belly of the horse.

"But oh, it is not right for anyone 540
 to trust reluctant gods! For there the virgin
 Cassandra, Priam's daughter, hair disheveled,
 was dragged out from the temple, from Minerva's
 shrine, and her eyes were raised in vain to heaven—
 her eyes, for chains held fast her gentle hands. 545
 Coroebus, maddened, could not stand the sight.
 He threw himself, about to die, against
 the very center of the Grecian line.
 We follow close behind him, charging thick.

Here, from the shrine's high roof, we are struck down 550
 for the first time by our own Trojan weapons:
 the image of our arms, the error of
 our Danaan helmets, starts a wretched slaughter.
 But then the Grecians groan with indignation
 because the virgin is rescued. From all sides 555
 they muster to attack us: Ajax most
 ferociously, and both of Atreus' sons,
 and all the army of Dolopians:
 as, when a hurricane has burst, the crosswinds
 will clash together—West and South and East, 560
 exulting in his oriental steeds—
 the woods are shrill, and foam-washed Nereus rages,
 his trident stirs the seas up from their deeps.
 And any whom our stratagems had driven
 beneath the shades of dark night, whom we had chased 585
 across the city, now appear; and first
 they recognize our shields, our miming weapons,
 then note our speech that does not sound like theirs.
 Such numbers overcome us instantly.
 Coroebus is the first to fall; he dies 570
 beneath Peneleus' right hand, beside
 the altar of the warrior goddess, Pallas.
 Then Riphens, too, has fallen—he was first
 among the Teucrians for justice and
 observing right; the gods thought otherwise. 575
 Both Hypanis and Dymas perish, pierced
 by their own comrades; neither your great goodness,
 o Panthus, nor Apollo's garland could
 protect you when you fell. O final flames
 that take my people, ashes of my Ilium, 580
 be you my witness that, in your disaster,
 I did not shun the Danaan blades or battle:
 if fate had willed my end, my hand had earned it.
 Then we are forced apart. Along with me
 go Iphitus and Pelias: one was 585
 already slow with his long years, the other,
 slow-footed through a wound got from Ulysses.
 The clamor calls us on to Priam's palace.

"And here the fight is deadly, just as if
 there were no battles elsewhere, just as if 590
 no one were dying now throughout the city;

for here the god of war cannot be tamed.

The Danaans rush the roofs; they storm the threshold
with linked and lifted shields; their ladders hug
the walls—the rungs reach up the very doorposts. 595

Against the darts their left hands thrust their bucklers,
and with their right, they clutch the battlements.
In turn the Trojans tear down roofs and towers
to fling as missiles; they can see the end
is near, but even at death's point they still 600
prepare defense. They roll down gilded rafters,

our ancient fathers' splendors; while below,
the others block the gates with naked blades.
They guard in tight array. Made new again,
our spirits rush relief to Priam's palace, 605
help to our men, and fresh force to the beaten.

“There was an entry gate with secret doors:
a passageway that ran to Priam's rooms,
a postern at the palace rear; and there,
while Troy still stood, the sad Andromache 610
would often, unattended, come to see
her husband's parents; there she brought her boy
Astyanax to visit his grandfather.

That is the way I take to reach the ramparts
along the roof; from there the wretched Trojans 615
fling useless weapons with their hands. And from
the sheer edge of that roof a tower rose,
built starward; it had served as lookout over
all Troy, the Danaan ships, the Grecian camp.
And where the upper storeys show loose joints, 620
there we attack with iron to tug it free,
to wrench it from the top, to thrust it down.

It suddenly collapses; with a crash
it tumbles wide across the Danaan ranks;
its fall is ruinous. But fresh Greeks come; 625
the stones, the other missiles never stop.

“And then, before the very porch, along
the outer portal Pyrrhus leaps with pride,
his armor glitters with a brazen brilliance
he is like a snake that, fed on poisonous plants 630
and swollen underground all winter, now
his slough cast off, made new and bright with youth,

uncoils his slippery body to the light;
 his breast erect, he towers toward the sun;
 he flickers from his mouth a three-forked tongue. 635
 With Pyrrhus are the giant Periphas
 together with Automedon, Achilles'
 charioteer and armor-bearer; all
 the youths of Scyros now assault the palace;
 they fling their firebrands up toward the roof. 640
 Pyrrhus himself, among the first, takes up
 a two-edged ax and cracks the stubborn gates.
 He rips the bronze-bound portals off their hinges,
 cuts through a beam, digs out tough oak: the breach
 is vast, a gaping mouth. The inner house 645
 is naked now, the long halls, open; naked,
 the private rooms of Priam and the ancient
 kings; and the Greeks can see the threshold guards.

"But deep within, confusion takes the palace,
 anguish and sad commotion; and the vaulted 650
 walls echo with the wail and woe of women,
 lament that beats against the golden stars.
 Across the huge apartments in their terror
 the matrons wander, clutching at the doors,
 embracing them, imprinting kisses. Pyrrhus, 655
 his father's force within him, presses forward—
 no barrier, and not the guards themselves,
 can hold him off. The gate gives way before
 the ram's repeated hammerings; the doors
 are severed from their hinges, topple out. 660
 Force cracks a breach; the Danaans storm and pour
 across the passage, butchering the first
 they meet; their soldiers stream across the palace—
 less furious than these, the foaming river
 when it has burst across resisting banks 665
 and boundaries and overflows, its angry
 flood piling in a mass along the plains
 as it drags flocks and folds across the fields.
 And I myself saw Neoptolemus,
 insane with blood, and both of Atreus' sons 670
 upon the threshold. I saw Hecuba
 together with her hundred daughters, and
 among the altars I could see King Priam,
 polluting with his blood the fires he

himself had hallowed. And the fifty bridal
 chambers that had such hopes of sons of sons,
 the doors that once had stood so proud with booty
 and with barbaric gold lie on the ground.
 What fire cannot do, the Danaans can. 675

“Perhaps you now will ask the end of Priam. 680
 When he has seen his beaten city ruined—
 the wrenching of the gates, the enemy
 among his sanctuaries—then in vain
 the old man throws his armor, long unused,
 across his shoulders, tottering with age;
 and he girds on his useless sword; about 685
 to die, he hurries toward the crowd of Greeks.

“Beneath the naked round of heaven, at
 the center of the palace, stood a giant
 shrine; at its side an ancient laurel leaned 690
 across the altar stone, and it embraced
 the household gods within its shadow. Here,
 around that useless altar, Hecuba
 together with her daughters—just like doves
 when driven headlong by a dark storm—huddled; 695
 and they held fast the statues of the gods.
 But when she saw her Priam putting on
 the armor he had worn when he was young,
 she cried: ‘Poor husband, what wild thought drives you
 to wear these weapons now? Where would you rush? 700
 This is no time for such defense and help,
 not even were my Hector here himself.
 Come near and pray: this altar shall yet save
 us all, or you shall die together with us.’
 When this was said she took the old man to her 705
 and drew him down upon the sacred seat.

“But then Polites, one of Priam’s sons
 who had escaped from Pyrrhus’ slaughter, down
 long porticoes, past enemies and arrows,
 races, wounded, across the empty courts. 710
 But after him, and hot to thrust, is Pyrrhus;
 now, even now he clutches, closing in;
 he presses with his shaft until at last
 Polites falls before his parents’ eyes,

within their presence; he pours out his life
 in streams of blood. Though in the fist of death, 715
 at this, Priam does not spare voice or wrath:
 'If there is any goodness in the heavens
 to oversee such acts, for this offense
 and outrage may you find your fitting thanks 720
 and proper payment from the gods, for you
 have made me see the murder of my son,
 defiled a father's face with death. Achilles—
 you lie to call him father—never dealt
 with Priam so—and I, his enemy; 725
 for he had shame before the claims and trust
 that are a suppliant's. He handed back
 for burial the bloodless corpse of Hector
 and sent me off in safety to my kingdom.'
 The old man spoke; his feeble spear flew off— 730
 harmless; the hoarse bronze beat it back at once;
 it dangled, useless now, from the shield's boss.
 And Pyrrhus: 'Carry off these tidings; go
 and bring this message to my father, son
 of Peleus; and remember, let him know 735
 my sorry doings, how degenerate
 is Neoptolemus. Now die.' This said,
 he dragged him to the very altar stone,
 with Priam shuddering and slipping in
 the blood that streamed from his own son. And Pyrrhus 740
 with his left hand clutched tight the hair of Priam;
 his right hand drew his glistening blade, and then
 he buried it hilt-high in the king's side.
 This was the end of Priam's destinies,
 the close that fell to him by fate: to see 745
 his Troy in flames and Pergamus laid low—
 who once was proud king over many nations
 and lands of Asia. Now he lies along
 the shore, a giant trunk, his head torn from
 his shoulders, as a corpse without a name. 750

"This was the first time savage horror took me.
 I was astounded; as I saw the king
 gasping his life away beneath a ruthless
 wound, there before me rose the effigy
 of my dear father, just as old as Priam; 755
 before me rose Creüsa, left alone,

my plundered home, the fate of small Iülus.
 I look behind and scan the troops around me;
 all of my men, worn out, have quit the battle,
 have cast their bodies down along the ground 760
 or fallen helplessly into the flames.

“And now that I am left alone, I see
 the daughter of Tyndareos clinging
 to Vesta’s thresholds, crouching silently
 within a secret corner of the shrine; 765
 bright conflagrations give me light as I
 wander and let my eyes read everything.
 For she, in terror of the Trojans—set
 against her for the fall of Pergamus—
 and of the Danaans’ vengeance and the anger 770
 of her abandoned husband; she, the common
 Fury of Troy and of her homeland, she
 had hid herself; she crouched, a hated thing,
 beside the altars. In my mind a fire
 is burning; anger spurs me to avenge 775
 my falling land, to exact the debt of crime.
 ‘Is she to have it so: to leave unharmed,
 see Sparta and her home Mycenae, go—
 a victor queen in triumph—to look on
 her house and husband, parents, children, trailing 780
 a train of Trojan girls and Phrygian slaves?
 Shall Troy have been destroyed by fire, Priam
 been beaten by the blade, the Dardan shore
 so often soaked with blood, to this end? No.
 For though there is no memorable name 785
 in punishing a woman and no gain
 of honor in such victory, yet I
 shall have my praise for blotting out a thing
 of evil, for my punishing of one
 who merits penalties; and it will be 790
 a joy to fill my soul with vengeful fire,
 to satisfy the ashes of my people.’

“And carried off by my mad mind, I was
 still blurting out these words when, with such brightness
 as I had never seen, my gracious mother 795
 stood there before me; and across the night
 she gleamed with pure light, unmistakable goddess,

as lovely and as tall as she appears
 whenever she is seen by heaven's beings.
 And while she caught and held my right hand fast, 800
 she spoke these words to me with her rose lips:
 'My son, what bitterness has kindled this
 fanatic anger? Why this madness? What
 of all your care for me—where has it gone?
 Should you not first seek out your father, worn 805
 with years, Anchises, where you left him; see
 if your own wife, Cretusa, and the boy
 Ascanius are still alive? The Argive
 lines ring them all about; and if my care
 had not prevented such an end, by now 810
 flames would have swept them off, the hostile sword
 have drunk their blood. And those to blame are not
 the hated face of the Laconian woman,
 the daughter of Tyndareos, or Paris:
 it is the gods' relentlessness, the gods', 815
 that overturns these riches, tumbles Troy
 from its high pinnacle. Look now—for I
 shall tear away each cloud that cloaks your eyes
 and clogs your human seeing, darkening
 all things with its damp fog: you must not fear 820
 the orders of your mother; do not doubt,
 but carry out what she commands. For here,
 where you see huge blocks ripped apart and stones
 torn free from stones and smoke that joins with dust
 in surges, Neptune shakes the walls, his giant 825
 trident is tearing Troy from its foundations;
 and here the first to hold the Scaean gates
 is fiercest Juno; girt with iron, she
 calls furiously to the fleet for more
 Greek troops. Now turn and look: Tritonian Pallas 830
 is planted there; upon the tallest towers
 she glares with her storm cloud and her grim Gorgon.
 And he who furnishes the Greeks with force
 that favors and with spirit is the Father
 himself, for he himself goads on the gods 835
 against the Dardan weapons. Son, be quick
 to flee, have done with fighting. I shall never
 desert your side until I set you safe
 upon your father's threshold.' So she spoke,
 then hid herself within the night's thick shadows. 840

Ferocious forms appear—the fearful powers
of gods that are the enemies of Troy.

“At this, indeed, I saw all Ilium
sink down into the fires; Neptune’s Troy
is overturned: even as when the woodsmen 845
along a mountaintop are rivals in
their striving to bring down an ancient ash,
hacked at with many blows of iron and ax;
it always threatens falling, nodding with
its trembling leaves and tossing crest until, 850
slowly, slowly, the wounds have won; it gives
one last great groan, then wrenches from the ridges
and crashes into ruin. I go down
and, guided by a god, move on among
the foes and fires; weapons turn aside, 855
the flames retire where I make my way.

“But now, when I had reached my father’s threshold,
Anchises’ ancient house, our home—and I
longed so to carry him to the high mountains
and sought him first—he will not let his life 860
be drawn out after Troy has fallen, he
will not endure exile: ‘You whose lifeblood
is fresh, whose force is still intact and tough,
you hurry your escape; if heaven’s lords
had wanted longer life for me, they would 865
have saved my home. It is enough—and more—
that I have lived beyond one fall and sack
of Troy. Call out your farewell to my body
as it is now, thus laid out, thus; and then
be gone. I shall find death by my own hand; 870
the enemy will pity me and seek
my spoils. The loss of burial is easy.
For hated by the gods and useless, I
have lingered out my years too long already,
since that time when the father of the High Ones 875
and king of men let fly his thunderbolt
against me with the winds, touched me with lightning.’

“These were the words he used. He did not move.
We stood in tears—my wife, Creüsa, and
Ascanius and all the household—begging 880

my father not to bring down everything
 along with him and make our fate more heavy.
 He will not have it. What he wants is set;
 he will not leave his place. Again I take
 to arms and, miserable, long for death. 885
 What other stratagem or chance is left?
 And then I ask: 'My father, had you thought
 I could go off and leave you here? Could such
 unholiness fall from a father's lips?
 For if it please the High Ones that no thing 890
 be left of this great city, if your purpose
 must still persist, if you want so to add
 yourself and yours to Ilium's destruction—
 why then, the door to death is open: Pyrrhus—
 who massacres the son before his father's 895
 eyes, and then kills the father at the altars—
 still hot from Priam's blood, will soon be here.
 And was it, then, for this, my gracious mother,
 that you have saved me from the blade, the fire—
 that I might see the enemy within 900
 the heart of home, my son Ascanius,
 my father, and Creüsa at their side,
 all butchered in each other's blood? My men,
 bring arms; the last light calls upon the beaten.
 Let be, and let me at the Greeks again, 905
 to make my way back to new battles. Never
 shall we all die this day without revenge.'

"At that I girded on my sword again
 and fixed it firm, passing my left hand through
 my shield strap as I hurried from the house. 910
 But suddenly Creüsa held me fast
 beside the threshold; clinging to my feet,
 she lifted young Iulus to his father:
 'If you go off to die, then take us, too,
 to face all things with you; but if your past 915
 still lets you put your hope in arms, which now
 you have put on, then first protect this house.
 To whom is young Iulus left, to whom
 your father and myself, once called your wife?'

"So did Creüsa cry; her wailing filled 920
 my father's house. But even then there comes

a sudden omen—wonderful to tell:
 between the hands, before the faces of
 his grieving parents, over Iulus' head
 there leaps a lithe flametip that seems to shed 925
 a radiance; the tongue of fire flickers,
 harmless, and plays about his soft hair, grazes
 his temples. Shuddering in our alarm,
 we rush to shake the flames out of his hair
 and quench the holy fire with water. But 930
 Anchises raised his glad eyes to the stars
 and lifted heavenward his voice and hands:
 'O Jupiter, all-able one, if you
 are moved by any prayers, look on us.
 I only ask you this: if by our goodness 935
 we merit it, then, Father, grant to us
 your help and let your sign confirm these omens.'

"No sooner had the old man spoken so
 than sudden thunder crashed upon the left,
 and through the shadows ran a shooting star, 940
 its trail a torch of flooding light. It glides
 above the highest housetops as we watch,
 until the brightness that has marked its course
 is buried in the woods of Ida: far
 and wide the long wake of that furrow shines, 945
 and sulphur smokes upon the land. At last,
 won over by this sign, my father rises,
 to greet the gods, to adore the sacred star:
 'Now my delay is done; I follow; where
 you lead, I am. Gods of my homeland, save 950
 my household, save my grandson. Yours, this omen;
 and Troy is in your keeping. Yes, I yield.
 My son, I go with you as your companion.'

"These were his words. But now the fire roars
 across the walls; the tide of flame flows nearer. 955
 'Come then, dear father, mount upon my neck;
 I'll bear you on my shoulders. That is not
 too much for me. Whatever waits for us,
 we both shall share one danger, one salvation.
 Let young Iulus come with me, and let 960
 my wife Creüsa follow at a distance.
 And servants, listen well to what I say:

along the way, just past the city walls,
 in an abandoned spot there is a mound,
 an ancient shrine of Ceres; and nearby 965
 an ancient cypress stands, one that our fathers'
 devotion kept alive for many years.

From different directions, we shall meet
 at this one point. My father, you will carry 970
 the holy vessels and our homeland's gods.
 Filthy with war, just come from slaughter, I
 must never touch these sacred things until
 I bathe myself within a running stream.'

"This said, I spread a tawny lion skin
 across my bent neck, over my broad shoulders, 975
 and then take up Anchises; small Iulus
 now clutches my right hand; his steps uneven,
 he is following his father; and my wife
 moves on behind. We journey through dark places;
 and I, who just before could not be stirred 980
 by any weapons cast at me or by
 the crowds of Greeks in charging columns, now
 am terrified by all the breezes, startled
 by every sound, in fear for son and father.

"And now, as I approached the gates and thought 985
 I had found the way of my escape, the sudden
 and frequent tramp of feet was at my ears;
 and peering through the shades, Anchises cries:
 'My son, take flight; my son, they are upon us.
 I see their gleaming shields, the flashing bronze.' 990

At this alarm I panicked: some unfriendly
 god's power ripped away my tangled mind.
 For while I take a trackless path, deserting
 the customary roads, fate tears from me
 my wife Creüsa in my misery. 995

I cannot say if she had halted or
 had wandered off the road or slumped down, weary.
 My eyes have never had her back again.
 I did not look behind for her, astray,
 or think of her before we reached the mound 1000
 and ancient, sacred shrine of Ceres; here
 at last, when all were gathered, she alone
 was missing—gone from husband, son, companions.

"What men, what gods did I in madness not
 accuse? Did I see anything more cruel 1005
 within the fallen city? I commit
 Ascanius, Anchises, and the gods
 of Troy to my companions, hiding them
 inside a winding valley. I myself
 again seek out the city, girding on 1010
 my gleaming arms. I want to meet all risks
 again, return through all of Troy, again
 give back my life to danger. First I seek
 the city walls, the gateway's shadowed thresholds
 through which I had come before. And I retrace 1015
 my footsteps; through the night I make them out.
 My spirit is held by horror everywhere;
 even the very silence terrifies.
 Then I move homeward—if by chance, by chance,
 she may have made her way there. But the Danaans 1020
 had flooded in and held the house. At once
 the hungry conflagration rolls before
 the wind, high as the highest rooftop; flames
 are towering overhead, the boiling tide
 is raging to the heavens. I go on; 1025
 again I see the house of Priam and
 the fortress. Down the empty porticoes,
 in Juno's sanctuary, I can see
 both Phoenix and the fierce Ulysses, chosen
 as guardians, at watch over the booty. 1030
 And here, from every quarter, heaped together,
 are Trojan treasures torn from burning altars—
 the tables of the gods, and plundered garments,
 and bowls of solid gold; and Trojan boys
 and trembling women stand in a long line. 1035

"And more, I even dared to cast my cries
 across the shadows; in my sorrow, I—
 again, again, in vain—called for Creüsa;
 my shouting filled the streets. But as I rushed
 and raged among the houses endlessly, 1040
 before my eyes there stood the effigy
 and grieving shade of my Creüsa, image
 far larger than the real. I was dismayed;
 my hair stood stiff, my voice held fast within
 my jaws. She spoke; her words undid my cares: 1045

"O my sweet husband, is there any use
 in giving way to such fanatic sorrow?
 For this could never come to pass without
 the gods' decree; and you are not to carry
 Creüsa as your comrade, since the king
 of high Olympus does not grant you that. 1050
 Along your way lie long exile, vast plains
 of sea that you must plow; but you will reach
 Hesperia, where Lydian Tiber flows,
 a tranquil stream, through farmer's fruitful fields. 1055
 There days of gladness lie in wait for you:
 a kingdom and a royal bride. Enough
 of tears for loved Creüsa. I am not
 to see the haughty homes of Myrmidons
 or of Dolopians, or be a slave 1060
 to Grecian matrons—I, a Dardan woman
 and wife of Venus' son. It is the gods'
 great Mother who keeps me upon these shores.
 And now farewell, and love the son we share.'

"When she was done with words—I weeping and 1065
 wanting to say so many things—she left
 and vanished in transparent air. Three times
 I tried to throw my arms around her neck;
 three times the Shade I grasped in vain escaped
 my hands—like fleet winds, most like a winged dream. 1070

"And so at last, when night has passed, I go
 again to my companions. Here I find,
 to my surprise, new comrades come together,
 vast numbers, men and women, joined for exile,
 a crowd of sorrow. Come from every side, 1075
 with courage and with riches, they are ready
 for any lands across the seas where I
 may lead them. Now the star of morning rose
 above high Ida's ridges, guiding the day.
 The Danaans held the gates' blockaded thresholds. 1080
 There was no hope of help. Then I gave way
 and, lifting up my father, made for the mountains."

BOOK III

The power of Asia and Priam's guiltless race
are overturned, proud Ilium is fallen,
and all of Neptune's Troy smokes from the ground;
this the Highest Ones were pleased to do.
Then we are driven by divine commands 5
and signs to sail in search of fields of exile
in distant and deserted lands. We build
a fleet beneath Antandros, in the foothills
of Phrygian Ida, knowing not where fate
will carry us or where we are to settle; 10
and there we gather up our men. No sooner
was summer come upon us than my father
Anchises bid us spread our sails to fate.
Weeping, I must give up the shores, the harbors 15
that were my home, the plain that once was Troy.
An exile, I go out across the waters
together with my comrades and my son,
my gods of hearth and home and the Great Gods.

"The land of Mars is not far off: vast plains
the Thracians till, once ruled by fierce Lycurgus, 20
a land that had long been a friend to us,
with household gods allied to Troy until

our fortunes fell away. I sail to Thrace.
 Along that curving shore I trace our first
 walls—but beneath unkindly fates. That city
 receives its name from mine: Aeneadae. 25

“So that the gods may guard our undertaking,
 I offer sacrifices to my mother,
 Dione’s daughter, and to the other powers,
 slaughtering along that beach a gleaming
 white bull to the high king of heaven-dwellers. 30

“Nearby, above a mound, a copse of dogwood
 and myrtle bushes bristle, thick with shoots.
 I try to tear a green branch from the soil
 to serve as leafy cover for our altars— 35
 but see an awful omen, terrible
 to tell. For from that first tree’s severed roots
 drops of black blood drip down. They stain the ground
 with gore. My body shudders, cold. My blood
 is frozen now with terror. I try again 40
 and tear the tenacious stem of a second shoot
 that I may reach the deep, the secret root.
 And from that second bark, black blood flows down.

“Dismayed, I pray both to the rural nymphs
 and Father Mars, who guards the fields of Thrace, 45
 to make the vision kind and not a menace.
 But when, knees hard against the stubborn sand,
 I strained, with greater force, to wrestle free
 a third stem—shall I speak or hold my tongue?—
 a moan rose from the bottom of the mound, 50
 a lamentable voice returned to me:
 ‘Why are you mangling me, Aeneas? Spare
 my body. I am buried here. Do spare
 the profanation of your pious hands.
 I am no stranger to you; I am Trojan. 55
 The blood you see does not flow from a stem.
 Flee from these cruel lands, this greedy shore,
 for I am Polydorus; here an iron
 harvest of lances covered my pierced body;
 for this, sharp javelins have grown above me.’ 60
 And then, indeed, my mind weighed down by doubt
 and dread, I was astounded, and my hair

stood stiff, my voice held fast within my jaws.

“When luckless Priam first despaired of Dardan
arms, when he saw the city ringed by siege, 65
he sent young Polydorus out in secret,
along with much gold, to the king of Thrace,
who was to care for him. But when the might
of Troy is shattered and her fortune gone,
that king makes common cause with Agamemnon. 70
He breaks with every sacred trust; he murders
this Polydorus, takes his gold by force.
To what, accursed lust for gold, do you
not drive the hearts of men? When fear has left
my bones, I bring the omens of the gods 75
before my people’s chieftains—with my father
Anchises first; I want to hear their judgment.
And all are of one mind: to leave that land
of crime, a place where friendship was profaned,
to let the south winds take our sails. And thus 80
we give fresh funerals to Polydorus
and heap earth high upon his mound and build
our altars to the Shades, with melancholy
dark garlands and black cypress; and around us
the Trojan women stand; their streaming hair 85
is loosened as our custom bids. We offer
bowls foaming with warm milk and cups of victims’
blood; then we lay the spirit in his grave
and, for the last time, call his name aloud.

“Then, just as soon as we can trust the sea, 90
as soon as the air allows us tranquil waters
and while the south wind, softly whispering,
invites to journeying, my comrades crowd
the beach to launch our fleet. We leave the harbor.
Our eyes have lost the cities and the land. 95

“Midsea a sacred island lies, loved by
the Nereids’ mother and Aegean Neptune.
The grateful Archer God had found it drifting
around the coasts and shores; he bound it fast
to towering Myconos and Gyaros— 100
stable, habitable, scorning the winds.
And there I sail; this island grants calm entry,

- safe harbor to our weary company.
 On landing we revere Apollo's city.
 King Anius, both king of men and priest
 of Phoebus, garlands on his brow and holy
 laurel, hurries to meet us, recognizing
 Anchises, his old friend. We clasp right hands
 in greeting, and we pass beneath his roof. 105
- "At once I offered homage to the temple
 of Phoebus, built of ancient stone: 'Give us,
 o god of Thymbra, our own home; give us—
 the weary—walls and sons, a lasting city;
 preserve the second citadel of Troy,
 the remnant left by Greeks and pitiless
 Achilles. Whom are we to follow? Where
 are we to go, to found our home? Father,
 give us an omen, entering our hearts!' 110
 115
- "No sooner had I spoken so when all—
 the gateways and the laurels of the gods—
 seemed suddenly to tremble, and the whole
 mountain began to sway, the tripod moaned,
 the sacred shrine lay open. We bow low
 upon the ground. A voice is carried to us:
 'O iron sons of Dardanus, the land
 that gave you birth, the land of your ancestors,
 will welcome you again, returned to her
 generous breast. Seek out your ancient mother.
 For there Aeneas' house will rule all coasts,
 as will his sons' sons and those born of them.' 120
 125
 130
- "So said Apollo. Our great joy was mixed
 with turbulence. All ask, 'Where are those walls
 to which Apollo calls the wanderers,
 asking for our return?' And then my father
 thinks back upon his memories of old. 135
 'O chieftains, listen, understand your hopes,'
 he says. 'Out in the middle of the sea
 lies Crete, the island of great Jupiter.
 There is Mount Ida, cradle of our people.
 The Cretans have a hundred splendid cities,
 the richest realms. If I remember rightly 140

what I have heard, our greatest father, Teucer,
 sailed out from Crete to the Rhoetean coasts
 and chose a place fit for his kingdom. Ilium,
 the towers of Pergamus were not yet built. 145
 Men lived deep in the valleys. And from Crete
 the Mother Goddess came to Cybele,
 as did the Corybantes' brazen cymbals
 within the grove of Ida; and from Crete
 she brought the reverential silence of 150
 her mysteries; the team of harnessed lions
 that draw her chariot—a Cretan custom.
 Then let us follow where the gods have led.
 Let us appease the winds and seek the shores
 of Cnossus. They are not too far from here; 155
 if only Jupiter be gracious to us,
 our fleet will land at Crete on the third day.
 This said, he slaughtered seemly sacrifices:
 a bull to Neptune; one to you, Apollo;
 a black sheep to the Winter, god of storms; 160
 and to the favoring west winds, a white.

"We hear a rumor that Idomeneus,
 the prince of Crete, is exiled from his father's
 lands, that the coasts of Crete have been abandoned,
 there are no enemies, deserted houses 165
 await us there. We leave the port of Delos
 and wing across the sea, skimming past Naxos,
 where on the hills Bacchantes wanton, past
 the green Donyssa and Olearos
 and snow-white Paros and the Cyclades 170
 that stud the waters, through excited seas
 that foam at frequent islands. And the oarsmen
 cry out as they contend. My comrades urge:
 'Drive on to Crete and to our ancestors!'

"The wind wakes at our stern. At length we glide 175
 on to the ancient coasts of the Curetes.
 There eagerly I raise the longed-for city's
 walls, and I call it Pergamum. I spur
 my people, happy in that name, to love
 their home, to build a citadel on high. 180

“And now our boats had just been drawn up on
 dry beaches, with our young men busy at
 new weddings and new plowings—I was giving
 us laws, assigning dwellings—when a sudden
 and wasting pestilence fell on our bodies 185
 from some polluted quarter of the sky:
 death’s time, and terrible for trees and crops.
 Men left sweet life or dragged their tainted bones.
 The Dog Star burned the fields to barrenness.
 The grass was parched. Sick grain denied us food. 190

“My father calls on us to cross again
 the sea to Delos and the oracle
 of Phoebus at Ortygia, to implore
 his kindness, ask what end he will allot
 our tired destinies, where to seek help 195
 in our distress, and where to set our course.

“Night. Sleep held every living thing on earth.
 The sacred statues of the deities,
 the Phrygian household gods whom I had carried
 from Troy out of the fires of the city, 200
 as I lay sleeping seemed to stand before me.
 And they were plain to see in the broad light
 where full moon flowed through windows in the walls.
 These were their words, and these erased my cares:
 ‘Unasked, Apollo sends us to your threshold; 205
 for here he prophesies just as he would
 had you again traced back the seas to Delos.
 We followed you, your men, from burning Troy
 and crossed the swollen waters in your care
 together with your ships; and we shall raise 210
 your children to the stars and build an empire
 out of their city. For the great make ready
 great walls, do not desert the tedious
 trials of your journeying. Your home is elsewhere.
 For Delian Apollo did not call 215
 the coasts of Crete your site for settlement.
 There is a place the Greeks have named Hesperia—
 an ancient land with strong arms and fat soil.
 The men who lived there were Oenotrians;
 but now it is said that their descendants call 220
 the country “Italy” after their leader.

That is the home for us. Iasius—
 our father, founder of the Trojan race—
 and Dardanus were both born there. Rise up
 and bring to old Anchises these sure words: 225
 to seek out Corythus, Ausonia;
 for Jupiter denies you Dicte's fields.'

"These visions and the voice of gods were too
 astonishing: I did not dream, I knew
 their faces and the fillets in their hair, 230
 those trusted images that stood before me.
 An icy sweat was wrapped around my body.
 I tear myself from bed and lift my voice
 and hands to heaven; on the hearth I pour
 unwatered wine. This ceremony done, 235
 I gladly tell Anchises all they said.
 At this, he saw our double lineage,
 twin parentage, how he had been mistaken
 through new confusion over ancient places.
 'My son, Cassandra was the only one 240
 who saw this destiny for us—Cassandra,
 so battered by Troy's fates. Now I remember:
 she prophesied what lay in wait, and often
 she named Hesperia and Italy.
 But who could then believe the Teucrians 245
 would reach the harbors of Hesperia?
 Who then could heed Cassandra's prophecy?
 But let us trust in Phoebus; warned by him,
 let us pursue a better destiny.'
 His speech is done; in gladness we obey. 250
 We leave the walls of Pergamum; only
 a few remain, the rest of us set sail
 across the wide seas in our hollow keels.

"But after we were well upon the waters,
 with land no longer to be seen—the sky 255
 was everywhere, and everywhere the sea—
 a blue-black cloud ran overhead; it brought
 the night and storm and breakers rough in darkness.
 The winds roll up the sea, great waters heave.
 And we are scattered, tossed upon the vast 260
 abyss; clouds cloak the day; damp night annuls
 the heavens; frequent lightning fires flash

through tattered clouds; cast from our course, we wander
across the blind waves. Even Palinurus
can not tell day from night upon the heavens, 265
can not recall our way among the waters.

“We wander for three days in sightless darkness
and for as many nights without a star.
At last, upon the fourth, the land rose up
with twining smoke and mountains seen far off. 270
The sails are dropped. Our crewmen take their oars;
they do not wait. The straining rowers lash
the spray, they sweep across the blue-gray waters.

“When I am safe at last from waves, the first
coast to receive me is the Strophades’: 275
the Strophades that bear a Grecian name,
islands within the great Ionian sea.
They are the home of horrible Celaeno
and all her sister Harpies since the time
that Phineus shut his house against them and, 280
in fear, they fled their former feasts. No monster
is more malevolent than these, no scourge
of gods or pestilence more savage ever
rose from the Stygian waves. These birds may wear
the face of virgins, but their bellies drip 285
with a disgusting discharge, and their hands
are talons, and their features pale and famished.

“On entering that harbor, we can see
glad herds of cattle scattered through the fields
and flocks of goats, unguarded, on the grass. 290
We fall upon them with our swords; we call
the gods and Jove himself to share our spoils.
Along the curving coast we build our couches.
We feast on those rich meats. But suddenly,
shaking out their wings with a great clanging, 295
the Harpies, horrible, swoop from the hilltops;
and plundering our banquet with the filthy
touch of their talons, they foul everything.
Their terrifying scream leaps from that stench.

“But in the shelter of a hollowed rock, 300
shut in by trees and trembling shadows, we

again set out our tables and replace
 the fire on the altars. But again,
 though from another quarter of the heavens
 and from dark dens, the clanging crowd descends; 305
 they fall upon their prey with crooked talons,
 defiling all our feast. I call my comrades
 to arms, to war against the cruel tribe.

They do as they are commanded; all conceal
 their swords beneath the grass; they hide their shields. 310
 And when along the winding shore the shrill
 Harpies swoop down on us, Misenus signals;
 his hollow trumpet sounds from his high lookout.

“My comrades now attack in strangest struggle,
 hacking at these lewd birds come from the sea. 315
 No blow can wound their wings or scar their backs.
 Beneath the stars they glide in headlong flight.
 They leave behind half-eaten prey and filth.

“One only—prophetess of misery,
 Celaeno—perches on a towering rock. 320
 Her cry breaks out: ‘Sons of Laomedon,
 we let you slaughter oxen, kill our bullocks;
 but in return you wage a war to drive
 the guiltless Harpies from their father’s kingdom.
 Therefore, receive these words of mine: fix them 325
 within your mind. What the all-able Father
 foretold to Phoebus, Phoebus unto me,
 now I, the Furies’ chief, reveal to you.
 The place you seek is Italy, and you
 will go to Italy with winds that you 330
 invoke; you will not be denied its harbors.
 But you will not wall in your promised city
 until an awful hunger and your wrong
 in slaughtering my sisters has compelled
 your jaws to gnaw as food your very tables.’ 335
 She spoke and then flew back into the forest.

“My comrades’ blood ran cold with sudden fear.
 Their spirits fell. They’d have me plead for peace
 with vows and prayers, not weapons—whether these 340
 be goddesses or awful, obscene birds.
 Then from the shore, with hands outstretched, Anchises

calls on the great gods, offers sacrifices:

'Gods, keep these threats from us, let such disaster
be distant, and be gracious to the pious.'

He has us tear our cable free from shore, 345
uncoil our ropes to loosen up the sails.

Then south winds stretch our sheets; we flee across
the foam, where wind and pilot called our course.

And now among the waves we see the wooded
Zacynthus and Dulichium and Same 350

and steep-cliffed Neritos. We shun the shoals
of Ithaca, Laertes' land, and curse

the earth that once had nursed the fierce Ulysses.

Soon we can see Apollo's shrine above
Leucata's stormy peaks that panic sailors. 355

Now weary, we approach the little city.

Our anchor is down, the stems stand on the shore.

"And having gained un hoped-for land, we kindle
the altars with our offerings. We give 360
our gifts to Jupiter and crowd the beaches
of Actium with Trojan games. My comrades

strip naked; sleek with oil, they try their strength
in Ilian wrestling matches, glad to have

slipped past so many Argive towns, held fast
to flight among a crowd of enemies. 365

"Meanwhile the sun wheels round the full year's circle;
the icy winter's north winds bring rough waves.

I fasten to the temple door a shield
of hollow brass that once belonged to mighty
Abas. Beneath it I inscribe this verse: 370

Aeneas took these arms from Grecian victors.

I then command my men to leave the harbor,
to take their places at the rowing benches.

My comrades lash the waves; in rivalry
they sweep the plain of sea. We soon lose sight 375

of the airy heights of the Phaeacians;

we skirt the coastline of Epirus, then

we sail into the harbor of Chaonia,
approaching the steep city of Buthrotum.

"A rumor of incredible events 380
awaits us here: that Helenus, the son

of Priam, is a king of Grecian cities,
 that he has won the wife and scepter of
 Pyrrhus, Achilles' son; that once again
 Andromache is given to a husband 385
 of her own country. And I was amazed.
 My heart burned with extraordinary longing
 to speak to him, to learn of such great happenings.
 Just then—when I had left the harbor and
 my boat, drawn up along the beaches—there, 390
 within a grove that stood before the city,
 alongside waves that mimed the Simois,
 Andromache was offering to the ashes
 a solemn banquet and sad gifts, imploring
 the Shade of Hector's empty tomb that she 395
 had raised out of green turf with double altars
 and consecrated as a cause for tears.

“And when, distracted, she caught sight of me
 and saw our Trojan armor all around her,
 in terror of these mighty omens, she 400
 grew stiff; heat left her bones; she fell, fainting.
 But after long delay, at last she asks:
 ‘Are you, born of a goddess, a true body,
 a real messenger who visits me?
 Are you alive? Or if the gracious light 405
 of life has left you, where is Hector?’ So
 she spoke. Her tears were many and her cries
 filled all the grove. She is so frenzied, I—
 disquieted—must stammer scattered words:
 ‘Indeed I live and drag my life through all 410
 extremities; do not doubt—I am real.
 But you, what fate has overtaken you,
 divided from so great a husband, or
 what kindly fortune comes again to Hector's
 Andromache? Are you still wed to Pyrrhus?’ 415
 Her eyes downcast, she spoke with murmured words:

“‘O happy past all others, virgin daughter
 of Priam, made to die beside our foeman's
 tomb, underneath the towering walls of Troy;
 o you, for whom no lots were cast, who never 420
 as captive touched the couch of a conquering master!
 But we, our homeland burned, were carried over

strange seas, and we endured the arrogance
of Pyrrhus and his youthful insolence,
to bear him children in our slavery; 425
until he sought Hermione, the daughter
of Leda, and a Spartan wedding, handing
me to Helenus, a slave to a slave.

But then Orestes, goaded by his great
passion for his lost bride and fired by 430
the Furies of his crimes, surprises Pyrrhus
and cuts him down beside his father's altars.

At Pyrrhus' death a portion of his kingdom
passed on to Helenus, who named the plains
Chaonian—all the land Chaonia, 435
for Trojan Chaon—placing on the heights
a Pergamus and this walled Ilium.

But what winds and what fates have given you
a course to steer? What god has driven you,
unknowing, to our shores? Where is your boy 440
Ascanius—while Troy still stood, Creüsa
would carry him to you—does he still live
and feed upon the air? Is any care
for his lost mother still within the boy?

Do both his father and his uncle, Hector, 445
urge him to ancient courage, manliness?

“Andromache was weeping, calling up
long, needless tears, when the hero Helenus,
the son of Priam, with a crowd behind him,
approaches from the city walls. And he 450
knows us as his own kinsmen. Glad, he leads
the way up to the thresholds and, between
each word, sheds many tears. As I advance,
I see a little Troy, a Pergamus

that mimes the great one, and a dried-up stream 455
that takes its name from Xanthus. I embrace
the portals of the Scaean gates. My Trojans
also enjoy the kindly city where

the king has welcomed them to spacious porches.
They pour the cups of Bacchus in the hall. 460
The feast is served on gold. They lift the goblets.

“Day follows day, the breezes call our canvas,
and now the swelling south wind fills our sails.

And I approach the prophet with these words:
 'O son of Troy, interpreter of gods, 465
 you who can understand the will of Phoebus,
 the tripods and the laurel of Apollo,
 the stars, the tongues of birds, the swift-winged omens,
 come, tell me—for the heavens have foretold
 with words of blessing all my voyage, all 470
 the gods have counseled me to Italy,
 to seek out and explore that far-off land:
 only Celaeno, chieftain of the Harpies,
 has chanted strange portents, monstrous to tell,
 predicting awful vengeance, foul starvation— 475
 what dangers shall I first avoid? Tell me
 the course I need to overcome such trials.'

"First steers are sacrificed, then Helenus
 loosens the garlands from his hallowed head;
 he prays the gods for grace; with his own hand 480
 he leads me to your portals, Phoebus, awed
 before your mighty presence, as he chants
 these priestly words from his inspired lips:

" 'Aeneas, goddess-born—since you must surely
 have crossed the seas beneath high auspices— 485
 so does the king of gods allot the fates,
 revolving every happening, this is
 the circling order; few things out of many
 I shall unfold in words, that you may find
 the waters friendly and the crossing tranquil 490
 and reach the harbor of Ausonia.
 The Fates will not let Helenus know more;
 Saturnian Juno will not let me speak.
 But first, the Italy you now think close—
 preparing, in your ignorance, to rush 495
 into its nearby harbors—is far off:
 a long and pathless way through spacious lands
 divides you from her. For your oar must bend
 beneath the waters of Trinacria,
 your ships must cross Ausonia's salt sea, 500
 and you must pass the lakes below the earth,
 and then the island of Aeaeon Circe,
 before you find safe ground to build your city.

"I give you signs: hold them fast in your mind.
 For when, in your perplexity, you find 505
 beside the waters of a secret stream,
 along the banks beneath the branching ilex,
 a huge white sow stretched out upon the ground
 together with a new-delivered litter
 of thirty suckling white pigs at her teats, 510
 that place will be the site set for your city;
 that place will bring sure rest from all your toils.
 And do not fear your gnawing at the tables
 that was forewarned; for fate will find a way;
 Apollo will be present when you call. 515

"But shun those lands and that Italian coast
 nearest to us and washed by our own sea:
 for all those walls are manned by hostile Greeks;
 there the Narycian Locrians built their cities
 and there Idomeneus of Lyctos with 520
 his warriors blocks the Sallentini's plains;
 and there the small Petelia of Philoctetes,
 the Meliboean chief, stands in its walls.
 Moreover, when your ships have crossed and anchor
 along the other coast, when you are pledging 525
 your vows upon the altars by the shore,
 conceal your head beneath a purple mantle,
 that while you are at worship there, no hostile
 face may appear to you among the sacred
 and sacrificial fires to spoil the omens. 530
 And let your comrades, too, keep fast this practice
 of sacrifice; yourself maintain the custom;
 and may your pious sons continue it.

"But when you have departed, when the wind
 has carried you to the Sicilian coast, 535
 just where the strait gates of Pelorus open,
 then—though the way be long—you must still shun
 the shoreline and the waters to the right;
 seek out the left-hand seas, the left-hand coast.
 When these two lands were an unbroken one 540
 in ancient times, they say, a vast convulsion
 tore them apart by force (through time's long lapse,
 such overwhelming changes come to pass).
 Between them violently burst the sea;

waves split apart the shores of Italy
and Sicily. Along the severed coasts
a narrow tideway bathes the fields and cities. 545

“Now Scylla holds the right; insatiable
Charybdis keeps the left. Three times she sucks
the vast waves into her abyss, the deepest 550
whirlpool within her vortex, then she hurls
the waters high, lashing the stars with spray.
But Scylla is confined to blind retreats,
a cavern; and her mouths thrust out to drag
ships toward the shoals. Her upper parts are human; 555
down to the pubes, she seems a lovely-breasted
virgin; but underneath she is a monster
come from the sea, a terrifying body:
a dolphin’s tail that joins a wolfish groin.
Therefore I tell you: better to be slow— 560
to round the promontory of Pachynus,
to take the longer way—than to behold
misshapen Scylla in her savage cavern,
the rocks that echo with her sea-green dogs.

“Above all, if the prophet merit trust, 565
if any prudence be in Helenus
and if Apollo fill his soul with truth,
then this one thing, Aeneas, goddess-born,
this more than any thing, I conjure you,
repeating it again, again, as warning: 570
first, do adore the power of mighty Juno
with prayers and pledge your vows to mighty Juno
with willingness, to win that mighty mistress
with pleasing gifts—and then, victorious,
to leave Trinacria for Italy. 575

“When on your way you reach the town of Cumae,
the sacred lakes, the loud wood of Avernus,
there you will see the frenzied prophetess.
Deep in her cave of rock she charts the fates,
consigning to the leaves her words and symbols. 580
Whatever verses she has written down
upon the leaves, she puts in place and order
and then abandons them inside her cavern.
When all is still, that order is not troubled;

but when soft winds are stirring and the door, 585
 turning upon its hinge, disturbs the tender
 leaves, then she never cares to catch the verses
 that flutter through the hollow grotto, never
 recalls their place or joins them all together.
 Her visitors, when they have had no counsel, 590
 depart, and then detest the Sibyl's cavern.
 Let no expense of time be counted here,
 though comrades chide and though the journey urge
 your sails to take the waves or favoring
 sea breezes swell their folds for voyaging. 595
 But visit her, the prophetess, with prayers,
 that she reveal the oracles herself
 and willingly unlock her voice and lips.
 She will unfold for you who are the peoples
 of Italy, the wars that are to come, 600
 and in what way you are to flee or face
 each crisis. Worshipped properly, she grants
 prosperous voyages. These things are all
 the gods allow my tongue to chant and tell.
 Now go your way, and with your acts exalt 605
 the mightiness of Troy as high as heaven.'

"The seer had finished with his friendly words.
 He asks that gifts of chiseled ivory
 and massive gold be carried to our galleys;
 he stows much silver in the holds, Dodona 610
 caldrons, a corselet joined with links of three-
 ply gold—the gear of Neoptolemus—
 and presents for my father. Then he adds
 new oarsmen for our crew and guides and horses;
 he furnishes my fighting men with weapons. 615

"Meanwhile Anchises has our sails made ready
 that no delay rob us of driving winds.
 With deep respect Apollo's spokesman greets him:
 'Anchises, honored as high mate of Venus,
 Anchises, whom the gods care for, twice saved 620
 from Troy in ruins: now Ausonia
 is yours, bear down upon it with your sails.
 And yet you must bypass the coast you see;
 Apollo has disclosed a farther country.
 Go, blessed in the affection of your son. 625

But why do I talk on? My tongue must not
keep back the surging south winds from your sails.'

"Andromache mourns deeply at our last
leavetaking, bringing robes adorned with threads
of gold, a Phrygian mantle for my son— 630
she does not yield in doing honor—weighting
Ascanius with woven gifts, then tells him:
'Receive these, too, my boy: memorials
of my own handiwork; and let them serve
as witness to Andromache's long love 635
as wife of Hector. Take with you these last
gifts of your people—you, the only image
that still is left of my Astyanax:
so did he bear his eyes, his hands, his face;
so would he now be entering his youth, 640
were he alive, his years the same as yours.'

"My parting words were said with rising tears:
'Your fate is here, then live it happily.
But we are called from one fate to another.
For you can rest: no need to plow the seas 645
or seek the fleeing fields of Italy.
Here you can see the image of new Xanthus
and of the Troy your hands have built beneath
more kindly auspices, I hope—a city
less open to the Greeks than was old Troy. 650
If ever I shall enter on the Tiber
and on the lands that lie along the Tiber
and see the ramparts given to my race,
then we, in time to come, shall build one Troy
in spirit from our sister cities in 655
Epirus and Hesperia and from
our kindred peoples—those who share one founder
in Dardanus and share one destiny.
May this become the care of all our sons.'

"We speed along the sea and past the nearby 660
cliffs of Ceraunia, the shortest passage
across the waves, the way to Italy.
The sun has set, the hills are dark with shadow.
We disembark. When we had assigned by lot
our turns to watch the oars, we stretch out on 665

the lap of longed-for land beside the water;
and all along the dry beach we renew
our bodies; sleep is dew for weary limbs.

“Night, driven by the Hours, has not yet reached
the middle of her path when Palinurus 670
springs quickly from his couch, takes note of all
the winds, and with his keen ear tries to catch
the breath of a breeze. He watches all the stars
that glide through silent skies: he marks Arcturus,
the twin Bears and the rainy Hyades, 675
Orion armed with gold; and seeing all
together in the tranquil heavens, loudly
he signals from the stern. We break up camp
and try our course with spreading canvas wings.

“And now Aurora reddens as the stars 680
take flight. We sight the dim and distant hills,
the low coastline of Italy. Achates
is first to cry out, ‘Italy’; with joy
the rest shout, ‘Italy.’ Anchises crowns
a great bowl with a garland, fills it up 685
with wine, and from the steep stern summons all
the deities: ‘O gods who govern sea
and land and tempests, grant us easy passage
and breathe upon us with your kindness.’

“The wished-for winds have quickened now; nearby 690
a harbor opens up. We can make out
a temple standing on Minerva’s Height.
My comrades furl the sails; they turn the prow
toward shore. The eastern waves have hollowed out
that port into a bow; the thrusting reefs 695
churn up salt spray; the harbor is concealed.
Like drooping arms, a double wall runs down
from towering crags; the shrine is set far back
from shore, and here, as our first omen, I
could see four snow-white horses grazing far 700
and wide along the grassy plain. Anchises
cries out: ‘O stranger land, the tale you tell
is war; these horses wear the harnesses
of war; these herds mean war. Yet these same stallions
have yielded to the chariot beneath 705

the yoke and reins of peace. Then there is also
some hope for peace.' We pray unto the holy
power of Pallas, clangorous with arms,
the first to hear our joyous shout. We cover
our heads with Trojan veils before the altars; 710
and just as Helenus ordained, we offer
burnt sacrifices to the Argive Juno.

"No lingering; our vows are done. We turn
to sea our sail-draped spars with tapering horns.
We leave behind the homes of the Grecian-born, 715
the fields that we distrust. We sight the town
of Hercules—Tarentum's gulf (if what
they tell as tale be true); then, facing us,
Lacinian Juno's temple rises; next
the fortresses of Caulon; after that 720
the city known for shipwrecks—Scylaceum.

"Then far across the waters we can see
Sicilian Etna; far across we hear
the mighty moan of breakers, pounded stones
and broken echoes on the beach, and shoals 725
that leap and sands that mingle with the surge.
Anchises cries, 'This surely is Charybdis;
these are the crags, and these the fearful rocks
that Helenus predicted. Save yourselves;
my comrades, stroke as one upon the oars!' 730

"They do as they are told. First Palinurus
turned round the groaning prow to larboard waters;
the crew then sought the left with wind and oar.
We rise to heaven on the bending wave
and, as the surge slips back, we sink again 735
down to the deepest Shades. Three times the crags
cried out among the eaves of rock, three times
we saw the heaving spray, the dripping stars.
But then the sun has set, the wind has left
our weary crew; not knowing where we go, 740
we drift upon the beaches of the Cyclops.

"That harbor is wide and free from winds; but Etna
is thundering nearby with dread upheavals.
At times it belches into upper air

dark clouds with tar-black whirlwinds, blazing lava, 745
 while lifting balls of flame that lick the stars.
 At times it vomits boulders as the crater's
 bowels are torn; it moans and tosses molten
 stones up to heaven; from its deep bedrock
 the mountain boils and foams. The tale is told 750
 that, charred by lightning bolts, the body of
 Enceladus lies pressed beneath this mass;
 that mighty Etna, piled above him, breathes
 and blazes from its bursting furnaces;
 and that as often as Enceladus 755
 shifts on his weary side, all Sicily
 shudders and groans, and smoke blots out the sky.
 That night we hide within the forest, fiendish
 horrors upon us, but we cannot see
 the cause of all that clamoring; the stars 760
 had lost their fires, the heavens had no brightness.
 but only mists on darkened skies; the dead
 of night had clutched the moon within a cloud.

"Tomorrow now was rising with first light,
 Aurora had banned damp shadows from the sky, 765
 when suddenly a tattered stranger, gaunt
 with final hunger, staggers from the woods
 and stretches pleading hands toward shore. We turn
 to look at him: his filth is ghastly—his beard
 is tangled and his clothing hooked by thorns; 770
 and yet he is a Greek—one who was sent
 to Troy with Argive arms. And when far off
 he saw our Dardan dress, our Trojan weapons,
 his terror held him for a time, he stayed
 his steps, then dashed headlong upon the shore 775
 with tears and prayers: 'By stars and gods above,
 and by the light of heaven that we breathe,
 I conjure you to take me with you, Trojans,
 to carry me wherever you may go.
 I ask no more than this. I know that I 780
 am from the ships of Danaans and confess
 I warred against the gods of Troy; for this,
 if it be such great wrong, dismember me
 upon the waters, plunge me in vast seas.
 For if I must die now, then I shall be 785

content to perish at the hands of humans.'

"Such was his outcry. Groveling, he clasped
my knees and held me fast. We urge him on,
to tell us who he is, who are his people,
what fortune harries him. Father Anchises
does not wait long to offer him his hand
and steadies the young man with that strong pledge.
At last he lays aside his fear and says:

"I am of Ithaca and sailed for Troy,
a comrade of unfortunate Ulysses;
my name is Achaemenides, the son
of Adamastus, a poor father—would
my lot had never changed! My comrades left me,
forgotten in the great cave of the Cyclops,
while they escaped in haste those savage thresholds.

"It is a house of gore and gruesome feasts,
both black and vast within. The towering Cyclops
is tall enough to strike the high stars—gods,
keep such a plague away from earth!—and hardly
easy to look upon; no one can reach him
with speech. He feeds upon the guts and dark
blood of his victims. I myself have seen him
snatch up a pair of us in his huge paw,
then, stretched along the middle of the cavern,
bash both of them against a boulder; then
the entrance swam with splattered gore. I saw
him crunch their limbs that dripped with blood; I saw
their warm joints quivering within his jaws.

"But he has had to pay for this. Such slaughter
was too much for Ulysses; facing it,
the Ithacan did not forget himself.
As soon as Polyphemus, banquet-bloated,
buried in wine, reclined his drooping neck
and, monstrous, lay along the cavern, belching
his morsels mixed with dripping blood and wine,
we prayed to the great gods, we drew our lots;
then we surrounded him on every side
and with a pointed weapon pierced his eye—
hidden, it lay beneath his sullen brow,

alone, enormous, like an Argive shield
 or like the lamp of Phoebus—and at last,
 in joy, avenged the Shades of our companions. 825

“But, miserable men, cut loose your cable
 from shore and flee now, flee! For just as huge
 as Polyphemus—he who pens his herds 830
 of woolly sheep within his hollow cavern
 and squeezes out their teats—there are a hundred
 other ferocious Cyclops. And they crowd
 these curving coasts and climb across these mountains.
 Three times the moon has filled her horns with light 835
 since I began to drag out my poor life
 within the woods, among the desert dens
 and dwellings of wild beasts, and from a rock
 to watch the huge Cyclops, to tremble at
 their tramping feet, their voices’ clamoring. 840
 I feed on wretched food, on stony cornels
 and berries from the branches, and I eat
 roots torn from plants. I have scanned every view,
 but yours is the first fleet I have seen landing
 upon these shores. Whatever happens, I 845
 am given up to you. It is enough
 for me to have escaped that cursed tribe.
 By any death whatever, take this life!”

“His words were hardly ended when we saw
 upon a peak the shepherd Polyphemus; 850
 he lugged his mammoth hulk among the flocks,
 searching along familiar shores—an awful
 misshapen monster, huge, his eyelight lost.
 His steps are steadied by the lopped-off pine
 he grips. His woolly sheep are at his side— 855
 his only joy and comfort for his loss.
 As soon as he had reached the open sea
 and touched deep waves, he bathed the blood trickling
 down from the socket of his dug-out light.
 Groaning, gnashing his teeth, he strides the waters. 860
 The wave has not yet wet his giant thighs.

“Alarmed, we rush our flight. The suppliant,
 who merited as much, is taken on
 shipboard. We cut the cable silently

and, bending, sweep the waves with straining oars. 865
 The monster sensed as much. He wheeled around.
 He is following our voices, but without
 a chance to clutch us with his right hand or
 to match Ionian waves in chasing us.
 His roaring is tremendous, and the sea 870
 and all the waters quake together; far
 inland a terror takes all Italy,
 and Etna bellows in her curving caves.

“But down from woods and mountains in alarm
 the tribe of Cyclops hurry toward the harbor. 875
 They crowd the beaches. Brotherhood of Etna,
 they stand, helpless, with sullen eyes, their heads
 raised high to heaven—horrible conclave,
 as when, upon a summit, giant oaks
 or cypresses, cone-bearing, mass together: 880
 Diana’s grove or Jupiter’s tall forest.
 Keen terror urges us headlong to shake
 our rigging where we can, to stretch our sails
 to favorable winds. But Helenus
 had warned us we were not to hold our course 885
 through Scylla and Charybdis, where each way
 is neighbor to our death. We must sail back.
 And from the narrow fastness of Pelorus
 the north wind comes to meet us. I sail past
 the mouth of the Pantagias, living rock, 890
 the bays of Megara, and then flat Thapsus.
 These were the coasts that Achaemenides,
 the comrade of unfortunate Ulysses,
 showed us as he retraced his former wanderings.

“Along a bay of Sicily there lies 895
 the sea-drenched island of Plemyrium.
 Of old, Ortygia was its name. The story
 tells us that here Alpheus, Elis’ river,
 forced secret passage underneath the sea,
 and mingles now with your mouth, Arethusa, 900
 in these Sicilian waves. Obedient,
 we venerate the high gods of that place,
 then pass Helorus with its fat marshlands.
 We skirt the high reefs and the thrusting rocks
 along the promontory of Pachynus; 905

then Camarina, whom the Fates forbade
to be dislodged, is seen far off; the plains
of Gela and the town that also takes
its name of Gela from its rushing river.

Steep Acragas, which once bred noble horses, 910
next shows its mighty ramparts in the distance.
I leave behind Selinus, palmy city,
with kindly winds, then skim past Lilybaeum
and shallows that are rough with hidden rocks.

“Then Drepanum’s unhappy coast and harbor 915
receive me. It is here that—after all
the tempests of the sea—I lose my father,
Anchises, stay in every care and crisis.
For here, o best of fathers, you first left
me to my weariness, alone—Anchises, 920
you who were saved in vain from dreadful dangers.
Not even Helenus, the prophet, nor
the horrible Celaeno, when they warned
of many terrors, told this grief to come.
And this was my last trial; this was the term 925
of my long journeying. I left that harbor.
And then the god drove me upon your shore.”

And thus, with all of them intent on him,
father Aeneas told of destinies
decreed by gods and taught his wanderings. 930
At last he ended here, was silent, rested.

BOOK IV

Too late. The queen is caught between love's pain
and press. She feeds the wound within her veins;
she is eaten by a secret flame. Aeneas'
high name, all he has done, again, again
come like a flood. His face, his words hold fast 5
her breast. Care strips her limbs of calm and rest.

A new dawn lights the earth with Phoebus' lamp
and banishes damp shadows from the sky
when restless Dido turns to her heart's sharer:
"Anna, my sister, what dreams make me shudder? 10
Who is this stranger guest come to our house?
How confident he looks, how strong his chest
and arms! I think—and I have cause—that he
is born of gods. For in the face of fear
the mean must fall. What fates have driven him! 15
What trying wars he lived to tell! Were it not
my sure, immovable decision not
to marry anyone since my first love
turned traitor, when he cheated me by death,
were I not weary of the couch and torch, 20
I might perhaps give way to this one fault.
For I must tell you, Anna, since the time

Sychaeus, my poor husband, died and my
 own brother splashed our household gods with blood,
 Aeneas is the only man to move 25
 my feelings, to overturn my shifting heart.
 I know too well the signs of the old flame.
 But I should call upon the earth to gape
 and close above me, or on the almighty
 Father to take his thunderbolt, to hurl 30
 me down into the shades, the pallid shadows
 and deepest night of Erebus, before
 I'd violate you, Shame, or break your laws!
 For he who first had joined me to himself
 has carried off my love, and may he keep it 35
 and be its guardian within the grave."
 She spoke. Her breast became a well of tears.

And Anna answers: "Sister, you more dear
 to me than light itself, are you to lose
 all of your youth in dreary loneliness, 40
 and never know sweet children or the soft
 rewards of Venus? Do you think that ashes
 or buried Shades will care about such matters?
 Until Aeneas came, there was no suitor
 who moved your sad heart—not in Libya nor, 45
 before, in Tyre: you always scorned Iarbas
 and all the other chiefs that Africa,
 a region rich in triumphs, had to offer.
 How can you struggle now against a love
 that is so acceptable? Have you forgotten 50
 the land you settled, those who hem you in?
 On one side lie the towns of the Gaetulians,
 a race invincible, and the unbridled
 Numidians and then the barbarous Syrtis.
 And on the other lies a barren country, 55
 stripped by the drought and by Barcaean raiders,
 raging both far and near. And I need not
 remind you of the wars that boil in Tyre
 and of your brother's menaces and plots.
 For I am sure it was the work of gods 60
 and Juno that has held the Trojan galleys
 fast to their course and brought them here to Carthage.
 If you marry Aeneas, what a city

and what a kingdom, sister, you will see!
 With Trojan arms beside us, so much greatness
 must lie in wait for Punic glory! Only
 pray to the gods for their good will, and having
 presented them with proper sacrifices,
 be lavish with your Trojan guests and weave
 excuses for delay while frenzied winter
 storms out across the sea and shatters ships,
 while wet Orion blows his tempest squalls
 beneath a sky that is intractable.”

These words of Anna fed the fire in Dido.
 Hope burned away her doubt, destroyed her shame.
 First they move on from shrine to shrine, imploring
 the favor of the gods at every altar.
 They slaughter chosen sheep, as is the custom,
 and offer them to Ceres the lawgiver,
 to Phoebus, Father Bacchus, and—above all—
 to Juno, guardian of marriage. Lovely
 Dido holds the cup in her right hand;
 she pours the offering herself, midway
 between a milk-white heifer's horns. She studies
 slit breasts of beasts and reads their throbbing guts.
 But oh the ignorance of augurs! How
 can vows and altars help one wild with love?
 Meanwhile the supple flame devours her marrow;
 within her breast the silent wound lives on.
 Unhappy Dido burns. Across the city
 she wanders in her frenzy—even as
 a heedless hind hit by an arrow when
 a shepherd drives for game with darts among
 the Cretan woods and, unawares, from far
 leaves winging steel inside her flesh; she roams
 the forests and the wooded slopes of Dicte,
 the shaft of death still clinging to her side.
 So Dido leads Aeneas around the ramparts,
 displays the wealth of Sidon and the city
 ready to hand; she starts to speak, then falters
 and stops in midspeech. Now day glides away.
 Again, insane, she seeks out that same banquet,
 again she prays to hear the trials of Troy,
 again she hangs upon the teller's lips.

But now the guests are gone. The darkened moon,
 in turn, conceals its light, the setting stars
 invite to sleep; inside the vacant hall
 she grieves alone and falls upon the couch
 that he has left. Absent, she sees, she hears
 the absent one or draws Ascanius,
 his son and counterfeit, into her arms,
 as if his shape might cheat her untellable love.

Her towers rise no more; the young of Carthage
 no longer exercise at arms or build
 their harbors or sure battlements for war;
 the works are idle, broken off; the massive,
 menacing rampart walls, even the crane,
 defier of the sky, now lie neglected.

As soon as Jove's dear wife sees that her Dido
 is in the grip of such a scourge and that
 no honor can withstand this madness, then
 the daughter of Saturn faces Venus: "How
 remarkable indeed: what splendid spoils
 you carry off, you and your boy; how grand
 and memorable is the glory if
 one woman is beaten by the guile of two
 gods. I have not been blind. I know you fear
 our fortresses, you have been suspicious of
 the houses of high Carthage. But what end
 will come of all this hate? Let us be done
 with wrangling. Let us make, instead of war,
 an everlasting peace and plighted wedding.
 You have what you were bent upon: she burns
 with love; the frenzy now is in her bones.
 Then let us rule this people—you and I—
 with equal auspices; let Dido serve
 a Phrygian husband, let her give her Tyrians
 and her pledged dowry into your right hand."

But Venus read behind the words of Juno
 the motive she had hid: to shunt the kingdom
 of Italy to Libyan shores. And so
 she answered Juno: "Who is mad enough
 to shun the terms you offer? Who would prefer
 to strive with you in war? If only fortune

favor the course you urge. For I am ruled
 by fates and am unsure if Jupiter 145
 would have the Trojans and the men of Tyre
 become one city, if he likes the mingling
 of peoples and the writing of such treaties.
 But you are his wife and it is right for you 150
 to try his mind, to entreat him. Go. I'll follow."

Queen Juno answered her: "That task is mine.
 But listen now while in few words I try
 to tell you how I mean to bring about
 this urgent matter. When tomorrow's Titan 155
 first shows his rays of light, reveals the world,
 Aeneas and unhappy Dido plan
 to hunt together in the forest. Then
 while horsemen hurry to surround the glades
 with nets, I shall pour down a black raincloud, 160
 in which I have mixed hail, to awaken all
 the heavens with my thundering. Their comrades
 will scatter under cover of thick night.
 Both Dido and the Trojan chief will reach
 their shelter in the same cave. I shall be there. 165
 And if I can rely on your goodwill,
 I shall unite the two in certain marriage
 and seal her as Aeneas' very own;
 and this shall be their wedding." Cytherea
 said nothing to oppose the plan; she granted 170
 what Juno wanted, smiling at its cunning.

Meanwhile Aurora rose; she left the Ocean.
 And when her brightness fills the air, select
 young men move from the gates with wide-meshed nets
 and narrow snares and broad-blade hunting spears, 175
 and then Massylian horsemen hurry out
 with strong, keen-scented hounds. But while the chieftains
 of Carthage wait at Dido's threshold, she
 still lingers in her room. Her splendid stallion,
 in gold and purple, prances, proudly champing 180
 his foaming bit. At last the queen appears
 among the mighty crowd; upon her shoulders
 she wears a robe of Sidon with embroidered
 borders. Her quiver is of gold, her hair
 has knots and ties of gold, a golden clasp 185

holds fast her purple cloak. Her Trojan comrades
 and glad Ascanius advance behind her.
 Aeneas, who is handsome past all others,
 himself approaches now to join her, linking
 his hunting band to hers. Just as Apollo, 190
 when in the winter he abandons Lycia
 and Xanthus' streams to visit his maternal
 Delos, where he renews the dances—Cretans,
 Dryopians, and painted Agathyrsi,
 mingling around the altars, shout—advances 195
 upon the mountain ridges of high Cynthus
 and binds his flowing hair with gentle leaves
 and braids its strands with intertwining gold;
 his arrows clatter on his shoulder: no
 less graceful is Aeneas as he goes; 200
 an equal beauty fills his splendid face.
 And when they reach the hills and pathless thickets,
 the wild she-goats, dislodged from stony summits,
 run down the ridges; from another slope
 stags fling themselves across the open fields; 205
 they mass their dusty bands in flight, forsaking
 the hillsides. But the boy Ascanius
 rides happy in the valleys on his fiery
 stallion as he passes on his course
 now stags, now goats; among the lazy herds 210
 his prayer is for a foaming boar or that
 a golden lion come down from the mountain.

Meanwhile confusion takes the sky, tremendous
 turmoil, and on its heels, rain mixed with hail.
 The scattered train of Tyre, the youth of Troy, 215
 and Venus' Dardan grandson in alarm
 seek different shelters through the fields; the torrents
 roar down the mountains. Dido and the Trojan
 chieftain have reached the same cave. Primal Earth
 and Juno, queen of marriages, together 220
 now give the signal: lightning fires flash,
 the upper air is witness to their mating,
 and from the highest hilltops shout the nymphs.
 That day was her first day of death and ruin.
 For neither how things seem nor how they are deemed 225
 moves Dido now, and she no longer thinks
 of furtive love. For Dido calls it marriage,

and with this name she covers up her fault.

Then, swiftest of all evils, Rumor runs
 straightway through Libya's mighty cities—Rumor, 230
 whose life is speed, whose going gives her force.
 Timid and small at first, she soon lifts up
 her body in the air. She stalks the ground;
 her head is hidden in the clouds. Provoked
 to anger at the gods, her mother Earth 235
 gave birth to her, last come—they say—as sister
 to Coeus and Enceladus; fast-footed
 and lithe of wing, she is a terrifying
 enormous monster with as many feathers
 as she has sleepless eyes beneath each feather 240
 (amazingly), as many sounding tongues
 and mouths, and raises up as many ears.
 Between the earth and skies she flies by night,
 screeching across the darkness, and she never
 closes her eyes in gentle sleep. By day 245
 she sits as sentinel on some steep roof
 or on high towers, frightening vast cities;
 for she holds fast to falsehood and distortion
 as often as to messages of truth.
 Now she was glad. She filled the ears of all 250
 with many tales. She sang of what was done
 and what was fiction, chanting that Aeneas,
 one born of Trojan blood, had come, that lovely
 Dido has deigned to join herself to him,
 that now, in lust, forgetful of their kingdom, 255
 they take long pleasure, fondling through the winter,
 the slaves of squalid craving. Such reports
 the filthy goddess scatters everywhere
 upon the lips of men. At once she turns
 her course to King Iarbas; and his spirit 260
 is hot, his anger rages at her words.

Iarbas was the son of Hammon by
 a ravished nymph of Garamantia.
 In his broad realm he had built a hundred temples,
 a hundred handsome shrines for Jupiter. 265
 There he had consecrated sleepless fire,
 the everlasting watchman of the gods;
 the soil was rich with blood of slaughtered herds,

and varied garlands flowered on the thresholds.
 Insane, incited by that bitter rumor, 270
 he prayed long—so they say—to Jupiter;
 he stood before the altars in the presence
 of gods, a suppliant with upraised hands:
 “All-able Jove, to whom the Moorish nation,
 feasting upon their figured couches, pour 275
 Lenaeon sacrifices, do you see
 these things? Or, Father, are we only trembling
 for nothing when you cast your twisting thunder?
 Those fires in the clouds that terrify
 our souls—are they but blind and aimless lightning 280
 that only stirs our empty mutterings?
 A woman, wandering within our borders,
 paid for the right to build a tiny city.
 We gave her shore to till and terms of tenure.
 She has refused to marry me, she has taken 285
 Aeneas as a lord into her lands.
 And now this second Paris, with his crew
 of half-men, with his chin and greasy hair
 bound up beneath a bonnet of Maeonia,
 enjoys his prey; while we bring offerings 290
 to what we have believed to be your temples,
 still cherishing your empty reputation.”

And as he prayed and clutched the altar stone,
 all-able Jupiter heard him and turned
 his eyes upon the royal walls, upon 295
 the lovers who had forgotten their good name.
 He speaks to Mercury, commanding him:
 “Be on your way, my son, call up the Zephyrs,
 glide on your wings, speak to the Dardan chieftain
 who lingers now at Tyrian Carthage, paying 300
 not one jot of attention to the cities
 the Fates have given him. Mercury, carry
 across the speeding winds the words I urge:
 his lovely mother did not promise such
 a son to us; she did not save him twice 305
 from Grecian arms for this—but to be master
 of Italy, a land that teems with empire
 and seethes with war; to father a race from Teucer’s
 high blood, to place all earth beneath his laws.
 But if the brightness of such deeds is not 310

enough to kindle him, if he cannot
 attempt the task for his own fame, does he—
 a father—grudge Ascanius the walls
 of Rome? What is he pondering, what hope
 can hold him here among his enemies, 315
 not caring for his own Ausonian sons
 or for Lavinian fields. He must set sail.
 And this is all; my message lies in this.”

His words were ended. Mercury made ready
 to follow his great father's orders. First 320
 he laces on his golden sandals: winged
 to bear him, swift as whirlwinds, high across
 the land and water. Then he takes his wand;
 with this he calls pale spirits up from Orcus
 and down to dreary Tartarus sends others; 325
 he uses this to give sleep and recall it,
 and to unseal the eyes of those who have died.
 His trust in this, he spurs the winds and skims
 the troubled clouds. And now in flight, he sights
 the summit and high sides of hardy Atlas 330
 who props up heaven with his crest—Atlas,
 whose head is crowned with pines and battered by
 the wind and rain and always girdled by
 black clouds; his shoulders' cloak is falling snow;
 above the old man's chin the rivers rush; 335
 his bristling beard is stiff with ice. Here first
 Cyllene's god poised on his even wings
 and halted; then he hurled himself headlong
 and seaward with his body, like a bird
 that, over shores and reefs where fishes throng, 340
 swoops low along the surface of the waters.
 Not unlike this, Cyllene's god between
 the earth and heaven as he flies, cleaving
 the sandy shore of Libya from the winds
 that sweep from Atlas, father of his mother. 345

As soon as his winged feet have touched the outskirts,
 he sees Aeneas founding fortresses
 and fashioning new houses. And his sword
 was starred with tawny jasper, and the cloak
 that draped his shoulders blazed with Tyrian purple— 350
 a gift that wealthy Dido wove for him;

she had run golden thread along the web.
 And Mercury attacks at once. "Are you
 now laying the foundation of high Carthage,
 as servant to a woman, building her 355
 a splendid city here? Are you forgetful
 of what is your own kingdom, your own fate?
 The very god of gods, whose power sways
 both earth and heaven, sends me down to you
 from bright Olympus. He himself has asked me 360
 to carry these commands through the swift air:
 what are you pondering or hoping for
 while squandering your ease in Libyan lands?
 For if the brightness of such deeds is not
 enough to kindle you—if you cannot 365
 attempt the task for your own fame—remember
 Ascanius growing up, the hopes you hold
 for Iulus, your own heir, to whom are owed
 the realm of Italy and land of Rome."
 So did Cyllene's god speak out. He left 370
 the sight of mortals even as he spoke
 and vanished into the transparent air.

This vision stunned Aeneas, struck him dumb;
 his terror held his hair erect; his voice
 held fast within his jaws. He burns to flee 375
 from Carthage; he would quit these pleasant lands,
 astonished by such warnings, the command
 of gods. What can he do? With what words dare
 he face the frenzied queen? What openings
 can he employ? His wits are split, they shift 380
 here, there; they race to different places, turning
 to everything. But as he hesitated,
 this seemed the better plan: he calls Sergestus
 and Mnestheus and the strong Serestus, and
 he asks them to equip the fleet in silence, 385
 to muster their companions on the shore,
 to ready all their arms, but to conceal
 the reasons for this change; while he himself—
 with gracious Dido still aware of nothing
 and never dreaming such a love could ever 390
 be broken—would try out approaches, seek
 the tenderest, most tactful time for speech,
 whatever dexterous way might suit his case.

