Aeneid

VIRGIL
70–19 BC

Aeneid

Aeneis

Translated from the Latin with AI (Claude) and edited

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Aeneid · Virgil (70–19 BC)

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INTRODUCTION

"I sing of arms and the man." The *Aeneid* tells how Aeneas, a Trojan prince, escaped the burning city of Troy with his father, his young son and the gods of his household, and after years of wandering came to Italy, where his descendants would found Rome. Virgil wrote it in the last ten years of his life, under the first emperor, Augustus, and died in 19 BC before he could finish revising it; a few lines are still incomplete.

The first six books are an *Odyssey*: storms at sea, Aeneas' own story of the fall of Troy told at the court of Dido, queen of Carthage, their doomed love, and his journey to the underworld, where his dead father shows him the future heroes of Rome. The last six are an *Iliad*: war in Italy against Turnus, prince of the Rutulians, ending in a duel. Over everything hangs the anger of the goddess Juno and the fate that Jupiter has promised.

Rome's national epic, the poem was a schoolbook within a generation and has been read ever since, by Dante, Milton and countless others. It celebrates Rome's destiny but counts its cost—in Dido, in the young men who die in Italy, in Aeneas himself. The translation here is in prose, passage by passage beside the Latin.

Book 1

Storm and Carthage
Juno's anger drives the Trojans onto the coast of Africa, where Dido welcomes them to her new city.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.1	Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram; multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum, Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae. Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso, quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae? Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni, Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli; quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma, hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse, si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.	I sing of arms and the man who first came from the shores of Troy, an exile driven by fate, to Italy and the Lavinian shores. He was much tossed about on land and on the deep by the violence of the gods above, because of cruel Juno's unforgetting anger. He suffered much in war as well, until he could found a city and bring his gods into Latium. From him came the Latin people, the fathers of Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome. Muse, tell me the causes: what wound to her divine will, what grievance drove the queen of the gods to make a man so marked by his devotion pass through so many misfortunes and face so many hardships. Can there be such anger in heavenly hearts? There was an ancient city, held by settlers from Tyre: Carthage, facing Italy and the far-off mouths of the Tiber, rich in resources and fiercest in the pursuits of war. Juno, they say, loved it alone above all other lands, holding even Samos second to it. Here were her weapons, here her chariot. Even then the goddess was striving and cherishing the hope that this would be the seat of empire for the nations, if only the fates would allow it.[1]
1.19	Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; hinc populum late regem belloque superbum venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas. Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli, prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis— necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae, et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores. His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos errabant, acti fatis, maria omnia circum. Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!	But she had heard that a line was being drawn from Trojan blood that would one day overthrow the Tyrian citadel. From it would come a people ruling far and wide and proud in war, to bring destruction on Libya: so the Fates were spinning it. The daughter of Saturn feared this, and she remembered the old war she had fought at Troy, foremost of all, for her beloved Argos. Nor had the causes of her anger and her bitter resentments yet faded from her mind. Stored deep in her heart there remain the judgment of Paris and the insult to her slighted beauty, the line she hated, and the honors given to Ganymede, carried off. Inflamed by these as well, she kept far from Latium the Tro-

1 "Devotion" renders pietas: duty to the gods, to family and to country.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	jans, tossed over the whole sea, all that the Danaans and pitiless Achilles had left. For many years they wandered, driven by the fates, around all the seas. So great a labor it was to found the Roman people![2]

JUNO AND THE WINDS

Seeing the Trojans sail from Sicily, Juno bribes Aeolus to loose a storm that wrecks the fleet.

LATIN	ENGLISH
1.34 Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus, haec secum: Mene incepto desistere victam, nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem? Quippe vetor fatis. Pallasne exurere classem Argivum atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, unius ob noxam et furias Aiacis Oilei? Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem, disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis, illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammas turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?	They were scarcely out of sight of Sicily, joyfully setting sail for the open sea and churning the salt foam with their bronze prows, when Juno, nursing an everlasting wound deep in her breast, said to herself: "Am I, defeated, to give up what I began? Can I not turn the king of the Teucrians away from Italy? Of course: the fates forbid me! Could Pallas burn the Argive fleet and drown the men themselves in the sea, for the guilt and frenzy of one man, Ajax son of Oileus? She herself hurled Jupiter's swift fire from the clouds, scattered their ships and churned up the sea with winds. And him, as he breathed out flames from his pierced breast, she caught up in a whirlwind and impaled on a jagged rock. But I, who walk as queen of the gods, both sister and wife of Jupiter, have been waging war with one people for so many years! Will anyone worship Juno's divine power after this, or lay an offering as a suppliant on her altars?"[3]
1.50 Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris, Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat. Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis circum claustra fremunt; celsa sedet Aeolus arce sceptra tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras. Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras. Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas. Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est:	Turning such thoughts over in her burning heart, the goddess came to Aeolia, the homeland of storm clouds, a place teeming with raging south winds. Here in a vast cave King Aeolus holds down the struggling winds and roaring storms under his rule, and curbs them with chains and prison. They, resentful, howl around the barriers, and the mountain rumbles loudly. Aeolus sits on his high citadel holding his scepter, soothing their passions and tempering their anger. If he did not, they would surely sweep off sea and lands and the depths of the sky in their rush and carry them away through the air. But the Almighty Father, fearing this, hid them away in dark caverns and piled a mass of high mountains on top of them. He gave them a king who, under a fixed compact, would know when to rein them in and when, at

2 Paris judged Venus more beautiful than Juno; Ganymede, a Trojan prince, was carried off to be Jupiter's cupbearer.
3 Ajax son of Oileus dragged Cassandra from Minerva's temple when Troy fell.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	his command, to let the reins go slack. To him, then, Juno spoke these words as a suppliant:
1.65 Aeole, namque tibi divom pater atque hominum rex et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento, gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor, Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates: incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes, aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae, quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea, conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo, omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem. Aeolus haec contra: Tuus, O regina, quid optes explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.	"Aeolus, the father of gods and king of men has given you power to calm the waves and to raise them with the wind. A people hateful to me is sailing the Tyrrhenian sea, carrying Ilium and its conquered household gods into Italy. Strike fury into your winds, sink and overwhelm their ships, or drive them apart and scatter their bodies over the sea. I have twice seven nymphs of surpassing beauty. The loveliest of them, Deiopea, I will join to you in lasting marriage and make her your own, so that for such a service she may spend all her years with you and make you the father of beautiful children." Aeolus answered her: "Your task, O queen, is to decide what you desire; it is my duty to carry out your commands.[4]
1.78 Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptra Iovemque concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom, nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem. Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto, qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant. Incubuere mari, totumque a sedibus imis una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus. Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum. Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra. Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.	It is you who win me this kingdom, such as it is, you who win me my scepter and Jupiter's favor. You grant me a place at the banquets of the gods and make me master of clouds and storms." When he had said this, he turned his spear and struck the hollow mountain on its side. The winds, as if in battle formation, rush out where a gate has been given them and blow across the lands in a whirlwind. They swoop down on the sea, and together the East Wind and the South Wind, and the African wind thick with squalls, heave it up from its lowest depths and roll vast waves to the shores. The shouting of men follows, and the shrieking of ropes. Suddenly clouds snatch sky and daylight from the Teucrians' eyes; black night broods on the sea. The heavens thunder, the air flashes with fire upon fire, and everything threatens the men with instant death.
1.92 Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra: ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas talia voce refert: O terque quaterque beati, quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra, saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit? Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella	At once Aeneas' limbs go slack with cold. He groans, stretches both hands to the stars, and cries out: "O three and four times blessed, those whose lot it was to die before their fathers' eyes beneath the high walls of Troy! O son of Tydeus, bravest of the Danaan people! Why could I not fall on the plains of Ilium and pour out this life by your right hand, where fierce Hector lies, struck down by the spear of Aeacus' grandson, where huge Sarpedon lies, where the Simois seizes and rolls beneath its waves so many shields and helmets of men, and

4 The household gods (Penates) guarded the home and the state; Aeneas is carrying Troy's to Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit. Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, et undis dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.	their brave bodies?" As he flings out such words, a gale shrieking from the north strikes the sail head-on and lifts the waves to the stars. The oars are shattered; then the prow swings round and gives its side to the waves; and after it comes a sheer mountain of water, piled high.[5]
1.106	Hi summo in fluctu pendent; his unda dehiscens terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis. Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet— saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras— dorsum immane mari summo; tris Eurus ab alto in brevia et Syrtis urguet, miserabile visu, inliditque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae. Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten, ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.	Some hang on the crest of a wave; for others the yawning water lays bare the sea floor between the waves, and the surge seethes with sand. Three ships the South Wind snatches and hurls onto hidden rocks, the rocks in mid-sea that the Italians call the Altars, a huge ridge just under the surface. Three the East Wind drives from the deep onto the shallows and the Syrtes, a pitiful sight, dashes them on the shoals and walls them round with a bank of sand. One ship, which carried the Lycians and loyal Orontes, is struck on the stern, before Aeneas' own eyes, by a huge sea from above. The helmsman is thrown out and rolled headlong; but the ship is spun three times round on the spot by the wave, and the swift whirlpool swallows it in the sea.[6]
1.118	Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto, arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas. Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achati, et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes, vicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt. Interea magno misceri murmure pontum, emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus; et alto prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda. Disiectam Aeneae, toto videt aequore classem, fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina, nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur:	Here and there men appear, swimming in the vast swirl, and the weapons of men, and planks, and Trojan treasure among the waves. Now Ilioneus' strong ship, now brave Achates', and the one that carried Abas, and the one that carried aged Aletes, are overcome by the storm. Their joints loosened at the sides, all take in the hostile water and gape open at the seams. Meanwhile Neptune sensed that the sea was churning with a great roar, that a storm had been let loose, and that the still waters were welling up from the lowest depths. He was deeply disturbed; looking out over the deep, he raised his calm head above the surface. He sees Aeneas' fleet scattered over the whole sea, the Trojans overwhelmed by the waves and the collapsing sky; nor did Juno's tricks and anger escape her brother. He calls the East Wind and the West Wind to him, then speaks these words:
1.132	Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri? Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, venti, miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles? Quos ego—sed motos praestat componere fluctus. Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.	"Has such confidence in your birth taken hold of you? Do you now dare, winds, without my divine assent, to throw sky and earth into confusion and raise such masses of water? You whom I—but it is better to calm the troubled waves. Later you will

5 The son of Tydeus is Diomedes, who fought Aeneas in Homer's Iliad; Aeacus' grandson is Achilles.
6 The Syrtes are treacherous sandbanks off the coast of Libya.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro: non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem, sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa, vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet. Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat, collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.	pay me for your crimes with a very different penalty. Hurry away, and tell your king this: the rule of the sea and the fierce trident were given by lot not to him but to me. He holds the monstrous rocks, your homes, East Wind. Let Aeolus swagger in that hall, and rule in the closed prison of the winds." So he spoke, and quicker than his word he calmed the swollen seas, put the massed clouds to flight and brought back the sun.
1.144	Cymothoe simul et Triton adnixus acuto detrudunt navis scopulo; levat ipse tridenti; et vastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor, atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas. Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus, iamque faces et saxa volant—furor arma ministrat; tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant; ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,— sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.	Cymothoe and Triton, straining together, push the ships off the sharp rock; the god himself lifts them with his trident, opens the vast sandbanks, calms the sea, and glides over the tops of the waves on light wheels. As when, as often happens, a riot has broken out in a great crowd and the common mob is raging at heart, and already torches and stones are flying—frenzy supplies the weapons—then, if by chance they catch sight of a man of weight for his devotion and his services, they fall silent and stand still with ears pricked up, and he governs their spirits with his words and soothes their hearts: so all the crashing of the sea died down, as soon as the father, looking out over the waters and carried through the clearing sky, turned his horses and, flying on, gave free rein to his gliding chariot.[7]
1.157	Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras. Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos. Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra. Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum, intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo, nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula navis ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.	Exhausted, Aeneas' people strive to reach the nearest shores, and turn toward the coast of Libya. There is a place in a deep inlet: an island forms a harbor with the barrier of its sides, on which every wave from the deep breaks and divides into the far recesses of the bay. On either side vast cliffs and twin crags tower threateningly into the sky, and beneath their peaks the sheltered waters lie silent far and wide. Above, there is a backdrop of shimmering woods, and a dark grove looms overhead with bristling shade. Under the cliff face opposite is a cave of overhanging rocks; inside are fresh water and seats of living stone, a home of the nymphs. Here no cables hold tired ships, no anchor grips them with its hooked bite.
1.170	Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena, et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt. Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,	Here Aeneas comes in with seven ships gathered from his whole number. The Trojans disembark, longing deeply for the land, take possession of the sand they had prayed for, and lay their brine-soaked limbs on the shore. First Achates struck a

7 Cymothoe is a sea nymph; Triton, a sea god, Neptune's son.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam. Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo. Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremis, aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.	spark from flint and caught the fire in leaves, gave it dry fuel all around, and quickly coaxed a flame from the tinder. Then, weary of their troubles, they bring out the grain of Ceres, spoiled by the waves, and Ceres' implements, and prepare to parch the salvaged grain over the flames and grind it with stone. Meanwhile Aeneas climbs a crag and searches the whole view far across the sea, hoping to see Antheus, tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys, or Capys, or the arms of Caicus on his high stern.[8]
1.184	Navem in conspectu nullam, tris litore cervos prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur a tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen. Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates; ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam; nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet. Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes. Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros, dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:	No ship is in sight; but he sees three stags wandering on the shore. Whole herds follow behind them, and the long line grazes through the valleys. He stopped there and seized in his hand the bow and swift arrows, the weapons that faithful Achates was carrying. First he lays low the leaders themselves, carrying their heads high with branching antlers, then the herd; and, driving the whole crowd with his shafts, he scatters them in confusion through the leafy woods. Nor does he stop until, victorious, he has stretched seven huge bodies on the ground, matching their number to his ships. From there he heads for the harbor and shares them among all his companions. Then he divides the wine that good Acestes had loaded into jars on the Trinacrian shore, the hero's gift to them as they left, and soothes their grieving hearts with these words:[9]
1.198	O socii—neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum— O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem. Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopea saxa experti: revocate animos, maestumque timorem mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae. Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis. Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem. Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant; pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt; litore aena locant alii, flammasque ministrant.	"O comrades—for we are no strangers to troubles before now—O you who have suffered worse, the god will put an end to these too. You have come near Scylla's rage and her deep-echoing rocks; you have known the rocks of the Cyclopes. Recall your courage and put away gloomy fear: perhaps one day it will please you to remember even this. Through varied misfortunes, through so many perils, we are making for Latium, where the fates show us a peaceful home; there it is ordained that the kingdom of Troy shall rise again. Endure, and save yourselves for better days." Such were his words; and, sick with enormous cares, he feigns hope on his face and keeps his grief pressed deep in his heart. They set to work on the game and the coming feast. They strip the hides from the ribs

8 Ceres is the goddess of grain; her name stands here for the grain itself.
9 Trinacria is Sicily, where Acestes, a king of Trojan descent, had welcomed them.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		and lay bare the flesh; some cut it into pieces and fix it, still quivering, on spits; others set bronze cauldrons on the shore and tend the fires.[10]
1.214	Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae, amissos longo socios sermone requirunt, spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant, sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos. Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentis litoraque et latos populos, sic vertice caeli constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.	Then they restore their strength with food and, stretched out on the grass, fill themselves with old wine and rich venison. When the feast had driven away their hunger and the tables were cleared, they ask after their lost companions in long talk, wavering between hope and fear, unsure whether to believe them alive, or suffering the end and no longer able to hear when called. Above all, devoted Aeneas mourns, now the fate of fierce Orontes, now of Amycus, and to himself the cruel fate of Lycus, and brave Gyas, and brave Cloanthus. And now there was an end, when Jupiter, looking down from the height of heaven on the sea where sails fly, and the lands lying below, and the shores and the peoples far and wide, stood still at the summit of the sky and fixed his eyes on the kingdoms of Libya.

JUPITER'S PROMISE

Venus complains of her son's sufferings, and Jupiter reveals the future of his line and of Rome.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.227	Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis adloquitur Venus: O qui res hominumque deumque aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum, quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis, cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis? Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis, hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri, qui mare, qui terras omni dicione tenerent, pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia vertit? Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens; nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?	As he turned such cares over in his heart, Venus, sadder than usual, her shining eyes brimming with tears, speaks to him: "O you who rule the affairs of men and gods with eternal power and terrify them with your thunderbolt, what so great a crime could my Aeneas have committed against you, what could the Trojans have done, that after suffering so many deaths they find the whole world closed to them, because of Italy? Surely you promised that from them, as the years rolled on, the Romans would one day come, leaders from the restored blood of Teucer, who would hold the sea and all lands under their sway. What thought, father, has changed your mind? With this, indeed, I used to console myself for the fall of Troy and its sad ruin, weighing fate against opposing fate. Now the same fortune pursues these men, driven by so many disasters. What end of their hardships do you grant, great king?[11]
1.242	Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis, Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus	Antenor, slipping away from the midst of the Achaeans, was able to make his way safely into the

10 Scylla, a sea monster in the strait between Italy and Sicily, and the Cyclopes of Sicily are met in Book 3.

LATIN	ENGLISH
regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi, unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis it mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti. Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit: nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, navibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram prodimur atque Italis longe disiungimur oris. Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in sceptra reponis? Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum, voltu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:	Illyrian gulfs and the innermost realms of the Liburnians, and to pass the source of the Timavus, where through nine mouths, while the mountain roars loudly, the sea bursts forth and buries the fields under a thundering flood. Yet here he founded the city of Patavium, a home for the Teucrians; he gave his people a name and hung up the arms of Troy; now he rests, settled in tranquil peace. But we, your own offspring, to whom you promise the citadel of heaven, have lost our ships —it is unspeakable!—and are betrayed because of one goddess's anger and kept far from the shores of Italy. Is this the reward for devotion? Is this how you restore us to our throne?" Smiling on her with the look with which he clears the sky and the storms, the father of men and gods lightly kissed his daughter, then spoke these words:[12]
1.257 Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit. Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet, longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo) bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet, tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis. At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo additur,—Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno,— triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam.	"Spare your fears, Cytherea: the fates of your people remain unmoved for you. You will see the city and the promised walls of Lavinium, and you will carry great-hearted Aeneas aloft to the stars of heaven. No thought has changed my mind. Your son—for I will speak, since this care gnaws at you, and unrolling the secrets of the fates further, I will reveal them—will wage a great war in Italy, crush fierce peoples, and establish a way of life and walls for his men, until the third summer has seen him reigning in Latium and three winters have passed since the Rutulians were subdued. But the boy Ascanius, who now has the added name Iulus —he was Ilus while the state of Ilium stood in its sovereignty—will complete with his rule thirty great circles of the rolling months. He will move the kingdom from its seat at Lavinium and fortify Alba Longa with great strength.[13]
1.272 Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos, Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem. Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet. His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono; imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno, quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat,	Here for three hundred full years the kingdom will be ruled by Hector's people, until Ilia, a royal priestess pregnant by Mars, gives birth to twins. Then Romulus, rejoicing in the tawny hide of the she-wolf who nursed him, will take up the line, found the walls of Mars, and call the people Romans after his own name. For them I have set no limits to their power, no end in time: I have given them empire without end. What is more, harsh

11 Teucer was an early king of Troy, from whom the Trojans are called Teucrians.
12 Antenor, a Trojan elder, was said to have founded Patavium (modern Padua); the Timavus is a river near Trieste.
13 Cytherea is Venus, named from her island of Cythera. The name Iulus links Aeneas' line to the Julian family of Julius Caesar and Augustus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam: sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas, cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenas servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis. Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar, imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,—	Juno, who now wearies sea and earth and sky with fear, will change her counsels for the better and with me will cherish the Romans, masters of the world, the people of the toga. So it is decreed. An age will come, as the years glide by, when the house of Assaracus will crush Phthia and famous Mycenae into slavery and rule over conquered Argos. A Trojan Caesar will be born of noble origin, who will bound his empire with the Ocean, his fame with the stars—[14]
1.288	Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo. Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum, accipies secura; vocabitur hic quoque votis. Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis; cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus, iura dabunt; dirae ferro et compagibus artis claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus, saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus aenis post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento. Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto, ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido finibus arceret: volat ille per aera magnum remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.	Julius, a name handed down from great Iulus. One day, laden with the spoils of the East, you will receive him in heaven, free of care; he too will be called upon in prayers. Then wars will be laid aside and the harsh ages will grow gentle. White-haired Faith and Vesta, Quirinus with his brother Remus, will give laws. The dread gates of War will be shut with iron and close-fitted bars; inside, impious Frenzy, sitting on savage weapons, his hands bound behind his back with a hundred bronze knots, will roar horribly with bloody mouth." So he spoke, and sent down the son of Maia from on high, so that the lands and the new citadel of Carthage might open in welcome to the Teucrians, and Dido, ignorant of fate, might not keep them from her borders. He flies through the great expanse of air, rowing with his wings, and quickly alights on the shores of Libya.[15]
1.302	Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni corda volente deo; in primis regina quietum accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam. At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras, qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene, quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris occulit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate, bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.	At once he carries out his orders, and the Carthaginians lay aside their fierce hearts as the god wills; above all, the queen takes on a peaceful spirit and a kindly mind toward the Teucrians. But devoted Aeneas, turning over many things through the night, resolved, as soon as kindly daylight came, to go out and explore the new region: to find out what shores the wind had brought him to, and who held them, men or wild beasts—for he sees that the land is untilled—and to report back to his companions what he had found. He hides the fleet in an arching recess of the woods beneath a hollowed cliff, closed in all around by trees and bristling shade. He himself sets out with Achates as his only companion, brandishing in his hand two spears with broad iron heads.

14 Ilia (Rhea Silvia) was the mother of Romulus and Remus. Assaracus was Aeneas' ancestor; Phthia and Mycenae, homes of Achilles and Agamemnon, fell to Rome in the 2nd century BC.
15 This Caesar is probably Augustus, Julius Caesar's adopted son; the gates of War are those of Janus' temple, closed by Augustus in 29 BC. The son of Maia is Mercury, and Quirinus is the deified Romulus.

VENUS IN DISGUISE

Disguised as a huntress, Venus tells Aeneas Dido's story and sends him, wrapped in mist, to Carthage.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.314	Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva, virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum. Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis, nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. Ac prior, Heus inquit iuvenes, monstrate mearum vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum, succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis, aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem. Sic Venus; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus:	In the middle of the forest his mother came to meet him, with the face and dress of a girl, and the weapons of a girl—a Spartan girl, or like Harpalyce of Thrace, who tires out horses and outruns the swift Hebrus in her flight. For, as huntresses do, she had slung a handy bow from her shoulders and let her hair stream in the winds, her knee bare, the flowing folds of her dress gathered in a knot. She spoke first: "You there, young men, tell me if by chance you have seen one of my sisters wandering here, with a quiver at her belt and the hide of a spotted lynx, or pressing with shouts on the track of a foaming boar." So spoke Venus; and Venus' son answered her:[16]
1.326	Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum— O quam te memorem, virgo? Namque haud tibi voltus mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O, dea certe— an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una?— sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti: multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra. Tum Venus: Haud equidem tali me dignor honore; virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram, purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno. Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem; sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.	"I have neither heard nor seen any of your sisters—but what shall I call you, maiden? For your face is not mortal, nor does your voice sound human. O goddess, surely—are you Phoebus' sister, or one of the nymphs' kin?—be kind to us, whoever you are, and lighten our hardship. Tell us under what sky, on what shores of the world, we are being tossed at last. Knowing nothing of the people or the places, we wander, driven here by the wind and the vast waves. Many a victim will fall for you before your altars by my right hand." Then Venus said: "I do not think myself worthy of such an honor. It is the custom of Tyrian girls to carry a quiver and to bind their calves high with purple boots. It is the Punic kingdom you see, Tyrians and the city of Agenor; but the land around is Libyan, a people unconquerable in war.[17]
1.340	Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta, germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum. Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore, cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes. Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore, clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum	Dido holds power here; she came from the city of Tyre, fleeing her brother. Long is the story of the wrong, long its windings; but I will trace the chief points. Her husband was Sychaeus, the richest of the Phoenicians in land, and loved by the unhappy woman with a great love. Her father had given her to him untouched and joined them with the first omens of marriage. But the kingdom of Tyre was held by her brother Pygmalion, more monstrous in crime than anyone else. Between the

16 Harpalyce was a legendary Thracian huntress; the Hebrus is a river of Thrace.
17 Phoebus' sister is Diana, goddess of the hunt; Agenor was a legendary king of Phoenicia, ancestor of Dido's line.

LATIN	ENGLISH
germanae; factumque diu celavit, et aegram, multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem. Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris, crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.	two men came frenzy. Pygmalion, impious and blinded by love of gold, caught Sychaeus off guard before the altars and secretly struck him down with the sword, caring nothing for his sister's love. He long concealed the deed, and wickedly, with many pretenses, deceived the heartsick, loving wife with empty hope. But in her dreams there came the very ghost of her unburied husband, lifting a face pale in strange ways. He laid bare the cruel altars and his breast pierced by the sword, and revealed all the hidden crime of the house.
1.357 Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet, auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri. His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni aut metus acer erat; navis, quae forte paratae, corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti. Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem, mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam, taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo. Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris, quove tenetis iter? Quaerenti talibus ille suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem:	Then he urges her to hasten her flight and leave her homeland, and, to help her journey, he uncovers ancient treasure buried in the earth, an unknown weight of silver and gold. Moved by this, Dido began preparing her flight and gathering companions. They assemble, all who felt either savage hatred for the tyrant or sharp fear. They seize ships that happened to be ready and load them with gold. The wealth of greedy Pygmalion is carried over the sea; a woman led the enterprise. They came to the place where you now see the huge walls and rising citadel of new Carthage, and bought the ground—called Byrsa from the deal—as much as they could encircle with a bull's hide. But who are you, then? From what shores have you come, or where are you heading?" To her questions he replied with a sigh, drawing his voice from deep in his chest:[18]
1.372 O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam, et vacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum, ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo. Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per auris Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris. Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus. Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo. Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor, matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus; vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt. Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro, Europa atque Asia pulsus. Nec plura querentem passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est:	"Goddess, if I went back to the very beginning and told it all, and you had leisure to hear the chronicle of our hardships, the Evening Star would close Olympus and lay the day to rest before I finished. We come from ancient Troy, if the name of Troy has perhaps reached your ears. We have been carried over many seas, and a storm, by its own chance, has driven us onto the shores of Libya. I am devoted Aeneas. I carry with me in my fleet the household gods snatched from the enemy, and my fame is known beyond the skies. I am seeking Italy, my fatherland; my line descends from Jupiter most high. I set out on the Phrygian sea with twenty ships, my goddess mother showing me the way, following the fates given to me. Barely seven are left, battered by the waves and the East Wind. I myself, unknown and in need, wander the deserts of Libya, driven out of Europe and Asia."

18 Byrsa, Carthage's citadel; the name sounds like the Greek byrsa ("hide"), hence the story of the bull's hide.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		Venus would not let him lament any more, but broke in on his grief in mid-course:
1.387	Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem. Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer, Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam nuntio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam, ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes. Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cycnos, aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo aut capere, aut captas iam despectare videntur: ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis, et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere, haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo. Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.	"Whoever you are, I do not think the gods above hate you, as you breathe the air of life, you who have come to the Tyrian city. Only go on, and make your way from here to the queen's threshold. For I bring you news that your comrades are restored and your fleet recovered, driven to safety when the north winds turned, unless my parents were false and taught me augury in vain. Look at those twelve swans rejoicing in their column. The bird of Jupiter, swooping from the heights of heaven, was scattering them across the open sky; now in a long line they seem either to be settling on the ground or to be looking down on the ground they have already taken. As they, safely returned, play with whirring wings, and have circled the sky in a flock and raised their song, just so your ships and your young men either hold the harbor or are entering its mouth under full sail. Only go on, and direct your steps where the path leads you."
1.402	Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit, ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos, et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus: Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces? Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit: at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit, et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu, cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset, molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas. Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.	She spoke, and as she turned away her rosy neck shone. Her ambrosial hair breathed a divine fragrance from her head, her robe flowed down to her feet, and by her step she was revealed as a true goddess. When he recognized his mother, he followed her as she fled, with these words: "Why do you too, cruel one, so often mock your son with false appearances? Why may I not join my right hand to yours, and hear and answer in true voices?" With such words he reproaches her, and turns his steps toward the city walls. But Venus walled them in with dark air as they went, and the goddess poured a thick cloak of mist around them, so that no one could see them or touch them, or cause delay, or ask why they had come. She herself rises aloft and departs for Paphos, and joyfully revisits her home, where her temple stands and a hundred altars are warm with Sabaean incense and fragrant with fresh garlands.[19]
1.418	Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat. Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces. Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam, miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.	Meanwhile they hurried along the road where the path pointed the way. And now they were climbing the hill that looms large over the city and looks down on the citadel facing it. Aeneas marvels at the mass of buildings, once a cluster of

19 Paphos, on Cyprus, was a chief center of Venus' worship; Sabaean incense came from Saba in southern Arabia.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros, molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa, pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. [Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;] hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatris fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris. Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas, aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto ignavom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent: fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.	huts; he marvels at the gates, the bustle, the paved streets. The Tyrians press on eagerly: some extend the walls, build up the citadel and roll stones up by hand; some choose a site for a house and mark it out with a furrow. [They choose laws and magistrates and a sacred senate.] Here some are digging out a harbor; here others are laying deep foundations for theaters, and cutting huge columns from the cliffs, lofty ornaments for stages to come. Such is the toil that keeps bees busy under the sun across the flowering countryside in early summer, when they lead out the full-grown young of their nation, or when they pack the liquid honey and swell the cells with sweet nectar, or take the loads of those coming in, or form a column and drive the drones, a lazy herd, away from the hives: the work seethes, and the fragrant honey smells of thyme.
1.437 O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt! Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis. Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu, per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra, quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae, aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.	"How fortunate you are, whose walls are already rising!" says Aeneas, and looks up at the city's rooftops. Wrapped in the mist (wonderful to tell), he makes his way into their midst and mingles with the men, and no one sees him. In the middle of the city there was a grove, rich in shade. Here the Carthaginians, when they were first tossed ashore by waves and whirlwind, dug up from the ground the sign that royal Juno had shown them, the head of a spirited horse. By this sign their people would be outstanding in war and would live in plenty through the ages. Here Sidonian Dido was founding a huge temple to Juno, rich with offerings and with the goddess's divine power. Its bronze threshold rose above steps, its beams were bound with bronze, and the hinges creaked on doors of bronze.[20]
1.450 Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem ausus, et adflictis melius confidere rebus. Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo, reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi, artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas, bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem, Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem. Constitit, et lacrimans, Quis iam locus inquit Achate, quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;	In this grove, for the first time, something new appeared that eased his fear; here for the first time Aeneas dared to hope for safety and to trust more in his shattered fortunes. For while he surveys each thing beneath the huge temple, waiting for the queen, while he marvels at the city's good fortune, at the handiwork of the artists, one rivaling another, and the toil of their works, he sees the battles of Ilium in order, the war already spread by rumor throughout the world: the sons of Atreus, and Priam, and Achilles, savage to both. He

20 Sidon, like Tyre, was a Phoenician city; "Sidonian" here means Phoenician.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.	stopped, and weeping said, "What place now, Achates, what region on earth is not full of our hardships? Look: Priam! Here too honor has its rewards; there are tears for things, and mortal things touch the heart. Let go of your fears; this fame will bring you some kind of safety."
1.464	Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani, multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum. Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus, hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles. Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus, ardentisque avertit equos in castra, prius quam pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent. Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis, infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani, lora tenens tamen; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.	So he spoke, and feeds his spirit on the empty picture, groaning often, his face wet with a flood of tears. For he saw how, as they fought around Pergamum, here the Greeks were fleeing, hard pressed by the Trojan youth, and there the Phrygians, with crested Achilles bearing down on them in his chariot. Not far from here, weeping, he recognizes the snow-white canvas of Rhesus' tents. Betrayed in their first sleep, they were being laid waste by the son of Tydeus, bloodied with much slaughter, and he drives the fiery horses off to the camp before they could taste the pastures of Troy and drink from the Xanthus. In another part Troilus is fleeing, his weapons lost (unhappy boy, no match for Achilles in combat). He is carried along by his horses and, fallen on his back, clings to the empty chariot, still holding the reins; his neck and hair are dragged along the ground, and the dust is scored by his trailing spear.[21]
1.479	Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis; diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat. Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros, exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles. Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici, tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis. Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis, Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma. Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet, aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae, bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.	Meanwhile the Trojan women were going to the temple of Pallas, who was hostile to them, their hair unbound, carrying the sacred robe, mournful as suppliants, beating their breasts with their palms; the goddess, turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Three times Achilles had dragged Hector around the walls of Ilium, and he was selling the lifeless body for gold. Then indeed Aeneas gives a great groan from the bottom of his heart, as he sees the spoils, the chariot, the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching out his unarmed hands. He recognized himself too, in the thick of the Achaean chieftains, and the battle lines from the East and the arms of dark-skinned Memnon. Penthesilea in her frenzy leads the ranks of the Amazons with their crescent shields, and blazes in the midst of thousands, a golden belt fastened beneath her bared breast, a woman warrior, a girl who dares to clash with men.[22]

21 Rhesus, a Thracian king and ally of Troy, was killed in his sleep by Diomedes (the son of Tydeus); an oracle said Troy could not fall if his horses grazed there and drank from its river, the Xanthus.
22 Memnon, son of the Dawn, led an army from the East to help Troy; Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, also allies of Troy.

DIDO RECEIVES THE TROJANS

Dido welcomes Aeneas' lost companions, and Aeneas steps out of the cloud to thank her.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.494	Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur, dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido, incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva. Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis: Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus: talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris. Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi, saepta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.	While Dardanian Aeneas gazes at these wonders, while he stands spellbound and stays fixed in a single gaze, the queen, Dido, most beautiful in form, came to the temple with a great throng of young men crowding around her. As on the banks of the Eurotas or along the ridges of Cynthus Di- ana leads her dancing bands, and a thousand mountain nymphs follow and gather around her on either side; she carries a quiver on her shoulder, and as she walks she towers above all the goddesses; joy thrills Latona's silent heart: such was Dido, so she bore herself joyfully through their midst, pressing on with the work and her kingdom to come. Then at the doors of the goddess, under the middle of the temple's vault, hedged around with armed men, she took her seat, raised high upon her throne.[23]
1.507	Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat: cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum, Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras. Obstipuit simul ipse simul perculsus Achates laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dextras ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti, quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant, quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant, orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant. Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, maxumus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:	She was giving judgments and laws to her people, and dividing the labor of their tasks into fair shares or assigning it by lot, when suddenly Aeneas sees, approaching amid a great crowd, An- theus and Sergestus and brave Cloanthus, and oth- ers of the Teucrians, whom the black whirlwind had scattered over the sea and carried far away to other shores. He was stunned, and Achates too was struck, with joy and fear at once. They burned with eagerness to clasp their hands, but the uncer- tain situation troubles their minds. They keep themselves hidden and, wrapped in the hollow cloud, watch to learn what fortune the men have had, on what shore they have left the fleet, why they have come; for men chosen from all the ships were coming, to beg for favor, and were making for the temple with loud cries. When they had entered and been granted leave to speak in her presence, Ilioneus, the eldest, began calmly:
1.522	O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas, Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti, oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignis, parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras. Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;	"Queen, to whom Jupiter has granted the founding of a new city and the curbing of proud peoples with justice, we unhappy Trojans, carried by the winds over every sea, beg you: keep unspeakable fires from our ships, spare a devoted people, and look more closely at our circumstances. We have

23 The Eurotas is the river of Sparta; Cynthus is the mountain on Delos where Diana was born to Latona.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis. Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae; Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.	not come to lay waste the household gods of Libya with the sword, or to seize plunder and drive it down to the shore. There is no such violence in our hearts, nor such arrogance in the defeated. There is a place the Greeks call Hesperia, an ancient land, mighty in arms and in the richness of its soil. The Oenotrians lived there; now rumor says that their descendants have called the nation Italy, from the name of their leader.[24]
1.534	Hic cursus fuit: cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion in vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris. Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeve hunc tam barbara morem permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra. Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi. Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter, nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis.	This was our course, when suddenly stormy Orion, rising with the swell, carried us onto hidden shoals, and with violent south winds scattered us far and wide, through the waves, as the sea overwhelmed us, and over pathless rocks; a few of us have drifted here to your shores. What kind of people is this? What country is so foreign as to allow such a custom? We are denied even the welcome of the sand. They stir up war and forbid us to set foot on the edge of the land. If you scorn humankind and mortal arms, at least expect that the gods remember right and wrong. Aeneas was our king; no one was more just than he, and none greater in devotion, or in war and arms.[25]
1.546	Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris, non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem paeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes arvaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem, et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos: si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto, tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus; sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optume Teucrum, pontus habet Lybiae, nec spes iam restat Iuli, at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas, unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten. Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant Dardanidae.	If the fates preserve him, if he still feeds on the air of heaven and does not yet lie among the cruel shades, we have no fear, nor would you regret having been the first to compete in kindness. In the land of Sicily, too, there are cities and fields, and famous Acestes, of Trojan blood. Let us haul up our wind-battered fleet, shape timbers from your forests and trim new oars. Then, if we are allowed to make for Italy with our comrades and king recovered, we may joyfully seek Italy and Latium. But if our safety is lost, and the sea of Libya holds you, best father of the Teucrians, and there is no hope left in Iulus, then at least let us seek the straits of Sicily, from where we came, and the homes made ready there, and King Acestes." Such were Ilioneus' words; all the Dardanians together roared their assent.
1.561	Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur: Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas. Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt moliri, et late finis custode tueri. Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem,	Then Dido, her eyes cast down, speaks briefly: "Release your hearts from fear, Teucrians; put away your cares. Harsh circumstances and the newness of my kingdom force me to take such

24 Hesperia, "the western land": Italy. The Oenotrians were an early people of southern Italy; their leader Italus was said to have given Italy its name.
25 Orion: the constellation, whose rising and setting were associated with storms.

LATIN	ENGLISH
virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli? Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni, nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe. Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva, sive Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo. Voltis et his mecum pariter considere regnis; urbem quam statuo vestra est, subducite navis; Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.	measures and to guard my borders far and wide with sentries. Who would not know of Aeneas' people, who of the city of Troy, its valor and its men, or the flames of so great a war? We Carthaginians do not have hearts so dull, nor does the Sun yoke his horses so far from the Tyrian city. Whether you choose great Hesperia and the fields of Saturn, or the land of Eryx and King Acestes, I will send you off safe under escort and help you with supplies. Or would you rather settle here with me, on equal terms, in this kingdom? The city I am building is yours; haul up your ships. Trojan and Tyrian will be treated by me without distinction.[26]
1.575 Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo, si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat. His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates: Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit? omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos. Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris. Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.	And I wish that the king himself, Aeneas, driven by the same south wind, were here! For my part, I will send trusty men along the shores and order them to search the farthest parts of Libya, in case he has been cast ashore and is wandering in some forest or city." Roused in spirit by these words, both brave Achates and father Aeneas had long been burning to break out of the cloud. Achates speaks to Aeneas first: "Son of the goddess, what thought now rises in your mind? You see that all is safe, the fleet and our comrades recovered. Only one is missing, whom we ourselves saw sink in the middle of the waves. Everything else agrees with your mother's words." He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the cloud that surrounded them parted and cleared away into the open air.
1.588 Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit, os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores: quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro. Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente improvisus ait: Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, Troius Aeneas, Lybicis ereptus ab undis. O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores, quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos, urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.	Aeneas stood there, shining in the clear light, like a god in face and shoulders; for his mother herself had breathed on her son a beautiful head of hair, the radiant glow of youth, and a joyful grace in his eyes: such beauty as craftsmen's hands add to ivory, or as when silver or Parian marble is set in yellow gold. Then he addresses the queen and, unforeseen by all, suddenly says: "Here I am before you, the one you are looking for, Trojan Aeneas, snatched from the Libyan waves. You alone have pitied the unspeakable hardships of Troy. We are the remnant left by the Danaans, worn out by every disaster on land and sea, in need of everything, and you make us partners in your city and your home. To repay you worthily is not in our power, Dido, nor in the power of whatever re-

26 Saturn was said to have reigned in Latium in the Golden Age; Eryx is a mountain and district in western Sicily.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		mains anywhere of the Dardanian people, scattered over the wide world.
1.603	Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti, praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes? In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet, semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt, quae me cumque vocant terrae. Sic fatus, amicum Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Serestum, post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum. Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido, casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:	If any divine powers have regard for the devoted, if justice counts for anything anywhere, and a mind conscious of its own right, may the gods bring you the reward you deserve. What happy age bore you? What great parents gave birth to one like you? As long as rivers run into the sea, as long as shadows travel over the curving slopes of the mountains, as long as the sky pastures the stars, your honor, your name and your praises will always remain, whatever lands may call me." So he spoke, and reaches out his right hand to his friend Ilioneus, his left to Serestus, and then to the others, brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus. Sidonian Dido was stunned, first at the sight of him, then at all the man had suffered, and she spoke these words:
1.615	Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus insequitur? Quae vis immanibus applicat oris? Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam? Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam vastabat Cyprum, et victor dicione tenebat. Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi. Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat. Quare agite, O tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.	"Son of the goddess, what misfortune pursues you through such great dangers? What force drives you onto these savage shores? Are you that Aeneas whom kindly Venus bore to Dardanian Anchises by the waters of the Phrygian Simois? I remember, indeed, that Teucer came to Sidon, driven from his native land, seeking a new kingdom with the help of Belus. My father Belus was then laying waste rich Cyprus, and held it under his rule as victor. Ever since that time I have known of the fall of the Trojan city, and your name, and the Pelasgian kings. Though he was their enemy, Teucer himself used to praise the Teucrians highly, and he claimed descent from the ancient stock of the Teucrians. So come, young men, enter our house.[27]
1.628	Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra. Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit tecta, simul divom templis indicit honorem. Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos, munera laetitiamque dii. At domus interior regali splendida luxu instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis: arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo,	I too have been tossed through many hardships by a fortune like yours, and it has willed that at last I should settle in this land. No stranger to misfortune myself, I am learning to help those who suffer." So she speaks. At the same time she leads Aeneas into the royal palace, and proclaims sacrifices in the temples of the gods. Nor does she forget his comrades meanwhile: she sends them on the shore twenty bulls, a hundred huge bristling backs of swine, a hundred fat lambs with their mothers, gifts, and the joy of the god. But the inner

27 This Teucer, a Greek, son of Telamon, was banished after the war and founded Salamis on Cyprus; the Trojans are called Teucrians after an earlier Teucer, an ancestral king of Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis.	palace is laid out with royal splendor and luxury, and they prepare a banquet in the middle of the halls: coverings skillfully worked in proud purple, massive silver on the tables, and, embossed in gold, the brave deeds of their ancestors, a very long series of exploits traced through so many heroes from the ancient beginnings of the line.
1.643	Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem passus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten, Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis. Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis, ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem, et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho, ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos, extulerat, matris Ledae mirabile donum: praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim, maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam. Haec celerans ita ad naves tendebat Achates.	Aeneas (for a father's love would not let his mind rest) sends Achates swiftly ahead to the ships, to bring this news to Ascanius and to lead him to the city; all the loving father's care is centered on Ascanius. He orders him besides to bring gifts saved from the ruins of Ilium: a mantle stiff with embroidered figures and gold, and a veil bordered with saffron-yellow acanthus, the finery of Argive Helen, which she had brought from Mycenae when she set out for Troy and her forbidden marriage, the wonderful gift of her mother Leda; and besides, the scepter that Ilione, eldest of Priam's daughters, had once carried, a necklace of pearls, and a crown with a double band of jewels and gold. Hastening to carry out these orders, Achates made his way toward the ships.