And all are glad. They race to carry out
the orders of Aeneas, his commands. 395

But Dido—for who can deceive a lover?—
had caught his craftiness; she quickly sensed
what was to come; however safe they seemed,
she feared all things. That same unholy Rumor
brought her these hectic tidings: that the boats 400
were being armed, made fit for voyaging.
Her mind is helpless; raging frantically,
inflamed, she raves throughout the city—just
as a Bacchante when, each second year,
she is startled by the shaking of the sacred 405
emblems, the orgies urge her on, the cry
“o Bacchus” calls to her by night; Cithaeron
incites her with its clamor. And at last
Dido attacks Aeneas with these words:

“Deceiver, did you even hope to hide 410
so harsh a crime, to leave this land of mine
without a word? Can nothing hold you back—
neither your love, the hand you pledged, nor even
the cruel death that lies in wait for Dido?
Beneath the winter sky are you preparing 415
a fleet to rush away across the deep
among the north winds, you who have no feeling?
What! Even if you were not seeking out
strange fields and unknown dwellings, even if
your ancient Troy were still erect, would you 420
return to Troy across such stormy seas?
Do you flee me? By tears, by your right hand—
this sorry self is left with nothing else—
by wedding, by the marriage we began,
if I did anything deserving of you 425
or anything of mine was sweet to you,
take pity on a fallen house, put off
your plan, I pray—if there is still place for prayers.
Because of you the tribes of Libya, all
the Nomad princes hate me, even my 430
own Tyrians are hostile; and for you
my honor is gone and that good name that once
was mine, my only claim to reach the stars.
My guest, to whom do you consign this dying

woman? I must say 'guest': this name is all 435
 I have of one whom once I called my husband.
 Then why do I live on? Until Pygmalion,
 my brother, batters down my walls, until
 Iarbas the Gaetulian takes me prisoner?
 Had I at least before you left conceived 440
 a son in me; if there were but a tiny
 Aeneas playing by me in the hall,
 whose face, in spite of everything, might yet
 remind me of you, then indeed I should
 not seem so totally abandoned, beaten." 445

Her words were ended. But Aeneas, warned
 by Jove, held still his eyes; he struggled, pressed
 care back within his breast. With halting words
 he answers her at last: "I never shall
 deny what you deserve, the kindnesses 450
 that you could tell; I never shall regret
 remembering Elissa for as long
 as I remember my own self, as long
 as breath is king over these limbs. I'll speak
 brief words that fit the case. I never hoped 455
 to hide—do not imagine that—my flight;
 I am not furtive. I have never held
 the wedding torches as a husband; I
 have never entered into such agreements.
 If fate had granted me to guide my life 460
 by my own auspices and to unravel
 my troubles with unhampered will, then I
 should cherish first the town of Troy, the sweet
 remains of my own people and the tall
 rooftops of Priam would remain, my hand 465
 would plant again a second Pergamus
 for my defeated men. But now Grynean
 Apollo's oracles would have me seize
 great Italy, the Lycian prophecies
 tell me of Italy: there is my love, 470
 there is my homeland. If the fortresses
 of Carthage and the vision of a city
 in Libya can hold you, who are Phoenician,
 why, then, begrudge the Trojans' settling on
 Ausonian soil? There is no harm: it is 475
 right that we, too, seek out a foreign kingdom.

For often as the night conceals the earth
 with dew and shadows, often as the stars
 ascend, afire, my father's anxious image
 approaches me in dreams. Anchises warns 480
 and terrifies; I see the wrong I have done
 to one so dear, my boy Ascanius,
 whom I am cheating of Hesperia,
 the fields assigned by fate. And now the gods'
 own messenger, sent down by Jove himself— 485
 I call as witness both our lives—has brought
 his orders through the swift air. My own eyes
 have seen the god as he was entering
 our walls—in broad daylight. My ears have drunk
 his words. No longer set yourself and me 490
 afire. Stop your quarrel. It is not
 my own free will that leads to Italy."

But all the while Aeneas spoke, she stared
 askance at him, her glance ran this way, that.
 She scans his body with her silent eyes. 495
 Then Dido thus, inflamed, denounces him:

"No goddess was your mother, false Aeneas,
 and Dardanus no author of your race;
 the bristling Caucasus was father to you
 on his harsh crags; Hyrcanian tigresses 500
 gave you their teats. And why must I dissemble?
 Why hold myself in check? For greater wrongs?
 For did Aeneas groan when I was weeping?
 Did he once turn his eyes or, overcome,
 shed tears or pity me, who was his loved one? 505
 What shall I cry out first? And what shall follow?
 No longer now does mighty Juno or
 our Father, son of Saturn, watch this earth
 with righteous eyes. Nowhere is certain trust.
 He was an outcast on the shore, in want. 510
 I took him in and madly let him share
 my kingdom; his lost fleet and his companions
 I saved from death. Oh I am whirled along
 in fire by the Furies! First the augur
 Apollo, then the Lycian oracles, 515
 and now, sent down by Jove himself, the gods'

own herald, carrying his horrid orders.
 This seems indeed to be a work for High Ones,
 a care that can disturb their calm. I do not
 refute your words. I do not keep you back. 520
 Go then, before the winds, to Italy.
 Seek out your kingdom overseas; indeed,
 if there be pious powers still, I hope
 that you will drink your torments to the lees
 among sea rocks and, drowning, often cry 525
 the name of Dido. Then, though absent, I
 shall hunt you down with blackened firebrands;
 and when chill death divides my soul and body,
 a Shade, I shall be present everywhere.
 Depraved, you then will pay your penalties. 530
 And I shall hear of it, and that report
 will come to me below, among the Shadows."

Her speech is broken off; heartsick, she shuns
 the light of day, deserts his eyes; she turns
 away, leaves him in fear and hesitation, 535
 Aeneas longing still to say so much.
 As Dido faints, her servants lift her up;
 they carry her into her marble chamber;
 they lay her body down upon the couch.

But though he longs to soften, soothe her sorrow 540
 and turn aside her troubles with sweet words,
 though groaning long and shaken in his mind
 because of his great love, nevertheless
 pious Aeneas carries out the gods'
 instructions. Now he turns back to his fleet. 545

At this the Teucrians indeed fall to.
 They launch their tall ships all along the beach;
 they set their keels, well-smear'd with pitch, afloat.
 The crewmen, keen for flight, haul from the forest
 boughs not yet stripped of leaves to serve as oars 550
 and timbers still untrimmed. And one could see them
 as, streaming, they rushed down from all the city:
 even as ants, remembering the winter,
 when they attack a giant stack of spelt
 to store it in their homes; the black file swarms 555
 across the fields; they haul their plunder through

the grass on narrow tracks; some strain against
 the great grains with their shoulders, heaving hard;
 some keep the columns orderly and chide
 the loiterers; the whole trail boils with work. 560

What were your feelings, Dido, then? What were
 the sighs you uttered at that sight, when far
 and wide, from your high citadel, you saw
 the beaches boil and turmoil take the waters,
 with such a vast uproar before your eyes? 565
 Voracious Love, to what do you not drive
 the hearts of men? Again, she must outcry,
 again, a suppliant, must plead with him,
 must bend her pride to love—and so not die
 in vain, and with some way still left untried. 570

“Anna, you see them swarm across the beaches;
 from every reach around they rush to sea:
 the canvas calls the breezes, and already
 the boisterous crewmen crown the sterns with garlands.
 But I was able to foresee this sorrow; 575
 therefore I can endure it, sister; yet
 in wretchedness I must ask you for this
 one service, Anna. Treacherous Aeneas
 has honored you alone, confiding even
 his secret feelings unto you; and you 580
 alone know all his soft approaches, moods.
 My sister, go—to plead with him, to carry
 this message to my arrogant enemy.
 I never trafficked with the Greeks at Aulis
 to root the Trojans out, I never sent 585
 a fleet to Pergamus, never disturbed
 his father’s ashes or Anchises’ Shade,
 that now Aeneas should ward off my words
 from his hard ears. Where is he hurrying?
 If he would only grant his wretched lover 590
 this final gift: to wait for easy sailing
 and favoring winds. I now no longer ask
 for those old ties of marriage he betrayed,
 nor that he lose his kingdom, be deprived
 of lovely Latium; I only ask 595
 for empty time, a rest and truce for all
 this frenzy, until fortune teaches me,

defeated, how to sorrow. I ask this—
 pity your sister—as a final kindness.
 When he has granted it, I shall repay
 my debt, and with full interest, by my death.” 600

So Dido pleads, and her poor sister carries
 these lamentations, and she brings them back.
 For lamentation cannot move Aeneas;
 his graciousness toward any plea is gone. 605
 Fate is opposed, the god makes deaf the hero's
 kind ears. As when, among the Alps, north winds
 will strain against each other to root out
 with blasts—now on this side, now that—a stout
 oak tree whose wood is full of years; the roar 610
 is shattering, the trunk is shaken, and
 high branches scatter on the ground; but it
 still grips the rocks; as steeply as it thrusts
 its crown into the upper air, so deep
 the roots it reaches down to Tartarus: 615
 no less than this, the hero; he is battered
 on this side and on that by assiduous words;
 he feels care in his mighty chest, and yet
 his mind cannot be moved; the tears fall, useless.

Then maddened by the fates, unhappy Dido 620
 calls out at last for death; it tires her
 to see the curve of heaven. That she may
 not weaken in her plan to leave the light,
 she sees, while placing offerings on the altars
 with burning incense—terrible to tell— 625
 the consecrated liquid turning black,
 the outpoured wine becoming obscene blood.
 But no one learns of this, not even Anna.
 And more: inside her palace she had built
 a marble temple to her former husband 630
 that she held dear and honored wonderfully.
 She wreathed that shrine with snow-white fleeces and
 holy-day leaves. And when the world was seized
 by night, she seemed to hear the voice and words
 of her dead husband, calling out to Dido. 635
 Alone above the housetops, death its song,
 an owl often complains and draws its long
 slow call into a wailing lamentation.

More, many prophecies of ancient seers
 now terrify her with their awful warnings. 640
 And in her dreams it is the fierce Aeneas
 himself who drives her to insanity;
 she always finds herself alone, abandoned,
 and wandering without companions on
 an endless journey, seeking out her people, 645
 her Tyrians, in a deserted land:
 even as Pentheus, when he is seized by frenzy,
 sees files of Furies, and a double sun
 and double Thebes appear to him; or when
 Orestes, son of Agamemnon, driven 650
 across the stage, flees from his mother armed
 with torches and black serpents; on the threshold
 the awful goddesses of vengeance squat.

When she had gripped this madness in her mind
 and, beaten by her grief, resolved to die, 655
 she plotted with herself the means, the moment.
 Her face conceals her meaning; on her brow
 she sets serenity, then speaks to Anna:
 "My sister, wish me well, for I have found
 a way that will restore Aeneas to me 660
 or free me of my love for him. Near by
 the bounds of Ocean and the setting sun
 lies Ethiopia, the farthest land;
 there Atlas, the incomparable, turns
 the heavens, studded with their glowing stars, 665
 upon his shoulders. And I have been shown
 a priestess from that land—one of the tribe
 of the Massylians—who guards the shrine
 of the Hesperides; for it was she
 who fed the dragon and preserved the holy 670
 branches upon the tree, sprinkling moist honey
 and poppy, bringing sleep. She promises
 to free, with chant and spell, the minds of those
 she favors but sends anguish into others.
 And she can stay the waters in the rivers 675
 and turn the stars upon their ways; she moves
 the nightly Shades; makes earth quake underfoot
 and—you will see—sends ash trees down the mountains.
 Dear sister, I can call the gods to witness,
 and you and your dear life, that I resort 680

to magic arts against my will. In secret
 build up a pyre within the inner courtyard
 beneath the open air, and lay upon it
 the weapons of the hero. He, the traitor,
 has left them hanging in my wedding chamber. 685
 Take all of his apparel and the bridal
 bed where I was undone. You must destroy
 all relics of the cursed man, for so
 would I, and so the priestess has commanded."
 This said, she is silent and her face is pale. 690
 But Anna cannot dream her sister hides
 a funeral behind these novel rites;
 her mind is far from thinking of such frenzy;
 and she fears nothing worse than happened when
 Sychaeus died. And so, she does as told. 695

But when beneath the open sky, inside
 the central court, the pyre rises high
 and huge, with logs of pine and planks of ilex,
 the queen, not ignorant of what is coming,
 then wreathes the place with garlands, crowning it 700
 with greenery of death; and on the couch
 above she sets the clothes Aeneas wore,
 the sword he left, and then his effigy.
 Before the circling altars the enchantress,
 her hair disheveled, stands as she invokes 705
 aloud three hundred gods, especially
 Chaos and Erebus and Hecate,
 the triple-shaped Diana, three-faced virgin.
 And she had also sprinkled waters that
 would counterfeit the fountain of Avernus; 710
 she gathered herbs cut down by brazen sickles
 beneath the moonlight, juicy with the venom
 of black milk; she had also found a love charm
 torn from the forehead of a newborn foal
 before his mother snatched it. Dido herself— 715
 with salt cake in her holy hands, her girdle
 unfastened, and one foot free of its sandal,
 close by the altars and about to die—
 now calls upon the gods and stars, who know
 the fates, as witness; then she prays to any 720
 power there may be, who is both just and watchful,
 who cares for those who love without requital.

Night. And across the earth the tired bodies
 were tasting tranquil sleep; the woods and savage
 waters were resting and the stars had reached 725
 the midpoint of their gliding fall—when all
 the fields are still, and animals and colored
 birds, near and far, that find their home beside
 the limpid lakes or haunt the countryside
 in bristling thickets, sleep in silent night. 730
 But not the sorrowing Phoenician; she
 can not submit to sleep, can not admit
 dark night into her eyes or breast; her cares
 increase; again love rises, surges in her;
 she wavers on the giant tide of anger. 735
 She will not let things rest but carries on;
 she still revolves these thoughts within her heart:
 “What can I do? Shall I, whom he has mocked,
 go back again to my old suitors, begging,
 seeking a wedding with Numidians whom 740
 I have already often scorned as bridegrooms?
 Or should I sail away on Trojan ships,
 to suffer there even their harshest orders?
 Shall I do so because the Trojans once
 received my help, and gratefulness for such 745
 old service is remembered by the mindful?
 But even if I wish it, would they welcome
 someone so hated to their haughty ships?
 For, lost one, do you not yet know, not feel
 the treason of the breed of Laomedon? 750
 What then? Shall I accompany, alone,
 the exultant sailors in their flight? Or call
 on all my Tyrians, on all my troops
 to rush upon them? How can I urge on
 those I once dragged from Sidon, how can I 755
 now force them back again upon the sea
 and have them spread their canvas to the winds?
 No; die as you deserve, and set aside
 your sorrow by the sword. My sister, you,
 won over by my tears—you were the first 760
 to weigh me down with evils in my frenzy,
 to drive me toward my enemy. And why
 was it not given me to lead a guiltless
 life, never knowing marriage, like a wild
 beast, never to have touched such toils? I have not 765

held fast the faith I swore before the ashes
of my Sychaeus." This was her lament.

Aeneas on the high stern now was set
to leave; he tasted sleep; all things were ready.
And in his sleep a vision of the god 770
returned to him with that same countenance—
resembling Mercury in everything:
his voice and coloring and yellow hair
and all his handsome body, a young man's—
and seemed to bring a warning once again: 775
"You, goddess-born, how can you lie asleep
at such a crisis? Madman, can't you see
the threats around you, can't you hear the breath
of kind west winds? She conjures injuries
and awful crimes, she means to die, she stirs 780
the shifting surge of restless anger. Why
not flee this land headlong, while there is time?
You soon will see the waters churned by wreckage,
ferocious torches blaze, and beaches flame,
if morning finds you lingering on this coast. 785
Be on your way. Enough delays. An ever
uncertain and inconstant thing is woman."
This said, he was at one with the black night.

The sudden apparition terrifies
Aeneas. And he tears his body free 790
from sleep. He stirs his crewmen: "Quick! Awake!
Now man the benches, comrades, now unfurl
our sails with speed! Down from the upper air
a god was sent to urge us on again,
to rush our flight, to slice our twisted cables. 795
O holy one among the gods, we follow
your way, whoever you may be; again
rejoicing, we shall do as you command.
Be present, help us with your kindness, bring
your gracious constellations to the heavens." 800
He spoke; and from his scabbard snatches up
his glowing sword; with drawn blade, strikes the hawsers.
And all are just as eager, hurrying
to leave the shore; the ships conceal the sea.
They strain to churn the foam and sweep blue waters. 805

• • •

Now early Dawn had left Tithonus' saffron
 bed, scattering new light upon the earth.
 As soon as from her lookout on the tower
 the queen could see the morning whitening,
 the fleet move on with level sails, the shores 810
 and harbors now abandoned, without oarsmen,
 she beat against her lovely breast three times,
 then four, and tore her golden hair, and cried:
 "O Jupiter, you let him go, a stranger
 who mocked our kingdom! Will my men not ready 815
 their weapons, hunt him down, pour from my city
 and rip the galleys from their moorings? Quick!
 Bring torches, spread your sails, and ply your oars!
 What am I saying? Where am I? What madness
 has turned awry what I had meant to do? 820
 Poor Dido, does his foulness touch you now?
 It should have then, when you gave him your scepter.
 This is the right hand, this the pledge of one
 who carries with him, so they say, the household
 gods of his land, who bore upon his shoulders 825
 his father weak with years. And could I not
 have dragged his body off, and scattered him
 piecemeal upon the waters, limb by limb?
 Or butchered all his comrades, even served
 Ascanius himself as banquet dish 830
 upon his father's table? True enough—
 the battle might have ended differently.
 That does not matter. For, about to die,
 need I fear anyone? I should have carried
 my torches to his camp and filled his decks 835
 with fire, destroyed the son, the father, that
 whole race, and then have thrown myself upon them.
 You, Sun, who with your flames see all that is done
 on earth; and Juno, you, interpreter
 and witness of my sorrows; Hecate, 840
 invoked with shrieks, by night, at every city's
 crossways; and you, the Furies; and the gods
 that guard dying Elissa—hear these words
 and turn your power toward my pain; as I
 deserve, take up my prayers. If it must be 845
 that he, a traitor, is to touch his harbor,
 float to his coasts, and so the fates of Jove

demand and if this end is fixed; yet let
 him suffer war and struggles with audacious
 nations, and then—when banished from his borders
 and torn from the embrace of Iūlus—let him
 beg aid and watch his people's shameful slaughter.

850

Not even when he has bent low before
 an unjust peace may he enjoy his kingdom,
 the light that he has wished for. Let him fall
 before his time, unburied in the sand.

855

These things I plead; these final words I pour
 out of my blood. Then, Tyrians, hunt down
 with hatred all his sons and race to come;
 send this as offering unto my ashes.

860

Do not let love or treaty tie our peoples.
 May an avenger rise up from my bones,
 one who will track with firebrand and sword
 the Dardan settlers, now and in the future,
 at any time that ways present themselves.

865

I call your shores to war against their shores,
 your waves against their waves, arms with their arms.
 Let them and their sons' sons learn what is war."

This said, she ran her mind to every side,
 for she was seeking ways with which to slice—
 as quickly as she can—the hated light;

870

and then, with these brief words, she turned to Barce,
 Sychaeus' nurse—for Dido's own was now
 black ashes in Phoenicia, her old homeland:
 "Dear nurse, call here to me my sister Anna;
 and tell her to be quick to bathe her body
 with river water; see that she brings cattle
 and all that is appointed for atonement.

875

So must my sister come; while you yourself
 bind up your temples with a pious fillet.

880

I mean to offer unto Stygian Jove
 the sacrifices that, as is ordained,
 I have made ready and begun, to put
 an end to my disquiet and commit
 to flames the pyre of the Trojan chieftain."

885

So Dido spoke. And Barce hurried off;
 she moved with an old woman's eagerness.

But Dido, desperate, beside herself
 with awful undertakings, eyes bloodshot

and rolling, and her quivering cheeks flecked
with stains and pale with coming death, now bursts
across the inner courtyards of her palace. 890

She mounts in madness that high pyre, unsheathes
the Dardan sword, a gift not sought for such
an end. And when she saw the Trojan's clothes 895
and her familiar bed, she checked her thought
and tears a little, lay upon the couch

and spoke her final words: "O relics, dear
while fate and god allowed, receive my spirit
and free me from these cares; for I have lived 900
and journeyed through the course assigned by fortune.

And now my Shade will pass, illustrious,
beneath the earth; I have built a handsome city,
have seen my walls rise up, avenged a husband,
won satisfaction from a hostile brother: 905

o fortunate, too fortunate—if only
the ships of Troy had never touched our coasts."
She spoke and pressed her face into the couch.

"I shall die unavenged, but I shall die,"
she says. "Thus, thus, I gladly go below 910
to shadows. May the savage Dardan drink
with his own eyes this fire from the deep
and take with him the omen of my death."

Then Dido's words were done, and her companions
can see her fallen on the sword; the blade 915
is foaming with her blood, her hands are bloodstained.
Now clamor rises to the high rooftop.

Now rumor riots through the startled city.
The lamentations, keening, shrieks of women
sound through the houses; heavens echo mighty 920
wailings, even as if an enemy
were entering the gates, with all of Carthage
or ancient Tyre in ruins, and angry fires
rolling across the homes of men and gods.

And Anna heard. Appalled and breathless, she
runs, anxious, through the crowd, her nails wounding
her face; her fists, her breasts; she calls the dying
Dido by name: "And was it, then, for this,
my sister? Did you plan this fraud for me?
Was this the meaning waiting for me when 930
the pyre, the flames, the altar were prepared?

What shall I now, deserted, first lament?
 You scorned your sister's company in death;
 you should have called me to the fate you met;
 the same sword pain, the same hour should have taken 935
 the two of us away. Did my own hands
 help build the pyre, and did my own voice call
 upon our fathers' gods, only to find
 me, heartless, far away when you lay dying?
 You have destroyed yourself and me, my sister, 940
 the people and the elders of your Sidon,
 and all your city. Let me bathe your wounds
 in water, and if any final breath
 still lingers here, may my lips catch it up."
 This said, she climbed the high steps, then she clasped 945
 her half-dead sister to her breast, and moaning,
 embraced her, dried the black blood with her dress.
 Trying to lift her heavy eyes, the queen
 falls back again. She breathes; the deep wound in
 her chest is loud and hoarse. Three times she tried 950
 to raise herself and strained, propped on her elbow;
 and three times she fell back upon the couch.
 Three times with wandering eyes she tried to find
 high heaven's light and, when she found it, sighed.

But then all-able Juno pitied her 955
 long sorrow and hard death and from Olympus
 sent Iris down to free the struggling spirit
 from her entwining limbs. For as she died
 a death that was not merited or fated,
 but miserable and before her time 960
 and spurred by sudden frenzy, Proserpina
 had not yet cut a gold lock from her crown,
 not yet assigned her life to Stygian Orcus.
 On saffron wings dew-glittering Iris glides
 along the sky, drawing a thousand shifting 965
 colors across the facing sun. She halted
 above the head of Dido: "So commanded,
 I take this lock as offering to Dis;
 I free you from your body." So she speaks
 and cuts the lock with her right hand; at once 970
 the warmth was gone, the life passed to the winds.

B O O K V

Meanwhile Aeneas, well upon his way,
was sailing steadfast with his galleys, cutting
the waves blown black beneath the north wind, gazing
back—watching where the walls of Carthage glowed
with sad Elissa's flames. They cannot know
what caused so vast a blaze, and yet the Trojans
know well the pain when passion is profaned
and how a woman driven wild can act;
their hearts are drawn through dark presentiments. 5

But when the fleet had reached the open waters, 10
with land no longer to be seen—the sky
was everywhere and everywhere the sea—
a blue-black cloud ran overhead; it brought
the night and storm and breakers rough in darkness.
And from the high stern, even Palinurus, 15
the pilot, cries: "And why these tempest clouds
surrounding heaven? Father Neptune, what
are you preparing?" After this he orders
the crews to gather in the rigging, bend
upon their sturdy oars; he trims the sails 20
to slant across the wind; his words are these:
"Aeneas, great of heart, not even if

high Jupiter himself should guarantee
his promise, could I hope to reach the coast
of Italy beneath a sky like this. 25
The wind has shifted; now it blows across
our path and rises from the black west, now
the air has thickened into mist. We cannot
hold out against it, cannot keep on course.
Since Fortune has the better of us now, 30
let us obey and turn aside where she
has called. I think the faithful shores of Eryx,
your brother, and Sicilian ports are not
far off, if only I remember right
and can retrace the stars I watched before." 35

Pious Aeneas answered: "Even I
have seen, long since, that this is what the winds
demand, that it is useless now to struggle;
then, Palinurus, let our course be like
our sails. Can any country please me more 40
or offer me more welcome harbor than
the land that holds my Dardan friend Acestes,
that in its bosom keeps my father's bones?"
This said, they head for harbor; kind winds swell
their sails; the fleet runs swift across the surge; 45
at last, and glad, they reach familiar sands.

But far off, from a high hill crest, Acestes,
amazed to see the friendly ships arrive,
has hurried down to meet them. He is bristling
with javelins and an African bearskin— 50
Acestes, who was fathered by Crinismus,
the river-god, out of a Trojan mother.
And not forgetting his old parentage,
Acestes welcomes their return with joy;
he greets them with his rustic treasures and 55
he cheers their weariness with generous stores.

And when the next bright day has put to flight
the stars at early dawn, Aeneas calls
his comrades in from all along the beach;
then from a mound he tells the gathered Trojans: 60
"Great sons of Dardanus, a race born of
the high blood of the gods: the circling year

completes its months since we entombed in earth
the bones and remnants of my godlike father.

Unless I err, that anniversary 65

is here, the day that I shall always keep
in grief and honor (so you gods have willed).

Were I to find myself this day an exile
among the quicksands of Gaetulia
or, taken by surprise, upon the sea 70

of Greece or in the city of Mycenae—

then, even then, I should fulfill, as due,

my yearly vows, the solemn funeral
observances, and heap the shrines with gifts.

But more than this, we find ourselves this day 75

beside my father's very bones and ashes—

and I believe it is the will and power
of gods that brought us to these friendly harbors.

Come, then, and let us celebrate in gladness 80

these sacrifices; let us pray for winds,

and may he grant that, when I build a city,

I may observe these rites year after year

in temples dedicated unto him.

Acestes, born of Troy, gives to each ship 85

two head of cattle; summon to the feast

your homeland's household gods and those your host

Acestes worships here. Moreover, should

the ninth dawn bring a gracious day to mortals

and with her rays reveal the world, I shall 90

ordain these competitions for the Trojans:

first we shall hold a race for our swift ships;

then for our fastest runner; and for him

who is the best at hurling, strong and bold,

the javelin or light arrows; and for those 95

who dare to box with rawhide gauntlets—all

stand ready to seek out the victor's prize

and palm. But now let everyone keep solemn

silence; let us all wreath our brows with leaves."

This said, Aeneas binds his brows with myrtle,

the plant dear to his mother; and so, too, 100

does Helymus, and so Acestes, ripe

in years, and so the boy Ascanius,

whom all the young men follow. Then Aeneas

moved on from that assembly to the tomb

with many thousands, a great retinue. 105
 And here he pours a ritual libation
 out on the ground: two bowls of pure wine and
 two bowls of new milk, two of victims' blood;
 he scatters brilliant flowers as he cries:
 "Hail, sacred father, once again; I hail 110
 you, ashes, Shade, and spirit of my father,
 you, saved in vain from Troy! For I was not
 allowed to seek the fated boundaries
 and fields of Italy with you and not—
 whatever it may be—Ausonian Tiber." 115

So he had spoken when a slippery serpent
 dragged from the bottom of the shrine its seven
 enormous coils that wound in seven spirals,
 while twining gently around the burial mound,
 gliding between the altars; and its back 120
 was marked with blue-gray spots, its scales were flecked
 with gold that kindled into brightness—just
 as in the clouds, across the facing sun,
 a rainbow casts a thousand shifting colors.
 Aeneas was astonished at the sight. 125
 The serpent, weaving slowly through the bowls
 and polished goblets, tasted of the feast,
 then, harmless, made its way back to the tomb
 and left the altars it had fed upon.
 And so, even more eager now, Aeneas 130
 resumes his father's rites, uncertain if
 that serpent is the genius of the place
 or the attendant spirit of Anchises.
 As custom asks, he kills a pair of sheep,
 two swine, as many black-backed steers; he pours 135
 wine out of bowls and calls on great Anchises'
 soul, on his Shade set free from Acheron.
 And as he does, so each of his companions
 brings gladly what he can as offering;
 some heap the altars high and slaughter oxen, 140
 while others, in their turn, set out bronze caldrons
 and, stretched along the grass, place burning coals
 beneath the spits and roast the victims' entrails.

The wished-for day had come, and Phaethon's horses
 now drew the ninth dawn through the tranquil light. 145

The news and bright Acestes' name had roused
 the neighbors; gladly gathering, they crowded
 along the beaches, some of them to see
 Aeneas' men and some prepared for contests.
 But first the prizes are displayed along 150
 the middle of the ring: the sacred tripods,
 green garlands, palms, rewards for victory,
 and armor, garments dyed in purple, talents
 of gold and silver. From the central mound
 the trumpet blares; the games have now begun. 155

The first event is entered by four galleys,
 matched evenly, each heavy-oared and chosen
 from all the fleet. With his tenacious crew,
 Mnestheus directs the swift "Shark"—Mnestheus, soon
 to be Italian, the chief from whom 160
 the line of Memmians will take their name.
 And Gyas drives the huge "Chimaera," huge
 in bulk, a city's size, with triple tiers
 of oars, rowed by three files of Dardan youths.
 Sergestus, founder of the Sergian house, 165
 rides on the giant "Centaur." Last, Cloanthus
 rides sea-green "Scylla": it is he from whom
 you take your name, Roman Cluentius.

Well out at sea, facing the foaming shores,
 there stands a rock at times submerged and battered 170
 by swollen breakers when the winter's stormy
 northwesterners hide the stars; but in the calm
 it rises, silent, over tranquil waters,
 a tableland, a welcome resting place
 for sea gulls as they take the sun. And here 175
 father Aeneas hangs a leafy branch
 of ilex as a signal for his crews,
 the goal at which they are to turn around,
 to wheel back on their long way. Then they choose
 places by lot; above the sterns, far off, 180
 the captains gleam in purple, gold; the oarsmen
 are crowned with poplar leaves, their naked shoulders
 are glistening, wet with oil. They man the benches;
 their arms are tense upon the oars; they wait,
 expectant, for the start as throbbing fear 185
 and eager love of praise drain their high hearts.

At last, with the bright trumpet blast, at once
 they all shoot from their starting places; shouts
 of sailors beat against the skies, the waters
 are turned to foam beneath the stroking arms. 190
 They cleave the furrows with their equal thrusts;
 the whole sea gapes, torn by the oars, the ships'
 three-pointed beaks. Not even chariots,
 when with their racing teams they seize the field
 and rush out of their starting stalls, are so 195
 swift, so headlong; not even charioteers
 can shake their waving reins above their breakneck
 horses and bend to beat and lash with so
 much power. Then the cheers and the applause,
 the cries and eager calls of followers, 200
 fill all the woods; the hemmed-in beach rolls on
 the echo, and struck hills give back that roar.

Among that clamor and confusion Gyas
 flies on before the others, gliding first
 across the waves. Cloanthus follows close; 205
 his crew is better, but his bulky ship
 has slowed him with its weight. At equal distance
 behind these two, the "Shark" and "Centaur" strive
 to take first place; the "Shark" is now ahead,
 and now the giant "Centaur" makes its way, 210
 now both ride on together, prows abreast,
 cleaving the salt waves with their lengthy keels.
 And all were drawing near the midpoint rock
 when Gyas, who has led through half the course,
 shouts, as a victor, to his galley's pilot, 215
 Menoetes: "Why so hard to starboard? Turn;
 hold close the boulder; let the oar blades scrape
 along the shoals upon our left; let others
 keep to the deeper waters!" He said this;
 but fearing hidden reefs, Menoetes twists 220
 his prow seaward. "Why so off course? Make for
 the rocks, Menoetes!" Once again he shouts
 to call his pilot back; then looking round,
 he sees Cloanthus driving right behind him
 and on the nearer course. Between the galley 225
 of Gyas and the roaring reefs, Cloanthus
 now shaves the left-hand channel, quickly takes
 the lead and, past the mark, already gains

safe waters. Then indeed great anger burned
 deep in young Gyas' bones, his cheeks were not 230
 without their tears; and now, forgetting his
 own dignity and, too, his comrades' safety,
 he hurls the slow Menoetes headlong from
 the high stern down into the sea; and strides,
 himself both helmsman and commander, toward 235
 the tiller; he spurs on his oarsmen, turns
 the rudder toward the shore. But when at last
 Menoetes, heavy, rose up from the sea,
 struggling and old and dripping with drenched clothes,
 he clambered up the reef, and at the top 240
 he squatted on dry stones. The Teucrians
 laughed as he fell, then as he swam; they laugh
 as he spits out salt water from his chest.

As Gyas slowed, the pair behind—Sergestus
 and Mnestheus—took new heart; they hoped to catch him. 245
 Sergestus is the first to gain the channel
 beside the rock—but not enough to take
 a boat-length lead, only a part; the "Shark,"
 his rival, overlaps him with her prow.
 But Mnestheus, pacing midships, spurs his sailors: 250
 "Now, now rise to your oars, comrades of Hector,
 the ranks I chose in Troy's last agony;
 now, now put forth the powers, now the heart
 you showed in the Gaetolian quicksands,
 in the Ionian sea, in Malea's 255
 pursuing waves! I, Mnestheus, do not seek
 the first prize anymore or try to conquer
 (Neptune, let those whom you so choose be victors),
 and yet it would be shameful to be last;
 my countrymen, at least shun that disgrace!" 260
 They thrust upon their oars, they give their all;
 the brazen galley quakes with hefty strokes;
 the seabed is drawn out from under them;
 their hurried panting shakes their limbs and parched
 throats; sweat is streaming everywhere. But chance 265
 itself brings them the longed-for victory.
 For while Sergestus, wild in spirit, drove
 his prow beside the shoals, upon the inside—
 a gap too strait and dangerous—luckless,

he struck against the jutting reefs. The rocks 270
 were jarred; the oars, jammed up against the sharp
 and jagged edges, snapped; the crashing hull
 hung fast. The crewmen shout aloud, leap up
 as one at this delay; with iron-plated
 boat hooks and pointed poles, they gather in 275
 their shattered oars out of the sea. And Mnestheus,
 still keener now, and glad with his success,
 with rapid strokes and calling on the winds,
 makes for the sloping, shoreward waters, glides
 straight down the open sea. Just as a dove, 280
 who has her home and nestlings in a secret
 cliffside, when she is startled from her cavern,
 flies toward the fields; for, frightened in her den,
 she loudly flaps her wings, but soon she glides
 upon the quiet air, and skims her liquid 285
 path, does not move her rapid pinions: even
 so Mnestheus, so the "Shark," self-driven, cuts
 the final stretch of waters in her flight,
 her first impulse enough to drive her on.
 Now Mnestheus leaves behind the floundering 290
 Sergestus on the steep reef in the shallows
 as he calls out in vain for help and learns
 to race with broken oars. Then Mnestheus passes
 Gyas who rides the giant-hulked "Chimaera";
 and having lost her helmsman, she gives away. 295

And now the goal is near—only Cloanthus
 is left; and Mnestheus makes for him and, straining
 with all his power, presses forward. Then
 indeed the shouting doubles as the chase
 is urged along by many cheers; the heavens 300
 re-echo with the roar. Cloanthus' crewmen
 now think it a disgrace to fail to keep
 the fame and honor they themselves have won,
 and they would give their very lives for glory;
 but Mnestheus' men are strengthened by success, 305
 they have the power because they feel they have it.
 And now perhaps, both prows abreast, the men
 of Mnestheus would have won the prize had not
 Cloanthus, stretching seaward both his hands,
 poured prayers and called upon the gods with vows: 310
 "You gods who rule the kingdom of the seas,

whose waters I now race upon: to keep
 the promise that I pledge, I shall with gladness
 offer a snow-white bull before your altars
 along this beach, and I shall fling its entrails 315
 into your salt waves and pour out pure wine."
 He spoke; and all the company of Nereids
 beneath the sea heard him; father Portunus
 drove on Cloanthus' ship with his great hand.
 She flies to land faster than south wind or 320
 swift arrow; then she rests in that deep harbor.

At this, Anchises' son, following custom,
 assembles everyone, then has the herald's
 loud voice proclaim Cloanthus as the victor;
 he crowns his temples with green laurel, and 325
 he has him choose three bullocks for each crew,
 and wine and an enormous silver talent;
 and for the captains he has special honors.
 A gold-embroidered cape goes to the victor;
 around its borders ran a double fringe 330
 of Meliboean purple, sinuous
 and rich; and woven in it Ganymede,
 the royal boy, with javelin gives keen
 chase—he is panting—tiring running stags;
 and Jove's swift armor-bearer sweeps him up 335
 from Ida in his talons; and the boy's
 old guardians in vain implore the stars;
 the savage barking of the dogs disturbs
 the skies. To him who has earned second place,
 Aeneas gives, to keep as shield in battle 340
 and as an ornament, a corselet made
 of triple-plated gold in polished chains;
 this he himself had torn, as victor, from
 Demoleos beside swift Simois
 beneath high Ilium. And even with 345
 their straining shoulders Sagaris and Phegeus,
 the servants, find that massive chainwork almost
 too much for them to carry off; and yet,
 while wearing this, Demoleos used once
 to chase the stragglng Trojans. As third prize 350
 he then presents a pair of brazen caldrons
 and bowls of silver, rough with high relief.

The victors had received their gifts and, proud
 of their rewards, were moving on, their prows
 entwined with purple ribbons when—dislodged 355
 with difficulty from the ruthless rock,
 oars lost, with one disabled tier—Sergestus
 brought in his mocked-at ship, inglorious.
 And just as, often, when a snake—surprised
 upon the highroad and run over by 360
 a brazen wheel that slants across him, or
 else beaten by a traveler's heavy blow
 and left half-dead and mangled by a stone—
 will try in vain to run away and writhes
 his body in long coils; a part of him 365
 is fierce, his eyes are glowing, and he lifts
 his hissing throat on high; a part, maimed by
 the wound, prevents his moves—he twists and twines
 and folds himself on his own limbs: so did
 the ship move slowly on with her slow oars. 370
 And yet she spreads her sails; her canvas full,
 she rides into the harbor. Then Aeneas,
 glad that the galley is saved, his comrades back,
 presents Sergestus with the promised prize:
 a female slave, the Cretan Pholoë, 375
 one not unskillful in Minerva's arts,
 a woman bearing twin sons at her breast.

This contest done, pious Aeneas moves
 into a grassy plain, surrounded by
 wooded and winding hills on every side; 380
 the center of that valley took the shape
 of an arena; there, with many thousands,
 the hero went; he sat on a raised seat.
 And here he tempts the minds of those who now
 may want to face a swift footrace; he sets 385
 rewards and prizes. From all sides they gather:
 the Teucrians, Sicilians, together.
 The first are Nisus and Euryalus—
 Euryalus renowned for handsomeness
 and for his fresh youth, Nisus for his honest 390
 love of the boy. Behind them came the princely
 Dioces, from the noble line of Priam;
 then Salius and Patron came together—
 the one Acarnian, the other born

out of Arcadian blood, a Tegean;	395
and then two young Sicilians, Helymus and Panopes, familiar with the forests and both companions of the old Acestes; and others came, whose fame is now in darkness. These were the words Aeneas spoke to them:	400
“Now let your hearts hear this, pay glad attention. Not one of you shall leave without a gift. At race’s end, each one of you shall have two Gnosian shafts that gleam with polished steel, together with an ax embossed with silver.	405
Each one of you who runs shall have these prizes. Three will be given even more rewards and pale-green olive garlands on their heads. The first, as victor, is to have a horse with splendid trappings; and the second takes	410
an Amazonian quiver, full of Thracian arrows and girdled by a broad gold belt— the clasp that holds it fast, a polished gem; the third will be content with this Greek helmet.”	
 This said, they take their places; suddenly	415
the signal sounds; they are on their way; they leave the starting point; they stream out like a storm cloud, their eyes upon the goal. The first to go is Nisus, darting past all others, swifter than winds or than winged lightning; after him,	420
but still far back, is Salius; and third, though well behind, Euryalus; the next is Helymus; and hard upon him—look!— Diores darts and now treads heel to heel and presses at his shoulder; if there were	425
more ground remaining, he would even pass or else at least be tied with Helymus. Now, almost at the end and tired out, they all are near the goal when luckless Nisus slides on some slippery blood that had been spilled	430
by chance where steers were slaughtered, soaking both the ground and its grass cover. Even as the youth rejoiced in victory, the earth slid out from under him, and he could not hold fast his stumbling footsteps. Nisus fell	435

headlong upon the filthy slime itself
 and in the sacrificial blood. And yet
 he did not once forget Euryalus,
 not even then forget his love; for rising
 above the slippery soil, he threw himself 440
 across the path of Salius, who tumbled
 backward on the thick sand. Euryalus
 now runs ahead and gains first place, a winner
 because of his friend's kindness; he flies on,
 cheered by applause and shouts. And Helymus 445
 is next, and then Dioreas takes third prize.

At this, the loud outcries of Salius
 reach everyone within that vast arena:
 the elders in the front rows and the crowd.
 He asks that what was snatched from him by fraud 450
 be given back. But popularity
 protects Euryalus, together with
 his graceful tears and worth that please the more
 since they appear in such a handsome body.
 The protests of Dioreas also help; 455
 he then was nearing to receive his palm
 and would have come in vain to claim third prize
 if Salius were given back first honors.
 Then, "Your rewards will not be touched," said father
 Aeneas. "Men, no one will change the order 460
 of prizes: let it be for me to pity
 the way things turned against my blameless friend."
 This said, he gives as gift to Salius
 the giant hide of a Gaetulian lion,
 heavy with shaggy hair and gilded claws. 465
 But Nisus cries: "If this is for the losers
 and you take so much pity on the fallen,
 what worthy gift can now be given Nisus,
 who would have won the first prize by his merit
 had not malicious Fortune hampered me, 470
 even as she did Salius!" With this,
 he showed his face and limbs fouled with wet filth.
 The best of fathers smiled on him and ordered
 a shield brought from the ships, the handiwork
 of Didymaon that had been wrenched free 475
 from Neptune's sacred doorpost by the Danaans.
 He gives the noble youth so bright a prize.

Then, with the races done, the gifts all given:
 "And now, if any one of you has courage,
 a keen heart in his breast, let him step forward
 and lift his hands bound up with leather gauntlets."
 480
 The contest is announced; Aeneas sets
 two prizes for the boxing match: the victor
 will gain a bullock dressed in gold and garlands;
 a sword and stately helmet will console
 485
 the loser. There is no delay. Straightway,
 among the mighty murmurs of the crowd,
 the Trojan Dares stands; he shows himself
 in all his overwhelming power—Dares,
 the only one who used to box with Paris;
 490
 he who, nearby the mound where matchless Hector
 now lies, had beaten down the champion Butes
 (a son of Amycus' Bebrycian house
 who stalked along with his tremendous bulk)
 and stretched him dying on the yellow sands.
 495
 For such is Dares, he who is the first
 to raise his head high for the contest, show
 his massive shoulders, toss his arms about
 in turn, and stretch, and beat the air with blows.
 They look for a contender but no one
 500
 in that great crowd will dare to box or bind
 his hands with gauntlets. So, in eagerness,
 and thinking no one else would claim the prize,
 Dares stood up before Aeneas; then
 without delay he grips the bullock's horns
 505
 in his left hand and speaks out: "Goddess-born,
 if no one dares to trust himself to face me,
 how long am I to stand? How long to linger?
 Then order me to lead away my gift."
 As one, all Dardans shouted their approval
 510
 and asked that he receive the promised prize.

At this, Acestes sternly takes to task
 Entellus where, on the green couch of grass,
 he sat nearby: "Entellus, once the bravest
 of heroes—but how useless now—will you
 so quietly allow such splendid prizes
 515
 to be removed without a contest? Where
 are we to look for Eryx, he who was
 your god and teacher, celebrated by us

in vain? And where is your Sicilian fame,
 those trophies hanging in your halls?" To this
 Entellus: "It is not that love of praise
 or fame has left me, driven off by fear,
 but that my blood is chilled and dulled by slow
 old age, my body's force is numb, is cold. 520
 If I could only have what once was mine,
 the youth of which that shameless fellow there
 so confidently brags, I should have boxed,
 and not because a prize or handsome bullock
 had tempted me; I do not need rewards!" 525
 Then, having spoken so, Entellus tossed
 his two tremendous gloves into the ring—
 those gloves with which fierce Eryx used to box
 when he had bound his arms with their tough hide.
 The crowd was stunned, so giant were the oxen
 whose seven mighty skins were stiff with lead
 and iron sewn inside. Above all, Dares
 himself is startled, and he shrinks far back. 530
 535

The generous Aeneas feels their weight
 and turns this way and that the twisting, vast
 thongs. Then the old Entellus said to him: 540
 "And what if you had seen the gauntlets and
 the arms of Hercules himself, the sad
 encounter on these very sands? Your kinsman
 Eryx once used to wear these gloves, you can
 still see them stained with blood and spattered brains. 545
 With these he stood against the great Alcides,
 with these I used to box, so long as better
 blood still could give me strength and envious
 old age had not yet scattered its white hairs
 across my temples. But if Trojan Dares
 declines to face my weapons, then—should pious
 Aeneas so decide, and my adviser
 Acestes lend approval—let us meet
 as equals. Dares, I give up the hides 550
 of Eryx for your sake (forget your fear),
 and for your part, put off your Trojan gauntlets."
 And when Entellus made this offer, he
 threw down the double cloak that draped his shoulders,
 laid bare his giant joints and limbs, the giant
 bones and the sinews of his arms; he stood, 555
 enormous, at the center of the field. 560

Presiding at the bout, Anchises' son
 brought equal gauntlets out and bound the hands
 of both with well-matched weapons. And straightway 565
 each stood erect and poised and undismayed;
 each lifted high his arms and held them there.
 They draw their towering heads back, out of range
 of blows, spar hand-to-hand, and so provoke
 attack. The Trojan is better in his footwork, 570
 relying on his youth; the other is strong
 in bulk and body, but his knees are slack
 and totter, trembling; his tremendous limbs
 are racked by his sick gasping. Without sure
 result they let loose many blows; they pound 575
 each other's hollow flanks, again, again,
 and heavy thuds reecho from their chests;
 the quick hands play about their temples, ears;
 their jawbones rattle under solid strokes.
 Entellus, motionless and heavy, keeps 580
 the same stance, using only his body and
 his watchful eyes to dodge the blows of Dares.
 The other—just as one who drives against
 a towering city with siegeworks, or camps
 with arms beneath a mountain fortress—scans 585
 now this approach, now that, explores the ground
 with skill, and tries, in vain, shifting attacks.
 Entellus, rising, stretched his right hand high;
 but Dares, quick to see the coming blow,
 had slipped aside and dodged with his quick body. 590
 Entellus spent his strength upon the wind;
 his own weight, his own force, had carried him
 heavy, and heavily, with his huge hulk
 down to the ground; just as at times a hollow
 pine, torn up from its roots on Erymanthus 595
 or on the slopes of giant Ida, falls.
 The Trojan and Sicilian boys leap up;
 their shouting takes the sky; and first Acestes
 runs to the ring; with pity he lifts up
 his friend, as old as he is. But the hero, 600
 not checked and not to be delayed, returns
 more keenly to the bout, his anger spurs
 his force. His shame, his knowledge of his worth
 excite his power; furiously he
 drives Dares headlong over all the field, 605
 and now his right hand doubles blows and now

his left; he knows no stay or rest; just as
 storm clouds that rattle thick hail on the roofs,
 so do the hero's two hands pummel, pound
 at Dares, blow on blow, from every side. 610

But then father Aeneas would not let
 such fury go unchecked; he would not have
 Entellus rage in bitterness. He stopped
 the boxing, snatched away exhausted Dares,
 and when he spoke to him, used soothing words: 615

"Poor man, what madness has possessed your mind?
 Your forces are not matched—can't you see that?—
 the gods have shifted to the other side.

Give way to heaven." So he spoke; his orders
 ended the bout. But Dares' faithful comrades 620

now lead him to the ships; he drags along
 his weak knees, and his head sways back and forth;
 he spits thick gore out of his mouth, and teeth
 that mingle with his blood. And his companions
 are called to take the helmet and the sword; 625

they leave the palm and bullock for Entellus.
 At this, the victor, high in heart and proud
 to win the bull, cries out: "You, goddess-born,
 and you, the Trojans, learn what strength was once
 in my young body, and from what a death 630

you have just rescued and recalled your Dares."
 He spoke and then he faced that contest's prize,
 the bullock standing nearby; drawing back
 his right hand, straight between the towering horns
 he planted his tough gauntlets; and he smashed 635

the bones, dashed in the brains. The ox is flat;
 it trembles, lifeless, on the ground. Entellus,
 above the ox, pours these words from his breast:
 "O Eryx, unto you I offer up
 this better life instead of Dares' death; 640
 here—victor—I lay down my gloves, my art."

At once Aeneas calls for all who want
 to join a match with their swift shafts; he raises
 with his great hand a mast brought from Serestus'
 galley; and as a target for their arrows, 645
 he hangs a fluttering dove, tied by a cord,
 on top. The archers gather; in a helmet

of bronze the lots are cast. The first turn falls,
backed by loud cheering, to Hippocoön,
the son of Hyrtacus; the second falls 650
to Mnestheus, recent victor in the boat race,
a garland of green olive around his head;
the third, Eurytion—who is your brother,
most famous Pandarus, you who, when ordered
to break the treaty, were the first to cast 655
your shaft at the Achaeans. And the last
lot, deep within the helmet, is Acestes';
for even he dares try a young man's task.

Then solid, sturdy, each one for himself,
they bend and curve their bows and draw their arrows 660
out of their quivers. The first steel to cleave
the winged air, through the sky, from its shrill string:
the shaft shot by the son of Hyrtacus;
it sinks into the wood of the ship's mast.
The mast shook, and the bird, in terror, fluttered 665
her wings, and everyone applauded loudly.
And next keen Mnestheus took his stand; bow bent
and aiming high, he leveled both his arrow
and sight. But fortune was not his, he could
not reach the bird herself; instead, his shaft 670
broke off the knots and cords of hemp that held
her foot bound fast where she hung from the mast.
She flew up to the south wind and black clouds.
Then quickly—for his bow was long since ready,
his shaft drawn taut—Eurytion called on 675
his brother, Pandarus, in prayer; then marked
the dove as, glad, she flapped her wings beneath
the open sky; and under a dark cloud
he pierces her. She dropped down, dead; she left
her life among the stars of the high air 680
and, as she fell, brought back the piercing shaft.
Only Acestes, knowing that the prize
is lost, remained to shoot; nevertheless
that father whirled his dart into the air
to show his sounding bow, to show his art. 685
And here a sudden prodigy appears
that is to be a mighty augury;
for afterward its massive meaning showed;
in later days tremendous prophets hailed it.

As it flew through the liquid clouds, the reed 690
 caught fire and marked its track by flames until,
 consumed, it vanished in thin air; just as,
 set loose from heaven, often shooting stars
 will race and in their wake leave trailing tresses.
 The Trojans and Sicilians stood, amazed, 695
 in prayer to the High Ones; nor did great
 Aeneas shun the omen; he embraced
 the glad Acestes, loading him with handsome
 offerings, saying, "Take them, Father, for
 the great king of Olympus, with these signs 700
 has willed that you have extraordinary
 honors. You are to have this gift that once
 was old Anchises' own—a bowl engraved
 with figures, which the Thracian Cisseus gave
 my father as a splendid gift, to bear 705
 as a memorial and pledge of love."
 This said, he binds Acestes' brows with green
 garlands of laurel, naming him the victor,
 first over all. The good Eurytion
 did not begrudge this preference and prize— 710
 and this although he was himself the only
 bowman to bring the bird down from the sky.
 And after these, the next to take his gift
 is Mnestheus, he who broke the cord; the last,
 Hippocoön, whose swift shaft pierced the mast. 715

But while that contest still was underway,
 father Aeneas calls for Epytides,
 the guardian and companion of young Iulus,
 and whispers this into his trusted ear:
 "Go now and tell Ascanius that if 720
 his band of boys is ready with him, if
 his horses are arrayed for the maneuvers,
 then he can lead his squadrons out to honor
 Anchises and can show himself in arms."
 Then he himself calls for the crowding throng 725
 to quit the long arena, clear the field.
 The boys advance high on their bridled horses;
 in even ranks, before their parents' eyes,
 they glitter; as they pass, the men of Troy
 and Sicily admiringly murmur. 730
 And all, as custom calls for, have their hair
 bound with a wreath of clipped leaves; and each bears

two cornel lances tipped with iron heads;
 and some have polished quivers on their shoulders;
 and high upon his chest, down from the neck, 735
 each wears a pliant chain of twisted gold.

The squads are three in number, and three captains
 parade, with twice-six boys behind each captain;
 they gleam in ranks of six, each with a leader.
 One band of boys is led by a triumphant 740
 small Priam, who renews the name of his
 grandfather—your bright son, Polites, destined
 to swell the race of the Italians;

he rides upon a dappled Thracian stallion,
 spotted with white, which as it paces, shows 745
 white pasterns and a forehead high and white.

Next Atys rides, from whom the Atian
 Latins have drawn their lineage—the little
 Atys, a boy loved by the boy Iulus.

The last, and handsomest of all, Iulus, 750
 is mounted on a horse from Sidon, one
 fair Dido gave him as memorial
 and pledge of love. The other boys ride on
 Sicilian horses from Acestes' stable.

The cheering Dardans greet the anxious squadrons 755
 and, watching those young faces, recognizing
 the features of their ancestors, are glad.

And when the boys had crossed the whole enclosure,
 had ridden happily before their elders,
 then Epytides gave the signal shout 760
 from far and cracked his whip. They rode apart,
 to right and left, in equal ranks; the three
 squadrons had split their columns into two
 separate bands; and then, called back again,

they wheeled around and charged like enemies 765
 with leveled lances. Now they start new marches
 and countermarches in the space between them;
 and interweaving circle into circle
 in alternation, armed, they mime a battle.

And now they bare their backs in flight, and now, 770
 peace made between them, gallop side by side.

As once, in ancient days, so it is said,
 the labyrinth in high Crete had a path
 built out of blind walls, an ambiguous
 maze of a thousand ways, a winding course 775

that mocked all signs of finding a way out,
 a puzzle that was irresolvable
 and irretraceable: in such a course,
 so intricate, the sons of Troy maneuver;
 they interweave in sport of flight and battle 780
 like dolphins which, when swimming liquid seas,
 will cleave the Libyan and Carpathian deeps
 and play among the waves. Ascanius
 renewed, in later days, this way of riding,
 these contests, when he girded Alba Longa 785
 with walls and taught the early Latins how
 to celebrate these games as he had done
 beside the Trojan boys when he was young.
 The Albans taught their sons, and after them
 great Rome received these games and carried on 790
 this same ancestral celebration; now
 the boys are called "Troy" and their band, the "Trojans."
 Such were the competitions they observed
 in honor of Aeneas' holy father.

Here fortune shifted, first turned treacherous. 795
 For while the solemn anniversary
 is paid with varied games before the tomb,
 Saturnian Juno orders Iris down
 from heaven to the Trojan fleet, breathing
 brisk winds to favor Iris on her way, 800
 still pondering new stratagems, her old
 resentment still unsatisfied. The virgin
 now speeds along her thousand-colored rainbow,
 along her sloping path, noticed by none.
 She sees the giant crowd and scans the shores; 805
 she sees the bay deserted and the fleet
 abandoned. But far off, on a lonely beach,
 the Trojan women wept for lost Anchises,
 all gazing over the deep waters, wailing:
 "O that so many shoals, so wide a sea, 810
 are still left for the weary!" This one cry
 came from them all. They pray to have a city;
 they are tired of their trials at sea. And Iris,
 since she is not unskilled at stirring evil,
 then throws herself among them, sets aside 815
 the dress and the appearance of a goddess,
 becoming Beroë, the aged wife

of Tmarian Doryclus, she who once had
 her fame and family and sons; and thus
 she shows herself among the Dardan women. 820
 "O miserable ones, we whom the Achaean
 soldiers did not drag off to death in battle
 beneath our country's walls!" she cries. "Unhappy
 race, what an end has fortune saved for you!
 The seventh summer since the fall of Troy 825
 is fading; we have measured in our journey
 all waters, lands, with many rocks and stars
 so inhospitable; from wave to wave,
 on vast seas, we chase fleeing Italy.
 Here are the fields of kindly Eryx and 830
 our friend Acestes; then what can prevent
 our building walls, giving our men a city?
 My homeland and my household gods—o you
 we saved in vain from enemies—shall no
 walls ever take the name of Troy again? 835
 And shall I never see the Simois
 and Xanthus, Hector's rivers? No! Come now
 and burn these damned ships with me! In my sleep
 the image of the prophetess Cassandra
 appeared and offered blazing brands. 'Look here 840
 for Troy; here is your home!' she cried. The time
 to act is now; such signs do not allow
 delay. Here are four altars raised to Neptune;
 the god himself gives us the will, the torches."
 And shouting this, she is the first to snatch 845
 the deadly fire with force; and swinging back
 her lifted arm, she strives, then brandishes
 and flings the flame. She has stunned the minds, dismayed
 the Trojan women's hearts. Among the crowd
 the eldest of them—Pyrgo, royal nurse 850
 of many sons of Priam—now cries out:
 "O mothers, this is not the Trojan wife
 of Doryclus; this is not Beroë.
 Her signs of godly beauty are enough—
 what flashing eyes, what fire, what features, what 855
 a tone of voice, what measure in her walk.
 For I myself just now left Beroë
 behind; and she was sick, complaining, grumbling
 that she alone would miss our mourning here,
 neglect the honors that are owed Anchises." 860

So Pyrgo spoke. And yet at first the matrons,
 though looking at the ships maliciously,
 were doubtful, hesitant between two wretched
 loves: one that held them to their present land;
 the other, to the land where fate had called them. 865

But then the goddess, poised upon her wings,
 rose high across the sky; and in her flight
 she cut a giant bow beneath the clouds.

And now indeed, stunned by this prodigy
 and driven mad, the matrons shout; and some 870
 snatch fire from the inner hearths, and others
 strip down the altars, flinging leaves and branches
 and firebrands. Across the oars and benches
 and painted pine hulls, Vulcan, ruthless, rages.

Eumelus now brings back to Anchises' tomb 875
 and to the crowded theater the news
 of burning Trojan ships; it is enough
 to turn and see black ashes in a cloud.

And first Ascanius, just as he was—
 glad, leading on his ranging horsemen—spurred 880
 his eager stallion toward the panicked camp;
 his breathless guardians cannot hold him back.

"What strange madness is this? Where now? Where to?"
 he cries. "O wretched women, it is not
 the enemy, the Argive's hostile camp, 885
 it is your hopes you burn. Look, I am your

Ascanius!" And at his feet he casts
 the empty helmet that had been his headdress
 when he had played at miming war. Aeneas
 has also hurried here, with Trojan squadrons. 890

But, terrified, the Dardan women scatter
 this way and that along the shore; in stealth
 they search for any woods and hollow rocks;
 they hate what they have done, they shun the light;
 now changed, they recognize their countrymen, 895
 and Juno has been shaken from their hearts.

Yet not for that did flame and conflagration
 relax their tameless force; alive, the tow
 still burns beneath the soggy timbers, belches
 its lazy smoke; slow heat consumes the keels; 900
 the plague sinks into all that frame; the strength
 of heroes, streams of water cannot help.

When he saw this, pious Aeneas tore
 the mantle from his shoulders; stretching out
 his hands, he called upon the gods for help: 905
 "All-able Jupiter, if you do not
 detest the Trojans down to their last man,
 if your old kindness still has care for human
 trials, Father, let this fleet escape the flames
 and snatch away the Teucrians' thin fortunes 910
 from ruin; or, if I deserve it, let
 your hating thunderbolt send down to death
 the little that is left; let your right hand
 annihilate us here." He had just said this
 when pouring rains, a lawless, furious 915
 dark tempest, rage across the hills and plains
 that tremble with the thunder; all the heavens
 let fall a murky storm of water, black
 with heavy south winds. From above the ships
 are filled, charred timbers soaked, until the heat 920
 and smoke are spent and all the hulls—except
 four lost—are rescued from that pestilence.

But, battered by this bitter crisis, father
 Aeneas now was mulling mighty cares
 this way and that within his breast: whether 925
 to settle in the fields of Sicily,
 forgetful of the fates, or else to try
 for the Italian coast. Then aged Nautes—
 to whom especially Tritonian Pallas
 had taught (and brought him fame for his great art) 930
 how to explain the meaning of the gods'
 great wrath or what the scheme of fate has asked—
 consoles Aeneas, saying this to him:
 "O goddess-born, there where the fates would have us
 go forward or withdraw, there let us follow; 935
 whatever comes, all fortune must be won
 by our endurance. Like yourself, the Dardan
 Acestes is a son of gods: take him
 as comrade in your counsels, as a willing
 friend; unto him entrust those who have lost 940
 their ships and are superfluous; and choose
 those who are tired of your vast attempt
 and of your fortunes, and the old men spent
 with years, and women weary of the sea,
 and all who are weak and fear new dangers; let 945

the weary have their walls within these lands;
if you consent, their town's name is 'Acesta.'"

The words of his old friend disturb Aeneas;
his mind is torn apart by all his cares.
But when black Night rode high upon her chariot 950
and took possession of the heavens, then
down from the sky the image of his father
Anchises seemed to glide. His sudden words:
"Son, once more dear to me than life when life
was mine; son, battered by the fates of Troy! 955
Jove, who drove off the fire from your fleet
and from high heaven pitied you at last,
has sent me here. Obey the excellent
advice old Nautes gives; and take your chosen
young men, your bravest hearts, to Italy. 960
In Latium you must subdue a people
of steel, a race that has its rugged ways.
Yet first draw near the lower halls of Dis
and through the lands of deep Avernus seek,
my son, a meeting with me. I am not 965
among sad Shades, in impious Tartarus;
my home is in Elysium, among
the gracious gatherings of the pious ones.
You shall be shown the way there by the chaste
Sibyl—but after offering blood from many 970
black cattle. You will learn of all your race
and of the walls that have been given you.
And now farewell. Damp Night wheels on her way;
fierce Dawn, with panting stallions, breathes on me."
He spoke, then fled like smoke into thin air. 975
"Where are you rushing now, where hurrying?"
Aeneas cries. "Whom do you flee? Or who
keeps you from my embraces?" Saying this,
he stirs the embers and the sleeping fires,
and worships as a suppliant the Trojan 980
god of the hearth and the ancient Vesta's shrine
with sacred meal and with a full censer.

At once he calls his comrades—first Acestes—
and tells of Jove's command and his dear father's
advice and, too, what he himself has now 985

resolved. The meeting is not long; Acestes
 does not object to what Aeneas asks.
 They choose the women for the city, settling
 a willing people, hearts that do not want
 great fame. And they themselves renew the rowing
 benches, and they repair the ships' charred timbers 990
 and fit out oars and rigging—they are few
 in number, but their hearts are keen for war.

And meanwhile with a plow Aeneas marks
 the city's limits and allots the houses: 995
 he calls one district "Troy," one "Ilium."
 Acestes, born of Troy, delights in his
 new kingdom; he proclaims a court of justice;
 to the assembled elders he gives laws.
 And then, close to the stars, above Mount Eryx, 1000
 to Venus of Idalium they raise
 a temple; and assign to Anchises' tomb
 a priest within a sacred, spacious grove.

And now that everyone has feasted for
 nine days, their offerings paid before the altars, 1005
 calm breezes smooth the waters; blowing fresh,
 the south wind calls again to voyaging.
 A mighty wailing rises on the winding
 beaches; and while embracing, they delay
 a night, a day. The very men and matrons 1010
 who once had found the face and name of the sea
 so harsh and unendurable now want
 to journey on, to test the trials of exile.
 With kindly words, Aeneas comforts them;
 and weeping, he commends them to his kinsman 1015
 Acestes. Then he offers up three calves
 to Eryx; for the Tempests, he commands
 a lamb as sacrifice; that done, he has
 the cable duly loosened. He himself,
 a garland of stripped olive on his brow, 1020
 now stands apart upon the prow; he holds
 a bowl and throws the entrails to the salt
 waves, and he pours pure wine. As they sail out,
 the wind awakes astern. His comrades lash
 the seas in rivalry, they sweep the waters. 1025

But meanwhile Venus is distressed, and this
 lament pours from her breast; she says to Neptune:
 "Juno's fanatic wrath, that heart of hers
 that is insatiable, have made me stoop
 to every sort of prayer; but she can never 1030
 be softened, Neptune, neither by time's lapse
 nor by the honors paid her; she can never
 accept the Fates' or Jupiter's decrees.
 It is not enough that her abominable
 hatred devoured the city of the Phrygians, 1035
 tearing their very heart, then dragged their remnant
 through every punishment—she now pursues
 the rest: the ashes, bones of ruined Troy.
 Let her be very sure she has good reasons
 for such madness. And you yourself can be 1040
 my witness: what a sudden thrashing she
 just now let loose upon the Libyan waters;
 she mingled all the seas with heaven, trusting
 in vain the hurricanes of Aeolus;
 and this she dared to do within your kingdom. 1045
 And criminally, too, she drove the Trojan
 women and foully burned their ships; and since
 the fleet is lost, she has forced them to abandon
 their comrades in an unknown land. I pray:
 permit this remnant to entrust their sails 1050
 safely across the waters. Let them reach
 Laurentine Tiber if what I beseech
 is just, if fate has given them those walls."

Then Saturn's son, who tames the deep sea, answered:
 "O Cytherean, you have every right 1055
 to put your trust in this my kingdom; you
 yourself were born here. I have earned this trust,
 for I have often checked the frenzy and
 great anger of the sea and sky. No less
 on land—I call to witness Simois 1060
 and Xanthus—I have cared for your Aeneas.
 For when in his pursuit Achilles dashed
 the breathless Trojan ranks against the walls
 and gave to death so many thousands, when
 choked rivers groaned and Xanthus could not find 1065
 a path or roll into the sea, then I
 caught up Aeneas in a hollow cloud
 as he encountered Peleus' son, with neither

the gods nor force upon his side; and this
 although I wanted so to overturn 1070
 the walls of perjured Troy, which I had built
 with my own hands. My mind is still as kind;
 then set your fear aside. Just as you ask,
 he will safely reach the harbor of Avernus.
 And you will only have to mourn one Trojan, 1075
 one lost within the eddies of the sea;
 one life shall be enough instead of many."

When he has soothed and cheered the goddess' heart,
 the Father harnesses his fiery horses
 with gold and fastens foaming bits and lets 1080
 the reins run slack. Upon his azure chariot
 he lightly glides across the waters' surface.
 Beneath his thundering axletree the swollen
 waves of the sea are smoothed, the cloud banks flee
 the vast sky. Then his retinue appears 1085
 in shapes so various: enormous whales,
 the ancient company of Glaucus, and
 Palaemon, son of Ino; and the rapid
 Tritons have come, and all the band of Phorcus.
 And on the left are Melite and Thetis, 1090
 the virgin Panopea and Nesaea,
 Thalia, Spio, and Cymodoce.

At this a healing joy restores the restless
 spirit of father Aeneas; and he orders
 that all the masts be raised with speed, the yards 1095
 be spread with canvas. All the crewmen fasten
 the sheets; at once, together, they let loose
 the sails, to port, to starboard; and as one,
 they shift and turn the high yardarms; kind winds
 drive on the fleet. The first in that close squadron 1100
 is Palinurus, leading; everyone
 takes this command: to steer their course by him.

And now damp Night had almost reached her midpoint
 along the skies; beneath their oars the sailors
 were stretching out on their hard rowing benches, 1105
 their bodies sinking into easy rest,
 when, gliding lightly from the stars of heaven,
 Sleep split the darkened air, cast back the shadows,

searching for you, o Palinurus, bringing
 his dismal dreams to you, an innocent. 1110
 The god sat down upon the high stern, taking
 the shape of Phorbas, pouring out these words:
 "Palinurus, son of Iasus,
 the seas themselves bear on the fleet; the breezes
 blow steadily; this is a time for rest. 1115
 Lay down your head and steal your tired eyes
 from trials; and for a brief while I myself
 will take your place, your duties." Palinurus,
 who scarcely lifts his eyes, makes this reply:
 "And are you asking me to act as if 1120
 I did not know the face of this calm sea
 and its still waves? Do you ask me to trust
 this monster? Why should I confide Aeneas
 to the deceiving winds—I who have been
 cheated so often by the treachery 1125
 of tranquil skies?" He held the tiller fast;
 not once did he let loose his grasp; his eyes
 were fixed upon the stars. But—look—the god
 now shakes a bough that drips with Lethe's dew,
 drenched with the stupefying power of Styx, 1130
 on Palinurus' temples; as he struggles,
 his swimming eyes relax. That sudden rest
 had just begun to let his limbs fall slack
 when, bending down, the god cast him headlong
 into the limpid waters; as he fell, 1135
 he tore away part of the stern and helm,
 and often cried, in vain, to his companions.
 The god himself soared off upon his wings
 into thin air. Nevertheless the fleet
 runs safely on its way across the sea— 1140
 even as father Neptune promised—carried
 without alarm. Now, swept along, it neared
 the Sirens' reefs, long since so dangerous,
 white with the bones of many. When, far off,
 the rocks were roaring, hoarse with ceaseless surf, 1145
 father Aeneas felt his ship drift, aimless,
 its pilot lost; he took the helm himself
 and steered his galley through the midnight waters,
 while sighing often, stunned by the disaster
 fallen upon his friend: "O Palinurus, 1150
 too trustful of the tranquil sky and sea,
 you will lie naked on an unknown shore."

B O O K V I

These were the words he wept and said. He lets
the reins that curb the fleet fall slack; at last
he glides to the Euboean coast of Cumae.
The Trojans turn their prows around to sea;
tenacious teeth, their anchors grip the ships; 5
the curving keels line up, they fringe the beach.
A band of keen young men leap toward the land
that is Hesperia. Some seek the seeds
of fire hidden in the veins of flint,
some scour the forest and the tangled dens 10
of beasts and point to newfound streams. But pious
Aeneas seeks the peaks where high Apollo
is king and, in a deep, enormous grotto,
the awful Sibyl has her secret home,
for there the seer of Delos so inspires 15
her mind and soul that she may know the future.
And now they come upon Diana's grove,
and now they reach the shrine, the roof of gold.

When Daedalus—for so the tale is told—
fled Minos' kingdom on swift wings and dared 20
to trust his body to the sky, he floated
along strange ways, up toward the frozen North.

until he gently came to rest upon
 the mountaintop of Chalcis. Here he was
 returned to earth, and here he dedicated 25
 his oar-like wings to you, Apollo; here
 he built a splendid temple in your honor.
 Upon the gates he carved Androgeos' death,
 and then the men of Athens, made to pay
 each year with seven bodies of their sons; 30
 before them stands the urn, the lots are drawn.
 And facing this, he set another scene:
 the land of Crete, rising out of the sea;
 the inhuman longing of Pasiphaë,
 the lust that made her mate the bull by craft; 35
 her mongrel son, the two-formed Minotaur,
 a monument to her polluted passion.
 And here the *inextricable labyrinth*,
 the house of toil, was carved; but Daedalus
 took pity on the princess Ariadne's 40
 deep love, and he himself helped disentangle
 the wiles and mazes of the palace; with
 a thread he guided Theseus' blinded footsteps.
 And Icarus, you also would have played
 great part in such work, had his grief allowed; 45
 twice he had tried to carve your trials in gold,
 and twice a father's hand had failed. The Trojans
 would surely have looked closely at each scene
 had not Achates, sent on in advance,
 returned together with Deiphobe, 50
 the priestess of Apollo and Diana,
 and daughter of Glaucus. She tells king Aeneas:
 "This is no time to gape at spectacles.
 Far better now to slaughter seven steers
 drawn from a herd the yoke has never touched, 55
 to choose as many sheep as custom asks."
 And having spoken so—Aeneas' men
 are quick to sacrifice at her command—
 she calls the Trojans into that high temple.

The giant flank of that Euboean crag 60
 has been dug out into a cave; a hundred
 broad ways lead to that place, a hundred gates;
 as many voices rush from these—the Sibyl's
 replies. Just as the Trojans reached the threshold,

the virgin cried: "Now call upon the Fates
 for oracles. The god is here! The god!" 65
 As she says this before the doors, her face
 and color alter suddenly; her hair
 is disarranged; her breast heaves, and her wild
 heart swells with frenzy; she is taller now; 70
 her voice is more than human, for the power
 of god is closing in, he breathes upon her.
 "And are you slow to offer vows and prayers,
 Trojan Aeneas? Are you slow?" she shouts.
 "The terrifying house will never open 75
 its giant jaws before your vows are spoken."

The Sibyl spoke and then was still. The Trojans'
 tough bones were shaken by chill shuddering.
 Their king pours prayers from his deepest breast:
 "Phoebus, you always pitied Troy's hard trials, 80
 you guided Dardan spears and Paris' hand
 against the body of Achilles; you
 yourself led me along so many seas
 that bathe broad lands of far Massylian
 tribesmen, past fields fringed by the Syrtes' sands; 85
 but after this, and at long last, we grasp
 the shores of fleeing Italy; may Troy's
 fortune have followed us so far—no farther!
 Now all you gods and goddesses who took
 offense at Troy and at the Dardans' glory 90
 can justly spare the sons of Pergamus.
 And you, most holy priestess, you who know
 what is to come (I do not ask for any
 lands that have not been promised by my fates),
 o let the Trojans rest in Latium 95
 together with their wandering deities
 and Troy's tormented gods. Then I shall raise
 a temple to Apollo and Diana
 built out of solid marble and decree
 feast days in Phoebus name. Great shrines await 100
 you, priestess, too, within our Latin kingdom;
 for there I shall set up your oracles
 and secret omens spoken to my people
 and consecrate to you, generous one,
 our chosen men. Only do not entrust 105
 your verses to the leaves, lest they fly off

in disarray, the play of rapid winds:
chant them yourself, I pray." His words were ended.

But she has not yet given way to Phoebus:
she rages, savage, in her cavern, tries 110
to drive the great god from her breast. So much
the more, he tires out her raving mouth;
he tames her wild heart, shapes by crushing force.
And now the hundred great gates of the house
swing open of their own accord. They bear 115
the answers of the priestess through the air:
"O you who are done, at last, with those great dangers
that lie upon the sea—worse wait on land—
the sons of Dardanus will reach Lavinium's
kingdom (for you can now be sure of this) 120
and yet shall wish that they had never come.
I see wars, horrid wars, the Tiber foaming
with much blood. You shall have your Simois,
your Xanthus, and your Doric camp; already
there is in Latium a new Achilles— 125
he, too, son of a goddess. Nor will Juno
fail anywhere to hound the Teucrians,
while you, a beggar in your need, implore
the towns, the tribes through all of Italy!
The cause of so much Trojan misery: 130
again, a foreign bride, a foreign wedding.
Do not relent before distress, but be
far bolder than your fortune would permit.
The first path to your safety, though it seem
unlikely, shall yet be a Grecian city." 135

These are the words that from her shrine the Sibyl
of Cumae chants; and these hard oracles
come roaring from her cavern, mingling true
sayings with darkness. So Apollo urges
the reins as she raves on; he plies the spurs 140
beneath her breast. But when her frenzy is done,
her raging lips are hushed, hero Aeneas
begins: "None of the trials you tell of, virgin,
is strange or unexpected: all of these
I have foreseen and journeyed in my thought. 145
One thing I ask: since here is said to be
the gateway of the lower king and here

the marsh of overflowing Acheron,
 may it be granted me to go before
 the face and presence of my dearest father? 150
 Teach me the way, open the holy doors.
 For through the fire, a thousand spears behind us,
 I carried him upon these shoulders; from
 the press of enemies I drew him on;
 he was the comrade of my journeying; 155
 with me he suffered all the seas and all
 the threats of sky and wave—and these beyond
 the power or the portion of old age—
 however weak he was. Indeed, he prayed
 and charged me to seek out and find your threshold. 160
 Kind prophetess, I plead, take pity on
 one who is both a father and a son;
 your power touches all, and not for nothing
 has Hecate assigned Avernus' woods
 to your safekeeping. For if Orpheus could 165
 recall the spirit of his wife, relying
 upon his Thracian lyre's enchanting strings,
 if Pollux could redeem his brother by
 the death he alternates with him, and goes
 and comes time after time on this same road . . . 170
 I need not speak of mighty Theseus or
 of Hercules. I, too, stem from high Jove."

And so Aeneas prayed, clasping the altar;
 the prophetess began: "Born of the blood
 of gods and son of Troy's Anchises, easy— 175
 the way that leads into Avernus: day
 and night the door of darkest Dis is open.
 But to recall your steps, to rise again
 into the upper air: that is the labor;
 that is the task. A few, whom Jupiter 180
 has loved in kindness or whom blazing worth
 has raised to heaven as gods' sons, returned.
 Through all the central region runs a forest
 encircled by the black curves of Cocytus.
 But if your mind is moved by such a love, 185
 so great a longing, twice to swim the lake
 of Styx and twice to see black Tartarus,
 and you are pleased to try this mad attempt,
 then, Trojan, hear what you must first accomplish.

A bough is hidden in a shady tree; 190
 its leaves and pliant stem are golden, set
 aside as sacred to Proserpina.

The grove serves as its screen, and shades enclose
 the bough in darkened valleys. Only he
 may pass beneath earth's secret spaces who 195
 first plucks the golden-leaved fruit of that tree.

Lovely Proserpina ordained that this
 be offered her as gift. And when the first
 bough is torn off, a second grows again—
 with leaves of gold, again of that same metal. 200

So let your eyes search overhead; and when
 the bough is found, then pluck it down by hand
 as due: for if the Fates have summoned you,
 the bough will break off freely, easily;
 but otherwise, no power can overcome it, 205
 hard iron cannot help to tear it off.