CUPID TAKES ASCANIUS' PLACE

Venus sends Cupid in the boy's shape to make Dido fall in love with Aeneas at the banquet.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.657	At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem; quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilinguis; urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat. Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem: Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus, nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco. Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae, nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.	But Cytherea turns over new schemes, new plans in her heart: that Cupid, changed in face and features, should come in place of sweet Ascanius, and with the gifts set the queen ablaze with frenzy and wind fire through her bones. For she fears the treacherous house and the double-tongued Tyrians; cruel Juno burns her, and as night comes on her anxiety returns. So she addresses winged Amor with these words: "My son, my strength, you alone my great power, my son, who scorn the supreme father's thunderbolts that struck down Typhoeus, I take refuge with you and as a suppliant beg for your divine power. You know how your brother Aeneas is tossed on the sea around every shore by the hatred of unjust Juno, and you have often grieved at my grief.[28]
1.670	Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant	Phoenician Dido holds him now and detains him with flattering words; and I fear where this hospit-

28 Typhoeus, a monstrous giant who rebelled against the gods, was struck down by Jupiter's thunderbolt.

LATIN	ENGLISH
hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum. Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet, sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem. Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura, dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae: hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam, ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.	ality of Juno's may lead. She will not be idle at such a turning point of affairs. So I plan to take the queen first by trickery and surround her with flame, so that no god's power may change her, but she may be held fast, on my side, by a great love for Aeneas. Now hear what I have in mind for how you can do this. The royal boy, my greatest care, is preparing, at his dear father's summons, to go to the Sidonian city, bringing gifts that have survived the sea and the flames of Troy. I will lull him to sleep and hide him in my sacred shrine on high Cythera or on Idalium, so that he cannot learn of the trick or come between us and spoil it.[29]
1.683 Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus, ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum, cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet, occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno. Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.	For no more than one night, counterfeit his looks by your craft, and, a boy yourself, put on the boy's familiar face, so that when Dido, overjoyed, takes you in her lap amid the royal tables and the wine of Lyaeus, when she embraces you and plants sweet kisses on you, you may breathe hidden fire into her and deceive her with your poison." Amor obeys his dear mother's words, puts off his wings, and walks gladly with the gait of Iulus. But Venus pours peaceful rest through the limbs of Ascanius and, holding him warm in her lap, the goddess carries him to the high groves of Idalia, where soft marjoram enfolds him with its flowers and the fragrant breath of its sweet shade.[30]
1.695 Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate. Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit. Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis. Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis; centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant. Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis. Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum flagrantisque dei voltus simulataque verba, [pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.]	And now, obeying her command, Cupid was on his way, carrying the royal gifts to the Tyrians, glad to have Achates as his guide. When he arrives, the queen has already settled herself on a golden couch amid splendid hangings, and has taken her place in the middle. Now father Aeneas, now the Trojan youth gather, and they recline on spread purple. Servants pour water over their hands, serve bread from baskets, and bring napkins of close-shorn wool. Inside are fifty serving women, whose task is to lay out the long store of provisions in order and to honor the household gods with fire; a hundred others, and as many attendants of the same age, load the tables with food and set out the cups. The Tyrians too have gathered in crowds through the joyful halls, bidden to recline on embroidered couches. They marvel at Aeneas' gifts, they marvel at Iulus, at the god's glowing face and pretended words, [and at the mantle and

29 Cythera, an island off southern Greece, and Idalium, on Cyprus, were places sacred to Venus.
30 Lyaeus, "the releaser," is a name of Bacchus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the veil embroidered with saffron-yellow acanthus.]
1.712 Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae, expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur. Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem, reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido, insidat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda. Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae, crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant. Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.	Above all, the unhappy Phoenician, doomed to the ruin to come, cannot satisfy her heart, and burns as she gazes, moved alike by the boy and by the gifts. He, after he had hung in Aeneas' embrace and on his neck, and satisfied the great love of his false father, goes to the queen. She clings to him with her eyes, with her whole heart, and at times holds him in her lap, not knowing, poor Dido, how great a god is settling there. But he, mindful of his Acidalian mother, begins little by little to erase Sychaeus, and tries to take hold, with a living love, of a mind long at rest and a heart grown unused to love. When the first lull came in the feasting and the tables were removed, they set out great mixing bowls and wreathe the wine with garlands. A din rises through the palace, and their voices roll through the spacious halls. Lighted lamps hang from the gilded paneled ceilings, and torches conquer the night with their flames.[31]
1.728 Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit implevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes a Belo soliti; tum facta silentia tectis: Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur, hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores. Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno; et vos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes. Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem, primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore, tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro post alii proceres. Cithara crinitus Iopas personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas.	Here the queen called for a bowl heavy with jewels and gold and filled it with unmixed wine, the bowl that Belus and all of Belus' line had used. Then silence fell through the halls. "Jupiter, for they say you give the laws of hospitality, may it be your will that this be a happy day for the Tyrians and for those who have come from Troy, and that our descendants remember it. May Bacchus, giver of joy, be present, and kindly Juno; and you, Tyrians, celebrate this gathering with good will." She spoke, and poured an offering of wine on the table, and after the libation she was the first to touch the bowl, just to the edge of her lips. Then she gave it to Bitias with a challenge; he eagerly drained the foaming bowl and drenched himself in the brimming gold; after him the other nobles drank. Long-haired Iopas, whom great Atlas taught, makes the hall ring with his golden lyre.[32]
1.742 Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores; unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et ignes; Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones; quid tantum Oceano properent se tinguere soles hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet. Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.	He sings of the wandering moon and the toils of the sun; where the human race and the beasts came from, where the rain and the lightning; of Arcturus and the rainy Hyades and the twin Bears; why the winter suns hurry so to dip themselves in Ocean, or what delay holds back the slow nights.

31 Acidalia was a spring in Boeotia associated with Venus.
32 Atlas, the Titan who holds up the sky, was linked with knowledge of the heavens, which is Iopas' theme.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem, multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa; nunc quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis, nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles. Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis insidias, inquit, Danaum, casusque tuorum, erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.	The Tyrians redouble their applause, and the Trojans follow. Unhappy Dido, too, was drawing out the night with talk of many kinds, and drinking long draughts of love, asking many questions about Priam, many about Hector: now in what armor the son of the Dawn had come, now what the horses of Diomedes were like, now how great Achilles was. “Better still, come,” she says, “my guest, tell us from the very beginning the treachery of the Danaans, the misfortunes of your people, and your own wanderings; for this is now the seventh summer that carries you, a wanderer, over every land and sea.”

Book 2

The fall of Troy
Aeneas tells of the wooden horse, the night Troy burned, and the loss of his wife Creusa.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.1	Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant. Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto: Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem, Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum eruerint Danai; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi temperet a lacrimis? Et iam nox umida caelo praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos. Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem, quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, incipiam. Fracti bello fatisque repulsi	All fell silent and held their faces intent upon him. Then from his high couch father Aeneas began: You bid me, O queen, renew an unspeakable grief. You ask how the Danaans overthrew the wealth of Troy and its kingdom, so worthy of lament, the most pitiful things I saw myself, and in which I played a great part. Who, telling such things, could keep from tears, even a Myrmidon or a Dolopian, or a soldier of hard Ulysses? And already the dewy night is rushing down from the sky, and the setting stars urge sleep. But if you have so great a longing to learn of our misfortunes and to hear in brief of Troy's final hardship, though my mind shudders to remember and has shrunk back in grief, I will begin. Broken by war and driven back by the fates,[1]
2.14	ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis, instar montis equum divina Palladis arte aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas: votum pro reditu simulant; ea fama vagatur. Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas ingentis uterumque armato milite complent. Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant, nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis: huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt. Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenas: ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu; panduntur portae; iuvat ire et Dorica castra desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.	the leaders of the Danaans, as so many years were now slipping by, built a horse the size of a moun- tain by the divine art of Pallas, and wove its ribs with planks of cut fir. They pretended it was an of- fering for their safe return; that was the rumor that spread. Into it they secretly shut chosen men, picked by lot, in its dark flank, and filled the huge caverns of its belly deep within with armed sol- diers. In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island well known to fame, rich in wealth while Priam's king- dom stood, now only a bay and an unsafe anchor- age for ships. They sailed out there and hid them- selves on its deserted shore. We thought they had gone and sailed with the wind for Mycenae. So the whole Teucrian land freed itself from its long grief. The gates were thrown open; it was a joy to go out and see the Dorian camp, the deserted places and the abandoned shore.[2]

1 The Myrmidons and Dolopians were peoples of Thessaly who followed Achilles and his son Pyrrhus to Troy.
2 Tenedos is a small island off the coast near Troy.

LAOCOÖN'S WARNING

The Trojans debate what to do with the wooden horse, and Laocoön warns them not to trust it.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.29	Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles; classibus hic locus; hic acie certare solebant. Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae, et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari, sive dolo, seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant. At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona praecipitare iubent, subiectisque urere flammis, aut terebrare cavas uteri et temptare latebras. Scinditur incertum studia in contraria volgus. Primus ibi ante omnis, magna comitante caterva, Laocoön ardens summa decurrit ab arce, et procul: O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives?	Here the band of Dolopians had camped, here cruel Achilles had pitched his tent; here was the place for the fleet; here they used to fight in battle line. Some stood amazed at the deadly gift to virgin Minerva and marveled at the bulk of the horse. Thymoetes was the first to urge that it be brought inside the walls and placed on the citadel, whether through treachery or because the fates of Troy were already tending that way. But Capys, and those whose minds held better counsel, urged us either to hurl the Danaans' snare, the suspect gift, headlong into the sea and burn it with flames set beneath it, or else to bore into the hollow hiding places of its belly and probe them. The wavering crowd was split into opposing factions. Then first before all, with a great crowd following, Laocoön ran down in a blaze of passion from the top of the citadel, and from far off cried: 'Wretched citizens, what is this great madness?
2.43	Creditis avectos hostis? Aut ulla putatis dona carere dolis Danaum? Sic notus Ulixes? aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi, aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi, aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri. Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis. Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam in latus inque feri curvam compagibus alvum contorsit: stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae. Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset, impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, Troiaque, nunc stares, Priamique arx alta, maneres.	Do you believe the enemy has sailed away? Or do you think any gifts of the Danaans are free of tricks? Is this how well you know Ulysses? Either Achaeans are shut up and hidden in this wood, or this is an engine built against our walls, to spy into our homes and come down upon the city from above, or some other deception lurks in it. Do not trust the horse, Teucrians. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts.' So he spoke, and with mighty strength he hurled a huge spear into the beast's side and into the curved frame of its belly. The spear stood quivering, and as the belly was struck the hollow caverns resounded and gave out a groan. And if the fates of the gods, if our minds had not been perverse, he would have driven us to defile the Argive hiding place with steel, and Troy, you would now be standing, and you, high citadel of Priam, would still remain.

SINON'S STORY

A captured Greek tells a false tale that the horse is an offering, and serpents kill Laocoön.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.57	Ecce, manus iuvenem interea post terga revinctum pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant	Look: meanwhile Dardanian shepherds, with loud shouting, were dragging to the king a young man

LATIN	ENGLISH
Dardanidae, qui se ignotum venientibus ultro, hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achivis, obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus, seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti. Undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus circumfusa ruit, certantque inludere capto. Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno disce omnes. Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit:	with his hands bound behind his back. A stranger, he had deliberately put himself in the path of those who came upon him, to contrive this very thing and open Troy to the Achaeans. He was confident in spirit and ready for either outcome, to work his tricks or to meet certain death. From all sides the Trojan youth, eager to see him, came rushing and crowded round, and vied with one another in mocking the captive. Hear now the treachery of the Danaans, and from a single crime learn what they all are. For as he stood there in full view, distraught and unarmed, and looked around at the Phrygian ranks:
2.69 Heu, quae nunc tellus inquit quae me aequora possunt accipere? Aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt? Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis impetus. Hortamur fari; quo sanguine cretus, quidve ferat, memoret, quae sit fiducia capto. [Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur:] Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor vera, inquit; neque me Argolica de gente negabo: hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.	'Alas,' he said, 'what land, what seas can now receive me? Or what is left at last for me in my misery, who have no place anywhere among the Danaans, while the Dardanians themselves, enraged, demand my punishment with my blood?' At that groan our feelings were changed and all violence was checked. We urged him to speak, to tell us from what blood he was born, what news he brought, what he trusted in, now that he was a captive. [Then at last, laying aside his fear, he spoke these words:] 'Everything, O king, whatever comes of it, I will confess to you truly,' he said, 'and I will not deny that I am of the Argive people. This first of all: if Fortune has fashioned Sinon for misery, she will not, for all her malice, fashion him false and a liar as well.
2.81 Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad auris Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat, demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent. Illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis, dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigebat consiliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque gessimus. Invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi— haud ignota loquor—superis concessit ab oris, adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam, et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.	If talk has by chance brought to your ears the name of Palamedes, descendant of Belus, and his glory famed in report: the Pelasgians, on a false charge of treason and by wicked testimony, sent him down to death, an innocent man, because he opposed the war, and now that he is robbed of the light they mourn him. To him my father, a poor man, sent me here to war from my earliest years, as his comrade and close kinsman. While he stood secure in his kingship and was strong in the councils of the kings, I too bore some name and honor. But after the envy of cunning Ulysses (I speak of things well known) drove him from the shores of the living, I dragged out my life, broken, in darkness and grief, and raged within myself at the fall of my innocent friend.[3]
2.94 Nec tacui demens, et me, fors si qua tulisset, si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos,	Madman that I was, I did not keep silent. I promised that, if any chance allowed it, if ever I re-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi. Hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces in volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma. Nec requievit enim, donec, Calchante ministro— sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata revolvo? Quidve moror, si omnis uno ordine habetis Achivos, idque audire sat est? Iamdudum sumite poenas, hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae. Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae. Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur:	turned victorious to my native Argos, I would be his avenger, and with my words I stirred up bitter hatred. From this came the first taint of my ruin. From this, Ulysses was forever terrifying me with new charges, forever spreading ambiguous rumors among the crowd and, knowing his own guilt, looking for weapons. Nor did he rest, until, with Calchas as his tool— But why do I go over these unwelcome things in vain? Why do I delay, if you hold all Achaeans to be alike, and it is enough to hear that I am one? Take your vengeance at once: that is what the Ithacan would wish, and the sons of Atreus would pay a great price for it.' Then indeed we burned to question him and ask the reasons, knowing nothing of such great crimes and of Pelasgian art. Trembling, he went on, and spoke from a lying heart:[4]
2.108	Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relicta moliri, et longo fessi discedere bello; fecissentque utinam! Saepe illos aspera ponti interclusit hiemps, et terruit Auster euntis. Praecipue, cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi. Suspensi Eurypylum scitantem oracula Phoebi mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: *Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,* *cum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras;* *sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum* *Argolica.* Volgi quae vox ut venit ad auris, obstipuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.	'Often the Danaans longed to leave Troy and attempt flight, and to depart, weary of the long war, and how I wish they had! Often a harsh storm at sea cut them off, and the South Wind frightened them as they set out. Above all, when this horse already stood here, framed of maple beams, storm clouds thundered across the whole sky. In suspense we sent Eurypylus to consult the oracle of Phoebus, and from the shrine he brought back these grim words: "*With blood and a slaughtered virgin you appeased the winds, Danaans, when you first came to the shores of Ilium; with blood you must seek your return, and win the gods' favor with an Argive life.*" When this utterance reached the ears of the crowd, their minds were stunned, and a cold shudder ran through their very bones: for whom were the fates preparing this, whom did Apollo demand?[5]
2.122	Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina divom, flagitat; et mihi iam multi crudele canebant artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant. Bis quinos silet ille dies, tectusque recusat prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti. Vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus, composito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae. Adsensere omnes, et, quae sibi quisque timebat, unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.	At this the Ithacan, with great uproar, dragged the seer Calchas into their midst and demanded to know what this will of the gods might be. And many were already foretelling to me the schemer's cruel crime, and silently saw what was coming. For twice five days the seer kept silent and, shutting himself away, refused to name anyone with his voice or deliver him to death. At last, barely, driven by the Ithacan's loud clamor, he broke into speech as they had agreed and marked me out for

3 Palamedes was a Greek hero who, in legend, was framed for treason by Ulysses and put to death by the army.
4 Calchas was the seer who accompanied the Greek army at Troy.
5 The slaughtered virgin is Iphigenia, sacrificed by her father Agamemnon at Aulis to win winds for the fleet sailing to Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari, et salsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae: eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi, limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.	the altar. All assented, and what each had feared for himself they accepted, once it was turned to the ruin of one wretched man. And now the unspeakable day had come. The rites were being prepared for me, the salted grain, the sacred ribbons around my temples. I tore myself from death, I confess it, and broke my bonds, and all night I lay hidden, unseen, among the sedge of a muddy marsh, until they should set sail, if by chance they did.
2.137	Nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi, nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem; quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. Quod te per superos et conscia numina veri, per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis. His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro. Ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levari vincla iubet Priamus, dictisque ita fatur amicis:	Now I have no hope of ever seeing my ancient homeland, nor my sweet children and the father I long for. Perhaps they will even demand punishment from them for my escape, and atone for my fault with the death of those poor souls. So I beg you, by the gods above and the powers that witness the truth, by whatever faith still remains anywhere among mortals unstained: pity such great hardships, pity a soul that suffers what it does not deserve.' To these tears we granted him his life, and pitied him of our own accord. Priam himself was the first to order the manacles and tight bonds to be removed from the man, and spoke to him with friendly words:
2.148	Quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios; noster eris, mihique haec edissere vera roganti: Quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? Quis auctor? Quidve petunt? Quae religio, aut quae machina belli? Dixerat. Ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga, sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas: Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile vestrum testor numen ait vos arae ensesque nefandi, quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi: fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura, fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras, si qua tegunt; teneor patriae nec legibus ullis. Tu modo promissis maneas, servataque serves Troia fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam.	'Whoever you are, from now on forget the Greeks you have lost; you will be ours. And tell me truly what I ask: why did they set up this huge bulk of a horse? Who devised it? What do they want? Is it a religious offering, or an engine of war?' He had spoken. The other, schooled in tricks and Pelasgian art, raised his palms, freed from their chains, to the stars: 'You, eternal fires, and your inviolable power, I call to witness,' he said, 'you altars and accursed swords that I fled, and you ribbons of the gods that I wore as a victim: it is right for me to break the sacred bonds that tie me to the Greeks, right to hate those men and bring everything out into the open air, whatever they hide; I am bound by no laws of my country. Only you, Troy, keep your promises, and, kept safe, keep faith with me, if I tell the truth, if I repay you richly.
2.162	Omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. Impius ex quo Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulixes, fatale adgressi sacrato avellere templo Palladium, caesis summae custodibus arcis, corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas;	All the hope of the Danaans and their confidence in the war they had begun always rested on the help of Pallas. But from the time when the impious son of Tydeus and Ulysses, contriver of crimes, set about tearing the fateful Palladium from its holy temple, killed the guards of the high citadel, seized the sacred image, and dared with bloody

LATIN	ENGLISH
ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri spes Danaum, fractae vires, aversa deae mens. Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris. Vix positum castris simulacrum, arsere coruscae luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus sudor iit, terque ipsa solo—mirabile dictu— emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem.	hands to touch the virgin goddess's ribbons, from that time the hope of the Danaans ebbed and slipped away, their strength was broken, and the goddess's mind turned against them. Tritonia gave signs of it in no uncertain portents. Scarcely was the image set down in the camp when flickering flames blazed from its staring eyes, salt sweat ran down its limbs, and three times (wonderful to tell) the goddess herself leaped up from the ground, bearing her shield and quivering spear.[6]
2.176 Extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas, nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis, omina ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant, quod pelago et curvis secum avexere carinis. Et nunc, quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas, arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso improvisi aderunt: ita digerit omina Calchas. Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret. Hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit, ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia possit, neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.	At once Calchas proclaimed that they must take to the sea in flight, and that Troy could not be razed by Argive weapons unless they sought fresh omens at Argos and brought back the divine power they had carried away with them over the sea in their curved ships. And now that they have sailed with the wind for their native Mycenae, they are preparing arms and gods to accompany them, and will cross the sea again and be here unexpectedly: so Calchas reads the omens. Warned by him, they set up this image in place of the Palladium, in place of the injured divine power, to atone for the grim sacrilege. But Calchas ordered them to raise this immense mass high, of timbers woven together, and build it up to the sky, so that it could not be taken in at the gates or brought within the walls, nor guard your people under the protection of the ancient worship.
2.189 Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae, tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum convertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum; sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem, ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes. Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis, quos neque Tydides, nec Larisaeus Achilles, non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae. Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum obicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat. Laocoön, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos, sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras. Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—	For if your hands should violate this offering to Minerva, then great ruin (may the gods turn that omen on the seer himself first!) would come upon Priam's empire and the Phrygians; but if by your hands it should climb into your city, Asia would come unprovoked in a great war to the walls of Pelops, and that fate awaits our descendants.' By such treachery and the art of perjured Sinon the story was believed, and we were captured by tricks and forced tears, we whom neither the son of Tydeus nor Achilles of Larisa had subdued, nor ten years, nor a thousand ships. Here another thing, greater and far more fearful, was thrown in the way of us wretched people and troubled our unsuspecting hearts. Laocoön, chosen by lot as priest of Neptune, was sacrificing a huge bull at the customary altars. But look: from Tenedos, over the calm deep, twin—

6 The Palladium was an ancient image of Pallas on which the safety of Troy was believed to depend; Tritonia is a title of the same goddess, Minerva.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.204 horresco referens—immensis orbibus angues incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt; pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque sanguineae superant undas; pars cetera pontum pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga. Fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arva tenebant, ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora. Diffugimus visu exsangues: illi agmine certo Laocoönta petunt; et primum parva duorum corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus; post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et iam bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.	I shudder as I tell it—serpents with immense coils breasted the sea and made side by side for the shore. Their chests rose upright among the waves, and their blood-red crests towered above the water; the rest of them skimmed the sea behind, winding their huge backs in coils. There was a roar as the brine foamed. And now they were on the land, their blazing eyes shot with blood and fire, licking their hissing mouths with flickering tongues. We scattered, bloodless at the sight. They made straight for Laocoön in steady course. First each serpent embraced the small bodies of his two sons, entwined them, and fed with its bites on their poor limbs. Then they seized the man himself as he came up to help, bringing weapons, and bound him in huge coils. And now, twice clasping him round the middle, twice winding their scaly backs around his neck, they towered above him with their heads and lofty necks.
2.220 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno, clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit: quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim. At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem, sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur. Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem Laocoönta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur laeserit, et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam. Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae numina conclamant.	At the same time he strained with his hands to tear apart the knots, his ribbons drenched with gore and black venom, and at the same time he raised horrible cries to the stars, like the bellowing when a wounded bull has fled the altar and shaken from its neck the ill-aimed axe. But the twin serpents glided away to the high shrine and made for the citadel of fierce Tritonis, and hid beneath the goddess's feet and the circle of her shield. Then indeed a strange terror crept through everyone's trembling hearts, and they said that Laocoön had deservedly paid for his crime, for he had wounded the sacred wood with his spear point and hurled his wicked spear into its back. 'The image must be brought to its home and the goddess's power entreated,' they all cried out.

THE HORSE ENTERS TROY

The Trojans bring the horse into the city, and at night the Greeks inside it open the gates.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.234 Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis. Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo intendunt: scandit fatalis machina muros, feta armis. Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent. Illa subit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. O patria, O divom domus Ilium, et incluta bello	We breached the walls and laid open the city's defenses. All girded themselves for the work; they set gliding wheels beneath its feet and stretched hempen ropes around its neck. The fateful engine climbed the walls, pregnant with arms. Around it boys and unwed girls sang sacred songs and rejoiced to touch the rope with their hands. On it came, and glided, menacing, into the heart of the

LATIN	ENGLISH
moenia Dardanidum, quater ipso in limine portae substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere: instamus tamen inmemores caecique furore, et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris ora, dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris. Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.	city. O my homeland, O Ilium, home of the gods, and walls of the Dardanians famous in war! Four times it stopped on the very threshold of the gate, and four times the arms in its belly clashed; yet we pressed on, heedless and blinded by frenzy, and set the ill-omened monster on the sacred citadel. Then too Cassandra opened her lips to tell of the fates to come, lips never, by the god's command, believed by the Teucrians. And we, poor souls, for whom that day was to be the last, decked the shrines of the gods throughout the city with festive leaves.[7]
2.250 Vertitur interea caelum et ruit oceano nox, involvens umbra magna terramque polumque Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucri conticuere, sopor fessos complectitur artus: et iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae litora nota petens, flammas cum regia puppis extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim laxat claustra Sinon. Illos patefactus ad auras reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces, et dirus Ulixes, demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque, Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon, et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epeos. Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam; caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnis accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.	Meanwhile the sky turned, and night rushed up from the Ocean, wrapping in its great shadow earth and sky and the treachery of the Myrmidons. Sprawled throughout the city, the Teucrians fell silent; sleep embraced their weary limbs. And now the Argive host, its ships drawn up in order, was sailing from Tenedos through the friendly silence of the quiet moon, making for the familiar shore, when the royal ship raised a beacon flame; and Sinon, protected by the unjust fates of the gods, stealthily released the Danaans shut in the belly and loosened its pine bars. The horse, thrown open, gave them back to the air, and gladly out of the hollow wood came the leaders Thessandrus and Sthenelus and dread Ulysses, sliding down a lowered rope, and Acamas and Thoas, and Neoptolemus of the line of Peleus, and Machaon first, and Menelaus, and Epeos himself, the maker of the trick. They burst into a city buried in sleep and wine. The watchmen were cut down, and through the open gates they let in all their comrades and joined the columns that shared the plot.

HECTOR'S GHOST

Hector appears to Aeneas in a dream and tells him to flee with Troy's gods; Aeneas arms instead.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.268 Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris incipit, et dono divom gratissima serpit. In somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus, raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento pulvere, perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis. Ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli,	It was the hour when first rest begins for weary mortals and, most welcome, steals over them as a gift of the gods. In my sleep, look, before my eyes Hector, in deepest sorrow, seemed to stand beside me, shedding floods of tears: dragged behind the chariot, as he once was, black with bloody dust, his swollen feet pierced through with thongs. Alas, what a sight he was! How changed from that Hec-

7 Cassandra, Priam's daughter, was a prophetess whom Apollo condemned never to be believed.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis, squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis volneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros accepit patrios. Ultro flens ipse videbar Compellare virum et maestas expromere voces:	tor who came back clad in the spoils of Achilles, or after hurling Phrygian fire onto the ships of the Danaans! He wore a filthy beard and hair matted with blood, and those many wounds he received around the walls of his fatherland. And I seemed to weep myself and to address him first, pouring out mournful words:[8]
2.281	O lux Dardaniae, spes O fidissima Teucrum, quae tantae tenuere morae? Quibus Hector ab oris exspectate venis? Ut te post multa tuorum funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores defessi aspicimus! Quae causa indigna serenos foedavit voltus? Aut cur haec volnera cerno? Ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur, sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens, Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis. Hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. Sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis: hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.	'O light of Dardania, O most faithful hope of the Teucrians, what long delay has held you? From what shores do you come, Hector, so long awaited? Worn out as we are, how we look on you, after the many deaths of your people, after all the hardships of men and city! What shameful cause has disfigured your serene face? Or why do I see these wounds?' He said nothing, nor did he linger over my idle questions, but, heavily drawing a groan from deep in his chest, 'Ah, flee, son of the goddess,' he said, 'and snatch yourself from these flames. The enemy holds the walls; Troy is falling from her lofty height. Enough has been given to country and to Priam: if Pergamum could be defended by any right hand, it would have been defended by this one. Troy entrusts to you her sacred things and her household gods. Take them as companions of your fates; seek for them walls, the great walls you will at last establish when you have wandered over the sea.'
2.296	Sic ait, et manibus vittas Vestamque potentem aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem. Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu, et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis Anchisae domus arboribusque obtecta recessit, clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror. Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus adsto: in segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores, praecipitisque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.	So he spoke, and in his hands he brought out from the innermost shrine the ribbons and mighty Vesta and the undying fire. Meanwhile the city was thrown into turmoil with grief on every side, and more and more, though the house of my father Anchises stood apart, secluded and screened by trees, the sounds grew clearer and the dread clash of arms rushed nearer. I shook myself from sleep, climbed to the top of the highest roof, and stood there with ears pricked: as when fire falls on a field of grain while the South Winds rage, or a rushing torrent swollen by a mountain stream flattens the fields, flattens the glad crops and the toil of oxen, and drags forests headlong, and the shepherd, unknowing, hears the roar from the top of a high rock and stands stunned.[9]
2.309	Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt insidiae. Iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam	Then indeed the truth was plain, and the treachery of the Danaans lay open. Already the great

8 In Homer, Hector stripped Achilles' armor from Patroclus; Achilles later killed Hector and dragged his body behind his chariot.
9 Vesta was the goddess of the hearth, whose undying fire was later tended at Rome by the Vestal Virgins.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Volcano superante domus; iam proxumus ardet Ucalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucent. Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum. Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis, sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis. Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achivom, Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos, sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit. Quo res summa, loco, Panthu? Quam prendimus arcem? Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit:	house of Deiphobus had fallen in ruins as Vulcan overpowered it; already its neighbor Ucalegon was burning; the broad straits of Sigeum glowed with the fire. Up rose the shouting of men and the blare of trumpets. Out of my mind, I seized my arms, though there was little sense in arms; but my heart burned to gather a band for battle and rush with my comrades to the citadel. Frenzy and anger drove my mind headlong, and the thought came to me that it is a fine thing to die in arms. But look: Panthus, slipping out from the Achaean weapons, Panthus son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and of Phoebus, was dragging along with his own hands the sacred objects, the conquered gods, and his little grandson, and running out of his mind toward our door. 'Panthus, where does our cause stand? What stronghold are we to hold?' I had scarcely spoken when he answered with a groan:[10]
2.324	Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus Dardaniae: fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Teucrorum; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos transtulit; incensa Danai dominantur in urbe. Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet insultans; portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, milia quot magnis umquam venere Mycenis; obsedere alii telis angusta viarum oppositi; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco stricta, parata neci; vix primi proelia temptant portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt. Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divom in flammas et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys, quo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.	'The last day has come, the inescapable hour for Dardania. Trojans we were; Ilium was, and the great glory of the Teucrians. Cruel Jupiter has carried everything over to Argos; the Danaans are masters in the burning city. The horse, standing high in the middle of the walls, pours out armed men, and Sinon, victorious and gloating, spreads fires everywhere. Others are at the double gates, as many thousands as ever came from great Mycenae; others have blocked the narrow streets, posted with weapons. A line of steel stands drawn, its edge flashing, ready for slaughter; the first guards of the gates barely attempt battle, and resist in blind fighting.' By these words of Othrys' son and by the will of the gods I was carried into the flames and the fighting, where the grim Fury calls, where the din calls, and the shouting raised to the sky.
2.339	Addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis Epytus oblati per lunam Hypanisque Dymasque, et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus, Mygdonides: illis ad Troiam forte diebus venerat, insano Cassandrae incensus amore, et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat, infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis audierit. Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi, incipio super his: Iuvenes, fortissima frustra pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido	Rhipeus and Epytus, greatest in arms, joined me as comrades, appearing in the moonlight, with Hypanis and Dymas, and they gathered at my side; and young Coroebus, son of Mygdon. He had come to Troy in those days, as it happened, burning with a mad love for Cassandra, and as a son-in-law-to-be he was bringing help to Priam and the Phrygians, unhappy man, who did not heed the warnings of his inspired bride. When I saw them massed together and eager for battle, I spoke to

10 Sigeum was a headland near Troy at the mouth of the Hellespont.

LATIN	ENGLISH
certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis: excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis, di, quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi incensae; moriamur et in media arma ruamus. Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.	them further: 'Young men, bravest of hearts, in vain: if you are set on following me as I dare the last extremity, you see what fortune has come upon our affairs. All the gods on whom this empire stood have gone away, leaving their shrines and altars; you are rushing to help a city in flames. Let us die, and charge into the midst of the fighting. The one safety for the conquered is to hope for no safety.'
2.355 Sic animis iuvenum furor additus: inde, lupi ceu raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris exegit caecos rabies, catulique relicti faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostis vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus urbis iter; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando explicet, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores? Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos; plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim corpora, perque domos et religiosa deorum limina. Nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri; quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus victoresque cadunt Danai: crudelis ubique luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.	So frenzy was added to the young men's spirits. Then, like ravening wolves in a black fog, driven out blindly by the relentless fury of the belly, while their cubs, left behind, wait with dry throats, so we went through weapons, through enemies, to no uncertain death, and held our way through the middle of the city; black night flew round us with its hollow shadow. Who could unfold in words the disaster of that night, who its deaths, or match our hardships with tears? An ancient city was falling, that had ruled for many years. Everywhere, in great numbers, lifeless bodies lay strewn through the streets and houses and the sacred thresholds of the gods. Nor did the Teucrians alone pay the penalty with their blood: at times courage returned even to the hearts of the conquered, and the victorious Danaans fell. Everywhere cruel grief, everywhere terror, and death in many forms.
2.370 Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva, Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis: Festinate, viri: nam quae tam sera moratur segnities? Alii rapiunt incensa feruntque Pergama; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis. Dixit, et extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostis. Obstipuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit: inprovisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem; haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat. Inruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis, ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos sternimus: adspirat primo fortuna labori.	The first to meet us, with a great band of Danaans following, was Androgeos, who in his ignorance believed us to be allied troops, and of his own accord hailed us with friendly words: 'Hurry, men! What sluggishness is delaying you so late? Others are plundering and carrying off burning Troy, and you are only now coming from your tall ships!' He spoke, and at once, for the answers he got were not reassuring enough, he realized he had fallen into the midst of enemies. He was stunned, and drew back his foot and his voice. As a man who, treading hard on the ground among rough brambles, has stepped on an unseen snake, and shrinks back in sudden fear as it rears up in anger and swells its dark-blue neck, just so Androgeos, terrified at the sight, was drawing away. We rushed upon them and surrounded them with close-packed arms, and cut them down here and there, men who did not know the ground and were

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	seized with fear. Fortune breathed favor on our first toil.
2.386 Atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus, O socii, qua prima inquit fortuna salutis monstrat iter, quoque ostendit se dextra, sequamur mutemus clipeos, Danaumque insignia nobis aptemus: dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat? Arma dabunt ipsi. Sic fatus, deinde comantem Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum induitur, laterique Argivum accommodat ensem. Hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus laeta facit; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. Vadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro, multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.	And here Coroebus, exulting in success and in his courage, said: 'Comrades, where fortune first shows us the road to safety, and where she shows herself favorable, let us follow. Let us change shields and fit the Danaans' insignia to ourselves. Trickery or courage: who would ask which, against an enemy? They will give us arms themselves.' So he spoke, and then he put on Androgeos' plumed helmet and the handsome emblem of his shield, and fitted an Argive sword to his side. Rhipeus did this, Dymas himself did this, and all the young men gladly; each armed himself with the fresh spoils. We went on, mingled with the Danaans, under a divine power not our own, and meeting them in many a fight through the blind night we joined battle, and sent many of the Danaans down to Orcus.[11]
2.399 Diffugiunt alii ad navis, et litora cursu fida petunt: pars ingentem formidine turpi scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo. Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis! Ecce trahebatur passis Priameïa virgo crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae, ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,— lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus, et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen. Consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.	Some scattered to the ships and ran for the safety of the shore; some, in shameful fear, climbed back into the huge horse and hid in its familiar belly. Alas, no one may trust in anything when the gods are against him! Look: Priam's virgin daughter Cassandra was being dragged, her hair streaming, from the temple and shrine of Minerva, stretching her blazing eyes to heaven in vain—her eyes, for bonds held back her tender hands. Coroebus, his mind maddened, could not bear this sight, and hurled himself into the middle of the column, ready to die. We all followed and charged with close-packed arms.
2.410 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum. Tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Aiax, et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis; adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine venti confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois Eurus equis; stridunt silvae, saevitque tridenti spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo. Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe, apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela adgnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant.	Here, for the first time, we are buried under a hail of weapons thrown by our own men from the high roof of the temple, and a most pitiful slaughter begins, because of the look of our armor and the confusion caused by our Greek crests. Then the Danaans, groaning with anger at the girl snatched from them, gather from all sides and attack: Ajax, fiercest of all, and the twin sons of Atreus, and the whole army of the Dolopians. It is as when a whirlwind bursts and opposing winds clash, the West Wind, the South Wind, and the East Wind exulting in the horses of the Dawn; the forests shriek, and Nereus, all foam, rages with his trident and stirs the seas from their lowest depths. Those too ap-

11 Orcus is the underworld, or its god.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	pear whom we had routed by our trick through the shadows of the dark night and chased all through the city. They are the first to recognize our shields and lying weapons, and they notice that our speech does not sound like theirs.[12]
2.424 Ilicet obruimur numero; primusque Coroebus Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram procumbit; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi: dis aliter visum; pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu, labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit. Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum, testor, in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas vitavisse vices Danaum, et, si fata fuissent ut caderem, meruisse manu. Divellimur inde, Iphitus et Pelias mecum, quorum Iphitus aevo iam gravior, Pelias et volnere tardus Ulixi; protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati.	At once we are overwhelmed by numbers. Coroebus is the first to fall, by the hand of Peneleus, at the altar of the warrior goddess. Rhipeus falls too, the most just of all the Teucrians and the most faithful to what was right: the gods saw it otherwise. Hypanis and Dymas perish, pierced by their own comrades; and neither your great devotion, Panthus, nor Apollo's sacred headband shielded you as you fell. Ashes of Ilium, last flames of my people, I call you to witness that in your downfall I shrank from no weapon and no hazard of combat with the Danaans, and that, had it been fated for me to fall, I had earned it by my deeds. Then we are torn away from there, Iphitus and Pelias with me: Iphitus now weighed down by age, Pelias slowed by a wound from Ulysses. Summoned by the shouting, we go straight to Priam's palace.

THE FALL OF PRIAM'S PALACE

The Greeks storm the palace, and Pyrrhus kills Polites and then Priam at the altar.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.438 Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe. Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentis cernimus, obsessumque acta testudine limen. Haerent parietibus scalae, postisque sub ipsos nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris. Dardanidae contra turris ac tota domorum culmina convellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt, extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis; auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum, devolvunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas obsedere fores; has servant agmine denso. Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis, auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.	Here we see a battle so huge it was as if there were no fighting anywhere else, as if no one were dying anywhere in the whole city. So we see Mars untamed, the Danaans rushing at the palace, and the entrance besieged by a tortoise of locked shields driven against it. Ladders cling to the walls; right beside the doorposts the men climb the rungs, holding out their shields in their left hands to protect themselves against weapons, while their right hands grip the battlements. The Dardanians, in turn, tear down towers and whole rooftops; with these as weapons, since they see the end has come, they prepare to defend themselves now at the very point of death. They roll down gilded beams, the lofty splendors of their ancestors of old. Others, with drawn swords, have taken their stand at the doors below and guard them in a dense column. Our spirits were renewed: to bring aid to the king's palace, to relieve the defenders with our help, and to give strength to the defeated.

12 This is Ajax son of Oileus, the "lesser" Ajax, who dragged Cassandra from Minerva's temple.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.453	Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relicti a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, saepius Andromache ferre incomitata solebat ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat. Evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucri. Turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri et Danaum solitae naves et Achaia castra, adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis sedibus, impulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late incidit: ast alii subeunt, nec saxa, nec ullum telorum interea cessat genus.	There was an entrance, a hidden door, a passage linking the rooms of Priam's palace with one another, a gateway at the back, left unnoticed. While the kingdom still stood, unhappy Andromache often used to go this way unattended to visit her husband's parents, bringing the boy Astyanax to his grandfather. Through it I make my way up to the highest point of the roof, from where the wretched Teucrians were hurling their useless weapons. There was a tower standing at the sheer edge, rising from the rooftop to the stars, from which all Troy could be seen, and the Danaan ships, and the Achaean camp. Attacking it with iron all round, where the topmost floors offered joints that were giving way, we wrench it from its high base and push it over. Suddenly it collapses, dragging ruin down with a crash, and falls far and wide upon the Danaan columns. But others come up, and meanwhile neither stones nor any kind of weapon cease.[13]
2.469	Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aëna; qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat, nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa, lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. Una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis, armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant. Ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni limina perrumpit, postisque a cardine vellit aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.	Right before the entrance, at the very threshold, Pyrrhus exults, flashing with weapons and the gleam of bronze: just as when a snake comes out into the light, fed on poisonous herbs, which cold winter had kept swollen beneath the earth. Now, its old skin cast off, new and glistening with youth, it rolls its slippery coils, lifting its breast high toward the sun, and its three-forked tongue flickers from its mouth. With him come huge Periphas and Automedon, driver of Achilles' horses and his armor-bearer; with him all the young men of Scyros close in on the palace and hurl fire at the roof. Pyrrhus himself, among the foremost, seizes a double axe, breaks through the hard doorway, and wrenches the bronze-plated doors from their hinges. Now he has cut out a panel and hollowed through the solid oak, making a huge window with a wide mouth.[14]
2.483	Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt; adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum, armatosque vident stantis in limine primo. At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor. Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant; amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt.	The house within comes into view, and the long halls lie open; the inner rooms of Priam and of the kings of old come into view, and those inside see armed men standing at the threshold. But the house within is a turmoil of groans and pitiful confusion, and deep inside, the hollow halls howl with the wailing of women; the clamor strikes the

13 Andromache was Hector's wife; Astyanax was their young son.
14 Pyrrhus, also called Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles; he grew up on the island of Scyros.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra, neque ipsi custodes sufferre valent; labat ariete crebro ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.	golden stars. Then frightened mothers wander through the vast palace, embracing and clinging to the doorposts and pressing kisses on them. Pyrrhus presses on with his father's violence; neither bars nor the guards themselves can hold him back. The door gives way under the repeated blows of the battering ram, and the doors, torn from their hinges, crash forward.
2.494 Fit via vi; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant immissi Danai, et late loca milite complent. Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles, fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnis cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse furentem caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas; vidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignis. Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum, barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi, procubuere; tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis.	Force makes a way. They burst through the entrance; the Danaans pour in, slaughter the first men they meet, and fill the place far and wide with soldiers. Not so wild is a foaming river when it has burst its banks and broken out, overwhelming the barriers set against it with its flood: it is carried raging onto the fields in a mass and sweeps the herds and their stalls across all the plains. I myself saw Neoptolemus mad with slaughter, and the two sons of Atreus on the threshold; I saw Hecuba and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam among the altars, polluting with his blood the fires he himself had consecrated. Those fifty bedchambers, so great a hope of grandchildren, their doors proud with foreign gold and spoils, came crashing down; where the fire fails, the Danaans hold the ground.
2.506 Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras. Urbis uti captae casum convolsaque vidit limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem, arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo circumdat nequiquam umeris, et inutile ferrum cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis. Aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus, incumbens arae atque umbra complexa Penatis. Hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae, condensae et divom amplexae simulacra sedebant. Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis ut vidit, Quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx, impulit his cingi telis? Aut quo ruis? inquit;	Perhaps you may also ask what Priam's fate was. When he saw the fall of the captured city, the doors of his palace torn down, and the enemy in the heart of his home, the old man, to no purpose, put armor long unused on shoulders trembling with age, girded on his useless sword, and rushed, ready to die, into the thick of the enemy. In the middle of the palace, under the open vault of heaven, there was a great altar, and beside it a very ancient laurel, leaning over the altar and embracing the household gods in its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters sat huddled around the altars in vain, like doves driven headlong by a black storm, clinging to the images of the gods. But when she saw Priam himself in the armor of his youth, she said, 'What mind so dreadful, my poor husband, has driven you to put on these weapons? Where are you rushing?'
2.521 Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus eget, non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector. Huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis, aut moriere simul. Sic ore effata recepit ad sese et sacra longaevum in sede locavit.	'This hour does not need such help or such defenders as you, no, not even if my own Hector were here now. Come here, at last; this altar will protect us all, or you will die with us.' So she spoke, drew the old man to her, and set him down in the sacred