And more, the lifeless body of your friend
 now lies—but you have still to learn of this—
 defiling all your fleet with death, while you
 still ask your destiny and linger at 210
 our threshold. First, you are to carry him

to his own place of rest and burial
 and bring black cattle as peace offering.

And so, at last, your eyes shall see the groves
 of Styx, the lands the living never pass." 215

She spoke and then was silent. Her lips closed.

Aeneas, sad and staring, takes his way.

He leaves the cavern, thinking on the strange
 events, and at his side the same concerns
 disturb the true Achates as he goes. 220

Their talk is long and varied as they walk.
 Of what dead comrade did the priestess speak?
 What body did she mean for them to bury?

But when they reach the shore again, they see
 Misenus on the dry beach, beaten by 225
 a death he did not merit: Misenus, son
 of Aeolus, a man no one surpassed
 in waking warriors with his trumpet blast,
 in kindling with his clang the god of war.

For he had been a comrade of great Hector 230
 and famous for his clarion and spear;
 with Hector he had hurried into battle.

But when Achilles, victor, stripped his leader
 of life, Misenus joined himself to Dardan
 Aeneas, following no lesser banner. 235
 And then he fell to madness: happening
 to make the waves ring with his hollow shell,
 blaring, he challenges the gods to contest;
 and jealous Triton—if the tale can be
 believed—snatched up Misenus, dashing him 240
 in foaming shoals and breakers. Now, around him,
 all mourned aloud, especially the pious
 Aeneas. Then they rush to carry out,
 in tears, the Sibyl's orders, strive to heap
 an altar for his tomb, to build it high 245
 to heaven, searching through the ancient forest,
 deep dens of animals. The pitch pines fall;
 the ilex rings beneath ax strokes; their wedges
 now cleave the trunks of ash and splintering oaks.
 They roll the giant rowans down the mountain. 250

Aeneas, first in that work, also girds
 himself with tools like theirs; he cheers his comrades.
 But gazing on the giant forest, he
 is sad within his heart and prays: "If only
 that golden bough might show itself to us 255
 upon some tree in this great wood; for in
 all things that had to do with you, Misenus,
 the priestess has foreseen only too truly."
 No sooner was this said than from the sky
 twin doves descended, there, before his eyes, 260
 settling along the green grass. And the chief
 of heroes recognized his mother's birds
 and prayed with gladness: "Be my guides if there
 is any passage, strike across the air
 to that grove where the rich bough overshadows 265
 the fertile ground. And you, my goddess mother,
 be true to me in my uncertainty."
 As he said this, he stayed his steps. He watched
 for omens, for the way the birds would turn.
 Then, as they fed, they flew along as far 270
 as sight could follow. But when they have reached
 the jaws of foul Avernus, there they rise
 and swiftly glide along the liquid air;
 they settle, twins, on their desired treetop.
 The gleam of gold was different, flickering 275

across the boughs. As in the winter's cold,
among the woods the mistletoe—no seed
of where it grows—is green with new leaves, girding
the tapering stems with yellow fruit: just so
the gold leaves seemed against the dark-green ilex; 280
so, in the gentle wind, the thin gold leaf
was crackling. And at once Aeneas plucks it
and, eager, breaks the hesitating bough
and carries it into the Sibyl's house.

Meanwhile along the shore the Teucrians 285
were weeping for Misenus, offering
their final tributes to his thankless ashes.
First they build high a giant pyre, rich
with pine and planks of oak. They interweave
the sides with somber leaves, in front they set 290
funeral cypresses, with gleaming weapons
as ornament above. And some make ready
hot water, caldrons bubbling on the flames;
they bathe and then anoint their friend's cold body.
Their lamentation is done, they place his limbs, 295
wept on, across the bier; and over them,
they throw his purple robes, familiar clothes.
Then some, as their sad office, raised the massive
barrow and, in their fathers' manner, faces
averted, set the firebrand below. 300
The offerings of frankincense and meats
and bowls of flowing oil are heaped together
and burned. The ashes sank, the flame was still;
they washed the remnants and the thirsty embers
with wine; and Corynaeus hid the gathered 305
bones in an urn of bronze. Three times he circled
around his comrades with clear water, and
with light spray from a fruitful olive bough,
he sprinkled them and purified the Trojans
and spoke the final words. Pious Aeneas 310
sets up a mighty tomb above Misenus
bearing his arms, a trumpet and an oar;
it stands beneath a lofty promontory,
now known as Cape Misenus after him:
it keeps a name that lasts through all the ages. 315

• • •

This done, he now moves swiftly to fulfill
 all the commands and warnings of the Sibyl.
 There was a wide-mouthed cavern, deep and vast
 and rugged, sheltered by a shadowed lake
 and darkened groves; such vapor poured from those 320
 black jaws to heaven's vault, no bird could fly
 above unharmed (for which the Greeks have called
 the place "Aornos," or "The Birdless"). Here
 the priestess places, first, four black-backed steers;
 and she pours wine upon their brows and plucks 325
 the topmost hairs between their horns and these
 casts on the sacred fires as offering,
 calling aloud on Hecate, the queen
 of heaven and of hell. Then others slit
 the victims' throats and catch warm blood in bowls. 330
 Aeneas sacrifices with his sword
 a black-fleeced lamb for Night, the Furies' mother,
 and Terra, her great sister; and for you,
 Proserpina, he kills a barren heifer.
 And then for Pluto, king of Styx, he raises 335
 nocturnal altars, laying on their fires
 whole carcasses of bulls; he pours fat oil
 across the burning entrails. But no sooner
 are dawn and brightness of the early sun
 upon them than the ground roars underfoot, 340
 the wooded ridges shudder, through the shadows
 dogs seem to howl as Hecate draws near.
 "Away, away, you uninitiated,"
 the priestess shrieks, "now leave the grove: only
 Aeneas move ahead, unsheathe your sword;
 you need your courage now; you need your heart." 345
 This said, she plunges, wild, into the open
 cavern; but with unfaltering steps Aeneas
 keeps pace beside his guide as she advances.

You gods who hold dominion over spirits; 350
 you voiceless Shades; you, Phlegethon and Chaos,
 immense and soundless regions of the night:
 allow me to retell what I was told;
 allow me by your power to disclose
 things buried in the dark and deep of earth! 355
 . . .

They moved along in darkness, through the shadows,
 beneath the lonely night, and through the hollow
 dwelling place of Dis, his phantom kingdom:
 even as those who journey in a forest
 beneath the scanty light of a changing moon, 360
 when Jupiter has wrapped the sky in shadows
 and black night steals the color from all things.
 Before the entrance, at the jaws of Orcus,
 both Grief and goading Cares have set their couches;
 there pale Diseases dwell, and sad Old Age, 365
 and Fear and Hunger, that worst counsellor,
 and ugly Poverty—shapes terrible
 to see—and Death and Trials; Death's brother, Sleep,
 and all the evil Pleasures of the mind;
 and War, whose fruits are death; and facing these, 370
 the Furies' iron chambers; and mad Strife,
 her serpent hair bound up with bloody garlands.

Among them stands a giant shaded elm,
 a tree with spreading boughs and aged arms;
 they say that is the home of empty Dreams 375
 that cling, below, to every leaf. And more,
 so many monstrous shapes of savage beasts
 are stabled there: Centaurs and double-bodied
 Scyllas; the hundred-handed Briareus;
 the brute of Lerna, hissing horribly; 380
 Chimaera armed with flames; Gorgons and Harpies;
 and Geryon, the shade that wears three bodies.
 And here Aeneas, shaken suddenly
 by terror, grips his sword; he offers naked
 steel and opposes those who come. Had not 385
 his wise companion warned him they were only
 thin lives that glide without a body in
 the hollow semblance of a form, he would
 in vain have torn the shadows with his blade.

Here starts the pathway to the waters of 390
 Tartarean Acheron. A whirlpool thick
 with sludge, its giant eddy seething, vomits
 all of its swirling sand into Cocytus.
 Grim Charon is the squalid ferryman,
 the guardian of these streams, these rivers; his 395
 white hairs lie thick, disheveled on his chin;

his eyes are fires that stare, a filthy mantle
 hangs down his shoulder by a knot. Alone,
 he poles the boat and tends the sails and carries
 the dead in his dark ship, old as he is; 400
 but old age in a god is tough and green.

And here a multitude was rushing, swarming
 shoreward, with men and mothers, bodies of
 high-hearted heroes stripped of life, and boys
 and unwed girls, and young men set upon 405
 the pyre of death before their fathers' eyes:
 thick as the leaves that with the early frost
 of autumn drop and fall within the forest,
 or as the birds that flock along the beaches,
 in flight from frenzied seas when the chill season 410
 drives them across the waves to lands of sun.
 They stand; each pleads to be the first to cross
 the stream; their hands reach out in longing for
 the farther shore. But Charon, sullen boatman,
 now takes these souls, now those; the rest he leaves; 415
 thrusting them back, he keeps them from the beach.

That disarray dismays and moves Aeneas:
 "O virgin, what does all this swarming mean?
 What do these spirits plead? And by what rule
 must some keep off the bank while others sweep 420
 the blue-black waters with their oars?" The words
 the aged priestess speaks are brief: "Anchises'
 son, certain offspring of the gods, you see
 the deep pools of Cocytus and the marsh
 of Styx, by whose divinity even 425
 the High Ones are afraid to swear falsely.
 All these you see are helpless and unburied.
 That ferryman is Charon. And the waves
 will only carry souls that have a tomb.
 Before his bones have found their rest, no one 430
 may cross the horrid shores and the hoarse waters.
 They wander for a hundred years and hover
 about these banks until they gain their entry,
 to visit once again the pools they long for."

Anchises' son has stopped; he stays his steps
 and ponders, pitying these unkind fates. 435

There he can see the sorrowing Leucaspis,
 Orontes, captain of the Lycian fleet:
 both dead without death's honors, for the south wind
 had overwhelmed them, sinking ships and sailors, 440
 when they were crossing stormy seas from Troy.

And there the pilot, Palinurus, passed:
 lately, upon the Libyan voyage, as
 he scanned the stars, he had fallen from the stern,
 cast down into the center of the sea. 445
 And when at last in that deep shade Aeneas
 had recognized his grieving form, he was
 the first to speak: "O Palinurus, what
 god tore you from us, plunged you in midsea?
 O tell me. For Apollo, who had never 450
 been false before, in this one oracle
 deceived me; he had surely prophesied
 that you would be unharmed upon the waters
 and reach the coastline of Ausonia.
 Is this the way he keeps his word?" He answered: 455
 "Anchises' son, my captain, you must know:
 Apollo's tripod did not cheat, no god
 hurled me into the waves. For as it happened,
 the rudder that, as my appointed charge,
 I clutched, to steer our course, was twisted off 460
 by force; I dragged it down headlong with me.
 I swear by those harsh seas that I was taken
 by no fear for myself; I was afraid
 your ship, without its gear, without a helmsman,
 might swamp in such a surge. Three nights of winter, 465
 along vast fields of sea, across the waters,
 the south wind lashed me violently; only
 on my fourth dawn, high on a wave crest, I
 saw Italy, dimly. I swam toward land
 slowly and was just at the point of safety— 470
 my sea-drenched clothing heavy, my hooked hands
 were clinging to a jagged cliffside—when
 barbarians attacked me with the sword,
 ignorantly thinking me a prize.
 And now I am the breakers', beach winds toss me. . . . 475
 I beg you, therefore, by the gentle light
 and winds of heaven, undefeated one,
 and by your father, by your growing son,
 Iulus, save me from these evils: either

cast earth upon my body—for you can—
 and seek again the port of Velia; or
 if there be any way, if you are given
 such power by your goddess mother (for
 I cannot think that you are now prepared
 to cross such mighty rivers and the marsh
 of Styx without the gods' protection), give
 your own right hand to wretched Palinurus
 and take me with you past the waters, that
 at least in death I find a place of rest." 480
 485

But then the priestess turned on the dead pilot. 490
 "Where was it, Palinurus, that you learned
 such dread desire? For how can you, unburied,
 look at the waves of Styx, upon the Furies'
 stern river, and approach its shore, unasked?
 Leave any hope that prayer can turn aside
 the gods' decrees. But keep in memory
 these words as comfort in your cruel trial:
 for all around, the neighboring cities will
 be goaded by the plague, a sign from heaven
 to make peace with your bones; and they will build
 a tomb and send their solemn sacrifices;
 the place will always be named Palinurus." 495
 These words have set his cares to rest, his sorrow
 is exiled for a while from his sad heart.
 The land that bears his name has made him glad. 500
 505

The journey they began can now continue.
 They near the riverbank. Even the boatman,
 while floating on the Styx, had seen them coming
 across the silent grove and toward the shore.
 He does not wait for greeting but attacks,
 insulting with these words: "Enough! Stop there!
 Whoever you may be who make your way,
 so armed, down to our waters, tell me now
 why you have come. This is the land of shadows,
 of Sleep and drowsy Night; no living bodies
 can take their passage in the ship of Styx. 510
 Indeed, I was not glad to have Alcides
 or Theseus or Pirithoüs cross the lake,
 although the three of them were sons of gods
 and undefeated in their wars. Alcides
 tried to drag off in chains the guardian 515
 520

of Tartarus; he tore him, trembling, from the king's own throne. The others tried to carry the queen away from Pluto's wedding chamber."

Apollo's priestess answered briefly: "We 525

bring no such trickery; no need to be disturbed; our weapons bear no violence; for us, the mighty watchman can bark on forever in his cavern, frightening the bloodless shades; Proserpina can keep the threshold of her uncle faithfully. 530

Trojan Aeneas, famed for piety and arms, descends to meet his father, down into the deepest shades of Erebus.

And if the image of such piety 535

is not enough to move you, then"—and here she shows the branch concealed beneath her robe—

"you may yet recognize this bough." At this the swollen heart of Charon stills its anger.

He says no more. He wonders at the sacred 540

gift of the destined wand, so long unseen, and turns his blue-black keel toward shore. He clears the other spirits from the gangways and long benches and, meanwhile, admits the massive

Aeneas to the boat, the vessel's seams 545

groaning beneath the weight as they let in marsh water through the chinks. At last he sets the priestess and the soldier safe across the stream in ugly slime and blue-gray sedge.

These regions echo with the triple-throated 550

bark of the giant Cerberus, who crouches, enormous, in a cavern facing them.

The Sibyl, seeing that his neck is bristling with snakes, throws him a honeyed cake of wheat with drugs that bring on sleep. His triple mouths 555

yawn wide with rapid hunger as he clutches the cake she cast. His giant back falls slack along the ground; his bulk takes all the cave.

And when the beast is buried under sleep, 560

Aeneas gains the entrance swiftly, leaves the riverbank from which no one returns.

Here voices and loud lamentations echo:
 the souls of infants weeping at the very
 first threshold—torn away by the black day,
 deprived of their sweet life, ripped from the breast, 565
 plunged into bitter death. And next to them
 are those condemned to die upon false charges.
 These places have not been assigned, indeed,
 without a lot, without a judge; for here
 Minos is magistrate. He shakes the urn 570
 and calls on the assembly of the silent,
 to learn the lives of men and their misdeeds.
 The land that lies beyond belongs to those
 who, although innocent, took death by their
 own hands; hating the light, they threw away 575
 their lives. But now they long for the upper air,
 and even to bear want and trials there.
 But fate refuses them: the melancholy
 marshland, its ugly waters, hem them in,
 the prisoners of Styx and its nine circles. 580

Nearby, spread out on every side, there lie
 the Fields of Mourning: this, their given name.
 And here, concealed by secret paths, are those
 whom bitter love consumed with brutal waste;
 a myrtle grove encloses them; their pains 585
 remain with them in death. Aeneas sees
 Phaedra and Procris and sad Eriphyle,
 who pointed to the wounds inflicted by
 her savage son; he sees Pasiphaë
 and then Evadne; and Laodamia 590
 and Caeneus, once a youth and now a woman,
 changed back again by fate to her first shape.

Among them, wandering in that great forest,
 and with her wound still fresh: Phoenician Dido.
 And when the Trojan hero recognized her 595
 dim shape among the shadows (just as one
 who either sees or thinks he sees among
 the cloud banks, when the month is young, the moon
 rising), he wept and said with tender love:
 "Unhappy Dido, then the word I had 600
 was true? That you were dead? That you pursued
 your final moment with the sword? Did I

bring only death to you? Queen, I swear by
 the stars, the gods above, and any trust
 that may be in this underearth, I was
 605 unwilling when I had to leave your shores.
 But those same orders of the gods that now
 urge on my journey through the shadows, through
 abandoned, thorny lands and deepest night,
 drove me by their decrees. And I could not
 610 believe that with my going I should bring
 so great a grief as this. But stay your steps.
 Do not retreat from me. Whom do you flee?
 This is the last time fate will let us speak."

These were the words Aeneas, weeping, used, 615
 trying to soothe the burning, fierce-eyed Shade.
 She turned away, eyes to the ground, her face
 no more moved by his speech than if she stood
 as stubborn flint or some Marpessan crag.
 At last she tore herself away; she fled— 620
 and still his enemy—into the forest
 of shadows, where Sychaeus, once her husband,
 answers her sorrows, gives her love for love.
 Nevertheless, Aeneas, stunned by her
 unkindly fate, still follows at a distance 625
 with tears and pity for her as she goes.

He struggles on his given way again.
 Now they have reached the borderlands of this
 first region, the secluded home of those
 renowned in war. Here he encounters Tydeus, 630
 Parthenopaeus, famous soldier, and
 the pale shade of Adrastus; here are men
 mourned in the upper world, the Dardan captains
 fallen in battle. And for all of these,
 on seeing them in long array, he grieves: 635
 for Glaucus, Medon, and Thersilochus,
 the three sons of Antenor; Polyboetes;
 who was a priest of Ceres; and Idaeus,
 still clinging to his chariot, his weapons.
 The spirits crowd Aeneas right and left, 640
 and it is not enough to see him once;
 they want to linger, to keep step with him,
 to learn the reasons for his visit there.

But when the Grecian chieftains and the hosts
of Agamemnon see the hero and 645
his weapons glittering across the shadows,
they tremble with an overwhelming terror;
some turn their backs in flight, as when they once
sought out their ships; some raise a thin war cry;
the voice they now have mocks their straining throats. 650

And here Aeneas saw the son of Priam,
Deiphobus, all of his body mangled,
his face torn savagely, his face and both
his hands, his ears lopped off his ravaged temples,
his nostrils slashed by a disgraceful wound. 655
How hard it was to recognize the trembling
Shade as he tried to hide his horrid torments.
Aeneas does not wait to hear his greeting
but with familiar accents speaks to him:
"Deiphobus, great warrior, and born 660
of Teucer's brilliant blood, who made you pay
such brutal penalties? Who was allowed
to do such violence to you? For Rumor
had told me that on that last night, worn out
by your vast slaughter of the Greeks, you sank 665
upon a heap of tangled butchery.
Then I myself raised up an empty tomb
along Rhoeteum's shore; three times I called
loudly upon your Shade. Your name and weapons
now mark the place. I could not find you, friend, 670
or bury you, before I left, within
your native land." The son of Priam answered:

"My friend, you left no thing undone; you paid
Deiphobus and his dead Shade their due.
But I was cast into these evils by 675
my own fate and the deadly treachery
of the Laconian woman; it was she
who left me these memorials. You know
and must remember all too well how we
spent that last night among deceiving pleasures. 680
For when across high Pergamus the fatal
horse leaped and, in its pregnant belly, carried
armed infantry, she mimed a choral dance
and, shrieking in a Bacchic orgy, paced

the Phrygian women; it was she herself 685
 who held a giant firebrand and, from
 the citadel, called in the Danaans.
 I lay, sleep-heavy, worn with cares, within
 our luckless bridal chamber, taken by
 a sweet, deep rest much like the peace of death. 690
 And meanwhile my incomparable wife
 has stripped the house of every weapon, even
 removing from beneath my head my trusted
 sword; and she throws the doorway open, calls
 her Menelaus to my palace, hoping 695
 her lover surely will be grateful for
 this mighty favor, and her infamy
 for old misdeeds will be forgotten. Why
 delay? They burst into my room. The son
 of Aeolus joins them as a companion, 700
 encourager of outrage. Gods, requite
 the Greeks for this if with my pious lips
 I ask for satisfaction. But, in turn,
 come tell me what misfortunes bring you here
 alive? Have you been driven here by sea 705
 wanderings or by warnings of the gods?
 What fate so wearies you that you would visit
 these sad and sunless dwellings, restless lands?"

But as they talked together, through the sky 710
 Aurora with her chariot of rose
 had passed her midpoint; and they might have spent
 all this allotted time with words had not
 the Sibyl, his companion, warned him thus:
 "The night is near, Aeneas, and we waste
 our time with tears. For here the road divides 715
 in two directions: on the right it runs
 beneath the ramparts of great Dis, this is
 our highway to Elysium; the wicked
 are punished on the left—that path leads down
 to godless Tartarus." Deiphobus: 720
 "Do not be angry, mighty priestess, I
 now leave to fill the count, return to darkness.
 Go on, our glory, go; know better fates."
 He said no more; his steps turned at these words.

Aeneas suddenly looks back; beneath
 a rock upon his left he sees a broad
 fortress encircled by a triple wall
 and girdled by a rapid flood of flames
 that rage: Tartarean Phlegethon whirling
 resounding rocks. A giant gateway stands
 in front, with solid adamantine pillars—
 no force of man, not even heaven's sons,
 enough to level these in war; a tower
 of iron rises in the air; there sits
 Tisiphone, who wears a bloody mantle.
 She guards the entrance, sleepless night and day.
 Both groans and savage scourgings echo there,
 and then the clang of iron and dragging chains.

Aeneas stopped in terror, and the din
 held him. "What kind of crimes are these? Virgin,
 o speak! What penalties are paid here? What
 loud lamentations fill the air?" The priestess
 began: "Great captain of the Teucrians,
 no innocent can cross these cursed thresholds;
 but when the goddess Hecate made me
 the guardian of Avernus' groves, then she
 revealed the penalties the gods decreed
 and guided me through all the halls of hell.
 The king of these harsh realms is Rhadamanthus
 the Gnosian: he hears men's crimes and then
 chastises and compels confession for
 those guilts that anyone, rejoicing, hid—
 but uselessly—within the world above,
 delaying his atonement till too late,
 beyond the time of death. Tisiphone
 at once is the avenger, armed with whips;
 she leaps upon the guilty, lashing them;
 in her left hand she grips her gruesome vipers
 and calls her savage company of sisters.
 And now at last the sacred doors are opened,
 their hinges grating horribly. You see
 what kind of sentry stands before the entrance,
 what shape is at the threshold? Fiercer still,
 the monstrous Hydra lives inside; her fifty
 black mouths are gaping. Tartarus itself

then plunges downward, stretching twice as far
 as is the view to heaven, high Olympus.
 And here the ancient family of Earth,
 the sons of Titan who had been cast down
 by thunderbolts, writhe in the deepest gulf. 770
 Here, too, I saw the giant bodies of
 the twin sons of Aloeus, those who tried
 to rip high heaven with their hands, to harry
 Jove from his realms above. I saw Salmoneus:
 how brutal were the penalties he paid 775
 for counterfeiting Jove's own fires and
 the thunders of Olympus. For he drove
 four horses, brandishing a torch; he rode
 triumphant through the tribes of Greece and through
 the city in the heart of Elis, asking 780
 for his own self the honor due to gods:
 a madman who would mime the tempests and
 inimitable thunder with the clang
 of bronze and with the tramp of horn-foot horses.
 But through the thick cloud banks all-able Jove 785
 let fly his shaft—it was no firebrand
 or smoky glare of torches: an enormous
 blast of the whirlwind drove Salmoneus headlong.
 And I saw Tityos, the foster child
 of Earth, mother of all, his body stretched 790
 on nine whole acres; and a crooked-beaked
 huge vulture feeds upon his deathless liver
 and guts that only grow the fruits of grief.
 The vulture has his home deep in the breast
 of Tityos, and there he tears his banquets 795
 and gives no rest even to new-grown flesh.
 And must I tell you of Ixion and
 Pirithöus, the Lapithae? Of those
 who always stand beneath a hanging black
 flint rock that is about to slip, to fall, 800
 forever threatening? And there are those
 who sit before high banquet couches, gleaming
 upon supports of gold; before their eyes
 a feast is spread in royal luxury,
 but near at hand reclines the fiercest Fury: 805
 they cannot touch the tables lest she leap
 with lifted torch and thundering outcries.
 And here are those who in their lives had hated
 their brothers or had struck their father or

deceived a client or (the thickest swarm) 810
 had brooded all alone on new-won treasure
 and set no share apart for kin and friends;
 those slain for their adultery; those who followed
 rebellious arms or broke their pledge to masters—
 imprisoned, all await their punishment. 815
 And do not ask of me what penalty,
 what shape or fate has overwhelmed their souls.
 For some are made to roll a giant boulder,
 and some are stretched along the spokes of wheels.
 Sad Theseus has to sit and sit forever; 820
 and miserable Phlegyas warns them all—
 his roaring voice bears witness through the darkness:
 'Be warned, learn justice, do not scorn the gods!'
 Here is one who sold his fatherland for gold
 and set a tyrant over it; he made 825
 and unmade laws for gain. This one assailed
 the chamber of his daughter and compelled
 forbidden mating. All dared horrid evil
 and reached what they had dared. A hundred tongues,
 a hundred mouths, an iron voice were not 830
 enough for me to gather all the forms
 of crime or tell the names of all the torments."

So did the aged priestess of Apollo
 speak, and she adds, "But come now, on your way,
 complete the task you chose. Let us be quick. 835
 I see the walls the Cyclops forged, the gates
 with arching fronts, where we were told to place
 our gifts." She has spoken. Side by side they move
 along the shaded path; and hurrying
 across the space between, they near the doors. 840
 Aeneas gains the entrance, and he sprinkles
 his body with fresh water, then he sets
 the bough across the threshold facing them.

Their tasks were now completed; they had done
 all that the goddess had required of them. 845
 They came upon the lands of gladness, glades
 of gentleness, the Groves of Blessedness—
 a gracious place. The air is generous;
 the plains wear dazzling light; they have their very
 own sun and their own stars. Some exercise 850
 their limbs along the green gymnasiums

or grapple on the golden sand, compete
 in sport, and some keep time with moving feet
 to dance and chant. There, too, the Thracian priest,
 the long-robed Orpheus, plays, accompanying 855
 with seven tones; and now his fingers strike
 the strings, and now his quill of ivory.

The ancient race of Teucer, too, is here,
 most handsome sons, great-hearted heroes born
 in better years: Assaracus and Ilus 860
 and Dardanus, who founded Pergamus.
 From far Aeneas wonders at their phantom
 armor and chariots; their spears are planted,
 fixed in the ground; their horses graze and range
 freely across the plain. The very same 865
 delight that once was theirs in life—in arms
 and chariots and care to pasture their
 sleek steeds—has followed to this underearth.

And here to right and left he can see others:
 some feasting on the lawns; some chanting 870
 glad choral paeans in a fragrant laurel
 grove. Starting here, Eridanus in flood
 flows through a forest to the world above.

Here was the company of those who suffered
 wounds, fighting for their homeland; and of those 875
 who, while they lived their lives, served as pure priests;
 and then the pious poets, those whose songs
 were worthy of Apollo; those who had
 made life more civilized with newfound arts;
 and those whose merits won the memory 880
 of men: all these were crowned with snow-white garlands.

And as they streamed around her there, the Sibyl
 addressed them, and Musaeus before all—
 he stood, his shoulders towering above
 a thronging crowd whose eyes looked up to him: 885
 "O happy souls and you the best of poets,
 tell us what land, what place it is that holds
 Anchises. It is for his sake we have come
 across the mighty streams of Erebus."

The hero answered briefly: "None of us 890
 has one fixed home: we live in shady groves

and settle on soft riverbanks and meadows
 where fresh streams flow. But if the will within
 your heart is bent on this, then climb the hill
 and I shall show to you an easy path." 895

He spoke, and led the way, and from the ridge
 he pointed out bright fields. Then they descend.

But in the deep of a green valley, father
 Anchises, lost in thought, was studying
 the souls of all his sons to come—though now
 imprisoned, destined for the upper light. 900

And as it happened, he was telling over
 the multitude of all his dear descendants,
 his heroes' fates and fortunes, works and ways.
 And when he saw Aeneas cross the meadow, 905
 he stretched out both hands eagerly, the tears
 ran down his cheeks, these words fell from his lips:

"And have you come at last, and has the pious
 love that your father waited for defeated
 the difficulty of the journey? Son, 910
 can I look at your face, hear and return
 familiar accents? So indeed I thought,
 imagining this time to come, counting
 the moments, and my longing did not cheat me.

What lands and what wide waters have you journeyed 915
 to make this meeting possible? My son,
 what dangers battered you? I feared the kingdom
 of Libya might do so much harm to you."

Then he: "My father, it was your sad image,
 so often come, that urged me to these thresholds. 920
 My ships are moored on the Tyrrhenian.

O father, let me hold your right hand fast,
 do not withdraw from my embrace." His face
 was wet with weeping as he spoke. Three times
 he tried to throw his arms around Anchises' 925
 neck; and three times the Shade escaped from that
 vain clasp—like light winds, or most like swift dreams.

Meanwhile, Aeneas in a secret valley
 can see a sheltered grove and sounding forests
 and thickets and the stream of Lethe flowing 930

past tranquil dwellings. Countless tribes and peoples
 were hovering there: as in the meadows, when
 the summer is serene, the bees will settle
 upon the many-colored flowers and crowd
 the dazzling lilies—all the plain is murmuring. 935
 The sudden sight has startled him. Aeneas,
 not knowing, asks for reasons, wondering
 about the rivers flowing in the distance,
 the heroes swarming toward the riverbanks.
 Anchises answers him: "These are the spirits 940
 to whom fate owes a second body, and
 they drink the waters of the river Lethe,
 the careless drafts of long forgetfulness.
 How much, indeed, I longed to tell you of them,
 to show them to you face to face, to number 945
 all of my seed and race, that you rejoice
 the more with me at finding Italy."

"But, Father, can it be that any souls
 would ever leave their dwelling here to go
 beneath the sky of earth, and once again 950
 take on their sluggish bodies? Are they madmen?
 Why this wild longing for the light of earth?"
 "Son, you will have the answer; I shall not
 keep you in doubt," Anchises starts and then
 reveals to him each single thing in order. 955

"First, know a soul within sustains the heaven
 and earth, the plains of water, and the gleaming
 globe of the moon, the Titan sun, the stars;
 and mind, that pours through every member, mingles
 with that great body. Born of these: the race 960
 of men and cattle, flying things, and all
 the monsters that the sea has bred beneath
 its glassy surface. Fiery energy
 is in these seeds, their source is heavenly;
 but they are dulled by harmful bodies, blunted 965
 by their own earthly limbs, their mortal members.
 Because of these, they fear and long, and sorrow
 and joy, they do not see the light of heaven;
 they are dungeoned in their darkness and blind prison.
 And when the final day of life deserts them, 970
 then, even then, not every ill, not all

- the plagues of body quit them utterly;
 and this must be, for taints so long congealed
 cling fast and deep in extraordinary
 ways. Therefore they are schooled by punishment 975
 and pay with torments for their old misdeeds:
 some there are purified by air, suspended
 and stretched before the empty winds; for some
 the stain of guilt is washed away beneath
 a mighty whirlpool or consumed by fire. 980
 First each of us must suffer his own Shade;
 then we are sent through wide Elysium—
 a few of us will gain the Fields of Gladness—
 until the finished cycle of the ages,
 with lapse of days, annuls the ancient stain 985
 and leaves the power of ether pure in us,
 the fire of spirit simple and unsoiled.
 But all the rest, when they have passed time's circle
 for a millennium, are summoned by
 the god to Lethe in a great assembly 990
 that, free of memory, they may return
 beneath the curve of the upper world, that they
 may once again begin to wish for bodies."
- Anchises ended, drew the Sibyl and
 his son into the crowd, the murmuring throng, 995
 then gained a vantage from which he could scan
 all of the long array that moved toward them,
 to learn their faces as they came along:
- "Listen to me: my tongue will now reveal
 the fame that is to come from Dardan sons 1000
 and what Italian children wait for you—
 bright souls that are about to take your name;
 in them I shall unfold your fates. The youth
 you see there, leaning on his headless spear,
 by lot is nearest to the light; and he 1005
 will be the first to reach the upper air
 and mingle with Italian blood; an Alban,
 his name is Silvius, your last-born son.
 For late in your old age Lavinia,
 your wife, will bear him for you in the forest; 1010
 and he will be a king and father kings;
 through him our race will rule in Alba Longa.

- Next Procas stands, pride of the Trojan race;
 then Capys, Numitor, and he who will
 restore your name as Silvius Aeneas, 1015
 remarkable for piety and arms
 if he can ever gain his Alban kingdom.
 What young men you see here, what powers they
 display, and how they bear the civic oak
 that shades their brows! For you they will construct 1020
 Nomentum, Gabii, Fidena's city,
 and with the ramparts of Collatia,
 Pometia and Castrum Inui,
 and Bola, Cora, they will crown the hills.
 These will be names that now are nameless lands. 1025
- "More: Romulus, a son of Mars. He will
 join Numitor, his grandfather, on earth
 when Ilia, his mother, gives him birth
 out of the bloodline of Assaracus.
 You see the double plumes upon his crest: 1030
 his parent Mars already marks him out
 with his own emblem for the upper world.
 My son, it is beneath his auspices
 that famous Rome will make her boundaries
 as broad as earth itself, will make her spirit 1035
 the equal of Olympus, and enclose
 her seven hills within a single wall,
 rejoicing in her race of men: just as
 the Berecynthian mother, tower-crowned,
 when, through the Phrygian cities, she rides on 1040
 her chariot, glad her sons are gods, embraces
 a hundred sons of sons, and every one
 a heaven-dweller with his home on high.
- "Now turn your two eyes here, to look upon
 your Romans, your own people. Here is Caesar 1045
 and all the line of Iulus that will come
 beneath the mighty curve of heaven. This,
 this is the man you heard so often promised—
 Augustus Caesar, son of a god, who will
 renew a golden age in Latium, 1050
 in fields where Saturn once was king, and stretch
 his rule beyond the Garamantes and
 the Indians—a land beyond the paths

of year and sun, beyond the constellations,
 where on his shoulders heaven-holding Atlas
 revolves the axis set with blazing stars. 1055
 And even now, at his approach, the kingdom
 of Caspia and land of Lake Maeotis
 shudder before the oracles of gods;
 the seven mouths of Nile, in terror, tremble. 1060
 For even Hercules himself had never
 crossed so much of the earth, not even when
 he shot the brazen-footed stag and brought
 peace to the groves of Erymanthus and
 made Lerna's monster quake before his arrows; 1065
 nor he who guides his chariot with reins
 of vine leaves, victor Bacchus, as he drives
 his tigers down from Nysa's steepest summits.
 And do we, then, still hesitate to extend
 our force in acts of courage? Can it be 1070
 that fear forbids our settling in Ausonia?

"But who is he who stands apart, one crowned
 with olive boughs and bearing offerings?
 I recognize his hair and his white beard:
 when called from humble Cures, a poor land, 1075
 to mighty rulership, he will become
 first king of Rome to found the city's laws.
 And after Numa: Tullus, who will shatter
 his country's idleness and wake to arms
 the indolent and ranks unused to triumph. 1080
 Beside him is the ever-boastful Ancus,
 one even now too glad when people hail him.
 And would you see the Tarquin kings? And, too,
 the haughty spirit of avenging Brutus,
 the fasces he regained? He will be first 1085
 to win the power of a consul, to use
 the cruel axes; though a father, for
 the sake of splendid freedom he will yet
 condemn his very sons who stirred new wars.
 Unhappy man! However later ages 1090
 may tell his acts, his love of country will
 prevail, as will his passion for renown.

"Then see, far off, the Decii and Drusi;
 Torquatus of the ruthless ax; Camillus

as he brings back the standards. But those spirits 1095
 you see there—gleaming in their equal armor
 and now, while night restrains them, still at peace—
 if they but reach the light of life, how great
 a war they will incite against each other,
 what armies and what slaughter! There is Caesar, 1100
 descending from the summits of the Alps,
 the fortress of Monoecus, and Pompey,
 his son-in-law, arrayed against him with
 the legions of the East. My sons, do not
 let such great wars be native to your minds, 1105
 or turn your force against your homeland's vitals:
 and Caesar, be the first to show forbearance;
 may you, who come from heaven's seed, born of
 my blood, cast down the weapon from your hand!

"And there is Mummius, who—famous for 1110
 his slaying of Achaeans, conqueror
 of Corinth—will yet drive his chariot
 triumphantly to the high Capitol.
 There stands Aemilius Paulus, the destroyer
 of Agamemnon's own Mycenae and 1115
 of Argos and the sons of Aeacus,
 the seed of powerful-in-arms Achilles:
 he will yet avenge the Trojan elders and
 Minerva's outraged altars. Who could leave
 to silence you, great Cato, or you, Cossus? 1120
 Who can ignore the Gracchi or the Scipios,
 twin thunderbolts of war, the lash of Libya;
 Fabricius, so strong and with so little;
 or you, Serranus, as you sow your furrow?
 And Fabii, where does your prodding lead me— 1125
 now weary—with your many deeds and numbers!
 You are that Maximus, the only man
 who, by delaying, gave us back our fortunes.
 For other peoples will, I do not doubt,
 still cast their bronze to breathe with softer features, 1130
 or draw out of the marble living lines,
 plead causes better, trace the ways of heaven
 with wands and tell the rising constellations;
 but yours will be the rulership of nations,
 remember, Roman, these will be your arts: 1135
 to teach the ways of peace to those you conquer,

to spare defeated peoples, tame the proud."

So, while Aeneas and the Sibyl marveled,
 father Anchises spoke to them, then added:
 "And see Marcellus there, as he advances 1140
 in glory, with his splendid spoils, a victor
 who towers over all! A horseman, he
 will set the house of Rome in order when
 it is confounded by great mutiny;
 he will lay low the Carthaginians 1145
 and rebel Gaul; then for a third time father
 Quirinus will receive his captured arms."

At this, Aeneas had to speak; he saw
 beside that Shade another—one still young,
 of handsome form and gleaming arms, and yet 1150
 his face had no gladness, his eyes looked down:
 "Who, Father, moves beside this man? A son
 or one of the great race of his sons' sons?
 For how his comrades clamor as they crowd!
 What presence—his! And yet, around his head 1155
 black night is hovering with its sad shade!"

With rising tears Anchises answered him:
 "My son, do not search out the giant sorrow
 your people are to know. The Fates will only 1160
 show him to earth; but they will not allow
 a longer stay for him. The line of Rome,
 o High Ones, would have seemed too powerful
 for you, if his gifts, too, had been its own.
 What cries of mourning will the Field of Mars
 send out across that overwhelming city, 1165
 what funerals, o Tiber, will you see
 when you glide past the new-made tomb! No youth
 born of the seed of Ilium will so
 excite his Latin ancestors to hope;
 the land of Romulus will never boast 1170
 with so much pride of any of its sons.
 I weep for righteousness, for ancient trust,
 for his unconquerable hand: no one
 could hope to war with him and go untouched,
 whether he faced the enemy on foot 1175
 or dug his foaming horse's flank with spurs.

O boy whom we lament, if only you
could break the bonds of fate and be Marcellus.
With full hands, give me lilies; let me scatter
these purple flowers, with these gifts, at least, 1180
be generous to my descendant's spirit,
complete this service, although it be useless."

And so they wander over all that region,
across the wide and misted plains, surveying
everything. And when father Anchises 1185
has shown his son each scene and fired his soul
with love of coming glory, then he tells
Aeneas of the wars he must still wage,
of the Laurentians, of Latinus' city,
and how he is to flee or face each trial. 1190

There are two gates of Sleep: the one is said
to be of horn, through it an easy exit
is given to true Shades; the other is made
of polished ivory, perfect, glittering,
but through that way the Spirits send false dreams 1195
into the world above. And here Anchises,
when he is done with words, accompanies
the Sibyl and his son together; and
he sends them through the gate of ivory.
Aeneas hurries to his ships, rejoins 1200
his comrades, then he coasts along the shore
straight to Caieta's harbor. From the prow
the anchor is cast. The sterns stand on the beach.

BOOK VII

In death, you too, Aeneas' nurse, Caieta,
have given to our coasts unending fame;
and now your honor still preserves your place
of burial; your name points out your bones
in broad Hesperia—if that be glory. 5

But having paid her final rites as due,
the mound above her tomb in order, pious
Aeneas, when the heavy seas have stilled,
sets out his sails to voyage, quits the harbor.
Night falls; the winds breathe fair; the brilliant moon 10
does not deny his way; the waters gleam
beneath the quivering light. The Trojans sail
close by the shore of Circe's island, where
the wealthy daughter of the Sun, with song
unending, fills her inaccessible groves; 15
she kindles fragrant cedarwood within
her handsome halls to light the night and runs
across her finespun web with a shrill shuttle.
The raging groans of lions fill her palace—
they roar at midnight, restless in their chains— 20
and growls of bristling boars and pent-up bears,
and howling from the shapes of giant wolves:

all whom the savage goddess Circe changed,
 by overwhelming herbs, out of the likeness
 of men into the face and form of beasts. 25
 But lest the pious Trojans have to suffer
 such horrors and be carried to this harbor
 or land along these cruel coasts, Neptune
 had swelled their sails with saving winds and helped
 their flight. He carried them past the seething shoals. 30

And now the sea was red with sunrays, saffron
 Aurora shone in her rose chariot;
 the winds fell off, and from the high air every
 harsh blast was ended suddenly, the oars
 beat down against the waters' sluggish marble. 35
 Then from his ship Aeneas spies a spacious
 forest; and through the trees the Trojan sees
 the Tiber, gracious river, hurrying
 to sea, with yellow sands and rapid eddies.
 And varied birds that knew the river's channel 40
 and banks flew through the grove; and overhead
 they soothed the air with song. Aeneas orders
 his men to change their course; the prows are turned
 to land; he enters, glad, the shadowed river.

Now, Erato, be with me, let me sing 45
 of kings and times and of the state of things
 in ancient Latium when the invaders
 first beached their boats upon Ausonia's coasts,
 and how it was that they began to battle.
 O goddess, help your poet. I shall tell 50
 of dreadful wars, of men who struggle, tell
 of chieftains goaded to the grave by passion,
 of Tuscan troops and all Hesperia
 in arms. A greater theme is born for me;
 I try a greater labor.

King Latinus, 55
 an old man now, ruled over fields and tranquil
 towns in long-lasting peace. He was the son
 of Faunus and Marica, a Laurentian
 nymph—so we have been told. And Faunus' father
 was Picus—he who calls you, Saturn, parent: 60
 you are the earliest author of that line.

The edicts of the gods had left Latinus
 no male descent; for as his son grew up,
 he was cut off in early youth. One daughter
 was all he had as heir for house and holdings; 65
 and she was ripe now, ready for a husband;
 her years were full for marriage. Many wooed her
 from all Ausonia, wide Latium.
 And Turnus, handsomest above all others,
 had wooed her, too: he had mighty grandfathers 70
 and great-grandfathers, and Latinus' royal
 wife wished to see him as her son-in-law.
 But in that wedding's way there stand the omens
 of gods with many sinister alarms.
 For in the inner courtyard of the palace 75
 there stood a laurel tree with sacred leaves,
 preserved with reverence for many years.
 They say that it was found by King Latinus
 himself, when he built his first fortresses,
 and he had made it holy to Apollo; 80
 from it, he gave the colonists their name:
 Laurentians. At that laurel's crown—how strange
 to tell—a thick and sudden swarm of bees,
 borne, shrill, across the liquid air, had settled;
 they twined their feet and hung from leafy branches. 85
 At once the prophet cried: "In that direction
 from which the swarm has come I see a stranger
 approaching and an army nearing us;
 I see them reach the palace, see them ruling
 in our high citadel." More, while the virgin 90
 Lavinia with pure and fragrant torches
 kindled the altars, standing by her father,
 she seemed—too terrible—to catch that fire
 in her long tresses; all her ornaments
 were burning in that crackling blaze, and burning, 95
 her queenly hair, her crown set off with jewels;
 then wrapped in smoke and yellow light, she scattered
 her flames throughout the palace. This indeed
 was taken as a sign of fear and wonder:
 they sang she would be glorious in fame 100
 and fate but bring great war to her own people.

Much troubled by these signs, Latinus visits
 the oracle of Faunus, of his fate-

- foretelling father; he consults the groves
 of high Albunea. Deepest of forests, 105
 it echoes with a holy fountain, breathing
 a savage stench in darkness. Here the tribes
 of Italy and all Oenotria
 seek answers in uncertainty. And here
 the priest would bring his gifts, then lie along 110
 the outspread hides of slaughtered sheep, beneath
 the silent night, asking for sleep, and see
 so many phantoms hovering strangely
 and hear various voices and enjoy
 the conversation of the gods and speak 115
 to Acheron in deep Avernus. Father
 Latinus also came here, seeking answers.
 He sacrificed a hundred woolly sheep,
 as due, then rested on their hides and fleece.
 A sudden voice was sent from that thick forest: 120
 "O do not seek, my son, to join your daughter
 in marriage to a Latin; do not trust
 the readied wedding bed. For strangers come
 as sons-in-law; their blood will raise our name
 above the stars; and their sons' sons will see 125
 all things obedient at their feet, wherever
 the circling Sun looks on both sides of Ocean."
 Latinus does not keep within himself
 these answers told him by his father Faunus,
 these warnings given under silent night. 130
 But racing wide across Ausonia's cities,
 swift Rumor had already carried them,
 just at the time the Trojan crewmen fastened
 their fleet along the grassy riverbank.
- Aeneas, his chief captains, and the handsome 135
 Iulus rest beneath a tall tree's branches
 as they make ready for a feast with cakes
 of wheat set out along the grass (for so
 had Jove himself inspired them); and these
 they use as platters, heaped with country fruits. 140
 And here it happened, when their scanty food
 was done, that—hungry still—they turned upon
 the thin cakes with their teeth; they dared profane
 and crack and gnaw the fated circles of
 their crusts with hand and jaw; they did not spare 145

the quartered surfaces of their flat loaves.
 "We have consumed our tables, after all,"
 Iûlus laughed, and said no more. His words,
 began to bring an end to Trojan trials;
 as they first fell from Iûlus' lips, Aeneas 150
 caught them and stopped his son's continuing;
 he was astounded by the will of heaven.
 He quickly cries: "Welcome, my promised land!
 I hail the faithful household gods of Troy!
 This is our home and country. For my father, 155
 Anchises—now I can remember—left
 such secrets of the fates to me, saying:
 'My son, when you are carried overseas
 to stranger shores, and when, your food consumed,
 your hunger forces you to eat your tables, 160
 remember in your weariness to hope
 for homes, to set your hands to building dwellings
 and raising walls around them.' And this was
 the hunger that he had foretold; this was
 the final trial to end our sorrows. Come, 165
 and with the sun's first light let us explore
 in different directions from this harbor—
 and gladly—what these lands are, who lives here,
 and where their city lies. Now let us pour
 our cups to Jupiter, entreat my father 170
 Anchises, set our wine back on the tables."

Then, having spoken so, Aeneas next
 binds up his temples with a leafy branch,
 entreats the genius of the place and Earth—
 the first of gods—the nymphs, and rivers still 175
 unknown; and then he prays to Night, the signs
 that rise by night, and Jove of Ida and
 the Phrygian mother, each in order; then
 he calls on both his parents—one in heaven
 and one in Erebus. When this was done, 180
 the all-able Father thundered three times from
 the clear sky overhead; from the high air
 with his own hand he brandished—plainly showed—
 a cloud that glowed with shafts of light and gold.
 Then through the Trojan squadrons suddenly 185
 this rumor runs: the day has come when they
 must build their promised walls. In eagerness,

they feast again; made glad by that great omen,
they set the bowls and crown the wine with garlands.

And when the next day rose to scan the land 190
with its first light, they go by separate ways
to search the city out, its boundaries and
the coastline of that nation. These, they find,
are pools and fountains of Numicius;
and this, the river Tiber; here, the home 195
of sturdy Latins. Then Anchises' son
gives orders that a hundred emissaries,
men chosen from each rank, be sent—to go
before the king's majestic walls; all should
be shaded by Minerva's boughs and bring 200
gifts to the king and ask peace for the Trojans.
There is no lingering: they hurry off,
all carried by their rapid steps. Aeneas
himself now traces out a shallow trench
to mark the walls; he plans the site, surrounding 205
with mounds and battlements—just like a camp—
this their first settlement along the coast.
By now the Trojan band had found its way;
they saw the Latin towers and high roofs,
they neared the walls. Before the Latin city 210
boys and young men in their first flowering
practice their riding or break in fresh teams
for chariots along the dust, or bend
their keen long bows, or off their shoulders spin
tough-shafted javelins, or challenge one 215
another now to race or box; just then
a messenger, who has galloped on ahead,
reports to the old king that towering men
in unfamiliar dress have come to Latium.
Latinus orders that the strangers be 220
invited to the palace. At its center
he sat on his ancestral chair of state.

It was a stately dwelling, wide and high
and hundred-columned, towering above 225
the city; once the palace of Laurentian
Picus, an awesome place both for its forests
and for the sanctity of ancient worship.
Here Latin kings received their scepters, here

beneath its auspices first took their fasces;
 this was the temple, this the senate house, 230
 and these the seats for sacred feasts; and here
 the elders, after slaughtering a ram,
 would take their places at long rows of tables.
 Here, too, the images of their forefathers
 were carved in ancient cedar, placed in order 235
 along the porch: first Italus and then
 father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
 shown holding his curved sickle underneath
 his likeness; aged Saturn; two-faced Janus;
 and all the other kings from the beginning; 240
 and those who, fighting for their homeland, suffered
 the wounds of war. Beside them many weapons
 hang from the holy doorposts: captured chariots
 and curving battle-axes, helmet crests
 and massive bars of gates and shafts and shields 245
 and beaks the Latins had wrenched free from ships.
 With his Quirinal staff, his tunic short,
 a shield in his left hand, Picus himself,
 tamer of horses, sat: he whom his bride,
 Circe, within the clutch of lust had struck 250
 with her gold rod, transforming him by drugs
 into a bird with wings of speckled colors.

This was the temple of the gods and here
 Latinus, seated on his father's throne,
 welcomed the Teucrians into his palace; 255
 when they had entered, he spoke gentle words:
 "You, sons of Dardanus—for we are not
 that ignorant of both your stock and city;
 we have heard about your journey on the sea—
 do tell us what you seek. What cause or need 260
 has brought your fleet to these Ausonian shores,
 across so many blue-gray waters? Whether
 you have been driven off your course by error
 or tempest—sailors suffer many things
 like these upon the sea—you now have entered 265
 our riverbanks and moored within our harbor.
 Then do not shun our welcome; do not forget
 the Latins are a race of Saturn, needing
 no laws and no restraint for righteousness;
 they hold themselves in check by their own will 270

and by the customs of their ancient god.
 And I remember, though the years obscure
 the story, that the old men of Aurunca
 would tell how Dardanus, raised in these lands,
 had reached the towns of Phrygian Ida and 275
 of Thracian Samos, now called Samothrace.
 He came from here—from Corythus, his Tuscan
 homeland—and starry heaven's golden palace
 enthrones him now; his altars join the gods'."

He spoke. It was Ilioneus who answered: 280
 "O King, great son of Faunus, no dark tempest
 drove us across the waters to your lands;
 no star, no coastline cast us off our way;
 but by design and willing minds we all
 have reached your city—exiled from a kingdom 285
 that once excelled all that the Sun could see
 in his long journeying from far Olympus.
 Our race begins with Jove; the young of Troy
 rejoice in Jove as ancestor; our king
 himself is born of Jove's high race: the Trojan 290
 Aeneas sends us to your gates. How great
 a storm let loose by fierce Mycenae fell
 upon the fields of Ida, by what fates
 the worlds of Europe and of Asia clashed,
 is known even to those the flung-back Ocean 295
 keeps far away and those the pitiless
 Sun separates from us, there where he stretches
 across the middle of the world's four zones.
 We sailed out from that flood across waste seas;
 we only ask for some small settlement: 300
 safe shore to house our native gods and air
 and water free to all. We will not bring
 disgrace upon your kingdom, and our praises
 will not mean little for your reputation:
 your graciousness will never be forgotten, 305
 Ausonia will not repent the taking
 of Troy into her bosom. By Aeneas'
 fates and his right hand strong in trust and war
 and arms I swear that many people, many
 nations—and do not scorn us if we carry 310
 these garlands, bring you willing words of peace—
 have tried and wished to join themselves to us.

But we were driven forward by the fates
of gods and their commands to seek your lands.
Now Dardanus, born here, returns. Apollo 315
has urged us on by high decrees to find
the Tuscan Tiber and the sacred waters
that flow from the Numician fountain. More,
Aeneas gives to you these few poor emblems
of his old fortune, remnants snatched from Troy 320
in flames. Out of this golden bowl his father
Anchises poured libations at the altar;
and these were worn by Priam when he judged,
as custom was, his tribes in their assemblies;
his scepter and the sacred diadem, 325
and these his robes, the work of Trojan women.”

And as Ilioneus says this, Latinus’
face is fixed fast upon the ground; only
his eyes, attentive, stir. Brocaded purple
and Priam’s scepter do not move the king 330
as much as all his thoughts about his daughter’s
wedding and bridal bed. Within his breast
he dwells upon old Faunus’ oracle,
upon his son-in-law; the fates foretold
that he would come from stranger countries, called 335
to share Latinus’ kingdom as an equal,
that out of this would come a race whose force
was famous, strong enough to take the world.
At last he speaks in gladness: “May the gods
now favor our attempt, their augury! 340
For, Trojan, you shall have what you have asked;
I do not scorn your gifts. While I am king,
you shall not lack the wealth of this rich land
or Troy’s abundance. Only let Aeneas
approach in person, if he longs for us 345
and wants to join us as a friend, to bear
the name of ally. He need never fear
our friendly presence. One term of our peace
shall be for me to clasp your chief’s right hand.
Now take, in turn, my answers to your king. 350
I have a daughter whom the oracles
of my paternal shrine and many omens
sent down from heaven will not let me wed
to any husband from our nations: sons

will come to us from foreign shores, their blood
 will raise our name high as the stars—this is
 the prophecy that waits for Latium. 355
 And if my mind has augured anything
 of truth, then I receive and, too, accept
 this man himself as called upon by fate.” 360

Father Latinus, having spoken so,
 then chooses horses from his herds: three hundred
 stood sleek in their high stalls. At once he calls
 for those wing-footed ones to be led out—
 in purple and embroidered saddle cloths— 365
 as gifts for all the Teucrians in order.
 Gold chains hang down their chests, their harnesses
 are gold, and with their teeth they champ gold bits.
 And for the Trojans' absent chief, he chooses
 a chariot and a pair of stallions; born 370
 of an ethereal seed, these horses breathed
 fire from their nostrils; they were of the race
 that cunning Circe, having stolen some
 immortal stallions from her father, bred
 as bastards from a mortal mare. Latinus 375
 gives them these words and gifts; Aeneas' sons
 return, high on their horses, bringing peace.

But even then the savage wife of Jove
 was well embarked upon the air, returning
 from Argos, city of Inachus; even 380
 from Sicily's Pachynus, far away,
 across the sky she spied the glad Aeneas
 and all his Dardan fleet. She sees them building
 their houses, settling on the land, deserting
 their ships. Her grief is sharp; she cannot move. 385
 She shakes her head; these words pour from her breast:
 “O hated race, whose fates have crossed my fates!
 For could I beat them on Sigeon fields?
 When captured, could they suffer capturing?
 Could Troy in flames destroy them? They have found 390
 a way across the armies and the fires.
 Either my power is now worn out at last
 or, having had my fill of hate, I rest.
 Not so: for I have dared to follow them,
 in exile from their land, across the waters; 395

I faced those fugitives on all the seas,
 and every force of sky and wave was spent
 against the Teucrians. What use were Syrtes'
 quicksands, or Scylla, or the vast Charybdis?
 They are moored along the Tiber's riverbed— 400
 men careless of the seas, careless of me.
 For Mars was able to destroy the giant
 race of the Lapithae; Diana's anger
 could take the land of ancient Calydon—
 and even from the father of the gods: 405
 and were the Lapithae so criminal,
 did Calydon deserve such ravaging?
 But I, great wife of Jove—who left no thing
 undared, who tried all ways in wretchedness—
 am beaten by Aeneas. If my power 410
 is not enough, I shall not hesitate
 to plead for more, from anywhere; if I
 cannot bend High Ones, then I shall move hell.
 I cannot keep him from the Latin kingdoms:
 so be it, let Lavinia be his wife, 415
 as fates have fixed. But I can still hold off
 that moment and delay these great events,
 can still strike down the nations of both kings.
 Then let the son- and father-in-law pay
 for peace with their own peoples' death. Virgin, 420
 your dowry will be Latin blood and Trojan,
 your bridal matron is to be Bellona.
 For Cisseus' daughter, Hecuba, will not
 have been the only one to bear a torch
 and nuptial flames within her womb; for Venus' 425
 own son will be the same—another Paris,
 another brand to burn new Pergamus."

This said, her hideous presence heads for earth.
 And from the home of the appalling Furies
 and hellish darkness she calls up the dread 430
 Allecto, in whose heart are gruesome wars
 and violence and fraud and injuries:
 a monster, hated even by her father,
 Pluto, and by her own Tartarean sisters,
 so many are the shapes that she takes on, 435
 so fierce her forms, so thick her snakes that swarm
 in blackness. Juno goads her with these words:

"You, virgin, born of Night, do me this service,
 this fitting labor: do not let my honor
 and fame be hurt or beaten; do not let 440
 the Trojans have their way with King Latinus
 by marriage or besiege Italian borders.
 For you can arm for battle brothers, though
 they feel at one, and ruin homes with hatred;
 and you can carry firebrands and lashes 445
 beneath their roofs; you have a thousand names,
 a thousand ways of injuring; awake
 your fertile breast and break this settled peace;
 sow war and crime; let sudden quarrel spur
 young men to want, demand, and seize the sword." 450

At once Allecto, steeped in Gorgon poison,
 makes first for Latium and the high palace
 of the Laurentian chieftain. There she sits
 before the silent threshold of the queen,
 Amata, who is kindled by a woman's 455
 anxieties and anger, seething over
 the Trojans' coming, Turnus' thwarted wedding.
 Then from her blue-gray hair the goddess cast
 a snake deep in Amata's secret breast,
 that, maddened by the monster, she might set 460
 at odds all of her household. And the serpent
 glides on, between the queen's smooth breasts and dress,
 and winds its way unnoticed; by deceit
 it breathes its viper breath into her frenzy.
 The giant snake becomes a twisted necklace 465
 of gold, a long headband to bind her hair,
 and slithers down her limbs. And while its first
 infection, penetrating with damp poison,
 has gripped her senses and entwined her bones
 in fire, before her soul has felt the force 470
 of flame throughout her breast, Amata speaks
 softly, as is the way of mothers, weeping
 over her daughter and the Phrygian wedding:
 "O husband, shall Lavinia become
 the wife of Trojan exiles? And have you 475
 no pity for your daughter and yourself?
 No pity, either, for her mother, whom
 the faithless robber, with the first north wind,
 will leave behind as he seeks out high seas

and steals away the virgin as his prey? 480
 Did not the Phrygian shepherd use this plan
 to enter Lacedaemon, taking Helen,
 the daughter of Leda, to the towns of Troy?
 What of your sacred pledge? Of your old love
 for your own people? What of your right hand 485
 you swore so often to your kinsman, Turnus?
 And if the Latins are to seek a son
 from foreign nations, and this must be done,
 and father Faunus' orders hold you back,
 then I maintain that every land is foreign 490
 that lies apart and not beneath our rule,
 and so the gods have said. For if you ask
 the early origin of Turnus' house:
 his ancestors were Inachus, Acrisius;
 and his first home, the middle of Mycenae." 495

But when she has tried these useless words and sees
 Latinus standing firm against her, when
 the serpent's maddening mischief has slid deep
 within her bowels and traveled all her body,
 exciting her with monstrous fantasies, 500
 the wretched queen, indeed hysterical,
 rages throughout the city. Even as
 a top that spins beneath a twisted whip
 which boys, when bent on play, will drive across
 the empty courtyards in a giant circle: 505
 drawn by the thong, it whirls along in curving
 spirals; the crowd of children, puzzled, bend
 above that turning wood in their amazement;
 and each lash gives it life—so, not more slowly,
 the queen is driven on her course among 510
 her cities and fierce peoples. She pretends
 that Bacchus has her; racing to the forest,
 Amata now tries greater scandal, spurs
 to greater madness. She conceals her daughter
 in leafy mountains, stealing from the Trojans 515
 that marriage, holding off the wedding torches:
 "Evoe Bacchus!" is her shriek and cry,
 "For only you are worthy of the virgin;
 for you she has taken up the supple thyrsus;
 she circles you in dance, for you she saves 520
 her sacred hair." The news flies on. Straightway

all of the matrons feel the same zeal, kindled
 by Furies in their breasts, to seek new homes.
 And they desert their houses, bare their necks
 and hair before the wind. Still others crowd 525
 the skies with quivering cries; dressed in fawn hides,
 they carry vine-bound spears. And at the center
 Amata lifts a blazing firebrand
 of pine and, raging, sings the wedding song
 of Turnus and her daughter as she rolls 530
 her bloodshot eyes; her cry is savage, sudden:
 "O Latin mothers, listen now, wherever
 you are: if any love still lives within
 your pious hearts for sad Amata, if
 care for a mother's rights still gnaws at you, 535
 then loose the headbands on your hair, take to
 these orgies with me." So Allecto drives
 the queen to every side with Bacchus' goads
 among the woods, the wilderness of beasts.

But after she is satisfied that this 540
 first frenzy now is sharp enough, that she
 has turned awry Latinus' plans and all
 his palace, the grim goddess flies at once
 on her dark wings to daring Turnus' walls:
 the city built by Danaë when, carried 545
 upon the swift south wind, she founded it
 as home for her Acrisian colonists.
 Our fathers used to call it Ardea;
 and Ardea is still a mighty name,
 but its great days are done. There Turnus lay 550
 asleep, beneath his high roof, in black night.
 Allecto sets aside her savage features
 and Fury's body; she transforms herself,
 becoming an old woman, furling
 her filthy brow with wrinkles, putting on 555
 white hair and headband, then an olive bough;
 she now is Calybe, the aged priestess
 of Juno and her temple. And she shows
 herself before the young man with these words:
 "O Turnus, can you let all you have done 560
 run down to uselessness, your scepter pass
 to Dardan colonists? The king denies

your bride, the dowry you have won by blood.
 He seeks a foreign son to take the kingdom.
 Scorned one, set out to face ungrateful dangers; 565
 go now to lay the Tuscan armies low,
 to give the Latins peace beneath your shield.
 This is the message that the very presence
 of Saturn's mighty daughter ordered me
 to bring you while you lay in tranquil night. 570
 Rise up and gladly call your men to ready
 their arms, to march beyond the gates to battle,
 to burn the Phrygian chieftains who have settled
 by this fair river and their painted fleet.
 So does the urgent force of gods command. 575
 If King Latinus does not grant the marriage,
 does not hold fast to his old promise, let
 him learn at last what Turnus is in arms."

At this, the young man mocks the prophetess:
 "I am well aware that ships are in the Tiber— 580
 no need to conjure up for me such terrors.
 Queen Juno has not been forgetful of me.
 But old age, mother, overcome by rust,
 fruitless of truth, has made you waste your cares;
 among the quarrels of kings, it plays on your 585
 prophetic spirit with false fears. Your task:
 to guard the shrines and images of gods.
 Let men run war and peace: war is their work."

Allecto blazed in anger at his words.
 But even as he spoke, a sudden trembling 590
 clutched at the limbs of Turnus, his eyes stared:
 the Fury hisses with so many serpents,
 so monstrous is the face she shows. She turned
 her flaming eyes and thrust him, faltering, back,
 as he tried to say more. She lifted up 595
 two vipers from her hair; her lash was loud;
 with maddened lips she added this: "Then look
 at me—undone by rust, fruitless of truth,
 whom old age plays upon with cheating terrors
 among the quarrels of kings! Just look at me! 600
 I come here from the home of the dread Sisters,
 and in my hand I carry death and wars."

And saying this, she cast a torch at Turnus,
 fixing the firebrand within his breast,
 and there it smoked with murky light. Great fear
 shatters his sleep, sweat bursts from all his body
 and bathes his bones and limbs. Insane, he raves
 for arms, he searches bed and halls for weapons.
 Lust for the sword and war's damnable madness
 are raging in him and—above all—anger:
 just as when burning, loudly crackling twigs
 are heaped beneath a seething caldron's ribs,
 the liquid dances with the heat; within,
 the water rages, violent, and pours
 a stream of smoke and foam; it will not rest
 but flies up with dense steam. He now commands
 his captains to march out upon Latinus,
 profane the peace, prepare for arms, protect
 their Italy, and drive the enemy
 beyond her boundaries; and he declares
 himself a match for Trojans and for Latins.
 When he has spoken and invoked the gods
 in prayer, then his Rutulians encourage
 each other eagerly to arms. And some
 are moved by Turnus' handsome youth and form,
 some by his royal ancestors, and some
 by those bright deeds that his right hand has done.

While Turnus fills his warriors with daring,
 Allecto lifts herself on Stygian wings
 and flies off toward the Trojans. And with new
 deceits she spies the beach where handsome Iulus
 was hunting down wild beasts with snares and horses.
 And here the hellish virgin casts a sudden
 frenzy upon his dogs, touching their nostrils
 with scent they know too well, inflaming them
 to chase after a stag: this hunting was
 the first cause of the troubles, and for this
 the rustic minds of Latium were driven
 to war. There was a splendid wide-horned stag—
 a stag which, taken from its mother's dugs,
 the sons of Tyrrhus nursed, and Tyrrhus, too,
 who keeps the royal herds and far-off fields.
 Their sister, Silvia, with every care
 had dressed the stag, grown used to her commands,

with gentle garlands on his horns; she combed him 645
 and bathed him in a clear spring, and her hand
 did not disturb him, and he fed beside
 his master's table, and he roved the forest
 and then came home, however late the hour,
 to his familiar threshold. But while he 650
 was wandering far off, the maddened dogs
 of hunter Iulus startled him, just as
 he chanced to swim downstream to cool his heat
 along the green banks. Now Ascanius
 himself, inflamed with love of praise, had aimed 655
 an arrow from his curving bow; some god
 did not allow his faltering hand to fail;
 the shaft was driven, hissing loud; it pierced
 both flank and belly. And the animal,
 wounded, fled back to his familiar roof; 660
 moaning, he reached his stall and, suppliant
 and bleeding, filled the house with his lament.
 And Silvia, the sister, is the first
 to beat her hands against her arms, to call
 for help and gather in the sturdy farmers. 665
 And—since the fiendish Fury lies concealed
 within the silent wood—they suddenly
 are here: one armed with a scorched firebrand,
 another with a heavy-knotted club;
 what each can find, his anger makes a weapon. 670
 Then Tyrrhus calls his troops and, breathing rage,
 he snatches up an ax; by chance he was
 cleaving an oak in four with hammered wedges.

But when the ruthless goddess—from a tower—
 has marked the moment that is made for mischief, 675
 she flies off toward the high roof of the stable
 and from that summit sounds the shepherd's signal
 and strains her voice of hell through a bent horn.
 And every grove, however far off, trembled;
 the woods resounded to their depths; the distant
 lake of Diana heard it, and the sulphurous 680
 white waters of the Nar, Velinus' fountains;
 and mothers clasped their infants to their breasts
 in terror. At the blast with which the dreadful
 trumpet sent off its signal, fearless farmers 685
 are quick to gather from all sides with armor;

and from their open camps the youths of Troy
 now stream out, too, to help Ascanius.
 The lines are drawn; this is no country battle
 with sturdy clubs or burned-out firebrands; 690
 they fight with two-edged steel, a horrid harvest
 of unsheathed swords that bristle far and wide,
 and arms of brass that glisten when the sun
 strikes and they fling their light beneath the clouds:
 as when a wave, beneath the wind's first breath, 695
 begins to whiten; slow by slow, the sea
 will lift its combers higher until, at last,
 it climbs to heaven from its lowest depths.
 And here in the first rank the eldest son
 of Tyrrhus, the young Almo, is struck down: 700
 a hissing arrow caught him, and the wound
 held fast beneath his throat; it choked with blood
 the path of his soft voice and tender breath.
 And many bodies lie around him—even
 the old Galaesus, fallen as he pleaded 705
 for peace and threw himself between the ranks:
 he was the justest man of all and once
 the richest in Ausonia's fields; for him
 five flocks of bleating sheep, five herds of cattle
 came back from pasture, and it took a hundred 710
 plows to turn up the farmlands of Galaesus.

And while they carry on the equal struggle
 across the plains, the goddess, having kept
 her promise—having drenched with blood the battle
 and sent death into that first contest—quits 715
 Hesperia and, carried through the air,
 reports to Juno as a conqueror
 with high words: "See the discord I made ripe
 for you in bitter war. Just let them try
 to join in peace and friendship, now that I 720
 have splashed the Trojans with Ausonian blood!
 And if you wish, I shall do more: I shall
 compel the neighboring towns to war by rumor,
 inflame their minds with love of insane Mars,
 that they assemble from all sides with aid; 725
 and I shall scatter arms across the fields."
 Then Juno answers her: "There is enough
 of fear and fraud; the causes of the war

are firm; they now fight hand to hand; the weapons
 that chance first brought are now stained with new blood. 730
 Such are the marriages, the wedding rites
 that King Latinus and the splendid son
 of Venus celebrate. The lord of high
 Olympus will not let you wander free
 about the upper air. Be gone from here. 735
 I can attend to all that now remains.”
 So Saturn's daughter spoke. And then Allecto
 lifts up her wings that hiss with snakes, leaving
 the heights to seek her dwelling in Cocytus.
 Just at the heart of Italy, beneath 740
 steep mountains, lies the Valley of Ampsanctus,
 famous in many lands; on either side
 the border of a grove, black with thick leaves,
 has hemmed it in; along the middle runs,
 tumultuous, a torrent echoing 745
 across the rocks in twisting eddies. Here
 a horrid cave—the breathing vents of Dis,
 the savage one—appears; a huge abyss
 where Acheron erupts here opens its
 infectious jaws. In these the Fury hid 750
 her hated power, freeing earth and sky.

Meanwhile the royal daughter of Saturn gives
 a final touch to war. Now all the shepherds
 are pouring toward the city, bringing back
 the slain: young Almo and the mangled face 755
 that was Galaesus. They implore the gods
 and call on King Latinus. Turnus, too,
 is there; and in the outcry at the slaughter,
 among the fires of passion, he redoubles
 the terror. He says Teucrians are called 760
 to rule, that Phrygian blood is to be mingled
 with Latin, that he is banished from the palace.
 And then the kinsmen of those women who,
 when driven wild by Bacchus, leaped across
 the pathless groves in dances (and the name 765
 of Queen Amata is not without effect)
 join in from every side and cry “War! War!”
 At once, despite the signs and oracles
 of gods, through some perverted power all

ask for unholy war. In eagerness 770
 they press around the palace of Latinus.
 He, like a steady rock amid the sea,
 resists—a rock that, when the breakers crash,
 holds fast through its great mass while many waves
 howl on against it; all around in vain 775
 the crags and foaming sea cliffs roar; the seaweed,
 dashed hard against its sides, is driven back.
 But when no power is granted him to check
 their blind resolve, when all moves at the will
 of savage Juno, then—again, again— 780
 father Latinus calls upon the gods
 and on the empty air; he cries: “The fates
 have crushed us, we are carried by the storm.
 Unhappy men! The penalty for this
 will yet be paid with your profaning blood. 785
 O Turnus, vengeance, bitter punishment
 for this unholy act will wait for you;
 too late your prayers will venerate the gods.
 My rest is near, my harbor is in view;
 a happy burial is all I lose.” 790
 He said no more but shut himself within
 the palace, let the reins of rule fall slack.

Within Hesperian Latium there was
 a custom which the Alban cities held
 as holy from that time and which now Rome, 795
 the mistress of the world, still honors: when
 they first incite Mars into battle, whether
 preparing for a lamentable war
 against Hyrcanians, Getae, Arabs, or
 to march on India and to hunt the Dawn 800
 and claim their standards back from Parthians—
 there are twin Gates of War (so they are called)
 made sacred by religion and the fear
 of savage Mars; a hundred bolts of brass
 and the eternal strength of iron hold them; 805
 their keeper, Janus, never quits the threshold.
 And when the elders' will is set on combat,
 the consul, in the robe of Romulus
 and Sabine girdle, with his own hand unlocks
 the creaking portals, and he calls on battle 810
 to issue out; the young take up his cry,
 the brazen trumpets echo hoarse accord.

In this way, too, Latinus was commanded
 to call for war against Aeneas' sons,
 to unlock the gates of sorrow. But their king 815
 and father would not touch the doors; he turned
 and fled from that foul office, hid himself
 among blind shadows. Then the queen of gods,
 when she had glided from the heavens, forced
 the slow gates; on their turning hinges Saturn's 820
 daughter burst the iron doors of war.

Ausonia, once at rest, unmoved, is now
 aflame. A part prepare to march on foot
 across the plains; while others, mounted on 825
 tall horses, charge in clouds of dust; all call
 for arms with eagerness. Some burnish shields
 to smoothness, brighten javelins with fat
 tallow, or grind their axheads sharp on stone;
 and they delight to bear their standards, hear
 the clang of trumpets. So five mighty cities 830
 set up their anvils and renew their weapons:
 the strong Atina, Ardea, haughty Tibur,
 Crustumium, and turreted Antemnae.
 Some hollow trusted helmets for their heads
 and, for their shields, weave frameworks out of willow; 835
 while others hammer breastplates out of bronze
 or mold their polished greaves in pliant silver.
 The honor and the love that once was theirs
 for plowshare and for sickle yield to this;
 for this they forge anew their fathers' swords 840
 in furnaces. The trumpets wail. The watchword
 passes from man to man, the battle signal.
 One snatches up a helmet from his house
 in trembling haste; another yokes impatient
 horses and buckles on his shield and mail 845
 of three-ply gold, makes fast his faithful sword.

O goddesses, now open Helicon
 and guide my song: what kings were spurred to war;
 what squadrons filled the plains behind each chieftain;
 what men graced lovely Italy even then; 850
 what arms set her ablaze. For goddesses,
 you can remember and retell; the slender
 breath of that fame can scarcely reach to us.

First, from the Tuscan coasts, Mezentius
 the cruel, despiser of the gods, marches 855
 to war and arms his men. His son is with him:
 Lausus—no one more handsome marched, except
 for Turnus; Lausus, tamer of wild horses,
 a hunter and a victor over beasts,
 who leads out of the city of Agylla 860
 a thousand men who followed him for nothing;
 one worthy to obey a better father—
 a father who was not Mezentius.

And after these the handsome Aventinus,
 a son of handsome Hercules, displays 865
 along the grass his palm-crowned chariot
 and his triumphant horses; on his shield
 his father's emblem glows, a hundred snakes
 and Hydra, girt with serpents: Aventinus,
 brought to the boundaries of light by secret 870
 birth in the woods upon the Aventine
 hill by the priestess Rhea—a mortal woman
 but mated to a god—after Tiryntius,
 a victor over slaughtered Geryon,
 had reached Laurentum's boundaries and bathed 875
 his Spanish oxen in the Tuscan river.
 The troops of Aventinus carry grim
 pikes, javelins, tapering swords, and Sabine spits.
 And he himself moves out on foot, swinging
 a giant lion mane, uncombed; its bristles 880
 are terrifying, and its gleaming teeth
 are set upon the head of Aventinus.
 So, rough, he stalks into the royal palace,
 his shoulders in the clothes of Hercules.

And next, twin brothers leave the walls of Tibur 885
 (their brother's name, Tiburtus, named their race)—
 Catillus and brave Coras, youths of Argos.
 They march in the front ranks to face the shower
 of shafts: as when two Centaurs, born of clouds,
 descending in their headlong course a high 890
 hillside, leave Homole or snow-white Othrys;
 the giant forest yields a passage to them,
 the underbrush gives way with a loud roar.