LATIN	ENGLISH
Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites, unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat saucius: illum ardens infesto volnere Pyrrhus insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta. Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum, concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit. Hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur, non tamen abstinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit:	place. But look: Polites, one of Priam's sons, who had escaped slaughter at Pyrrhus' hands, flees through weapons, through enemies, down the long colonnades, and ranges, wounded, through the empty halls. Pyrrhus pursues him hotly, eager to deal the deadly blow; now, at any moment, he has him in his grasp and presses on him with his spear. When at last the boy came out before the eyes and faces of his parents, he collapsed and poured out his life with a flood of blood. At this Priam, though already held in the grip of death, did not hold back or spare his voice and his anger:
2.535 At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis, di, si qua est caelo pietas, quae talia curet, persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum fecisti et patrios foedasti funere voltus. At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque supplicis erubuit, corpusque exsangue sepulchro reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit. Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelle sine ictu coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum e summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit. Cui Pyrrhus: Referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis Pelidae genitori; illi mea tristia facta degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.	'For this crime,' he cries, 'for such outrages, may the gods, if there is any devotion in heaven to care about such things, pay you the thanks you deserve and give you the rewards you are owed, you who have made me see my own son's death before my eyes and defiled a father's face with his murder. But that Achilles, whose son you falsely claim to be, was not like this to Priam, his enemy: he felt shame before the rights and the trust of a suppliant, gave back Hector's bloodless body for burial, and sent me home to my kingdom.' So the old man spoke, and hurled a feeble spear without force; the clanging bronze repelled it at once, and it hung uselessly from the boss at the center of the shield. Pyrrhus answered him: 'Then you will carry this news and go as a messenger to my father, the son of Peleus. Remember to tell him about my grim deeds and his degenerate Neoptolemus.[15]
2.550 Nunc morere. Hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati, implicuitque comam laeva, dextraque coruscum extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem. Haec finis Priami fatorum; hic exitus illum sorte tulit, Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum regnatorem Asiae. Iacet ingens litore truncus, avolsumque umeris caput, et sine nomine corpus. At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror Obstipui; subiit cari genitoris imago, ut regem aequaevum crudeli volnere vidi vitam exhalantem; subiit deserta Creüsa, et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli.	Now die.' As he said this, he dragged him, trembling and slipping in the pool of his son's blood, to the very altar, twisted his hair in his left hand, raised his flashing sword with his right, and buried it in his side up to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fate; this was the death that fell to his lot, seeing Troy in flames and Pergamum in ruins, he who was once the proud ruler of Asia, over so many peoples and lands. He lies on the shore, a huge trunk, the head torn from the shoulders, a body without a name. Then for the first time a savage horror surrounded me. I stood stunned. The image of my dear father came to me as I saw the king, a man of his own age, breathing out his life from a cruel wound; Creusa came to my mind, left

15 Priam recalls Homer's Iliad, Book 24, where Achilles pities him and returns Hector's body for burial.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	alone, and my plundered house, and what might befall little Iulus.[16]
2.564 Respicio, et quae sit me circum copia lustro. Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere. [Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae] [servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem] [Tyndarida aspicio: dant clara incendia lucem] [erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.] [Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros] [et poenas Danaum et deserti coniugis iras] [praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,] [abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat.] [Exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem] [ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.]	I look back and survey what forces remain around me. All had deserted me, exhausted: they had thrown themselves to the ground with a leap or, sick at heart, given their bodies to the flames. [And now I was the only one left, when I catch sight of the daughter of Tyndareus, keeping to the threshold of Vesta and hiding silently in the secret shrine; the bright fires give me light as I wander, casting my eyes everywhere over everything. Dreading in advance the Teucrians' hatred for the overthrow of Pergamum, the punishment of the Danaans, and the anger of the husband she had deserted, she, the common Fury of Troy and of her own homeland, had hidden herself and sat, a hated figure, at the altars. Fire blazed up in my heart; anger rises in me to avenge my falling country and to exact the punishment her crimes deserve.][17]
2.577 [Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenas] [aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho,] [coniugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,] [Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris?] [Occiderit ferro Priamus, Troia arserit igni?] [Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus?] [Non ita: namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen] [feminea in poena est, nec habet victoria laudem,] [extinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis] [laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit] [ultricis flammae, et cineres satiasse meorum.] [Talia iactabam, et furiata mente ferebar:] cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit alma parens, confessa deam, qualisque videri caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:	['So is she to see Sparta and her native Mycenae unharmed, and go as a queen in the triumph she has won? Is she to see her husband and her home, her parents and her children, attended by a crowd of Trojan women and Phrygian servants? Is Priam to have fallen by the sword, Troy to have burned with fire, the Dardanian shore to have sweated with blood so many times? Not so. For though there is no name worth remembering to be won by punishing a woman, and such a victory brings no glory, still I will be praised for having blotted out an abomination and exacted a deserved punishment, and it will be a joy to have filled my heart with avenging fire and to have satisfied the ashes of my people.' Such were the words I was hurling out, swept along by my frenzied mind,] when my gracious mother offered herself to my sight, never before so clear to my eyes, and shone out in pure light through the night, revealing herself as a goddess, with the beauty and stature in which she is used to appearing to the gods of heaven. She caught me by the right hand and held me back, and from her rosy lips added these words:
2.594 Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras? Quid furis, aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit?	'My son, what great resentment stirs up this ungovernable anger? Why are you raging? Where has

16 The headless body on the shore recalls the murder of Pompey the Great on the coast of Egypt in 48 BC.
17 Square brackets mark lines the editor doubts Virgil wrote. The daughter of Tyndareus is Helen.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Non prius aspicies, ubi fessum aetate parentem liqueris Anchisen; superet coniunxne Creüsa, Ascaniusque puer? Quos omnes undique Graiae circum errant acies, et, ni mea cura resistat, iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisa Lacaenae culpatusve Paris: divom inclementia, divom, has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam. Aspice—namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti mortalis hebetat visus tibi et umida circum caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis iussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa:—	your care for us gone? Will you not first see where you have left your father, Anchises, worn out with age, and whether your wife Creusa and the boy Ascanius are still alive? All around them on every side the Greek battle lines are roaming, and if my care did not resist, the flames would already have carried them off and the enemy sword would have drained their blood. It is not the hated face of the Spartan woman, the daughter of Tyndareus, nor Paris, whom you blame: it is the gods' unmercifulness, the gods', that is overthrowing this wealth and bringing Troy down from its height. Look—for I will tear away the whole cloud that now veils your sight, dulling your mortal vision and wrapping you in damp mist; and you, do not fear any command of your mother's, and do not refuse to obey her instructions—
2.608	hic, ubi disiectas moles avolsaque saxis saxa vides mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum. Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti fundamenta quatit, totamque a sedibus urbem eruit; hic Iuno Scaeas saevissima portas prima tenet, sociumque furens a navibus agmen ferro accincta vocat. Iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva. Ipse pater Danais animos viresque secundas sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitat arma. Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori. Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam.	here, where you see massive buildings scattered, stones wrenched from stones, and smoke billowing mixed with dust, Neptune is shaking the walls and the foundations loosened by his great trident, and tearing the whole city up from its seat. Here Juno, most savage, is the first to hold the Scaean Gates, and, girded with steel, in her fury she calls her allied army from the ships. Look back: now Tritonian Pallas has seated herself on the topmost citadel, blazing in her storm cloud with the savage Gorgon. The father himself supplies the Danaans with courage and strength for victory; he himself rouses the gods against the Dardanian army. Snatch your escape, my son, and put an end to your toil. I will never leave your side, and I will set you safe at your father's threshold.'[18]
2.621	Dixerat, et spissis noctis se condidit umbris. Adparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae numina magna deum. Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignis Ilium et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia; ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant eruere agricolae certatim,—illa usque minatur et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat, volneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum congemuit, traxitque iugis avolsa ruinam. Descendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis expedior; dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.	She had spoken, and hid herself in the thick shadows of night. Dreadful shapes appear, the mighty powers of the gods, hostile to Troy. Then indeed all Ilium seemed to me to sink into the fires, and Neptune's Troy to be overturned from its foundations: just as when, high on the mountains, farmers vie with one another to bring down an ancient ash tree, hacked at with iron and blow after blow of their axes—it keeps threatening to fall, and, shaken, its foliage trembling, nods its stricken crown, until little by little, overcome by its wounds, it groans its last and, torn from the ridge, crashes down in ruin. I come down and, with a god as my guide, make my way between flames

18 The Scaean Gates were the main gate of Troy. Minerva bore the Gorgon's head, which turned onlookers to stone, on her aegis.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and enemies; the weapons give way, and the flames draw back.

ANCHISES AND THE OMENS

Anchises refuses to leave until a flame on Iulus' head and a falling star persuade him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.634 Atque ubi iam patriae perventum ad limina sedis antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos optabam primum montis primumque petebam, abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia exsiliumque pati. Vos O, quibus integer aevi sanguis, ait solidaeque suo stant robore vires, vos agitate fugam: me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam, has mihi servassent sedes. Satis una superque vidimus exscidia et captae superavimus urbi. Sic O, sic positum adfati discedite corpus. Ipse manu mortem inveniam; miserebitur hostis exuviasque petet; facilis iactura sepulcri. Iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos demoror, ex quo me divom pater atque hominum rex fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.	And when I had reached the threshold of my father's house, our ancient home, my father, whom I longed to carry first up into the high mountains and whom I sought out first, refuses to prolong his life now that Troy has been destroyed, and to endure exile. 'You,' he says, 'whose blood is untouched by age, whose strength stands firm in its own vigor, you must make your escape. If the gods of heaven had wished me to live on, they would have preserved this home for me. It is enough and more that I have seen one destruction and survived one capture of the city. Here, here, as I lie laid out, say your farewells to my body and go. I myself will find death by a violent hand; the enemy will pity me and seek my spoils. The loss of a tomb is easy to bear. For a long time now, hated by the gods and useless, I have been lingering out my years, ever since the father of gods and king of men blasted me with the winds of his thunderbolt and touched me with its fire.'[19]
2.650 Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. Nos contra effusi lacrimis, coniunxque Creüsa Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum cuncta pater fatoque urguenti incumbere vellet. Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem. Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto: nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur? Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto sperasti, tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore? Si nihil ex tanta Superis placet urbe relinqui, et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Troiae teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto, iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus, natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.	So he persisted in saying, and remained unmoved. We, on the other side, dissolved in tears—my wife Creusa, Ascanius, and the whole household—begged my father not to bring everything down with him and add his weight to the fate pressing upon us. He refuses, and clings to his purpose and to the same place. Once more I am swept toward arms, and in utter misery I long for death: for what plan, what chance, was left to us now? 'Did you hope, father, that I could set foot out of here and leave you behind? Did such a monstrous thing fall from a father's lips? If it pleases the gods above that nothing be left of so great a city, and this is fixed in your mind, and it pleases you to add yourself and your family to the ruin of Troy, the door to that death lies open: soon Pyrrhus will be here, fresh from Priam's streaming blood, he who butchers the son before his father's face, and the father at the altars.

19 Jupiter struck Anchises with lightning for boasting of his union with Venus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.664 Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creüsam alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam? Arma, viri, ferte arma; vocat lux ultima victos. Reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata revisam proelia: Numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti. Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram insertabam aptans, meque extra tecta ferebam. Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iulum: Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis, hanc primum tutare domum. Cui parvus Iulus, cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquor?	Was it for this, gracious mother, that you rescue me through weapons and through fire, so that I may see the enemy in the heart of my home, and Ascanius and my father and Creusa beside them, slaughtered in one another's blood? Arms, men, bring arms! The last day calls the conquered. Give me back to the Danaans; let me return to the battle and take it up again. We shall not all die unavenged today.' At this I gird on my sword again, and was fitting my left arm into my shield and rushing out of the house. But look: at the threshold my wife clung to my feet, holding up little Iulus to his father. 'If you are going out to die, take us with you into anything; but if from experience you place some hope in the arms you have taken up, guard this house first. To whom is little Iulus left, to whom your father, and I, once called your wife?'
2.679 Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat, cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum. Namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci. Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignis. At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus extulit, et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit: Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis, aspice nos; hoc tantum, et, si pietate meremur, da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.	As she cried out these words, filling the whole house with her groaning, a sudden portent arises, wonderful to tell. For between the hands and faces of his grieving parents, look, a light tongue of flame seemed to pour out radiance from the top of Iulus' head, and a flame, harmless to the touch, licked his soft hair and fed around his temples. We, terrified, trembled with fear, shook out his blazing hair, and tried to put out the holy fire with water from the springs. But father Anchises joyfully raised his eyes to the stars and stretched his hands to heaven, praying aloud: 'Almighty Jupiter, if any prayers can move you, look on us, only this; and if our devotion deserves it, then give us your aid, father, and confirm these omens.'
2.692 Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore intonuit laevum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit. Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti, cernimus Idaea claram se condere silva signantemque vias; tum longo limite sulcus dat lucem, et late circum loca sulphure fumant. Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras, adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. Iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis adsum. Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem. Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est. Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.	

LATIN	ENGLISH
	The old man had scarcely spoken when with a sudden crash there came thunder on the left, and a star fell from the sky through the darkness, trailing a torch of fire, and ran its course in a blaze of light. We watch it glide above the rooftop of the house and bury itself, still bright, in the forest of Ida, marking out the way; then a long furrow of light glows along its track, and all around, the place smokes with sulfur. At this my father, won over at last, rises to his feet, addresses the gods, and worships the holy star. 'Now, now there is no delay; I follow, and where you lead, there I am. Gods of my fathers, save my house, save my grandson. This omen is yours, and Troy is in your power. I yield, my son, and I do not refuse to go as your companion.'[20]

FLIGHT FROM TROY

Aeneas carries his father out of the city, loses Creusa, and goes back to find only her ghost.

LATIN	ENGLISH
2.705 Dixerat ille; et iam per moenia clarior ignis auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt. Ergo age, care pater, cervici imponere nostrae; ipse subibo umeris, nec me labor iste gravabit: quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periclum, una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx: vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris. Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus religione patrum multos servata per annos. Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam. Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penatis; me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti, attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo abluero.	He had spoken; and now the roar of the fire is heard more clearly through the walls, and the heat rolls the blaze closer. 'Come then, dear father, climb onto my neck; I will carry you on my shoulders, and that burden will not weigh me down. However things fall out, we two shall share one and the same danger, one rescue. Let little Iulus come with me as my companion, and let my wife follow our footsteps at a distance. You, servants, pay close attention to what I say. As you leave the city there is a mound and an ancient temple of Ceres, now deserted, and beside it an old cypress, preserved for many years by the reverence of our fathers. To this one place we will come by different ways. You, father, take in your hands the sacred objects and our ancestral household gods; for me, fresh from such great fighting and recent slaughter, it would be a sin to touch them until I have washed myself in a running stream.'
2.721 Haec fatus, latos umeros subiectaque colla veste super fulvique insternor pelle leonis, succedoque oneri; dextrae se parvus Iulus implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis; pone subit coniunx: ferimur per opaca locorum; et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant	Having said this, I spread a covering, the tawny skin of a lion, over my broad shoulders and bowed neck, and take up the burden. Little Iulus twines his hand in my right hand and follows his father with steps that cannot match mine; my wife comes behind. We go through dark places; and I,

20 Thunder on the left was a favorable sign in Roman augury. Mount Ida rises near Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Grai, nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem. Iamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar evasisse viam, subito cum creber ad auris visus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram prospiciens; Nate exclamat, fuge nate, propinquant.	whom just before no weapons hurled at me could move, nor the Greeks massed in a hostile column, am now terrified by every breath of air, startled by every sound, anxious and fearing equally for my companion and my burden. And now I was nearing the gates and seemed to have come safely through the whole way, when suddenly the sound of many footsteps seemed to reach my ears, and my father, peering out through the darkness, cries: 'My son, flee, my son, they are coming near.
2.734	Ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno!— Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum confusam eripuit mentem. Namque avia cursu dum sequor, et nota excedo regione viarum, heu, misero coniunx fatone erepta Creüsa substitit, erravitne via, seu lassa resedit, incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. Nec prius amissam respexi animumque reflexi, quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam venimus; hic demum collectis omnibus una defuit, et comites natumque virumque fefellit. Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque, aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe?	I see their blazing shields and flashing bronze!—' At this point some power, I do not know what, no friend to me, robbed me in my panic of my confused wits. For while I was running along pathless ways, leaving the familiar network of streets, alas, whether my wife Creusa was snatched from me by fate, wretched as I am, or stopped, or lost her way, or sat down exhausted, no one knows; and she was never given back to our eyes afterward. I did not look back for her, lost as she was, or turn my thoughts to her, until we came to the mound and the sacred site of ancient Ceres. Here at last, when all were gathered together, she alone was missing, and her companions, her son, and her husband were cheated of her. Whom of men and gods did I not accuse in my madness? What crueler sight did I see in all the overthrown city?
2.747	Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penatis commendo sociis et curva valle recondo; ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis. Stat casus renovare omnis, omnemque reverti per Troiam, et rursus caput obiectare periclis. Principio muros obscuraque limina portae, qua gressum extuleram, repeto, et vestigia retro observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustro. Horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset, me refero: inruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant. Ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento volvitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras. Procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso.	Ascanius, my father Anchises, and the Teucrian household gods I entrust to my comrades and hide them in a winding valley; I myself return to the city, girding on my shining armor. I am resolved to face every danger again, to go back through all Troy, and to expose my life to perils once more. First I make my way back to the walls and the dark threshold of the gate by which I had come out, and I retrace my footsteps, following them carefully through the night and scanning them with my eyes. Everywhere horror fills my heart, and at the same time the very silence terrifies me. Then I go back home, in case, just in case, she had gone there: the Danaans had burst in and held the whole house. At once the devouring fire is rolled by the wind up to the highest roof; the flames tower over it, the heat rages to the sky. I go on and revisit Priam's palace and the citadel.
2.761	Et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes praedam adservabant. Huc undique Troia gaza	And now, in the empty colonnades of Juno's sanctuary, Phoenix and cruel Ulysses, the chosen guards, were watching over the plunder. Here,

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum, crateresque auro solidi, captivaque vestis congeritur; pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres stant circum. Ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram implevi clamore vias, maestusque Creüsam nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. Quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creüsae visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago. Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit. [Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:]	from every side, Trojan treasure snatched from burning shrines, tables of the gods, mixing bowls of solid gold, and captured garments are heaped together; boys and frightened mothers stand around in a long line. I even dared to fling my cries into the darkness; I filled the streets with shouting and, in my grief, repeating 'Creusa' in vain, I called her again and again. As I searched, rushing endlessly through the houses of the city, the unhappy phantom and shade of Creusa herself appeared before my eyes, an image larger than the one I knew. I stood stunned; my hair stood on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. [Then she spoke to me like this, and with these words took away my cares:][21]
2.776	Quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori, O dulcis coniunx? Non haec sine numine divom eveniunt; nec te hinc comitem asportare Creüsam fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi. Longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum, et terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris: illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx parta tibi. Lacrimas dilectae pelle Creüsae. Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo, Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus. Sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris: iamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.	'What good does it do to give way so much to frantic grief, my sweet husband? These things do not happen without the will of the gods; it is not permitted for you to take Creusa with you from here as your companion, nor does the ruler of high Olympus allow it. Long exile is yours, and a vast expanse of sea to plow, and you will come to the land of Hesperia, where the Lydian Tiber flows with gentle course through rich fields tilled by men. There happy fortune, a kingdom, and a royal wife have been won for you. Banish your tears for your beloved Creusa. I shall not see the proud homes of the Myrmidons or the Dolopians, nor go to be a slave to Greek matrons, I, a Dardanian woman and daughter-in-law of the goddess Venus. But the great mother of the gods keeps me on these shores. And now farewell, and keep your love for the son we share.'[22]
2.790	Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras. Ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum: ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago, par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno. Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso. Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse novorum invenio admirans numerum, matresque virosque, collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile volgus. Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati, in quascumque velim pelago deducere terras. Iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae	When she had said these words, she left me weeping and wanting to say many things, and withdrew into thin air. Three times I tried to put my arms around her neck; three times the image, grasped in vain, slipped through my hands, like the light winds, most like a fleeting dream. So at last, the night spent, I return to my comrades. And here, to my amazement, I find that a huge number of new companions have flocked together, mothers and men, a people gathered for exile, a pitiful crowd. They had come from every side, ready in heart and with their goods for me to lead them across

21 Phoenix was the old tutor and companion of Achilles.
22 The Tiber is "Lydian" because the Etruscans who lived along it were believed to have come from Lydia. The great mother of the gods is Cybele, goddess of Mount Ida.

LATIN	ENGLISH
ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur; cessi, et sublato montes genitore petivi.	the sea to whatever lands I wished. And now the Morning Star was rising above the ridges of highest Ida, leading in the day; the Danaans held the gates under guard, and no hope of help was offered. I gave way, and lifting my father, I made for the mountains.

Book 3

The wanderings
Aeneas tells of seven years at sea: Thrace, Delos, Crete, the Harpies, Andromache, the Cyclops, his father's death.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.1	Postquam res Asiae Priamique evertere gentem immeritam visum Superis, ceciditque superbum Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia, diversa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras auguriis agimur divom, classemque sub ipsa Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae, incerti, quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur, contrahimusque viros. Vix prima inceperat aestas, et pater Anchises dare fatis vela iubebat; litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo et campos, ubi Troia fuit: feror exsul in altum cum sociis natoque Penatibus et magnis dis.	After the gods above had seen fit to overthrow the power of Asia and Priam's undeserving people, after proud Ilium had fallen and all of Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the ground, we were driven by omens from the gods to seek far-flung places of exile and empty lands. Beneath Antandros itself and the mountains of Phrygian Ida we built a fleet, not knowing where the fates would carry us or where we would be allowed to settle, and we gathered our men. Summer had scarcely begun, and father Anchises was urging us to spread our sails to the fates, when in tears I left the shores and harbors of my homeland and the plains where Troy had been. I was carried out onto the deep, an exile, with my comrades and my son, with the household gods and the great gods.[1]

POLYDORUS

In Thrace a bleeding myrtle reveals the murdered Polydorus, and the Trojans leave the polluted land.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.13	Terra procul vastis colitur Mavortia campis, Thraces arant, acri quondam regnata Lycurgo, hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique Penates, dum Fortuna fuit. Feror huc, et litore curvo moenia prima loco, fatis ingressus iniquis, Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo. Sacra Dionaeae matri divisque ferebam auspicibus coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum. Forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo virgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus. Accessi, viridemque ab humo convellere silvam conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, horrendum et dictu video mirabile monstrum.	Some way off lies a land of Mars with vast plains, farmed by Thracians and once ruled by fierce Lycurgus. It was an old friend in hospitality to Troy, and its household gods were allied with ours, while our fortune lasted. Here I was carried, and on the curving shore I laid out my first walls, setting out under hostile fates, and from my own name I fashioned a name for its people: Aeneadae. I was offering sacrifice to my mother, Dione's daughter, and to the gods who watch over new undertakings, and on the shore I was slaughtering a gleaming bull to the high king of the heaven-dwellers. As it happened, there was a mound nearby, and on its top grew cornel thickets and a myrtle bristling with dense, spear-like shoots. I

1 Antandros: a harbor town at the foot of Mount Ida, near Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		went up to it, and as I tried to tear the green growth from the ground, to cover the altars with leafy boughs, I saw a dreadful portent, strange to tell.[2]
3.27	Nam, quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae, et terram tabo maculant. Mihi frigidus horror membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. Rursus et alterius lentum convellere vimen insequor, et causas penitus temptare latentis: ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis. Multa movens animo nymphas venerabar agrestis Gradivumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet arvis, rite secundarent visus omenque levarent. Tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu adgredior, genibusque adversae obluctor harenae— eloquar, an sileam?—gemitus lacrimabilis imo auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auris:	For from the first tree I pulled out of the soil, its roots torn, drops of dark blood trickled down and stained the earth with gore. A cold shudder shook my limbs, and my blood froze with fear. Again I went on to tear up the pliant stem of a second, to probe the hidden cause to its depths, and dark blood flowed from the bark of the second too. Turning much over in my mind, I prayed to the nymphs of the countryside and to father Gradivus, who rules over the Getic fields, to make the vision favorable, as was right, and to lighten the omen. But when I attacked a third set of shafts with greater effort, and struggled with my knees against the sand—should I speak, or keep silent?—a tearful groan was heard from deep within the mound, and a voice came back to my ears:[3]
3.41	Quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? Iam parce sepulto; parce pias scelerare manus. Non me tibi Troia externum tulit, aut cruor hic de stipite manat. Heu, fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum: nam Polydorus ego; hic confixum ferrea texit telorum seges et iaculis increvit acutis. Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit. Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis Dardaniae, cingique urbem obsidione videret.	'Why do you tear at a wretched man, Aeneas? Spare me now that I am buried; do not stain your devoted hands with crime. Troy did not bear me a stranger to you, and it is not from a mere stump that this blood flows. Ah, flee these cruel lands, flee this greedy shore: for I am Polydorus. Here an iron crop of spears covered me as I lay pierced, and grew up into sharp javelins.' Then indeed, my mind gripped by a double fear, I was stunned; my hair stood on end and my voice stuck in my throat. This Polydorus unhappy Priam had once secretly entrusted, with a great weight of gold, to the Thracian king to be raised, when he had begun to lose faith in the arms of Dardania and saw the city ringed by siege.[4]
3.53	Ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum, et Fortuna recessit, res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma secutus, fas omne abrumpit; Polydorum obtruncat, et auro vi potitur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames? Postquam pavor ossa reliquit, delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco. Omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, linqui pollutum hospitium, et dare classibus austros.	That king, as soon as the strength of the Teucrians was broken and Fortune withdrew, followed Agamemnon's cause and victorious arms; he broke every sacred law, cut Polydorus down, and seized the gold by violence. To what do you not drive mortal hearts, accursed hunger for gold? When the terror had left my bones, I reported the gods' portent to the chosen leaders of the people, and first of all to my father, and asked what they

2 Lycurgus: a Thracian king who opposed the worship of Bacchus. Dione was the mother of Venus.
3 Gradivus: a title of Mars. The Getae were a Thracian people.
4 Polydorus: the youngest son of Priam; the Thracian king is Polymestor.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae, caeruleis maestae vittis atraque cupresso, et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulchro condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.	thought. All were of one mind: to leave that criminal land, to abandon a bond of hospitality that had been defiled, and to give our fleet to the south winds. So we gave Polydorus a fresh funeral. A great mound of earth was heaped up for the tomb; altars stood to his shade, mournful with dark-blue ribbons and black cypress, and around them the Trojan women, their hair unbound as custom requires. We offered bowls foaming with warm milk and dishes of sacred blood, laid his spirit to rest in the tomb, and with loud voices called on him for the last time.

THE ORACLE AT DELOS

Apollo tells the Trojans to seek their ancient mother; they try Crete until a plague drives them on.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.69	Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti dant maria et lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum, deducunt socii navis et litora complent: provehimur portu, terraeque urbesque recedunt. Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo, quam pius arquitenens oras et litora circum errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque revinxit, immotamque coli dedit et contemnere ventos. Huc feror; haec fessos tuto placidissima portu accipit: egressi veneramur Apollinis urbem. Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos vittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro, occurrit; veterem Anchisen adgnovit amicum. Iungimus hospitio dextras, et tecta subimus. Templa dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto:	Then, as soon as we could trust the sea, when the winds left the waters calm and the South Wind, softly rustling, called us to the deep, my comrades launched the ships and crowded the shore. We put out from the harbor, and lands and cities fell away behind us. In the middle of the sea lies a sacred land, most dear to the mother of the Nereids and to Aegean Neptune. It used to drift about coasts and shores until the devoted archer-god bound it fast to lofty Myconos and Gyaros, and let it be inhabited, unmoving, and scorn the winds. Here I was carried; this most peaceful island welcomed us, weary, into a safe harbor. We disembarked and paid reverence to Apollo's city. King Anius, king of men and priest of Phoebus alike, his temples wreathed with ribbons and sacred laurel, came to meet us; he recognized Anchises, his old friend. We joined right hands in friendship and went in under his roof. I was paying reverence to the god's temple, built of ancient stone:[5]
3.85	Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis et genus et mansuram urbem; serva altera Troiae Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli. Quem sequimur? Quove ire iubes? Ubi ponere sedes? Da, pater, augurium, atque animis inlabere nostris. Vix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia visa repente, liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moveri mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclusis. Submissi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad auris: Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum	'God of Thymbra, give us a home of our own; give the weary walls, and descendants, and a city that will last. Preserve a second Pergamum for Troy, all that the Danaans and pitiless Achilles have left. Whom are we to follow? Where do you bid us go? Where are we to settle? Give us an omen, father, and steal into our hearts.' I had scarcely spoken when suddenly everything seemed to tremble—the god's threshold and his laurel—and the whole mountain around seemed to move, and the tri-

5 The island is Delos, birthplace of Apollo and Diana, said once to have floated free.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto accipiet reduces. Antiquam exquirite matrem: hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris, et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.	pod's cauldron to bellow as the shrine was thrown open. We fell low to the ground, and a voice came to our ears: 'Hardy Dardanians, the land that first bore you from the stock of your ancestors will welcome you back to its fruitful breast. Seek out your ancient mother. There the house of Aeneas will rule over every shore, and his children's children, and those who will be born of them.'[6]
3.99	Haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, quo Phoebus vocet errantis iubeatque reverti? Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum, Audite, O proceres ait et spes discite vestras: Creta Iovis magni medio iacet insula ponto; mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula nostrae. Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna; maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor, Teucrus Rhoeteas primum est advectus in oras, optavitque locum regno. Nondum Ilium et arces Pergameae steterant; habitabant vallibus imis. hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera Idaeumque nemus; hinc fida silentia sacris, et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.	So spoke Phoebus. A great joy arose, mixed with uproar, and all asked what walls those were, where Phoebus was calling us in our wandering and bidding us return. Then my father, turning over the records of men of old, said: 'Listen, leaders, and learn where your hopes lie. In the middle of the sea lies Crete, the island of great Jupiter, where Mount Ida is, the cradle of our people. Its inhabitants live in a hundred great cities, a most fertile realm. From there, if I rightly recall what I have heard, our greatest ancestor, Teucer, first sailed to the Rhoetean shores and chose a site for his kingdom. Ilium and the towers of Pergamum did not yet stand; men lived in the depths of the valleys. From Crete came the Mother who dwells on Cybelus, and the Corybants' bronze cymbals, and the grove of Ida; from there came the faithful silence of her rites, and the yoked lions that draw their lady's chariot.[7]
3.114	Ergo agite, et, divom ducunt qua iussa, sequamur; placemus ventos et Gnosia regna petamus. Nec longo distant cursu; modo Iuppiter adsit, tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris. Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores, taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam. Fama volat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae hoste vacare domos, sedesque adstare relictas. Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus, bacchatamque iugis Naxon viridemque Donysam, Olearon, niveamque Paron, sparsasque per aequor Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta consita terris. Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor; hortantur socii: Cretam proavosque petamus!	So come, let us follow where the gods' commands lead; let us appease the winds and make for the realm of Cnossos. It is no long voyage: if only Jupiter is with us, the third dawn will bring the fleet to rest on the shores of Crete.' So he spoke, and slaughtered the due offerings at the altars: a bull to Neptune, a bull to you, beautiful Apollo, a black sheep to the Storm, a white one to the favoring west winds. A rumor flew that the leader Idomeneus had been driven from his father's kingdom and had left it, that the shores of Crete were deserted, its houses empty of enemies, and dwellings stood abandoned and waiting for us. We left the harbor of Ortygia and flew over the sea, past Naxos with its Bacchic revels on the ridges, and green Donysa, Olearos and snowy Paros, and the Cyclades scattered across the water, threading the straits thick-sown with islands. The sailors' shout

6 Thymbra: a town near Troy with a famous temple of Apollo.
7 The Mother is Cybele, the Great Mother, worshipped with clashing cymbals by her priests the Corybants.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	went up as they vied with one another; my comrades urged each other on: 'Let us make for Crete and our ancestors!'[8]
3.130 Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntis et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris. Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis, Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis. Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes; conubiis arvisque novis operata iuventus; iura domosque dabam: subito cum tabida membris, corrupto caeli tractu, miserandaque venit arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus. Linquebant dulcis animas, aut aegra trahebant corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros; arebant herbae, et victum seges aegra negabat. Rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari: quam fessis finem rebus ferat; unde laborum temptare auxilium iubeat; quo vertere cursus.	A wind rising astern followed us on our way, and at last we glided in to the ancient shores of the Curetes. So I eagerly set about the walls of the city I had longed for, and called it Pergamea, and urged my people, glad of the name, to love their hearths and raise a citadel above their houses. And now the ships were almost all drawn up on the dry beach; the young men were busy with marriages and new fields; I was giving laws and homes; when suddenly, from a corrupted tract of sky, a wasting and pitiful plague came upon our bodies, and upon trees and crops, a season of death. Men gave up their sweet lives or dragged about their sickened bodies; then Sirius began to scorch the fields barren; the grass withered, and the diseased crops refused us food. My father urged us to cross the sea again, back to Ortygia's oracle and Phoebus, and pray for his favor: what end would he grant to our weary state, where did he bid us seek help for our hardships, which way should we turn our course?[9]
3.147 Nox erat, et terris animalia somnus habebat: effigies sacrae divom Phrygiique Penates, quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis extuleram, visi ante oculos adstare iacentis in somnis, multo manifesti lumine, qua se plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras; tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est, hic canit, et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. Nos te, Dardania incensa, tuaque arma secuti, nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor, idem venturos tollemus in astra nepotes, imperiumque urbi dabimus: tu moenia magnis magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem.	It was night, and sleep held the living creatures of the earth. The sacred images of the gods, the Phrygian household gods whom I had carried with me from Troy, out of the heart of the burning city, seemed to stand before my eyes as I lay asleep, clearly seen in a flood of light where the full moon was pouring in through the windows. Then they seemed to address me thus, and to take away my cares with these words: 'What Apollo would tell you if you sailed to Ortygia, he sings to you here, and look, he sends us to your threshold unasked. We followed you and your arms when Dardania was burned; under your command we crossed the swelling sea in your ships; we too will raise your descendants to the stars and give their city empire. You must prepare great walls for the great, and not abandon the long toil of flight.
3.161 Mutandae sedes: non haec tibi litora suasit Delius, aut Cretae iussit considere Apollo. Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;	Your home must be changed. These are not the shores the Delian god urged on you; Apollo did not bid you settle in Crete. There is a place the Greeks call by the name of Hesperia, an ancient land,

8 Idomeneus: king of Crete, who fought at Troy. Ortygia is an old name of Delos.
9 The Curetes: an ancient people of Crete. Sirius, the Dog Star, was blamed for the scorching heat of late summer.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem: hae nobis propriae sedes; hinc Dardanus ortus, Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum. Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arva.	strong in arms and in the richness of its soil. The Oenotrians lived there; now the story is that their descendants have called their nation Italy, after the name of their leader. That is our true home; from there came Dardanus, and father Iasius, the founder from whom our line descends. Rise, then, and gladly take these words, which are not to be doubted, to your aged father: let him seek Corythus and the lands of Ausonia. Jupiter denies you the fields of Dicte.'[10]
3.172	Talibus attonitus visis et voce deorum— nec sopor illud erat, sed coram adgnoscere voltus velatasque comas praesentiaque ora videbar; tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor corripio e stratis corpus, tendoque supinas ad caelum cum voce manus, et munera libo intemerata focis. Perfecto laetus honore Anchisen facio certum, remque ordine pando. Adgnovit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentes, seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum. Tum memorat: Nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat. Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro, et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna vocare. Sed quis ad Hesperiae venturos litora Teucros crederet, aut quem tum vates Cassandra moveret? Cedamus Phoebo, et moniti meliora sequamur.	Stunned by such a vision and by the voice of the gods—it was no dream, but I seemed to recognize their faces before me, their veiled hair, their living presence; then a cold sweat streamed over my whole body—I sprang from my bed, stretched my upturned palms to heaven with a prayer, and poured pure offerings on the hearth. The rite completed, I gladly told Anchises and laid out the matter in order. He recognized the double ancestry, the two founding fathers, and saw that he had been misled by a new error about ancient places. Then he said: 'My son, so hard pressed by the fates of Ilium, Cassandra alone used to prophesy such fortunes to me. Now I remember that she foretold this as destined for our line, and often spoke of Hesperia, often of Italian kingdoms. But who would have believed that Teucrians would come to the shores of Hesperia? And whom did the prophet Cassandra move in those days? Let us yield to Phoebus and, now that we are warned, follow the better course.'
3.189	Sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes. Hanc quoque deserimus sedem, paucisque relictis vela damus, vastumque cava trabe currimus aequor. Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ullae adparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus, tum mihi caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber, noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnaque surgunt aequora; dispersi iactamur gurgite vasto; involvere diem nimbi, et nox umida caelum abstulit; ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes. Excutimur cursu, et caecis erramus in undis. Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo, nec meminisse viae media Palinurus in unda.	So he spoke, and we all obeyed his words with joy. This home too we abandoned, and leaving a few behind we set sail and raced over the vast sea in our hollow ships. When the ships held the open sea and no land could be seen any longer, sky on every side and on every side sea, then a dark rain cloud came to stand above my head, bringing night and storm, and the waves shuddered in the darkness. At once the winds rolled up the sea, and great waves rose; scattered, we were tossed on the vast abyss; storm clouds wrapped up the day, and wet night took away the sky; lightning flashed again and again from the torn clouds. We were thrown off course and wandered on the blind waves. Palinurus himself said he could not tell day

10 Dardanus, founder of Troy's royal line, was said to have come from Corythus in Etruria. Dicte is a mountain in Crete.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	from night in the sky, nor remember the way in the midst of the sea.

THE HARPIES

On the Strophades the Harpies foul the Trojans' food, and Celaeno prophesies hunger.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.203 Tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes. Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem visa, aperire procul montis, ac volvere fumum. Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora nautae adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt. Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum accipiunt; Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae, insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam clausa domus, mensasque metu liquere priores. Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. Virginei volucrum voltus, foedissima ventris proluvies, uncaeque manus, et pallida semper ora fame.	For three days, uncertain in blind darkness, we wandered on the sea, and as many nights without a star. On the fourth day land at last seemed to rise, to open up mountains in the distance and send up rolling smoke. The sails dropped, we rose to our oars; without delay the sailors strained, churning the foam and sweeping the dark-blue waters. Saved from the waves, I was welcomed first by the shores of the Strophades. The Strophades, as they are called by a Greek name, are islands set in the great Ionian sea, where dread Celaeno and the other Harpies live, ever since Phineus' house was closed to them and in fear they abandoned their former tables. No monster grimmer than these, no plague or wrath of the gods more savage, ever rose from the waters of the Styx. They are birds with the faces of girls, a most foul discharge flows from their bellies, their hands are hooked, and their faces always pale with hunger.[11]
3.219 Huc ubi delati portus intravimus, ecce laeta boum passim campis armenta videmus, caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas. Inruimus ferro, et divos ipsumque vocamus in partem praedamque Iovem; tum litore curvo exstruimusque toros, dapibusque epulamur opimis. At subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt Harpyiae, et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas, diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant immundo; tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem. Rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cavata, arboribus clausi circum atque horrentibus umbris, instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem: rursum ex diverso caeli caecisque latebris turba sonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis, polluit ore dapes. Sociis tunc, arma capessant, edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum.	When we had been carried here and entered the harbor, look—we saw sleek herds of cattle all over the plains, and flocks of goats on the grass with no one guarding them. We rushed at them with our swords, calling on the gods and Jupiter himself to share the spoils. Then on the curving shore we set up couches and feasted on the rich meat. But suddenly, swooping down from the mountains with a horrifying rush, the Harpies were upon us, beating their wings with loud clangor; they tore at the food and fouled everything with their filthy touch; then came their dreadful cry amid the foul stench. Again, in a deep recess under a hollowed rock, closed in by trees and bristling shadows all around, we set out the tables and placed fire on the altars once more; again, from a different quarter of the sky and from hidden lairs, the shrieking flock flew round the food with hooked feet and defiled the feast with their mouths. Then I ordered my comrades to take up arms, and de-

11 The Harpies had tormented the blind prophet Phineus by snatching and fouling his food, until the Argonauts drove them away.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	clared that war must be waged with that dread brood.
3.236 Haud secus ac iussi faciunt, tectosque per herbam disponunt enses et scuta latentia condunt. Ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curva dedere litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta aere cavo. Invadunt socii, et nova proelia temptant, obscenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres: sed neque vim plumis ullam nec volnera tergo accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt. Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem: Bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuvencis, Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis, et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?	They did just as they were ordered, laid their swords hidden in the grass and concealed their shields out of sight. So when the Harpies swooped down and their noise sounded along the curving shore, Misenus gave the signal on his hollow bronze from a high lookout. My comrades attacked and tried a new kind of battle, to wound with steel these ill-omened birds of the sea; but they took no force on their feathers, no wounds on their backs, and gliding away in swift flight to the stars they left behind the half-eaten prey and their filthy traces. One alone, Celaeno, perched on a towering rock, a prophet of misfortune, and burst out with these words from her breast: 'Is it war, too, in return for the slaughter of our cattle and the bullocks you have struck down, sons of Laomedon—is it war you are ready to bring, to drive the innocent Harpies from their ancestral kingdom?[12]
3.250 Accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxuma pando. Italiam cursu petitis, ventisque vocatis ibitis Italiam, portusque intrare licebit; sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem, quam vos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas. Dixit, et in silvam pennis ablata refugit. At sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis deriguit; cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, sed votis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem, sive deae, seu sint dirae obscenaeque volucres. Et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis numina magna vocat, meritosque indicit honores:	Take these words of mine into your minds, then, and fix them there. What the almighty Father foretold to Phoebus, and Phoebus Apollo to me, I, greatest of the Furies, now reveal to you. You are bound for Italy; calling on the winds you will reach Italy, and you will be allowed to enter its harbors. But you will not ring with walls the city granted you until dread hunger, and the wrong you did us in that slaughter, force you to gnaw round and devour your very tables with your jaws.' She spoke, and borne away on her wings fled back into the forest. But my comrades' blood ran cold and froze with sudden fear; their spirits fell, and they no longer wanted to seek peace with weapons, but to beg for it with vows and prayers, whether these were goddesses or dread and ill-omened birds. And father Anchises, his palms outspread on the shore, called upon the great powers and proclaimed the due offerings:
3.265 Di, prohibete minas; di, talem avertite casum, et placidi servate pios! Tum litore funem deripere, excussosque iubet laxare rudentes. Tendunt vela Noti; fugimus spumantibus undis, qua cursum ventusque gubernatorque vocabat. Iam medio adparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos	'Gods, ward off these threats; gods, turn aside such a fate, and graciously preserve the devoted!' Then he ordered the cable torn from the shore and the sheets shaken loose and slackened. The south winds stretched the sails; we fled over the foaming waves where wind and helmsman called our

12 Laomedon, Priam's father, cheated the gods who built Troy's walls; to call the Trojans his sons is an insult.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis. Effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna, et terram altricem saevi exsecramur Ulixi. Mox et Leucatae nimbosa cacumina montis et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. Hunc petimus fessi et parvae succedimus urbi; ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.	course. Now in mid-sea appeared wooded Zacynthos, and Dulichium and Same, and Neritos, steep with rock. We escaped the reefs of Ithaca, the realm of Laertes, and cursed the land that nursed cruel Ulysses. Soon the cloud-capped peaks of Mount Leucata came into view, and Apollo, dreaded by sailors. Weary, we made for it and came up to the little town; the anchor was cast from the prow, the sterns stood along the shore.[13]
3.278 Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti, lustramurque Iovi votisque incendimus aras, Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. Exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras nudati socii; iuvat evasisse tot urbes Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis. Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum, et glacialis hiemps aquilonibus asperat undas. Aere cavo clipeum. magni gestamen Abantis, postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo: AENEAS HAEC DE DANAIS VICTORIBVS ARMA. Linquere tum portus iubeo et considere transtris: certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt. Protinus aërias Phaeacum abscondimus arces, litoraque Epiri legimus portuque subimus Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.	So, having reached at last a land we had not hoped for, we purified ourselves for Jupiter, set the altars ablaze with our vowed offerings, and thronged the shores of Actium with Trojan games. My comrades, stripped and slippery with oil, practiced the wrestling of our fathers; they were glad to have slipped past so many Argive cities and held to their flight through the midst of enemies. Meanwhile the sun rolled round the great circle of the year, and icy winter roughened the waves with north winds. I fixed to the doorposts facing us a shield of hollow bronze, once carried by great Abas, and marked the deed with a verse: AENEAS FROM THE VICTORIOUS DANAANS, THESE ARMS. Then I ordered them to leave the harbor and take their places on the benches; in rivalry my comrades struck the sea and swept the waters. Soon we lost sight of the airy heights of the Phaeacians, coasted along the shores of Epirus, entered the Chaonian harbor, and came up to the lofty city of Buthrotum.[14]

ANDROMACHE AND HELENUS

At Buthrotum Aeneas finds Hector's widow and the prophet Helenus, who foretells his route to Italy.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.294 Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris, Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes, coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum, et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito. Obstipui, miroque incensum pectus amore, compellare virum et casus cognoscere tantos. Progredior portu, classis et litora linquens, sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam libabat cineri Andromache, Manisque vocabat Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem	Here an incredible report reached our ears: that Helenus, son of Priam, was ruling over Greek cities, having won the wife and the scepter of Pyrrhus, descendant of Aeacus, and that Andromache had passed once more to a husband of her own people. I was astonished, and my heart burned with a wondrous longing to speak to the man and learn of such great events. I went forward from the harbor, leaving the fleet and the shore, just when, as it happened, in a grove before the city, by the waters of a false Simois, An-

13 Apollo here means his temple on the headland of Leucas, a danger to ships; Laertes was the father of Ulysses.
14 Actium: where Augustus defeated Antony and Cleopatra in 31 BC; he founded games there to celebrate the victory.