- Nor was the founder of Praeneste absent:
 King Caeculus, whom every age believed
 to be the son of Vulcan, born among 895
 the rural herds and found upon the hearth.
 A country legion, drawn from far and wide,
 now follows him: men come from high Praeneste,
 from fields of Sabine Juno, from the Anio's 900
 cold stream, and from the Hernicans' rock-bound
 towns watered by these rivers—you, the rich
 Anagnia; you, father Amasenus.
 Not all of these have clanging arms or shields
 or chariots: most of them shower pellets 905
 of livid lead; some wield twin javelins,
 with tawny caps of wolfskin as their headgear.
 They wear their left foot naked as they march,
 the other foot is shod in a rawhide boot.
- Meanwhile Messapus, Neptune's son and tamer
 of horses, whom no one can fell by fire 910
 or steel, has quickly rallied all his people
 long since at peace, his troops unused to battle,
 and takes the sword again. His musters come
 down from Soracte's heights, Flavinia's fields, 915
 Aequi Falisci, and Fescennium,
 Ciminius' lake and hill, Capena's forests.
- They marched in time and sang their leader's praises:
 just as the song of snow-white swans, among
 the liquid clouds, when they return from pasture 920
 and sing through their long throats in gracious measures;
 the river Cayster and the Asian lake
 struck by that far-off sound, in turn reecho.
 One would not think that multitude was made
 of brass-clad ranks, but of an airy cloud 925
 of hoarse birds driven shoreward from the sea.
- Here Clausus, of the ancient blood of Sabines,
 leads on a mighty army, he himself
 the equal of an army; and from him
 the Claudian tribe and nation spread throughout 930
 all Latium when Rome was shared in part
 with Sabines. Amiternum's giant legion
 marches together with him, and the ancient
 Quirites, and all ranks that have come from

Eretum and Mutusca, rich in olives; 935
 and those whose home is in Nomentum or
 in Rosean fields near by Velinus or
 on Tetrica's rough crags and Mount Severus,
 in Foruli, Casperia, or along
 Himella's waters; those who drink of Tiber 940
 and Fabaris; those sent by frigid Nursia,
 the Hortine squadrons, and the Latin nations;
 and those the river Allia—unlucky
 its name—divides as it flows on: as many
 as waves that roll along the Libyan sea; 945
 when harsh Orion sinks beneath the winter
 waters; or just as thick as ears of corn
 scorched by the eastern sun on Hermus' plains
 or Lycia's yellow fields. Their shields are loud;
 earth, startled, trembles at their tramping feet. 950

Next, one of Agamemnon's men, Halaesus,
 who hates the name of Troy, has yoked his horses
 and rides his chariot; in the cause of Turnus
 he sweeps along a thousand savage tribes:
 the men whose harrows turn the Massic plains, 955
 fields rich with wine, and those sent down from high
 hillsides and from the nearby Sidicine
 farmlands by the Auruncan fathers; and
 those come from Cales or the fields that border
 that shallow stream, Volturnus; and the rough 960
 Saticulans have come, and bands of Oscans.
 Their arms are tapered clubs; but they are used
 to fastening these with pliant thongs. A leather
 shield serves as cover over their left arms;
 for combat hand-to-hand they use hooked swords. 965

Nor shall you pass unnoticed in these verses,
 you Oebalus, the son—they say—of Telon
 when Telon mated with the nymph Sebethis
 while, well along in years, he ruled the kingdom
 of the Teleboans at Capreae. 970
 But not content with what his father held,
 the son had, even then, enlarged his realm
 on all sides, to the tribes of the Sarrastes,
 the plains the Sarnus waters, and those who
 hold Rufrae, Batulum, Celemnna's fields; 975

and those who make their home beneath the walls
of apple-rich Abella. Like the Teutons,
they hurled their studded clubs, and for their headgear
they stripped the bark of cork trees. And their shields
are glittering with bronze; with bronze, their swords. 980

Down from its mountains Nersae sent to battle
you, Ufens, marked by fame and blessed in war,
who rule a tribe more savage than all others—
the Aequi with their stony soil, men used
to hard hunts in the forest; armed, they till 985
the earth and always take delight in their
new plunder, in a life of violence.

And from the Marsians, sent by King Archippus,
there came a priest, the most courageous Umbro,
his helmet wreathed with fruitful olive leaves. 990
By spell and touch he scattered sleep on vipers
and pestilential hydras; by his art
he soothed their rage and cured their stings. And yet
he could not heal the hurt of Dardan steel;
neither sleep-giving charms nor herbs brought from 995
the Marsian hills could help him with those wounds.
For you Angitia's forest wept, the crystal
wave of the Fucinus, for you bright lakes.

And handsome Virbius also came to war:
son of Hippolytus, sent by his mother, 1000
Aricia, he was wearing splendid armor.
He had been raised along the marshy shores
within Egeria's grove, where—rich and peaceful—
the altar of Diana stands. They tell
how when he fell by his stepmother's guile 1005
and paid a father's vengeance with his blood,
torn into pieces by his panicked horses,
Hippolytus had risen toward the stars,
called back into the air of upper earth
by the Healer's herbs and by Diana's love. 1010
Then the all-able Father, in his anger
at any mortal's rising from infernal
shadows up to the light of life, cast down
the son of Phoebus, Aesculapius,

the finder of such medicines, such arts, 1015
 into the Stygian waves. But generous
 Diana hid Hippolytus in secret,
 then sent him to the nymph Egeria,
 the grove where all alone, unhonored, he
 lived out his life among Italian forests 1020
 and changed his name to Virbius. For this,
 no horn-hoofed horse can ever trespass in
 the sacred grove and temple of Diana;
 because when they were panicked by sea monsters,
 they spilled the youth and chariot on the shore. 1025
 Nevertheless, along the level fields
 his son was driving glowing stallions
 and racing in his chariot to war.

The handsome-bodied Turnus is himself
 among the vanguard, taller by a head 1030
 than all. He grips a sword; and his high helmet
 is crested with a triple plume and carries
 Chimaera breathing from her jaws with flames
 like Etna's; as the fighting grows more savage,
 with flowing blood, she rages more, ferocious, 1035
 with her grim fires. But on his burnished shield
 were—chased in gold, her horns uplifted—Io,
 shown as already shaggy, as already
 a heifer (splendid emblem), and the virgin's
 custodian, Argus; from a sculpted urn 1040
 the river of her father, Inachus,
 poured. After Turnus, like a cloud, the shielded
 ranks of the infantry crowd all the fields:
 the youths of Argos and Auruncan squadrons;
 Rutulians; Sicilians, old settlers; 1045
 Sacranians; and with their painted bucklers,
 Labicians; and, Tiber, those who till
 your valleys or Numicius' holy shores,
 or plow Rutulian slopes or Circe's hill
 or fields where Jupiter of Anxur rules 1050
 together with Feronia, who delights
 in her green grove; and those from Satura's
 black marsh, where icy Ufens makes its way
 through deep-cut valleys, then is lost at sea.

With these, Camilla of the Volscian tribe
leads on her band of horsemen, squadrons bright
with brazen armor. She is a warrior;
her woman's hands have never grown accustomed
to distaffs or the baskets of Minerva;
a virgin, she was trained to face hard battle
and to outrace the wind with speeding feet. 1060
Across the tallest blades of standing grain
she flies—and never mars the tender ears;
or poised upon the swelling wave, she skims
the sea—her swift soles never touch the water. 1065
And as Camilla passes, all the young
pour out from field and house; the matrons crowd
and marvel, staring, in astonishment
at how proud royal purple veils Camilla's
smooth shoulders, how a clasp of gold entwines
her hair, at how she bears her Lycian quiver, 1070
her shepherd's pike of myrtle tipped with steel.

BOOK VIII

When Turnus at the fortress of Laurentum
lifted the flag of war and trumpets blasted,
raucous, when he aroused his eager stallions
and clashed his arms, at once all hearts were restless.
All Latium is leagued in startled tumult, 5
a savage spirit grips the hot young men.
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius,
despiser of the gods—the chief captains—
have mustered troops from every quarter, stripped
the broad fields of their farmers. Venulus 10
is sent to mighty Diomedes' city
of Arpi to ask help, to tell him that
the Teucrians have come to Latium—
Trojan Aeneas with his fleet, who brings
defeated household gods, declaring he 15
is called by fates to be a king; that many
nations now have joined the Dardan chieftain,
his name gains ground in Latium. What end
Aeneas means with these beginnings, wants
as outcome of the quarrel if fortune favors, 20
will surely be more clear to Diomedes
than to King Turnus or to King Latinus.

• • •

And so it went through all of Latium;
 and when the Trojan hero has seen this,
 he wavers on a giant tide of troubles; 25
 his racing mind is split; it shifts here, there,
 and rushes on to many different plans,
 turning to everything: even as when
 the quivering light of water in bronze basins
 reflected from the sun or from the moon's 30
 glittering image glides across all things
 and now darts skyward, strikes the roof's high ceiling.

Night. Over all the lands deep sleep held fast
 the tired creatures, birds and herds. And father
 Aeneas, restless over bitter war, 35
 stretched out along the riverbank beneath
 the cold, let late-come rest seep through his limbs.
 The river god himself, old Tiberinus,
 lord of that place and gentle stream, rising
 from poplar leaves, then stood before Aeneas; 40
 thin linen covered him with sea-green dress,
 and shady reeds were covering for his head.
 He spoke; his words exiled the Trojan's cares:

"O born of gods, you bring the Trojan city
 back here to us from enemies and save 45
 your Pergamus forever—you, awaited
 upon Laurentian soil and Latin fields—
 for here your home and household gods are sure.
 Do not draw back or panic at war's threats;
 the rage and anger of the gods are done. 50
 And now, lest you should think these are but empty
 fictions sleep has feigned, you shall discover
 a huge white sow stretched out upon the ground
 along the banks beneath the branching ilex,
 together with a new-delivered litter 55
 of thirty suckling white pigs at her teats.
 And this shall be the site set for your city,
 and this the certain rest from all your toils.
 And after thirty turning years, by this
 omen, your son Ascanius will found 60
 a city, Alba, of the sun-like name.
 I do not speak of doubtful things. Now listen:
 I tell you by what means you may accomplish

all that you are, as conqueror, to do.
 Along these coasts Arcadians, a people 65
 born out of Pallas, friends of King Evander,
 and following his banners, chose a place
 among the hills and built a city called—
 for their ancestor, Pallas—Pallanteum.
 They always are at war against the Latins. 70
 Go take them in as allies to your camps
 and join in treaty with them. I myself
 shall guide your galleys straight upstream along
 the banks, so that your oars may overcome
 the countercurrent. Come now, goddess-born, 75
 arise and, as the stars first set, be sure
 to offer fitting prayers to Juno; let
 your humble gifts defeat her threats and anger.
 And when you are a victor, honor me.
 I am the one you see touching the banks 80
 with floods, dividing fat and well-tilled fields.
 I am the blue-green Tiber, river most
 beloved of the heavens. My great home
 is here, and here the source of splendid cities.”

The river god said this and then he sank 85
 down into his deep stream, seeking the bottom.
 Both night and sleep have left Aeneas now;
 he rises and surveys the eastern rays
 of heaven's sun and then in his cupped palms,
 as due, lifts water from the river, pours 90
 this prayer to the sky: “Laurentian nymphs,
 the source of all these rivers, and you, father
 Tiber, with all your sacred waves, receive
 Aeneas, set him free at last from dangers.
 For in whatever spring your pools contain you— 95
 where you take pity on our trials—from
 whatever fairest soil you flow, I shall
 forever celebrate and worship you
 with gifts, horned river, king of all the waters
 within Hesperia; o be with me 100
 and let your present power confirm your omens.”
 These are Aeneas' words; then from his fleet,
 he picks two galleys fitted out with oars
 and furnishes these chosen crews with weapons.

But then a wonderful, a sudden sign: 105
 within the wood, along the green shore, lay
 a white sow, just as white as her white litter;
 at this pious Aeneas offers up
 to you, most mighty Juno, even to you
 the sow and all her young before your altar. 110
 And all night long, the Tiber soothed his swollen
 waters and stayed his silent waves, smoothing
 his flood until it seemed a gentle pool
 or peaceful marsh, where oarsmen need not struggle.
 The crewmen speed their voyage with glad shouts; 115
 the ships, well smeared with pitch, glide on the waves;
 the waters wonder at them; and the woods,
 unused to such a sight, admire the shields
 of men that glitter in the distance and
 the painted keels that float along the river. 120

They tire out the night and day with rowing
 and pass beyond the long and tedious windings
 and sail beneath the shade of varied trees
 and cleave green woods reflected in calm water.
 The scorching sun has scaled the sky's midcircle 125
 when they can see far off the citadel
 and walls and scattered rooftops that today
 the power of Rome has raised as high as heaven;
 but then it was Evander's, a poor land.
 They turn their prows quickly and near the city. 130

That very day the king of the Arcadians
 happened to hold an anniversary feast
 in honor of Amphytrion's great son
 and all the other gods, within a grove
 before the city. With Evander were 135
 Pallas, his son, young chieftains, and his senate
 (there was no wealth among them) offering incense;
 the warm blood was still smoking on the altars.
 They saw the tall ships gliding through dense woods,
 the crewmen bending over silent oars; 140
 and startled at the sudden sight, they all
 rise up at once; the feast is interrupted.
 But daring Pallas will not let them stop
 the sacrifices; snatching up his sword,
 he runs to meet the strangers; from a distant 145

mound, he calls out: "Young men, what urges you
 to try these unknown ways? Where are you heading?
 What is your tribe? Your home? Do you bring peace
 or war?" And then from his tall galley, father
 Aeneas answers; hand outstretched, he holds 150
 a branch of peaceful olive: "Those you see
 are sons of Troy, our weapons hate the Latins:
 they have made us fugitives by war and outrage.
 The king whom we are seeking is Evander.
 Bring him my message, say that chosen Dardan 155
 captains have come, asking for friendly arms."
 A name so great as Troy's amazes Pallas.
 "Whoever you may be," he cries, "come out
 and speak before my father face to face,
 and as our guest approach our household gods." 160
 Then Pallas took Aeneas by the hand
 and held it fast in welcome. And advancing,
 they leave the river, entering the grove.

And then with friendly words Aeneas turns
 to King Evander: "You, the best of Greeks, 165
 to whom my fortune wills that I appeal
 and offer branches crowned with garlands, I
 was not afraid because you were a Danaan
 chieftain and an Arcadian, linked by blood
 to the two sons of Atreus; my own worth, 170
 the sacred oracles of gods, your fame
 that now is known throughout the earth, and our
 related ancestors join me to you;
 and I obey my fate with willingness.
 For Dardanus sailed to the Teucrians 175
 to be the founder and father of Ilium:
 and he—the Greeks relate—was born out of
 Electra the Atlantean; mighty Atlas,
 he who sustains the spheres of heaven on
 his shoulders, was the father of Electra. 180
 Your father is Mercury, to whom lovely Maia
 gave birth upon Cyllene's icy summit;
 but Maia—if we trust what we are told—
 is also Atlas' daughter, that same Atlas
 who props the stars. Then both our races branch 185
 out of one blood. Trusting to this, I shunned
 ambassadors or sly approaches; I

have brought myself—myself and my own life;
 I come, a suppliant, before your doors.
 For those same Daunians who torment you 190
 with bitter war torment us, too: if they
 succeed in driving us away, they will
 stop at no thing; and all Hesperia
 will fall beneath their sway, and both the seas,
 the upper and the lower. Take and give 195
 trust: for our breasts are brave for war, our spirits
 are high, events have tried our warriors.”

Aeneas stopped. But while he spoke, Evander
 for long had scanned his face, his eyes, and all
 his body. Then he answered in few words: 200
 “How willingly I recognize, receive
 you, bravest of the Teucrians! How I
 recall the words, the voice, the face of great
 Anchises! And I still remember Priam,
 son of Laomedon, when he was traveling 205
 toward Salamis; for on his way to see
 the kingdom of Hesione, his sister,
 he came as visitor to Arcadia's
 cold boundaries. At that time early youth
 had clothed my cheeks with down; I marveled at 210
 the Trojan captains, and especially
 at Laomedon's own son. But as he walked,
 Anchises was the tallest of them all;
 and with young love, I longed to speak to him,
 to clasp his hand in mine; and I drew near 215
 and, eager, guided him to Pheneos' walls.
 Departing, he gave me a splendid quiver
 and Lycian arrows and a mantle woven
 with gold and then a pair of golden bits
 my Pallas now has. Therefore, my right hand, 220
 for which you ask, is joined in league with you;
 and when the first light of tomorrow turns
 back to the earth, I shall see that you leave
 happy, with aid; I'll help you as I can.
 Meanwhile, since you have come as friends, rejoice 225
 with us and celebrate this annual
 rite, which it would be sinful to put off;
 and now the feast of comrades waits for you.”

This said, he orders all the food and drink,
 which had been set aside, brought back again 230
 and guides the guests to places on the grass;
 and as a sign of honor for Aeneas,
 invites him to a throne of maple and
 a couch of shaggy lion skin. Then chosen
 young men, together with the altar priest, 235
 bring in—they rush in eagerness—roast flesh
 of oxen; and they load the baskets with
 the gifts that Ceres grants to human labor
 and pour out wine. Aeneas and, with him,
 his Trojan comrades feasted on the whole 240
 chine of an ox and sacrificial entrails.

When hunger left—their need for food at last
 at rest—then King Evander spoke: “It was
 no empty superstition on our part
 and not our ignorance of ancient gods 245
 that laid these solemn rituals on us,
 this customary feast, this altar sacred
 to such a mighty presence. Trojan guest,
 because we have been saved from savage dangers—
 it is for this that we now sacrifice, 250
 that we renew the honors due this worship.
 But first, look at this cliff with hanging rocks,
 with boulders scattered far about; the mountain
 house now is desolate, its stones are fallen
 into tremendous ruin. Here a cavern 255
 was set back in a vast recess; the rays
 of sun had never reached it; it was held
 by the fierce shape of the half-human Cacus.
 The ground was always warm with recent slaughter;
 and fastened to the proud doorposts, the faces 260
 of men hung pale with putrefaction. Vulcan
 was father of this monster; those black fires
 that Cacus belched—and his huge hulk—were Vulcan’s.
 At last, in answer to our prayers, time
 brought help to us, the coming of a god. 265
 For Hercules was here, the great avenger,
 proud in the slaughter and the spoils of triple-
 shaped Geryon; he drove his giant oxen
 as conqueror; his cattle filled the valley

and riverbanks. But then the mind of Cacus 270
 was driven wild with frenzy; lest he fail
 to dare or try all ways of crime or fraud,
 he stole from pasture four remarkable
 bulls paired together with four splendid heifers.
 He dragged them by the tail into his cavern— 275
 so that, hoofprints reversed, they left no trace—
 and hid them in dark rocks. No one could find
 a sign of cattle going to the cave.
 But meanwhile, when Amphytrion's son had led
 his well-fed herd out of the pasture, ready 280
 to move on elsewhere, as his cattle left,
 the oxen bellowed, all the grove was filled
 with their complaints; they moaned across the hills.
 One heifer answered their outcry; she roared
 from that vast cavern, even in her prison, 285
 and cheated Cacus and his hopes. At this,
 the wrath of Hercules was hot with black
 gall and with grief; he snatches up his weapons
 and massive, knotted club, makes for a hilltop.
 That was the first time that our shepherds ever 290
 saw Cacus terrified, fear in his eyes.
 He flies more swiftly than the east wind, seeking
 the cave; and to his feet, fear added wings.

"No sooner had he shut himself in, loosed 295
 the iron chains that, by his father's art,
 sustained the huge portcullis made of rock,
 and slammed it down and pressed the doorposts tight,
 which he then fastened by a bolt, than—look—
 Tirinthus was come in frenzied anger
 and scanning every entry. Hercules, 300
 gnashing his teeth, turned this way, that. He tramps
 three times across the Aventine, in wrath;
 three times he tries in vain the gates of stone;
 three times he sinks, tired out, along the valley.
 But from the cavern's roof there rose a sharp 305
 flint cliff with sheer rock faces on all sides;
 it towered high, a fitting home for nests
 of birds of evil omen. As it leaned
 to left and toward the river, Hercules
 strained from the right-hand side against the rock, 310
 wrenched out its deepest roots and broke it loose.

Then suddenly he hurled it down; the wide
 air thunders at the thrust; the riverbanks
 now leap apart; the stream recoils in fear.
 The den of Cacus, his enormous palace, 315
 lay bare and, deep inside, his shadowed caverns
 were naked to the eye; as if the earth,
 ripped open by some violence, unlocked
 the house of hell and all its pallid kingdoms,
 so hated by the gods, and one could see 320
 deep down into that dread abyss, the Shades
 trembling within as sunlight made its way.
 On Cacus then, caught by the unexpected,
 the sudden day, trapped in the hollow rock,
 his bellowing inhuman, Hercules 325
 now showers shafts from overhead, calling
 on every kind of weapon, raining branches
 and huge millstones. With no escape from danger,
 the monster belches black smoke from his jaws—
 amazingly—and overwhelms his dwelling 330
 with blinding soot that rips sight from the eyes,
 gathering fog and night within the cavern
 and shadows that are mingled in with fire.
 The rage of Hercules was past all patience:
 he threw himself through flames; he leaped headlong 335
 just where the smoke rolled in thick waves, a cloud
 of darkness surging through the giant grotto.
 And here, as Cacus vomits useless fires
 within that black mist, Hercules grips him
 as in a knot and, clinging, squeezes out 340
 his strangled eyes, his throat run dry of blood.
 At once the house of darkness is thrown open,
 the doors torn off—the stolen oxen and
 the perjured plunder plain before the heavens.
 The shapeless corpse is dragged out by the feet. 345
 We cannot get enough of watching Cacus:
 his terrifying eyes, his face, the shaggy
 and bristling chest of that half-beast, his jaws
 with their extinguished fires. From that time on
 the fame of Hercules is celebrated 350
 and happy generations keep this day.
 Potitius especially was founder
 of this observance; the Pinarii
 are keepers of the rites of Hercules.

For Hercules himself had first established
 this altar in the grove; and we shall always
 call it the Greatest Altar, it shall be
 forever greatest. Therefore, young men, come:
 in honor of such deeds bind up your hair
 with leaves and, cups in hand, now call upon
 our common good and freely offer wine." 355
 360
 His words were done. Then Hercules' own tree,
 the two-hued poplar, covered King Evander's
 hair with its shade, entwining him with leaves.
 The sacred cup of wood filled his right hand. 365
 And all are quick to pour their glad libations
 upon the table and entreat the gods.

But meanwhile evening nears the downward slope
 of heaven: now the priests—Potitius first—
 all clad in skins as is their custom, make 370
 their way, carrying torches; they renew
 the feast; as welcome offering they bring
 a second meal. They heap the altars high
 with loaded platters. Then the Salii,
 their temples bound with poplar branches, sing 375
 around the kindled altars; one a choir
 of youths, the other of old men, who chant
 the praises and the deeds of Hercules:
 how first he strangled in his infant grip
 twin serpents, monsters sent by his stepmother; 380
 then how, in war, he overcame great cities,
 Oechalia and Troy; and how he bore
 a thousand heavy labors by the sentence
 of unjust Juno, under King Eurystheus.
 "By your own hand, unconquered one, you killed 385
 both Pholus and Hylaeus, double-limbed
 sons of the clouds; you killed the Cretan monsters,
 the giant lion under Nemea's rock.
 For you the lakes of Styx have trembled and
 the guardian of Orcus as he huddled 390
 within his bloody cave on half-chewed bones.
 No shape could panic you, not even tall
 Typhoeus, bearing arms; the snake of Lerna,
 its host of heads surrounding you, could not
 rob you of reason. Hail, true son of Jove, 395
 a glory added to the gods; be gracious,

draw near to us and this your sacred worship."
 Such acts they celebrate in song; above all,
 they sing of fire-breathing Cacus' cavern;
 and all the grove resounds, the hills reecho. 400

The holy rites are ended; all return
 into the city. But the king was heavy
 with age; he kept Aeneas and his son
 beside him as companions as he walked
 while lightening the way with varied talk. 405
 Aeneas marvels; eagerly he turns
 his eyes on everything Evander notes:
 he is so captivated by the place
 that, glad, he seeks and, one by one, he learns
 the chronicles that tell of men of old. 410

Then King Evander, founder of Rome's stronghold:
 "These groves were once the home of fauns and nymphs
 and of a race of men sprung from tree trunks
 and sturdy oaks. They had no rule and no
 refinements; for they could not yoke their bulls 415
 or gather wealth or save what they had gained;
 they fed on branches and harsh food of hunters.
 Then Saturn came to them from high Olympus,
 a fugitive from his lost kingdom, flying
 from the attack of Jove. He made a nation 420
 of those untamed and scattered in high mountains
 and gave them laws. And he chose Latium
 as name, because he had lain safely hidden
 along these coasts. The golden age they tell of
 was in the time of this king, for he ruled 425
 his tribe in tranquil peace. But by degrees
 an age depraved and duller took its place,
 with war's insanity and love of gain.
 Then came Ausonians, Sicilians;
 the land of Saturn often changed its name. 430
 And kings arose and giant, cruel Thybris,
 from whose name we Italians called our river
 the Tiber; ancient Albula lost her
 true name. All-able fortune and my fate,
 the inescapable, have driven me, 435
 when banished from my country, across far seas
 to settle here. The warnings of my mother,

the nymph Carmentis, and the urgings of
our patron god, Apollo, spurred us on."

His words were scarcely done when, moving on, 440
he points out both the altar and the gate
the Romans call Carmental, ancient tribute
in honor of the nymph Carmentis, fate-
foretelling prophetic, the first to sing
the greatness of Aeneas' sons and future 445
of noble Pallanteum. And Evander
then shows to him a spacious grove that, later,
brave Romulus made into an asylum;
and, underneath cold crags, the cavern called—
in the Arcadian manner—the Lupercal, 450
after Lycaean Pan; and then he shows him
the wood of sacred Argiletum, telling
how Argus, when he was Evander's guest,
died there. He leads him next to the Tarpeian
house and the Capitol, now golden, once 455
rough with thick underbrush. And even then
its holiness had filled the fearful farmers
with dread, and even then they shuddered at
the woods and rock. "This grove, this hill, tree-topped,
are some god's home," he says, "although we do 460
not know which god; Arcadians believe
that often they have seen Jupiter himself
as he woke storm clouds, shook his darkening
aegis in his right hand. And farther on
you see two towns with ruined walls, the relic 465
and the memorials of ancient men:
for father Janus built this city, that
was built by Saturn; and the name of one,
Janiculum; Saturnia, the other's."

With such talk to each other, they drew near 470
a poor man's house, the home of King Evander;
and here and there the cattle lowed along
what are today the elegant Carinae
and Roman Forum. When they reached his doorway
Evander said: "The victor Hercules 475
has stooped to cross these thresholds; even he
has found a welcome in this royal house:
my guest, dare to despise riches, and try—

as he did—to deserve divinity;
do not be sullen, seeing our poor things.” 480
He spoke and then beneath his simple roof
he led the great Aeneas, making ready
a couch of scattered leaves, a Libyan bearskin.
Night rushes down; her dark wings wrap the earth.

But Venus, as a mother, takes alarm— 485
and not in vain—noting the harsh uprising
and threats of the Laurentians. And she turns
to Vulcan in their golden wedding chamber,
breathing celestial love into her words:
“While Argive kings were ravaging doomed Troy 490
and towers fell before the fires of hate,
I did not ask your help for my sad Trojans,
or weapons made by your own art and power.
I did not trouble you, my dearest husband,
or make you work in vain, however much 495
I owed to Priam’s sons, however often
I wept at the hard trials of Aeneas.
But now, by Jove’s command, he has landed on
the coasts of the Rutulians; therefore,
I, who before asked nothing of you, come 500
as suppliant, a mother for her son,
to beg arms of the god whom I adore.
The daughter of Nereus—she could sway you; and
so could Tithonus’ wife; they both used tears.
Just see what nations join, what cities shut 505
their gates and sharpen swords for me and mine.”

The goddess spoke; and as he hesitates,
with snow-white arms on this side and on that
she warms him in a soft embrace. At once
he caught the customary flame; familiar 510
heat reached into his marrow, riding through
his agitated bones—just as at times
a streak of fire will rip through flashing thunder
and race across the clouds with glittering light.
His wife, rejoicing in her craftiness 515
and conscious of her loveliness, sensed this.
Chained to her by undying love, her lord
says: “Why do you reach so far back for reasons?
Where, goddess, has your trust in me gone? If

you felt concern before, it would have been 520
 quite right for me to arm the Teucrians.
 For neither the all-able Father nor
 the fates prevented Troy from standing or
 King Priam from surviving ten years more.
 And now if you prepare for battle, if 525
 this war is what you want, then I can promise
 whatever care is in my art, what can
 be done by fire and steel, by bellows and
 molten electrum. Now do not entreat
 me anymore or put your powers in doubt." 530
 This said, he gave her the embrace she wanted;
 then, stretched across the breast of Venus, he
 searched straight for tranquil sleep with all his body.

The hour when early rest drives sleep away,
 when in the circle of the passing night 535
 the housewife, her first task to sustain life
 by weaving and Minerva's humble arts,
 awakes the embers and the sleeping fires,
 as she adds on the night to her day's work
 and keeps her housemaids toiling on at some 540
 long chore by lamplight, that her husband's bed
 be chaste, and that she raise her children well:
 just so, and just as eagerly, the Lord
 of Fire rises up, at that same hour,
 from his soft couch to labor at the forge. 545

Close by that side of Sicily where lies
 Aeolian Lipare there rises high
 an island steep with smoking rocks. Beneath it
 a den with caves of Etna, hollowed out
 by forges of the Cyclops, roars; and pounding 550
 strokes echo, groaning, on those anvils; bars
 of Chalyb steel hiss through the caverns; fire
 pants in those furnaces: the house of Vulcan;
 and that land's name, Vulcania. The Lord
 of Fire from heaven's height descended here. 555

In that vast cave the Cyclops—Steropes,
 Pyracmon, Brontes—naked, worked the forge.
 They shaped a bolt of thunder of the kind
 the Father often hurls from all of heaven

down to the earth: a part was polished, but 560
 the rest was still unwrought. And they had added
 three shafts of twisting hail to it, and three
 of raining cloud, and three of ruddy lightning,
 and three of the south wind. Now they mixed in
 tremendous flashes, roarings, fear, and anger 565
 with persecuting flames. And in another
 corner of Vulcan's cavern they made ready
 a work for Mars—the chariot and flying
 wheels that he uses to wake men and cities;
 and polished eagerly the terrifying 570
 aegis, the weapon of the angry Pallas,
 with serpents' scales and gold and intertwining
 snakes—on the goddess' breastplate there is Gorgon
 herself, her eyes turned toward her severed neck.
 But Vulcan bawls at them: "Stop all, I say!
 Cyclops of Etna, haul off everything 575
 you are working on and turn your minds to this.
 You must make weapons for a brave man; now
 you need your strength, your swift hands, all your art.
 And no delays." He said enough. At once 580
 they set to work, in equal parts allot
 the labor. Brass and gold ore pour in streams,
 and wounding steel is melted in the vast
 furnace. And now they shape a giant shield
 to stand alone against all Latin shafts 585
 and plate it seven-ply, circle on circle.
 Some man the heaving bellows and its blasts,
 while others dip the hissing brass in troughs.
 The grotto groans beneath the mounted anvils.
 With great force each in turn lifts up his arms 590
 in cadence, wields the iron with gripping tongs.

And while along Aeolian coasts the lord
 of Lemnos speeds this work, the gracious light
 and morning songs of birds beneath his roof
 awake Evander in his humble home. 595
 The old man rises, wraps a tunic on,
 and winds Tyrrhenian sandals on his feet;
 with Tegean sword he girds his side and shoulders;
 a panther's hide hangs loosely from his left.
 A pair of watchdogs, too, accompany 600
 their master as he makes his way, moving

across his high threshold. For he was seeking
 the quiet quarters of his guest, Aeneas,
 remembering the help he had promised him.
 Aeneas, too, awoke this early. Pallas
 walked on with one; the other had Achates.
 They meet, clasp hands, and then sit down between
 the houses, in the open air; at last
 they can talk freely. And the king begins:

“Chief captain of the Teucrians—for while
 you live, I can’t admit that Troy and her
 kingdom have been defeated—though our name
 be great, we have but slender means to help
 in war. On this side we are hemmed in by
 the Tuscan Tiber; on the other press
 Rutulians, who roar around our walls
 with arms. But I am readying great tribes
 and armies rich in kingdoms as your allies—
 a safeguard unexpected chance has brought.
 You come here at the call of fate. Not far
 Agylla lies, a city built of ancient
 stone, where a Lydian tribe, well known in war,
 has long since made its home on Tuscan heights.
 For many years that state was flourishing—
 until Mezentius became its king;
 his rule was arrogant, and cruel, his arms.
 Why tell the tyrant’s dreadful massacres?
 And why his savagery? Gods keep such things
 for his own head and his posterity!
 For he would even link the living with
 dead bodies, fitting hand to hand and face
 to face—what savage torture!—and in that
 obscene embrace, with dripping blood and poison
 he massacred them by a lingering death.
 But tired out at last, the citizens
 surround the monstrous madman in his house;
 they butcher his companions, burn the palace.
 Yet he, amid that slaughter, slipped away
 and fled to the Rutulians, where Turnus,
 his host, defended him with shield and shelter.
 So all Etruria rose up in just anger;
 now, with impatient war, they ask to have
 their king brought back to them for punishment.

Aeneas, I will make you chieftain of
 these thousands, for their ships crowd all the coast, 645
 eager for battle; they would have their banners
 march out, but their old augur holds them back,
 foretelling fate: 'Maeonia's best sons,
 the flower and the force of an old race,
 a just resentment drives you into war, 650
 Mezentius kindles you with rage he merits;
 but no Italian can command so proud
 a nation; choose a stranger as your leader.'
 At that the ranks of the Etruscans camp
 along the nearby plain, in panic at 655
 the warning of the gods. Tarchon himself
 has sent me envoys with the royal crown
 and scepter, offering these emblems to me,
 that I might join their camp and take the throne
 of Tuscany. But I am held in check 660
 by age, made weak by time; its sluggish frost
 begrudges me that kingdom; it is late
 for bravery. I should urge on my son
 to take it, were it not that he is mixed
 in blood, for Pallas' mother was a Sabine; 665
 from her he has a share in Italy.
 But you, whose years and blood are blessed by fate,
 whom gods have called, take up your way: most brave
 chieftain of both the Trojans and Italians.
 But I shall join to you my hope and comfort, 670
 Pallas, my son: with you as master let
 him learn to suffer war and Mars' hard labor,
 to see your acts and take you as a model
 from early years. I shall give him two hundred
 Arcadian horsemen, our best youths; and Pallas 675
 will add as many more in his own name."

His words were scarcely done, and both Aeneas,
 son of Anchises, and the true Achates,
 intent, would long have brooded over many
 hardships within their sad hearts had not Venus 680
 sent them a sign across the cloudless sky.
 For sudden lightning shuddered through the air
 with thunder; all things seemed to reel; a blast
 of Tuscan trumpets pealed across the heavens.
 They look up; and again, again, there roars 685

tremendous thunder. In the sky's clear region,
 within a cloud, they see a red-gold gleam
 of weapons as they clash and clang. The rest
 stood back, astounded, but the Trojan hero
 had recognized the sound, his goddess-mother's 690
 promise to him. He said: "My hosts, do not,
 indeed, do not ask me what things these omens
 are bringing; I am summoned by Olympus.
 The goddess who gave birth to me foretold
 that, if war were at hand, then through the air 695
 she would bring Vulcan's weapons to my aid.
 What slaughter menaces these sad Laurentians!
 What penalties will Turnus pay to me!
 What shields of men and helmets and brave breasts
 will roll beneath your waves, o father Tiber! 700
 Now let them ask for battle, break their treaties!"

This said, Aeneas rises up from his
 high throne and first awakes the sleeping altars
 with fire for Hercules. Then he approaches
 the God of Hearths he had worshiped yesterday 705
 and then the humble household gods. He offers,
 as is the custom, chosen sheep, and King
 Evander and the Trojans do the same.
 This done, Aeneas goes down to the ships,
 revisiting his comrades; from their number 710
 he picks the bravest as his aides in war.
 The others glide downriver with the current,
 slowly, to carry word of what has happened
 and of his father to Ascanius.
 The Trojans making for the Tuscan fields 715
 are given horses; and the one they choose
 to lead out for Aeneas wears a tawny
 lion skin that gleams with claws of gold.

The news runs suddenly through that small city;
 the people hear that horsemen now are speeding 720
 to seek the Tuscan king along his coasts.
 Alarmed, the mothers tell their vows again,
 again, for terror dogs the heels of danger,
 Mars' image now seems larger. King Evander
 takes up the hand of his departing son 725
 and clings with endless tears and speaks these words:

"If Jupiter would only give me back
 the years that passed, let me be as I was
 when I cut down the foremost ranks beneath
 Praeneste's very walls—when, as a victor, 730
 I burned their heaped-up shields, with this right hand
 sent down to Tartarus King Erulus
 to whom at birth Feronia, his mother,
 gave three lives and—how terrible to tell—
 three sets of weapons for his use: three times 735
 he had to be cut down by death; and yet
 this right hand robbed him then of all his lives
 and stripped him of as many suits of armor.
 My son, were I but such again, no thing
 could ever tear me from your dear embrace; 740
 and then on this his neighbor's head the tyrant
 Mezentius never would have heaped his insults
 or dealt so many savage deaths by sword,
 deprived his city of so many sons.
 But you, o High Ones, and you, Jupiter, 745
 the greatest ruler of the gods, I ask,
 take pity on the king of the Arcadians
 and hear a father's prayers: for if your power
 or if the Fates keep Pallas safe or me,
 if I still live to see him, still to meet him 750
 again, then I do pray for life and I
 can stand all trials. But Fortune, if you threaten
 my son with the unspeakable, then now,
 oh, now let me break off this cruel life,
 while fear is still uncertain and my hope 755
 cannot yet read the future, while I hold
 you, my dear boy, my late and only joy,
 lest sadder word should ever wound my ears."
 The father poured these parting words; his servants
 then carried him, fainting, into his house. 760

The horsemen now ride through the open gate;
 among the first, Aeneas and Achates,
 then other Trojan lords. Pallas himself
 is at the center of his troops, set off
 by cloak and ornamented arms: just as 765
 the Morning Star, whom Venus loves above
 the fire of any other star, when he,
 bathed in the Ocean's wave, lifts up his sacred

head high in heaven and dissolves the darkness.
 The mothers tremble, standing on the walls, 770
 and watch the cloud of dust, the gleaming brass.
 The armed troops cut across the underbrush.
 A shout goes up; they form a line; the hoofs'
 four-footed thunder shakes the crumbling plain.

Close by the cooling stream of Caere stands 775
 a spacious grove, held sacred far and wide
 in ancient reverence; and on all sides
 the hills hem in the forest of dark firs.
 The old Pelasgians—the story goes—
 who long ago first held the Tuscan borders, 780
 had consecrated to Silvanus, god
 of fields and flocks, both grove and festive day.
 Not far from here King Tarchon and the Tuscans
 had pitched their camp on sheltered ground, and now
 their tents stretched out across the wide fields. Father 785
 Aeneas and his chosen men march here
 and rest their horses and their tired bodies.

But Venus, the bright goddess, bearing gifts,
 drew near in airy clouds; and when far off
 she saw her son in a secluded valley, 790
 withdrawn beside a cooling stream, then she
 showed herself freely to him, saying this:
 "You see, my son, these perfect offerings,
 my husband's promised art; then do not doubt,
 but dare brave Turnus and the proud Laurentians 795
 to battle." These were Cytherea's words.
 She sought her son's embraces, then set up
 his glittering arms beneath a facing oak.
 Aeneas cannot have enough; delighted
 with these gifts of the goddess, this high honor, 800
 his eyes rush on to everything, admiring;
 with arm and hand he turns the helmet over,
 tremendous with its crests and flood of flames,
 the sword that deals out fate, the stiff brass corselet,
 blood-red and huge as when a blue-gray cloud, 805
 which rays of sun have kindled, glows far off;
 the polished greaves made of electrum and
 of gold, resmelted many times; the spear;
 the shield, its texture indescribable.

For there the Lord of Fire had wrought the story
 of Italy, the Romans' victories, 810
 since he was not unskilled in prophecy
 or one who cannot tell the times to come.
 There he had set the generations of
 Ascanius, and all their wars, in order. 815
 There, too, he made a mother-wolf, reclining
 in Mars' green cavern; and at play beside her,
 twin boys were hanging at her dugs; fearless,
 they sucked their mother. She, at this, bent back
 her tapered neck to lick them each in turn 820
 and shape their bodies with her tongue. Not far
 from this he set the Romans and the Sabine
 women they carried off—against all law—
 while in the crowded theater the great
 Circensian games were under way; and sudden 825
 war then broke out again between the Romans
 and aged Tatius, king of austere Cures.
 Next, Romulus and Tatius, these same kings,
 their quarrels set to rest, stood at Jove's altar;
 both, armed and cup in hand and having offered 830
 a sow as sacrifice, swore league and friendship.
 Not far from this, two chariots that rushed
 in different directions tore apart
 Mettus (but then you should have kept your word,
 o man of Alba!); Tullus hauled the guts 835
 of that conniving man into the forest;
 the briers dripped with splattered blood. There, too,
 Porsenna, asking Rome to readmit
 the banished Tarquin, hemmed the city in
 with strangling siege; Aeneas' sons rushed on 840
 the sword for freedom's sake. You might have seen
 Porsenna as one wild and menacing,
 since Cocles dared tear down the Tiber's bridge,
 and Cloelia broke her chains and swam the river.

Carved in the upper part was Manlius, 845
 the guardian of the Tarpeian rock,
 who stood before the temple gates, defender
 of the high Capitol; the new-carved palace
 was shaggy with the straw of Romulus.
 And here a silver goose fluttered across 850
 the gilded colonnades, signaling that

the Gauls were at the threshold. Through the brush
 the Gauls crept toward the tower, under cover
 of darkness and dense night. Their hair is golden;
 and golden, too, their clothes, set-off by gleaming, 855
 striped cloaks; their milk-white necks are bound in gold;
 each brandishes two Alpine javelins
 and, with an oblong shield, defends his body.
 Here in relief were carved the nude Luperci
 and dancing Salian priests, with woolen caps 860
 and shields that fell from heaven; through the city
 chaste matrons in their cushioned carriages
 led sacred rites. Away from these scenes Vulcan
 added the house of Tartarus, the high
 doorways of Dis, the penalties of crime; 865
 and Catiline, you hanging from a cliff
 that threatens, trembling at the Furies' faces;
 and, set apart, the pious who receive
 their laws from Cato. Bordering these scenes,
 he carved a golden image of the sea, 870
 yet there were blue-gray waters and white foam
 where dolphins bright with silver cut across
 the tide and swept the waves with circling tails.

Across the center of the shield were shown
 the ships of brass, the strife of Actium: 875
 you might have seen all of Leucata's bay
 teeming with war's array, waves glittering
 with gold. On his high stern Augustus Caesar
 is leading the Italians to battle,
 together with the senate and the people, 880
 the household gods and Great Gods; his bright brows
 pour out a twin flame, and upon his head
 his father's Julian star is glittering.
 Elsewhere Agrippa towers on the stern;
 with kindly winds and gods he leads his squadron; 885
 around his temples, glowing bright, he wears
 the naval crown, magnificent device,
 with its ships' beaks. And facing them, just come
 from conquering the peoples of the dawn,
 from the red shores of the Erythraean Sea— 890
 together with barbaric riches, varied
 arms—is Antonius. He brings with him
 Egypt and every power of the East

and farthest Bactria; and—shamefully—
 behind him follows his Egyptian wife. 895
 The squadrons close headlong; and all the waters
 foam, torn by drawn-back oars and by the prows
 with triple prongs. They seek the open seas;
 you could believe the Cyclades, uprooted,
 now swam upon the waters or steep mountains 900
 had clashed with mountains as the crewmen thrust
 in their great galleys at the towering sterns.
 Torches of hemp and flying darts of steel
 are flung by hand, and Neptune's fields are red
 with strange bloodshed. Among all this the queen 905
 calls to her squadrons with their native sistrum;
 she has not yet looked back at the twin serpents
 that swim behind her. Every kind of monster
 god—and the barking god, Anubis, too—
 stands ready to cast shafts against Minerva 910
 and Venus and at Neptune. In the middle
 of all the struggle, Mars, engraved in steel,
 rages beside fierce Furies from the sky;
 and Discord, joyous, strides in her rent robe;
 Bellona follows with a bloodstained whip. 915
 But Actian Apollo, overhead,
 had seen these things; he stretched his bow; and all
 of Egypt and of India, and all
 the Arabs and Sabaeans, turned their backs
 and fled before this terror. The queen herself 920
 was seen to woo the winds, to spread her sails,
 and now, yes now, let fall the slackened ropes.
 The Lord of Fire had fashioned her within
 the slaughter, driven on by wave and west wind,
 pale with approaching death; but facing this, 925
 he set the Nile, his giant body mourning,
 opening wide his folds and all his robes,
 inviting the defeated to his blue-gray
 breast and his sheltering streams. But entering
 the walls of Rome in triple triumph, Caesar 930
 was dedicating his immortal gift
 to the Italian gods: three hundred shrines
 throughout the city. And the streets reechoed
 with gladness, games, applause; in all the temples
 were bands of matrons, and in all were altars; 935
 and there, before these altars, slaughtered steers

were scattered on the ground. Caesar himself
is seated at bright Phoebus' snow-white porch,
and he reviews the spoils of nations and
he fastens them upon the proud doorposts. 940
The conquered nations march in long procession,
as varied in their armor and their dress
as in their languages. Here Mulciber
had modeled Nomad tribes and Africans,
loose-robed; the Carians; the Leleges; 945
Geloni armed with arrows. And he showed
Euphrates, moving now with humbler waves;
the most remote of men, the Morini;
the Rhine with double horns; the untamed Dahae;
and, river that resents its bridge, the Araxes. 950

Aeneas marvels at his mother's gift,
the scenes on Vulcan's shield; and he is glad
for all these images, though he does not
know what they mean. Upon his shoulder he
lifts up the fame and fate of his sons' sons. 955

BOOK IX

And while far off these things were happening,
Saturnian Juno down from heaven sent
Iris to daring Turnus. As it chanced,
he then was resting in a sacred glen,
the forest of his ancestor, Pilumnus. 5
The rose-lipped daughter of Thaumias spoke to him:

“Turnus, that which no god had dared to promise
in answer to your prayers, circling time
has brought unasked: Aeneas, leaving city
and friend and fleet, seeks out the Palatine, 10
Evander’s palace. Nor is that enough;
he has made his way into the farthest towns
of Corythus; he musters troops among
the Lydian farmers. Then why hesitate?
Enough delays! Now is the time to call 15
for horse and chariot! Now lay hands upon
the panicked Trojan camp.” Her words were done.
On level wings she rose to heaven, tracing
a great rainbow beneath the clouds. Young Turnus
had recognized her; stretching both hands starward, 20
he cried these words to Iris as she fled:
“O Iris, heavens’ glory, who has sent you

down from the clouds to me on earth? From where
 this storm of sudden brightness in the air?

I see the heavens' center opening
 and stars that wander all about the pole. 25

I follow such an omen and whoever
 it is who now has called me to take arms."

And as he spoke, he reached the riverbank,
 scooped water from the swirling stream, and praying 30
 long to the gods, loaded the air with vows.

And now Rutulian armies make their way
 across the open plain, with many horses,
 embroidered robes, and gold. Messapus marshals
 the vanguard; Tyrrhus' sons take up the rear; 35
 and at the center of the line is Turnus,

their captain—even as the silent Ganges
 that rises high with seven tranquil streams,
 or Nile when his rich flood ebbs from the fields
 and he at last sinks back into his channel. 40

And here the Teucrians can see a sudden
 cloudbank that gathers with black dust and darkness
 that rises from the plains. And from a rampart
 Caicus is the first to cry aloud:

"My countrymen, what rolling mass is this
 of gloom and darkness? Quick, bring sword and lance;
 the enemy is on us, mount the walls." 45

Through all the gates the Trojans, clamoring,
 take cover, and they man the battlements—
 for so Aeneas, best of warriors, 50

had ordered them to do on his departure:
 were anything to happen in his absence,
 they should not dare an open fight or chance
 the field, but only guard the camp and walls,
 secure behind their ramparts. And, therefore, 55

though shame and anger goad them into battle,
 they bar the gates as they were told and, armed,
 await the enemy within the towers.

Turnus, who had outstripped his tardy column,
 with twenty chosen horsemen after him, 60
 comes first upon the city, unobserved.

He is mounted on a piebald Thracian stallion,
 his golden helmet has a crimson crest:

"Young men, who will be first to face these Trojans
 together with me? Look!" he cries and casts 65
 his javelin high in the air. The fight
 begins. Bold Turnus rides across the fields.
 His comrades take his shout up, follow him
 with horrid din; they marvel at the coward
 hearts of the Teucrians, at how they shun 70
 the level plain and will not fight but hug
 their camp. Fanatic Turnus scans the walls;
 he rides from this side back to that, seeking
 an entrance where there is none. Even as
 a wolf who waits outside the full sheepfold 75
 will howl beside the pens at midnight, facing
 both wind and storm; beneath their dams the sheltered
 lambs keep on bleating; fierce and desperate
 with rage, the wolf is wild against his absent
 prey; after such long famine now the frenzy 80
 for food, his dry and bloodless jaws torment him:
 just so, as he surveys the wall and camp,
 is Turnus' anger kindled; indignation
 is hot in his hard bones. How shall he test
 their entrances? How can he drive the Trojans 85
 from their defenses, pour them on the plain?
 At last he launches an attack against
 the fleet, where it lies hidden near the camp:
 to one side, ramparts; on the other, river.
 He calls for fire to his rejoicing comrades; 90
 he snatches eagerly a blazing pine.
 Now Turnus' presence spurs them; they all work
 in earnest; all take up black firebrands.
 They strip the hearths; the smoking torches cast
 a glare of pitch; the Lord of Fire lifts 95
 the mingled sparks and ashes to the stars.

What god, o Muses, fended off such fierce
 fires from the Teucrians? Who saved their ships
 from such a blazing conflagration? Tell me.
 For that which makes us trust the tale is old, 100
 and yet the story's fame is everlasting.

When he prepared to seek high seas, Aeneas
 first built his fleet in Phrygian Ida; then
 the Berecynthian herself, the mother

of gods, is said to have addressed these words 105
 to mighty Jove: "My son, now you have won
 Olympus, listen to my prayer, grant
 what your dear mother asks. I had a forest
 of pine, which I had loved for many years,
 upon my mountain's summit, where men brought 110
 their offerings to me; here, shadowed, stood
 a grove of black pitch trees and trunks of maples.
 I gave these gladly to the Dardan chief
 when he had need to build a fleet. But anxious
 fear now torments my troubled breast. Free me 115
 of dread and answer this, a mother's prayer:
 that in their journeying no wave or whirlwind
 may ever tear these timbers; let it be
 a help to them that they grew on my mountains."

Her son, who turns the constellations, answered: 120
 "Why, Mother, have you called upon the Fates?
 What are you asking for your favorites?
 That hulls made by the hands of mortals should
 have the immortals' privilege? And that
 Aeneas may pass, sure, through unsure dangers? 125
 What god commands such power? Nonetheless,
 when they have fulfilled their tasks and reached their end
 of journeying, the harbors of Ausonia,
 then all that have escaped the waves and carried
 the Dardan leader to Laurentum's lands 130
 are saved: I shall strip off their mortal form;
 I shall command those galleys to take on
 the shapes of goddesses of the great waters,
 even as are the Nereids, Galatea
 and Doto, whose breasts cut the foaming sea." 135
 He spoke and by his Stygian brothers waters,
 by riverbanks that seethe with pitch, a black
 and whirling vortex, nodded his assent,
 and with his nod made all Olympus shudder.

The promised day was come, the time of fates 140
 was full, when Turnus' outrage called the Mother
 to drive the torches off her sacred ships.
 And first upon all eyes a strange light glittered,
 and from the east a giant storm cloud seemed
 to race across the skies. Idaean choirs 145

were thundering; an awesome voice ran through
 the air, filling the Trojan and Rutulian
 armies with terror: "Teucrians, do not
 take weapons in your hands, do not defend
 my fleet; it is far easier for Turnus 150
 to burn the seas that touch my sacred pines.
 Go free, my ships: go, you sea goddesses;
 the mother of the gods now gives this order."
 And on the instant all the ships have ripped
 their cables off the banks and with their beaks, 155
 like dolphins, dived to seek the deep; and then
 as many virgin shapes—amazing omen—
 rise up to ride the sea as, just before,
 were brazen prows lined up along the shore.

Now panic takes Rutulian hearts; even 160
 Messapus is afraid, his stallions startled;
 the hoarse flow of the river stops, for father
 Tiber has turned his footsteps from the sea.
 But daring Turnus still is confident.
 He goads his comrades' courage with his words, 165
 he even scolds with this reproach: "These signs
 are aimed against the Trojans; Jupiter
 himself has snatched away their usual help;
 their ships did not await our lance or torch.
 The Trojans have no way across the seas; 170
 they have no hope of flight. Half of the world
 is now denied to them; and for the rest,
 the land is in our hands: so many thousands
 now crowd armed Italy. I do not fear
 the destined oracles of gods, of which 175
 these Phrygians boast so much. It is enough
 for fate and Venus that the Trojans touched
 the fertile fields of Italy. And I
 have my own fates to set against their own,
 to whip this cursed nation with the sword. 180
 They stole my wife from me; such injury
 and hurt do not touch only Atreus' sons;
 Mycenians are not the only ones
 who war by right. The Trojans say, 'But one
 destruction is enough.' But to have sinned 185
 once was enough. By now these Trojans should
 have shunned all women utterly and not

have followed Helen with Lavinia.
 These men who take their courage from the thin
margin of battlement or ditch between 190
 themselves and death: have they not seen the walls
 of Troy, which Neptune's own hand built, sink down
 in flames? But you, my chosen ones, who will
 be first to join me with his sword, to cut
 their ramparts down, to rush their panicked camp? 195
 I have no need of Vulcan's arms nor any
 need of a thousand keels against the Trojans.
 And straight off they can take all of the Tuscans
 as comrades. Here they need not fear the darkness,
 the shameful theft of their Palladium, 200
 the murder of the high tower's guardians.
 The dark womb of a horse will not hide us.
 In broad daylight, in sight of all, I mean
 to gird their walls with fire. They will know
 that what they face is not a quarrel with Danaans 205
 or with Pelasgian boys whom Hector held
 at bay ten years. But now, my men, since day's
 best part is gone, for what is left of it,
refresh your bodies gladly; you did well;
 be sure, we shall be ready for fresh battle." 210

Meanwhile Messapus is assigned the task
 of posting pickets to blockade the gates
 and circling all the walls with sentry fires.
 Twice-seven men are chosen for patrols;
 each has along with him a hundred soldiers 215
 with purple plumes and glittering with gold.
 They hurry off to take their posts by turns;
 some watch, some stretch along the grass, enjoying
 wine as they tilt bronze bowls. The fires burn bright;
 the sentries game away the sleepless night. 220

All this the Trojans see from their stockade
 where, armed, they hold the heights; in anxious fear
 they test the gates and, sword in hand, link up
 their battlements by bridges. Mnestheus and
 the brave Serestus spur the work, whom father 225
 Aeneas left to guide the warriors,
 to take command in crisis, should there be
 some menace in his absence. All the legion,

when they have cast their lots for posts of danger,
stand watch along the walls; each takes his turn, 230
patrolling at the place he must protect.

Nisus was guardian of a gate, the son
of Hyrtacus, tenacious warrior,
whom Ida, home of hunters, sent to serve
Aeneas with his racing javelin and 235
light arrows. Near him stood Euryalus,

his comrade; and no one who served Aeneas
or carried Trojan weapons was more handsome:
a boy whose face, unshaven, showed the first
down of his youth. Their minds and hearts were one; 240
in war they charged together; and now, too,
they shared a sentry station at one gate.

And Nisus says: "Euryalus, is it
the gods who put this fire in our minds,
or is it that each man's relentless longing
becomes a god to him? Long has my heart 245
been keen for battle or some mighty act;
it cannot be content with peace or rest.

You see how sure are those Rutulians:
a few lights glitter here and there; they lie 250
sprawled out and slack with sleep and wine; the night
is still. Hear what I have in mind. The people,
the elders—everyone now urges that

Aeneas be called back, that messengers
be sent to bring him tidings he can trust. 255

If they agree to give to you instead
the prize that I can claim for such a deed—
since for myself the glory is enough—
then close by that mound there I may have found
a path to reach the walls of Pallanteum." 260

Euryalus, amazed and struck by great
passion for praise, answers his fiery friend:
"But, Nisus, how can you deny me? Why
not let me join you now in this adventure?
Shall I send you alone against such dangers? 265

Opheltes, wise in ways of war, my father
who reared me through Troy's trials and Argive terrors,
had never taught me this; and this is not
the way I have served with you beneath great-hearted

- Aeneas, facing all that fate could do. 270
 Mine is a soul that scorns the light of life
 and holds that honor for which you now strive
 as cheaply bought if all its price is life."
- And Nisus: "This is sure: I did not doubt you.
 To do so would have been indecent; just 275
 as surely may great Jupiter (or else
 whatever name is fit for the High Father)
 look down on me with kindness, bring me back
 triumphantly to you. And yet if any
 misfortune—often met in such attempts— 280
 if any chance or god should sweep me on
 into disaster, then I would that you
 survive; your youth has better claim to life.
 Let someone live to lay me in the ground,
 to rescue or to ransom back my body 285
 from war, or—if, as often happens, chance
 denies this—to set up a cenotaph
 and honor me, the absent one, with gifts.
 My boy, I cannot take you with me, cannot
 bring such a sorrow to your suffering mother— 290
 she is the only one of many matrons
 to dare this distant journey and not choose
 to wait within Acestes' walls." But he:
 "You weave these prettexts uselessly. My purpose
 is set. I have not yielded. Let us hurry." 295
 With that, he wakes new sentrymen. They come
 to take their turns; and with the station left
 in sure hands, he walks off as Nisus' comrade.
 So, side by side, they go to seek the prince.
- Across the earth all other creatures let 300
 their cares fall slack in sleep; their hearts forget
 their labors. But the Teucrians' chief captains
 and chosen warriors were holding council
 about their people's troubles: what to do,
 and whom to send with tidings to Aeneas. 305
 They lean on their long spears, hands resting on
 their shields, around the center of their camp
 and fields. Then Nisus and Euryalus
 together ask to be let in at once:
 their business is important, and they say 310

it will repay the interruption. Iulus
 was first to welcome the impatient pair,
 commanding Nisus to speak on. The son
 of Hyrtacus said this: "Men of Aeneas,
 listen with open minds and do not measure 315
 our offer by our years. Now the Rutulians
 lie still, deep in their sleep and wine. We have seen
 a place to serve our stratagem, outside
 the gate nearest the sea, where forked roads meet.
 The watch fires of the enemy are spent; 320
 their black smoke smolders toward the stars. If you
 will let us use this chance, then we shall go
 to Pallanteum; we shall find Aeneas,
 and after slaughtering many, soon return
 with plunder. And the way will not deceive us, 325
 for we have seen the outskirts of the city
 from shadowed valleys in our frequent hunting,
 and both of us know all the river's course."

At this, Aletes, weary with his years
 but ripe in reason: "O my country's gods, 330
 beneath whose power Troy must always stay,
 in spite of all you still do not intend
 to cancel out the Trojans; you have brought us
 young men so resolute and so audacious."
 As he said this, tears flooding down his face 335
 and cheeks, he clasped them both at hand and shoulder:
 "Young men, what prize is possible for you,
 what can match worth with such a daring deed?
 Your first and fairest prize will come from gods
 and out of your own conduct; then the pious 340
 Aeneas will at once repay the rest;
 and young Ascanius will not forget
 such worthiness." Ascanius then adds:
 "And I, whose only safety lies in my
 dear father's coming back, beseech you both, 345
 o Nisus, by my mighty household gods,
 the God of Hearths dear to Assaracus,
 and by the inner shrines of white-haired Vesta;
 in you I now place all my hope and fortune;
 recall my father, let me see Aeneas 350
 again; with his return, all grief is gone.
 And I shall give to you two silver bowls

skillfully wrought, embossed, both taken by
 my father at the conquest of Arisba;
 two tripods; two great golden talents; and 355
 an ancient goblet, gift of Sidon's Dido.
 And if as victors we take Italy
 and win its scepter and assign its booty:
 you both have seen the horse that Turnus rode,
 his armor all of gold—and that same horse, 360
 that shield and crimson crest, I shall exempt
 from chance; even now, Nisus, they are yours.
 To these my father will add twice-six women,
 the choicest, as your slaves, and then male captives,
 each with his armor; in addition, all 365
 the fields that now are held by King Latinus.
 And you, Euryalus—though young, revered—
 to whom my years are so much nearer, I
 embrace at once with all my heart as comrade
 in every fortune. I shall seek no glory 370
 in any thing without you; whether I
 find peace or war, always my final trust
 for act and word shall be Euryalus.”

And then Euryalus, who answered him:
 “No day shall ever find me fallen short 375
 of such adventuring, if fortune only
 be kind to me and not an enemy.
 But more than all your gifts I pray you this:
 I have a mother, from the ancient line
 of Priam, and she journeyed out with me; 380
 no Trojan land nor King Acestes' city
 could keep her back, poor woman. Now I leave
 without farewell to her; she does not know
 the risk I face, whatever it may be.
 For night and your right hand are witness that 385
 I could not stand against a parent's tears;
 I pray you comfort her when she is in need,
 support her loneliness. Let me have hope
 from you, let me go bolder toward all trials.”

The Dardans feel his words and weep—above all 390
 the handsome Iulus, for this pious image,
 a son's love for his parent, touches him.
 And then he speaks: “Be sure that everything

will be deserving of your great attempt.
 For she shall be a mother to me, lacking 395
 only the name Creüsa. No small honor
 awaits her now for bearing such a son.
 Whatever be the outcome of your deed,
 I swear by this, my head, as once my father
 was used to swear, that all I promised you 400
 in safe and prosperous return belongs
 forever to your mother and your house."
 So Iulus speaks, in tears; and from his shoulder
 he strips the gilded sword that had been forged
 remarkably by Gnosian Lycaon 405
 and neatly fitted with an ivory sheath.
 To Nisus, Mnestheus gives this gift: a skin
 stripped from a shaggy lion; true Aletes
 exchanges helmets with him. Armed, the pair
 start off at once; and all the band of chieftains, 410
 both young and old, escort them to the gates
 with prayers, as does the handsome Iulus, who
 with a man's mind and cares beyond his years
 then charges them with tidings for his father.
 But winds will take and scatter all of these 415
 and give them, useless offerings, to the clouds.

They cross the trenches as they leave and, through
 the shadow of the night, make for the camp
 that will bring death to them—though before that,
 they will be the end of many. Everywhere 420
 they can see bodies sprawling, deep in sleep
 and drink, and tilted chariots on the shore,
 men tangled in the harnesses and wheels,
 and casks of wine and weapons all about.
 And Nisus spoke out first: "Euryalus, 425
 the right hand has to dare; the time invites;
 our way is here. You guard and watch from far,
 lest any band come at us from behind.
 I will act here, to kill and cut a wide
 pathway that you can follow." So he speaks, 430
 then checks his voice and drives his sword at once
 into the haughty Rhamnes, who by chance
 was cushioned on a heap of rugs piled high
 while snoring out his sleep from his wide chest:
 himself a king, and one who served as King 435

- Latinus' best-loved augur; and yet he
 could not avert this end by augury.
 He cuts down three attendants next to Rhamnes
 as they lie sprawled at random around their lances,
 and then the charioteer and armor-bearer 440
 of Remus, whom he caught beneath the horses.
 He hacks their drooping necks and then lops off
 their master's head. He leaves the trunk to gurgle
 as it spouts blood; the earth, the rugs are steeped
 in warm black gore. Then he kills Lamyrus, 445
 Lamus, and young Serranus, known for beauty,
 who had gamed long that night, then lay, his limbs
 undone by too much Bacchus; had he played on
 and made that gaming last the night away,
 until the light of day, he had been happy! 450
 For even as a starving lion, raging
 through crowded sheepfolds, urged by frenzied hunger,
 who tears and drags the feeble flock made mute
 by fear and roars with bloody mouth—so Nisus.
- No less, the slaughter of Euryalus: 455
 he, too, is kindled, wild, and falls upon
 a vast and nameless rabble, catching Fadus,
 Herbesus, Abaris—all three unconscious.
 But Rhoetus was awake and saw it all,
 for in his terror he had hid behind 460
 a massive jar; and when he rose nearby,
 then Nisus plunged his blade hilt-high in Rhoetus'
 breast, and he drew it back, now drenched with death.
 So Rhoetus vomits out his purple life
 and, crying, throws up wine with mingled blood. 465
 Euryalus is hot for secret slaughter.
 He had drawn near the comrades of Messapus,
 where he could see the last camp fires flicker
 and tethered horses grazing on the grass,
 when Nisus, with few words (for he could sense 470
 his comrade was berserk with lust for carnage),
 stopped him: "Now let us go; our enemy,
 daylight, is near; we have had enough revenge;
 we have cut a pathway through these Latin ranks."
- They leave behind them many soldiers' weapons, 475
 arms wrought in solid silver, drinking cups,

and handsome rugs. Euryalus takes up
 the gear of Rhamnes and his golden-bossed
 sword belt, the gifts that long ago the rich
 King Caedicus sent Remulus of Tiber 480
 as witness from afar of their full friendship;
 and he, when dying, gave them to his grandson;
 and with his death in battle, the Rutulians
 had captured them as spoils. Euryalus
 takes these and fits them to his sturdy shoulders— 485
 but all for nothing. Then he sets Messapus'
 own handsome-crested helmet on his head;
 it fits well. They leave camp and make for safety.

But meanwhile horsemen rode up from a force
 that hurried out from Latium to carry 490
 an answer to Prince Turnus. While the rest
 had halted, readying for battle, these
 three hundred riders came ahead, and all
 were under shield, with Volcens as their captain.
 And as they neared the camp, approached the wall, 495
 they saw the pair far off along a path
 and heading left; the helmet of the heedless
 Euryalus betrayed him, flashing back
 moonlight across the shades of gleaming night.
 That is enough to stop them. Volcens cries: 500
 "Halt, man! What is this march? Who are you, armed?
 Where are you headed?" But the pair do not
 attempt to answer, only rushing on
 their flight into the forest, trusting the night.
 Upon all sides the riders block familiar 505
 crossways; the sentries stand at every outlet.
 And shaggy, wide, the forest stretched, with dark
 illex and thorny thickets; everywhere
 the tangled briars massed, with here and there
 a pathway glimmering among the hidden 510
 tracks in the dense brushwood. Euryalus,
 who is hampered by the shadowed branches, by
 his heavy spoils, mistakes his way through fear.
 But Nisus now is clear; he had escaped
 the enemy and, still unthinking, passed 515
 the place that later is to be called Alban
 for Alba Longa—but then King Latinus
 kept his tall cattle stalls there—when he halted,

looked back for his lost friend and could not find him.

"Where have I left you, poor Euryalus? 520
 Where can I search for you, and how unravel
 my tangled path through that deceptive forest?"
 With this, he tracks and traces back his footsteps
 and threads his way through silent thickets until
 he hears hoofbeats and trampled brush and signals 525
 of chase and, not long after, an outcry;
 and sees Euryalus whom now, betrayed
 by night and the terrain, bewildered by
 the sudden tumult, all the troop are hauling
 away as, overpowered, he thrashes, hopeless. 530
 But what can Nisus do? What can he use,
 what force or arms to dare his comrade's rescue?
 Or should he rush to his sure end among
 those troops and hurry with his wounds a seemly
 death? Quickly then he draws his arm far back; 535
 as he prepares his shaft, he gazes at
 the steep moon, prays: "You goddess, guardian
 of groves, and glory of the stars, o you,
 Latona's daughter, now be with us, help
 this labor. For if you were ever honored 540
 by Hyrtacus, my father, when he brought
 before your altar gifts on my behalf,
 if I have ever added offerings
 to you from my own hunting, hanging trophies
 beneath your dome or nailing them upon 545
 your gabled roof, then let me rout this troop;
 you guide my spearhead through the air." He spoke,
 then, straining all his body, hurled his steel.
 Across the shadows of the night it flies,
 then strikes the facing back of Sulmo; there 550
 it snaps and, splintered, passes through his midriff.
 As Sulmo tumbles over in chill death,
 he vomits out a warm stream from his chest;
 his long-drawn gasps heave heard against his ribs.
 The Latins look around, at every angle. 555
 While they still tremble, Nisus, even fiercer,
 now poises a new shaft at his eartip.
 The hissing spear drives straight through both the temples
 of Tagus; warm, it stuck in his pierced brain.
 Though Volcens rages, crazed, he cannot see 560

whoever was the sender of that shaft
 or where he can attack in frenzy. "Yet
 until we find him, you shall pay," he cried,
 "the penalties of both with your warm blood."
 He rushed with drawn sword at Euryalus. 565
 Then, mad with terror, Nisus cries aloud—
 he could not hide in darkness anymore
 or stand so great a grief: "I did it—I:
 your steel, Rutulians, is meant for me;
 the crime is mine; he has not dared anything, 570
 nor could he; heaven be my witness and
 the knowing stars: he only loved too well
 his luckless friend." So was he pleading when
 the sword, thrust home with force, pierced through the ribs
 and broke the white breast of Euryalus. 575
 He tumbles into death, the blood flows down
 his handsome limbs; his neck, collapsing, leans
 against his shoulder: even as a purple
 flower, severed by the plow, falls slack in death;
 or poppies as, with weary necks, they bow 580
 their heads when weighted down by sudden rain.
 But Nisus rushes on among them all;
 he is seeking only Volcens, only Volcens
 can be the man he wants. The enemy
 crowd him; on every side, their ranks would drive 585
 him back, but Nisus presses on unchecked,
 whirling his lightning sword until he plunged
 it full into the Latin's howling mouth
 and, dying, took away his foeman's life.
 Then, pierced, he cast himself upon his lifeless 590
 friend; there, at last, he found his rest in death.

Fortunate pair! If there be any power
 within my poetry, no day shall ever
 erase you from the memory of time;
 not while Aeneas' children live beside 595
 the Capitol's unchanging rock nor while
 a Roman father still holds sovereignty.

The Latin victors, taking spoils and plunder
 and weeping, carried lifeless Volcens back
 to camp. But there the wailing was no less 600
 when they found Rhamnes dead, together with

so many other chieftains butchered in
 one slaughter—here Serranus, Numa here.
 Around the bodies of the dead and dying
 a mighty crowd has gathered, and the ground 605
 is warm with recent killings, channels run
 with foaming blood. They recognize the spoils,
 the gleaming helmet of Messapus, all
 his gear that was regained with so much sweat.

Now early Dawn had left Tithonus' saffron 610
 bed, scattering new light upon the earth:
 now sunrays streamed, now day made plain all things.
 Turnus, himself in arms, calls up his men
 to war; each Latin captain spurs his bronze-
 clad company to battle, each one stirs 615
 their anger with a different tale of horror.
 They even fasten on uplifted pikes—
 a miserable sight—the heads of Nisus
 and of Euryalus and march behind them
 with ringing shouts. Aeneas' sturdy sons 620
 line up against them, ranged along the left-
 side walls (the river keeps their right); they man
 the massive trenches, and they stand in sadness
 on their high towers. How much more sad—when they
 can suddenly make out, impaled, held high, 625
 the heads of men known much too well by their
 unhappy comrades, heads that drip black gore.

Meanwhile winged Rumor, rushing, flies across
 the frightened town with tidings; she glides toward
 the mother of Euryalus and reaches 630
 her ears. At once the warmth abandons her
 poor bones; and from her hands the shuttle falls;
 the skein unravels. Wretched, she runs out
 and, with a woman's wailing, tearing her hair
 and heedless of men's presence and the darts 635
 and danger, mad, she races toward the walls'
 front lines. Then she fills heaven with her cries:
 "Euryalus, is this the way I see you?
 You, evening peace of my last years, cruel son,
 how could you leave me here alone? Sent out 640
 on such a dangerous task, you did not even
 let me, your mother, in my misery,

say last farewells. You lie in a strange land,
 the prey of Latin dogs and birds. And I,
 your mother, did not follow you—your corpse— 645
 or close your eyes, or wash your wounds, or wrap
 your body in the clothes that I was weaving—
 I, hurrying by night and day to finish
 before my death, consoling with the loom
 the cares of an old woman. Where shall I 650
 go now to find you? For what land now holds
 your limbs, your severed loins, your mangled corpse?
 My son, is there no more than this that you
 can now bring back to me? Is it for this
 I followed after you by land and sea? 655
 If you have any tenderness, Rutulians,
 then run me through, hurl all your shafts at me,
 and let me be the first you kill! Great father
 of gods, take pity; with your thunderbolt
 cast down this hated head to Tartarus; 660
 that is the only way I can cut short
 this cruel life.” Her wailing moved their minds;
 a moan of sorrow passed through all; their force
 is broken, numbed for war. As her grief kindles,
 so Actor and Idæus, at a word 665
 from tearful Iulus and Ilioneus,
 lift her and bear her homeward in their arms.

But from far off the trumpet rang its call
 of dread, its song of brass. Then battle cries
 reecho through the sky. The Volscians hurry 670
 their march with their locked shields in even lines;
 they are bent on filling up the trenches and
 on tearing down the ramparts. Some seek out
 an entrance, climbing up their scaling ladders
 there where the line is thin, the ring of men 675
 less dense and gleaming light can pass. Against them
 the Teucrians, who have learned to guard their walls
 by long warfare, pour down all kinds of weapons
 and thrust with their tough poles. They also roll
 down boulders big enough to kill, trying 680
 to crack the cover of the Latins' shields.
 Yet these, beneath the roof of their locked shields,
 are able to withstand all things. But now
 it is too hard; for where the troops are thickest

and menace most, the Trojans heave and cast
 a giant mass that scatters the Rutulians
 both wide and far, that cracks their armor cover.
 But now the bold Rutulians no longer
 care for their covered weapons; with their shafts
 they try to clear the battlements. Elsewhere, 690
 and terrible to see, Mezentius
 is brandishing a torch of Tuscan pine
 and whirling fire and smoke; while here Messapus—
 horse tamer, son of Neptune—batters down
 the ramparts, calls for ladders up the walls. 695

O you, Calliope, and all the Muses,
 do you, I pray, inspire me: I must
 sing of the slaughter and the deaths that Turnus
 spread with his sword across the field of battle,
 of those each fighting man sent down to hell; 700
 unroll with me the mighty scroll of war.
 You, goddesses, remember, you can tell.

In front, well placed, there stood a formidable
 tower, with bridges running to the walls,
 which all of the Italians tried to storm 705
 with their full force, to overturn with every
 strength that they had; and facing them, the Trojans,
 defending it with stones and crowding close,
 were showering their darts through hollow portholes.
 First Turnus threw a blazing torch of hemp 710
 and fastened fire along the tower's flank.
 Fanned by the wind, the flame caught fast the planks
 and gripped the gate posts as it burned. Inside,
 men tremble, troubled, try in vain to find
 escape from this disaster. While they huddle, 715
 retreating where the fire has not yet taken
 hold—there, beneath the sudden weight the tower
 falls; all of heaven thunders at that crash.
 And as the monstrous mass collapsed upon them,
 they reached the ground, half-dead, pierced by their 720
 own
 spear shafts, with splintered hardwood through their chests.
 Almost the only ones to fall to safety
 were Lycus and Helenor. Young Helenor,
 whom a Licymnian slave had borne in secret

to the Maeonian king and then had sent 725
to serve at Troy with arms forbidden to him,
is lightly armed, with naked sword, his blank
shield bears no blazon. When he sees himself
hemmed in by Turnus' thousands, Latin troops
to this side and to that—then even as 730
a wild beast trapped by hunters in a dense
circle, who rages at their shafts and, not
unknowing, casts himself on death, and with
a leap, falls on their hunting spears: so he,
a youth prepared to die, now rushes out 735
among his enemies, and where the shower
of darts is thickest, there he makes his way.
But Lycus, faster-footed, gains the walls
by flight through enemies and through their missiles;
he clutches for the top of a tall buttress 740
to catch his comrades' outstretched hands. But Turnus,
who chases after him with foot and spear,
now as a victor taunts him: "Madman, where
did you hope to escape my hands?" With this,
he grabs at hanging Lycus, tears him down 745
together with a great chunk of the wall:
as when the eagle, armor-bearer of Jove,
while soaring toward his eyrie has swept up
some hare or snow-white swan in his hooked claws,
or when the wolf of Mars has snatched a lamb 750
out of the fold, its mother searching long,
with many bleatings. All about, the Latin
troops shout as they rush forward, heaping earth
to fill the trenches, others tossing blazing
torches up toward the roofs. Ilioneus 755
heaves down the great rock fragment of a mountain
and kills Lucetius as he nears the gateway
while bearing firebrands; and Liger kills
Emathion; Asilas, Corynaeus;
one skillful with the javelin, the other 760
with arrows that steal on, unseen, from far.
Then Caeneus kills Ortygius; Turnus then
kills Caeneus as he stands victorious,
and Itys, Clonius, and Dioxippus,
and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas— 765
this last was at his post on the high towers.
And Capys kills Privernus, whom before this

Themillas' spear had lightly grazed; Privernus,
 mad, had thrown down his shield to touch the wound;
 at this, a gliding arrow pinned his hand 770
 to his left side and, penetrating, broke
 with death's own wound the breathways of his life.