LATIN	ENGLISH
et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacraverat aras. Ut me conspexit venientem et Troïa circum arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monstris deriguit visu in medio, calor ossa reliquit; labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:	dromache was offering the yearly feast and mournful gifts to the ashes, and calling on the shade of Hector at his tomb—an empty one, which she had consecrated with green turf, along with twin altars, a cause for tears. As soon as she saw me coming and, beside herself, saw Trojan arms around me, terrified by the great portent she froze in mid-gaze, and the warmth left her bones; she fainted, and only after a long time did she speak at last:[15]
3.310 Verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers, nate dea? Vivisne, aut, si lux alma recessit, Hector ubi est? Dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem implevit clamore locum. Vix pauca furenti subicio, et raris turbatus vocibus hisco: Vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco; ne dubita, nam vera vides. Heu, quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna revisit Hectoris Andromachen? Pyrrhin' conubia servas? Deiecit vultum et demissa voce locuta est: O felix una ante alias Priameïa virgo, hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos, nec victoris eri tetigit captiva cubile!	'Is that a true face, a true messenger who comes to me, goddess-born? Are you alive? Or, if the kindly light has left you, where is Hector?' She spoke, and poured out tears, and filled the whole place with her cries. Hardly able to say a few words in answer to her distraction, I stammered, shaken, with broken phrases: 'I am alive, indeed, and drag out my life through every extremity; do not doubt it, for what you see is real. Ah, what fate has received you, cast down from so great a husband? Or what fortune worthy enough has come again to Hector's Andromache? Are you still Pyrrhus' wife?' She lowered her gaze and spoke in a low voice: 'Oh, happy above all others was that one maiden, Priam's daughter, ordered to die at an enemy's tomb beneath the high walls of Troy, who endured no casting of lots, and never as a captive touched the bed of a conquering master![16]
3.325 nos, patria incensa, diversa per aequora vectae, stirpis Achilleae fastus iuvenemque superbum, servitio enixae, tulimus: qui deinde, secutus Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos, me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam. Ast illum, ereptae magno inflammatus amore coniugis et scelerum Furiis agitatus, Orestes excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras. Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem. Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quae fata dedere? Aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus adpulit oris? Quid puer Ascanius? superatne et vescitur aura, quem tibi iam Troia—	We, our homeland burned, carried over distant seas, endured the arrogance of Achilles' son and his insolent youth, bearing children in slavery. Then he went after Hermione, Leda's granddaughter, and a Spartan marriage, and handed me over, a slave, to Helenus, a slave, to keep. But Orestes, inflamed by great love for the bride stolen from him and driven by the Furies of his crimes, caught him off guard and cut him down at his father's altar. On the death of Neoptolemus, part of his kingdom passed to Helenus, who named the plains Chaonian and the whole land Chaonia, after Trojan Chaon, and set on the heights this Pergamum, this citadel of Ilium. But you—what winds, what fates gave you your course? Or what god drove you, unknowing, to our shores? What of the boy

15 Andromache was Hector's widow, taken captive by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. The "false Simois" is a stream named after a river of Troy.
16 Priam's daughter is Polyxena, sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ascanius? Is he alive and does he breathe the air, the boy whom Troy, already—[17]
3.341 Ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis? Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animosque virilis et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector? Talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert, adgnoscitque suos, laetusque ad limina ducit, et multum lacrimas verba inter singula fundit. Procedo, et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum adgnosco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae. Nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur: illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis; aulaï medio libabant pocula Bacchi, impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant.	Does the boy still care at all for the mother he lost? Do his father Aeneas and his uncle Hector stir him at all to the courage of old and the spirit of a man?' Such words she poured out, weeping, and was raising long laments in vain, when from the walls the hero Helenus, son of Priam, came up with a large escort; he recognized his own people and joyfully led them to his doors, shedding many tears between each word. I walked on and recognized a little Troy, a Pergamum imitating the great one, a dry stream called Xanthus, and I embraced the threshold of a Scaean Gate. My Teucrians too enjoyed the friendly city with me. The king received them in his wide colonnades; in the middle of the hall they poured libations from cups of Bacchus' wine, with the food served on gold, and held their bowls.[18]
3.356 Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae vela vocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus austro. His vatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso: Troiugena, interpres divom, qui numina Phoebi, qui tripodas, Clarii laurus, qui sidera sentis, et volucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae, fare age—namque omnem cursum mihi prospera dixit religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine divi Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas: sola novum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno prodigium canit, et tristis denuntiat iras, obscenamque famem—quae prima pericula vito? Quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?	And now one day, then a second, had passed, and the breezes were calling to the sails, and the canvas swelled with a filling south wind. I approached the prophet with these words and asked him this: 'Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, you who feel the will of Phoebus, his tripods, the laurels of the Clarian, the stars, the tongues of birds and the omens of the swift wing, come, speak. Every sacred sign has foretold my whole course as favorable, and all the gods by their divine will have urged me to seek Italy and to try for lands far away. Only the Harpy Celaeno sings of a strange portent, a horror to speak of, and proclaims grim anger and foul hunger. What dangers should I avoid first? Or by following what course could I overcome such great hardships?'
3.369 Hic Helenus, caesis primum de more iuvencis, exorat pacem divom, vittasque resolvit sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe, ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit, atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore sacerdos: Nate dea,—nam te maioribus ire per altum auspiciis manifesta fides: sic fata deum rex sortitur, volvitque vices; is vertitur ordo— pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres aequora et Ausonio possis considere portu,	Then Helenus first sacrifices bullocks in the customary way and begs the gods for peace. He unbinds the ribbons from his consecrated head, and with his own hand leads me to your threshold, Phoebus, as I stand in suspense before the god's great power. Then the priest chants these words from his divine lips: 'Son of the goddess—for there is clear proof that you travel over the deep under greater auspices: so the king of the gods allots the fates and turns the cycle of events; this is the or-

17 Hermione, daughter of Helen, had been promised to Orestes, who was hounded by the Furies for killing his mother.
18 Hector was the brother of Ascanius' mother, Creusa. The Xanthus and the Scaean Gate are a river and a gate of Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae scire Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Iuno.	der that revolves—I will set out in words a few things out of many, so that you may cross the seas that receive you more safely and settle in an Ausonian harbor. The rest the Fates forbid Helenus to know, and Juno, daughter of Saturn, forbids him to speak.
3.381	Principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam vicinosque, ignare, paras invadere portus, longa procul longis via dividit invia terris. Ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda, et salis Ausonii lustrandum navibus aequor, infernique lacus, Aeaeaeque insula Circae, quam tuta possis urbem componere terra: signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto: cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit. alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati, is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum. Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros: fata viam invenient, aderitque vocatus Apollo.	First, Italy, which you, unknowing, already think near, and whose neighboring harbors you are preparing to enter, lies far off, cut off from you by a long and pathless way through long stretches of land. Before that, your oar must bend in the Trinacrian waves, and your ships must cross the expanse of the Ausonian sea, and the lakes of the underworld, and the island of Aeaean Circe, before you can build your city in a safe land. I will tell you signs; keep them stored in your mind. When, troubled, you find by the waters of a secluded river a huge sow lying under the oaks on the shore, having given birth to a litter of thirty young—white, lying on the ground, her white young around her teats—that will be the place of your city, that the sure rest from your toils. And do not dread the gnawing of tables that is to come: the fates will find a way, and Apollo will be there when you call.
3.396	Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram, proxuma quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu, effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Grais. Hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri, et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei parva Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro. Quin, ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes, et positis aris iam vota in litore solves, purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu, ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet. Hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto: hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.	But these lands, and this stretch of the Italian coast nearest us, washed by the tide of our own sea—flee them; all the towns are inhabited by hostile Greeks. Here the Narycian Locrians have set their walls, and Lyctian Idomeneus has filled the Sallentine plains with soldiers; here is that little Petelia of the Meliboean leader Philoctetes, relying on its wall. Moreover, when your fleets have crossed the sea and stand at anchor, and you set up altars and pay your vows on the shore, veil your hair, covering it with a purple robe, so that no hostile face may appear amid the sacred fires in honor of the gods and disturb the omens. Let your companions keep this custom of worship, and keep it yourself; let your descendants remain pure in this observance.
3.410	Ast ubi digressum Siculae te admoverit orae ventus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori, laeva tibi tellus et longo laeva petantur aequora circuitu: dextrum fuge litus et undas. Haec loca vi quondam et vasta convolsa ruina— tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas— dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus	But when, after you set out, the wind has brought you near the Sicilian shore, and the barriers of narrow Pelorus open out, make for the land on the left and the sea on the left by a long circuit; flee the shore and the waters on the right. These places, they say, were once torn apart by force and vast upheaval—so great is the change the long pas-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	una foret; venit medio vi pontus et undis Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes litore diductas angusto interluit aestu. Dextrum Scylla latus, laevum implacata Charybdis obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda. At Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris, ora exsertantem et navis in saxa trahentem.	sage of time can work—and sprang asunder, when the two lands had been one unbroken whole. The sea came violently between, cut off the Hesperian side from the Sicilian with its waves, and flows with a narrow tide between fields and cities parted on separate shores. Scylla holds the right side, implacable Charybdis the left. Three times, in the deepest whirlpool of her abyss, she sucks vast waves down into the depths, and in turn hurls them up again into the air and lashes the stars with water. But Scylla is confined in a cave with dark hiding places, thrusting out her mouths and dragging ships onto the rocks.[19]
3.426	Prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore virgo pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pristis, delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum. Praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, quam semel informem vasto vidisse sub antro Scyllam, et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa. Praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia, vati si qua fides, animum si veris implet Apollo, unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum praedicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo: Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora; Iunoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem supplicibus supera donis: sic denique victor Trinacria finis Italos mittere relicta.	Above she has a human face, a maiden with a fair breast down to the groin; below she is a sea monster with an enormous body, joining dolphins' tails to a belly of wolves. It is better to round the turning post of Trinacrian Pachynus, taking your time, and make a long circuit, than once to have seen misshapen Scylla in her vast cave, and the rocks that echo with her sea-dark hounds. Furthermore, if Helenus has any foresight, if the prophet can be trusted at all, if Apollo fills his mind with truth, this one thing, son of the goddess, this one thing in place of all I will tell you beforehand, and repeat my warning again and again: first of all, worship the power of great Juno with prayer; sing your vows to Juno gladly, and win over the mighty mistress with suppliant gifts. So at last, victorious, you will leave Trinacria behind and be sent on to the borders of Italy.
3.441	Huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem, divinosque lacus, et Averna sonantia silvis, insanam vatem aspicies, quae rupe sub ima fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat. Quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo, digerit in numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit. Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt; verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus impulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes, numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo, nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat: inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae.	When you have been carried there and have reached the city of Cumae, and the sacred lakes, and Avernus with its rustling woods, you will see a frenzied prophetess, who deep beneath her rock sings the fates and entrusts signs and names to leaves. Whatever verses the maiden has written on the leaves, she arranges in order and leaves shut away in her cave. They stay unmoved in their places and keep their order. But when the hinge turns and a light breeze has stirred them, and the opening door has scattered the tender leaves, she never afterward cares to catch them as they flutter about the hollow rock, nor to restore their places or join the verses. Those who came leave without counsel, and hate the Sibyl's dwelling.[20]

19 Scylla and Charybdis, the sea monsters of Homer's Odyssey (Book 12), were placed in the Strait of Messina between Italy and Sicily.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.453	Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,— quamvis increpitent socii, et vi cursus in altum vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos,— quin adeas vatem precibusque oracula poscas ipsa canat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat. Illa tibi Italiae populos venturaque bella, et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem expediet, cursusque dabit venerata secundos. Haec sunt, quae nostra liceat te voce moneri. Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.	Here let no cost of delay seem so great to you— though your companions complain, and the voyage calls your sails urgently to the deep, and you could fill their folds with favorable winds—that you do not approach the prophetess and beg her with prayers to sing the oracles herself, and willingly to unloose her voice and lips. She will unfold for you the peoples of Italy and the wars to come, and how you may avoid or endure each hardship, and if you honor her she will grant you a favorable course. These are the things on which my voice is permitted to warn you. Go now, and by your deeds raise mighty Troy to the skies.'
3.463	Quae postquam vates sic ore effatus amico est, dona dehinc auro gravia sectoque elephanto imperat ad navis ferri, stipatque carinis ingens argentum, Dodonaeosque lebetas, loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem, et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis, arma Neoptolemi; sunt et sua dona parenti. Addit equos, additque duces; remigium supplet; socios simul instruit armis. Interea classem velis aptare iubebat Anchises, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti. Quem Phoebi interpres multo compellat honore: Coniugio, Anchise, Veneris dignate superbo, cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis, ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus; hanc arripe velis.	When the prophet had spoken these words with friendly lips, he then orders gifts heavy with gold and carved ivory to be carried to the ships, and packs into the hulls masses of silver and cauldrons from Dodona, a breastplate of linked mail triple-woven with gold, and the peak of a splendid helmet with flowing crests, the armor of Neoptolemus. There are gifts of his own for my father as well. He adds horses, he adds guides; he makes up our number of rowers; at the same time he equips my comrades with arms. Meanwhile Anchises was ordering the fleet to be rigged with sails, so that there would be no delay when the wind was favorable. The interpreter of Phoebus addresses him with great respect: 'Anchises, found worthy of proud marriage with Venus, cherished by the gods, twice rescued from the ruins of Pergamum, look, there before you is the land of Ausonia: seize it with your sails.
3.478	Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est; Ausoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo. Vade ait O felix nati pietate. Quid ultra provehor, et fando surgentis demoror austros? Nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore), textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem, coniugis Hectoreae. Cape dona extrema tuorum, O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago: sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.	And yet you must glide past it on the sea: that part of Ausonia which Apollo reveals lies far off. Go,' he said, 'happy in your son's devotion. Why do I go on further, and hold back the rising south winds with my talk?' No less, Andromache, grieving at this final parting, brings robes embroidered with threads of gold and a Phrygian cloak for Ascanius (nor is she outdone in honoring him), loads him with woven gifts, and speaks these words: 'Take these as well, my child, to be memorials of my hands and to bear witness to the long love of Andromache, wife of Hector. Take the last gifts of your own people, you who are the only image left to me of my Astyanax: such were his eyes, such his

20 The Sibyl of Cumae, near the Bay of Naples, was Apollo's prophetess; Aeneas consults her in Book 6.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	hands, such his face; and now he would be growing into manhood, of an age with you.'[21]
3.492 Hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis: Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta iam sua; nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur. Vobis parta quies; nullum maris aequor arandum, arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro quaerenda. Effigiem Xanthi Troiamque videtis quam vestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto, auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis. Si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva intraro, gentique meae data moenia cernam, cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos, Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque Troiam animis; maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.	As I left them, I spoke to them with tears welling up: 'Live happily, you whose fortune is already complete; we are called from one fate to another. You have won your rest. You have no expanse of sea to plow, no fields of Ausonia, forever receding, to seek. You see an image of the Xanthus and a Troy that your own hands have made—under better auspices, I pray, and less exposed to the Greeks. If ever I enter the Tiber and the fields that border the Tiber, and see the walls granted to my people, then one day of our kindred cities and allied peoples, in Epirus and in Hesperia, who have the same Dardanus as founder and the same misfortunes, we shall make both one Troy in spirit. May that task await our descendants.'

FIRST SIGHT OF ITALY

The Trojans sight Italy, sacrifice to Juno, and steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis.

LATIN	ENGLISH
3.506 Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia iuxta, unde iter Italiam cursusque brevissimus undis. Sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci; sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam, sortiti remos, passimque in litore sicco corpora curamus; fessos sopor inrigat artus. Necdum orbem medium Nox horis acta subibat: haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis explorat ventos, atque auribus aera captat; sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones, armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona. Postquam cuncta videt caelo constare sereno, dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra movemus, temptamusque viam et velorum pandimus alas.	We sail on over the sea close by the Ceraunian mountains, from where lies the way to Italy and the shortest crossing over the waves. Meanwhile the sun sets and the mountains grow dark with shadow. Having drawn lots for the oars, we stretch out on the lap of the longed-for land by the water, and here and there on the dry shore we refresh our bodies; sleep flows over our weary limbs. Night, driven by the Hours, had not yet reached the middle of her circuit when Palinurus rises briskly from his bed and studies all the winds, catching the breezes with his ears. He notes all the stars gliding in the silent sky, Arcturus and the rainy Hyades and the twin Bears, and looks about him at Orion armed with gold. When he sees that all is settled in a cloudless sky, he gives a clear signal from the stern; we break camp, try our way, and spread the wings of our sails.
3.521 Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis, cum procul obscuros collis humilemque videmus Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates, Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant. Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona induit, implevitque mero, divosque vocavit	And now Dawn was reddening and the stars had been put to flight, when far off we see dim hills and Italy lying low. 'Italy!' Achates is the first to shout; 'Italy!' my comrades greet it with joyful cries. Then father Anchises wreathed a great mixing bowl with a garland, filled it with unmixed

21 Astyanax, the young son of Hector and Andromache, was killed by the Greeks at the fall of Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	stans celsa in puppi: Di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes, ferte viam vento facilem et spirate secundi. Crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit iam propior, templumque adparet in arce Minervae. Vela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent. Portus ab Euroo fluctu curvatus in arcum, obiectae salsa spumant aspargine cautes; ipse latet; gemino demittunt bracchia muro turriti scopuli, refugitque ab litore templum.	wine, and called on the gods, standing on the high stern: 'Gods who rule sea and land and storms, bring us an easy passage with the wind and breathe favorably on us.' The longed-for breezes freshen, the harbor opens up, nearer now, and a temple of Minerva appears on the height. My comrades furl the sails and turn their prows toward the shore. The harbor is curved into a bow by the eastern waves; the rocks that face the sea foam with salt spray; the harbor itself lies hidden; towering crags let down their arms in a double wall, and the temple stands back from the shore.
3.537	Quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi tondentis campum late, candore nivali. Et pater Anchises: Bellum, O terra hospita, portas bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. Sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti quadrupedes, et frena iugo concordia ferre; spes et pacis ait. Tum numina sancta precamur Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ovantis, et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu; praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite Iunoni Argivae iussos adolemus honores.	Here, as the first omen, I saw four horses on the grass, white as snow, grazing far and wide over the plain. And father Anchises said: 'It is war you bring, land that receives us: horses are armed for war, war is what these herds threaten. But still, these same four-footed beasts are sometimes used to go under the chariot and to bear bridles in harmony under the yoke: there is hope of peace as well,' he said. Then we pray to the holy power of Pallas of the clashing arms, who was the first to receive us in our joy, and before the altars we veil our heads with Phrygian robes; and following the instructions of Helenus, which he had given as the most important, we duly burn the offerings commanded to Argive Juno.
3.548	Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine votis, cornua velatarum obvertimus antemarum, Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arva. Hinc sinus Herculei (si vera est fama) Tarenti cernitur; attollit se diva Lacinia contra, Caulonisque arces et navifragum Scylaceum. Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna, et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa audimus longe fractasque ad litora voces, exsultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur harenae. Et pater Anchises: Nimirum haec illa Charybdis: hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat. Eripite, O socii, pariterque insurgite remis!	Without delay, as soon as the vows have been fully paid in due order, we turn the horns of our sail-clad yards seaward and leave behind the homes of the Greek-born and the fields we distrust. Next the bay of Tarentum, city of Hercules (if the story is true), comes into sight; opposite it rises the goddess of Lacinium, and the citadel of Caulon, and Scylaceum, wrecker of ships. Then far off, rising from the waves, Trinacrian Etna is seen, and from afar we hear the huge groaning of the sea, the pounding of rocks and the broken roar of the surf on the shore; the shallows leap up, and the sands are churned by the surge. And father Anchises said: 'Surely this is that Charybdis: these are the crags, these the dreadful rocks Helenus foretold. Pull us clear, my comrades, and rise together to the oars!'
3.561	Haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas. laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit. Tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem	They do just as they were ordered, and first Palinurus wrenched the groaning prow round to the waves on the left; to the left the whole company made, with oars and winds. We are lifted to the sky

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere: ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra. Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit, ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris. Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus et ingens ipse; sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis; interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem, turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla, attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit; interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo.	on the arching swell, and then, as the wave drops away, we sink down to the shades in the depths. Three times the cliffs gave a roar among their hollow rocks; three times we saw the foam dashed up and the stars dripping. Meanwhile the wind left us weary along with the sun, and, not knowing the way, we drift onto the shores of the Cyclopes. There is a harbor, sheltered from the winds and untroubled, and spacious in itself; but nearby Etna thunders with terrifying crashes. At times it hurls a black cloud into the sky, smoking with a pitch-black whirlwind and glowing ash, and raises balls of flame and licks the stars; at times it belches out rocks, the torn-out innards of the mountain, and with a groan masses molten stone up into the air, and boils up from its lowest depths.
3.578	Fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus urgueri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis; et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem murmure Trinacriam, et caelum subtexere fumo. Noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa videmus. Nam neque erant astrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo, et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat. Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo, umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram: cum subito e silvis, macie confecta suprema, ignoti nova forma viri miserandaque cultu procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit.	The story is that the body of Enceladus, half-burned by the thunderbolt, is pinned down by this mass, and that huge Etna, set on top of him, breathes out flame from its burst furnaces; and that whenever he shifts his weary side, all Trinacria trembles and rumbles, and veils the sky in smoke. That night, sheltered in the woods, we endure monstrous portents, and cannot see what causes the sound. For there were no fires of the stars, nor was the sky bright with starry light, but clouds filled a dark heaven, and the dead of night held the moon hidden in a storm cloud. And now the next day was rising with the first morning star, and Dawn had driven the damp shadows from the sky, when suddenly from the woods there comes forward the strange form of an unknown man, worn out by utter starvation and pitiful in his dress, and he stretches out his hands in supplication toward the shore.[22]