The son of Arcens, famed for handsomeness,
 stood out upon the wall in splendid armor,
 his short cloak wrought with needlework and bright 775
 with steel-blue Spanish dye. He had been raised
 within his mother's grove along the river
 Symaethus, where the rich and gracious afar
 built by Palicus stands; and then his father
 had sent him out to serve under Aeneas. 780
 Against this son of Arcens, as he stood,
 Mezentius himself, spear set aside,
 takes up a whizzing sling; three times he whirled
 the thong around his head; with molten lead
 he cracked the temples of his enemy 785
 and stretched him headlong, sprawling on deep sand.

Now—for the first time in his life, it is said—
 Ascanius, who until then had only
 been used to scaring fleeing beasts of quarry,
 aimed his swift shaft in battle, laying low 790
 by his own hand the valiant Numanus—
 his surname Remulus—who had but lately
 wed Turnus' younger sister. For Numanus
 had stalked before the front lines, shouting things
 both worthy and unworthy to be spoken, 795
 his heart puffed up with his new link to kings,
 and boasting as he swaggered, bellowing:

“Twice-conquered Phrygians, are you not ashamed
 to be hemmed in again by siege and ramparts,
 to set up walls between yourselves and death? 800
 Look, those who want to take our brides by battle!
 What god brought you to Italy or what
 insanity? Do not expect to find
 the sons of Atreus here or fable-babbling
 Ulysses, but a race from sturdy stock. 805
 For first we bear our infants to the river
 and harden them by cruel frost and water;

and then our boys grow keen in hunting, ranging
 the forests; and their sports are breaking horses
 and aiming arrows from their bows. As youths 810
 they learn frugality and patient labor
 and tame the earth with harrows or compel
 defiant towns to tremble. All our life
 is spent with steel; we goad the backs of bullocks
 with our inverted spears, and even slow 815
 old age can never sap our force of spirit
 or body's vigor. We clamp down gray hairs
 beneath a helmet, always take delight
 in our new plunder, in a violent life.
 But you wear robes of saffron, ornamented 820
 and gleaming purple; you like laziness,
 and you delight in dances; and your tunics
 have sleeves, your bonnets, ribbons. You indeed
 are Phrygian women—hardly Phrygian men:
 now go, prance through high Dindyma, there where 825
 the twin-mouthed pipes delight familiar ears!
 The timbrel and the Berecynthian flute
 of Ida's mother summon you to revels;
 leave arms to men, you have had enough of swords.”

These bragging words and warnings were too much. 830
 Ascanius drew back his horse-gut bowstring,
 his arrow, stretched his arms apart, and pausing,
 prayed first, a suppliant, with vows to Jove:
 “All-able Jupiter, be kind to my
 audacious try! For I myself shall bring 835
 my yearly offerings into your temple;
 before your altars I shall set a dazzling
 white bullock with gilt brow, tall as his mother,
 and old enough to butt with horns, his pawing
 hoofs scattering the sand.” The Father heard, 840
 and from a cloudless part of heaven he
 then thundered on the left. That very instant
 the fatal bowstring twangs. The arrow, taut,
 speeds on with dreadful hissing, driving through
 the head of Remulus and, with its steel, 845
 pierces his hollow temples. “Go now, mock
 our bravery with words that taunt! This is
 the answer sent by twice-defeated Phrygians
 back to Rutulians.” He said no more.

The Trojans, glad, applaud Ascanius;
their shouting lifts their spirits to the stars. 850

It happened then that, from the upper air,
while seated on a cloud, long-haired Apollo
was looking down upon the Trojan city
and on the army of Ausonia. 855

He speaks to the triumphant Iulus: "Grow
in your new courage, child; o son of gods
and ancestor of gods, this is the way
to scale the stars. All fated, future wars
shall end in peace beneath Assaracus'
house; for the walls of Troy cannot contain you." 860

And saying this, he flashes from steep heaven
and parts the panting winds and seeks Iulus;
but first he takes the shape of aged Butes:
once he was armor-bearer to Anchises 865
and trusted keeper of his gate, but later
the father of Ascanius had made him
the boy's companion. As he walked, Apollo
in every way was like the old man: voice
and coloring, white hairs, and clanging weapons. 870
He calms excited Iulus with these words:

"It is already much, son of Aeneas,
that by your shafts you have laid low Numanus,
yourself unharmed. The great Apollo grants
the glory of this first success; and he 875
does not begrudge your matching him in arms:
but after this, my boy, enough of war."

This said, Apollo, even as he spoke,
put off his mortal form and vanished far
from sight into thin air. The Dardan chieftains 880
had recognized the god and his divine
arrows; they heard his quiver rattle as
he flew away. And so, because of Phoebus'

word and his will, they curb Ascanius,
still anxious for fresh battle; they themselves 885
rush out again to fight, to risk their lives
in open perils. All around the walls
a roar runs through the bulwarks as they bend
their bitter bows and whirl their slings. The ground

is littered far and wide with missiles; shields 890

and hollow helmets clash and clang; the battle
 grows ever bloodier: just as a gale
 that, born beneath the stormy Hyades,
 will rush out from the west and flail the ground;
 or hail that whips the shoals when Jupiter, 895
 rough with his turning south winds, twists the squall
 of water, cracks the heavens' hollow clouds.

Then two sons of Alcanor, Pandarus
 and Bitias, raised in the wood of Jove
 on Ida by the nymph Iaira, two 900
 young men the match of their own native firs
 and mountains, held the gate assigned to them
 by order of their chieftains. But relying
 on arms alone, they freely open this,
 invite their enemies inside the walls. 905
 And they themselves take posts inside the entrance,
 before the towers to the right and left;
 they are armed with swords, their tall heads glittering
 with plumes: even as twin oak trees that rise
 high in the air, along clear streams, beside 910
 the riverbanks of Padus or nearby
 kind Athesis, when they lift up their shaggy
 heads unto heaven, nodding their steep crowns.
 When they can see the entrance free, the Latins
 burst in. But straightway Quercens, reckless Tmarus, 915
 Aquicolus, most handsome in his armor,
 and Haemon, son of Mars, are beaten off
 with all their men and turn their backs in flight
 or lose their lives upon the very threshold.
 Now anger grows more fierce in minds that hate; 920
 the Trojans rally to the gateway, daring
 to battle hand to hand; they sally out.

Turnus is raging elsewhere in the attack,
 bringing confusion to his foes; but then
 he hears the news that, hot with their new kill, 925
 the enemy have opened wide their gates.
 He drops what he began; moved by tremendous
 wrath, he now rushes toward the Dardan entrance
 and those proud brothers. And the first he kills,
 casting his javelin, is Antiphates— 930
 a bastard son of great Sarpedon, born

out of a Theban mother—as he stands
 foremost. For the Italian shaft of dogwood
 flies through thin air; it drives into his belly
 and then twists upward into his deep chest; 935
 the wound's dark mouth pours out a wave of foam,
 the steel tip warms itself in his pierced lungs.
 He next kills Meropes and Erymas,
 Aphidnus, and then Bitias himself,
 for all his glaring eyes and raging mind— 940
 not with a javelin, for that could never
 take Bitias' life away, but with a whirling
 Saguntine pike that raced with mighty hissing,
 one driven like a bolt of thunder; neither
 his shield with two bulls' hides nor the twin row 945
 of golden scales upon his trusty corselet
 could stand against it. His tremendous limbs
 collapse and fall; earth groans; his giant shield
 comes crashing down upon him. Even so
 along the coast of Baiæ near to Cumæ 950
 at times a stony pier, built to great size,
 which then is set into the sea, will fall;
 and as it tumbles, trails just such destruction,
 dashing to rest beneath the shoals; the seas
 are in a turmoil and the black sands heave; 955
 and Prochyta's steep island trembles at
 that roar; Inarime's stone bed, laid down
 by Jove's command, above Typhoeus, shudders.

At this, Mars, god of arms, gave to the Latins
 new force and heart. He spurred their breasts with sharp 960
 goads, but he set black Fear and Flight among
 the Teucrians. From every side the Latins
 now rally, taking every chance to fight;
 the warrior god glides deep into their minds.
 But Pandarus, who sees the fallen body 965
 of Bitias, his brother, who can tell
 how fortune stands, what chance is ruling things,
 heaves hard with his great shoulders, straining much,
 and twists the gate back on its swinging hinges.
And he leaves many comrades shut outside 970
 the walls in bitter battle; many others—
 those quick to rush inside with him—he welcomes.

Madman! Among the troops that hurried in
 he had not seen Prince Turnus; heedless, he
 had locked him in the city like some monstrous 975
 tiger among the helpless flocks. At once
 a new light glittered in the eyes of Turnus,
 his arms clanged horribly; his bloody crests
 are quivering on his helmet; gleaming lightnings
 flash from his shield. Aeneas' men, in panic, 980
 have recognized his hated face and massive
 frame. Giant Pandarus makes straight for him
 and, hot with anger for his brother's death,
 cries: "This is not Amata's dowry palace;
 this is not Ardea, your native place. 985
 You see a hostile camp, with no escape."
 Untroubled, Turnus smiles at him and says:
 "Throw first, if there is courage in your heart,
 then try my right hand; you shall say to Priam
 that here, too, an Achilles can be found." 990
 He stopped. Then Pandarus called all his force
 and whirled his knotted spear of still-green oak.
 The winds received the wound; Saturnian
 Juno had parried it; the spearhead sticks
 fast in the gate. "But you will not escape 995
 this weapon wielded by my strong right hand;
 this wound and weapon are another man's—
 not his who held your shaft." So Turnus says;
 stretching, he raises high his sword; the steel
 slices the brow of Pandarus between 1000
 the temples, severing his beardless cheeks
 with one enormous wound. A thud: earth quakes
 beneath his great weight. Dying, on the ground,
 his fainting limbs are sprawled, his armor splashed
 with brains; his head is dangling in equal halves 1005
 from either shoulder, to this side and that.

The Trojans turn and run in fear and trembling;
 and if the victor then had taken care
 to smash the bolts, to let his comrades pour
 inside the gates, that day had been the last 1010
 day of the war and of the Trojan nation;
 but rage and an insane desire for slaughter
 drove Turnus on against his enemies.
 And first he catches Phaleris, and then

he catches Gyges, whom he hamstring; seizing 1015
 their spears, he hurls them at the fleeing crowd
 as Juno helps him on with force and heart.
 To keep them company, he next sends off
 both Phegeus—piercing through his shield—and Halys.
 And then—as, unaware, they stand upon 1020
 the walls, inciting war with those outside—
 these four are slaughtered next: Alcander, Noemon,
 and Halius and Prytanis. Then Lynceus
 draws near and calls upon his Trojan comrades;
 but Turnus, sweeping toward the rampart on 1025
 his right, hacks Lynceus down with gleaming sword;
 his head, sliced by one blow, fell far away,
 together with his helmet. Turnus next
 kills these: first Amycus, who hunted down
 wild beasts—no hand had been more skillful in 1030
 anointing shafts and arming steel with poison;
 then Clytius, the son of Aeolus;
 and after him falls Cretheus, the companion
 of Muses: Cretheus, Muses' comrade, one
 who always took delight in lyre and song 1035
 and setting measured music on the strings;
 he always sang of horses, warriors, wars.

At last the Trojan captains—brave Serestus
 and Mnestheus—hearing of the slaughter, meet;
 they see their comrades wandering about, 1040
 the enemy within the gates. And Mnestheus
 cries out: "And where are you retreating to?
 What other walls, what ramparts lie beyond?
 My countrymen, will you let one lone man,
 hemmed in by your own bulwarks on all sides, 1045
 still carry on such killing in your city
 and go scot free? Shall he send down so many
 of our best youths to Orcus? Cowards, are you
 not moved by shame and pity for your luckless
 homeland, your ancient gods, for great Aeneas?" 1050

Excited by these words, they steady, stand
 in compact ranks. And gradually Turnus
 moves back from battle, making for the river,
 for that side of the camp along the banks.
 At this the Teucrians push on more fiercely, 1055

shouting and massing, just as when a crowd
will press a cruel lion with hating spears:
in fear, yet bold and glaring, he gives ground;
his wrath and courage will not let him flee;
and yet, though this is what he wants, he cannot
1060 charge on against so many men and weapons.
And even so is Turnus, hesitant,
as he moves backward with slow steps; his spirit
boils up with rage. But even then he twice
rushed out against the center of their ranks,
1065 twice turned them, in disorder, into flight
along the walls. But quickly all the troops
pile out in one mass from the camp; nor can
Saturnian Juno dare to give him strength
against them; for from heaven, Jupiter
1070 sent Iris through the air as messenger
with orders—they were hardly gentle—for
his wife-and-sister, warning her that Turnus
now has to quit the Trojans' battlements.
And so the soldier cannot stand much longer
1075 with either shield or sword; he is overwhelmed
by shafts from every side. His helmet never
stops clanging, dizzying his hollow temples;
his horsehair crest is dashed from off his head;
his shield-boss cannot take so many blows.
1080 The Trojans—and among them, thunderous
Mnestheus himself—redouble their attack
with spears. Then sweat runs down all Turnus' body,
a stream like pitch; he cannot breathe; his limbs,
exhausted, shake with painful panting. Then
1085 he leaps at last and gives himself headlong,
together with his weapons, to the river.
The Tiber's yellow stream welcomed his coming;
it lifted him on soft waves, washed away
his blood, and sent him back, glad, to his comrades.
1090

B O O K X

Meanwhile the palace of Olympus opens;
the father of the gods and king of men
within his house of stars has called a council;
there, high upon his throne, he watches all
the lands, the Dardan camps, the Latin peoples. 5
The gods take up their seats within a hall
flanked east and west by portals. Jove begins:

“Great sons of heaven, why this shift in plan,
this bickering with such belligerence?
I ordered Italy to leave the Trojans 10
untouched; why quarrel, then, against my will?
What fear persuaded one side or the other
to take the way of war, provoke the sword?
The fitting time for battle will yet come
(and soon enough without your hurrying) 15
when savage Carthage will unleash its hate
and ruin on the towers of Rome, unlock
the Alps against them: then it will be right
to rage and fight and ravage everything.
Now it is time to stop, to give your glad 20
assent to what I want: a league of peace.”

• • •

So Jupiter in few words, but a few
are not enough when golden Venus answers:
"O Father, o eternal king of men
and things—what higher force can I beseech?— 25
you see how arrogant are these Rutulians—
how Turnus, with his handsome horses, rides
across the ranks; how, puffed with pride, he charges,
the favorite of Mars. Even their barred
ramparts are not enough to shield the Trojans; 30
they fight within the gates, along the bulwarks
and walls; they flood the trenches with their blood.
Aeneas is away and does not know.
And will you never let the Teucrians
be free from siege? Again the walls of Troy, 35
newborn, are menaced by an enemy,
another army, and again a son
of Tydeus marches out against them, from
Aetolian Arpi. And I think more wounds
are still to come to me; I, your own daughter, 40
must still await the weapon of a mortal.
For if the Trojans have reached Italy
without your leave, against your will, then let
them suffer for their crime, do not bring help.
But if they followed oracles of High Ones, 45
of gods above and gods below, then why
can anyone annul what you command
or make new fates for them? Must I recall
their galleys burned along the coast of Eryx?
Or raging winds the king of tempests wakened 50
out of Aeolia? Or the descent
of Iris from the clouds? Now Juno even
stirs up the Shades (no one before disturbed
that region of the world); and suddenly
Allecto is set loose on upper earth, 55
raving throughout the towns of Italy.
I do not care at all for empire, though
such was my hope when fortune favored; now
let those be victors whom you choose to be.
And if there is no country your cruel wife 60
will let the Trojans have—then, Father, I
beseech you by the smoking remnants of
my fallen Troy to let me send away
Ascanius, unharmed, from battle: let
my grandson live. Aeneas may be cast, 65

just as you will, on unknown waves and follow
 whatever pathway fortune finds for him;
 but let me shield Ascanius and take him
 far from this dreadful war. I have high Paphos,
 Cythera, Amathus, Idalium's temple; 70
 then let Ascanius live unhonored there,
 his weapons set aside. Have Carthage crush
 all of Ausonia in her hard grip;
 Ascanius will not stand in the way
 of Tyre. What use is it to have escaped 75
 the plague of war, to flee through Argive fires,
 to try out every risk of sea and vast
 lands, if the Trojans still are searching for
 their Latium, their newborn Pergamus?
 And would it not have been far better for them 80
 if they had settled on the final ashes
 of their homeland, on soil that once was Troy?
 I pray you, Father, to give back the Xanthus
 and Simois to these poor men; let them
 live through the trials of Troy a second time." 85

Then royal Juno, urged by bitter anger:
 "Why are you forcing me to break my deep
 silence, to publish my most secret grief?
 Did any god or man compel Aeneas
 to take the way of war, to let himself 90
 be used as enemy of King Latinus?
 'The fates have led him into Italy':
 oh, yes—the prophecies of mad Cassandra!
 Did I press him to leave his camp, to trust
 his fortune to the winds? To place a child 95
 in charge of his defenses? Or to tamper
 with Tuscan loyalties, the peace of nations?
 What god, what ruthless power of mine drove him
 to crime? Does Juno have to do with this,
 or Iris sent from clouds? You say it is 100
 disgraceful for Italians to surround
 the newborn Troy with torches and for Turnus
 to take a stand upon his native ground—
 Turnus, who has as ancestor Pylumus,
 whose mother is Venilia, the goddess. 105
 But what have you to say when Trojan force
 is used to fling black torches at the Latins?
 Or crushes foreign fields beneath their yoke

and carries off their plunder? When they pick
 at will whatever daughters they would wed 110
 and snatch pledged brides away from proper lovers?
 Or beg for peace but dress their ships in armor?
 You have the power to pluck Aeneas from
 the hands of the Achaeans, giving them
 the mist and empty winds instead of him, 115
 to change Troy's ships into as many nymphs:
 then is it terrible if we in turn
 have given the Rutulians some help?
 'Aeneas is away and does not know'—
 indeed, let him not know and be away! 120
 You say that Paphos, high Cythera, and
 Idalium are yours: why meddle, then,
 with towns that teem with war and bitterness?
 For is it I who try to tear away
 your tottering Troy from its foundations? I? 125
 Or is it not that wanton one who laid
 the wretched Trojans open to the Greeks?
 Was it not he who caused both Europe and
 Asia to rise in arms, whose treachery
 first violated ties of peace? Did I 130
 lead on the Teucric adulterer
 to plunder Sparta? Did I furnish him
 with weapons or use lust to foster war?
 That was the time to care about your friends.
 But now, too late, you rise with your complaints, 135
 unjustly casting pointless taunts at me."

This was the plea of Juno. All the sons
 of heaven murmured their assent to her
 or else to Venus: even as a tempest's
 first sighs, when trapped within the forest, rustle 140
 and struggle back and forth with muffled roar
 that warns seafarers of high winds to come.
 Then the all-able Father, as chief lord
 of every thing, speaks out; and with his words
 the high home of the gods is hushed; the earth 145
 is made to tremble down to its deep base;
 steep air is silent and the west winds still;
 the deep seas stay their waters, and they rest.

• • •

"Then listen, set these words fast in your minds:
 since Teucrian and Latin cannot join 150
 in treaty and your quarrel cannot find
 an end, I shall allow no difference
 between the Trojans and Rutulians;
 whatever fortune each may find today,
 what hope each side may follow, I shall not 155
 care if the Trojans are besieged because
 of the Italians' destiny or for
 their own mistakes or their misguided omens.
 Nor shall I be of help to the Rutulians.
 What each man does will shape his trial and fortune. 160
 For Jupiter is king of all alike;
 the Fates will find their way." He sealed his word;
 he nodded by his Stygian brother's rivers,
 by banks that flood with pitch and dark whirlpools,
 and shook all of Olympus with his nod. 165
 The speeches now were ended. Jupiter
 rose from his golden throne; and heaven's sons,
 surrounding him, escort him to his threshold.

Meanwhile at all the gates the Latins strive
 to cut the Trojans down, to gird the walls 170
 with flame. The men Aeneas leads are still
 trapped inside their stockade, without escape.
 Aimless and sad, they stand upon the towers
 and man the ramparts in a meager ring.
 And Asius, the son of Imbrasmus; 175
 the pair who bear Assaracus' own name;
 Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon; and
 both Castor and old Thymbris—these are foremost;
 beside them stand Sarpedon's brothers, Clarus
 and Thaemon, who have come from hilly Lycia. 180
 And he who strains with all his body, carries
 a massive rock, huge fragment of a mountain,
 is Acmon of Lyrnesus, just as huge
 as is his father Clytius or his brother
 Menestheus. And some try defense with lances 185
 and some with stones, and some cast firebrands
 or fit bowstrings with arrows. In the thick
 the Dardan boy himself, the favored one
 of Venus, handsome head uncovered, glitters

just as a jewel set in tawny gold 190
 as an adornment for the neck or head,
 or gleaming ivory inlaid with skill
 in boxwood or Orician terebinth.
 His milk-white neck receives his flowing hair
 encircled by a clasp of pliant gold. 195
 And Ismarus, you, too, were seen by your
 great-hearted tribesmen from Maeonia,
 where rich wheat fields are tilled by men and then
 bathed by the golden flood of the Pactolus:
 son of a noble house, you took your aim 200
 to wound, anointing shafts of reed with poison.
 And Mnestheus, too, was there, whom yesterday's
 triumph—his thrusting Turnus from the high
 ramparts—exalts in glory; Capys, too,
 whose name is now a city in Campania. 205

And so they fought a stubborn, cruel fight;
 meanwhile Aeneas cut the waves at midnight.
 For when he left Evander he had entered
 the Tuscan camp and there approached King Tarchon.
 He tells the king his name and race, declares 210
 what help he needs, what help he brings the Tuscans,
 informing him of what Mezentius
 would muster and of Turnus' violence
 and of what faith to put in human things,
 and with his warnings mingles in entreaties. 215
 No time is lost: King Tarchon joins his forces;
 their pact is made. And then the Lydian nation,
 free now from fate's restraint, at last beneath
 a foreign leader by the gods' command,
 takes ship. First in the fleet: Aeneas' galley; 220
 beneath its beak are Phrygian lions, and
 above them, towering, the mount of Ida,
 a scene most welcome to the exiled Trojans.
 Here great Aeneas sits, considering
 the many and inconstant ways of war; 225
 and Pallas, at his left, clings close and asks
 about the stars and how they chart a path
 for us across the darkened night, and what
 trials had Aeneas faced on land and sea.

Now open Helicon, you goddesses, 230
 and while they sail, awake your song and tell

what forces from the Tuscan shores are with
Aeneas, man the ships, and ride the sea.

First Massicus, their captain, cuts the waters
in "Tiger," ship with beak of bronze; he brings 235
a thousand young men in a band come from
the walls of Clusium and town of Cosae,
with arrows and light quivers on their shoulders
and deadly bows. Beside him sails grim Abas,
all of his men in splendid arms, a gilded 240
Apollo gleaming on his stern. Six hundred
young men, expert in war, were given him
by Populonia, the mother city;
and Ilva, with her inexhaustible,
rich island mines of Chalybean metal, 245
sent out three hundred. Third in line, Asilas,
interpreter between the gods and men—
whom cattle entrails and the stars of heaven
and languages of birds and lightning flashes
of prophesying thunder all obey— 250
has brought with him a thousand, close arrayed;
their spears are bristling. All are sons of Pisa,
a city set on Tuscan soil and yet
Alphean in its origin. And next
most handsome Astyr follows: Astyr, who 255
trusts in his horse and many-colored weapons.
Three hundred more, but all with one will, come
from Caere, Minio's farms, and ancient Pyrgi
and from Graviscae, the unhealthy city.

Nor shall I overlook you, Cinyras, 260
bravest in war of all Ligurians,
nor you, Cupavo, though your troops were few.
The feathers of a swan rise from your crest
(as a reproach to Love and to Love's mother),
the emblem of your father's transformation. 265
For it is said of Cynus that—while he
was grieving over Phaethon, consoling
his melancholy love with music, singing
beneath the poplar leaves of his dead love's
sisters—he altered; covered with soft feathers
like white old age, he soared away from earth 270
and, singing still, made for the stars. His son
Cupavo, with his troops young as himself,

drives on with oars his giant ship, the "Centaur."
 Its emblem towers above the waters: bold, 275
 it menaces the waves with a huge rock
 and furrows the deep seas with its long keel.

There, too, another chieftain comes who from
 his native coasts has mustered squadrons: Ocnus,
 the son of prophesying Manto and 280
 the Tuscan river; Mantua, he gave you
 walls and his mother's name—o Mantua,
 so rich in ancestors and yet not all
 of one race; for you are the capital
 of peoples rising from three races, each 285
 the rulers of four towns; but you yourself
 have drawn your chief strength from your Tuscan blood.
 And here Mezentius' city sends five hundred
 men out against him, led across the seas
 in pine warships; upon their prows is Mincius, 290
 the river god and son of Lake Benacus;
 he is crowned with gray-green reeds. And next Aulestes,
 lashing the waters, comes on heavily;
 he rises to the stroke with a full hundred
 oars of tree trunks; the waters foam, the sea 295
 is overturned. He is carried by a prow
 that bears a giant Triton, one whose shell
 frightens the blue-gray seas; for as he swims,
 his hairy chest is human to the waist,
 but then his belly ends in fish; beneath 300
 the breast of this half-beast, waves churn and foam.

So many were the chosen chiefs who sailed
 in three-times-ten ships to the aid of Troy
 and plowed the plains of brine with prows of bronze.

Now day had left the sky; and gracious Phoebe, 305
 in her night-wandering chariot, was trampling
 through mid-Olympus. At the helm Aeneas
 himself both steers and tends the sails; his cares
 have stripped his limbs of calm and rest. Then—look!—
 across the middle of the seaway came 310
 a band of his own squadron; for the nymphs,
 whom Cybele had made sea goddesses

when she changed them from ships to nymphs, swam on
 together, cutting through the waves, as many
 as once were brazen prows along the coast. 315
 They recognize Aeneas from far off
 and, dancing, circle him: Cymodoce,
 most skilled at speaking, follows in his wake
 and grips the stern with her right hand, lifting
 her back above the surface; with her left 320
 she rows across the soundless waves below.
 And then she turns to the astonished king:

"Aeneas, son of gods, are you awake?
 Be up and ease the cords! Set free the sails!
 We are the pines of Ida's sacred summit, 325
 your ships that now are water nymphs. As Turnus,
 the traitor, harried us with flame and sword,
 reluctantly we broke your ropes and then
 went off in search of you across the seas.
 The mother of the gods was merciful; 330
 she gave us this new form as goddesses,
 to spend our life beneath the waters. But
 your son Ascanius is trapped by trenches
 and walls, hemmed in by spears and war-mad Latins.
 Arcadian horsemen, joined by bold Etruscans, 335
 are ready at their stations; and yet Turnus
 is set to head them off with his men, lest
 they join your camp. Enough; be up; and as
 Dawn comes, command your comrades to take arms
 early; and take the shield, invincible, 340
 with golden borders, you were given by
 the Lord of Fire. For tomorrow's light—
 if you believe my words are not for nothing—
 shall see great heaps of slain Rutulians."
 She ended and, at parting, shoved the tall 345
 ship forward, using her right hand and just
 the needed force; it flies across the waters
 faster than javelin and wind-swift arrow.
 And all the other ships drive on more quickly.

Anchises' Trojan son is mystified 350
 and marvels, yet this omen lifts his heart;
 and he prays briefly toward the high curved sky:

"Generous goddess of Ida, you, mother
 of gods, who take delight in Dindyma
 and towered towns and lions yoked in pairs, 355
 now guide me in this coming battle; goddess,
 make this sign favorable, stride beside
 the Phrygian squadrons with your gracious step."
 He said no more. Meanwhile returning day
 rushed on with its ripe light and banished night. 360

He first instructs his comrades how to follow
 the standards, to prepare their hearts for battle,
 to set their ranks in order for the fight.
 Now, standing on the high stern, he can see
 his Trojans and his camp. At once he lifts 365
 the glowing shield in his right hand. The Dardans
 raise high a starward shout up from the ramparts;
 new hope has kindled rage; they shower darts—
 even as the Strymonian cranes will signal
 beneath dark clouds their coming; clamorous, 370
 they skim across the skies, fleeing before
 the south winds with glad cries. But this astounded
 the chieftains of Ausonia and the prince
 of the Rutulians, until they looked
 backward and saw the sterns turned toward the shore 375
 and all the waves alive with gliding ships.
 Aeneas' helmet tip glows on his head
 as it pours fire down from his towering crest;
 his golden shield boss spouts tremendous flames:
 just as a bloody comet when it glares, 380
 sinister, on some clear night; or as
 the blazing Dog Star, bringer of diseases
 and drought to tired mortals, when it rises
 with light and menace, saddening the skies.

Yet there was no despair in daring Turnus: 385
 he meant to take the landing beach before them,
 to drive them off while they were disembarking.
 Straightway he spurs his men with words. He goads:
 "What you have prayed for, you can do now: break them;
 Mars is himself within your hands. Let each 390
 remember wife and home, recall the bright
 acts and the glories of his ancestors.
 Now let us meet them at the water's edge

at once, while they are trembling still, with their
first footsteps tottering to land; for fortune
helps those who dare." So Turnus says and then
considers whom to lead against them, whom
to leave in charge of war against the walls. 395

Meanwhile Aeneas, from his tall ships, lands
his crewmen down the gangways. Many watch
the languid surf for ebbing waves, then trust
themselves to shallows with a leap, and others
slide down on oars. But Tarchon scans the shores
where no waves breathe, no breakers murmur, only
the inoffensive sea glides with its swell, 400
and suddenly he turns his prows, urging
his comrades: "Now, my chosen ones, press hard
on your tough oars; drive high the ships; let this
land of the enemy feel beaks that cleave,
and let the keel itself dig out a trough. 405
410

So long as we have gained our ground, I do not
care if our fleet shipwrecks on such a beach."
At Tarchon's words the crews rise on their oars
and bear the galleys up on Latin shores.
The beaks have gripped dry land, and all the keels
can settle down, unharmed. But, Tarchon, not
your own ship, for she strikes the shoals and hangs
on an uneven, hard sandbank; she is held
for long in balance, beating at the waves,
until she smashes, tossing out her men 420
among the breakers. And the sailors tangle
with drifting rowing benches, broken oars,
and waves that ebb and suck make going hard.

No lazy lingering keeps Turnus back;
fierce, he attacks the Trojans with full force
and plants his ranks against them on the shore. 425
The trumpets blare. Aeneas is the first
to fall upon the farmer troops—a good
beginning—as he lays the Latins low.
First he kills Theron, tallest man of all,
who dared to seek a duel with Aeneas. 430
Well driven through the bronze joints of his shield
and through his tunic rough with scales of gold,
the Dardan's blade drinks blood from his split side.

Aeneas next kills Lichas, who had been 435
 cut out of his dead mother's womb and then
 made sacred, Phoebus, unto you, because
 you let his infant life escape that knife.
 Then, not far off, Aeneas cast huge Gyas
 and sturdy Cisseus to their death as they 440
 were battering the Trojan troops with clubs.
 The arms of Hercules were useless to them;
 their tough hands did not help, nor did their father,
 Melampus—once the comrade of Alcides
 for all the while that earth gave him hard trials. 445
 And then, while Pharos bragged with empty words,
 Aeneas hurled a javelin that struck him
 full in his bawling mouth. You, too, sad Cydon,
 while you were following your latest darling—
 your Clytius, his cheeks blond with first down— 450
 would then have fallen headlong by the Dardan's
 right hand and lain, a miserable corpse,
 forgetful of the boyish loves that always
 were dear to you, had not your seven brothers
 assailed the enemy with compact ranks: 455
 the seven sons of Phorcus with their seven
 lances against Aeneas. Some bound off
 his shield and helmet pointlessly; but some
 are turned aside by kindly Venus, and
 they only graze his flesh. But then Aeneas 460
 asks this of true Achates: "Give me those
 spearheads that once were fixed within the bodies
 of Greeks upon the plains of Ilium;
 my right hand shall not hurl them now for nothing
 against Rutulians." With that, he takes 465
 a giant shaft and flings it; as it flies,
 it crashes through the brazen shield of Maeon
 and cracks at once his breastplate and his chest.
 Alcanor, Maeon's brother, runs to hold him,
 collapsing, with his right hand, but the rushing 470
 spearhead holds fast its bloody course; Alcanor's
 right arm is run right through; dying, it hung
 down from Alcanor's shoulders by the tendons.
 Then Numitor plucked from his brother's body
 that very shaft and aimed it at Aeneas; 475
 but he was not allowed to strike him straight—
 it only grazed the thigh of great Achates.

Now, confident in his young body, Clausus
 of Cures comes to face the landing party:
 from far he casts his stiff lance, striking Dryops 480
 with full force underneath the chin, piercing
his throat: he robs him, even as he speaks,
 of life and voice; and Dryops' forehead hits
 the earth; he vomits thick gore from his mouth.
 Three Thracians, too, born of the noble blood 485
 of Boreas, and three their father, Idas,
 had sent from Ismarus, their home—Clausus
 of Cures kills each Trojan differently.
 Halaesus rushes up to join him first
 and then Auruncan soldiers and Messapus, 490
 the son of Neptune, with his splendid horses.
 They strain to thrust the landing parties back,
 fighting along Ausonia's very border.
 As in high air the striving winds do battle
 with equal force and spirit; and no wind 495
 gives way to wind, no cloud to cloud, no wave
 to wave; the fight is long, uncertain; each
 against the other, obstinate: just so
 the troops of Troy and Latium now clash;
 foot presses against foot; man crowds on man. 500

But elsewhere in the battle, where a torrent
 had hurtled rolling boulders far and wide
 and torn up trees along its banks, there Pallas
 saw his Arcadians, unused to charge
 on foot, as they went fleeing from the Latins— 505
 the rough terrain had lured them to send back
 their horses. He has only one response
 at such a crisis; now with pleas and now
 with bitter words he calls upon their courage:
 "Where are you running, comrades? By your valor 510
 and by the name of your own King Evander,
 by victories you have won and by my hope
 that now would match my father's fame, you cannot
 trust to your feet. The sword must hack a passage
 through Latin ranks. And where their mass is thickest, 515
 there, there is where your noble homeland asks
 that you and your chief, Pallas, find a path.
 There are no gods against us: mortals, we
 are driven back by mortal enemies;

we have as many hands and lives as they. 520
 Just see, the waters hem us in with their
 great sea wall; there is no retreat by land.
 Then shall we seek the deep or Troy's new camp?"
 This said, he charged against the crowding Latins.

Lagus, led on by his uneven fates, 525
 is first to face him. For while Lagus hauls
 a heavy boulder, Pallas hurls a lance
 that stabs him through the middle of his back,
 just where the spine divides the ribs; and Pallas
 stoops down to tug the shaft from Lagus' bones. 530
 Then Hisbo hacks at Pallas from above,
 hoping to take him by surprise, but fails:
 while Hisbo charges, reckless and gone wild
 because he saw his comrade dying, Pallas
 strikes Hisbo first, piercing his swollen lung. 535
 The next to be cut down is Sthenius
 and then Anchemolus, descended from
 the ancient line of Rhoetus: he was one
 who dared defile his own stepmother's bed.
 Two more—twin brothers, ThyMBER and Larides, 540
 the sons of Daucus—fell on Latin fields;
 so like each other, indistinguishable,
 that even their own parents made sweet errors.
 But Pallas drew a cruel difference
 between them: he lopped off the head of ThyMBER; 545
 from you, Larides, he chopped off the hand;
 now severed, it seeks out its master, and
 its dying fingers twitch and try again,
 again to clutch the sword. The Arcadians,
 excited by the warning shouts of Pallas, 550
 and seeing what he has done so splendidly,
 are armed by mingled shame and indignation
 to face the enemy. Then Pallas pierces
 Rhoetus, racing past upon his chariot.
 His dying gave delay and time to Ilus: 555
 for Pallas had cast his tough lance from far
 at Ilus; but the one it struck was Rhoetus,
 who intercepted it as he took flight
 from you, brave Teuthras, and your brother, Tyres.
 And Rhoetus tumbles, half-dead, from his chariot; 560
 and with his heels he spurns the Latin fields.

Just as, in summer, when the winds he wished for
 awake at last, a shepherd scatters fires
 across the forests; suddenly the space
 between the kindled woods takes fire, too; 565
 the bristling and unbroken battle line
 of Vulcan spreads across wide plains; the shepherd,
 a victor, watches the delirious flames:
 not unlike this, all of your comrades' courage
 now rallies to one point—to help you, Pallas. 570

But now Halaesus, valiant in battle,
 has gathered all his strength behind his shield
 and marches out against the Arcadians.
 He kills Demodocus, then Ladon, Pheres;
 with gleaming sword he rips Strymonius' 575
 right hand—raised high against Halaesus' throat;
 he strikes the face of Thoas with a rock
 and scatters both his bones and brains about.
 His father, who foresaw his fate, had hidden
 Halaesus in the forests. And yet when 580
 the old man's whitened eyes fell slack in death,
 the Fates had laid their hands upon his son,
 assigned Halaesus to Evander's lance.
 Now Pallas heads for him, but first he prays:
 "O father Tiber, give the steel I poise 585
 good fortune, passage through Halaesus' chest;
 this done, an oak made sacred to you will
 have all his weapons and his warrior's spoils."
 The god heard Pallas' words. For while Halaesus
 uses his shield in sheltering Imaon, 590
 all unprotected, he himself presents
 his luckless breast to the Arcadian lance.

But Lausus, such a bulwark in that battle,
 will not let his troops panic at the slaughter
 that Pallas dealt. And first he cuts down Abas, 595
 tough knot and stay in combat. The Etruscans
 are fallen and Arcadia's young men
 and Trojans, you whom Greeks could not destroy.
 The armies clash in close melee, their might
 and captains matched. The rear ranks crowd against 600
 the vans; the crush is such they cannot move
 their hands or weapons. Pallas spurs and urges;

against him, Lausus—both close in their years,
and both most handsome; both denied by fortune
return to their homelands. Nevertheless, 605
the king of high Olympus did not let
them duel; soon enough their fates await them,
each fate beneath another, greater hand.

But meanwhile Turnus' gracious sister warns him
that Lausus needs his help. He cuts across 610
the intervening ranks in his swift chariot.
And when he sees his comrades, Turnus shouts:
"You have had enough of battle. I alone
meet Pallas; he is owed to me, my own;
I could have wished his father here to watch." 615
This said, his comrades left the field as ordered.
But when they have gone off, the youth, amazed
at Turnus' arrogance, admires him;
he runs his eyes across that giant frame
and from a distance, grim, scans everything, 620
then casts these words against the prince's words:
"Soon I shall win my glory, either by
the spoils I carry off from a commander
or by a splendid death. My father can
stand up to either fate. Enough of threats." 625
With this he takes the middle of the field.
Blood gathers, cold, in the Arcadians' hearts.
And Turnus leaped down from his chariot,
going on foot to meet him hand to hand.
Even as when, from some high point, a lion 630
who sees a bull far off along the plains,
preparing for a battle, rushes on:
just so is Turnus' image as he comes.
But Pallas, when he thought him close enough
for spear cast, is the first to move ahead, 635
to see if chance can help his daring try—
his powers are overmatched—and so he cries
out to the giant heavens: "Hercules,
I pray you by my father's welcome to you,
the board that you, a stranger, shared with him, 640
to help my great attempt! Let dying Turnus
see me strip off his bloody weapons, let
his dying eyes see me a conqueror."

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And Hercules heard Pallas; he pressed back
 a great groan deep within his chest; he shed
 tears that were useless. Father Jupiter
 then spoke kind words to Hercules, his son:
 "Each has his day; there is, for all, a short,
 irreparable time of life; the task
 of courage: to prolong one's fame by acts.
 For under Troy's high walls so many sons
 of gods have fallen; even great Sarpedon,
 my own child, lost his life together with them.
 And Turnus, too, is called by his own fates;
 he has reached the border given to his years."
 He speaks, then turns his eyes from Latin fields.

But Pallas casts his spear with massive force
 and tears his bright sword from its hollow scabbard.
 The spearhead flies and strikes just where the armor
 of Turnus rises to the shoulders, tugs
 its way straight through the shield edge, and at last
 it even grazes his tremendous body.
 Then Turnus, poising long his lance of oak,
 one tipped with pointed steel, aims it at Pallas
 and cries: "Now see if my shaft pierces more."
 So Turnus spoke. The lance head shudders through
 the very center of the shield, across
 so many plates of iron, plates of bronze,
 so many layers of bulls' hides, driving through
 the corselet and enormous chest of Pallas.
 Hopeless, he plucks the warm tip from the wounds;
 his blood and life flow out by one same path.
 He falls upon his wound; his armor clangs
 above him; as he dies, his bloody mouth
 strikes on the hostile ground. Then Turnus stands
 above him, crying: "O Arcadians,
 remember, take my words back to Evander:
 just as he has deserved, I send him Pallas!
 Whatever comfort lies in burial
 I freely give. His welcome to Aeneas
 will not have cost your King Evander little."
 This said, his left foot pressed upon the body,
 and he ripped off the ponderous belt of Pallas,
 on which a scene of horror was engraved:

a band of fifty bridegrooms, foully slaughtered
 one wedding night, and bloodied marriage chambers. 685
 This had been carved in lavish gold by Clonus,
 the son of Eurytus; now Turnus revels
 and glories in his taking of the plunder.
 O mind of man that does not know the end 690
 or future fates, nor how to keep the measure
 when we are fat with pride at things that prosper!
 A time will come to Turnus when he will long
 to purchase at great price an untouched Pallas,
 when he will hate this trophy and this day. 695
 But crowding comrades carry Pallas back,
 laid out upon his shield, with many moans
 and tears. O with what grief and what great honor
 you make your homeward journey to your father!
 This day first gave you up to war and this 700
 same day is that which carries you away,
 and yet you leave behind vast heaps of Latins!

Now not mere rumor of the slaughter, but
 a messenger more certain brings Aeneas
 word that his comrades stand beside death's danger; 705
 the routed Teucrians now need his help.
 His sword hacks down whoever stands most close
 as, hot, he cuts a broad path through the Latins
 with steel; for Turnus, he is seeking you—
 you, insolent with your fresh killing. Pallas . . . 710
 Evander . . . all are now before his eyes . . .
 the tables he first came to as a stranger,
 the pledged right hands. He grabs four youths alive,
 four sons of Sulmo, then four raised by Ufens,
 to offer up as victims to the Shade 715
 of Pallas, to pour out as captive blood
 upon the funeral pyre. Next from far
 Aeneas casts his hostile lance at Magus;
 but Magus is adroit enough to stoop,
 and quivering, the lance flies over him. 720
 He grips Aeneas' knees and, suppliant,
 he begs him: "By your father's Shade and by
 your hopes in rising Iulus, I entreat,
 do spare this life for my own son and father.
 I have a splendid house; there, hidden deep, 725
 are many talents of chased silver; I

have heaps of wrought and unwrought gold; the victory of Trojans cannot turn on me; one life will not make such a difference"—so Magus. Aeneas answered him: "Those heaps of talents, the gold and silver that you tell of, Magus, save them for your own sons; such bargaining in war was set aside by Turnus first, just now when he killed Pallas. This is what Anchises' Shade decides, and so says Iulus." With this he grips the Latin's helmet crest in his left hand; his right drives on the sword hilt-high into that bent, beseeching neck.

Not too far off was Haemon's son, the priest of Phoebus and Diana, with his temples encircled by his headband's holy wreath; he glittered in his robe and splendid armor. Aeneas comes upon him, driving him across the battlefield and, when he stumbles, stands over Haemon's son and slaughters him and wraps him in the giant shade of death. Serestus gathers up the arms as booty and bears them on his shoulders as a trophy he meant for you, King Mars, who stride in battle.

But then the Latin ranks are knit again by Umbro, priest come from the Marsian mountains, and Caeculus, of Vulcan's race. The Dardan storms straight at them. His iron sword had just hacked Anxur's left arm off and, with it, all the circle of his shield (Anxur was bragging and, thinking force would follow words, perhaps had puffed his soul to heaven, promising white hairs and many long years to himself), when right across Aeneas' blazing path came Tarquitus, who swaggered in bright armor—he was the son of Dryope, the nymph, and Faunus, who was keeper of the forests. Aeneas draws his lance, pins Tarquitus' cuirass and ponderous shield; as Tarquitus prays helplessly, wanting to say so much, Aeneas strikes his head to earth and kicks the warm trunk over, cries with hating heart:

“Lie there, you dreaded one; no gracious mother
 will bury you in earth or weight a native
 tomb with your limbs. You will be left to savage
 birds; or the waves will bear you, sunk below
 the sea, where famished fish will suck your wounds.” 770

This done, Aeneas races toward Antaeus
 and Lucas, Turnus' foremost warriors,
 and sturdy Numa and the tawny Camers,
 born of great-hearted Volcens; Camers, richest 775
 in land of all Ausonians, who ruled
 in silent Amyclae. Just as Aegaeon,
 who had a hundred arms and hands—they say—
 and fire burning from his fifty mouths 780
 and chests, when he clanged at Jove's thunderbolts
 with fifty shields, each one just like the other,
 and drew as many swords: so does Aeneas
 rage on, victorious, across the field
 once blood has warmed his blade. Now see! He charges 785
 against the four-horsed chariot of Niphaeus.
 But when the team from far off see Aeneas
 striding at them, and raging dreadfully,
 they rear, rush backward, spill their driver, whirl
 the chariot of Niphaeus toward the shore. 790

Meanwhile, as they race with their team of two
 white horses down the center of the ranks,
 the brothers Lucagus and Liger wheel
 about: fierce Lucagus whirls high his sword;
 his brother holds the reins. Aeneas could 795
 not stand their angry charging; he rushed up,
 tremendous, facing them with javelin.
 And Liger: “This is not Achilles' chariot
 nor Diomedes' horses that you see,
 and not the plain of Phrygia; now and here, 800
 upon our land, you end your life and warfare.”
 Mad Liger scatters words like these. And yet
 the Trojan hero does not ready words
 against his enemy; instead he hurls
 his javelin. As Lucagus leans out
 to lash his team, goading the horses with 805
 his sword tip, with his left foot forward, ready

for battle, then the javelin cuts through
 the lower border of his gleaming shield
 and pierces his left groin. Thrown from his chariot,
 and dying, he is rolled across the plain. 810
 With bitter words, pious Aeneas taunts him:
 "O Lucagus, no panicked flight of horses,
 no empty shadows have betrayed your chariot
 or turned them from the enemy; but you 815
 yourself desert them, leaping from the wheels."
 This said, he seized the horses. Tumbling down
 from that same chariot, the luckless brother,
 Liger, stretched out his helpless hands and pleaded:
 "O Trojan hero, by yourself and by 820
 the parents who have brought to birth so great
 a son, spare me my life; with pity hear
 my prayer." There had been more; Aeneas cut
 him off: "These words were not your words before.
 Die; do not leave your brother all alone." 825
 Then with his sword, he opened Liger's breast,
 in which the spirit has its hiding place.

Such were the deaths dealt by the Dardan chieftain
 across the plains while he raged like a torrent
 or black whirlwind. The boy Ascanius 830
 and all the warriors break out at last
 and quit their camp site; now the siege is pointless.

And meanwhile Jupiter speaks first to Juno:
 "Both wife and sister to me, and much loved,
 as you supposed (your judgment is not wrong), 835
 the power of Troy has been sustained by Venus,
 not by their fighting men's keen hands in battle,
 not by their stubborn souls, patient in trials."
 And Juno answered humbly: "Handsomest
 husband, why trouble me? I am sick with worry 840
 and so afraid of your severe commands.
 If I still had the force in love that I
 once had and that should last forever, then
 indeed, all-able Father, you would not
 deny me this: that I might draw Prince Turnus 845
 away from war and send him back, unharmed,
 to his dear father Daunus. As it is,
 now let him die and with his pious blood

pay for the vengeance of the Teucrians!
 Yet he receives his name from our own kind; 850
 his great-grandfather's father is Pilumnus;
 and he has often weighted down your altars
 with open hands, with many gracious gifts."

The king of high Olympus answered briefly:
 "If you ask respite from impending death, 855
 a breathing space for that doomed youth, and you
 will understand that I have meant it so,
 then let your Turnus flee, and snatch him from
 the fate that threatens him. This much I can
 indulge. But if beneath your pleas is hidden 860
 some other favor and you think that all
 the war, with this that I now grant, is shifted
 or altered, then you feed on empty hopes."

Then Juno, weeping, answered: "And what if
 your mind should grant me what your voice denies, 865
 and Turnus' life continue after all?
 For as things are, a heavy death awaits him
 though he is guiltless—or I am brought far
 from truth. But I should rather be deluded
 by empty terrors if you would improve 870
 what you have planned for him—you can do that."

This said, she cast herself, cloaked in a cloud
 and driving storms, down from high heaven, seeking
 the troops of Ilium, Laurentian camps.
 Then out of insubstantial mist the goddess 875
 fashions a phantom, thin and powerless,
 that has Aeneas' shape (astounding sight)
 and wears the Dardan's arms: she imitates
 the shield and helmet of his godly head
 and gives it empty words and sound that has 880
 no meaning, and she counterfeits his gait;
 like forms that—it is said—hover when death
 has passed, or dreams that cheat the sleeping senses.
 That image swaggers, glad, before the first
 line of the warriors, provoking Turnus 885
 with words and weapons. Turnus charges toward it
 and hurls his hissing spear from far; the phantom
 then wheels around and shows its heels. When Turnus

thought that Aeneas had lost heart in flight,
 his mind, bewildered, drank in empty hope: 890
 "Where are you off to, Trojan? Don't abandon
 your promised bride; this right hand will provide
 the land that you have sought across the seas."
 So shouting, Turnus chases after it
 and brandishes his naked blade; he does 895
 not see that winds bear off his victory.

Chance had it that a ship was anchored there,
 along a ledge of high rock, ladders set
 and gangways at the ready; it had just
 borne King Osinius from Clusian shores. 900
 And here the anxious phantom of Aeneas,
 escaping, dashes to conceal itself;
 but Turnus, just as quickly, rushes on
 and leaps across the ladders and high bridge.
 Yet he had hardly touched the prow when Juno 905
 slices the cable, sweeps the severed galley
 across the ebbing waters. While Aeneas
 searches for vanished Turnus to do battle
 and sends down many warriors to death,
 and that thin phantom tries to hide no longer 910
 but flies on high and mingles with black clouds,
 a stiff wind carries Turnus on the waters.
 Not knowing what is happening, ungrateful
 for his escape, he looks around, then lifts
 his hands and voice starward: "All-able Father, 915
 have you thought me so guilty? Would you have me
 pay such a penalty? Where am I carried?
 Where have I come from? What can bring me back?
 And how? And shall I once again look on
 Laurentum's walls and camp? What will they say— 920
 the warriors who followed me and my
 arms, all whom I have left behind (a shameful
 crime) to unutterable death? And now
 I see them scattered; I can hear the groans
 of those who fall. What shall I do? What land 925
 could now gape deep enough to take me? Winds,
 have pity; for I, Turnus, pray you: drive
 my ship against the reefs, the rocks, or dash
 it on the savage shallows of some sandbank,
 where neither the Rutulians nor Rumor, 930

who knows what I have done, can find me out."

As he says this, his mind is torn in two:

whether, because of his disgrace, he should
insanely fall upon his sword and drive
the brutal blade into his ribs; or plunge 935

among the waves and, swimming, reach the curving
coastline, and so return to face the Trojans.

Three times he tried each way, three times great Juno
held Turnus back; with pity she restrained him.

He glides ahead; with favoring wave and tide 940
he cuts across the sea; and he is carried
down to his father Daunus' ancient city.

Meanwhile, spurred on by Jupiter, Mezentius

takes up the fight; ferocious, he attacks 945
the Teucrians, who are wild with their success.

The Tuscan troops charge on together, pressing
toward him alone, at him alone they cast

all of their hates and shafts. Just like a rock
that juts into a waste of waters, bare 950
to maddened winds and naked to the breakers,

taking the force and menace both of heaven
and of the seas, while it persists, unmoved:

such is Mezentius. He lays low the son
of Dolichaon, Hebrus; Latagus; 955
and Palmus as he runs off. Latagus

attempts to strike him; but Mezentius meets
him first, full in the face, and with a rock—

a mountain fragment—smashes in his mouth;
while he leaves Palmus hamstrung, powerless, 960
to writhe about. And he lets Lausus have

both Palmus' plumes and armor for his crest
and shoulders. Then Mezentius kills Evanthes

and Mimas, one who was a friend of Paris
and of the same age: for Theano brought him 965
to light, the son of Amycus, the very

same night that—pregnant with a firebrand—
the daughter of Cisseus, Hecuba, bore Paris.

Now Paris lies within his native city;

Mimas lies unknown on Latin shores.

Just as a boar that, for long years, found shelter 970
within Mount Vesulus' pine forests or

among the marshlands of Laurentum, where
 he pastured on rich reeds, when driven down
 from his high hills by gnashing dogs and caught
 by rings of netting, halts and fiercely roars 975
 and bristles up his shoulders; not one hunter
 has heart enough to show his anger or
 move in against him; but far off and safe
 they hound and harry him with shafts and shouts:
 then, even so, no one, however just 980
 his indignation, dares to meet Mezentius
 with drawn sword; they provoke him from a distance
 with missiles and loud shouts. He hesitates
 from side to side; but unafraid, gnashing
 his teeth, he shakes their lances from his shield. 985

Now from the ancient lands of Corythus
 Acron, a Greek, had come and, in his rush,
 had left behind an uncompleted wedding.
 And when Mezentius saw him from far off
 as he dashed through the ranks with crimson plumes 990
 and purple robe, the gift of his betrothed—
 even as, often, if a starving lion,
 when ranging deep within the forest, driven
 by his mad hunger, sees, by chance, a racing
 goat or a great-horned stag, then he rejoices; 995
 his mouth gapes monstrously; he rears his mane
 and clings, crouching, above the carcass' guts,
 his cruel jaws bathed by black blood: just so
 Mezentius rushed on, keen, against the crowd
 of enemies. Poor Acron is cut down; 1000
 he hammers at the black ground with his heels
 and, dying, stains his broken spear with blood.
 That same arm did not condescend to kill
 Orodes as he fled, to wound him from
 behind with hurled spearhead; Mezentius moved 1005
 about and met him face to face, to win
 by force of arms and not by stealthiness.
 Then, with his foot upon Orodes' body,
 pressing, and tugging at his shaft to wrench
 it free, to throw the dead man off, Mezentius: 1010
 "My men, one who was great in war lies here,
 the high Orodes!" All his comrades join;
 they all take up their chieftain's joyful paean.

But with his dying breath Orodes cries:
 "Whoever you may be, o victor, I
 shall not go unavenged, you will not shout
 for long with joy; the same end waits for you;
 you, too, shall soon be stretched on these same fields."
 To this, Mezentius, smiling in his anger:
 "Now die. And let the father of the gods
 and king of men look after me." This said,
 he wrenched the spear out of Orodes' body.
 Then brutal quiet, iron sleep press down
 his eyes; their light is locked in endless night.

Caedicus kills Alcatuōs; Sacrator,
 Hydaspes; Rapo kills Parthenius
 and hardy Orses; and Messapus kills
 both Clonius and Ericetes, son
 born of Lycaon—one as he lay on
 the ground, thrown by his rearing horse; the other
 on foot, in hand-to-hand combat. And Agis
 the Lycian rode up, too; but Valerus,
 one worthy of his tough ancestors, kills him.
 Then Thronius is slain by Salius,
 and Salius is slaughtered by Nealces,
 he famous for his javelin and for
 far-ranging arrows that come on by stealth.

And now the heavy hand of Mars gave grief
 and death to both alike; the armies were,
 both conquerors and conquered, each in turn
 killing and being killed. And neither side
 knew what was flight. The gods inside Jove's palace
 take pity on both armies' pointless anger;
 they sorrow at the trials of mortal men.
 Here Venus watches; there, against her, Juno;
 and pale Tisiphone storms through those thousands.

But now Mezentius wheels across the field,
 a whirlwind, brandishing his giant shaft.
 Even as great Orion when he strides
 on foot, cutting a path across the sea's
 great deeps, his shoulder taller than the waves;
 or when, while carrying an aged ash
 from some high mountain, he advances on

the ground, head hidden in the clouds: such was
Mezentius marching in his mammoth armor. 1055

But when Aeneas sees him down the long
line of attack, he hurries on to meet him.
The massive body of Mezentius stands,
unfrightened, steady, and awaiting his
great-hearted enemy; his eyes take measure 1060
of how much space is needed for his spear:

“My own right hand, which is my god, and this
my shaft that I now poise to cast, be gracious:
I vow that you yourself, Lausus, my son,
shall be the living trophy of Aeneas, 1065
dressed in the spoils stripped from that robber’s body.”

He spoke and hurled his hissing spear from far;
it flies but glances off Aeneas’ shield
and strikes, nearby—between the groin and side—
the great Antores, friend of Hercules, 1070
who, sent from Argos, stayed with King Evander
and settled down in an Italian city.

Luckless, he has been laid low by a wound
not meant for him; he looks up at the sky
and, dying, calls to mind his gentle Argos. 1075

And now pious Aeneas casts his lance;
and through the hollow shield of triple brass,
the layers of linen, and the woven work
of three bulls’ hides it passed and sank to rest
low in Mezentius’ groin; and yet by then 1080
its strength was spent. Aeneas, glad to see
the Tuscan’s blood, snatches his sword quickly;
he lifts it from his thigh, and raging, he
now races toward his trembling enemy.

But Lausus, for the love of his dear father, 1085
groaned deep as he saw this; his tears were many.

And here I surely shall not leave untold—
for such a deed can be more readily
believed because it was done long ago—
the trial of your harsh death and gallant acts 1090
and you yourself, young man to be remembered.

Mezentius—helpless, hampered—lumbered off;
the bitter lance trailed from his shield. But Lausus

rushed from the ranks into the press of weapons;
 and even as Aeneas raised his right hand 1095
 and aimed a blow, he slipped beneath the blade,
 deflected it, delayed him. Lausus' comrades
 with loud shouts follow him, until his father,
 beneath the shelter of his son's shield, can
 retreat; they shower shafts, try to drive back 1100
 the enemy with lances cast from far.
 Aeneas, furious, must still take cover.
 Just as, at times, when storm clouds pound with hailstones,
 then every plowman, every farmer flees
 the fields, and travelers hide in safe retreats 1105
 along the riverbanks or else beneath
 the cleft of some high rock until the rain
 is done and, with the sun returned, they can
 complete their day's work: even so Aeneas,
 beneath a shower of shafts on every side, 1110
 endures the cloud of war until its thunder
 is past; and he taunts Lausus, menacing:
 "Why are you rushing to sure death? Why dare
 things that are past your strength? Your loyalty
 has tricked you into recklessness." And yet 1115
 the youth is wild and will not stop; at this,
 harsh anger rises in the Dardan chief;
 the Fates draw the last thread of Lausus' life.
 Right through the belly of the youth Aeneas
 now plunges his tough sword until it hides 1120
 hilt-high. The blade passed through the shield, too thin
 for one who was so threatening, and through
 the tunic Lausus' mother spun for him
 of supple gold. His chest was filled with blood;
 across the air his melancholy life 1125
 passed on into the Shades and left his body.
 But when he saw the look and face of dying
 Lausus—he was mysteriously pale—
 Anchises' son sighed heavily with pity
 and stretched out his right hand; the image of 1130
 his love for his own father touched his mind.
 "Poor boy, for such an act what can the pious
 Aeneas give to match so bright a nature?
 Keep as your own the arms that made you glad;
 and to the Shades and ashes of your parents 1135
 I give you back—if Shades still care for that.

But, luckless, you can be consoled by this:
 You fall beneath the hand of great Aeneas."
 He even calls the hesitating comrades
 of Lausus, and he lifts the body off
 the ground, where blood defiled the handsome hair. 1140

Meanwhile, along the Tiber's banks, Mezentius
 had stanchd his wounds with water while he rested,
 his body propped against a tree. Nearby
 his brazen helmet dangles from the branches,
 his heavy armor lies along the grass. 1145

His chosen youths surround him; sick and panting,
 he eases back his neck; his flowing beard
 spreads out across his chest. He often asks
 for Lausus, sending messengers again, 1150

again to fetch him, bring him the commands
 of his sad father. But the tearful comrades
 of Lausus then were carrying him, lifeless,
 upon his shield, a giant corpse undone
 by giant wounds. And yet Mezentius' mind, 1155

foreknowing, recognized their moans from far.
 He fouls his white hair with the filth of dust
 and stretches both his hands to heaven, then,
 as he clings to the corpse, cries out: "My son,
 was I held fast by such delight in life 1160

that I let my own seed—instead of me—
 give way before an enemy's right hand?
 Am I, a father, saved by these your wounds?
 Do I live by your death? For now at last
 I understand the misery of exile, 1165

and now at last my wound is driven deep.
 More, I myself have stained your name, my son,
 with sins; for I was banished—hated—from
 the throne and royal power of my fathers.

I owed my homeland and my angry people
 their right revenge; I should have given up
 this guilty life to death from every side. 1170

But I still live, have still not left the light
 of day, the land of men. But I shall leave them."

With this, he rises on his crippled thigh,
 and though that deep wound slows his force, Mezentius,
 unshaken, asks them to lead out his horse. 1175

This was his pride and comfort; from all wars

it carried him away, victorious.

He turns to that sad beast. These are his words: 1180

“Rhoebus, we have lived long, if anything
that mortals have is long. This day you will
return, a victor, with Aeneas’ head
and bloody spoils and take revenge with me
for Lausus’ sufferings; or if no power 1185
will let us take that way, then you will fall
together with me—I do not believe
that you, brave beast, would ever stand a stranger’s
commands, or take a Trojan as your master.”

This said, he mounted Rhoebus; and he settled 1190

his limbs in that familiar saddle, loaded
each hand with a sharp javelin; his head
was gleaming with his brazen helmet and
was shaggy with a horsehair crest. And thus
he made his swift way back into the battle. 1195

In that one heart there burn at once Mezentius’
tremendous shame and madness mixed with sorrow.

And now he called three times upon Aeneas
with his great voice. Aeneas recognizes
the challenge, and he prays with joy: “So may 1200
the father of the gods allow it, so
may high Apollo! You be first to strike!”

This said, the Trojan moves against Mezentius
with lance and menace. But Mezentius answers:
“You, savage one, why try to frighten me 1205
now that my son is torn away? That was
the only way to ruin me. For I
do not fear death or care for any god.

Enough; I come to die. But first I bring
these gifts to you.” He spoke, then cast a shaft
and then another and another, wheeling 1210
around the battlefield in a great ring;
Aeneas’ golden shield deflects them all.

Three times Mezentius, riding to his left,
has hurled his javelins, circling around Aeneas, 1215
who stands in readiness. Three times the Trojan
hero has turned with him; upon his shield
of bronze he bears a giant grove of shafts.

Then, tired of long delays and tired of tearing
the javelins from his shield, and very pressed 1220

by such unequal contest—now at last,
Aeneas, having thought of many ways,
breaks out; he springs and hurls his spear between
the hollow temples of the warrior horse.
The beast rears bolt upright; he flails the air 1225
with his forehoofs, then topples down upon
the fallen rider and entangles him;
then crumples forward, shoulder out of joint.
The Trojans and the Latins with their shouts
set fire to the skies. Aeneas rushes, 1230
draws out his sword, and cries this over him:
“Where now is brave Mezentius, and where is
his ruthless force of mind?” The Tuscan drank
the air and watched the sky and came to life
and then replied: “My bitter enemy, 1235
why do you taunt and threaten me? There is
no crime in killing me; I did not come
to war with any thought of quarter, nor
did Lausus ever draw such terms with you.
I ask you only this: if any grace 1240
is given to the vanquished, let my body
be laid in earth. I know my people’s harsh
hatred that hems me in. I beg of you
to save me from their fury, let me be
companion to my son within the tomb.” 1245
So says Mezentius; then, with full awareness,
he gives his throat up to the sword and pours
his life in waves of blood across his armor.

BOOK XI

Meanwhile Aurora rose; she left the Ocean.
Aeneas—anxious though he is to give
his comrades rapid burial, and though
his mind is much distressed by Pallas' death—
first pays the gods a victor's vows beneath 5
the morning star. He hacks the branches off
a massive oak, around all sides, then plants it
upon a mound of earth; this tree he dresses
in glittering arms, the spoils of chief Mezentius—
a trophy meant for you, great God of War. 10
To this Aeneas fastens helmet crests
dripping with blood, the warrior's shattered shafts,
the breastplate smashed and pierced through twice-six times;
upon the left he ties the shield of brass
and hangs the ivory scabbard from the neck. 15
Then he spurs on triumphant comrades, all
the crowding company of his commanders:

"Men, we have done the great things; for what is left,
away with fear! These are the spoils, first fruits
of war, from a proud king; here is Mezentius, 20
made by my hands. And now our way lies toward
the Latin king and walls. Prepare your weapons

with good hearts, look with hope to battle, so
 that when the High Ones let us lift our standards
 and march our legions out from camp, there be 25
 no fear to make us falter in our purpose
 and no delay to take us by surprise.
 Meanwhile let us entrust to earth our comrades'
 unburied bodies: this, the only glory
 deep Acheron can know." And then he adds: 30
 "Go honor with our final tribute those
 bright souls who, with their blood, have won for us
 this homeland. First let Pallas be sent back
 to the sad city of Evander: one
 whose courage was not wanting, whom the black 35
 day swept away and plunged in bitter death."

These words Aeneas says and weeps, then turns
 back toward his threshold, where the lifeless body
 of Pallas is watched over by the old
 Acoetes: he was once the armor-bearer 40
 of King Evander, in Arcadian days;
 now he had come, assigned as a companion
 to Pallas, his beloved foster son,
 beneath less happy auspices. And all
 were gathered around the body, both the band 45
 of servants and the Trojan crowd, together
 with mourning Ilian women, hair disheveled
 as was their custom. When Aeneas entered
 the high doorway, they beat their breasts and raised
 a great groan to the stars; the royal tent 50
 was loud with lamentation. When he saw
 the pillowed head of Pallas, his white face,
 and the Ausonian spearhead's yawning wound
 in his smooth chest, Aeneas speaks with tears:
 "Poor boy, when Fortune came with happiness, 55
 was she so envious as to grudge me this:
 not let you live to see my kingdom or
 return in triumph to your father's city?
 For this was not the promise that I gave
 Evander when I left with his embrace, 60
 when he sent me to win a mighty empire,
 when he warned me, in fear, that I should meet
 men harsh in battle and a sturdy race.
 And even now, beguiled by empty hopes,

perhaps Evander makes his vows and heaps 65
his gifts upon the altar stone; while we,
grieving, accompany the lifeless youth
who now owes nothing to the gods, although
we pay him useless honors. Luckless father,
you are to see your own son's funeral. 70
Is this our coming back, the victory
that we expected? This, the solemn trust
Evander placed in me? Yet you will not
see your own son cut down by coward's wounds
or, as a father, call for death because 75
your Pallas had been saved disgracefully.
Ausonia, what a great shield you have lost,
and, Iulus, what a great defender is gone!"
So he lamented; then he orders them
to carry off the sad corpse, and he sends 80
a thousand men, chosen from all the ranks,
as presences at the last rites, to share
a father's tears: small consolation for
so vast a grief, yet owed to poor Evander.
And others quickly wrap the pliant bier 85
of wickerwork in shoots of wild arbutus
and twigs of oak; they shade the high-piled couch
beneath a canopy of leaves. They set
the soldier high upon his rustic bed:
just as a flower of gentle violet 90
or drooping hyacinth a girl has gathered;
its brightness and its form have not yet passed,
but mother earth no longer feeds it or
supplies its strength. And then Aeneas brought
twin tunics, stiff with gold and purple, which 95
Sidonian Dido, glad in that task, had
once made for him with her own hands, weaving
thin gold into the web. Sadly he wraps
one of these tunics around the youth, his last
honor; with it Aeneas veils the hair 100
soon to be burned. Beside it he piles up
great trophies of the encounter with the Latins
and orders spoils brought out in long array,
then adds the horses and the lances Pallas
had stripped from enemies. Aeneas had 105
the hands of captives bound behind their backs,
to send them down as offerings to the Shades,

to sprinkle altar flames with slaughtered blood.
He has the chiefs themselves bring tree trunks dressed
in Latin arms; to each trunk is attached 110
an enemy's name. The sad Acoetes, worn
by years, is led along, disfiguring
his chest with fists, his face with nails; and as
he goes, he throws himself to earth headlong.
They lead out chariots bathed in Latin blood. 115
Next, Aethon, Pallas' warhorse, weeping, comes,
his trappings laid aside, his muzzle wet
with heavy tears. And others carry Pallas'
spear and his helmet; Turnus, in his triumph,
has kept the other arms. The mourning band 120
of Teucrian and Tuscan captains and
Arcadians, with arms inverted, follow.
When that long file of comrades had advanced,
Aeneas halted; sighing deeply, he said:
"The same black fate of war calls me from this 125
to other griefs. I hail you now forever,
great Pallas; and forever, my farewell."
Aeneas said no more; but turning toward
the high walls, made his way back to the camp.

Now from the Latin city envoys came, 130
shaded with olive branches, asking grace:
they beg Aeneas for the bodies scattered
by sword across the plain, to bury them
in mounds of earth. One cannot war, they plead,
against the dead or the defeated; let him 135
spare men who once had welcomed him, the kinsmen
of his own bride-to-be. And good Aeneas—
to those who ask what cannot be denied—
replies with kindness, and he adds these words:
"Latins, what shameful fate so tangled you 140
in such a war that now you fly from us,
who are your friends? You seek peace for the dead
and those cut down beneath the chance of battle?
But I would give that to the living, too.
I should not be here if the fates had not 145
made this my home and place. I do not war
against your nation. But your king abandoned
our friendship; he preferred to trust himself
to Turnus' sword. It would have been more just

had Turnus risked the death that took your comrades. 150
 If he intends to end this war by force—
 to drive the Trojans out—why, then, he should
 have faced me here with arms. One of us would
 have lived: that one to whom the gods or else
 his own right hand had given life. Now go, 155
 light fires beneath your luckless countrymen.”

So said Aeneas; and they stood amazed
 and silent, searching out each other's eyes.
 But then the aged Drances, one who hated
 young Turnus with a festering bitterness, 160
 replies: “O Trojan, great in glory but
 far greater still in battle, how can my
 words praise you heaven-high? Shall I admire
 your justice first, or else your work in war?
 But, grateful, we shall carry what you have said 165
 back to our native city; and if fortune
 helps us, then we shall join you to Latinus.
 Let Turnus seek out treaties for himself.
 And more, we even shall be glad to raise
 your massive walls decreed by fate, to carry 170
 the stones of Ilium upon our shoulders.”
 All murmured their assent as with one voice.
 They settled on a truce of twice-six days;
 and with that peace between them, Teucrians
 and Latins roamed together, safe, across 175
 the mountain forests. Tall ash trees ring out
 beneath the pounding of the two-edged ax;
 pines high as stars are toppled; wedges split,
 without a stop, the oak and scented cedar;
 the hauling wagons groan with funeral timbers. 180

Now Rumor, first to tell of such a sorrow,
 races to King Evander, filling all
 his house and city—she who, just before,
 had told of Pallas' triumphs in the war.
 As was their ancient custom, the Arcadians 185
 snatch up their funeral firebrands and rush
 beyond the city gates. The roadway gleams
 with a long line of flames that, on each side,
 light up the fields. As they approach, the Phrygian
 troops join the mourning crowd. And when the matrons 190

can see them drawing near their homes, their wailing
 sets fire to that sad city. But no one
 can keep Evander back; he hurries on
 into the middle of the throng. The bier
 set down, he falls on Pallas, clinging and
 weeping and keening; he can hardly force
 a passage through his sorrow for his voice: 195

“O Pallas, this was not the pledge you gave
 your father, to commit yourself with more
 caution to cruel Mars. I might have known
 how much new fame in arms can do, how very
 sweet is the glory of the first encounter. 200

O sad first fruits of youth, harsh rudiments
 of war that was so near! No god would hear
 my vows and prayers! And you, most holy wife,
 were happy in your death, and not spared for
 this pain. But I, in living, have undone
 the fate of fathers: I survive my son. 205

Would I had joined the troops of Troy, had been
 crushed by the Latin shafts. I would have given
 my life: this pomp would then bring me, not Pallas,
 home. But I cannot blame you, Trojans, or
 our treaties or the right hands we have joined
 in friendship, for this was the chance assigned
 to my old age. But if untimely death
 was waiting for my son, then I am glad 210

he fell while leading on the Teucrians
 to Latium, and only after he
 had cut down thousands of the Volscians' army.
 No, Pallas, I could never honor you
 with greater funerals than have the pious
 Aeneas and the mighty Phrygians and
 the Tuscan chieftains, all the Tuscan squadrons.
 They carry splendid trophies: those who took
 their death from you. You, Turnus, also would
 have stood now as a giant trunk in arms, 215

had you been of the same age as my son,
 had his same force of years! But why do I,
 unhappy, keep the Teucrians from battle?
 Go, and be sure to give your king this message: 225

that if I drag along my hated life
 though Pallas now is dead, it is because 230

of your right hand—which, as you see, still owes
 Turnus to father and to son. This is
 the only thing that still is left undone 235
 by your own worth and fortune. I do not
 implore this joy of you for my own life—
 that would be wrong—but that I may yet carry
 these tidings to my son in the deep Shades.”

Meanwhile Aurora showed her gracious light 240
 to miserable mortals, bringing back
 their work and tasks. And now father Aeneas,
 now Tarchon, raised the pyres for funerals
 along the winding shore. There Trojans, Tuscans,
 Arcadians—each following his fathers’ 245
 old customs—brought their dead; the dark fires set,
 the black smoke hides steep skies. Three times they marched
 around the burning pyres in gleaming armor;
 three times the horsemen circled death’s sad fires,
 their voices wailing. Tears stream on the ground, 250
 tears stream across their weapons. Cries of men,
 the blasts of trumpets climb as high as heaven.
 Now some of them fling spoils into the flames,
 stripped from the slaughtered Latins—helmets, bridles,
 and handsome swords and glowing chariot wheels; 255
 and then the gifts of these familiar arms—
 the dead men’s own, their shields and luckless shafts.
 And many bullocks’ bodies lie about
 in sacrifice to death; and bristling swine
 and sheep are seized from all the countryside 260
 and butchered on those fires. Down that long beach
 men watch their comrades burning and keep guard
 beside the smoldering piles; they cannot tear
 themselves away until the damp night wheels
 through heavens studded with the glittering stars. 265

Elsewhere, and no less zealous, the sad Latins
 raised high their countless pyres. Though many bodies
 are buried on the spot and some sent off
 to neighboring towns and some into the city,
 the rest are burned, a giant heap of tangled 270
 butchery without number, without honor;
 and all of that wide countryside is bright
 with rival, crowded fires. And when the third

morning had exiled cold shadows from heaven,
 the Latins sadly swept into a heap 275
 the bones and ashes mingled in the remnants
 of fire and piled on earth still warm with embers.
 But now the loudest keening, greatest grief
 are in the houses, in the city of
 the rich Latinus. Here the mothers and 280
 their sons' poor wives, the loving breasts of sisters
 in mourning, boys deprived of fathers curse
 the dreadful war, the wedding rites of Turnus.
 They cry that he himself, and only he,
 should risk the war's result by arms and sword, 285
 since it is he who asks for Italy's
 kingdom and for first honors for himself.
 Ferocious Drances weights his accusations;
 he testifies that Turnus is the only
 one whom Aeneas calls upon, the only 290
 one whom he wants to battle. But against him
 are many who speak up in different ways
 for Turnus; he is sheltered by the queen's
 great name, his fame, the trophies he has won.

But in the middle of this heated brawl, 295
 this angry fracas, the ambassadors
 come back from Diomedes' city; sadly
 they carry this reply: that all their work
 has gone for nothing; gifts were of no help,
 nor gold, nor their entreaties; Latium 300
 must seek out other arms or else must sue
 the Trojan chief for peace. And even King
 Latinus sinks beneath his grief. The anger
 of gods, the newmade graves that he can see—
 all these serve as a warning that Aeneas 305
 is called by fate, the will of gods is clear.
 Therefore Latinus calls a solemn council
 of chiefs, who are to meet in his high palace.
 And there they all converge through crowded streets.
 Latinus, eldest and the first in power, 310
 sits at the center; now he asks the envoys
 who have just returned from the Aetolian city
 to tell their tidings, setting out the answers
 that Diomedes sent, complete, in order.
 Then every tongue is still. As King Latinus 315

has asked, so Venulus reports to him:

“O citizens, we have seen Diomedes
 and his Greek settlement, have made our way
 through every trial, have touched the hand by which
 the land of Ilium fell. We saw him building 320
 a city called, after his father’s race,
 Argyripa, set near Garganus’ hills,
 among Iapygian fields that he had conquered.
 When we had entered and received his leave
 to speak, we offered first our gifts, announced 325
 our name and country, told him who had come
 to war against us, what brought us to Arpi.
 He heard, and then he answered us serenely:

“O happy people, sons of Saturn’s kingdom
 and old Ausonia, what fortune stirs 330
 your quiet state, what lures you to incite
 uncertain war? All we who violated
 the fields of Ilium by sword—I do not
 speak of the suffering that ground us down
 in fighting under those high walls, the men 335
 whom Simois swept up—we have endured
 tortures across the globe, such penalties
 of crime as never can be told; even
 Priam might well take pity on our band.
 Minerva’s evil star; Euboean cliffs; 340
 Caphereus, the avenger—they know this.
 For driven from that war to other shores,
 the son of Atreus, Menelaus, went
 as far as Proteus’ pillars in his exile;
 Ulysses set his eyes upon the Cyclops 345
 of Etna! Shall I tell you of the kingdoms
 of Neoptolemus? Of household gods
 lost by Idomeneus? Of Locrians
 on Libya’s coast? And even the Mycenaean,
 the leader of the great Achaeans, was 350
 cut down, and just beyond his threshold, by
 the right hand of his execrable wife;
 after he had conquered Asia, an adulterer
 still lay in wait for him. And for myself,
 surely the gods need not have grudged me this: 355
 return to my own homeland’s altars, my

beloved wife and lovely Calydon!
 And even now dark omens hunt me down:
 I see my lost companions seek the air
 on wings or wandering about the streams 360
 as birds—a fearful torment for my comrades;
 they fill the crags with tearful cries. And this,
 this is the fate that waits for me since when,
 insane, I raised my sword against the bodies
 of gods and violated with a wound 365
 the hand of Venus. No, do not, do not
 provoke me into such a battle! More:
 since Troy is fallen now, I have no quarrel
 with Teucrians; and I do not recall
 with joy the old trials of that war. Take back 370
 the gifts you bring me from your native shores
 and give them to Aeneas. We have stood
 against his cruel lances, we have fought
 against his troops. Listen to me, believe
 one who has tried him: how he lifts his shield 375
 and how he casts his lance just like a whirlwind.
 Had Ida's land borne two more just like him,
 the Trojans would have even reached the towns
 of Inachus; her fates reversed, Greece would
 have mourned. In all that long delay before 380
 Troy's sturdy walls it was Aeneas' hand,
 and Hector's, that kept back the Greeks, that checked
 their victory until nine years had passed.
 Both were remarkable for courage, both
 excelled in arms; but first in piety, 385
 Aeneas. Join your hands to him in treaty
 as best you can. Beware of setting arms
 against his arms.' Best king of kings, Latinus,
 you have heard what Diomedes answered, what
 advice he gave to us on our great war." 390

No sooner were the envoys done than murmurs,
 conflicting, ran along the anxious lips
 of the Ausonians: just as, when boulders
 have slowed a racing river, then the stifled
 flood roars, the pounding waters sound against 395
 the neighboring banks. But when their spirits calmed,
 their troubled tongues fell still, the king first called
 upon the gods, then from his high throne said:

• • •

"O Latins, how I wish we could have settled
 this mighty matter earlier: that would 400
 have been far better than debating now
 with Trojans at our walls. My citizens,
 we wage a luckless war against a nation
 of gods, unconquered men; no battle can
 exhaust them; if defeated, they do not 405
 give up the sword. If you had any hope
 of help from the Aetolians, forget it:
 each must be his own hope, but now you know
 how poor a thing that is. And for the rest,
 you all can see and touch what has destroyed us. 410
 I am not blaming you: whatever courage
 could do, is done; we have fought with all the force
 our kingdom has. Now listen; in few words
 I shall reveal, if you will pause, what course
 seems justified in my uncertain mind. 415
 I have an ancient territory near
 the Tuscan river, stretching westward even
 beyond the bounds of the Sicilians.
 Auruncans and Rutulians now till
 those fields; their plowshares work the stubborn hills; 420
 they use the harshest slopes for pasturing.
 Let all this region, with its mountain ridges
 of pines, pass to the Teucrians in friendship;
 and let us strike an equal treaty with them,
 invite them as allies to share our kingdom. 425
 And they can settle there, if that is what
 they think worthwhile, and build their towns. But if
 they long for other boundaries, another
 nation, if they are free to leave our soil,
 then let us build out of Italian oak 430
 twice-ten ships for the Trojans—even more,
 if they can fill them. All the wood we need
 now lies, already hewn, along the shore;
 and they can tell us both the size and number
 of galleys they require; and we shall furnish 435
 the brass and labor and their naval gear.
 And in addition I should have this message
 brought to them by a hundred Latin envoys,
 men chosen from our nobles, to confirm
 this treaty. They must carry with them gifts 440
 of ivory, golden talents, and my chair

and robe—the emblems of my sovereignty.
Now counsel frankly, help our troubled state.”

Then Drances, just as spiteful as before,
spurred by the stings of his insidious envy 445
of Turnus' glory; Drances, who was lavish
with wealth and even more with words (his hands
too cold for war); Drances, a mighty counselor
and man of faction, on his mother's side
of noble birth, but low-born on his father's— 450
rises and, taunting, heaps resentment high:
“Good king, you ask for counsel about things
that are not hid from anyone, that need
no words of ours. For all confess they know
the way our people's fortune has to go, 455
and yet they hesitate to speak aloud.
Just let him grant us liberty to speak,
relax his arrogance; his stubborn ways
and his unhappy auspices (yes, I
shall speak, although he menace me with arms 460
and death) have led to ruin for so many
bright chieftains, a whole city sunk in mourning,
while he, when sure of flight, provokes the Trojans'
camp, frightening the heavens with his weapons.
Add one more thing, o best of kings, just one 465
to those great gifts that you would send the Trojans:
do not let violence by any man
prevent you, as a father can, from giving
your daughter to a famous son-in-law
in worthy wedding that would seal this peace 470
by an eternal pact. But if our minds
and our hearts are so afraid, let us beseech
Turnus, and beg his favor, that he may
give way, forego his own right for the sake
of king and homeland. Why have you so often 475
driven your luckless countrymen to open
dangers: you who are source and cause of all
these trials of Latium? There is no safety
in war. What all of us are asking you,
Turnus, is peace—peace and the only thing 480
that is the inviolable pledge of peace.
Look, I shall be the first to ask you this
(I whom you hold to be your enemy;

that does not matter to me): pity us,
 your fellow citizens; put off your pride 485
 and, beaten, leave the field. We have seen enough
 of death in our defeat, enough broad lands
 stripped of their husbandmen. Or if you are moved
 by glory and your heart is stout enough
 or you are set upon a dowry palace, 490
 then dare and, in your confidence, commit
 your breast against the enemy. That Turnus
 may find his royal bride, shall we, sad souls,
 lie headlong on the battlefield, a rabble
 unburied and unwept? Now you: if any 495
 force is in you, or any of your fathers'
 old fight, go out to face your challenger!"

At this the violence of Turnus blazes;
 he groans; this voice explodes from his deep chest:
 "O Drances, you are always rich in words, 500
 even when war has asked for swords; and when
 the elders are assembled, you are first.
 There is no need to fill the senate house
 with speeches, all the blustering that you
 let fly in safety, while the enemy 505
 is still beyond the battlements and no
 blood floods our trenches. Therefore, Drances, thunder
 eloquently—as you always do—
 accusing me of fear, since your right hand
 has made so many heaps of slaughtered Trojans,
 and everywhere your trophies mark the fields. 510
 Now you can try what lively courage can;
 you need not seek our enemies far off,
 for they surround us on all sides. Shall we
 go out to meet them? Why do you draw back? 515
 Will Mars be always in your windy tongue
 and in your flying feet? Have I been beaten?
 Will anyone, you faithless liar, rightly
 call me defeated, who can see the swollen
 Tiber rising with the blood of Ilium 520
 and all Evander's house and race in ruin
 and his Arcadians stripped of arms? Not so
 did Bitias and giant Pandarus
 know me, not so the thousand men whom I—
 a victor—sent to Tartarus in just 525

one day, though I was shut within their ramparts,
 hemmed in by hostile walls. 'There is no safety
 in war.' Madman, you tell that to the Dardan
 chieftain and to yourself! But go ahead,
 confusing everything with panic, praising 530
 the strength of those who are twice-beaten, while
 you hold Latinus' arms in check. To hear you,
 even the captains of the Myrmidons
 now shudder at the Phrygians' weapons, even 535
 the son of Tydeus, even the Larissan
 Achilles; and the flow of Aufidus
 flies backward from the Adriatic's waves.
 Just hear his sneaking cunning when he feigns
 himself as trembling at my menaces,
 embittering his calumny with terror. 540
 But do not be afraid: a life like yours
 will not be taken by me; it is yours,
 and let it keep its home within your breast.

"And now, my father, I return to you
 and to the crucial matters of this council. 545
 If you have lost all hope in Latin arms,
 if we are so abandoned—so undone
 by one repulse—that fortune cannot change,
 then let us plead for peace, stretch out our hands,
 defenseless. But if something still remains 550
 of our old courage, then I should consider
 him happy in his trials and best of souls
 who—to avoid the sight of such a peace—
 would fall in death and gnaw the dust once and
 for all. But if, instead, our wealth and youth 555
 are yet intact, if Latin towns and peoples
 can still support us, if the Trojans bought
 their glory with much blood (they, too, have their
 own deaths; the storm of war swept all alike),
 why falter in dishonor at the threshold? 560
 Why, then, this terror at the trumpet's blast?
 Time and the varied work of turning years
 has mended many things; for transient fortune
 has first mocked many men but, come again,
 has then restored them to the solid ground. 565
 The Aetolian and his Arpi will not help us;

we have Messapus and Tolumnius,
 the lucky augur, and the captains sent
 by many peoples; no small glory follows
 the chosen warriors of Laurentian fields
 and Latium; there is Camilla, come 570
 from the illustrious Volscians, with her horsemen
 and squadrons glittering with brass. But if
 the Trojans call for me in single combat,
 and that is what you want, and only I 575
 impede the good of all, then victory
 has not fled from my hands or hated them
 so much that I should turn away from any
 trial offering such hope. I shall go bold
 against Aeneas, even though he be 580
 tremendous as Achilles, though he wear
 like armor, made for him by Vulcan's hands.
 To you, the Latin elders and Latinus,
 the father of my bride, I, Turnus, second
 to no one of our ancestors in courage, 585
 have dedicated this my life. They say
 Aeneas calls on me alone; I pray
 that he may call. Do not let Drances fight
 instead of me, if either heaven's wrath
 is turned against us and demands a death 590
 or there is glory to be gained by courage."

This was their quarrel at that time of crisis.
 Meanwhile Aeneas marched his troops from camp
 into the field. A racing messenger
 now clatters through the royal palace, setting 595
 the city in alarm, announcing troops
 of Troy and Tuscany descending from
 the Tiber's banks across the plains. At once
 confusion takes the Latins, all the crowd
 is stung, their anger spurred by provocations 600
 that were not trivial. They quickly ask
 for arms: the young men clamoring for weapons,
 the fathers, sad and mournful, muttering.
 And now dissension riots through the air
 from every side: even as when a flock 605
 of birds has settled down in some high grove
 or when, along Padusa thronged with fish,

hoarse swans are loud among loquacious pools.

And Turnus takes advantage of this moment.

"Yes, citizens, by all means call a council
and sit here praising peace while they take arms
against our kingdom." He had had enough
of words and quickly left the high-roofed palace.
"You, Volusus," he calls out, "you command
the Volscian bands to arm, bring the Rutulians!
Messapus, you, and Coras, with your brother,
see that armed horsemen spread across the plains.
Some reinforce the city guards, some watch
the towers, and the rest shall follow me."

Now all the city hurries to the walls
straightway. Dismayed by that disaster, father
Latinus leaves the council. He postpones
his formidable plans; he blames himself
again, again, because he had not welcomed
Dardan Aeneas, taken him as son
into the city. Some of them dig trenches
before the gates or heave up stones and stakes;
the raucous trumpet sounds the bloody signal
for battle. Boys and women, in a motley
circle, are ranged along the walls, the final
crisis calls all. And Queen Amata, too,
with many women, bearing gifts, is carried
into the citadel, Minerva's temple
upon the heights; at her side walks the girl
Lavinia, the cause of all that trouble,
her lovely eyes held low. The women follow;
and they perfume the altars with the smoke
of incense, and their voices of lament
pour from the shrine's high threshold: "Powerful
in battle, Queen of War, Tritonian virgin,
let your hands crack the Trojan robber's shafts;
cast him headlong beneath our tall gateways."

Turnus, as quick as any, girds himself
for battle; he puts on his red-gold breastplate
and bristles with its scales of brass; he wraps
his legs in greaves of gold. His temples still
are bare, his sword is fastened to his side;

gleaming with gold, he hurries from the high
 fortress. He is delirious with courage,
 his hope already tears the enemy: 650
 just as a stallion when he snaps his tether
 and flies off from the stables, free at last
 to lord the open plains, will either make
 for meadows and the herds of mares or else
 leap from the stream where he is used to bathing 655
 and, wanton, happy, neigh, his head raised high,
 while his mane sweeps across his neck and shoulders.

Camilla, with her Volscians, rode to meet him.
 The queen leaped from her horse beside the gates;
 and just as she did, all her troops dismounted, 660
 gliding to earth. Then she says: "Turnus, if
 the brave deserve to trust in their own selves,
 why, then I dare and promise to oppose
 Aeneas' squadrons, to ride out alone
 against the Tuscan horse. Let me try war's 665
 first dangers; Turnus, you can man the walls
 with infantry and shield the city." He,
 with eyes set on the awesome girl: "O virgin,
 you, pride of Italy, what thanks can I
 prepare in word or act; but since you are 670
 above all praise or prize, then share the trial
 with me. Our scouts confirm this rumor: shameless
 Aeneas has sent on his light-armed horse
 to shake the plains while he makes for the city
 across the rugged mountain wilderness. 675
 But I shall lay this stratagem along
 a sloping path within the woods; I shall
 besiege him from both jaws of the defile.
 And meanwhile you shall meet the Tuscan horsemen
 head on; together with you, I assign 680
 Messapus, Latin troops, Tiburtus' squadron,
 and you shall be their chieftain." After this,
 and with like words, Turnus encourages
 Messapus and the other allied captains;
 then he himself moves out to face Aeneas. 685

There is a winding valley that is just
 fit for the traps and the deceits of war,
 confined by dark, dense leaves on either side.

It can be reached along a narrow path,
 a tight gorge, and a scanty entryway. 690
 Among the lookouts on the mountaintop
 above lie secret plains and safe retreats;
 from these, from left or right, one can rush down
 against the enemy or stand upon
 the ridge and roll great boulders at him. Here 695
 young Turnus follows a familiar road;
 he sets an ambush in the dangerous wood.

Meanwhile in heaven's house the melancholy
 Diana, daughter of Latona, turned
 to one of her companion virgins, swift 700
 Opis, a member of her holy band:
 "O nymph, Camilla goes to cruel war
 and wears in vain our armor—she who is
 more dear to me than any other, for
 the love Diana feels for her is not 705
 new; I have not been touched by sudden fondness.
 Years since, because his people hated him
 for his arrogant tyranny, King Metabus
 was driven from his kingdom and Privernum's
 old city; as he hurried from the battle, 710
 in flight he took his infant daughter with him
 as comrade in his exile; and he called her
 Camilla for her mother's name, Casmilla,
 but slightly altered. And he carried her
 clutched to his breast while traveling across 715
 long ridges, through the solitary forest;
 on all sides savage lances pressed against him;
 far-ranging Volscian soldiers hemmed him in.
 And as he fled, the river Amasenus
 in flood had foamed across its highest banks— 720
 so fierce a storm had burst out of the clouds.
 As Metabus prepares to swim across,
 his fondness for his daughter holds him back,
 his fears for that dear burden. Suddenly,
 and yet reluctantly, he came to this 725
 resolve: he happened then to have a giant
 lance in his sturdy hand, well knotted, tough,
 of seasoned oak; to this he binds his daughter,
 well wrapped in cork-tree bark, and fastens her
 neatly around the middle of the shaft. 730

Then poising it in his enormous hand,
he cries to heaven so: 'O generous
Diana, virgin daughter of Latona,
who make your home in groves, I dedicate
this child as your attendant—I, her father: 735
for through the air, a suppliant, she flees
the enemy; and this first weapon she
holds fast is yours. I pray you, goddess, take
her as your own whom I must now entrust
to the uncertain winds.' This said, with arm 740
drawn back, he casts the twisting shaft; although
waves thunder, his Camilla flies across
the racing river on the hissing lance.
Then Metabus, as many troops draw near,
plunges into the torrent; and in triumph, 745
now safe upon the other shore, he plucks
his lance and daughter, offerings to Diana,
up from the grassy turf. No cities took him
within their walls, their houses; he was much
too wild to yield to city ways. He lived 750
the life of shepherds in the lonely mountains.
Here Metabus, among the underbrush
and bristling dens of beasts, would nurse his daughter,
feeding her wild milk from a brood mare's teats;
into her tender lips he squeezed the udder. 755
As she took her first steps, he placed a pointed
lance head within her hand, and from that little
girl's shoulder he made bow and quiver hang.
In place of golden hairbands and long robes,
a tiger skin hangs from her head and down 760
her back. And even then her tender hand
would hurl her childish shafts and whirl about
her head a sling with its smooth thongs and bring
to earth Strymonian cranes or snow-white swans.
And there were many mothers in the towns 765
of Tuscany who wanted her, in vain,
as daughter-in-law. But she is happy with
Diana; intact, she cherishes an endless
love of her arms and of virginity.
I wish this war had not swept her away 770
and tempted her to try the Teucrians;
so would she still be dear to me and one
of my companions. But, since bitter fates

are set on her untimely death—come, nymph,
 glide down from heaven, find the Latin boundaries, 775
 where this sad fight is fought with luckless omens.
 And take my weapons; from my quiver draw
 a shaft of vengeance. And whoever would
 defile her sacred body with a wound,
 whether a Trojan or Italian, let 780
 him pay the penalty of blood with this.
 Then I will carry in a hollow cloud
 the body of the sad Camilla and
 her still unplundered weapons, lay her in
 a tomb upon her native ground.” Diana 785
 said this; her quiver clattering, Opis sped
 through heaven’s light air, wrapped in a black whirlwind.

Meanwhile the Trojan ranks approached the city,
 the Tuscan chiefs and all the cavalry
 arrayed in companies. Across the plains 790
 the prancing horses neigh, fret at the stay
 of reins, and swerve to every side; the field
 is bristling far and wide with steel of spears
 and glittering with arms held high. Against them
 Messapus and the dexterous Latins and 795
 Coras together with his brother and
 virgin Camilla’s squadron take the field;
 their hands are drawn far back; they couch their lances
 and brandish javelins; the rush of men,
 the horses’ breath grow hot. The armies halted 800
 now, each within a spear cast of the other;
 but then with sudden shouts they burst ahead,
 spurring their eager stallions, showering
 on every side their shafts as thick as snow;
 the sky is covered by a shadow. At once 805
 Tyrrhenus and the fierce Aconteus dash
 against each other with their leveled lances;
 they are the first to fall with a huge crash;
 their chargers race and shatter breast to breast.
 Aconteus, hurtled like a thunderbolt 810
 or like a stone an engine catapults,
 falls far; his life is scattered through the air.

At this the lines are broken; and the Latins,
 now routed, sling their shields around and turn

their horses toward the city. But the Trojans, 815
 led by Asilas, gallop after them;
 and they were almost at the gates when once
 again the Latins raise a shout and slew
 around their stallions' supple necks. The Trojans
 flee; and as they retreat, their reins fall slack: 820
 as when, with thrust and tug of surf, the sea
 now charges at the land and, foaming, casts
 its breakers at the crags and bathes the farthest
 sands with its winding waves; now, swift, recedes
 and sucks the churning stones within its surge 825
 and leaves the beach, glides back across the shoals.
 Twice had the Tuscans turned the Latins toward
 the walls; and twice, repulsed, the Tuscans look
 back as they sling their covering shields around.
 But in the third encounter all the troops 830
 are tangled with each other, man to man;
 and then indeed the groans of dying ones,
 of wounded horses, butchered men rise up;
 the bodies, weapons mingle in deep blood;
 the fight is brutal. There Orsilochus 835
 let fly a lance against the charger ridden
 by Remulus (Orsilochus did not
 dare to face Remulus himself); he left
 his steel beneath its ear. And, furious
 at this, the stallion reared, kicked high its legs, 840
 impatient of the wound; it thrust its chest
 back, casting Remulus flat on the ground.
 Catillus kills Iollas and Herminius—
 he, giant-hearted and a giant in
 his body and his weapons; tawny hair 845
 flows down his bare head, and his shoulders, too,
 are bare; he has no fear of wounds; so much
 of him is naked to the enemy.
 The lance head shudders through his massive arms
 and, as it pierces, doubles him with pain. 850
 On every side the black blood pours; they fight,
 and each of them gives death by steel and seeks
 the wounds that will bring honorable death.

But at the center of the struggle, like
 an Amazon, one breast laid bare for battle, 855
 Camilla with her quiver charges, wild;

and now she showers stout spearheads, and now
 untiring, she takes up a two-edged ax;
 the golden bow and arrows of Diana
 clang, loud upon her shoulders. Even when 860
 she has been driven back, she turns to cast
 her flying shafts; she is ringed by chosen comrades—
 virgin Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia,
 who brandishes a brazen ax, all three,
 Italian girls, whom the divine Camilla 865
 herself had picked to serve as guard of honor
 and true attendants in both peace and war:
 a band just like the Thracian Amazons
 when they ride hard upon Thermodon's shores
 and fight in gilded armor, whether around 870
 Hippolyte, or when Penthesilea,
 Mars' daughter, in her chariot, returns,
 a victor, and with shrill and shrieking clamor
 her women troops run wild with half-moon shields.

Who was the first and who the last to fall, 875
 fierce virgin, by your shaft? How many bodies
 did you stretch, dying, headlong on the ground?
 The first: Euneus, son of Clytius,
 whose bare chest, as he faced her, she impaled
 on her long fir-wood lance. He vomits streams 880
 of blood and, falling, bites the gory ground
 and, dying, writhes in pain upon his wound.
 Then she cuts Liris down and Pagasus
 above him: for while one, thrown off, tugs at
 the reins of his stabbed horse, the other runs 885
 to stay his fall; they tumble over, headlong,
 together. And to these she adds Amastrus,
 the son of Hippotas, and throws herself
 forward, as she aims far at Tereus and
 Harpalycus, Demophoön and Chromis; 890
 and just as many shafts as she sent twisting
 out of her virgin hand, so many were
 the Phrygians who fell then. Not too far off
 the hunter Ornytus rides up on his
 Apulian horse; he is unused to armor; 895
 a bullock's hide is draped on his broad shoulders
 for battle, and his helmet is a huge
 wolf's head with gaping mouth and white-fanged jaws;

his hand holds fast a rustic javelin;
 as he rides with the troops' main force, he towers 900
 above them by a full head. When Camilla
 has overtaken him—done easily,
 for he is tangled in that rout—she stabs
 him through; her hating heart cries out above him:
 "O Tuscan, did you think that you were hunting 905
 wild beasts within the woods? The day has come
 that, with a woman's weapons, will refute
 your nation's threats. Yet this is no small glory
 you carry to your fathers' Shades: to have
 fallen beneath the spearhead of Camilla." 910

And next she kills Orsilochus and Butes,
 enormous-bodied Teucrians. She spears
 the mounted Butes in the back, just there,
 between his corselet and his helmet, where
 his neck is gleaming and upon his left 915
 his shield hangs down. She flees Orsilochus
 until, pursued in a wide circle, she
 has lured him on into a smaller ring,
 pursuing her pursuer; rising up,
 again, again she drives her stout axhead 920
 straight through his armor and his bones, though he
 now begs and prays for mercy. Through that cleft
 the warm brains splatter down his face. And next
 she comes upon the warrior son of Aunus,
 who had ridden from the Apennines, one not 925
 the least of the Ligurians so long
 as fates allow him still to cheat. He halts;
 he is amazed to see her suddenly.
 And when he knows he cannot flee the fight
 or turn the charging queen against another, 930
 he tries deception with these cunning words:
 "What is so splendid, though you are a woman,
 in trusting your brave horse? Let us send off
 our means of flight; meet me on even ground
 in hand-to-hand combat, if you are certain; 935
 make ready for a fight on foot, and soon
 you will find out to whom such blustering brings
 defeat." He spoke; and furious, burning
 with bitterness, she gives up her warhorse
 to one of her companions. Now on foot 940

she stands with equal arms, unterrified,
 with naked sword and shield without device.
 The youth, supposing he has won by fraud,
 does not delay but starts to ride away
 and turns his bridle back and rushes, goading 945
 his swift horse with steel spurs. "Ligurian fool,
 puffed up with meaningless presumption, all
 your native wiles and guile are pointless; no
 deception can restore you now unharmed
 to cheating Aunus." So the virgin cries 950
 and, hot, with racing feet, outstrips his horse.
 She grips his reins and, facing him, she takes
 her payment from his hated blood: just as
 easily as a hawk, the sacred bird
 of Mars, from his steep rock can overtake 955
 in flight, high in a cloud, a dove, and then
 can clutch her fast within his crooked claws
 and disembowel her; from the upper air
 her blood and her torn plumage flutter down.

But seated on his throne in high Olympus, 960
 the lord of men and gods does not look down
 with heedless eyes. The Father rouses Tarchon
 the Tuscan to the cruel battle, sharpens
 his anger with no gentle goad. And so,
 among the slaughter and retreating squadrons, 965
 Tarchon rides out and urges on the horsemen;
 he calls on each by name, with many shouts,
 and rallies beaten ranks to fight: "You Tuscans,
 incapable of shame, and always laggard,
 what fear, what utter cowardice has taken 970
 your hearts? And can a woman drive you off
 and smash your ranks? Then what good is the sword?
 Why bother brandishing these useless weapons?
 But when it comes to love and night-time battles,
 or when the curving flute proclaims the dances 975
 of Bacchus, then you are not lazy. No:
 to wait for feasts and cups upon abundant
 tables—yes, that is what you love and live for,
 until the augur graciously announces
 the sacrifice, until the fattened victim 980
 invites you to the deep groves." Saying this,
 Tarchon himself, ready to die, spurs his

- horse straight into the melee; like a whirlwind
 he charges Venulus, an enemy,
 and tears him from his charger, grips him fast 985
 in his right hand, and tugs him to his breast;
 then, riding hard, he bears off Venulus.
 A shout goes up to heaven; all the Latins
 have turned their eyes to watch as lightning Tarchon
 races across the plains with man and weapons. 990
 And next he breaks the tip of Venulus'
 lance head; he searches out unguarded flesh,
 to strike the wound of death. But Venulus
 would wrestle with him, forcing Tarchon's grip
 back from his throat; he thwarts that violence 995
 with violence. As when a tawny eagle,
 while flying high, bears off a serpent and,
 with feet entwined, his talons clutch; but in
 its winding coils the wounded serpent writhes,
 its bristling scales grow stiff and, rising up, 1000
 it hisses with its mouth; nevertheless,
 with his hooked beak, wings beating on the air,
 the eagle mauls his thrashing prey: just so
 triumphant Tarchon hauls away his victim;
 he lugs him from the line of the Tiburtines. 1005
- The Tuscans, seeing what their chief has done,
 then follow his example, charging on.
 And Arruns, fated, stalks around the swift
 Camilla with his javelin, trying
 to find an easy opening; with cunning, 1010
 anticipating all her moves. Wherever
 the raging virgin dashes toward the ranks,
 there he will track her silently. Wherever
 she rides back from the enemy, a victor,
 just there he turns his quick reins furtively. 1015
 For now he studies this approach, now that,
 and circles all the field relentlessly,
 his lance, inevitable, quivering.
- Chance had it then that in the distance Chloereus,
 one dear to Cybele and once her priest, 1020
 stood out because of his bright Phrygian armor
 while he spurred on his foaming horse: and it
 was mantled by a cloth that golden buckles

held fast to scales of brass, a covering
 like plumage. He himself was gleaming with 1025
 rich foreign purple; from his Lycian bow
 he cast Gortynian arrows; on his shoulders
 he held a golden quiver, and the seer's
 helmet was golden, too; his saffron cloak,
 with rustling linen folds, was gathered up 1030
 into a knot by yellow gold; his tunic
 and oriental leggings had gold thread.
 The virgin singled him out in the battle;
 and whether she had wanted to hang up
 the Trojan arms of Chloereus in the temple 1035
 or just to dress herself in captive gold,
 she hurried after him, blind to all else,
 a huntress. Fearless, with a female's love
 of plunder and of spoils, she raged through all
 the army. Arruns sees and takes his chance; 1040
 from ambush he awakes his lance, and thus
 he calls upon the High Ones with his voice:

"Highest of gods, Apollo, guard of sacred
 Soracte, whose chief worshipers we are,
 for whom we feed the pinewood's burning pile; 1045
 for whom, as votaries, we walk upon
 so many embers through the fire, trusting
 our piety—all-able Father, now
 let this disgrace be canceled by our arms.
 I do not ask for spoils, nor for a trophy; 1050
 I want no booty from the beaten virgin;
 for other deeds may win me praise: if only
 my blow can fell this brutal plague, I shall
 go back to my own city without glory."

Phoebus had heard, and in his heart he answered 1055
 half of that prayer; the other half he scattered
 to the swift winds. He granted this: that Arruns
 should strike Camilla down with sudden death;
 but did not grant him safe return to his
 illustrious homeland. This last request 1060
 the tempests carried to the south winds. Thus,
 as Arruns' lance hissed from his hand, all Volscians
 turned anxious eyes and minds upon the queen.
 But she herself was heedless of the sound,

the rush of wind, the weapon from the air, 1065
 until the shaft drove in below her breast,
 held fast and drank deep of her virgin blood.
 Her comrades, panicked, rush about her, catch
 their mistress as she falls. Arruns, above all
 astonished and with mingled joy and fear, 1070
 flies off. He dares not try his lance again,
 or face the virgin's weapons. Even as
 a wolf, when he has killed a shepherd or
 a giant bullock, will steal off at once,
 before the hating shafts can hunt him down, 1075
 to hide in the high hills; aware of what
 he dared to do, he lets his quivering tail
 fall slack and tucks it back beneath his belly
 as he makes for the woods; even so Arruns,
 uneasy, sneaks away; glad to escape, 1080
 he mingles in the mob of troops. Dying,
 Camilla tries to tug the lance out with
 her hand; but its steel head holds fast her bones
 within the ribs in that deep wound. She falls,
 bloodless; her eyes are faltering, chill in death; 1085
 her color, once so bright, has left her face.
 As her breath fails, she turns to Acca—one
 true to Camilla more than to all else,
 the equal of Camilla in her years
 and only sharer of Camilla's cares— 1090
 and says: "My sister Acca, until this
 I still could fight; but now the bitter wound
 has ruined me; all things around are black
 with shadows. Go and bear my last commands
 to Turnus; let him take my place and drive 1095
 the Trojans from the city gates; farewell."
 She dropped the reins; she crumpled, helpless, limp,
 along the ground. Then just as she grew chill,
 she slowly freed herself from all her body;
 her neck relaxed, her head was overcome 1100
 by death, her weapons fell, and with a moan,
 her life, resentful, fled to Shades below.
 At this an overwhelming clamor rose
 and beat against the golden stars. Camilla
 cut down, the fight grows fiercer. In a crowd 1105
 they rush together—all the forces of
 the Teucrians, the Tuscan captains, and

Evander's horsemen, the Arcadians.

Yet Opis, as Diana's sentinel,
 had long been seated on a mountaintop, 1110
 on high, where, undismayed, she watched the battle.
 But when she saw, far off, Camilla done
 to death among the shouts of raging young
 soldiers, she groaned and, from her deepest breast,
 cried out these words: "O, virgin, you have suffered 1115
 too cruel a torment—yes, too cruel for
 daring to face the Teucrians in war!
 The way you served Diana while you were
 lonely among the wilds has been no help,
 nor were our quivers, carried on your shoulder. 1120
 But now your queen will not leave you dishonored
 in your last hour; neither will your death
 go now without its glory through the nations;
 men will not say that you were unavenged;
 whoever has defiled your body with 1125
 a wound will pay that debt with his own death."

Beneath that summit, sheltered by a thick
 ilex, there stood a mound of earth, the massive
 tomb of Dercennus, one of the Laurentians'
 most ancient kings. Here first the lovely goddess 1130
 descends with speed; then, halting, she spies Arruns
 from that high barrow. As she saw him, bright
 in armor and puffed up with pointless pride,
 she cries: "Why are you running off? Come here,
 come here to claim your death, to take the prize 1135
 we owe you for Camilla! Shall one like
 you, even you, die by Diana's arrows?"
 At this the Thracian virgin drew a swift
 shaft from her gilded quiver; and she stretched
 her leveled bow, long, taut, drawing it back 1140
 until the curved points met; with even hands
 she pulled the bow until her left could touch
 the arrow's iron tip, until her right
 could feel the bowstring and her breast. At once
 he heard the hissing shaft, the whirring air; 1145
 and in that very instant iron drove
 deep in his chest. But Arruns' heedless comrades
 desert him as he gasps, groans out his last

along the battlefield's unknowing dust.
And Opis wings her way to high Olympus. 1150

The first to fly—their mistress lost—Camilla's
own light-armed horse; the Latins, routed, run;
daring Atinas flees. Their captains scattered,
forsaken companies seek safety; turning,
they gallop to the walls. No one is able 1155

to stay with spears or stand against the press
of Trojans bringing death. And now the Latins
haul off slack bows on their exhausted shoulders;
four-footed hoofbeats shake the crumbling plain.
The dust that whirls in cloud and darkness rolls 1160

back to the city; as they beat their breasts,
the mothers on the watchtowers raise laments,
the cries of women, high as heaven's stars.
The first to gallop through the open gates
full speed still find the enemy entangled 1165

within their ranks; the fugitives cannot
escape sad death; the Trojan shafts still thrust;
within their native walls, upon their threshold,
within the very shelter of their houses
the Latins gasp their last. Some shut the gates; 1170
they do not dare to open them for their
own comrades and are deaf to any prayers.

And then, a wretched butchery: some guard
the gates with swords; their own companions charge
against them. Some, shut out, are rolled headlong 1175

into the trenches, driven by the rout,
before the eyes, the very presence of
their weeping parents; some, with loosened reins,
blind, spur ahead and batter at the gates,
the tough and bolted doors. Even the mothers 1180

along the walls, remembering Camilla,
are rivals in their eagerness to cast
their shafts with anxious hands; true love of homeland
points out the way; they rush to imitate
steel with their sturdy oak clubs and charred stakes; 1185
each burns to die first for her city's sake.

Meanwhile, within the woods, the bitter word
finds Turnus. Acca brings the warrior
news of confusion: Volscian squadrons ruined,

Camilla fallen, and the enemy
advancing, Mars behind him, sweeping every
thing, panic reaching to the very walls.
Raging, he quits his ambush in the hills,
deserts the rugged groves—so Jove's harsh will
demands. He has just marched from sight and gained
the plain when father Aeneas, entering
on the unguarded pass, across the ridge,
moves out from the dense forest. Rapidly
and in full force the two make for the city;
there is little space between them. When Aeneas
made out, far off, the plain that smoked with dust,
the Latin ranks—at that same moment Turnus
caught sight of fierce Aeneas in his armor
and heard the tramp of men, the panting horses.
They would at once have faced the test of battle,
but now the crimson Phoebus bathes his weary
horses within the Spanish sea, restoring
the night as day retreats. Before the city
they pitch their camps and fortify their earthworks.

BOOK XII

When Turnus sees the Latins faltering
and broken by the countercourse of battle,
and sees all eyes are turned to him, demanding
that now he keep his pledge—implacable
and keen, he burns to fight, his heat is high. 5
And as a lion on the Punic plains,
when hunters wound him gravely in the chest,
at last awakes to battle and is glad,
and shakes the hairy mane along his neck,
and, fearless, snaps the hunter's shaft and roars 10
with bloody jaws: just so did violence
urge on fanatic Turnus. Hectic, he
cries out to King Latinus with these words:

"Turnus will not delay; the coward Trojans
need not retract their words, take back their promise. 15
I go to meet him. Father, have the holy
rites readied, draw the treaty: either I
send down this Dardan, Asia's renegade,
to hell with my right hand—while Latins sit
and watch—and by my single sword blot out 20
the slur that stains us all; or we are beaten
and held by him, he takes Lavinia."

• • •

Latinus answered him with quiet heart:
 "Young man remarkable for spirit, just
 as you excel in unrelenting courage, 25
 so much the more must I with care consider
 and weigh with fear the outcome of this duel.
 You have the kingdoms of your father, Daunus,
 and many towns your arms have won; Latinus
 also has gold and generosity. 30
 In Latium and in Laurentum's lands
 other unmarried girls are waiting—born
 of not unseemly stock. Let me say these
 ungentle things frankly, without deceit,
 and let your spirit pay them close attention. 35
 It was not right for me to give my daughter
 to any of her former suitors; all—
 both gods and men—had told us this. And yet,
 too overcome by love for you, by our
 related blood, and by my sad wife's tears, 40
 I broke all of these curbs; I snatched my daughter
 back from her promised husband; I took up
 unholy arms. For Turnus, you see what
 disasters hunt me down from that day on,
 what evils you, above all, had to suffer. 45
 Twice-beaten in great battles, we can hardly
 keep Italy's hopes safe within our city;
 and even now our blood still warms the Tiber;
 the giant plains are still white with our bones.
 Why have I drifted back so often, what 50
 new madness shifts my purpose? If, with Turnus'
 death, I am ready to accept the Trojans,
 to take them in as allies, then why not
 stop this war now, with Turnus still untouched?
 For what will our Rutulian kinsmen say, 55
 and what the rest of Italy, if I
 betray to death—may fate refute my words—
 you, who have sought my daughter's hand? Think back
 on all the chance and change of battle; pity
 your aged father: even now his native 60
 Ardea holds him far from us, in sadness."

Words cannot check the violence of Turnus:
 the healing only aggravates his sickness;
 his fury flares. As soon as he is able

to speak, he still insists: "Most gracious king, 65
 I pray you: set aside your care for me
 and for my safety; let me barter death
 for glory. For I, too, can cast a lance;
 the steel my right hand uses is not feeble;
 my father, blood flows from the wounds I deal. 70
 The Trojan's goddess-mother will be too
 far off to shelter her retreating son,
 to hide him, as a woman would, within
 the same deceiving cloud that covers her."

But frightened by the terms of this new duel, 75
 the queen, weeping, prepared to die, held fast
 her raging son-in-law: "Turnus, by these
 tears and by any reverence you still
 feel for Amata—you, the only hope
 and quiet left my sad last years: the honor 80
 and power of Latinus is with you,
 this house in peril stands or falls with you;
 I beg one thing: you must not meet the Trojans.
 For in this duel that you so wish to enter,
 whatever waits for you waits for me, too; 85
 together with you, I shall leave this hated
 light; for I will not be a captive, see
 Aeneas as my son-in-law." Lavinia's
 hot cheeks were bathed in tears; she heard her mother's
 words; and her blush, a kindled fire, crossed 90
 her burning face. And just as when a craftsman
 stains Indian ivory with blood-red purple,
 or when white lilies, mixed with many roses,
 blush: even such, the colors of the virgin.
 His love drives Turnus wild; he stares at his 95
 Lavinia; even keener now for battle,
 he answers Queen Amata with few words:

"I pray you, Mother, as I go to face
 so hard a duel, do not send me off
 with weeping, with such dreary omens. Turnus 100
 cannot delay his death, if it must come.
 You, Idmon, be my messenger and carry
 these words—which will not please him—to the Phrygian
 tyrant: that when tomorrow's dawn first rides
 on crimson wheels and reddens in the sky, 105

let him not lead the Teucrians against
the Latins; let their weapons rest; the war
will be decided by our blood; the bride
Lavinia will be won upon that field."

This said, he hurries back into the palace, 110
calls for his horses, and on seeing them
as they neigh there before him, he rejoices:
for Orithyia herself once gave these stallions
as offerings in his honor to Pilumnus,
whiter than snow and faster than the wind. 115
Keen charioteers surround the chargers, striking
their sounding chests with hollow palms and combing
their shaggy manes. Then Turnus wraps his corselet,
made stiff with gold and gleaming orichalcum,
about his shoulders; sets in place his sword 120
and shield, the sockets of his crimson crest—
the sword the Lord of Fire himself had forged
for Turnus' father Daunus, dipping it,
while glowing hot, into the wave of Styx.
And then he clutches hard his hefty lance, 125
that stood just at the center of the hall,
propped up against a giant pillar—spoil
taken from the Auruncan Actor; Turnus
shakes this until it quivers as he cries:
"Now, lance that never failed my call, your time 130
is come. The mighty Actor bore you once,
you now belong to Turnus; grant me this:
to lay his body low, to tear his corselet,
ripped by my right hand, from the Phrygian half-man,
and to defile his hair with dust—that hair 135
he curls with heated irons, drenching it
with myrrh." Turnus is driven by the Furies;
he glows with sparks; his fierce eyes flame with fire:
as when a bull, preparing to do battle,
awakes tremendous bellowings; trying 140
to hurl his rage into his horns, before
the fight, he butts against a tree trunk and
he beats the wind with blows and paws the sand.

Meanwhile Aeneas, no less keen for battle
and ruthless in the arms his mother gave him, 145
calls up his indignation, happy that

the war is to be settled by this compact.
 He comforts his companions, stays the fears
 of sad Ascanius; he teaches them
 the ways of fate. Then he commands his men 150
 to carry his firm answer back to King
 Latinus, and he dictates terms of peace.

The new day was just wakened, scattering
 the tallest peaks with light—the hour in which
 the horses of the Sun first rise up from 155
 the deep surge, breathing rays from lifted nostrils—
 when Trojans and Rutulians made ready
 the measured field for dueling beneath
 the walls of the great city. In the middle
 they set their braziers and their grassy altars 160
 for offerings to the gods that they both worship;
 while others, dressed in priestly aprons, foreheads
 bound in verbena garlands, brought spring water
 and fire. Ausonia's legions now march out;
 tight-columned squadrons pour through crowded gates. 165
 To this side all the Trojan troops and Tuscans
 are hurrying with mingled armor, wearing
 their steel even as if the bitter battle
 of Mars had called on each of them. No less,
 the captains race among the thousands, bright 170
 with gold and purple: Mnestheus, who was born
 out of Assaracus, and bold Asilas
 and—born of Neptune's seed—Messapus, tamer
 of horses. At a given signal each
 draws back to his allotted space and plants 175
 his lance upon the ground and rests his shield.
 At this the matrons and the unarmed crowd
 and weak old men are eager to pour out;
 and they press toward the rooftops and the towers
 while others stand upon the tall gateways. 180

But Juno, from the hilltop now called Alban—
 the mountain then had neither name nor fame
 nor honor—saw the battlefield and both
 the ranks of Troy and of Laurentum and
 the city of Latinus. Then, straightway, 185
 a goddess to a goddess, she addressed

the sister of Turnus, mistress of the pools
 and roaring rivers (Jupiter, the high
 king of the upper air, had given this,
 a sacred honor, to her for his theft
 of her virginity): "You, nymph, the glory
 of rivers and most dear to me, you know
 how more than all the Latin girls that mounted
 upon great-hearted Jove's ungrateful bed
 it was yourself I held the highest, giving
 to you, and willingly, a place in heaven.
 Juturna, learn your sorrow, lest you blame me.
 Wherever Fortune left me leeway, where
 the Fates let Latium succeed at all,
 there I watched over Turnus and your city.
 But now I see him face unequal Fates;
 the day of doom, of bitter force draws near;
 I cannot bear to see this battle or
 this treaty; if you can dare something more
 to help your brother, do so; that is proper.
 Perhaps some gladness still awaits the sad."

As soon as Juno stopped, Juturna wept;
 three and four times she beat her lovely breast.
 "This is not time for tears," Saturnian Juno
 cries out to her. "Be quick; snatch back your brother
 from death if there is any way, or else
 incite them all to arms and smash the treaty.
 It is myself who order you to dare."
 And with this counsel Juno left Juturna
 in doubt, restless, the harsh wound in her mind.

Meanwhile the kings advance: Latinus rides
 upon his massive four-horse chariot;
 and twice-six golden rays—an emblem of
 the Sun, his ancestor—surround his temples;
 a pair of milk-white horses carry Turnus;
 two broad-tipped javelins quiver in his grip.
 Against them from the camp site marches out
 the founder of the Roman race, father
 Aeneas, blazing with his star-bright shield
 and heaven-given arms; Ascanius,
 the second hope of mighty Rome, is near him.
 A priest in spotless tunic leads the young

born of a bristling boar, and an unshorn
 sheep, two years old; he sets these animals
 before the burning shrines. Both warriors, 230
 turning their eyes to face the rising sun,
 now scatter salted meal before them, mark
 the foreheads of the victims with a sword,
 and from their cups pour offerings on the altars.
 Then, with drawn blade, pious Aeneas prays: 235

“Now may the Sun be witness to my prayer,
 together with this Earth, for whom I have
 endured such trials; to you, all-able Father,
 and you, Saturnia, his wife—o goddess
 at last more generous—to you I pray; 240
 you, famous Mars, the father in whose power
 lies every war; you, fountains, and you, rivers—
 you, too, I call upon, together with
 whatever should be feared in the high air,
 whatever powers keep the blue-gray waters. 245
 For if by chance the victory should fall
 to Turnus the Ausonian, then we,
 defeated, must leave for Evander’s city;
 and Iulus shall give up these fields; Aeneas’
 sons never are to carry arms against you 250
 or menace Latin kingdoms with the sword.
 But if the war is settled in our favor
 by victory (as I should rather judge,
 and may the gods confirm this with their will),
 then I shall not subject Italians 255
 to Teucrians, ask kingdoms for myself:
 both nations, undefeated, shall accept
 the equal laws of an eternal compact:
 their sacred rites, their gods, shall be intact,
 Latinus, as my father, keep his sword 260
 and, as my father, hold his lawful rule.
 For me, the Teucrians shall build a city;
 Lavinia shall give those walls her name.”

So says Aeneas, first to speak; Latinus,
 looking to heaven, follows after him, 265
 stretching his right hand to the stars: “Aeneas,
 I swear by these same powers: earth and sea
 and stars, and by the twin seed of Latona,

the Sun and Moon, by two-faced Janus and
 the power of the lower gods, the dwelling 270
 place of the savage Dis; and may the Father
 who sanctifies our treaties, striking those
 who perjure with his thunderbolt, hear me.
 I touch these altars and I call to witness
 this fire and these gods that stand between us: 275
 however things may fall, no day shall break
 this peace and pact for Italy; no force
 shall turn me from this pledge, not even if
 it overwhelms the earth, confounding all
 in waves and deluge, heaven into hell: 280
 as surely as this scepter"—for he carried
 his scepter in his right hand—"never shall
 blossom with tender leaves as branch or shade,
 now that, cut from its lower stem within
 the forest, it has lost its mother tree, 285
 laid low its leaf and branch before the ax;
 for once it was a bough, but now the hand
 of artisans has covered it with seemly
 bronze, ready to be borne by Latin elders."
 With such words, while the chieftains watched, Aeneas 290
 and King Latinus swore their treaty; duly
 they slaughter sacred victims in the fire,
 and tear the living entrails out of beasts,
 and heap the altars high with loaded platters.

But the Rutulians had long since felt 295
 this duel was unequal; they are puzzled;
 conflicting feelings move their hearts; more so
 when they can see the fighters poorly matched.
 And Turnus adds to their uncertainty:
 he paces silently and, suppliant, 300
 he worships at the shrine with lowered eyes,
 with wasted cheeks, and with his pale young body.
 And just as soon as she saw this and felt
 the crowd was doubtful in its heart, Juturna,
 his sister, threw herself into the ranks, 305
 miming the shape of Camers (one who had
 great ancestors, a father famed for valor,
 and was himself a most tenacious fighter);
 then, skillfully, she scatters many rumors:

"O Latins, are you not ashamed to let
 this giant army stake all on one life? 310
 For are we not their match in numbers, strength?
 Why, take the lot of them: the Trojans and
 Arcadians and the Etrurians,
 the fate-manipulated, those who hate 315
 our Turnus; even if but half of us
 do battle, there are not enough of them
 to face us. He indeed will climb by fame
 up to the High Ones, at whose altars he
 has vowed his life; he will live on men's lips. 320
 But we, our homeland lost, shall be compelled
 to yield before insulting masters—we
 who sit today as laggards on these fields."

Her words only inflame the warriors more
 and more; a murmur glides from man to man. 325
 And both the Latin ranks and the Laurentians,
 who just before had hoped for rest from war
 and for security, are changed; they now
 want weapons, pray the pact can be unmade;
 they pity Turnus' unfair fate. Juturna 330
 then adds to this: she shows in the high heavens
 a sign that could confound Italian minds
 and lead them on with its prodigiousness
 far more than any other omen could.
 For as the golden bird of Jove was flying 335
 across the crimson sky, pursuing fowl
 that flock along the shore in loud winged ranks,
 he swoops low on the waters suddenly
 and, brutal, snatches up in his hooked talons
 a handsome swan. This startles the Italians 340
 when—wonderful to see—all of those birds
 wheel right around and, as they clamor, darken
 the air with wings; against their enemy
 they press, a compact mass, across the skies,
 until their force and weight defeat him; he 345
 gives way and casts his prey down from his claws
 into the river, flees to far-off clouds.

At this indeed the Latins greet the omen
 with shouts and set their hands for war; the augur
 Tolumnius becomes the first to cry: 350

"This was the portent I have often prayed for;
 I follow it; I recognize the gods;
 I am your leader; now take up your swords,
 o Latins, whom this wanton foreigner
 has terrified by war, as if you were 355
 but helpless birds—he devastates your shores.
 But he, too, shall take flight; across the waters
 he shall yet sail far off. As with one mind,
 close tight your ranks; defend in this encounter
 the king who has been stolen from your side." 360
 This said, he rushed ahead and hurled his lance
 against his enemies. The hissing shaft
 of cornel wood is shrill; it cuts the air
 with certainty. At once a piercing roar
 leaps high; a frenzy takes them all; their hearts 365
 are hot, tumultuous. And as the lance
 flew off, it chanced nine handsome brothers stood
 across its path—so many brothers, yet
 all born to the Arcadian Gylippus
 by his own faithful Tuscan wife. It pierces 370
 right through the ribs of one of these young men,
 remarkable for beauty and bright armor,
 along his waistline where the stitched belt rubs
 against the belly and the buckle gnaws
 against rib ends. He falls on yellow sands. 375
 But of his brothers—a courageous band,
 inflamed by grief—part draw their swords, part seize
 their shafts of flying steel and rush ahead
 blindly. And the Laurentians charge against them;
 but here again the compact ranks of Trojans 380
 pour out—together with Agyllines and
 Arcadians with ornamented armor.
 They all have just one passion: for the sword
 to settle this dispute. They strip the altars
 for firebrands; across the skies a dense 385
 tempest of shafts, a rain of iron falls.
 Within that storm some of the Latins carry
 libation cups and braziers toward the city.
 And King Latinus, bearing back his beaten
 gods and the broken treaty, now retreats. 390
 The others draw their chariot reins or mount
 their horses, riding up with naked swords.

Messapus, anxious to destroy the truce,
charges on horseback toward a Tuscan prince,
Aulestes, wearer of a royal emblem. 395

Aulestes, luckless in retreating, stumbles
and tumbles over on his head and shoulders
against the altars at his back. But fierce
Messapus rushes with his lance; from high
upon his horse, with his tremendous shaft 400
he strikes Aulestes heavily, although
he pleads so much. Messapus cries: "He has it;
I give to the great gods a better victim."

The Latins crowd around; they strip Aulestes'
warm limbs. But as they move in, Corynaeus 405

snatches a charred torch from the altar, and
as Ebysus strides close and aims a blow,
he smashes fire in his face; the stench
of singeing rises; Ebysus' great beard
bursts into flame And Corynaeus follows 410

close on the stroke; he grips the hair of his
stunned enemy; he pins him down with thrusting
bent knee, and stabs his side with rigid sword.

Another Trojan, Podalirius,
who charges with drawn sword, towers above 415

the shepherd Alsus even as he rushes
just where the fight is hottest. But the Latin
draws back his ax, and Podalirius

has his head split from forehead down to chin;
his splattered blood drenches the arms of Alsus. 420

Then cruel quiet, iron sleep press down
his eyes; their light is locked in endless night.

But stretching out his unarmed hand, the pious
Aeneas, with bare head, cries to his comrades:
"Where are you rushing? Why this sudden tempest?" 425

Hold back your anger! Now the truce is set,
its terms are fixed, I am the only one
who has the right to battle; let me fight,
and set your fears aside. With my right arm

I shall maintain our treaty. Sacred rites 430
make Turnus mine." Yet as he pleaded, cried,
a hissing arrow glided on its wings,

shaft aimed and driven, whirling, home by hand

that is unknown; and whether it was chance
 or was a god who gained so great a glory 435
 for the Rutulians, the fame is hidden;
 no soldier boasted of Aeneas' wounding.

When Turnus sees Aeneas quit the ranks
 and sees the captains in dismay, he burns
 with sudden hope; at once he calls for horse 440
 and weapons; proud, he mounts his chariot
 and takes the reins. Racing, he gives to death
 so many bodies of brave men; he topples
 so many, half-dead; as he wheels ahead,
 he tramples over troops; he snatches spear 445
 on spear and flings them at the fugitives.
 Even as bloody Mars in breakneck course
 along the riverbanks of Hebrus clangs
 his shield and calls to war and gives loose rein
 to his wild horses; they fly off across 450
 the open plain, outstripping south and west winds;
 and farthest Thracia groans beneath their pounding
 hoofs, and around him, as his retinue,
 black Fear and Anger race, and Stratagem:
 just so the eager Turnus lashes at 455
 his horses as they sweat and foam; he tramples
 his enemies, miserably cut down.

The quick hoofs splash their way through gory spray;
 they beat upon the mingled blood and sand.
 Now he has given Stheneleus and Pholus 460
 and Thamyris to death: two in close combat,
 and Stheneleus from far. From far he catches
 Glaucus and Lades, sons of Imbrasmus,
 whom Imbrasmus himself had raised in Lycia
 and furnished—each of them—with the same armor, 465
 fit both for dueling hand to hand or else
 for riding, faster than the winds, on horseback.

Elsewhere Eumedes rides into the melee;
 he is descended from old Dolon, famed
 in war; and he renewed the name of his 470
 grandfather and his father's heart and hand;
 his father once spied on the Danaan camp,
 then dared to ask as his reward Achilles'
 chariot; for such daring Diomedes

had punished him with other payment; now 475
 he hopes no longer for Achilles' horses.
 When Turnus sees Eumedes far away,
 across the open plain, he first casts his
 light javelin; then he checks his team of horses,
 leaps from his chariot, and overtakes 480
 Eumedes, fallen, half-dead. Turnus digs
 his foot into Eumedes' neck; he plucks
 Eumedes' glowing sword from his right hand;
 he dips it deep into his throat and adds:
 "Trojan, lie there and measure out these lands, 485
 the Italy you tried to win by war:
 this is the prize of those who try to tempt me
 to battle; so do they establish walls."
 And then, to keep Eumedes company,
 his lance sends down Asbytes to the Shades, 490
 and Chloreus, Sybaris, Thersilochus,
 and Dares, and Thymoetes, fallen from
 the neck of his uneasy horse. Just as
 the blast of the Edonian Boreas
 echoes across the deep Aegean sea, 495
 and chases breakers in to shore; and winds
 sweep and the clouds retreat across the sky:
 so, too, wherever Turnus cuts his way,
 there do the ranks recede, then, routed, run;
 his very speed propels him on; the wind 500
 against his chariot shakes his flying crest.
 But Phegeus could not stand his urgency,
 his raging anger; and he blocked the way
 of Turnus' chariot; with his right hand
 he gripped the bits of those excited horses 505
 that foamed across their reins. And while they drag
 off Phegeus, hanging from their harness, Turnus'
 broad lance head reaches his defenseless side;
 set fast, it breaks his double-plated coat
 of mail; it grazes Phegeus with a flesh wound. 510
 Yet Phegeus whirled around, and with his shield
 he faced his enemy: he sought the aid
 of his drawn blade; but then the wheel and axle,
 as they rolled on, hurled him headlong and sprawling
 across the ground. With this, Turnus hacked off 515
 the head of Phegeus with a sword: a stroke
 between the upper border of his breastplate

and helmet's lower edge; and then he left
the trunk of Phegeus lying on the sand.

While Turnus triumphs, dealing death across 520
the plains, the true Achates, Mnestheus, and
Ascanius as comrade bring the bleeding
Aeneas into camp; he limps along,
supporting every other step with his
long spear. And in his rage he tries to wrench 525
the arrow by its broken shaft; he calls
for any ready way to help: to cut
the wound out with a broad sword and to lay
naked the arrow's deepest hiding place,
to send him back to battle. Now Iapyx, 530
the son of Iasus, drew near; he was
dearest above all other men to Phoebus;
to him Apollo, struck by piercing love,
once wished to give his arts, his gifts: his power
of augury, his lyre, and his swift arrows. 535
Iapyx, to delay his dying father's
fate, chose to know instead the powers of herbs,
the ways of healing, and to practice these,
the silent arts, unhonored. Wild and bitter,
Aeneas, propped upon his giant spear, 540
stood near that crowd of warriors, beside
the mourning Iulus, but unmoved by tears.
And old Iapyx, sleeves rolled back, dressed in
the manner of physicians, with his healing
hand and the potent herbs of Phoebus, tries 545
again, again, in vain; in vain, he tugs
the dart and grips the steel with grasping tongs.
Good fortune does not guide his path; his teacher
Apollo does not help him. More and more
the savage horror is loud upon the plain, 550
disaster draws much nearer. Now the sky
seems like a wall of dust; the riders rush,
the shower of shafts is thick upon the camp.
The wretched cry of warriors climbs the air,
of men who fall beneath tenacious Mars. 555

But then Aeneas' pain, unmerited,
distresses Venus; with a mother's care
she plucks—from Cretan Ida—dittany,

a stalk with leaves luxuriant and shaggy
 and purple flower, a plant not unfamiliar 560
 to wild goats when they are wounded by winged arrows.
 This, Venus, with black mist to hide her face,
 now carries down; with this she medicates,
 in secret, waters poured in gleaming vats;
 she steeps the plant and sprinkles healing juices 565
 of scented panacea and ambrosia.
 And old Iapyx, unaware of this,
 then bathes Aeneas' wound with that same liquid.
 And suddenly all pain fled from his body,
 and all the blood held fast in that deep wound; 570
 and following Iapyx' hand, the arrow,
 unforced, fell out; fresh strength returned to him.
 "Quick! Bring his weapons! Why do you delay?"
 Iapyx shouts, the first to stir their spirits
 against the Latins. "This is not the work 575
 of mortal hands or skillful art; my craft
 has not saved you, Aeneas: here there is
 a greater one—a god—who sends you back
 to greater labors." He is hot for combat;
 he sheathes his legs on this side and on that 580
 with golden greaves; he hates to linger here
 and brandishes his spear. Then to his flank
 his shield is fitted; to his back, his corselet;
 and dressed in mail, he hugs Ascanius
 and through his helmet gently kisses him: 585
 "From me, my son, learn valor and true labor;
 from others learn of fortune. Now my arm
 will win security for you in battle
 and lead you toward a great reward: only 590
 remember, when your years are ripe, your people's
 example; let your father and your uncle—
 both Hector and Aeneas—urge you on."

This said, he marched out through the gates, a giant;
 a great shaft quivers in his hand; and Antheus
 and Mnestheus also hurry out at once, 595
 and all the Trojan crowd abandons camp.
 Then blinding dust confounds the plains; the earth
 is panicked by their pounding feet and shudders.
 Turnus could see them from a facing mound;
 the Latins saw; cold trembling took their bones. 600

The first of the Ausonians to hear,
 Juturna; and she recognized the sound
 and fled in terror. He, Aeneas, races
 and drives his dark band on the open plain.
 Even as, when a sudden squall has fallen, 605
 a storm cloud moves to land from open seas,
 and luckless farmers, seeing it far off,
 shudder within their hearts, for it will bring
 destruction to their orchards, kill their crops,
 and cut down every planting; and the winds 610
 fly fast before it, roaring toward the shore:
 just so the Trojan chieftain drives his troops
 straight at his enemies; his soldiers muster
 around him, thickly, all in compact ranks.
 Thymbraeus strikes the huge Osiris with 615
 his sword; and Mnestheus kills Arcetius;
 Achates, Epulo; and Gyas, Ufens;
 Tolumnius the augur also falls—
 he was the first to break the truce, to cast
 his shaft against the enemy. A shout 620
 mounts to the sky; wheeling about, the Latins
 in turn now give their backs, clouded with dust,
 to flight across the fields. Aeneas does
 not deign to strike down fugitives to death;
 he does not charge at those who meet him now 625
 on foot or horse or flinging darts; he only
 wants Turnus; through that dark cloud, he seeks out
 Turnus; he calls on him alone to battle.

Then, terrified, Juturna, warrior maiden,
 flings out Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, 630
 from in between the reins; she pushes him
 far from the pole; he falls; and she takes up
 his place; her hands hold fast the rippling reins;
 in everything she counterfeits Metiscus—
 his voice and body and his armor. Even 635
 as a black swallow, when it flies across
 some wealthy lord's vast villa, hovers, circling
 the high halls on its wings; it scavenges
 for scanty crumbs and food for its loud fledglings;
 and now it calls through empty porticoes 640
 and now around the damp cisterns: just so
 Juturna is carried by her chargers through

the enemies in her swift chariot;
 while racing, she scans everything; and now
 here and now there displays her victor brother 645
 but will not let him set his hand to battle
 Aeneas; deviously, she flies far.
 Nevertheless, Aeneas tracks the winding
 course; he is seeking Turnus, and he shouts
 aloud for Turnus through the routed troops. 650
 As often as Aeneas catches sight
 of him and races toward the winged-foot horses,
 so often does Juturna wheel about
 and turn her chariot. What can Aeneas
 do now? In vain he wavers on the shifting 655
 surge of his feeling; his conflicting cares
 invite his mind to try this plan, then that.
 But now Messapus, dexterous, moves against him;
 with a sure blow he hurls the first of those
 two pliant steel-tipped javelins he carried. 660
 Aeneas stopped; he drew himself together
 behind his shield; he bent down on one knee;
 but even so, the hurtled shaft took off
 his helmet crest and shook his highest plumes.
 At this indeed Aeneas' anger seethes; 665
 excited by the treachery of Turnus,
 whose chariot and horses have been carried
 far off, and having often pleaded with
 Jove and the altars of the shattered treaty,
 at last Aeneas charges into battle; 670
 and terrible, with Mars behind him, he
 awakens brutal, indiscriminate
 slaughter, he lets his violence run free.

What god can now unfold for me in song
 all of the bitterness and butchery 675
 and deaths of chieftains—driven now by Turnus,
 now by the Trojan hero, each in turn
 throughout that field? O Jupiter, was it
 your will that nations destined to eternal
 peace should have clashed in such tremendous turmoil? 680

Aeneas comes upon Rutulian Sucro—
 this combat was the first to check the Trojans'

rush—but without delaying much, he plunges
 his naked sword there where the end is quickest:
 right through the ribs, the grating of the chest. 685
 Diores and his brother Amycus
 are thrown by Turnus from their horses, then
 on foot he charges at them, striking one
 before he had reached Turnus, with his long
 lance; and he stabs the other with his sword; 690
 he lets two severed heads hang from his chariot
 and carries off the pair, both damp with blood.
 Aeneas sends the tough Cethegus, Talon,
 and Tanais to death—the three in one
 attack—and sad Onites: he is Theban; 695
 his mother, Peridia. Turnus kills
 the brothers from Apollo's fields and Lycia,
 and young Menoetes of Arcadia,
 one who detested warfare, but in vain:
 he worked as fisherman and had his poor 700
 home near the pools of Lerna, never knowing
 the thresholds of the great; his father sowed
 on rented soil. Even as fire set loose
 from different sides upon dry woods and shrubs
 of rustling laurel; or as foaming streams 705
 that hurtle from high mountains, roaring, rushing
 to sea, each laying waste its own pathway;
 just so do Turnus and Aeneas, no
 less eagerly rush on to fight; now, now
 wrath is a storm in them; their breasts do not 710
 know what defeat is; they are bursting; now,
 with all their force, they plunge ahead toward wounds.

Murranus—as he brags of his forefathers,
 the names of all his ancient ancestors,
 his race of Latin kings—is toppled by 715
 Aeneas with a rock and whirling stone,
 headlong upon the ground. Beneath his chariot's
 yoke and his reins the wheels rolled on; the hoofs
 of horses, heedless of their master, pound
 again, again, upon Murranus. Turnus, 720
 as Hyllus charges with enormous wrath,
 encounters him and hurls his lance against
 his forehead with its gold headband; the shaft
 pierces his helmet, then the tip holds fast

within his brains. And Cretheus, bravest Greek, 725
 your right hand could not snatch you free from Turnus.
 Nor was the priest Cupencus saved by his
 own gods against Aeneas' charge; he gave
 his breast to meet the blade, and the delay
 of brazen shield was of no profit to him. 730
 Laurentian plains saw you, too, Aeolus,
 collapse, your broad back sprawling on the ground:
 you fall, whom Argive troops could never topple,
 nor he who cut down Priam's lands, Achilles.
 For here you found the boundary of death; 735
 you had a handsome home beneath Mount Ida,
 your handsome home was at Lyrnesus; yet
 your tomb is on Laurentian soil. Now all
 the troops rush back into the struggle—all
 the Latins, all the Dardans: Mnestheus and 740
 the brave Serestus, and Messapus, tamer
 of horses, tough Asilas, and the Tuscans,
 and the Arcadian squadrons of Evander—
 each gives his all; they strive with total force,
 no lingering, no rest, in that vast contest. 745

But then Aeneas' lovely mother set
 his mind to this: to march against the city,
 to sweep his army quickly toward the ramparts,
 confound the Latins by a sudden slaughter.
 As he looked here and there, searching for Turnus, 750
 scanning the varied ranks, he saw the city
 free from the stress of war, intact, at rest.
 Straightway the image of a greater struggle
 has kindled him; he calls his captains—Mnestheus,
 Sergestus, and Serestus; then he climbs 755
 a mound where other Trojans crowd around him;
 but they do not put by their spears or shields.
 There, standing at the center, he speaks out:

"Let there be no delay in what I ask,
 for Jupiter is with us; let no one 760
 still linger just because this plan is sudden.
 This day—unless they yield, accept our rule,
 submit to us—I shall annihilate
 that city, cause of war, the capital
 of King Latinus; I shall level all 765

their smoking rooftops. For, indeed, am I
 to wait on Turnus' pleasure to do battle?
 Is he, already beaten, still to meet me?
 This, citizens, this is the head, the sum
 of this accursed war. Be quick, bring torches: 770
 the time has come to ask our treaty back
 with flames." He is done; his men are keen; they form
 a wedge; they march—a dense mass—toward the walls.
 In no time, ladders, sudden fires appear.
 Some hurry to the gateways, hacking down 775
 the first guards they encounter; others cast
 their steel; the sky is dark with shafts. Aeneas
 himself is in the vanguard, stretching out
 his hand beneath the ramparts; and he shouts
 his accusations at Latinus, calls 780
 the gods to witness that he had been forced
 to battle; twice the Latins have become
 his enemies; twice they have broken treaties.
 Dissension takes the panicked citizens:
 some say the city is to be unlocked, 785
 the gates thrown open to the Dardans; they
 would drag the king himself up to the ramparts;
 while others carry arms, rush to defend:
 as when some shepherd tracks a swarm of bees
 that shelter in a porous cliff, and fills 790
 their hive with bitter smoke; they rush about
 their waxen camp in panic; buzzing loud,
 they whet their wrath; across their cells the black
 stench rolls; rocks echo with the stifled murmurs;
 smoke trickles up into the empty air. 795

Then new calamity fell on the weary
 Latins; and all the city shook with grief
 to its foundations. When the queen can see
 from her high palace roof the enemy
 approaching, charging at the walls, the fires 800
 climbing as high as housetops, with the army
 of the Rutulians nowhere, and no troops
 of Turnus to be seen—then, wretched, she
 believes her warrior has been killed in combat;
 dismayed by sudden sorrow, she cries out 805
 that she herself is guilty, is the source

of their misfortunes; mad, she utters many
wild things in moaning frenzy; she is ready
to die and tears her purple robe and fastens
a noose of ugly death from a high beam. 810

As soon as the unhappy Latin women
have heard of this affliction, first Lavinia
rages; she tears at her bright hair and cheeks
of rose; then all the crowd around her raves;
the wailing fills the palace's wide halls. 815

The sad report goes out across the city.
Now hearts sink down; Latinus, in torn garments,
dazed by his wife's fate and his city's ruin,
defiles his aged hairs with filthy dust.

Meanwhile, along the border of the field, 820
the warring Turnus slows his pace; now less
and less excited by his horses' triumphs,
he chases a few stragglers. But the wind

brought him the capital's confusing clamor;
the joyless murmur struck his straining ears;
in that far sound were mingled his blind fears. 825

"What sorrow so disturbs our walls, what is
this roar that races from the distant city?"
This said, he grabs the reins and, frantic, halts.
But in Metiscus' shape, his sister—who 830
had guided chariot, reins, and horses—cries:

"Here, Turnus, let us hunt the sons of Troy;
here victory first showed the way to us;
the others can defend our home. Aeneas
attacks the Latins, joining battle; let 835
us, too, send cruel death—to Teucrians.

When you are done, your score of killings and
your glory will match his." But Turnus says:
"O sister, I knew you long since, both when
you first disturbed our pact by craftiness 840
and plunged into these wars; and when you tried—

in vain—to trick me, hiding your godhead.
But who has willed that you be sent from high
Olympus to endure such trials? Was it
to see your luckless brother's brutal death? 845
What can I do now? Or what fortune can

promise me safety? I have seen Murranus—
no one more dear to me is left alive—

fallen before my very eyes as he
 called out to me—and he a giant man, 850
 defeated by a giant wound. Sad Ufens
 has died that he might not see my disgrace;
 the Trojans own his body and his weapons.
 And shall I let the Latins' homes be leveled—
 the only shame my fate has yet to face— 855
 not let my sword refute the words of Drances?
 Shall I retreat? Shall this land see me fleeing?
 And after all, is death so sad a thing?
 May you, o Shades, be kind to me now that
 the will of High Ones turns against me. Stainless 860
 in soul, and ignorant of cowardice—
 the sin you scorn—I shall descend to you,
 never unworthy of my great ancestors.”

As Turnus finished, Saces rushes up,
 a Latin riding on a foaming horse 865
 and flying through the ranks of enemies;
 his face had been struck head-on by an arrow;
 he calls for Turnus, calls his name: “O Turnus,
 our final safety is in you; take pity
 upon your comrades. For Aeneas thunders 870
 in arms; and now he threatens to cast down
 the tallest towers of Italy, giving them
 to ruin; firebrands fly to the roofs.
 The Latins call on you, they turn their eyes
 to you—for even King Latinus mutters 875
 in doubt: whom should he call his son-in-law
 or to what treaties should he bind himself.
 And more, the queen herself, devoted to you,
 has fallen by her own right hand; in panic
 she fled the light. Messapus and the valiant 880
 Atinas, all alone, keep up the fight
 before the gates. The crowding squadrons stand
 and circle them; the Trojans' iron harvest
 of swords drawn out of scabbards bristles; yet
 you turn your chariot toward deserted grass.” 885

Confused by all these shifting images
 of ruin, Turnus stood astounded, staring
 and silent. In his deepest heart there surge
 tremendous shame and madness mixed with sorrow

and love whipped on by frenzy and a courage 890
 aware of its own worth. As soon as shadows
 were scattered and his mind saw light again,
 in turmoil then, he turned his burning eyes
 upon the walls and, from his chariot, looked
 back to that splendid city. There a whirlwind 895
 of flames was rolling on, storey by storey,
 skyward, and gripping fast a tower—one
 that he himself had built, of tight-packed timbers;
 beneath it wheels were set; above it, tall
 drawbridges. "Sister, fate has won; do not 900
 delay me; let us follow where both god
 and cruel fortune call; I am set to face
 Aeneas, set to suffer death in all
 its bitterness; sister, no longer will
 you see me in disgrace. I beg you, let 905
 me rage this madness out before I die."
 So Turnus; then he left his chariot, leaped
 down to the field; charging through enemies,
 through shafts, he quits his grieving sister; swift,
 he crashes through the center of the ranks. 910
 Just as a rock when, from a mountaintop,
 it hurtles headlong, having been torn up
 by wind or washed away by a wheeling storm
 or loosened by the long lapse of the years;
 the mass, enormous, with a mighty thrust 915
 drives down the slope and bounds upon the earth,
 rolls woods and herds and men along its course:
 so Turnus rushes through the scattered bands
 up to the city walls, there where the ground
 is soaked in shed blood and the air is shrill 920
 with shafts. He signals with his hand, then shouts
 aloud: "Rutulians, stop now; and you,
 Italians, stay your steel; whatever chance
 is here belongs to me; it is more just
 for me alone to pay this covenant, 925
 decide this war by sword." And then they all
 drew back and left the center free for combat.

But when he hears the name of Turnus, father
 Aeneas leaves the ramparts and tall towers;
 he casts aside delay, breaks off the siege; 930
 and now, exultant, joyous, and tremendous,

he pounds upon his shield—as huge as Athos,
as Eryx, or as father Apenninus
himself when, roaring, with his trembling oaks
he lifts his snow-topped summit skyward, glad. 935
Now all—Rutulians, Trojans, and Italians—
turned eagerly to look: both those who manned
high battlements and those below, who ran
a battering ram against the walls; they slung
their weapons off their shoulders. King Latinus 940
himself is wonderstruck to see such giant
men—born within such distant, different lands—
now come together for this trial by steel.
And they, as soon as space was cleared for them
along the open plain, first fling their spears 945
from far, then swiftly rush to fight; they dash
the brass of clanging shields together. Earth
groans, and their frequent sword blows double; chance
and courage mingle into one. Just as,
on giant Sila or on tall Taburnus, 950
when two bulls charge together into battle
with butting brows, the herdsmen fall back; all
the flock is mute with fear; the heifers wonder
who is to rule the forest, whom the herds
must follow; and the bulls with massive force 955
trade wounds; they gore with struggling horns; they bathe
their necks and shoulders in a stream of blood;
their groans and bellows echo through the grove:
so did the Daunian hero and the Trojan
Aeneas clash their shields; their violence 960
fills all the air. There Jupiter himself
holds up two scales in equal balance, then
he adds two different fates, one on each hand:
whom this trial dooms, what weight sinks down to death.

Now Turnus, thinking he is safe, springs out: 965
he rises up to his full height; with sword
upraised, he strikes. The Trojans and the anxious
Italians shout: the tension takes both ranks.
But, treacherous, that blade breaks off, deserts
fanatic Turnus at his blow's midstroke 970
had flight not helped him then. As soon as he
sees that strange hilt in his defenseless hand,

he runs away, swifter than the east wind.
 They say that in his first wild dash to battle,
 when mounting on his chariot, he had left 975
 his father's sword behind and, rushing, snatched
 the weapon of his charioteer, Metiscus;
 so long as routed Trojans turned their backs,
 that sword had served him well, but when it met
 the armor that the God of Fire had forged, 980
 the mortal blade, like brittle ice, had splintered;
 the fragments glitter on the yellow sand.
 So Turnus madly flees across the field;
 now here, then there, he wheels in wayward circles.
 The Trojans in a dense ring press against him; 985
 to one side lies the vast Laurentian marsh,
 and on the other, high walls hem him in.

And though the arrow wound within his knees
 stays and delays him, nonetheless Aeneas
 runs after Turnus. Keen, he presses on 990
 against his trembling enemy, foot to foot:
 even as, when a hunting dog has found
 a stag hemmed in beside a stream or hedged
 by fear before the netting's crimson feathers,
 he chases, barking, pressing near; the stag, 995
 in terror of the snare and of the river's
 high banks, wheels back and forth a thousand ways;
 and yet the lively Umbrian hound hangs close
 to him with gaping mouth; at every instant
 he grasps, he grinds his jaws but, baffled, bites 1000
 on nothing. Then indeed the shouting rises;
 the shores and lakes resound; confusion takes
 the skies. But Turnus, even as he flies
 away, rebukes all his Rutulian ranks;
 he calls on each by name, he shouts for his 1005
 familiar blade. And for his part, Aeneas
 now menaces with death and instant ruin
 the head of anyone who dares draw near;
 he threatens to tear down the city and
 he terrifies the shuddering Italians; 1010
 though wounded, he keeps on. Five times they circle
 the field and, just as many times, weave back,
 this way and that. They seek no trifling prize:

what they strive for is Turnus' blood and life.

Just here, by chance, had stood a bitter-leaved
 wild olive tree, sacred to Faunus; sailors 1015
 had long since venerated it; when saved
 from waves, they fastened here their offerings
 to the Laurentians' god; here they would hang
 their votive garments. Heedless of this custom, 1020
 the Teucrians had carried off the sacred
 tree trunk to clear the field, to lay it bare
 for battle. Here the shaft Aeneas first
 had cast at Turnus stood; its impetus
 had carried it and held it fast in that 1025
 tenacious root. The Dardan bent, wanting
 to wrench his shaft free, then with spear, to catch
 the warrior whom he could not overtake
 on foot. And Turnus, wild with terror, cries:
 "I pray you, Faunus, pity me; and you, 1030
 most gracious Earth, hold fast that steel if I
 have ever kept your rites—those that Aeneas'
 men have profaned by war." He spoke, invoked
 the help of gods with prayers that were not useless;
 for though Aeneas struggled long and lingered 1035
 above the gripping root, no force of his
 could loose the spearhead from that tough wood's bite.
 While, fierce, he wrenches, tugs, the Daunian
 goddess, Juturna, once again takes on
 the form of Turnus' charioteer, Metiscus; 1040
 she runs and gives his blade back to her brother.
 But Venus, furious that this was granted
 the daring nymph, drew near; and then she tore
 Aeneas' spearhead free from that deep root.
 Both men are high in heart; they face each other, 1045
 their arms and courage fresh again—one trusts
 his sword; the other, tall and fierce, his shaft—
 Aeneas, Turnus, breathless for Mars' contest.

Meanwhile Olympus' king calls out to Juno
 as from a golden cloud she scans the battle: 1050
 "Wife, how can this day end? What is there left
 for you to do? You know, and say you know,
 that, as a deity, Aeneas is owed
 to heaven, that the fates will carry him

high as the stars. What is your plan? What is
 the hope that keeps you lingering in these
 chill clouds? And was it seemly for a god
 to be profaned by a human wound? Or for
 a sword that had been lost to be restored
 to Turnus (without you, Juturna could
 do nothing)? Was it right to give fresh force
 to those who are defeated? Stop at last;
 give way to what I now ask: do not let
 so great a sorrow gnaw at you in silence;
 do not let your sweet lips so often press
 your bitter cares on me. This is the end.
 You have harassed the Trojans over land
 and wave, have kindled brutal war, outraged
 Latinus' home, and mingled grief and marriage:
 you cannot pass beyond this point." So, Jove;
 the goddess, Saturn's daughter, yielding, answered:

"Great Jupiter, it was indeed for this—
 my knowing what you wish—that I have left
 both Turnus and the earth, unwillingly.
 Were it not so, you would not see me now
 alone upon my airy throne, enduring
 everything; but girt with flames, I should
 be standing on the battlefield itself,
 to drag the Trojans toward the war they hate.
 I do confess that I urged on Juturna
 to help her luckless brother; I approved
 her daring greater things to save his life;
 yet not to aim an arrow, not to stretch
 her bow. I swear this by the pitiless
 high fountainhead of Styx, the only pledge
 that fills the upper gods with dread. And now
 I yield; detesting wars, I give them up.
 And only this—which fates do not forbid—
 I beg of you, for Latium, for your
 own father's greatness, for the race of Saturn:
 when with their happy wedding rites they reach
 a peace—so be it—when they both unite
 in laws and treaties, do not let the native-
 born Latins lose their ancient name, become
 Trojans, or be called Teucrians; do not
 make such men change their language or their dress.

Let Latium still be, let Alban kings
 still rule for ages; let the sons of Rome
 be powerful in their Italian courage.
 Troy now is fallen; let her name fall, too." 1100

And Jupiter smiled at her then; the maker
 of men and things said: "Surely you are sister
 to Jove, a second child of Saturn, for
 deep in your breast there surge such tides of anger.
 But come, give up this useless madness: I 1105
 now grant your wish and willingly, vanquished,
 submit. For the Ausonians will keep
 their homeland's words and ways; their name will stay;
 the body of the Teucrians will merge
 with Latins, and their name will fall away. 1110
 But I shall add their rituals and customs
 to the Ausonians', and make them all—
 and with one language—Latins. You will see
 a race arise from this that, mingled with
 the blood of the Ausonians, will be 1115
 past men, even past gods, in piety;
 no other nation will pay you such honor."
 Juno agreed to this; with gladness she
 then changed her mind. She quit the skies, her cloud.

This done, the Father, left alone, ponders 1120
 another plan: to have Juturna driven
 far from her brother. It is said there are
 two fiends who bear the name of Furies; they
 were born in one same birth with hell's Megaera
 out of untimely Night, who wrapped all three 1125
 in equal serpents' folds and added wings
 that take the wind. These wait before the throne
 of Jove, the threshold of the cruel king,
 and spur the fears of feeble mortals when
 it happens that the king of gods flings down 1130
 dread sorrow and diseases or when he
 sends war to terrify unrighteous cities.
 And quickly Jupiter sends one of these
 from heaven's height, commanding her to meet
 Juturna as an evil emissary. 1135
 She flies off; cloaked in whirlwinds, she is carried

to earth. Just as an arrow that is driven
 from bowstring through a cloud, an arrow tipped
 in gall and venom, an incurable shaft,
 shot by some Parthian—a Parthian 1140
 or a Cydonian; as it hurtles, hissing,
 it passes through swift shadows, seen by no one:
 so did the child of Night rush on; she sought
 the earth. As soon as she can see the Trojan
 ranks and the troops of Turnus, suddenly 1145
 she shrinks into the shape of that small bird
 which sometimes sits by night on tombs and lonely
 rooftops, where it chants late, among the shadows,
 its song of evil omen; so transformed,
 the foul one howls before the face of Turnus, 1150
 flies back and forth; her wings beat at his shield.
 Strange stiffness, terror, took the limbs of Turnus;
 his hair stood up; his jaws held fast his voice.

But when, far off, Juturna recognized
 the shrill wings of the Fury, luckless, she 1155
 tears at her flowing hair, defiles her face
 with nails, her breast with fists. "Turnus, how can
 your sister help you now? And what is left
 for all my struggle? By what art can I
 draw out your daylight? Can I stand against 1160
 such prodigies? Now I must leave the field.
 You, filthy birds, do not excite my fears;
 I know the beating of your wings, your fatal
 shrieking; I know these are the harsh commands
 of that great-hearted Jove. Is this how he 1165
 requites me now for my virginity?
 Did he give me eternal life for this?
 For this have I been made exempt from death?
 I surely would be done with such a sorrow
 and go as my sad brother's comrade through 1170
 the Shadows. I immortal? But can any
 thing that is mine be sweet to me without
 you, brother? For what lands are deep enough
 to gape before me, to send me, a goddess,
 into the lowest Shades?" And saying this, 1175
 Juturna placed a gray veil on her head;
 moaning, she plunged into the river's depths.

And now Aeneas charges straight at Turnus.
He brandishes a shaft huge as a tree,
and from his savage breast he shouts: "Now what
delay is there? Why, Turnus, do you still
draw back from battle? It is not for us
to race against each other, but to meet
with cruel weapons, hand to hand. Go, change
yourself into all shapes; by courage and
by craft collect whatever help you can;
take wing, if you so would, toward the steep stars
or hide yourself within the hollow earth."
But Turnus shakes his head: "Your burning words,
ferocious Trojan, do not frighten me;
it is the gods alone who terrify me,
and Jupiter, my enemy." He says
no more, but as he looks about he sees
a giant stone, an ancient giant stone
that lay at hand, by chance, upon the plain,
set there as boundary mark between the fields
to keep the farmers free from border quarrels.
And twice-six chosen men with bodies such
as earth produces now could scarcely lift
that stone upon their shoulders. But the hero,
anxious and running headlong, snatched the boulder;
reaching full height, he hurled it at the Trojan.
But Turnus does not know if it is he
himself who runs or goes or lifts or throws
that massive rock; his knees are weak; his blood
congeals with cold. The stone itself whirls through
the empty void but does not cross all of
the space between; it does not strike a blow.
Just as in dreams of night, when languid rest
has closed our eyes, we seem in vain to wish
to press on down a path, but as we strain,
we falter, weak; our tongues can say nothing,
the body loses its familiar force,
no voice, no word, can follow: so whatever
courage he calls upon to find a way,
the cursed goddess keeps success from Turnus.
Then shifting feelings overtake his heart;
he looks in longing at the Latin ranks
and at the city, and he hesitates,
afraid; he trembles at the coming spear.

He does not know how he can save himself,
 what power he has to charge his enemy;
 he cannot see his chariot anywhere;
 he cannot see the charioteer, his sister.

In Turnus' wavering Aeneas sees 1225
 his fortune; he holds high the fatal shaft;
 he hurls it far with all his body's force.

No boulder ever catapulted from
 siege engine sounded so, no thunderbolt 1230
 had ever burst with such a roar. The spear
 flies on like a black whirlwind, carrying

its dread destruction, ripping through the border
 of Turnus' corselet and the outer rim
 of Turnus' seven-plated shield; hissing, 1235
 it penetrates his thigh. The giant Turnus,
 struck, falls to earth; his knees bend under him.

All the Rutulians leap up with a groan,
 and all the mountain slopes around reecho;
 tall forests, far and near, return that voice.
 Then humble, suppliant, he lifts his eyes 1240
 and, stretching out his hand, entreating, cries:

"I have indeed deserved this; I do not
 appeal against it; use your chance. But if
 there is a thought of a dear parent's grief
 that now can touch you, then I beg you, pity 1245
 old Daunus—in Anchises you had such
 a father—send me back or, if you wish,

send back my lifeless body to my kin.
 For you have won, and the Ausonians
 have seen me, beaten, stretch my hands; Lavinia 1250
 is yours; then do not press your hatred further."

Aeneas stood, ferocious in his armor;
 his eyes were restless and he stayed his hand;
 and as he hesitated, Turnus' words
 began to move him more and more—until 1255
 high on the Latin's shoulder he made out

the luckless belt of Pallas, of the boy
 whom Turnus had defeated, wounded, stretched
 upon the battlefield, from whom he took
 this fatal sign to wear upon his back, 1260
 this girdle glittering with familiar studs.

And when his eyes drank in this plunder, this
memorial of brutal grief, Aeneas,
afame with rage—his wrath was terrible—
cried: “How can you who wear the spoils of my
dear comrade now escape me? It is Pallas
who strikes, who sacrifices you, who takes
this payment from your shameless blood.” Relentless,
he sinks his sword into the chest of Turnus.
His limbs fell slack with chill; and with a moan
his life, resentful, fled to Shades below.

GODS, HALF-GODS, MORTALS, PEOPLES, PLACES: A GLOSSARY

The references at the end of each entry in this glossary are to the *first* occurrence of the proper name, with line numbers referring to the English lines of this translation. For a rough gauge of the Latin line number to which the English line corresponds, see the Latin line numbers given at the top of each page in the translation.

Cross-references in the body of an entry are indicated by capitals and small capitals. Only the most useful of them have been so marked.

The following note on this glossary will be needless for some readers. But for those to whom the accentuation and syllabification of Latin proper names are not familiar, I urge a careful reading of this note before consulting the glossary. Poets are devoted to naming and names and, especially, to proper names. To mangle a name in reading is to mangle a line, and some lines—in catalogue passages, battle scenes—are made up mostly of names. The shape of these lines will not be lost for those who have gone through the following with a little patience.

Two marks are used in this glossary: the accent mark and the diaeresis. These are supplemented by the hyphen in the few instances where, without a hyphen, syllabification might be unclear.

The accent mark is used to indicate the principal—and, most often, only—stress in a word; it appears *after* the syllable receiving that stress.

The diaeresis is used for two purposes: 1) to indicate that a terminal *e* preceded by a consonant or consonants forms part of a syllable to be pronounced separately (Andro´machē, Cymo´docē); 2) to separate vowels that cluster together but are to be pronounced as, or in, separate syllables *when the vowels are not already separated by an accent* (thus, there will be a diaeresis in Hippo´coön, Pasi´phaë, Creü´sa; there will not be one in I´o).

Vowel clusters may involve:

1. Two vowels that are to be pronounced as, or in, separate syllables. As already indicated, they will either be separated by an accent (Aene'as, Alphe'us, I'o) or, if they are not separated by an accent, the second vowel will be marked by a diaeresis (A'niö, Andro'geös).

2. Two vowels that are to be considered and sounded as one: the Latin diphthongs ae (Ae'olus), au (Lau'sus), oe (Oe'balus), and eu (Or'pheus). Please remember that ae, au, oe, and eu are not necessarily diphthongs; they are diphthongs only if not separated by an accent or marked by a diaeresis. Thus the ae of Pasi'phaë, the au of Menela'us, the oe of Be'roë, the second eu of Eune'us, are not diphthongs. The diphthongs may be pronounced in a variety of ways:

a) ae like y in by in the classical method, and like a in late in the ecclesiastical or Italian method: Thymbrae'us. Anglicized as e of less or ee of see in the familiar Dae'dalus and i of trip in the familiar Chimae'ra.

b) au like ow in now in both the classical and ecclesiastical methods: Lau'sus, Cerau'nia. Anglicized au of caution will also do.

c) oe like oi in oil in the classical method and like a in late in the ecclesiastical or Italian method: Coroe'bus. Anglicized ea of easy will also do.

d) eu like eu in feud in the classical method and like eu of Italian neutro in the ecclesiastical method: Salmo'neus, An'theus.

3. Combinations involving more than two vowels. These take five forms in this translation: diphthong followed by a vowel, a vowel followed by a diphthong, three vowels, two diphthongs, two vowels followed by a diphthong. In the four cases where the accent and the diaeresis are not enough to make the separate syllables clear for the reader, hyphens have been used between vowel elements, as in Ae-ae'an, where the hyphen separates two diphthongs. A number of words in this class also carry separate notes to add to clarity.

With the above in hand, the reader can easily apply the rule that *a Latin word has as many syllables as it has vowels and diphthongs*, needing only two supplementary guides to help him with dividing a word into syllables:

1. A single consonant between two vowels goes with the second vowel: the *l* of *Pi-lum'nus*.

2. When two or more consonants stand between two vowels, the last consonant goes with the second vowel: *Cas-mil'la*. The exceptions to this are *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, *c*, *g* plus *l* or *r*; these pairs go with the second vowel: the *cl* of *Co'cles*, the *dr* of *An-tan'dros*. *Ch*, *ph*, *th*, and *qu* also count as single consonants and go with the second vowel: *ch* of *A-chaē-me'ni-des*; *ph* of *O-phel'tes*; *th* of *A'ma-thus*; *qu* of *A-qui'co-lus*. (Exception: *Vol'scian* and *Vol'scians*, Anglicized forms in this translation, have also been Anglicized in their syllable divisions in the glossary.)

The *only* points of uncertainty in relation to vowel clusters and number of syllables will occur with two vowel pairs, *ia* and *iu*, *when neither vowel bears a principal stress*. The *ia* of *Lavi'nia* and the *iu* of *Mezen'tius* are examples (whereas the *u* of *lū'lus*, which does bear stress, will be marked). These vowel pairs, *ia* and *iu*, are not marked by diaereses in this translation—though they would definitely count as, or in, separate syllables in Latin—for this reason: In my English text there are indeed times where they *must* be read as belonging to two syllables as they would in Latin (“First, from the Tuscan coasts, *Mezentius*,” vii, 854). But in other metrical contexts, I have elided these pairs. (There are many terminological variants for the phenomenon referred to here. Robert Bridges speaks of the “midword synaloepha common to our speech”; elsewhere *synizesis*, *syneresis*, or—as I should prefer—the use of couples in one metrical position covers what I am talking about. But elision, though less precise, is by far the most familiar term.) Elision *can* also affect pairs that *are* marked by diaereses under the indications given earlier; that is, it can affect *any* situation where two vowels appear together. But elision is more likely to affect *ia* and *iu* than other vowel pairs; and I have, therefore, left them more flexible and unmarked. In general—with reference to all vowel pairs, with or without diaeresis—elision will be more likely where both vowels are free of principal stress, less likely where one of the vowels does bear principal stress.

A'baris one of the Rutulians besieging the Trojans' camp in the absence of Aeneas. ix, 458.

A'bas

1. one of the captains of Aeneas' fleet; his ship suffers in the storm. i, 173.
2. a Greek warrior killed at Troy whose arms Aeneas dedicates at Actium. Conington discounts the coincidence of

- his name with that of an early king of Argos. III, 370.
3. an Etruscan who comes to the aid of Aeneas from Populonia. x, 239.
- Abel'la** a city in Campania known for its orchards. VII, 977.
- A'camas** a Greek—son of Theseus and brother of Demophoön—concealed in the wooden horse. II, 363.
- Acar'nian** of Acarnia, a mountainous region in western Greece. v, 394.
- Ac'ca** a comrade in arms of Camilla. XI, 1087.
- Aces'ta** a city in western Sicily, originally named after Acestes, then called Egesta and, later still, Segesta. v, 947.
- Aces'tes** King of Sicily, of Trojan lineage. I, 271.
- Achae'an** Greek. I, 691.
- Achaeme'nides** a Greek, crewman of Ulysses. He is rescued by the Trojans from the CYCLOPS. III, 796.
- Acha'tes** faithful companion of Aeneas. I, 173.
- A'cheron** "River of Grief" in the lower world or, in general, a name for the lower world. v, 137.
- Achil'es** son of Peleus, the king of Phthia, and of the goddess Thetis (whom Jupiter had wooed but abandoned when he learned she would bear "a son destined to be greater than his father"). He was the greatest warrior in the Greek army at Troy. His quarrel with Agamemnon, his commanding officer, is central to Homer's *Iliad*. For his chivalrous treatment of the aged Priam, who had come to him as a suppliant for the return of his son Hector's body, see *Iliad*, XXIV. I, 47.
- Ac'mon** a Trojan, son of Clytius and brother of Menestheus; he came from Lyrnesus. x, 183.
- Acoe'tes** an Arcadian, armor-bearer of Evander, sent to war as attendant of PALLAS. XI, 40.
- Acon'teu** a Latin. XI, 806.
- A'cragas** Greek name for a coastal city of southwestern Sicily; in Latin, Agrigentum, modern Agrigento. III, 910.
- Acri'sian** of the Argives; see Acrisius. VII, 547.
- Acri'sius** king of Argos and father of Danae. VII, 494.
- A'cron** a Greek ally of Aeneas. x, 987.
- Ac'tian** of ACTIUM. XIII, 916.
- Ac'tium** a headland on the northwestern Greek coast and site of a temple to Apollo. Here Aeneas makes a landfall; here Octavian, later called Augustus, defeated Antony and Cleopatra on September 2, 31 B.C. II, 361.
- Ac'tor** one of those defending the Trojan camp in the absence of Aeneas. IX, 665.

Adamas'tus father of ACHAEMENIDES. III, 797.

Adamas'tu King of Argos, one of the Seven against Thebes, and the only one to return alive. VI, 632.

Adria'tic the modern Adriatic, sea bordering Italy on the east. XI, 537.

Ae'acus father of Peleus and grandfather of Achilles, ancestor of the Macedonian kings, VI, 1116.

Ae-ae'an of Aeaëa, an island where Circe had her home. III, 502.

Aegae'on hundred-headed giant who warred against the gods; he is sometimes identified with Briareus. X, 778.

Aege'an adjective used with reference to the sea between Greece and Asia; also applied to Neptune. III, 97.

Ae'gi see GORGON.

Aemi'lius Pau'lus (died 160 B.C.), Roman general who conquered the Macedonian king Perseus (a reputed descendant of Achilles) in 168 B.C. VI, 1114.

Aene'adae a settlement founded by Aeneas on the coast of Thrace. III, 26.

Aene'as hero of the *Aeneid*. The son of Anchises and Venus and a member of the royal family of Troy, he was a secondary figure in the *Iliad*, which yet notes that "his might shall reign among the Trojans." There was an early tradition that he escaped when Troy fell and went to some place in Italy. I, 131.

Aeö'lia a group of islands off the coast of Sicily, thought to include the domain of Aeolus and the home of the winds. I, 76.

Aeö'lian of Aeolia. VIII, 547.

Ae'olus ,

1. god of the winds. I, 78.

2. father of Misenus. VI, 227. This Aeolus may be a Trojan (perhaps, as Heyne suggests, the Trojan who was killed in XII, 731) or the god of the winds.

3. a king of Thessaly; according to post-Homeric legend, the father of Sisyphus and grandfather of Ulysses. VI, 700.

4. father of CLYTIUS (1). IX, 1032.

5. see AEOLUS (2). XII, 731.

Ae'qui Italian mountain tribe inhabiting the valleys of the upper Anio, Tolenus, and Himella in central Italy. VII, 984.

Ae'qui Falis'ci an Etrurian town near Fescennium. VII, 915.

Aescula'pius son of Apollo, renowned as a healer. When Aesculapius restored Hippolytus to life, Jupiter was angered at his interference and killed Aesculapius with his thunderbolt. VII, 1014.

Ae'thon the warhorse of Pallas. (In the *Iliad*, VIII, 185, the name is given to one of Hector's horses.) XI, 116.

Aetólian of Aetolia, a district in northwestern Greece, birthplace of Diomedes; hence applied to ARPI. X, 39.

Af'rica used here for the country around Carthage. IV, 47.

Af'ricus the southwest wind. I, 122.

Agamem'non king of Mycenae, brother of Menelaus and commander in chief of the Greeks before Troy. He had sacrificed his daughter, Iphigenia, to obtain favorable winds for the Greek fleet; on his return from the war he was murdered by his wife Clytemnestra. At Apollo's order, their son Orestes killed his mother to avenge his father. IV, 650.

Agathyr'si a people of Scythia who practiced tattooing. IV, 194.

Age'nor an ancient king of Phoenicia. I, 478.

A'gis a Lycian. X, 1031.

Agrí'pa, Mar'cus Vipsa'nus (ca. 63–12 B.C.) friend of Augustus and commander of the fleet at ACTIUM. Earlier he had been decorated with the naval crown—which bore representations of the prows of ships—for his victory over Sextus, son of Pompey the Great. VIII, 884.

Agyl'la old name for CAERE. VII, 860.

Agyl'lines people of AGYLLA. XII, 381.

A'jax son of Oileus; a Greek warrior. (He is not to be confused with "the greater Ajax," son of Telamon.) During the sack of Troy, Ajax violated Cassandra, who had fled for sanctuary to the altar of Minerva's temple. For this crime Minerva punished him. I, 63.

Al'ba a city in Italy destined to be founded by Ascanius, son of Aeneas; from it came the mother of Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome. I, 12. Also Alba Longa. I, 379.

Al'bans people of ALBA. V, 789.

Al'bula ancient name for the TIBER. VIII, 433.

Albu'neã site of a grove and sulphur spring, variously supposed to be near Tibur, near Ardea, or near Lavinium; a place of prophecy taking its name from the nymph Albunea. For a full discussion of the difficulties in defining and locating Albunea, see Conington on this passage. VII, 105.

Alcan'der a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. He is killed by Turnus. IX, 1022.

Alca'nor

1. Trojan, father of Pandarus and Bitias. IX, 1022.

2. son of Phorcus, brother of Maeon. He fought for Turnus. X, 469.

Alca'thoüs a Trojan. X, 1025.

Alci'des "a descendant of Alcaeus," used especially for Hercules.

- The name is based on Alcaeus, son of Perseus, who was the father of Amphitryon and grandfather of Hercules. v, 547.
- Alétes** a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas, whose ship is damaged in the storm; in Book IX he is present at the council in Aeneas' camp. I, 174.
- Allec'to** one of the FURIES. (Her "Gorgon poison" may be an allusion to the serpents which grew from her head instead of hair, as did the snakes of the GORGONS.) VII, 431.
- Al'lia** a river, tributary of the Tiber, on whose banks the Romans were disastrously defeated by the Gauls under Brennus on July 16, 390 B.C. The anniversary of this defeat was ever afterward a day of evil omen. VII, 943.
- Al'mo** eldest son of Tyrrhus, killed at the outbreak of hostilities between Trojans and Latins. VII, 700.
- Alo'eus** a giant whose sons Otus and Ephialtes warred against the gods and were therefore punished in Tartarus. VI, 772.
- Alphe'an** of the River ALPHEUS, which flows by the city of Pisa in Elis (part of the Peloponnesus in Greece); the similar names gave rise to a belief that emigrants from this Greek city had established Pisa in Etruria. x, 254.
- Alphe'us** a river (and river god) in southern Greece, part of whose channel lay underground; the ancients believed that the god had thus forced a passage undersea to reach the nymph ARETHUSA. III, 898.
- Al'pine** of the Alps or its inhabitants. VII, 857.
- Alps** modern Alps. VI, 1101.
- Al'sus** a Latin. XII, 416.
- Al'tars** name given to certain reefs between Sicily and Africa. I, 156.
- Amase'nus** a river in Latium east of the Pontine marshes. (Virgil addresses it as a god.) VII, 903.
- Amas'trus** a Trojan, victim of Camilla. XI, 887.
- Ama'ta** wife of Latinus, mother of Lavinia. VII, 455.
- A'mathus** a city on the southern coast of Cyprus, site of a temple of Venus. x, 69.
- Amazo'nian** of the AMAZONS. v, 411.
- A'mazons** a race of women warriors living near the Black Sea. "Amazon" in Greek means "breastless"; they were said to remove their right breasts to handle their bows better. They were allies of the Trojans against the Greeks; their queen PENTHESILEA was killed by Achilles. I, 694.
- Amiter'num** city of the Sabines in Italy, now San Vittorino. VII, 932.
- Amphi'tryön** (four syllables; the "y" counts as a vowel) husband

of Alcmena, who was, by Jupiter, the mother of Hercules. VIII, 133.

Ampsanc'tus a lake and its valley, east of Naples, said to be one of the entrances to the lower world. VII, 742.

Amy'clae a coastal town of Latium between Caieta and Anxur supposed to have been settled by Greeks from the town of the same name in Laconia, southeast of Sparta. The epithet "silent" is explained by deriving it from the Laconian Amyclae, whose people were proverbially taciturn, "laconic," or by the legend that after many false alarms a law was enacted under which no one in Amyclae might ever announce the enemy's approach. When the real enemy came, the city fell by silence. x, 778.

A'mycus

1. a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas, reported missing among the survivors who land with Aeneas at Libya. i, 310.
2. ruler of Bebrycia in Bithynia, Asia Minor. Renowned as a boxer, he was killed by Pollux. v, 493.
3. a Trojan follower of Aeneas, defender of the Trojan camp against the Rutulian attack; killed by Turnus. ix, 1029.
4. father of Mimas by Theano. x, 965.
5. brother of DIORES (2); perhaps identical with Amycus (1) according to Conington. xii, 686.

Anag'nia town in Latium. vii, 903.

Anché'molus a Marsian who had incestuous relations with his stepmother and fled to Turnus' side. x, 537.

Anchi'ses member of the younger branch of the royal family of Troy; grandson of Assaracus, son of Capys, and father of Aeneas by Venus. i, 866.

An'cus (Mar'tius) fourth king of Rome, according to tradition. vi, 1081.

Andro'geös

1. Greek warrior at Troy. ii, 499.
2. son of King Minos of Crete; he was killed by the Athenians, for which deed each year they had to deliver to the Minotaur seven youths and seven maidens as expiatory victims until the monster was slain by Theseus. vi, 28.

Andro'machē wife, then widow of Hector, mother of Astyanax. At the fall of Troy she, together with Helenus—son of Priam—was assigned to Achilles' son Pyrrhus (or Neoptolemus) as a spoil of war. After the murder of Pyrrhus by Orestes, Helenus and Andromache—now married—succeeded to his realm. ii, 610.

Angi'tia a goddess whose name may be connected with or derived from *anguis*, "snake." She was worshiped by the Marsi and had a

- sacred grove on the lake of Fucinus. A city of the Marsi, on the lake of Fucinus, takes its name from her. VII, 997.
- A'nlö** a river in the Sabine region of Italy on the border of Latium. VII, 900.
- A'nus** a king of Delos and priest of Apollo. III, 105.
- An'na** sister and confidante of Dido. IV, 10.
- Antae'us** a soldier of Turnus. X, 773
- Antan'dros** a town of Asia Minor, near Troy. III, 8.
- Antem'nae** ancient Italian town not far from Rome. It belonged to the Sabines and stood where the Anio flowed into the Tiber. It was conquered by Romulus. VII, 833.
- Ante'nor** nephew of Priam. He escaped the fall of Troy and reached Italy before Aeneas. There he founded Padua. I, 338.
- An'theus** a Trojan. He was a comrade of Aeneas. I, 254.
- Anti'phates** son of Sarpedon who fights alongside the Trojans in Italy. IX, 930.
- Anto'nus** Mark Antony (ca. 82–30 B.C.). He was designated by the Second Triumvirate to rule the East. His love for Cleopatra was a factor in his war with Rome, in which he was defeated at Actium. He and Cleopatra committed suicide. VIII, 892.
- Anto'res** companion of Hercules, adherent of Evander, ally of Aeneas. X, 1070.
- Anu'bis** an Egyptian god usually represented by a human body and the head of a dog or jackal. VIII, 909.
- An'xur**
1. a coastal town of the Volscians in Latium, site of a cult of Jupiter. It was later called Terracina. VII, 1050.
 2. a soldier of Turnus. X, 754.
- Aör'nos** "birdless"; Greek name for Avernus. VI, 323.
- Ap'ennines** principal mountain range of central Italy. XI, 690.
- Apenni'nus** the APENNINES personified as "father." XII, 933.
- Aphid'nus** a Trojan defending the camp in Italy during Aeneas' absence. IX, 939.
- Apol'lo** son of Jupiter and Latona, brother of Diana, god of the sun, inspirer of prophecy, patron of music, he was born at DELOS. I, 465.
- Apu'lian** used in this translation as variant for IAPYGIAN. XI, 895.
- Aqui'colus** a Rutulian, one of those who attack the Trojans' camp in Aeneas' absence. IX, 916.
- A'rab** inhabitant of the country of Arabia, in southwest Asia, but loosely applied to any nomadic tribesmen akin to the Arabs. VII, 799.
- Ara'xes** a river in modern Armenia. Alexander had a bridge built over it, but it was swept away. VIII, 950.

- Arca'dia** a mountainous district of Greece in the Peloponnesus, home of rustic simplicity and innocence, birthplace of Evander. VIII, 208.
- Arca'dian** of Arcadia. V, 395.
- Ar'cens** father of an unnamed auxiliary of Aeneas. IX, 773.
- Arce'tius** a Rutulian. XII, 616.
- Ar'cher God** APOLLO. III, 98.
- Archip'pus** king of the Marsi who sends troops to aid Turnus. VII, 988.
- Arctu'rus** brightest star of the constellation Bootes, which rises in stormy weather. I, 1038.
- Ar'deā** a town in Italy, south of Rome, capital of the Rutulians; it is the birthplace of Turnus. VII, 548.
- Arethu'sa** a nymph with whom ALPHEUS fell in love when she bathed in his river. She fled from him as far as Syracuse in Sicily where she was transformed by Artemis into a fountain. But Alpheus flowed undersea and rejoined Arethusa. III, 900.
- Argile'tum** a district of Rome near the Forum. The name is derived from *argilla* "clay." Virgil, following the popular etymology, says that one Argus, Evander's guest, was put to death here (*letum*) for treachery. In later times the booksellers established themselves in this district. VIII, 452.
- Ar'give** (noun) Greek. I, 60.
- Ar'give** (adj.) Greek. I, 338.
- Ar'gos** a city in Greece loved by Juno; also used for Greece as a whole; thus the name Argives for the Greeks. I, 38.
- Ar'gus**
1. a monster with a hundred eyes sent by Juno to guard Io after her transformation into a heifer; when at Jupiter's request Mercury killed Argus, Juno set the eyes of the slain Argus into the tail feathers of her bird, the peacock, and sent a gadfly to torment Io. VII, 1040.
 2. a guest of Evander, killed at ARGILETUM. VII, 453.
- Argy'ripa** Arpi; since Diomedes, its founder, was Aetolian by birth, this Italian city is called "Greek" or "Aetolian." XI, 322.
- Ariād'nē** daughter of Minos. She fell in love with THESEUS and, aided by Daedalus, helped Theseus find his way through a labyrinth by means of a guiding thread. VI, 40.
- Ari'cia** a nymph, consort of HIPPLYTUS—Virbius after his resurrection and mother by him of VIRBIUS (2). The town of Aricia—a city in Latium south of Alba Longa, famous as a site of Diana's worship—is named for her. VII, 1101.

Arís'ba a city in the Troad near Abydos; according to Homer (*Iliad*, II, 836), it sent auxiliary forces to Troy. IX, 354.

Ar'pi a city of Apulia (now Puglia) in Italy founded by Diomedes after the Trojan war. Its other name was ARGYRIPA; the similarity of this name to Argos may have prompted the legend of its founding. VIII, 12.

Ar'pis the people of ARPI. XI, 566.

Ar'runs an Etruscan on Aeneas' side. XI, 1008.

Asby'tes a Trojan. XII, 490.

Asca'níus son of Aeneas by Creüsa. He was destined to inherit the Italian realm on his father's "translation." While Troy stood, he was called Ilus—supposedly from Ilium—and as the Trojans fared toward Italy, he was called Iúlus as the ancestor of the *gens Iulia*, from which came Julius Caesar and Augustus. I, 373.

A'sia Asia Minor or its western coast; name used originally for a town of Lydia. I, 547.

A'sian of Asia. VII, 922.

Asi'las

1. a Trojan. IX, 759.

2. Etruscan chief and seer from Pisa. He came to the aid of Aeneas. x, 246.

A'sius a Trojan. x, 175.

Assa'racus

1. an early king of Troy, son of Tros and brother of Ilus and Ganymede. He was the father of Capys and the grandfather of Anchises. This Capys is not to be confused with the two of the same name mentioned in the *Aeneid*. I, 398.

2. name of two soldiers of Aeneas. x, 176.

Asty'anax the little son of Hector and Andromache. The Greeks threw him down from the walls so that he could not grow up to avenge his city. II, 613.

As'tyr an ally of Aeneas. x, 255.

A'thesis the Adige, a river of northern Italy. IX, 912.

A'thos mountain in Macedonia at the end of the peninsula of Chalcidice. XII, 932.

A'tian of the *gens Atia*; see ATYS. v, 747.

Ati'na Italian town near Arpinus; its people were Volscians. VII, 832.

Ati'nas a Rutulian leader. XI, 1153.

Atlante'an descending from Atlas. VIII, 178.

At'las

1. the mighty being who supported the sky on his shoulders. He was the father of the Pleiades, and he was skillful in astronomy. I, 1034.

2. mountain in northwest Africa, supposed to be the skybearer Atlas, metamorphosed. IV, 330.
- At'reus** son of Pelops, king of Mycenae, father of Agamemnon and Menelaus. I, 649.
- A'tys** a Trojan boy, a special friend of Iulus. He was said by Virgil to be the ancestor of the *gens Atia*, from which came the mother of Augustus. Virgil is thus prefiguring the adoption of Augustus (then Octavianus), from the *gens Atia*, by Julius Caesar of the *gens Iulia*. V, 747.
- Au'fidus** a river in the Apulian territory of Diomedes now called the Ofanto; it flows into the Adriatic. XI, 536.
- Augus'tus Cae'sar** C. Octavius, grandnephew of Julius Caesar, who adopted him. He was then known as C. Julius Caesar Octavianus. He was the first Roman emperor, his rule extending from 27 B.C. to A.D. 14 Augustus was used as his title to avoid a monarchical ring. VI, 1049.
- Aules'tes** Etruscan chief, ally of Aeneas. X, 292.
- Au'lis** port of embarkation for the Greek forces against Troy. IV, 584.
- An'nus** a Ligurian, whose son is killed by Camilla. XI, 924.
- Auro'ra** goddess of the dawn, mother of Memnon. I, 1046.
- Aurun'ca** an old town in Campania. VII, 273.
- Aurun'can** of the Aurunci, a central Italian people, the oldest inhabitants of Italy, who lived near the coast and the rivers Liris and Ufens. VII, 958.
- Auso'nia** Italy (from which the adjective Ausonian). III, 226.
- Auso'nian** of Ausonia. IV, 316.
- Auto'medon** charioteer and armor bearer of Achilles; in some versions Achilles' charioteer and armor bearer of Pyrrhus. II, 627.
- A'ventine** see AVENTINUS. VII, 871.
- Aventi'nus** son of Hercules by a priestess, Rhea. He was born on the Aventine, one of the seven hills of Rome, which became the plebian quarter and a place of worship for "strange gods." VII, 864.
- Aver'nus** a lake and its woods near Cumae. Its fumes were thought fatal to birds passing over it (see AORNOS); close by, there was said to be an entrance to the lower world. III, 577.
- Bacchan'tes** (always a trisyllable in this translation) women worshippers of Bacchus who held wild rites in his honor in forests and on mountaintops. III, 168.

Bac'chus god of wine. He is also known as Lyaeus, Liber, and Dionysus. I, 888.

Bac'tria an oriental kingdom near India. It had been conquered by Alexander. VIII, 894.

Ba'iae (bisyllable; the "i" does not count as a vowel) a resort on the Campanian coast near Naples and Cumae with hot springs and baths. Wealthy Romans had villas there, built out onto the sea. Virgil may have had the opportunity to watch construction of the *portus Bulius* at Baiae. IX, 950.

Barcae'an of a North African tribe whose city was Barca. IV, 156.

Bar'cē the nurse of Sychaeus. IV, 872.

Ba'tulum a city in Campania built by the Samnites. VII, 975.

Bears the Big and Little Dipper. I, 1039.

Bebry'cian of Bebrycia, a region of Bithynia in Asia Minor. V, 493.

Bello'na goddess of war. VII, 422.

Be'lus

1. father of Dido. I, 870.
2. father of the Tyrian dynasty. I, 1016.
3. father of Palamedes. II, 114.

Bena'cus a lake in the region of Verona, now called Lago di Garda, from which the Mincius rises. X, 291.

Berecyn'thian of Berecynthus, a mountain in Phrygia sacred to Cybele. VI, 1039.

Be'roë an old Trojan woman; Iris takes on her form. V, 817.

Bi'tias

1. a courtier of Dido. I, 1030.
2. a Trojan, son of Alcanor and Iaera, brother of Pandarus. He is among the defenders of Aeneas' camp in Aeneas' absence. IX, 899.

Bo'la town in Latium. VI, 1024.

Bo'reās god of the north wind. He may be imagined as coming out of Thrace. X, 486.

Bri'areus a hundred-handed giant who warred against the gods; he is also known as Aegaeon. VI, 379.

Bron'tes CYCLOPS (2). VIII, 557.

Bru'tus in the *Aeneid* the name refers to Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove out TARQUIN in 510 B.C. and founded the Roman republic. He executed his sons for plotting the restoration of the Tarquins. VI, 1084.

Bu'tes

1. a famous boxer who had been defeated by Dares. V, 492.

2. the old armor bearer of Anchises to whom Aeneas entrusts Ascanius. IX, 864.
3. a Trojan. XI, 911.

Buthro'tum a port in Epirus, now Butrinto in Albania. III, 379.

Byr'sa "the Hide," a Greek corruption of the Phoenician Bosra, the citadel of Carthage. From this corruption, there arose the legend of the Phoenician colonists buying from the Libyans a stretch of land as large as could be encompassed by a bull's hide. By the ingenious stratagem of cutting the hide into thin strips, the Phoenicians were able to enclose and obtain a large tract of land. I, 519.

Ca'cus "the Bad"; fire-breathing giant, son of Vulcan. He terrorized the country around Pallanteum until he was slain by Hercules. VIII, 258.

Caeculus founder of Praeneste, son of Vulcan, ally of Turnus. His mother is said to have conceived him from a spark which flew up from the hearth. VII, 894.

Caed'icus

1. an Italian, a friend and guest of Remulus. IX, 480.
2. an Etruscan in the ranks of Mezentius. X, 1025.

Caeneus

1. The male name of the nymph Caenis, who had been transformed into a man by Neptune. IV, 591.
2. a Trojan, one of those defending Aeneas' camp in his absence. IX, 762.

Caerē Etruscan city previously called Agylla; now Cerveteri. A center of religious worship, located on the coast northwest of Rome, it furnished the levies commanded by Lausus. VIII, 775.

Caesar see JULIUS. I, 401.

Caicus a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas. I, 255.

Caie'ta (trisyllable; the "i" does not count as a vowel, but as a consonantal "y"): nurse of Aeneas who, like Palinurus and Misenus, gave her name to her burial place, a harbor and headland on the western coast of Italy; modern Gaeta. VI, 1202.

Cal'chas a Greek priest and seer who is with the army at Troy. II, 173.

Ca'les a city located in Campania, a region south of Latium. It was the site of a cult of Juno. VII, 959.

Calli'opē muse of epic poetry. IX, 696.

Ca'lybē aged priestess of Juno at Juno's Rutulian temple; her form is assumed by Allecto when Allecto visits Turnus. VII, 557.

Ca'lydon a city of Aetolia whose king, Oeneus, angered Diana. She sent a wild boar to devastate the region; it was hunted by a company of heroes and finally killed by Meleager, who awarded the trophies of the chase to Atalanta. Calydon was also the birthplace of Diomedes. VII, 404.

Camari'na a coastal city of southern Sicily and a marsh of the same name. It was the marsh which "the Fates forbade to be dislodged"; when it was drained, the enemy was able to capture the city. III, 906.

Ca'mers son of Volcens, comrade of Turnus. X, 775.

Camil'la a Volscian warrior maiden, ally of Turnus. VII, 1055.

Camil'lus, Mar'cus Fu'rius victor over the Gauls who had captured Rome in 390 B.C. He rescued the Roman standards, which had fallen to the Gauls after an earlier Roman defeat. VI, 1094.

Cape'na city in Etruria, north of Rome. VII, 917.

Caphe'reus a promontory on the eastern coast of Euboea, where the Greeks were shipwrecked when homeward bound from Troy. It was also said that the father of PALAMEDES hung out false beacons here to cause the shipwreck. XI, 341.

Ca'pitol a reference to the summit of the Capitoline Hill and to the magnificent temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, or Jupiter Capitolinus, which stood there in historic times and was the center of the Roman state religion. VI, 1113.

Ca'pre-ae modern Capri. VII, 970.

Ca'pys

1. a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas. I, 255. Mentioned as eponymous founder of Capua in X, 204.

2. a king of Alba Longa whom Anchises shows to Aeneas in the line of their descendants. VI, 1014.

Ca'rians a people living in western Asia Minor on the Aegean Sea. VIII, 945.

Cari'nae the fashionable quarter in Rome from the last years of the Republic on. Cicero, Pompey, and Mark Antony were among its residents. VIII, 473.

Carmen'tal gate one of the city gates of Rome, named in honor of CARMENTIS and standing near an altar to her. VIII, 442.

Carmen'tis mother of Evander. She was a nymph gifted with prophetic powers; Ovid (*Fasti*, I, 467) derives her name from *carmen*, "prophetic song." VIII, 338.

Carpa'thian a name for the stretch of the Aegean Sea between Crete and Rhodes, from an island located there. V, 782.

Car'thage city in North Africa, for centuries the inveterate rival of Rome. Dido, fleeing with a band of Tyrian refugees from the

atrocities of her brother, is its legendary founder. Its tutelary goddess is Juno. I, 19.

Carthagi'nians people of CARTHAGE. VI, 1145.

Casmil'la wife of METABUS, mother of CAMILLA. XI, 713.

Caspe'ria a town of the Sabines. VII, 939.

Cas'pia the region around the Caspian Sea. VI, 1058.

Cassan'dra Trojan princess, daughter of Priam and Hecuba. She was loved by Apollo, who gave her the gift of prophecy; but when she rejected him, he added the curse that her prophecies would never be believed. II, 341.

Cas'tor a Trojan who held the first line of defense at Aeneas' camp. X, 178.

Cas'trum I'nu'i a town in Latium; *Castrum* means a military camp. VI, 1023.

Ca'tiline, Lu'cius Ser'gius Roman extremist who, in the last years of the republic, attempted to seize power by a coup d'état. His conspiracy was thwarted by Cicero. Declared an outlaw, he fled Rome and fell in battle with government troops in 62 B.C. VIII, 866.

Catil'lus brother of Tiburtus and twin brother of Coras. A founder of Tibur, he came to join Turnus in war against Aeneas. VII, 887.

Ca'to (the Elder) 234-149 B.C., Roman statesman, conservative in politics, severe in morals, embodiment of Roman gravity, an advocate of destruction for Carthage. VI, 1120.

Cau'casus mountain near the Caspian Sea where Prometheus was chained. IV, 499.

Cau'lon city of southern Italy. III, 720.

Cays'ter a river of Lydia in Asia Minor. VII, 922.

Celae'no chief of the HARPIES. III, 278.

Celem'na a city in Campania. VII, 975.

Cen'taurs a race of beings who are half-man, half-horse, said to have been begotten by Ixion, who, in his lust for Juno, was deceived by a cloud shaped like her. See LAPITHAE. VI, 378.

Cerau'nia Greek for "thunder-headlands." Headlands in north-western Epirus, dangerous to ships. III, 661.

Cer'berus the three-headed dog who guarded the gates of Hades. VI, 551.

Ce're's goddess of agriculture, especially of grain (therefore, English "cereal"), she was the daughter of Saturn, sister of Jupiter, and mother of Proserpina. I, 248.

Cethe'gus a Rutulian. XII, 693.

Chal'cis city of Euboea of which Cumae was a colony. VI, 24.

Cha'lyb of the Chalybes, a people on the south coast of the Black

Sea. They were legendary for their skill in ironwork and were sometimes considered the inventors of this craft. VIII, 552.

Chalybe'an variant for CHALYB. X, 245.

Chaö'nia district of Epirus. III, 378.

Chaö'nian of CHAONIA. III, 345.

Cha'os deity and personification of the primal state in which earth, sea, and sky were all mingled in confusion. In Virgil, he is the father of Erebus and Nox (Night). IV, 707.

Cha'ron son of Erebus and Nox (Night); the ferryman who transports across the Styx those dead who have received the proper rites of burial (which often included the placing of a coin between the lips of the dead to pay the fare) or who, lacking these rites, have worked out their time by waiting 100 years on the near shore. VI, 394.

Charyb'dis the monster whirlpool on the Sicilian side of the Strait of Messina. Together with SCYLLA, it represents a danger to ships.

Chimae'ra

1. a monster, one of the guardians of the underworld. Part lion, part goat, part serpent, it breathed fire. In V, 162 its name is used for a ship. VI, 381.
2. a miraculous representation of the monster on the helmet of Turnus. VII, 1033.

Chlo'reus

1. a Phrygian priest of Cybele. XI, 1019.
2. a Trojan, XII, 491.

Chro'mis a Trojan, killed by Camilla. XI, 890.

Cimi'nus or **Ci'minus** mountain and lake (now Lago di Ronciglione). VII, 917.

Ciny'ras a Liguran ally of Aeneas, supposedly the brother of Cupavo and the son of CYCNUS. X, 260.

Cir'cē an enchantress who changed Ulysses' men into swine. III, 502.

Circen'sian (adj.) of or celebrated in the Roman Circus. VIII, 825.

Cis'seus

1. ruler of Thrace, father of Hecuba, father-in-law of Priam. V, 704.
2. son of MELAMPUS, fighting for Turnus. X, 440.

Cithae'ron a mountain in Greece on which the rites of Bacchus were celebrated. IV, 407.

Cla'rus brother of SARPEDON. X, 179.

Clau'dian see CLAUSUS. VII, 930.

Clau'sus a Sabine chieftain from whom the prominent Claudian family in Rome was descended. VII, 927.

Cloān'thus a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas, founder of the Roman house of Cluentius. I, 311.

Cloe'lia a Roman girl, one of the several hostages given to Lars PORSENNIA; she escaped with her companions, swam the Tiber, and returned to Rome. The Romans sent all the hostages back to Porsenna who, according to tradition, was moved by admiration, not anger, at Cloelia's bravery (Livy, II, 13). VIII, 844.

Clo'nus

1. a Trojan. XI, 764.
2. another Trojan. X, 1028.

Clo'nus son of Eurytus, skilled worker in metals, decorator of the belt of Pallas (son of Evander). X, 687.

Cluēn'tius patrician family of Rome. V, 168.

Clu'sian of CLUSIUM. X, 900.

Clu'sium one of the twelve chief cities of Etruria (modern Chiusi), situated on the river Clanis, which flows into the Tiber. X, 236.

Cly'tius

1. son of Aeolus. IX, 1032.
2. father of Acmon and Menestheus of Lyrnesus. X, 184.
3. a beautiful Rutulian youth, beloved of Cydon, who fights for Turnus. X, 450.
4. father of EUNEUS, perhaps identical with CLYTIUS (2). XI, 878.

Cnos'sus capital of Crete, and site of the palace of Minos and the Labyrinth. III, 155.

Co'cles, Pu'blius Hora'tius famous Roman who held the Etruscans (under Lars PORSENNIA) at bay until the Pons Sublicius, a wooden bridge over the Tiber, could be cut down by Cocles' companions, leaving the enemy on the tar bank with no access to the city. Then Cocles, in full armor, jumped into the river and swam back to the city. VIII, 843.

Cocy'tus river in the underworld. VI, 184.

Coe'us son of Earth, one of the Titans. IV, 237.

Colla'tia town of the Sabines near Rome. VI, 1022.

Co'ra Volscian town of Latium. VI, 1024.

Co'ras brother of Tiburtus and twin brother of Catillus. He was founder of Tibur and an ally of Turnus against Aeneas. VII, 887.

Co'rinth a city in central Greece, on the isthmus of the same name. In 146 B.C. Mummius captured and destroyed it. VI, 1112.

Coroe'bus an ally of Priam. He is in love with Cassandra and fights alongside Aeneas in the last battle of Troy. II, 464.

Coryban'tes priests who honored CYBELE with loud music and wild dances. III, 148.

Corynae'us

1. a Trojan priest, first mentioned as taking part in the funeral rites for Misenus, then (IX, 759) as one who is killed by Asilas. VI, 305.
2. another Trojan. XII, 405.

Co'rythus

1. father of Dardanus. He was said to have founded the city of Corythus in Italy. III, 226.
2. ancient town of the Etruscans, reputed birthplace of Dardanus. X, 986.

Co'sae an old Etruscan city. X, 237.

Cos'sus, Au'lus Corne'lius one of the three Roman generals ever to win the "chieftain's spoils" (*spolia opima*) by killing the enemy commander and taking his armor in single combat. (The other two were ROMULUS and MARCELLUS.) Cossus won his spoils of honor by slaying Tolumnius the Etruscan king in 437 B.C. VI, 1120.

Cre'tans people of Crete. IV, 193.

Crete island in the Aegean Sea. III, 138.

Cre'theus

1. a Trojan warrior-lord who took part in the defense of Aeneas' camp against the Rutulians. IX, 1033.
2. a Greek. XII, 725.

Creü'sa daughter of Priam, first wife of Aeneas, mother of Ascanius. Her fate is left in question; on the night of Troy's fall she is perhaps "translated" into an attendant of CYBELE. II, 756.

Crini'sus Sicilian river god. In some texts, Crimisus. V, 51.

Crustu'mium ancient Italian town of the Sabines near Rome. III, 576.

Cu'mae an Italian city, not far from Naples, first settled by the Greeks. It was the home of the Sibyl and was located near an entrance to the lower world. III, 576.

Cupa'vo son of CYCNUS and ally of Aeneas. X, 262.

Cupen'cus a Rutulian priest. XII, 727.

Cu'pid son of Venus, god of love. I, 919.

Cu'res capital of the Sabines near Rome; TATIUS was its king; and from Cures also came Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome, its legendary lawgiver and religious teacher. VI, 1075.

Cure'tes early inhabitants of Crete, later known as dancing priests of Jupiter. Like the Corybantes, with whom they have been identified, they were said to have protected the baby Jupiter, hidden on

Crete from his father Saturn, who sought to destroy him, by drowning out his cries with the clashing of their cymbals. III, 176.

Cy'belē

1. also called Rhea, sister and consort of Saturn or Cronos, mother of the gods. The worship of this goddess is thought to have reached Troy from Crete. She is represented as riding in a chariot drawn by lions; her priests were the Corybantes, eunuchs who worshiped her with clashing cymbals, ecstatic dances, and orgiastic rites. x, 312.
2. a mountain in Phrygia, sacred to Cybele. III, 147. In XI, 1020, where the Latin has "Cybelus" for Mount Cybele, the translation simplifies to Cybele, the goddess rather than the mountain.

Cy'clades an island cluster in the Aegean forming a circle around Delos. III, 170.

Cy'clops (normally "Cyclo'pes" in the plural, but out of my distaste for the sound of that, I have used "Cyclops" as both singular and plural in this translation, for which the OED provided some warrant):

1. a race of giants inhabiting Sicily. They had an eye in the center of their foreheads and they fed on human flesh. I, 281.
2. the superhuman workers of Vulcan's forge. Their names: Steropes, "Lightener"; Pyracmon, "Fire-anvil"; and Brontes, "Thunderer." VII, 556.

Cyc'nus mythical king of Liguria, father of Cupavo, friend of Phaethon. While grieving over the death of Phaethon, he was changed into a swan. x, 266.

Cy'don a soldier in the army of Turnus. x, 448.

Cydo'nian of Cydonia in Crete, used for Cretan. XII, 1141.

Cylle'nē mountain in Arcadia, birthplace of Mercury. IV, 337.

Cymo'docē a sea nymph, daughter of Nereus. v, 1092.

Cymo'thoē a sea nymph. I, 203.

Cyn'thus a mountain of Delos, birthplace of Apollo and Diana. I, 703.

Cy'prus one of the homes of Venus; same as modern Cyprus. I, 871.

Cythe'ra an island off the southeastern coast of Greece near which Venus was said to have been "born" of the sea foam (see Botticelli's painting "Primavera"). The island (modern Serigo) was a center of her worship. I, 952.

Cythere'a another name for Venus, derived from the name of CYTHERA. I, 358.

Cythere'an native of Cythera: Appellation of Venus. I, 918.

- Dae'dalus** the fabulous craftsman who built the labyrinth to contain the Minotaur for King Minos of Crete. When imprisoned there with his son ICARUS, Daedalus contrived an escape by fashioning wings of feathers held by wax on wooden frames. Daedalus' flight ended at Cumae. VI, 19.
- Da'hae** a nomadic tribe east of the Caspian Sea. VIII, 949.
- Da'naäns** the Greeks; derived from Danaus, ancient king of Argos. I, 136.
- Da'naë** daughter of Acrisius. Her father imprisoned her because of a prophecy that said he would die by the hand of his daughter's son; but Jupiter visited her and she bore him a son, Perseus. Acrisius caused both mother and baby to be placed in a wooden chest which was set adrift upon the sea. According to Virgil, the waves carried it to Italy, where Danae founded Ardea. VII, 545.
- Dar'dan** (noun and adj.) See DARDANUS. I, 698.
- Dar'dans** see DARDANUS. I, 846.
- Dar'danus** son of Zeus and of Electra, the daughter of Atlas. He was the mythical founder of Troy and first ancestor of Priam. From him the Trojans are sometimes called Dardanians or Dardans. I, 790.
- Da'res**
1. a Trojan contender in the boxing match. V, 488.
 2. another Trojan. XII, 492.
- Dau'cus** father of the twins THYMBER and LARIDES. X, 541.
- Dau'nian** one of the DAUNIANS. XII, 959.
- Dau'nians** the people of Turnus; Rutulians. VIII, 190.
- Dau'nus** legendary king of Apulia, father of Turnus. X, 847.
- De'cii** a Roman family of which two members, father and son, both named Publius Decius Mus, reputedly gave up their lives in battle in order to obtain Roman victories. The father sacrificed himself at the time of the Latin War in 340 B.C. at the battle of Veseris, and the son at the battle of Sentinum in 295 B.C., fighting against the Samnites. VI, 1093.
- De-i-o-pe'a** one of Juno's nymphs (perhaps a "divinity of honor," just as mortal queens have "maids of honor") whom Juno offers as bribe to Aeolus for routing Aeneas with a storm. I, 105.
- Dei'phobë** daughter of Glaucus; the Cumaeen Sibyl. VI, 50.
- Dei'phobus** a son of Priam who married Helen after the death of Paris. In the fall of Troy, Helen betrayed Deiphobus to the Greeks; he was killed and mutilated. II, 423.
- De'lian** of Delos. III, 215.
- De'los** a holy isle in the Aegean Sea. It was said that when Latona, pregnant by Jupiter, felt her time approaching, she knew that no

spot on earth would give her shelter because of Juno's jealousy—except for Delos, which was then a floating island. There Apollo and Diana were born. In gratitude, Apollo secured the island so that it no longer floated, and it became a center of his worship. Delos is also called Ortygia. III, 166.

Demo'docus a soldier of Aeneas. X, 574.

Demo'leös a Greek vanquished by Aeneas. V, 344.

Demo'phoön a Trojan killed by Camilla. XI, 890.

Dercen'nus an ancient king of the Laurentians. XI, 1129.

Dia'na daughter of Jupiter and Latona; twin sister of Apollo; virgin goddess of the woods and the hunt. Diana is also goddess of the moon and, as Hecate, goddess of the lower world, of magic, and of crossways. Hence she is sometimes spoken of as Trivia, "triple-shaped" and "three-faced." I, 703.

Dic'tē a mountain in Crete. Here the infant Jupiter was hidden from his father Saturn. III, 227.

Di'do Tyrian princess, also called Elissa. She founded Carthage when she fled with her followers from her murderous brother. I, 422.

Didyma'on an artist in metal-relief work. V, 475.

Din'dyma Phrygian mountain sacred to Cybele. IX, 825.

Diome'des son of Tydeus; one of the most important Greek chieftains at Troy. The *Iliad* tells how he wounded Ares and Aphrodite. He captured the famous swift horses of Aeneas and drove off the horses of Rhesus before they could feed on Trojan pasture or drink of Trojan streams, thus preventing the fulfillment of the oracle that if these horses were to feed and drink of Troy, the city could never be taken. After the Trojan war, he settled Apulia, founding ARPI. I, 136.

Diö'nē mother of Venus. III, 29.

Diö'res

1. a Trojan of Priam's family; comrade of Aeneas. V, 392.

2. brother of Amycus. XII, 686. Heyne identifies him with Diore (1), but Conington disagrees.

Dlöxip'pus a Trojan. IX, 764.

Dis Pluto. IV, 968.

Dodo'na town in Epirus, famous for its oracular oak tree sacred to Jupiter and for its brass caldrons. III, 610.

Dolicha'on father of HEBRUS (2). X, 954.

Do'lon a Trojan spy caught in the Greek camp and killed by Diomedes (*Iliad*, X, 299 ff.). XII, 469.

Dolo'pian of or pertaining to a Greek people of Thessaly. II, 9.

Dony'sa an Aegean island. III, 169.

- Do'ric** of the Dorians, a Greek people. II, 39.
- Do'ryclus** a man of Epirus, husband of Beroë. V, 818.
- Do'to** a Nereid. IX, 135.
- Dran'ces** an elderly Latin antagonistic to Turnus. XI, 588.
- Dre'panum** coastal city of western Sicily; now Trapani. III, 915.
- Dru'si** a Roman family from which came Livia, second wife of Augustus. VI, 1093.
- Dry'opë** a nymph. Mother of Tarquitus by Faunus. X, 761.
- Dryo'prians** a people of Greece. IV, 194.
- Dry'ops** a warrior of Aeneas. X, 483.
- Duli'chium** an island in the Ionian Sea not far from Ithaca. III, 350.
- Dy'mas** a Trojan who fights alongside Aeneas in the last battle of Troy. II, 463.
- Earth** the earth as a goddess. IV, 235.
- E'bysus** a Latin. XII, 407.
- Edo'nian** of the Edoni, a Thracian people on the Strymon. XII, 494.
- Ege'ria** a nymph who, with Diana, sheltered HIPPOLYTUS. VII, 1003.
- E'gypt** sometimes reckoned by the ancients as belonging to Asia. VIII, 893.
- Elec'tra** a daughter of Atlas. One of the Pleiades, she was the mother of Dardanus by Jupiter. (Electra, daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, has no part in the *Aeneid*.) VIII, 178.
- E'lis** a region and city of the Peloponnesus in Greece. III, 898.
- Elis'sa** another name of DIDO. IV, 452.
- Ely'sium** the region of the lower world reserved for those who had been righteous in life. V, 967.
- Ema'thion** a Trojan killed by LIGER. IX, 759.
- Enc'e'ladius** son of Earth, a Giant. After the attempt of the Giants to dethrone Jupiter, he was punished by being buried under Mount Etna. III, 752.
- Entel'us** Sicilian boxing champion. V, 513.
- Epe'os** builder of the wooden horse and one of the troop concealed in it. II, 365.
- Epi'rus** a coastal region of northwestern Greece. III, 377.
- E'pulo** a Rutulian. XII, 617.
- Epyti'des** guardian and companion of Ascanius. V, 717.
- E'pytus** a Trojan. He fights alongside Aeneas at the fall of Troy. II, 461.

- E'rato** a Muse whose principal association is with love poetry. It has been suggested that she is involved in Book VII because the war in Italy was kindled by the love of Lavinia's suitors. VII, 45.
- E'rebus** primeval darkness. The offspring of Chaos, he is the father, by his sister Night, of Day; a name for the lower world. IV, 32.
- Ere'tum** ancient city of the Sabines on the Tiber. VII, 935.
- Erice'tes** a Trojan, son of LYCAON (2). X, 1028.
- Eri'danus** a river which, flowing underground for part of its course, was thought to have its source in the lower world. It is sometimes identified with the Po. VI, 872.
- Eriphy'le** wife of Amphiaraus, king of Argos. In the war of the Seven against Thebes, she sent her husband to his death. For this act she herself was killed by her son Alcmaeon. VI, 587.
- E'rusus** superhuman son of the goddess Feronia. He was killed by the youthful Evander. VIII, 732.
- Eryman'thus** a mountain in Arcadia in southern Greece. Hercules killed a giant boar that lived there. V, 595.
- E'rymas** a Trojan, one of those defending the camp in Italy while Aeneas is absent. IX, 938.
- Erythrae'an Sea** the Indian Ocean. VIII, 890.
- E'ryx**
1. a mountain and city of the same name on the northwestern coast of Sicily, with a temple of Venus. I, 802.
 2. a King in Sicily, son of Venus and thus stepbrother of Aeneas. Renowned as a boxer, he was nevertheless killed by Hercules in a boxing match. V, 32.
- Ethio'pia** country south of Egypt. IV, 663.
- Et'na** a volcano in Sicily. III, 742.
- Etne'an** of Etna. III, 876.
- Etru'ria** a region of Italy settled by the people called Etruscan or Tuscan, who were believed to have come from Lydia in Asia Minor. VIII, 641.
- Etru'rian** of Etruria. XII, 314.
- Etrus'can** Tuscan. VIII, 654.
- Euboe'an** of Euboea, a large Aegean island just east of Greece. Cumae, an Italian colony of the Euboean city of Chalcis, is called "Euboean." VI, 3.
- Eume'des** a Trojan. XII, 468.
- Eume'lus** a Trojan companion of Aeneas. He gives the alarm when the women set fire to the ships. V, 875.
- Eune'us** a Trojan, son of CLYTIUS (4), killed by Camilla. XI, 878.
- Euphra'tes** river of the Fertile Crescent, later fixed as the easternmost boundary of the Roman Empire. VIII, 947.

Eu'rope continent of Europe, name said to have derived from Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phoenicia, mother of Sarpedon and Minos by Jupiter who, in the form of a bull, had carried her off to Crete. I, 547.

Euro'tas the river on which Sparta stood. I, 702.

Eu'rus the southeast wind. I, 121.

Eury'alus a Trojan companion of Aeneas, friend of Nisus; a contestant in the foot race. V, 388.

Eury'pylus a Greek, one of the host before Troy. II, 161.

Eurys'theus the Greek king for whom Hercules performed his twelve labors. VIII, 384.

Eury'tiön of Lycia, an ally of Troy, brother of Pandarus. He is a participant in the archery contest. V, 653.

Eu'rytus father of CLONUS, X, 688.

Evad'nē wife of Capaneus, one of the Seven against Thebes. When he was killed. Evadne threw herself on his funeral pyre. VI, 590.

Evan'der "Goodly man," son of Mercury by the nymph Carmentis and mythical king of Arcadia. Long before the fall of Troy, he founded Pallanteum, a colony of his exiled countrymen, on the banks of the Tiber. His son, Pallas, fights beside Aeneas. VIII, 66.

Evan'thes a soldier of Aeneas. X, 962.

Fa'baris a river of the Sabine region, affluent of the Tiber. Modern Farfa. VII, 941.

Fa'biū a Roman family whose most famous member was Quintus Fabius Maximus (died in 203 B.C.) called Cunctator ("Delayer") because, with his policy of "Fabian gradualism," he wore down Hannibal by attrition—avoiding pitched battle, which the forces at his disposal could not have sustained. VI, 1125.

Fabri'cius Roman consul and general in the early part of the third century B.C. Adversary of Pyrrhus the Macedonian, he was famous for his incorruptibility. VI, 1123.

Fa'dus a Rutulian, one of those besieging the men of Aeneas in their leader's absence. IX, 457.

Fates the Parcae; three goddesses who wrought the destinies of men: Clotho spun the thread of each mortal's life; Lachesis measured it; Atropos cut it. They also held power over the gods, as various deities themselves acknowledge directly or indirectly (Jupiter, Juno). The precise relation between Jupiter's sway over gods and men and the Fates' power is not made clear. In the

- Aeneid* mortals address their prayers to the gods and goddesses, not to the Fates. I, 29.
- Fau' nus** Italian rural deity or deified king; in the *Aeneid* he is represented as the son of Picus, grandson of Saturn, father of Latinus and (x, 543) of Tarquitus. VII, 58.
- Fero' nia** ancient Italian goddess (one site of her worship was near Anxur) sometimes thought to be the wife of Jupiter of Anxur. She was a goddess of fertility to whom flowers and fruits were offered; also, the goddess of emancipation from slavery—the newly freed put on the cap of liberty at her shrine near Anxur. Her son was ERULUS. VII, 1051.
- Fescen' nium** or **Fescen' nia** town in Etruria. VII, 915.
- Fide' na** town in Latium near Rome. VI, 1021.
- Flavi' nia** an Etruscan city. VII, 916.
- Fo' ruli** a town in the Sabine region. Now called Civita Tommasa. VII, 939.
- Fo' rum** the center of the political, commercial, and religious life of Rome. VIII, 474.
- Fu' cinus** a lake in the Apennines east of Rome on which stood Marruvium, capital of the Marsi, and ANGITIA. VII, 998.
- Fu' ries** the Dirae, Eumenides, or Avenging Goddesses, bearers of frenzy and madness; their names are Megaera, Allecto, and Tisiphone. Used by Virgil of the Harpies as well. III, 328.
- Ga' bii** see GABINE. VI, 1021.
- Ga' bine** relating to the people of Gabii, an ancient Latin town near Rome, a site of Juno's worship. The Gabines were said to have been attacked by an enemy force while they were offering sacrifice but to have resisted and defeated this enemy while in their ritual attire. This attire consisted of a toga wound around the body—hence, the Sabine girdle—a form of dress apparently retained for sacred and ceremonial occasions. VII, 809.
- Gaetu' lia** see GAETULIANS. V, 69.
- Gaetu' lians** a warlike tribe of Gaetulia in North Africa. IV, 52.
- Galae' sus** an old Italian noted for his righteousness and his wealth. He is killed in the first fighting between Latins and Trojans while trying to make peace. VII, 705.
- Galate' a** a Nereid. IX, 134.
- Gan' ges** a river of India. IX, 37.
- Ga' nymede** a beautiful youth, son of a Trojan king (Laomedon or Tros); he was carried to Olympus by Jupiter's eagle to be the

god's cup bearer, replacing—or displacing—Hebe, Juno's daughter. I, 44.

Garaman tes a tribe of the interior of Africa, to the southeast of the GAETULIANS. VI, 1052.

Garaman'tia the land of the GARAMANTES. IV, 263.

Garga'nus a mountain promontory on the coast of Apulia. XI, 322.

Gaul home of Celtic tribes in France and northern Italy (also used with wider geographical range). Around 390 B.C. these tribes captured Rome. Though expelled then, the following centuries saw them a constant menace to Rome. By 222 B.C. they were substantially pacified, but not finally conquered until 191 B.C. VI, 1146.

Gauls see GAUL. VIII, 852.

Ge'la a coastal city of southern Sicily, situated on a river of the same name. III, 908.

Gelo'ni a Scythian people whose land was in southern Russia. VII, 946.

Ge'ryön (trisyllable; the "y" is a vowel) a giant with three bodies, killed by Hercules. VI, 382.

Ge'tae a tribe that lived along the Danube. VII, 799.

Glau'cus

1. a sea deity. V, 1087.

2. father of the Sibyl; perhaps identical with Glaucus (1). VI, 52.

3. a Trojan warrior, son of Antenor, whose Shade Aeneas encounters in the lower world. VI, 636.

4. a Trojan, son of Imbrasmus. XII, 463.

Gno'sian Cretan. V, 404.

Gor'gon (n. and adj.) one of three mythical sisters (Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa), with snakes for hair; anyone who looked at a Gorgon was turned to stone. Medusa, the only one of the three who was mortal, had her head cut off by Perseus; it was then given to Minerva, who fixed it to her shield, the aegis. VI, 381.

Gorty'nian of Gortyna, a city in Crete. XI, 1027.

Grac'chi a prominent Roman family whose best-known members, the brothers Tiberius (died 133 B.C.) and Gaius Sempronius (died 121 B.C.), paid with their lives for their efforts to reform the Roman constitution. VI, 1121.

Gravis'cae Etrurian port city, north of Rome. The name is related to *gravis*, "heavy" or "oppressive," apparently because the region had an unhealthy climate. X, 259.

Gryne'an of Grynium, a town in Asia Minor that had a temple and an oracle of Apollo. IV, 467.

Gy'aros a small Aegean island. Virgil represents it as one of the "anchors" of DELOS. III, 100.

Gy'as

1. a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas. I, 311.
2. son of Melampus, fighting for Turnus against Aeneas. X, 439.

Gy'ges one of the Trojans defending Aeneas' camp against the onslaught of Turnus. IX, 1015.

Gyllip'pus an Arcadian. XII, 369.

Hae'mon

1. a Rutulian, participating in the attack on the Trojans' camp during the absence of Aeneas. IX, 917.
2. an Italian whose son, priest of Apollo and Diana, was a soldier of Turnus. X, 739.

Halae'sus an ally of Turnus, chief of the Aurunci. His origin is Greek. VII, 951.

Ha'lius a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. He is killed by Turnus. IX, 1023.

Ha'lys a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. He is killed by Turnus. IX, 1019.

Ham'mon or **Am'mon** a Lybian god whom the Greeks identified with Zeus, and the Romans with Jupiter. IARBAS boasted of his descent from Hammon and introduced the worship of his parent-god among his countrymen. IV, 262.

Harpa'lycē a legendary Thracian princess renowned in war and in the hunt. I, 448.

Harpa'lycus a Trojan, killed by Camilla. XI, 890.

Har'pies monsters with women's faces and the bodies of birds. III, 279.

He'brus

1. a river of Thrace. I, 450.
2. a soldier of Aeneas. X, 954.

He'catē or **Tri'via** an aspect of DIANA, and goddess of the lower world and of witchcraft. She was worshiped at crossways. IV, 707.

Hec'tor prince of Troy, son of Priam and Hecuba, husband of Andromache, father of Astyanax. He slew Patroclus; Achilles, in revenge, killed Hector and then dragged his body three times around the walls of Troy. Priam went as suppliant to Achilles' camp to plead for the body (see ACHILLES). I, 139.

He'cuba Priam's queen. II, 671.

- He'len** daughter of Leda and Jupiter (who visited Leda in the guise of a swan), though she is sometimes spoken of as the daughter of Tyndareos, Leda's mortal husband. Helen, the most beautiful of all the women in the world, was wooed by suitors from the whole of Greece. When she finally chose Menelaus, he made all the other suitors pledge that they would come to his aid against anyone who should try to take her from him. After Helen's flight with Paris, Menelaus invoked this pledge to raise the Greek army against Troy. I, 908.
- Hele'nor** a defender of the Trojans' camp, said to be the son of the Lydian king by a Lycymnian slave. IX, 723.
- He'lenus** a son of Priam. He was a prophet. At the fall of Troy, he was taken by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, to his domain in Epirus. After the murder of Pyrrhus, Helenus—now married to Andromache—succeeded to the kingdom. III, 381.
- He'licon** a mountain of Boeotia, haunt of the Muses. VII, 847.
- Helo'rus** a river in southeastern Sicily with wide marshes near its mouth. III, 903.
- He'lymus** a Sicilian of the court of Acestes, contestant in the foot race. V, 396.
- Herbe'sus** a Rutulian, one of those besieging Aeneas' camp. IX, 458.
- Her'cules** son of Jupiter and Alcmena, celebrated for his strength and his completion of the "Labors," the twelve tasks imposed on him by Hera. Heyne supposes Virgil had some authority in a story, now lost, for associating Hercules with the foundation of Tarentum. III, 718.
- Hermi'nus** an Etruscan. XI, 843.
- Hermi'onē** daughter of Menelaus and Helen and granddaughter of Leda. She was sought in marriage by ORESTES and by PYRRHUS. III, 426.
- Her'mus** a river of Asia Minor. VII, 948.
- Her'nicans** a warlike tribe of Latium whose home was in the Trerus valley in a mountainous region. VII, 901.
- Hesi'onē** daughter of Laomedon, sister of Priam. When Laomedon withheld from Apollo and Neptune the payment due them for their having built the walls of Troy, Neptune retaliated by sending a sea monster to which Hesione was exposed. Hercules rescued her and killed the monster. Hesione married Telamon, King of Salamis. VIII, 207.
- Hespe'ria** the Land of the Evening or the Western Land; a name for Italy, since for one starting out from Troy, Italy lay far to the west. I, 748.

Hespe'rides nymphs, daughters of Hesperus, the Evening Star.

They kept a garden in the West where golden apples, guarded by the dragon Ladon, grew. IV, 669.

Hiceta'on father of THYMOETES (2). X, 177.

Himel'la a river of the Sabines, affluent of the Tiber. VII, 940.

Hippo'coön a Trojan taking part in the archery contest. V, 649.

Hippo'lytë a queen of the Amazons, wife of THESEUS. XI, 871.

Hippo'lytus son of HIPPOLYTE and THESEUS and faithful worshiper of Diana. His stepmother Phaedra fell in love with him and made advances to him; when he repulsed her, she accused him falsely to his father. Neptune, invoked by Theseus, sent a bull from the sea who maddened the horses of Hippolytus so that they dragged him to death. Virgil has it that AESCULAPIUS, son of Apollo, restored Hippolytus to life, that Jupiter was displeased at this resurrection, and that Diana sheltered her votary in her Italian precinct, where he went by the name of VIRBIUS. He married ARICIA and had a son, also named Virbius. VII, 1000.

Hip'potas a Trojan, killed by Camilla. XI, 888.

His'bo a Rutulian in the army of Turnus. X, 531.

Ho'molë a mountain of Thessaly in Greece, reputed haunt of the CENTAURS. VII, 891.

Hor'tine of Horta, an ancient town on the Tiber. According to Pliny, it "perished without a trace." VII, 942.

House'hold Gods used in this translation for the Penates, household or family deities, or gods of the state considered as a household. The singular *Lar* is usually translated here as "the god of the hearth." I, 100.

Hy'ades constellation which rises in the stormy season. I, 1039.

Hydas'pes a Trojan. X, 1026.

Hy'dra one of various water monsters usually represented as serpentine and many-headed.

1. the fifty-headed beast of Tartarus. VI, 559.
2. the seven-headed Lernean Hydra killed by Hercules. Since the heads grew back as fast as they were cut off, Hercules finally killed the monster by cauterizing each decapitated neck with a brand of fire. The monster has been seen as representing malarial fever and its death as the draining of the marsh. VII, 869.

Hylae'us a Centaur. VIII, 386.

Hyl'lus a Trojan. XII, 721.

Hy'panis a Trojan who fights beside Aeneas in Troy's last battle. II, 463.

Hyrca'nian of Hyrcania, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. IV, 500.

Hyr'tacus

1. father of HIPPOCOON. V, 650.
2. a Trojan, father of NISUS. IX, 233.

I-ae'ra nymph of Phrygian Ida; mother, by Alcanor, of Pandarus and Bitias. IX, 900.

Iäpy'gian of Iapygia, the region of Apulia in southeastern Italy. So named from Iapyx, a son of Daedalus. XI, 323.

Iä'pyx

1. see IAPYGIAN.
2. Apollo's pupil, physician to Aeneas. XII, 530.

Iär'bas African ruler, rejected suitor of Dido, one who claims descent from Hammon or Jupiter. IV, 262.

Iä'sius son of Jupiter and Electra, brother of Dardanus. III, 222.

I'asus

1. father of PALINURUS. V, 1113.
2. father of IAPYX (2). XII, 531.

I'carus son of DAEDALUS and imprisoned with him in the labyrinth. When his father constructed wings for their escape, he warned Icarus not to fly too close to the sun, lest its heat melt the wax holding the feathers in place. Icarus disregarded the warning and fell to his death. VI, 44.

I'da

1. a mountain near Troy. II, 944.
2. a nymph, mother of Nisus, according to some. I have followed Conington and other editors in taking Ida (2) to be identical with Ida (1). IX, 234.
3. a mountain on Crete. III, 139.

Idae'an of Ida (1). IX, 145.

Idae'us

1. Priam's charioteer, whose Shade Aeneas encounters in the lower world. VI, 638.
2. a Trojan, one of those defending Aeneas' camp in his absence. IX, 665.

Ida'lia variant for IDALIUM. I, 70.

Ida'lium both a mountain and forest of Cyprus sacred to Venus and a town of Cyprus, center of her worship. I, 952.

I'das a Thracian whose sons were warriors of Aeneas. IX, 765.

Id'mon a Rutulian. XII, 102.

Ido'meneus king of Crete, one of the commanders against Troy, he made a vow to the gods that on his homecoming he would im-

molate the first living thing he encountered. He was met by his son and fulfilled his promise by offering up the boy. The gods, in anger, sent a pestilence, and the people of Crete drove Idomeneus into banishment. III, 162.

I'lia also known as Rhea Silvia; a priestess of Vesta, daughter of King Numitor, who had been deposed by a usurper. She was the mother by Mars of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome. I, 382.

I'lian of Ilium—that is, of Troy. I, 138.

Ili'onē princess of Troy, eldest daughter of Priam and Hecuba. I, 913.

Ili'oneus a Trojan comrade of Aeneas. He was usually delegated spokesman when Aeneas himself was absent. I, 172.

I'lium TROY; derived from ILUS (2). I, 100.

Illy'rian of Illyria, a land on the coast of the Adriatic Sea. Navigation along its shores was proverbially dangerous. I, 339.

I'lus

1. another name for ASCANIUS. I, 376.
2. son of Tros, father of Laomedon, and founder of Troy, from whom it takes the name Ilium. VI, 860.
3. a Rutulian soldier of Turnus. X, 555.

Il'va Elba. X, 244.

Ima'on a soldier of Turnus. X, 590.

Im'brasmus

1. father of Asius (one of Aeneas' soldiers). X, 175.
2. a Lycian, father of Glaucus and Lades. XII, 463.

I'nachus first king of Argos and father of Io. Son of Oceanus, he is sometimes imagined as a river-god and is so represented on the shield of Turnus. VII, 380.

Ina'rimē a volcanic island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, between the promontory of Misenum and Prochyta—modern Ischia. The name represents Virgil's misunderstanding or imperfect recollection of a line in the *Iliad* (II, 783) containing the phrase *ein Arimois*, "among the Arimoï"; here the two words have fused to form the name of the island. IX, 957.

In'dia region extending from the Indus to China. VII, 800.

In'dians inhabitants of India. VI, 1053.

I'no a sea goddess. V, 1088.

I'o daughter of INACHUS and princess of Argos beloved by Jupiter. Transformed into a heifer, she was vindictively tormented by Juno but ultimately regained human form. Her appearance on the shield of Turnus emphasizes his relation to Argos, traditional enemy of Troy. VII, 1037.

Iōl'las a Trojan. XI, 843.

Iō'nian of Ionia, maritime region of Asia Minor. III, 277.

Iō'pas bard at the court of Dido. I, 1033.

I'phitus a Trojan. He fights beside Aeneas at the fall of Troy. II, 585.

I'ris goddess of the rainbow, Juno's messenger. IV, 964.

Is'marus

1. a warrior of Lydian extraction, one of the defenders of Aeneas' camp. X, 196.

2. a city in Thrace. X, 487.

I'thaca island in the Ionian sea off the west coast of Greece. It was the home of Ulysses. III, 352.

Ita'lians people of Italy. I, 156.

I'talus ancient hero—and eponymous ancestor—of the Italians. VII, 236.

I'taly I, 4.

I'tys a Trojan. IX, 764.

Iū'lus another name for ASCANIUS. I, 374.

Ixi'on King of the LAPITHAE, father of PIRTHOUS. He was punished in Tartarus for his attempt upon the chastity of Juno. VI, 797.

Jani'culum a hill across the Tiber from Rome where, according to the account of Evander, Janus had established a city. VIII, 469.

Ja'nus ancient Italian deity who presided over gateways and over beginnings, as of the day and the year. He was represented as facing both forward and backward. VII, 239.

Jove JUPITER. I, 64.

Ju'lian see JULIUS. VIII, 883.

Ju'lius family name of Julius Caesar, who was supposed to be a descendant of Iūlus (Ascanius). Octavian, his grandnephew, later AUGUSTUS, took on this Julian name when he was adopted by Caesar. I, 405.

Ju'no daughter of Saturn, sister and wife of Jupiter, queen of the gods, patron deity of Carthage, goddess of marriage. Juno's enmity to the Trojans derives from the judgment of Paris and from the seduction by Paris of HELEN. I, 7.

Ju'piter chief of the gods for the Romans, corresponding to the Greek Zeus: son of Saturn, whom he dethroned; husband and brother of Juno. I, 312.

Jutur'na nymph of Italian lakes and springs, sister of Turnus. XII, 197.

- Labi'cians** inhabitants of Labicum, a town in Latium. VII, 1047.
- Lacedae'mon** SPARTA. VII, 482.
- Laci'nian** of Lacinium, a promontory in southern Italy, where a temple to Juno stood. III, 179.
- Laco'nian** Spartan. The "Laconian woman" is Helen. II, 812.
- La'des** a Lycian, son of Imbrasmus (2). XII, 463.
- La'don** an Arcadian ally of Aeneas. X, 574.
- Laer'tes** father of Ulysses. III, 352.
- La'gus** a soldier of Turnus. X, 525.
- La'mus** a Rutulian with the troops besieging Aeneas' camp. IX, 446.
- La'myrus** a Rutulian with the troops besieging Aeneas' camp. IX, 445.
- Laö'coön** Trojan priest of Neptune. II, 56.
- Laödami'a** wife of Protesilaus, the first Greek to land at Troy. He sacrificed himself for the success of the expedition, but her grief was so deep that the gods allowed him to return for three hours. When he left her again, she committed suicide to join him in the world of the dead. VI, 590.
- Laö'medon** king of Troy, father of Priam. He was a notorious cheat and trickster. Neptune and Apollo built the walls of Troy for him, but he refused to pay the agreed price. III, 321.
- La'pithae** a Thessalian people. At the wedding of their ruler Pirithous they fought a battle with the CENTAURS, defeating them. VI, 798.
- Lari'des** a Rutulian, son of Daucus and twin brother of Thymer. He is with the army of Turnus. X, 540.
- Lari'na** an Italian comrade of Camilla. XI, 863.
- Laris'sa** a town in Thessaly, ACHILLES' native region. II, 280.
- Laris'san** of Larissa. XI, 535.
- La'tagus** soldier of Aeneas. X, 954.
- La'tin** as a noun, a member of the people of Latium; as adj., of LATIUM or the Latins. I, 11.
- Lati'nus** son of Faunus, husband of Amata, father of Lavinia, destined father-in-law of Aeneas. His realm was LATIUM. VI, 1189.
- La'tium** the Trojans' promised land in Italy, supposedly so named because Saturn was hidden—i.e. latent—there. I, 10.
- Lato'na** a goddess whom Jupiter loved; mother by him of Apollo and Diana. I, 703.
- Lauren'tian** of Laurentum. Used in this translation as variant for "Laurentine." VII, 58.
- Lauren'tians** people of Laurentum. VI, 1189.

- Lauren'tine** of Laurentum. v, 1052.
- Lauren'tum** city of LATIUM. VIII, 1.
- Lau'sus** son of MEZENTIUS, handsome, brave and full of promise. He fights alongside his father on behalf of Turnus. VII, 857.
- Lavi'nia** daughter and only surviving child of Latinus and Amata. Beloved of Turnus, she is the destined bride of Aeneas. VI, 1009.
- Lavi'nian** of LAVINIUM; an adjective describing the coasts of Latium because Aeneas was to found there the city of Lavinium. I, 4.
- Lavi'nium** the city of Latium which it was Aeneas' mission to found in Italy; named in honor of his wife, LAVINIA. I, 360.
- Le'da** wife of Tyndareos, king of Sparta. By Jupiter, who approached her in the form of a swan, she bore two eggs: according to some accounts one contained HELEN, the other Castor and Pollux. She was also the mother of Clytemnestra. I, 911.
- Le'leges** an ancient people of Asia Minor, mentioned by Homer. Virgil seems to use the name for its archaic qualities. VIII, 945.
- Lem'nos** an Aegean island upon which Vulcan fell when Jupiter hurled him from heaven. It was consequently held sacred to him and became an important site of his worship. VIII, 593.
- Lenae'an** Bacchic, of wine; from Greek *lenaios*, "wine vat." IV, 276.
- Ler'na** a marsh in Greece, home of the HYDRA (2). VI, 380.
- Le'thè** the river of forgetfulness in the lower world. v, 1139.
- Leucas'pis** a Trojan. VI, 437.
- Leuca'ta** promontory on the island of Leucas in the Ionian sea. It was the site of a temple to Apollo. III, 355.
- Libur'nians** inhabitants of the northeastern shore of the Adriatic, a region famous for its swift ships. I, 340.
- Li'bya** northern Africa, west of the Nile. I, 34.
- Li'byan** of LIBYA. I, 425.
- Li'chas** an Italian warrior born by Caesarian section and therefore sacred to Phoebus as the god of healing. An adversary of Aeneas. x, 435.
- Licy'mnian** of Licymnia, a town in Argolis. IX, 724.
- Li'ger** brother of Lucagus, soldier of Turnus. IX, 758.
- Ligu'rians** people of Liguria, a region north of Etruria around the gulf of Genoa. The land was part of Gaul south-of-the-Alps (Gallia Cisalpina); and the people held out against Rome until the end of the Second Punic War. x, 261.
- Lilybae'um** a promontory at the western tip of Sicily. III, 913.
- Li'parè** one of the island group off the coast of Sicily that is called

Aeolian or, because of the islands' volcanic activity, **Vulcanian**. VIII, 547.

Li'ris an Etruscan (according to Heyne) killed by Camilla. XI, 883.

Lo'crians a people of northern Greece, some of whom settled in the toe of Italy, founding Naryx. Their leader had been AJAX, son of Oileus. III, 519.

Love see CUPID. I, 926.

Lu'cagus brother of Liger, soldier of Turnus. X, 793.

Lu'cas an Italian, soldier of Turnus. X, 774.

Luce'tius a warrior in the force attacking Aeneas' camp. IX, 757.

Luper'cal (the "proper" accent is on the second syllable, but "Lu'percal" is so established in English that the translation allows the latter accenting if an epic caesura is read in the line): a cavern at the foot of the Palatine Hill, originally sacred to an Italian god who protected the flocks against wolves; this deity was later identified with the Greek god Pan of Mount Lycaeus because of the supposed connection between the word Lycaeus and the Greek word for wolf *lukos*. Here the she-wolf is supposed to have nursed Romulus and Remus. VIII, 450.

Luper'ci priests of Lupercus, god of the LUPERCAL; each year they performed the rites of the Lupercalia, which included purification and fertility magic. VIII, 860.

Lycae'an belonging to the Arcadian mountain of Lycaeus sacred to Jupiter and Pan. VIII, 451.

Lyca'on

1. an artist of Gnosus in Crete. IX, 405.

2. father of Ericetes, a Trojan. X, 1029.

Ly'cia a district of Asia Minor, between Caria and Pamphylia, famous for its fertile soil. IV, 191.

Ly'cian of or belonging to a people of Lycia in Asia Minor who were allies of the Trojans. I, 164.

Lyc'tos a town in Crete. III, 520.

Lycur'gus a king of Thrace, enemy of Bacchus. III, 20.

Ly'cus a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas. I, 310.

Ly'dian of Lydia, a region in Asia Minor from which the Etruscans were traditionally supposed to have come. Hence Virgil uses the epithet interchangeably for Etrurian, Tuscan, Tyrrhenian. II, 1054.

Lyn'ceus one of the Trojans defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. IX, 1023.

Lyrne'sus a town in the Troad. X, 183.

Macháon a Greek concealed inside the Trojan horse. Homer represents him as a physician. II, 365.

Mae'on one of the seven brothers of Cydon, fighting for Turnus. x, 469.

Maeö'nia

1. a region of Lydia in Asia Minor. Because it was adjacent to Phrygia, the word can connote Phrygia or Troy. IV, 289.
2. because the Etruscans were thought to have come from Lydia, the word can connote Etruria. VIII, 648.

Maeö'nian of MAEONIA (1). IX, 725.

Maeö'tis, Lake the modern Sea of Azov, in region inhabited by the fierce Scythians. VI, 1058.

Ma'gus an Italian in the army of Turnus. x, 718.

Ma'ia (2 syllables; the "i" can be written as "j" and does not count as a vowel): daughter of Atlas, one of the Pleiades, mother by Jupiter of Mercury. i, 419.

Ma'leä promontory at the southeastern tip of Greece. It was dangerous to navigation. v, 255.

Man'lius Marcus Manlius Torquatus Capitolinus. When the Gauls invaded Rome around 390 B.C., he successfully defended the citadel where the temple of Jupiter and the house of Romulus stood, since he was warned by the cackling of the sacred geese as the Gauls approached for a night attack. Livy states that afterward the nobles grew jealous of his popularity and threw him from the Tarpeian rock. VIII, 845.

Man't seeress, prophetess, daughter of Tiresias. At the fall of Thebes she was taken prisoner and given to Apollo. According to legend, she served as oracular priestess at Delphi and Claros before coming to Italy, where she married Tiberinus and bore Ocnus, who named his city Mantua in her honor. x, 280.

Man'tuä city on the Mincius, north of the Po. Virgil was born in a small village nearby. Virgil represents Mantua as the capital of the Etruscan alliance of twelve cities; Cato and Pliny say otherwise. The three races of Mantua were variously said to be Greek, Etruscan, and Umbrian, or Etruscan, Venetian, and Gaulish. x, 281.

Marcel'us

1. died 208 B.C., Roman general who fought against the Gauls and in the Second Punic War; in 222 B.C., he was the third—and last—Roman commander ever to win the "chieftain's spoils" (see Cossus). VI, 1140.
2. (43–23 B.C.); a namesake and descendant of the former, nephew and son-in-law of Augustus. He showed great promise but died young. VI, 1178.

- Mari'ca** a nymph of the environs of Minturnae, near the river Marica. She was the wife of Faunus and the mother of King Latinus. VII, 58.
- Marpes'san** from the mountain of Marpeesus, in the island of Paros, which contained white marble quarries. VI, 619.
- Mars** god of war, son of Jupiter. I, 383.
- Mar'sian** of the MARSIIANS. VII, 996.
- Mar'sians** a tribe, famous as magicians, whose territory lay to the east of Rome around the lake of Fucinus. VII, 988.
- Mas'sic** from Massica, a hill between Campania and Latium, famous for its wine. VII, 955.
- Mas'sicus** an Etruscan ally of Aeneas. X, 234.
- Massy'lian** belonging to the MASSYLIANS. IV, 176.
- Massy'lians** a Numidian tribe of North Africa. IV, 668.
- Ma'ximus** see *FABII*. VI, 1127.
- Me'don** a Trojan, son of Antenor, whose Shade Aeneas encounters in the lower world. VI, 636.
- Megae'ra** one of the FURIES. XII, 1124.
- Me'gara** coastal town of Eastern Sicily. III, 891.
- Melam'pus** faithful companion of Hercules, father of the Italian warriors GYAS and CISSAEUS. X, 444.
- Meliboe'an** of Meliboea, a Greek city in Thessaly. III, 523.
- Me'litè** a sea nymph, one of the Nereids. V, 1090.
- Mem'mians** a patrician Roman family name. V, 161.
- Menela'us** son of Aurora and Tithonus, King of Ethiopia, ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles. I, 692.
- Menes'theus** son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, ruler of Sparta, husband of HELEN. He and the many rejected suitors of Helen made a pact that, should any of them try to take her from him, all the others would come to his aid. When Helen eloped with Paris, this pact was invoked and the Trojan War began. II, 365.
- Menes'theus** son of CLYTIUS (2) and brother of Acmon. X, 185.
- Meno'e'tes**
1. pilot of GYAS in the boat race. V, 215.
 2. Arcadian fisherman. XII, 698.
- Mer'cury** the Greek Hermes, son of Jupiter and Maia, messenger of the gods and guide of the souls of the dead to the underworld. IV, 297.
- Me'ropes** a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp during the attack by Turnus. IX, 938.
- Messa'pus** son of Neptune, ruler in Italy, ally of Turnus. VII, 910.
- Me'tabus** king of the Volscians, father of Camilla. XI, 708.

- Metis'cus** a Rutulian, charioteer of Turnus, whose form is assumed by JUTURNA in battle. XII, 630.
- Met'tus (Fufe'tius)** a Latin chieftain of Alba Longa. For his treachery against Tullus Hostilius, third king of Rome, the latter had him torn to pieces by two chariots moving in opposite directions (Livy I, 23). VIII, 834.
- Mezen'tius** Etruscan king dethroned and driven into exile by his people. He is the father of Lausus and an ally of Turnus; a "scorner of the gods." VII, 854.
- Mi'mas** a soldier of Aeneas from Troy. x, 963.
- Min'cius** a river and river god of northern Italy rising from Lake BENACUS and flowing to the Po. It forms a lake around Mantua. x, 290.
- Miner'va** Roman goddess identified with the Greek Pallas Athene, the maiden goddess of wisdom, who sprang fully armed from the brow of Jupiter. She is also the goddess of battle and the only other being Jupiter allows to wield his thunderbolt. In her more peaceful aspect she is patroness of such arts as spinning and weaving. To the Greeks she was the tutelary deity of Athens; Homer represents her as a guide and guardian of Odysseus. II, 22.
- Miner'va's Height** Castrum Minervae or Arce Minervae, near the harbor of Portus Veneris; modern Castro, in Calabria. III, 692.
- Mi'niö** a river in Etruria north of Rome. x, 258.
- Mi'nos** King of Crete. His wife Pasiphaë gave birth to the Minotaur by a bull, and Minos commissioned DAEDALUS to build the labyrinth as a place of confinement for the monster. Minos' daughter Ariadne aided the Greek prince Theseus in killing the Minotaur and in escaping from Crete. After his death Minos became a judge in the lower world. VI, 20.
- Mi'notaur** see MINOS. VI, 36.
- Mise'nus** the Trojans' trumpeter, son of AEOLUS (2). III, 312.
- Mnes'theus** a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas, founder of the Memmian house. IV, 384.
- Monoe'cus** "solitary dweller" in Greek; an epithet for Hercules, from his spending some time in seclusion. The site of a temple to him under this name is now called Monaco. VI, 1102.
- Moor'ish** of or pertaining to the inhabitants of Mauritania, region in northern Africa. IV, 274.
- Mo'rini** a tribe of Gauls living near the North Sea; their land is now part of Belgium. VIII, 948.
- Mo'ther God'dess** CYBELE. III, 147.
- Mul'ciber** VULCAN. VIII, 943.

- Mum'nius** a Roman general who conquered and destroyed Corinth in 146 B.C. VI, 1110.
- Murra'nus** a Rutulian. XII, 720.
- Musae'us** legendary poet of Thrace, disciple of Orpheus. VI, 883.
- Muse** one of the nine goddesses, daughters of Memory, whose domain was the fine arts and to whom, therefore, creative artists turned for inspiration. I, 13.
- Mutus'ca** a city of the Sabines. VII, 935.
- Myce'nae** a city of Greece ruled by Agamemnon. I, 399.
- Myce'neän, the** AGAMEMNON. XI, 349.
- Myce'neäns** people of MYCENAE. IX, 183.
- My'conos** a small Aegean island. Virgil represents it as one of the "anchors" of Delos. III, 100.
- Myg'don** father of COROEBUS. II, 464.
- Myr'midon** one of a Greek people of Thessaly. Achilles was their lord. II, 9.
- Nar** a tributary of the Tiber, swiftly flowing, foaming. Its waters contain sulphur. VII, 682.
- Nary'cian** of Naryx, a city of the Locrians whose ruler was AJAX, son of Oileus. III, 519.
- Nau'tes** companion of Aeneas. He was a seer, taught by Minerva. V, 928.
- Na'xos** an Aegean island, largest of the Cyclades. It was noted for the worship of Bacchus. III, 167.
- Neäl'ces** Trojan. X, 1035.
- Ne'meä** city of Greece near which Hercules—as the first of his twelve labors—killed a lion. VIII, 388.
- Neöpto'lemus** "young warrior" in Greek; another name for PYRRHUS, son of Achilles. He was given this epithet because he came late to the war. (In its early stages he would have been too young for soldiering.) II, 364.
- Nep'tune** Greek Poseidon, the god of the sea, Jupiter's brother. He had helped LAOMEDON build the walls of Troy, but became an enemy of Troy when Laomedon refused to pay him his reward. He nevertheless befriended Aeneas. I, 177.
- Ne'reids** sea nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. III, 97.
- Ne'reus** sea god. His daughters, sea nymphs, are the Nereids. II, 562.
- Ne'ritos** an island in the Ionian sea near Ithaca. III, 351.
- Ner'sae** a city of the Aequi in Latium. VII, 981.

- Nesae'a** or **Nesae'e** a sea nymph, daughter of Nereus. v, 1091.
- Nile** river of Egypt whose outlet was a delta (hence the reference to its "seven mouths"). vi, 1060.
- Niphaeus** a soldier of Turnus. x, 790.
- Nisus** Trojan companion of Aeneas, friend of Euryalus. In Book v he is a contender in the foot race; in Book ix he is cited for conspicuous devotion in the face of the enemy. v, 388.
- Noemon** a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. He is killed by Turnus. ix, 1022.
- No'mad** of the NUMIDIANS. iv, 430.
- Nomen'tum** an Italian town belonging to the Sabines. vi, 1021.
- No'tus** the south wind. i, 121.
- Nu'ma**
1. Numa Pompilius. See CURES. Referred to in vi, 1078.
 2. a Rutulian among those slain during the sortie of Nisus and Euryalus. ix, 603.
 3. a soldier of Turnus. x, 775.
- Numanus (Re'mulus)** brother-in-law of Turnus; a boaster. ix, 791.
- Numi'cian** of NUMICIUS. vii, 318.
- Numi'cius** or **Numi'cus** a holy stream in Latium between Ardea and Lavinium. vii, 194.
- Numidians** or **No'mads** a tribe of North Africans who rode horseback without bridles. iv, 54.
- Nu'mitor**
1. king of Alba Longa, father of Ilia, grandfather of Romulus and Remus. vi, 1014.
 2. a Rutulian fighting for Turnus. x, 474.
- Nur'sia** old Sabine city in the Apennines. vii, 941.
- Nymphs** female deities—but inferior to the Olympians—who made their homes in forests, hills, and fountains. i, 236.
- Ny'sa** city and mountain in India where Bacchus is supposed to have been born and/or brought up. vi, 1068.
- O'cean** an imaginary river, believed to encircle the earth; the personification thereof. i, 402.
- Oc'nus** Italian chieftain, ally of Aeneas, son of Manto and Tiberinus, founder of Mantua. x, 279.
- Oe'balus** an ally of Turnus; the son of Telon and Sebethis. His father was king of Capri, and he himself had made extensive conquests on the mainland. vii, 967.

- Oecha'lia** a city of Greece which Hercules destroyed when its king, Eurytus, rejected his suit for the princess Iole. VIII, 382.
- Oeno'tria** ancient name for southern Italy. VII, 108.
- Oeno'trians** people of OENOTRIA. I, 750.
- Oi'leus** father of Ajax. I, 63.
- Ole'aros** Isle of Olives, an Aegean island. III, 169.
- Olym'pus** the mountain in Greece, on the border of Macedonia and Thessaly, on whose summit—veiled by clouds from mortal sight—the chief gods and goddesses had their home. I, 529.
- Oni'tes** a Rutulian. XII, 595.
- Ophel'tes** father of Euryalus. IX, 266.
- O'pis** a nymph attending Diana. XI, 701.
- Or'cus** god of the lower world, identifiable with Pluto, brother of Jupiter. By extension the world of the dead is sometimes called Orcus. II, 536.
- Ores'tes** son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, brother of Iphigenia and Electra. At Apollo's command he slew his mother and her lover, Aegisthus, to avenge the betrayal and murder of his father: for this act he was haunted by the Furies until he was formally vindicated by Minerva. He also slew PYRRHUS, his rival for the hand of Hermione, who had been Orestes' betrothed. III, 429.
- Ori'cian** of Oricus, a coastal city of Epirus. X, 193.
- Ori'on** a legendary giant hunter. After his death he was translated to the skies as a constellation whose rising and setting marked stormy weather. I, 754.
- Orithyi'a** (four syllables, the "y" not counting as a vowel): daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens; wife of Boreas, the north wind. (Boreas had been the father of the royal horses of Troy. Virgil is thought to have invented the friendship between Onthya and PILUMNUS. XII, 113.)
- Or'nytus** a Tuscan, killed by Camilla. XI, 894.
- Oro'des** a soldier of Aeneas. X, 1004.
- Oron'tes** a comrade of Aeneas, in command of the Lycians. I, 164.
- Or'pheus** mythical poet of Thrace, husband of Eurydice. When she died from a snakebite, he gained entrance to the underworld by the charm of his music and persuaded PROSERPINA to let Eurydice return to life with him on condition that he not look back at his wife as she followed him. When they neared the upper world, Orpheus, forgetting the condition, looked back, and Eurydice vanished forever. The Thracian Maenads

later tore him to pieces, either for interfering with their worship or because he shunned all women after his loss of Eurydice. VI, 165.

Or'ses a Trojan. X, 1027.

Orsi'lochus a Trojan. XI, 835.

Orty'gia

1. another name for DELOS. III, 193.

2. the name of an island district of Syracuse, Sicily. The name means "region of quails." III, 897.

Orty'gius one of the Italians in the force attacking Aeneas' camp. IX, 762.

Os'cans a Campanian tribe. Their language, of which fragmentary texts survive, was related to Latin. They fought under HALAESUS for Turnus. VII, 961.

Osi'nus leader from Clusium in Etruria, on the side of Turnus. X, 900.

Osi'ris a Latin. XII, 615.

Oth'rys

1. father of PANTHUS. II, 435.

2. a mountain in Thessaly. VII, 891.

Pachy'nus promontory at the southeastern tip of Sicily. III, 561.

Pacto'lus a Lydian river which was said to carry gold dust after King Midas washed off his golden touch in its waters. X, 199.

Pa'duã Patavium, founded by ANTENOR; a city in the north of Italy near Venice. I, 345.

Pa'dus the modern Po. IX, 911.

Padu'sa one of the seven mouths of the Po. XI, 445.

Pa'gasus an Etruscan (according to Heyne) killed by Camilla. XI, 883.

Palae'mon a lesser sea deity, the son of Ino. V, 1088.

Palame'des a Greek hero. He had discovered the stratagem by which Ulysses hoped to evade service in the Trojan war. While the war was in progress, Ulysses instigated a trumped-up charge of treason against Palamedes, who was condemned and executed. Also see CAPHEREUS. II, 113.

Pa'latine one of the seven hills of Rome. See PALLANTEUM. IX, 10.

Pali'cus primitive Sicilian divinity, son of Jupiter by a nymph; his shrine was near the river Symaethus. IX, 779.

Palinu'rus pilot of Aeneas' fleet. III, 264.

Palla'dium an image of the goddess Minerva (Pallas), believed to have descended from heaven, upon which the safety of Troy de-

pended. It was stolen from the temple of Pallas by Ulysses and Diomedes. II, 235.

Pallante'um belonging to Pallas (see MINERVA); first a city in Arcadia, EVANDER'S original home, then the city founded by Evander in Italy on the Palatine Hill at the site which was to be that of Rome. VIII, 69.

Pal'las

1. a Greek name for MINERVA. I, 59.
2. an Arcadian hero, ancestor of Evander. VIII, 66.
3. the young son of Evander who fights on the side of Aeneas. VII, 136.

Pal'mus a soldier of Aeneas. x, 955.

Pan Arcadian god of woods and shepherds; he is goat-footed and satyr-faced. VIII, 451.

Pan'darus

1. a Trojan soldier, son of Lycaon (in the *Iliad*) and brother of Eurytion. He broke the truce between the Trojans and the Greeks by shooting an arrow at Menelaus. v, 654.
2. a Trojan, son of Alcanor (1), and brother of Bitias. IX, 898.

Panope'a a Nereid. v, 1091.

Pa'nopes a Sicilian, contender in the foot race. v, 397.

Panta'gias river of Sicily. III, 890.

Pan'thus a Trojan. He was a priest of Apollo. II, 434.

Pa'phos a city of Cyprus. It was famous as a center of the worship of Venus. I, 591.

Pa'rian of PAROS. I, 833.

Pa'ris son of King Priam of Troy and his queen Hecuba; brother of Hector, Polites, Polydorus, Helenus, and Deiphobus. Before his birth, Hecuba dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the city. The baby was exposed but saved and brought up by a kindly shepherd. Grown to manhood, he returned to Troy, was recognized, and restored to his place in the royal family. When Eris (Strife) threw down a golden apple marked "For the Fairest," Venus, Juno, and Minerva all claimed the apple as prize, and Paris, the handsomest of mortal men, was asked to arbitrate the dispute. Each goddess tried to bribe him; he decided in favor of Venus and accepted her bribe—Helen, wife of Menelaus, most beautiful of women. This act precipitated the Trojan War. I, 42.

Pa'ros an Aegean island famous for its white (Parian) marble. III, 170.

Parthe'nus a Trojan. x, 1026.

Parthenopae'us king of Argos and one of the Seven against Thebes. VI, 631.

- Par'thians** a Middle Eastern people, famous for their archers who sent their "Parthian shots" even when in full retreat from a pursuing enemy. In 53 B.C., they defeated the Roman army at Carrhae in Mesopotamia and captured the Roman standards, which Augustus later recovered by treaty. VII, 801.
- Pasi'phaë** wife of MINOS and queen of Crete, mother of Minotaur by a bull. VI, 34.
- Pa'tron** a companion of Aeneas, contender in the foot race. v, 393.
- Pelas'gians** an extremely ancient, perhaps aboriginal, people of Greece and, according to certain traditions, of Italy. VIII, 779.
- Pe'leus** husband of Thetis, father of ACHILLES. II, 364.
- Pe'lias** a Trojan who fights beside Aeneas at the fall of Troy. II, 585.
- Pe'lops** an early king in Greece, from whom the Peloponnesus takes its name; an ancestor of Agamemnon and Menelaus. II, 274.
- Pelo'rus** a promontory on the northeastern tip of Sicily. It marks the western side of the Strait of Messina. III, 536.
- Pene'leüs** a Greek warrior. II, 571.
- Penthesile'a** Queen of the AMAZONS, women warriors, ally of Troy. She was slain by ACHILLES. I, 693.
- Pen'theus** king of Thebes who opposed the worship of Bacchus. He was driven mad by the god and torn to pieces by his own mother while she was in a state of Bacchic frenzy. Virgil is alluding to Euripides' *Bacchae*. IV, 647.
- Per'gamum** the name given by Aeneas to his city in Crete. III, 178.
- Per'gamus** the citadel of Troy; thus, generally, Troy. I, 660.
- Peridi'a** mother of Onites. XII, 696.
- Pe'riphas** a Greek who is a companion of Pyrrhus at the fall of Troy. II, 636.
- Pete'lia** a town of Lucania in southern Italy, founded by Philoctetes. III, 522.
- Phaeä'cians** a (mythical) people living off the western coast of Greece at Corcyra (Scheria in the *Odyssey*)—perhaps what is now Corfu. In the *Odyssey* they receive Ulysses with hospitality. III, 376.
- Phae'dra** daughter of Minos, King of Crete; second wife of THESEUS. She fell in love with her stepson HIPPOLYTUS, and when he rejected her accused him falsely, causing his death. She committed suicide. VI, 587.
- Pha'ethon** son of Helios, the god of the sun, and Clymene. He tried to drive the sun chariot across the skies but lost control of the fiery horses. As the chariot plunged earthward, threatening worldwide conflagration, Jupiter struck Phaethon dead with his

thunderbolt. The sisters of Phaethon, grieving for him, were turned into poplars. v, 144.

Pha'leris a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. IX, 1014.

Pha'ros an Italian, adversary of Aeneas. x, 446.

Phe'geus

1. a servant of Aeneas. v, 346.

2. a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the attack of Turnus. IX, 1019.

3. another Trojan, XII, 502.

Phe'neüs a city in Arcadia, VIII, 216.

Phe'res a soldier of Aeneas. x, 574.

Philocte'tes a Greek chieftain who fought against Troy and, after the Trojan war, settled in Italy where he founded Petelia. III, 522.

Phi'neus king of Thrace. Having unjustly blinded his sons, he was himself blinded by the gods, who also sent the Harpies to torment him. III, 280.

Phle'gethon the river of fire in the lower world. VI, 351.

Phle'gyas ruler of the Lapithae, father of Ixion, he was punished in Tartarus for setting fire to Apollo's temple at Delphi. VI, 821.

Phoe'bë DIANA as a moon goddess. x, 305.

Phoe'bus a Greek word meaning bright or radiant; title or epithet of APOLLO. II, 162.

Phonei'cia country on the coast of Syria that included the towns of Tyre and Sidon. I, 485.

Phoeni'cian of PHOENICIA. I, 936.

Phoeni'cians a great trading people from the Eastern Mediterranean. The Tyrians and hence the Carthaginians were of Phoenician stock. I, 426.

Phoe'nix a Greek chieftain. He was the preceptor of Achilles. II, 1029.

Pho'loë Cretan slave girl given by Aeneas as a prize to Sergestus after the boat race. v, 375.

Pho'lus

1. a Centaur. VIII, 386.

2. a Trojan. XII, 460.

Phor'bas a Trojan, companion of Aeneas. Sleep, lulling Palinurus, takes on Phorbas' shape. v, 1112.

Phor'cus

1. a sea deity, son of Pontus and Gaea. v, 1089.

2. father of Cydon and his seven brothers who fight against Aeneas. x, 456.

Phry'gian (adj. and noun) of the place and inhabitants of Phrygia, a region of Asia Minor east of the Troad. Sometimes applied

pejoratively to the Trojans, for the Phrygians were noted for their sloth and effeminacy. I, 254.

Phthi'a a city of Greece, home of Achilles. I, 399.

Pi'cus Italian god of agriculture, grandfather of Latinus, father of Faunus, son of Saturn, first king of Latium. Circe changed him into a woodpecker after he spurned her love; his name means "woodpecker" in Latin. VII, 60.

Pilum'nus an old Italian god whom Virgil makes the ancestor of Turnus on his mother's side. IX, 5.

Pina'rii members of the *gens Pinaria*, one of the two clans responsible for conducting the rites of Hercules at Rome (cf. Livy, I, 7). Also see Potitius. VIII, 353.

Piri'thoüs son of Ixion and a friend of Theseus. He helped Theseus in his attempt to carry off Proserpina from the lower world. As punishment, he was placed in chains forever. VI, 518.

Pi'sa an Etruscan city thought to have been founded by colonists from the city of Pisa in Elis, Greece, which stood on the River ALPHESUS. X, 252.

Plemy'rium Sicilian promontory near Syracuse. III, 896.

Plu'to ruler of the lower world, also called Orcus, Dis, and Hades. VII, 434.

Podali'rius a Trojan. XII, 414.

Poli'tes young son of Priam. He is slain by PYRRHUS. II, 707.

Pol'lux son of Jupiter by LEDA. He and his twin brother, Castor, are called the Dioscuri ("sons of Zeus"). When Castor's time came to die, Pollux interceded for him, and it was granted that each brother should spend his days alternately in the lower world and in the world above. VI, 168.

Polyboe'tes Trojan priest of Ceres, whose shade is met by Aeneas in the lower world. VI, 637.

Polydo'rus son of Priam treacherously murdered by the king of Thrace. III, 58.

Polyph'e'mus a CYCLOPS whom Ulysses blinded. III, 817.

Pome'tia Volscian town of Latium. VI, 1023.

Pom'pey (the Great) 106-48 B.C., illustrious Roman general, ally of Julius Caesar and wed to Caesar's daughter Julia; after Julia's death in 54 B.C., opponent of Caesar in the Civil Wars. Defeated by Caesar at Pharsalia, then murdered in Egypt. VI, 1102.

Populo'nia a seaport and source of Etruscan arms, located near Elba. X, 243.

Porsen'na "Lars Porsenna of Clusium," an Etruscan king who made war on Rome to reestablish the rule of TARQUIN, who had been dethroned and banished by the Romans. VII, 838.

Portu'nus the god of harbors. v, 318.

Poti'tius eponymous ancestor of the *gens Potitia*, one of two family groups which were responsible, in historic times, for conducting rites of Hercules at Rome (cf. LIVY, I, 7). Also see PINARII. VIII, 352.

Praenes'tē ancient city of Latium, modern Palestrina. VII, 894.

Pri'am

1. son of Laomedon and king of Troy. I, 649.

2. son of Polites and grandson of Priam (1). v, 741.

Priver'num city of the Volscians in Latium, birthplace of Camilla (cf. Livy VIII, 1). XI, 709.

Priver'nus a Rutulian. IX, 767.

Pro'cas a king of Alba Longa, shown to Aeneas by Anchises in Elysium. VI, 1013.

Pro'chyta a small island just off the Campanian coast near the promontory of Misenum. Modern Procida. XI, 956.

Pro'cris wife of Cephalus. To reassure herself of her husband's fidelity, she followed him when he went hunting. He heard a rustling in the covert where she was hidden and launched his javelin at what he supposed to be game; she was mortally wounded. VI, 587.

Pro'molus a Trojan. IX, 765.

Proser'pina Greek Persephone, daughter of Ceres, the goddess of grain; she was the wife of Pluto. IV, 961.

Pro'teus a sea deity with prophetic powers, able to assume various shapes. Menelaus, returning with Helen after the Trojan war, was driven by storm to the island of Pharos, on the Egyptian coast, where he encountered Proteus (*Odyssey*, IV, 81 ff.). Virgil imagines the pillars of Proteus at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, near Egypt, like the pillars of Hercules at the western end. XI, 344.

Pry'tanis a Trojan defending Aeneas' camp against the Rutulian attack. He is killed by Turnus. IX, 1023.

Pu'nic Phoenician; and thus, also, Carthaginian. I, 477.

Pygma'lion Dido's brother, murderer of her husband, Sychaeus. I, 489.

Pyrac'mon see CYCLOPS. VIII, 557.

Pyr'gi a city in Etruria which sent troops to Aeneas. X, 258.

Pyr'go nurse in Priam's household. v, 850.

Pyr'rhus son of Achilles (also called NEOPTOLEMUS). On the last night of Troy he killed Polites, young son of Priam and Hecuba, before their very eyes; then he killed Priam himself at his own altar. He carried off Andromache—Hector's widow—and Helenus—another son of Priam—as prizes. Pyrrhus married Hermione, the

daughter of Helen and Menelaus, and the betrothed of Orestes. For this, Pyrrhus was slain by ORESTES. II, 627.

Quer'cens a Rutulian, one of the force attacking Aeneas' camp. IX, 915.

Quiri'nal see QUIRINUS. VII, 247.

Quiri'nus ancient Italian deity, later identified with the deified ROMULUS. His name may mean "the spear bearer." That which relates to Quirinus or Romulus is called "Quirinal" or "Quirine." VI, 1147.

Quiri'tes inhabitants of CURES, a Sabine town, birthplace of Numa. In historical times, as opposed to the legendary ones when the action of the *Aeneid* takes place, "Quirites" is the designation of Roman citizens. VII, 934.

Ra'po an Etruscan. X, 1026.

Re'mulus

1. a warrior from Tibur, guest and friend of Caedicus. IX, 480.
2. surname of NUMANUS. IX, 792.
3. a Rutulian. XI, 837.

Re'mus

1. son of Mars and ILIA (or Rhea Silvia), brother of ROMULUS. After Romulus had received the favorable omen of the gods, designating him to found the city that would be Rome, Remus leaped derisively over his brother's newly begun city wall. Incensed, Romulus killed him. I, 412.
2. a Rutulian, one of the force surrounding Aeneas' camp. IX, 441.

Rhadaman'thus brother of MINOS. In life he was a ruler of Crete and famed for justice; after death he became a judge in the lower world. VI, 749.

Rham'nes a Rutulian chief and augur of Turnus, one of the force besieging Aeneas' camp. IX, 432.

Rhe'a a priestess who became the mother of AVENTINUS by Hercules. VII, 872.

Rhe'sus an ally of Troy who came from Thrace to give aid against the Greeks but was slain by Diomedes on the very night of his arrival. It was believed that Troy could not be taken if the horses of Rhesus tasted the grass or drank the water of Troy. These horses were therefore carried off by Diomedes and Ulysses before they could feed. I, 665.

Rhine identical with the modern river. VIII, 949.

Rhoe'bus or **Rhae'bus** the war-horse of MEZENTIUS. X, 1181

Rhoete'an of Rhoeteum, near Troy; by extension, Trojan III, 143.

Rhoe'teus a soldier of Turnus. X, 554.

Rhoe'tus

1. a Rutulian, one of the troop before the Trojans' camp. IX, 464.

2. a Marsian, forebear of Anchemolus. X, 538.

Ri'pheus a Trojan. He fights at the side of Aeneas during Troy's last night. II, 462.

Ro'man adj. and noun for the people of Rome. I, 388.

Rome chief city of Latium and the Roman empire, founded in 754 or 753 B.C. I, 12.

Ro'mulus mythical founder of Rome in 754 or 753 B.C., son of Mars by ILIA (Rhea Silvia). According to legend he and his brother REMUS were nursed by a she-wolf. See TATIUS for Romulus' joint rulership with him. Romulus subsequently disappeared in a thunderstorm. For his identification with QUIRINUS, see that entry. I, 385.

Ro'seān of Rosea, a district in Sabine territory, near Reate, the modern Rieti, famous for the rearing of horses. VII, 937.

Ru'frae a city in Campania. VII, 975.

Ru'mor Fama; personification of rumor. IV, 229.

Rutu'lians an Italian people whose ruler was Turnus. VII, 623.

Sabae'an of Saba, or Sheba, in Arabia, famous for its perfumes. I, 594.

Sa'bines an ancient people of Italy. When Romulus needed women for his settlement, he invited the Sabines to a festival; when all were at the theater, his men, at a given signal, carried off the Sabine women. Also see TATIUS. VII, 932.

Sabi'nus fabled ancestor of the Sabines. VII, 237.

Sa'ces a Latin. XII, 864.

Sacra'nians a people of Latium that fought under Turnus. VII, 1046.

Sacra'tor an Etruscan. X, 1025.

Sa'garis servant of Aeneas. V, 346.

Sagun'tine pike, from Saguntum (Livy XXI, 8). A large, heavy iron-tipped spear bearing lighted tow or pitch and hurled by a catapult or similar machine. In the *Aeneid* Turnus throws one by hand. The Latin text has *phalarica*, but with the text of Livy and Conington's notes at hand, I have used "Saguntine pike." IX, 943.

Sa'lamis the kingdom ruled by Telamon, husband of Priam's sister Hesione. VIII, 206.

Sa'lian priests variant used in this translation for SALIL. VIII, 860.

Sa'lii "leapers"; members of an old Roman priesthood whose ritual included singing and dancing. Though they are chiefly known as priests of Mars, there is ancient authority supporting Virgil's depiction of them as participating in the rites of Hercules. VIII, 374.

Sa'lius

1. a companion of Aeneas. He is a contestant in the foot race. V, 393.

2. a Rutulian. X, 1034.

Sallenti'ni a people of coastal Calabria. III, 521.

Salmo'neus king of Elis, punished in Tartarus for his impious counterfeiting of Jupiter's might when he imitated lightning with burning torches. VI, 774.

Sa'mē an island near Ithaca. III, 350.

Sa'mos

1. an Aegean island off the coast of Asia Minor. One of Juno's favored places, it was the site of a temple to her that was famous throughout the ancient world. Now Samo. I, 25.

2. another name for SAMOTHRACE. VII, 276.

Sa'mothrace or **Samothra'cia** an island in the Aegean Sea, west of Troy and south of Thrace; now Samothraki. VII, 276.

Sar'nus a river in Campania. VII, 974.

Sarpe'don son of Jupiter, leader of the Lycians, ally of Troy. He fell in the Trojan war (*Iliad*, XVI, 419). I, 141.

Sarras'tes a people of Campania who lived near the river Sarnus. VII, 973.

Sati'culans people of Saticula, a town in Campania, north of Capua. VII, 961.

Sa'tura a swamp supposed to be part of the Pontine marshes. VII, 1052.

Sa'turn identified with the Greek god Cronos; father of Jupiter, Juno, Pluto, and Neptune; after Jupiter dethroned and drove Saturn from Olympus, he settled in Italy, for which reason it is sometimes called Saturnian land. His reign there was a golden age. I, 35.

Satur'nia

1. a city built by Saturn. It is traditionally located on the Capitoline Hill. VIII, 469.

2. another name for Juno, daughter of Saturn. XII, 239.

Satur'nian see SATURNIA (2). V, 798.

Scæ'an "left-hand"; the strongest and best-known gates of Troy. They faced the Grecian camp. II, 827.

Sci'piö

1. Publius Cornelius, Africanus the Elder (236/5–183 B.C.). Conqueror of Hannibal at Zama in 202 B.C. VI, 1121.
2. Publius Scipio Aemilianus (ca. 185–129 B.C.), son of AEMILIUS PAULUS and adopted by the son of Scipio (1); after his destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C., he was called Africanus the Younger. VI, 1121.

Scylace'um city of southern Italy, on a coast dangerous to ships. III, 721.

Scyl'la a sea monster—one of the two personifying the dangers of the Strait of Messina—who ravaged passing ships. I, 280.

Scy'ros an Aegean island, birthplace of PYRRHUS. II, 639.

Sebe'this a nymph, daughter of the river and god Sebethus, near Naples. VII, 968.

Seli'nus a coastal town of western Italy. III, 912.

Seres'tus a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas. I, 857.

Serges'tus a Trojan, comrade of Aeneas, feared lost in the storm: he is seen by Aeneas and Achates at Dido's temple. Founder of the Sergian house, he is commander of the "Centaur" in the boat race in Book V. I, 720.

Ser'gian see SERGESTUS. V, 165.

Serra'nus

1. name for C. Atilius Regulus, consul in 257 B.C. He received the news of his consulship while he was plowing and sowing. *Serere* means "to sow." VI, 1124.
2. a Rutulian killed by Nisus. IX, 446.

Seve'rus a mountain in Sabine territory, to the east of Nursia. VII, 938.

Shades spirits of the dead. I, 771.

Si'byl a prophetic priestess. V, 970.

Sica'nian Sicilian; from the name of a race of early inhabitants who apparently emigrated to Sicily from Italy. VII, 1045.

Sici'lian of SICILY. I, 774.

Si'cily modern Sicily. Also see TRINACRIA. I, 51.

Si'dicine of the Sidicines, a people of Campania whose capital was Teanum, modern Teano. VII, 957.

Si'don a Phoenician city near Tyre. Tyre was an offshoot of Sidon. I, 869.

Sido'nian of SIDON. I, 632.

Sige'an of SIGEUM. VII, 387.

- Sige'um** a promontory near Troy. II, 426.
- Si'la** a mountain forest in Bruttium, now Calabria. XII, 950.
- Silva'nus** Italian woodland god. VIII, 781.
- Sil'via** daughter of TYRRHUS. When Ascanius unknowingly kills her pet deer, she calls upon the Latins nearby to fight the Trojans. VII, 643.
- Sil'vius** foreordained son of Aeneas and Lavinia. VI, 1008.
- Sil'vius Aene'as** an Alban king who, according to the accepted story, was long kept from the throne. VI, 1015.
- Si'mois** one of the rivers of Troy. I, 141.
- Si'non** Greek infiltrator who gained asylum in Troy with his story of having fled because Ulysses was plotting to have him offered up as a human sacrifice. He released the Greek soldiers from the wooden horse. II, 110.
- Si'rens** beautiful maidens, or creatures with women's faces and the bodies of birds. Their sweet singing lured sailors to destruction on the rocks which they inhabited. See *Odyssey*, XII, V, 1153.
- Sorac'te** a mountain, not far to the north of, and visible from, Rome. On it was a temple to Apollo. VII, 916.
- Spa'nish** same as the modern word. VII, 876.
- Spar'ta** a city-state of Greece, the home of Menelaus and his wife Helen. In historic times a small military caste exercised ruthless control there over a much larger enslaved population; both boys and girls of this upper class received rigorous physical training. I, 447.
- Spi'o** a Nereid, V, 1092.
- Star of Morning** Lucifer, the son of Aurora and father of Ceyx. II, 1078.
- Ste'ropes** See CYCLOPS. VIII, 556.
- Sthe'nelus**
1. a Greek warrior (in the *Iliad* he is Diomedes' charioteer) concealed in the wooden horse. II, 361.
 2. a Trojan. XII, 460.
- Sthe'nus** a Rutulian, adversary of PALLAS (3). X, 536.
- Stro'phades** islands of the Ionian Sea, supposed dwelling of the Harpies. III, 275.
- Strymo'nian** of the Strymon, a river in Thrace, home of the cranes. X, 369.
- Strymo'nus** a soldier of Aeneas. X, 575.
- Sty'gian** of the STYX. III, 284.
- Styx** the flood of deadly hate, a river in the lower world. Those dead who had the right to passage were ferried across the Styx by Charon and took up residence in the lower world. The others are

displaced persons who crowded its nearer bank. An oath sworn by the Styx was unbreakable, even for the gods. VI, 187.

Su'cro a Rutulian. XII, 681.

Sul'mo

1. a Rutulian in the troop of Volcens. IX, 550.

2. an Italian whose sons fought for Turnus. X, 714.

Sy'baris a Trojan. XII, 491.

Sychnae'us Dido's husband, murdered by her brother, Pygmalion. I, 484.

Symae'thus a river of eastern Sicily, near Mount Etna. IX, 778.

Syr'tes a sandbank, and especially the treacherous sandbanks of two wide gulfs off the shores of northern Africa, the Greater Syrtis off Tripoli and the Lesser Syrtis off Tunis. In plural: Syrtes. Also used of the coastal regions facing the Syrtes. VI, 85.

Syr'tis see SYRTES. IV, 54.

Tabur'nus range of mountains in Campania. XII, 950.

Ta'gus one of the men of Volcens. IX, 559.

Ta'lon a Rutulian. XII, 693.

Ta'nais a Rutulian. XII, 694.

Tar'chon an Etruscan, chief of Agylla (CAERE), ally of Aeneas. VIII, 656.

Taren'tum famous port city and bay of southern Italy, modern Taranto. See HERCULES. III, 717.

Tarpe'ia (trisyllable; the "i" counts as a consonantal "y"): a comrade of Camilla. Not the Tarpeia of the Tarpeian rock. XI, 863.

Tarpe'ian house see TARPEIAN ROCK. VIII, 454.

Tarpe'ian rock located on the Capitoline hill, it was a place of execution from which criminals were hurled to their deaths. It was named after a Roman, Tarpeia, who betrayed Rome out of her love for the Sabine king Titus Tatius. VIII, 846.

Tar'quin Etruscan name borne by two kings of Rome; one of them was Tarquin the Proud, whose expulsion by Lucius Junius BRUTUS in 510 B.C. ended the kingship at Rome. VI, 1083.

Tar'quitus an Italian, son of Faunus and Dryope, a warrior of Turnus. X, 760.

Tarta'reän of TARTARUS. VI, 391.

Tar'tarus the region of the lower world where punishment was inflicted on the Shades of the guilty. IV, 325.

Ta'tius King of the SABINES, ruling at CURES. Following the rape of the Sabine women, he led a punitive expedition against the Romans but was finally reconciled with them through the inter-

vention of the women themselves. He then shared the kingship of the two peoples, now united, with Romulus. VIII, 827.

Te'geän of Tegea, a town in ARCADIA. V, 395.

Tele'boäns a people whom Homer describes as pirates in the Ionian islands. Later they, or some of them, occupied Capri. VII, 970.

Te'lon ruler of the Teleboans on Capri; he was the father of OEBALUS by the nymph Sebethis. VII, 967.

Te'nedos a small island in the Aegean Sea near Troy. II, 30.

Te'reus a Trojan, killed by Camilla. XI, 889.

Te'trica a mountain of Italy, in Sabine territory. VII, 938.

Teu'cer

1. an ancient king of Troy, after whom the domain is sometimes called Teucra and the people Teucrians. I, 330.
2. a Greek, half-brother of the Telamonian Ajax. (This is the Ajax who, vanquished by Ulysses in the contest for the arms left by Achilles, went mad and committed suicide.) Teucer was banished by his father for having failed to bring his brother safely home from the wars. Migrating to Cyprus, he founded the city of Salamis. I, 868.

Teu'crians see TEUCER (1). I, 346.

Teuth'ras an ally of Aeneas. X, 559.

Teu'tons the German peoples. Some invaded Italy with the Cimbri and were routed by Caius Marius in 102 and 101 B.C. VII, 977.

Thae'mon brother of SARPEDON. X, 180.

Thali'a a sea nymph. V, 1092.

Tha'myris a Trojan. XII, 461.

Thap'sus coastal city of eastern Sicily. III, 891.

Thau'mas father of IRIS. IX, 6.

Theä'no mother of MIMAS by AMYCUS (4). X, 964.

Thebes capital of Boeotia, scene of Euripides' *Bacchae*. See PENTHEUS. IV, 649.

Themil'las a Trojan. IX, 768.

Thermo'don a river in Asia Minor, flowing into the Black Sea in Amazon country. XI, 869.

The'ron an Italian, adversary of Aeneas. X, 430.

Thersi'lochus

1. a warrior, son of Antenor; a Trojan whose Shade Aeneas meets in the lower world. VI, 636.
2. a Trojan. XII, 491.

The'seus son of the Athenian king Aegeus; he killed the Minotaur and carried off Ariadne, but then deserted her. Later he undertook to help his friend PIRITHOUS carry off Proserpina from the lower world. VI, 43.

- Thessan'drus** a Greek, concealed in the wooden horse. II, 361.
- The'tis** a sea goddess, daughter of Nereus, wife of Peleus, and mother of Achilles. v, 1090.
- Tho'as**
1. a Greek in the wooden horse. II, 363.
 2. a soldier of Aeneas. x, 577.
- Thrace** a region in northwestern Greece, favorite home of Mars. I, 448.
- Thra'cia** THRACE. XII, 452.
- Thra'cians** the people of THRACE. II, 20.
- Thro'nus** a Trojan. x, 1034.
- Thy'bris** an ancient Italian king, reputedly a brigand. From his death in battle along its banks, the river TIBER is supposed to derive its name. VIII, 431.
- Thym'ber** a Rutulian, son of Daucus and twin brother of Larides. He is with the army of Turnus. x, 540.
- Thym'bra** a city in the Troad, a center of Apollo's worship. III, 112.
- Thymbrae'us** a Trojan. XII, 615.
- Thym'bris** an old soldier of Aeneas. He appears in the front line of defense at the Trojans' camp. x, 178.
- Thymo'e'tes**
1. a Trojan. II, 47.
 2. son of Hicetaon; he is shown in the front line of defense at the Trojans' camp. x, 177.
 3. a Trojan, perhaps the same as Thymoetes (2). XII, 492.
- Ti'ber** river in Italy. Rome was founded on the Tiber's left bank, some fourteen miles from its mouth at Ostia. I, 22.
- Tiberi'nus** god of the river Tiber. VIII, 38.
- Ti'bur** ancient town of Italy not far from Rome on the river Anio; its founders were emigrants from Greece. VII, 832.
- Ti'burtines** (following the OED accent for the adjective Ti'burtine) or Tibur'tines (the line allows both) people of TIBUR. XI, 1005.
- Tibur'tus** one of the three brothers—grandsons of Amphiarus, a king of Argos—who founded Tibur, to which he gave his name. VII, 886.
- Tima'vus** a river in northern Italy; it flows into the Adriatic with a very swift current. I, 341.
- Tiryn'thius** an epithet of Hercules, from Tiryns, a city near Argos in the Peloponnesus. The mother of Hercules was a daughter of the king of Tiryns. VII, 873.
- Tisi'phonē** one of the Furies. VI, 755.
- Ti'tan** one of the Titans, pre-Olympian deities. One of them, Hyperion ("Going-on-High"), was lord of the sun. IV, 769.

- Titho' nus** consort of AURORA. She won for him the gift of eternal life but forgot to ask for that of eternal youth as well. IV, 806.
- Ti'työs** a giant. He was killed by Apollo and Diana and punished in Tartarus for his attempt to violate their mother, Latona. VI, 789.
- Tma'rian** of Epirus; from Tmarus, a mountain there. V, 818.
- Tma'rus** a Rutulian participating in the attack on Aeneas' camp. IX, 915.
- Tolum'nius** an Italian augur who fights on the side of Turnus. XI, 567.
- Torqua'tus, Ti'tus Man'lius** his cognomen supposedly came from a collar (*torques*) taken as spoil from a giant Celt he killed in single combat; a consul who put to death his own son, in 340 B.C., for disobeying orders. See BRUTUS for another early consul who put his own sons to death. VI, 1094.
- Trina'criä** (appears only as four syllables in this translation) Sicily, so called because it was "three-cornered," with three capes—PELORUS, PACHYNUS, LILYBAEUM. III, 499.
- Tri'ton** a sea divinity, the son of NEPTUNE (Poseidon) and Amphitrite. He was famous as a musician for blowing his conch horn. I, 203.
- Trito'nian** an epithet of Minerva (Pallas Athena), from Lake Tritonis in Libya, near which she was supposed to have been born. II, 830.
- Tri'via** see DIANA and HECATE. This translation uses Diana for Trivia in its nine occurrences.
- Tro'ilus** son of Priam, slain by Achilles. I, 671.
- Tro'jan** adj. and noun for the people of TROY. As a noun, usually a soldier from Troy. I, 46.
- Troy** city located on the northwest coast of Asia Minor, in the region called the Troad, at the southern entrance to the Hellespont (Dardanelles). The traditional date for its destruction is 1180 B.C. I, 3.
- Tul'la** a comrade of Camilla. XI, 863.
- Tullus (Hostilius)** third king of Rome, according to tradition; he was the conqueror and destroyer of ALBA LONGA. VI, 1078.
- Tur' nus** king of the Rutulians and Aeneas' rival for the hand of Lavinia. VII, 69.
- Tus'can** Etruscan, relating to the people who may have come originally from Asia Minor and who settled the district of Etruria to the north of Latium. Their civilization—showing in its artifacts some Greek influence—had much influence on the civilization of the Romans. Synonyms are Etrurian, Lydian, Maeonian, Tyrrhenian. VII, 53.

- Tus'cany** ETRURIA. See TUSCAN, VIII, 660.
- Ty'deus** a Greek, father of Diomedes. II, 232.
- Tynda'reös** Leda's mortal husband, sometimes spoken of as the father of Helen. II, 763.
- Typho'eän** (Milton and, thus, the OED syllabify and accent as "Typhoe'an") from Typhoeus, one of the rebellious giants whom Jupiter slew with his thunderbolts. I, 930.
- Typho'eus** see TYPHOEAN. VII, 393.
- Tyre** commercial, maritime city of Phoenicia. It was famous for its purple dye. I, 20.
- Ty'res** an Arcadian ally of Aeneas. X, 59.
- Ty'rian** of TYRE. I, 553.
- Ty'rians** people of TYRE. I, 624.
- Tyrrhe'nian** an arm of the Mediterranean between the western coast of Italy and the eastern coasts of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Sometimes used synonymously with TUSCAN. I, 98.
- Tyrrhe'nus** an Etruscan. XI, 806.
- Tyr'rhus** keeper of the herds, or "chief ranger," for Latinus. He is the father of SILVIA. VII, 641.
- Uca'legon** a Trojan. II, 425.
- U'fens**
1. a "highlander," ally of Turnus, chief of the Aequi. VII, 982.
 2. a river in Latium. VII, 1053.
- Ulys'es** one of the greatest of the Greek chieftains besieging Troy. He was renowned for his sagacity; Virgil, from the Trojan side, depicts him as a wily schemer. From his home in Ithaca, he is sometimes called "the Ithacan." He is the central figure of the *Odyssey*. II, 10.
- Um'brian** from Umbria, a region of north-central Italy, well known for its hunting dogs. XII, 998.
- Um'bro** Marsian warrior-priest, magician, and snake charmer VII, 989.
- Va'lerus** an Etruscan. X, 1032.
- Ve'lia** a bay and then an Italian coastal city south of Salerno. VI, 481.
- Veli'nus** name of an Italian lake and river. The river is a tributary to the Nar, which meets it in a waterfall. The Velinus' waters are sulphurous. VII, 682.
- Veni'lia** an Italian nymph, mother of Turnus. X, 105.
- Ve'nulus** an Italian, messenger of Turnus to Diomedes. VIII, 10.

Ve'nus Greek Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty; daughter of Jupiter by Dione; mother by Anchises of Aeneas. She is especially devoted to the Trojans; on Olympus her husband is Vulcan; she is the mother of Cupid. Later, she is the tutelary goddess of the house of the Caesars. I, 318.

Ves'ta goddess of the hearth and hearth fire. I, 410.

Ve'sulus mountain of the Italian Alps in Liguria, modern Mt. Viso; the river Po has its source there. X, 971.

Vir'bius

1. a name given to HIPPOLYTUS when, after his resurrection, he lived in Italy (supposedly from *vir bis*, because he lived twice as a man). VII, 999.

2. son of HIPPOLYTUS and Aricia. He is an ally of Turnus. VII, 1021.

Vol'cens a Latin, leader of cavalry sent as reinforcements to Turnus. IX, 494.

Vol'scian (adj.) of the VOLSCIANS. XI, 615.

Vol'scians a people inhabiting Latium, south of Rome, near the river Liris. VII, 1055.

Voltur'nus a river of Campania. VII, 960.

Vo'lusus a warrior on the "general staff" of Turnus. XI, 614.

Vul'can Greek Hephaestus, god of fire and of the forge; his name gives us the word volcano. Vulcan fashions the thunderbolts of Jupiter with the help of the CYCLOPS (2). His home is on the island of VULCANIA. II, 424.

Vulca'nia home of VULCAN, an island off northeastern Sicily. VIII, 554.

Xan'thus

1. a river of Troy. I, 670.

2. a river in Lycia, near a town of the same name; modern Essenide. IV, 192.

Zacyn'thus an island in the Ionian Sea near Ithaca. III, 350.

Ze'phyrs in general, winds. The Zephyr is the personification of a mild, warm, westerly Italian wind, coinciding with the melting of snows and the beginning of spring. IV, 298.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The following list of works is meant to serve three purposes. It is a partial record of the many indebtednesses incurred as I worked on this translation; it offers suggestions for further reading to readers of this translation; it will help less experienced librarians with convenient indications for a basic and a beyond-the-basic Virgil shelf. The third purpose is always at peace with the first two; the first and second purpose most often coincide, but at times they do not.

COMMENTARIES

The basic commentary always before me as I worked was the three-volume edition by John Conington and Henry Nettleship, *P. Vergili Maronis opera. The Works of Virgil with a Commentary*. Vol. 1 has introductory material, the *Eclogues*, and the *Georgics*; Vol. 2, the *Aeneid* 1–6; Vol. 3, the *Aeneid* 7–12. (Vol. 1, 5th ed. further revised by F. Haverfield, London 1898; Vol. 2, 4th ed. London 1884; Vol. 3, 3rd ed. London 1883. All three vols. repr. Hildesheim 1963.) Other commentaries consulted were: J. W. Mackail, *The Aeneid* (Oxford 1930); T. E. Page, *The Aeneid of Virgil* (2 vols. 1900; latest repr. London and New York 1964); Chr. Gottl. Heyne, *P. Virgilii Maronis opera* (5 vols. 4th ed. edited by G. P. E. Wagner, Leipzig and London 1830–1841; repr. Hildesheim 1968), with the *Aeneid* commentary in Vols. 2 and 3. Servius and Servius Danielis were consulted in Vols. 1 and 2 of G. Thilo's edition, *Servii Grammatici qui feruntur in Vergilii carmina commentarii* (3 vols., the last in two parts, with the second part edited by G. Hagen, 1881–1902; repr. Leipzig and Berlin, 1923; repr. Hildesheim 1961) and in the two volumes that have appeared so far of *Servianorum in Vergilii carmina commentatorium editionis Harvardianae* (Vol. 2, with seven editors, covering *Aeneid* 1–2, Lancaster, Pa. 1946; Vol. 3, edited by A. F. Stocker and A. H. Travis, covering *Aeneid* 3–5, Oxford 1965). For a brief, clear discussion of the Servius and Servius Danielis question see Arthur F. Stocker, "Servius servus

magistrorum," *Vergilius* 9 (1963) 7-14. Also used: James Henry, *Aeneidea* (4 vols. plus an Appendix volume, London-Dublin-Meissen 1873-1892).

Editions and commentaries on individual books of the *Aeneid* which I used: Book 1, R. S. Conway (Cambridge 1935); Book 2, R. G. Austin (Oxford 1964); Book 3, R. D. Williams (Oxford 1962); Book 4, Corso Buscaroli (*Il libro di Didone*, Milan 1932), A. S. Pease (Cambridge, Mass. 1935), Ettore Paratore (Rome 1947), R. G. Austin (Oxford 1955), and Alfred Schmitz (*Infelix Dido*, Gembloux 1960); Book 5, R. D. Williams (Oxford 1960); Book 6, Eduard Norden (3rd ed. 1927 but with preface dated 1928; 4th ed. Darmstadt 1957), the finest edition we have of any of the books of the *Aeneid*, with supplementary material that is invaluable; Book 7, W. Warde Fowler (*Virgil's Gathering of the Clans*, Oxford 1916); Book 8, W. Warde Fowler (*Aeneas at the Site of Rome*, Oxford 1917); Book 12, W. Warde Fowler (*The Death of Turnus*, Oxford 1919) and W. S. Maguiness (London 1953).

TEXTS

Editions of the *Aeneid*—alone or as part of the complete works—primarily useful for their texts were: F. A. Hirtzel, *P. Vergili Maronis opera* (Oxford 1900; often reprinted); Remigio Sabbadini (3rd ed. edited by L. Castiglioni, Turin and elsewhere 1945); H. R. Fairclough, *Virgil* (2 vols. 2nd ed. London and Cambridge, Mass. 1934; often reprinted), the Loeb Classics edition with facing English translation in prose. Hirtzel's Oxford Classical Texts edition has now been "replaced" by R. A. B. Mynors' *P. Vergili Maronis opera* (Oxford 1969), which appeared too late for my use. I have usually followed Fairclough's text.

CONCORDANCE AND DICTIONARIES

The concordance used was M. N. Wetmore, *Index verborum Vergilianus* (New Haven 1911; repr. 1930; repr. Darmstadt 1961). Dictionaries consulted: H. Merguet, *Lexicon zu Vergilius* (1912; repr. Hildesheim 1960); the larger G. A. Koch, *Vollständiges Wörterbuch zu den Gedichten des P. Vergilius Maro* (5th ed. Hannover 1875); the smaller G. A. Koch, *Schulwörterbuch zur Aeneide*, ed. V. H. Koch (2nd ed. revised by H. Georges, Hannover 1890); and the standard C. T. Lewis and C. Short, *A Latin Dictionary* (Oxford 1879; often reprinted). The first fascicle of the Oxford Latin Dictionary, now in progress, appeared in 1968, too late for much use.

EARLY LIVES OF VIRGIL

For the texts of the early lives of Virgil, see the edition by Colin Hardie, *Vitae Vergilianae antiquae* (latest ed. Oxford 1966).

SECONDARY WORKS

The following selection of secondary works covers Virgil's art, life, and times. (I have not had space here to note works on Virgil's after-life on earth, his influence, and on the translations of Virgil.) Books are listed in chronological order (following the dates of the first edition), but where more than one work of a man is listed, all his titles follow immediately. Starred items are those most useful for the beginning student of Virgil: C.-A. Sainte-Beuve, *Etude sur Virgile* (1857; 3rd ed. Paris 1878); W. Y. Sellar, *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Virgil* (1877; 3rd ed. Oxford 1897); T. R. Glover, *Virgil* (London and New York 1912; revised ed. of *Studies in Virgil*, London 1904); Richard Heinze, *Virgils epische Technik* 1903; 3rd. ed. Leipzig 1915; repr. with the sole addition of a paragraph noting that no changes have been made, Leipzig 1928; repr. Darmstadt 1957); A. Bellesort, *Virgile, son oeuvre et son temps* (Paris 1920); Tenney Frank, *Vergil: A Biography* (1922; repr. New York 1965); A. Cartault, *L'art de Virgile dans l'Enéide* (2 vols. Paris 1926); D. L. Drew, *The Allegory of the Aeneid* (Oxford 1927); Henry W. Prescott, *The Development of Virgil's Art* (Chicago 1927) using Heinze's work freely, and therefore very useful for those without German; John Sparrow, *Half-lines and Repetitions in Virgil* (Oxford 1931); W. F. Jackson Knight, *Vergil: Epic and Anthropology*, ed. John Christie (London 1967) reprints, with corrections, his *Vergil's Troy: Essays on the Second Book of the Aeneid* (1932), *Cumaeae Gates: A Reference of the Sixth Aeneid to the Initiation Pattern* (1936), and "The Holy City of the East," which first appeared in *Vergilius* 2 (January 1939); also W. F. Jackson Knight's *Accentual Symmetry in Vergil* (1939; repr. Oxford 1950) and his richest work on Virgil's style, * *Roman Vergil* (1944; revised ed. London 1966); Cyril Bailey, * *Religion in Virgil* (Oxford 1935); L.-A. Constans, *L'Enéide de Virgile* (Paris 1938); André Cordier, *Etudes sur le vocabulaire épique dans l'Enéide* (Paris 1939); Ronald Syme, * *The Roman Revolution* (1939; latest repr. London-Oxford-New York 1968); C. M. Bowra, *From Virgil to Milton* (London 1945) 1-85; Ettore Paratore, *Virgilio* (1945; 3rd ed. Florence 1961); Robert W. Cruttwell, *Virgil's Mind at Work* (Oxford 1946); Viktor Pöschl, *Die Dichtkunst Virgils: Bild und Symbol in der Aeneis* (1950; 2nd ed.

Vienna 1964), Eng. tr. by Gerda Seligson from the first edition as * *The Art of Vergil: Image and Symbol in the Aeneid* (Ann Arbor 1962); A. M. Guillemin, *Virgile* (Paris 1951); Jacques Perret, *Virgile, l'homme et l'oeuvre* (Paris 1952); Karl Büchner, *P. Vergilius Maro, der Dichter der Römer* (1955, as article on Virgil in Pauly-Wissowa, *Realencyclopädie der classischen Altertumwissenschaft*; repr. separately Stuttgart 1960), a blessing; George E. Duckworth, *Structural Patterns and Proportions in Vergil's Aeneid* (Ann Arbor 1962), a work that will at some points seem maniacal to many and, to use the Russian Formalists' term, insufficiently "motivated" even to those who—like myself—are very bound to structure; more consistently "motivated" are Duckworth's "Vergil's Subjective Style and Its Relation to Meter," *Vergilius*. 12 (1966) 1–9, with useful extensions of the considerations on symmetry in the hexameter line in C. G. Cooper's *An Introduction to the Latin Hexameter* (Melbourne 1952), and Duckworth's recent *Vergil and Classical Hexameter Poetry: A Study in Metrical Variety* (Ann Arbor, 1969); Kenneth Quinn, * *Latin Explorations* (London 1963), for Chapter 2 on Dido and especially Chapter 4 on "The Tempo of Virgilian Epic," and his * *Virgil's "Aeneid": A Critical Description* (Ann Arbor 1968); Thomas Halter, *Form und Gehalt in Vergils Aeneis* (München 1963); Pierre Boyancé, *La religion de Virgile* (Paris 1963); Franz Josef Worstbrock, *Elemente einer Poetik der Aeneis* (Münster, Westf. 1963); Brooks Otis, * *Virgil, A Study in Civilized Poetry* (Oxford 1963 on title page, 1964 on copyright page); Georg Nicolaus Knauer, *Die Aeneis und Homer* (Göttingen 1964); Armando Salvatore, *Introduzione alla lettura di Virgilio* (Naples 1965); Michael C. J. Putnam, * *The Poetry of the Aeneid* (Cambridge, Mass. 1966), on Books 2, 5, 8, 12; Steele Commager, ed., * *Virgil: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 1966), extremely convenient for the essays it reprints by C. M. Bowra, C. S. Lewis, Wendell Clausen, Brooks Otis, Adam Parry, Bernard Knox, R. A. Brooks, and Viktor Pöschl—and, therefore a fine starting place for the general reader; Jean-Paul Brisson, *Virgile* (Paris 1966); Georges Dumézil, *Mythe et épopée: l'idéologie des trois fonctions dans les épopées des peuples indo-européens* (Paris 1968), especially pp. 337–447 on the last six books of the *Aeneid*; William S. Anderson, * *The Art of the Aeneid* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 1969), a brief, modest, clear work for students, but with some indications in the last chapter, on "Translation and Vergilian Style," that were—with Quinn on Virgilian tempo—the outside words closest to my aims in this translation; Donald R. Dudley, ed., * *Virgil* (New York 1969), a collection of essays especially useful for the contributions

by Brooks Otis, A. J. Gossage, J. H. Whitfield, R. D. Williams, and W. F. Jackson Knight, supplementing the Commager collection noted above.

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At the end of any book list on Virgil, one should remember these words of Heyne: "*difficile est Virgilium et sine interprete recte legere, et cum interprete*"; "it is hard to read Virgil right without an interpreter—and with one."

ALLEN MANDELBAUM's five verse volumes are: *Chelmaxioms*, *The Savantasse of Montparnasse*; *Journeyman*; *Leaves of Absence*; and *A Lied of Letterpress*. His volumes of verse translation include *The Aeneid of Virgil*, a University of California Press volume (now Bantam) for which he won a National Book Award; the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso* volumes of the California Dante (now Bantam); the *Odyssey of Homer* (now Bantam); the *Metamorphoses of Ovid*, a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize in poetry; *Ovid in Sicily*; *Selected Poems of Giuseppe Ungaretti*; *Selected Writings of Salvatore Quasimodo*; and *David Maria Turolido*. Mandelbaum is co-editor with Robert Richardson of *Three Centuries of American Poetry* (Bantam Books) and was co-editor, with Yehuda Amichai, of the eight volumes of the JPS Jewish Poetry Series. After his Ph.D. from Columbia, he was in the Society of Fellows at Harvard. While chairman of the Ph.D. program in English at the Graduate Center of CUNY, he was a visiting professor at Washington University in St. Louis, and at the universities of Houston, Denver, Colorado, and Purdue. His honorary degrees are from Notre Dame University, Purdue University, University of Cassino, and the University of Torino. He received the Gold Medal of Honor from the City of Florence in 2000, celebrating the 735th anniversary of Dante's birth, the only translator to be so honored; and in 2003 he received the President of Italy's award for translation. He is now Professor of the History of Literary Criticism at the University of Turin and the W. R. Kenan Professor of Humanities at Wake Forest University.