THE CYCLOPES

A Greek left behind by Ulysses warns of Polyphemus, and the fleet sails around Sicily to Drepanum.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.593	Respicimus: dira inluvies inmissaque barba, consertum tegumen spinis; at cetera Graius, [et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis.] Isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia vidit arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit, continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps cum fletu precibusque tulit: Per sidera testor,	We look back at him: dreadful filth, a beard grown long, clothing pinned together with thorns; but in all else a Greek, [and once sent to Troy in his country's arms.] When he saw from afar Dardanian dress and Trojan arms, he was terrified at the sight and hesitated a little, checking his step; then he rushed headlong to the shore with tears and pray-

22 Enceladus was one of the Giants who rebelled against Jupiter and were struck down by his thunderbolt.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, tollite me, Teucri; quascumque abducite terras; hoc sat erit. Scio me Danais e classibus unum, et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse Penatis; pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri, spargite me in fluctus, vastoque inmergite ponto. Si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuvabit.	ers: 'By the stars I implore you, by the gods above and this light of heaven that we breathe, take me away, Teucrians; carry me off to any land at all; that will be enough. I know I am one of the Danaan fleet, and I confess that I made war on the household gods of Ilium. For this, if the wrong of my crime is so great, tear me apart and scatter me on the waves, and plunge me into the vast sea. If I die, it will be a comfort to have died at the hands of men.'
3.607	Dixerat, et genua amplexus genibusque volutans haerebat. Qui sit, fari, quo sanguine cretus, hortamur; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri. Ipse pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus, dat iuveni, atque animum praesenti pignore firmat. Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur: Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi, nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto paupere—mansissetque utinam fortuna!—profectus. Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt, inmemores socii vasto Cyclopis in antro deseruere. Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis, intus opaca, ingens; ipse arduus, altaque pulsat sidera—Di, talem terris avertite pestem!— nec visu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli.	He had spoken, and, clasping our knees and groveling at our knees, he clung to us. We urge him to tell us who he is, of what blood he was born, and then to confess what fortune drives him on. Father Anchises himself, without long delay, gives the young man his right hand and strengthens his spirit with this ready pledge. At last he lays aside his fear and speaks: 'My homeland is Ithaca; I am a companion of unlucky Ulysses, Achaemenides by name. I set out for Troy because my father Adamastus was poor—if only I had stayed in that fortune! Here my comrades, in their panic to leave the cruel threshold, forgot me and abandoned me in the Cyclops' vast cave. It is a house of gore and bloody feasts, dark inside and huge. He himself is towering, and strikes the high stars—gods, rid the earth of such a plague!—not easy to look at, nor to be spoken to by anyone.
3.622	Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro. Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro prensa manu magna, medio resupinus in antro, frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent limina; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo manderet, et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus. Haud impune quidem; nec talia passus Ulixes, oblitusve sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto. Nam simul expletus dapibus vinoque sepultus cervicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum immensus, saniem eructans et frusta cruento per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati numina sortitique vices, una undique circum fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto,—	He feeds on the flesh and dark blood of his wretched victims. I saw it myself, when he seized two of our number in his great hand and, lying back in the middle of the cave, smashed them against the rock, and the threshold was spattered and swam with gore; I saw him chewing limbs dripping with black blood, and the warm joints quivered under his teeth. Not without punishment, though: Ulysses did not endure such things, nor did the man of Ithaca forget himself in so great a danger. For as soon as, gorged with his feasting and buried in wine, he laid down his drooping neck and lay sprawled across the cave, immense, belching out gore and morsels mixed with bloody wine in his sleep, we prayed to the great gods, drew lots for our tasks, and all together poured around him on every side, and with a sharp point we bored out his eye—
3.636	ingens, quod torva solum sub fronte latebat, Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,—	huge, the single eye that lay hidden under his grim brow, like an Argive shield or the lamp of

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras. Sed fugite, O miseri, fugite, atque ab litore funem rumpite. Nam qualis quantusque cavo Polyphemus in antro lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat, centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora volgo infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant. Tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent, cum vitam in silvis inter deserta ferarum lustra domosque traho, vastosque ab rupe Cyclopas prospicio, sonitumque pedum vocemque tremesco.	Phoebus—and at last we joyfully avenged the shades of our comrades. But flee, you poor wretches, flee, and break your cables from the shore. For like Polyphemus, and as huge as he, who pens his woolly flocks in his hollow cave and squeezes their udders, a hundred other unspeakable Cyclopes live all along these curving shores and roam the high mountains. The horns of the moon are now filling with light for the third time since I began dragging out my life in the woods, among the deserted lairs and haunts of wild beasts, watching the huge Cyclopes from a rock, and trembling at the sound of their feet and their voices.[23]
3.649	Victum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna, dant rami et volsis pascunt radicibus herbae. Omnia conlustrans, hanc primum ad litora classem conspexi venientem. Huic me, quaecumque fuisset, addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam. Vos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto. Vix ea fatus erat, summo cum monte videmus ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem, monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum. Trunca manu pinus regit et vestigia firmat; lanigerae comitantur oves—ea sola voluptas solamenque mali.	The branches give me a miserable diet, berries and stony cornel cherries, and plants feed me with roots I tear up. Scanning everything, I caught sight of this fleet coming to shore, the first I have seen. To it, whatever it might be, I surrendered myself: it is enough to have escaped that unspeakable people. You, rather, take this life of mine by any death you please.' He had scarcely spoken when on the mountaintop we see the shepherd Polyphemus himself, moving his vast bulk among his flocks and making for the familiar shore—a monster dreadful, misshapen, huge, robbed of his eye. A lopped pine in his hand guides him and steadies his steps; his woolly sheep go with him—his only pleasure and the comfort of his pain.
3.662	Postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora venit, luminis effossi fluidum lavit inde cruorem, dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. Nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare, recepto supplice sic merito, tacitique incidere funem; vertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis. Sensit, et ad sonitum vocis vestigia torsit; verum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas, nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo, clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes contremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus Italiae, curvisque immugiit Aetna cavernis.	When he had reached the deep waves and come to the sea, he washed in it the blood flowing from his gouged-out eye, gnashing his teeth with a groan, and now he walks through the open sea, and still the waves have not wet his towering sides. In terror we hasten our flight far from there, taking on board the suppliant who had so well deserved it, and silently cut the cable; and leaning forward we sweep the sea with competing oars. He sensed it, and turned his steps toward the sound of our voices. But when he finds no chance to lay hands on us, and cannot keep pace with the Ionian waves in pursuit, he raises an immense roar, at which the sea and all its waves shook, the land of Italy was terrified to its depths, and Etna bellowed in its winding caverns.
3.675	At genus e silvis Cyclopum et montibus altis excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.	But the people of the Cyclopes, roused from the woods and high mountains, rush to the harbor

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Cernimus adstantis nequiquam lumine torvo Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentis, concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celso aeriae quercus, aut coniferae cyparissi constiterunt, silva alta Iovis, lucusve Dianae. Praecipites metus acer agit quocumque rudentis excutere, et ventis intendere vela secundis. Contra iussa monent Heleni Scyllam atque Charybdin inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo, ni teneant cursus; certum est dare lintea retro. Ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori missus adest. Vivo praetervehor ostia saxo Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem. Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus litora Achaemenides; comes infelicis Ulixi.	and crowd the shore. We see them standing there, powerless, with grim eye, the brothers of Etna, carrying their heads high to the sky, a dreadful assembly: as when on a lofty summit towering oaks or cone-bearing cypresses stand together, a high forest of Jupiter or a grove of Diana. Sharp fear drives us headlong to shake out the ropes wherever they lead and spread our sails to the favoring winds. Yet the commands of Helenus warn us against holding a course between Scylla and Charybdis, where on either side the way lies a hair's breadth from death; we resolve to turn our sails back. But look, Boreas, the north wind, arrives, sent from the narrow seat of Pelorus. I sail past the mouth of the Pantagias with its living rock, the bay of Megara and low-lying Thapsus. These were the shores that Achaemenides, companion of unlucky Ulysses, pointed out, retracing in reverse the course of his former wanderings.
3.692	Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra Plemyrium undosum; nomen dixere priores Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem occultas egisse vias subter mare; qui nunc ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis. Iussi numina magna loci veneramur; et inde exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori. Hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moveri adparet Camerina procul campique Geloi, immanisque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta. Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxuma longe moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum; teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus, et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.	Stretched across the mouth of a Sicanian bay lies an island, facing wave-beaten Plemyrium; men of old called it Ortygia. The story goes that Alpheus, the river of Elis, forced a hidden path here beneath the sea, and now, Arethusa, mingles at your mouth with the Sicilian waters. As we were ordered, we worship the great gods of the place; and from there I pass the rich soil of the marshy Helorus. Next we graze the high crags and jutting rocks of Pachynus, and far off appears Camerina, which the fates allowed never to be moved, and the Geloan plains, and huge Gela, named after its river. Then steep Acragas displays its mighty walls in the distance, once the breeder of high-spirited horses; and you, palm-rich Selinus, I leave behind with the winds granted me, and I thread the shallows of Lilybaeum, treacherous with hidden rocks.[24]
3.707	Hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora accipit. Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actis, heu genitorem, omnis curae casusque levamen, amitto Anchisen: hic me, pater optume, fessum deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis! Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret, hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno. Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum. Hinc me digressum vestris deus adpulit oris.	From there the harbor of Drepanum and its joyless shore receive me. Here, after being driven by so many storms at sea, alas, I lose my father, Anchises, the comfort of every care and misfortune. Here, best of fathers, you abandon me in my weariness, alas, rescued in vain from such great dangers! Neither the prophet Helenus, though he warned of many horrors, foretold this grief to me,

23 Polyphemus is the Cyclops blinded by Ulysses (Odysseus) in Book 9 of Homer's Odyssey.
24 Arethusa was a nymph whose spring at Syracuse was believed to be fed by the Greek river Alpheus flowing under the sea.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus fata renarrabat divom, cursusque docebat. Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.	nor dread Celaeno. This was my last hardship, this the end of my long journeys. When I left there, a god drove me to your shores. So father Aeneas, alone, with all intent upon him, retold the fates sent by the gods and described his wanderings. At last he fell silent, and here, making an end, he rested.

Book 4

Dido

Dido falls in love with Aeneas; the gods order him to leave, and she kills herself.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.1	At regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura volnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni. Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat gentis honos: haerent infixi pectore voltus verbaque, nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. Postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras, umentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram, cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem: Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent! Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis! Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum. Degeneres animos timor arguit: heu, quibus ille iactatus fatis! Quae bella exhausta canebat!	But the queen, long since wounded by a heavy care, feeds the wound with her lifeblood and is consumed by a hidden fire. Again and again the man's valor comes back to her mind, again and again the high honor of his people. His face and his words cling fixed in her heart, and her care gives her limbs no peaceful rest. The next dawn was sweeping the earth with Phoebus' lamp, and Dawn had cleared the dewy shadow from the sky, when, scarcely in her right mind, she spoke to the sister who shared her heart: "Anna, my sister, what dreams terrify me and hold me in suspense! Who is this stranger, new to our house, who has come among us? How he bears himself! How brave his heart and his arms! I truly believe, and it is no idle belief, that he is descended from the gods. Fear exposes a low-born soul. Ah, by what fates he has been tossed! What wars, endured to the end, he was telling of!
4.15	Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet, ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare iugali, postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit; si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset, huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpae. Anna, fatebor enim, miseri post fata Sychaei coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede Penatis, solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem impulit: adgnosco veteris vestigia flammae. Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat, vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, pallentis umbras Erebi noctemque profundam, ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua iura resolvo. Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.	If it were not fixed and settled immovably in my mind never to join myself to anyone in the bond of marriage, since my first love cheated me and left me betrayed by death; if I had not grown weary of the bridal chamber and the marriage torch, perhaps to this one fault I might have yielded. Anna, I will confess it: since the death of my poor husband Sychaeus, since our household gods were spattered with the blood my brother shed, he alone has bent my feelings and shaken my wavering heart. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But I would pray that the earth gape open to its depths for me, or that the Almighty Father hurl me with his thunderbolt down to the shades, the pale shades of Erebus and its deep night, before I violate you, Shame, or break your laws. He who first joined me to himself took away my love; let him keep it with him and guard it in the grave."
4.30	Sic effata sinum lacrimis implevit obortis. Anna refert: O luce magis dilecta sorori,	

LATIN	ENGLISH
solane perpetua maerens carpere iuventa, nec dulcis natos, Veneris nec praemia noris? Id cinerem aut Manis credis curare sepultos? Esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis dives alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori? Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis? Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis; hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes Barcaei. Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam, germanique minas?	So she spoke, and the welling tears filled the fold of her dress. Anna answers: "O dearer to your sister than the light, will you waste away alone, grieving all through your youth, never knowing sweet children or the rewards of Venus? Do you believe that ashes or buried spirits care about that? So be it: no suitors moved you in your grief before, not in Libya, nor earlier in Tyre; Iarbas was scorned, and the other chieftains whom Africa, a land rich in triumphs, breeds. Will you fight even against a love that pleases you? And does it not come to your mind in whose lands you have settled? On this side the Gaetulian cities, a people unconquerable in war, and the unbridled Numidians hem you in, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on that side a region made desert by thirst, and the Barcaeans raging far and wide. Why should I speak of the wars rising from Tyre, and our brother's threats?[1]
4.45 Dis equidem auspicibus reor et Iunone secunda hunc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas. Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus! Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi, dum pelago desaevit hiemps et aquosus Orion, quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum. His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore, spemque dedit dubiae menti, solvitque pudorem. Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo, Iunoni ante omnis, cui vincla iugalia curae.	For my part I believe it was with the gods' favor and Juno's support that the Trojan ships held their course here on the wind. What a city you will see rise here, sister, what a kingdom, from such a marriage! With Teucrian arms at its side, to what great deeds will Punic glory raise itself! Only ask the gods' favor, and once the sacrifices are accepted, indulge your guest and weave reasons for delay, while winter and rainy Orion rage themselves out on the sea, while his ships are battered and the sky is beyond handling." With these words she set her already burning heart ablaze with love, gave hope to her wavering mind, and loosened her sense of shame. First they go to the shrines and seek peace at altar after altar; they sacrifice chosen two-year-old sheep, as custom requires, to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phoebus and to father Lyaeus, and above all to Juno, who has the bonds of marriage in her care.
4.60 Ipsa, tenens dextra pateram, pulcherrima Dido candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit, aut ante ora deum pinguis spatiatur ad aras, instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta. Heu vatum ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem, quid delubra iuvant? Est mollis flamma medullas interea, et tacitum vivit sub pectore volnus. Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur	Dido herself, most beautiful, holding the bowl in her right hand, pours it out between the horns of a gleaming white heifer, or paces before the faces of the gods toward the altars rich with offerings, and renews the day with gifts, and gazing eagerly into the opened breasts of the victims consults the still-breathing entrails. Ah, the ignorant minds of prophets! What use are vows, what use are shrines

1 Iarbas is a Gaetulian king who had sought Dido's hand.

LATIN	ENGLISH
urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerva sagitta, quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum nescius; illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis arundo.	to a woman in frenzy? All the while a flame devours her soft marrow, and a silent wound lives beneath her breast. Unhappy Dido burns and wanders through the whole city in frenzy, like a deer struck by an arrow, which a shepherd hunting with his weapons has pierced from far off, off her guard among the Cretan woods, and has left the flying steel in her without knowing it; she ranges in flight through the forests and glades of Dicte, and the deadly shaft clings to her side.
4.74 Nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit, Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam; incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit; nunc eadem labente die convivia quaerit, Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores exposcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore. Post, ubi digressi, lumenque obscura vicissim luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos, sola domo maeret vacua, stratisque relictis incubat, illum absens absentem auditque videtque; aut gremio Ascanium, genitoris imagine capta, detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. Non coeptae adsurgunt turres, non arma iuventus exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello tuta parant; pendent opera interrupta, minaeque murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.	Now she leads Aeneas with her through the midst of the walls and shows him the wealth of Sidon and the city ready built; she begins to speak, and stops in mid-word. Now, as the day wanes, she seeks the same banquet again, and in her madness begs to hear once more the hardships of Ilium, and hangs once more on the lips of the teller. Afterwards, when they have parted, and the dim moon in her turn hides her light, and the setting stars urge sleep, she grieves alone in the empty house and lies down on the couch he has left; absent, she hears him and sees him, absent; or, captivated by his likeness to his father, she holds Ascanius in her lap, to see if she can deceive a love she dare not speak. The towers she began rise no further, the young men do not practice arms or make ready harbors or battlements to keep them safe in war; the works hang broken off, the huge menacing walls and the cranes that reach the sky.

JUNO'S BARGAIN

Juno and Venus plot a marriage; a storm during a hunt drives Dido and Aeneas into a cave.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.90 Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri cara Iovis coniunx, nec famam obstare furori, talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis: Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis tuque puerque tuus, magnum et memorabile numen, una dolo divom si femina victa duorum est! Nec me adeo fallit veritam te moenia nostra suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae. Sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto? Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos exercemus? Habes, tota quod mente petisti: ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem.	As soon as Jupiter's dear wife saw that Dido was held fast by such a plague, and that her good name was no obstacle to her frenzy, the daughter of Saturn approached Venus with these words: "A fine glory indeed and rich spoils you carry off, you and your boy, a great and memorable divine power, if one woman has been conquered by the trickery of two gods! Nor does it escape me that you have feared our walls and held the homes of lofty Carthage in suspicion. But what will be the limit? Where are we going now with so great a contest? Why do we not rather make an everlasting peace and a pledged marriage? You have what you

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		sought with all your heart: Dido burns with love and has drawn the frenzy into her bones.
4.102	Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus auspiciis; liceat Phrygio servire marito, dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae. Olli—sensit enim simulata mente locutam, quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras— sic contra est ingressa Venus: Quis talia demens abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello, si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur. Sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam esse velit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis, miscerive probet populos, aut foedera iungi. Tu coniunx tibi fas animum temptare precando. Perge; sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Iuno:	So let us rule this people in common and under equal auspices; let her be allowed to serve a Phrygian husband and to hand over her Tyrians into your hand as her dowry." To her Venus began in reply, for she sensed that Juno had spoken with deceit in her heart, to divert the kingdom of Italy to Libyan shores: "Who would be so mad as to refuse such terms, or prefer to contend with you in war, if only fortune follows the deed you propose? But I am carried along uncertain of the fates, whether Jupiter wishes there to be one city for the Tyrians and for those who set out from Troy, or approves the mingling of peoples and the joining of treaties. You are his wife: it is right for you to test his mind by entreaty. Go on; I will follow." Then royal Juno took her up thus:
4.115	Mecum erit iste labor: nunc qua ratione, quod instat confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo. Venatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum, dum trepidant alae, saltusque indagine cingunt, desuper infundam, et tonitru caelum omne ciebo. Diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca: speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem devenient; adero, et, tua si mihi certa voluntas, [conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,] hic hymenaeus erit.—Non adversata petenti adnuit, atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.	"That task will be mine. Now listen, and I will tell you in a few words how what presses on us can be accomplished. Aeneas and most unhappy Dido are preparing to go hunting together in the forest as soon as tomorrow's Titan brings up his first rising and unveils the world with his rays. On them, while the horsemen bustle and ring the glades with nets, I will pour down from above a black storm cloud mixed with hail and rouse the whole sky with thunder. Their companions will scatter and be covered in thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan leader will come to the same cave. I will be there, and, if I can be sure of your will, [I will join them in lasting marriage and make her his own;] this will be their wedding." Not opposing her request, Cytherea nodded assent and smiled at the trick she had seen through.
4.129	Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit. It portis iubare exorto delecta iuventus; retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro, Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum vis. Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro stat sonipes, ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterva, Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo. Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum, aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem. Nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus	Meanwhile Dawn rose and left the Ocean. When the first light of the sun has risen, the chosen youth go out from the gates; wide-meshed nets, snares, hunting spears with broad iron heads, Massylian horsemen and the keen-scented pack of hounds pour out. The leading Carthaginians wait at the doors for the queen, who lingers in her chamber; her horse stands brilliant in purple and gold and fiercely champs the foaming bit. At last she comes forward, a great crowd thronging round her, wrapped in a Sidonian cloak with an embroidered border. Her quiver is of gold, her hair is knotted up in gold, a golden brooch fastens

LATIN	ENGLISH
incedunt. Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.	her purple robe. The Phrygian companions too come on, and joyful Iulus. Aeneas himself, most beautiful of all, comes forward to join her and unites his band with hers.
4.143 Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta deserit ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo, instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi; ipse iugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro; tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat Aeneas; tantum egregio decus enitet ore. Postquam altos ventum in montis atque invia lustra, ecce ferae, saxi deiectae vertice, caprae decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cervi pulverulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt. At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri gaudet equo, iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos, spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.	As when Apollo leaves wintry Lycia and the streams of Xanthus and visits his mother's Delos, and renews the dances, and around the altars Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrsi mingle and raise their clamor; he himself walks the ridges of Cynthus, shapes his flowing hair and binds it with soft leaves and twines it with gold, and the arrows rattle on his shoulders: so Aeneas walked, no less vigorous than he, such beauty shone from his noble face. When they came to the high mountains and the pathless lairs, see: wild goats, dislodged from the top of a rock, ran down the ridges; elsewhere stags race across the open plains and mass their herds in a cloud of dust as they flee and leave the mountains. But the boy Ascanius, in the middle of the valleys, delights in his spirited horse, and gallops now past these, now past those, and prays that among these harmless herds a foaming boar may be granted to his vows, or a tawny lion come down from the mountain.
4.160 Interea magno misceri murmure caelum incipit; insequitur commixta grandine nimbus; et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diversa per agros tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes. Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem deveniunt: prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether conubiis, summoque ululârunt vertice nymphae. Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum causa fuit; neque enim specie famave movetur, nec iam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem: coniugium vocat; hoc praetexit nomine culpam.	Meanwhile the sky begins to be stirred with a great rumbling; there follows a storm cloud mixed with hail; and the Tyrian companions everywhere, and the Trojan youth, and the Dardanian grandson of Venus, in fear sought shelter here and there across the fields; rivers rush down from the mountains. Dido and the Trojan leader come to the same cave. First Earth and Juno, attendant of brides, give the signal; fires flashed, and the sky was witness to the union, and on the highest peak the nymphs wailed. That day was the first cause of death, the first cause of disasters; for Dido is no longer moved by appearances or her good name, nor does she now think of a secret love: she calls it marriage; with this name she covers her fault.

RUMOR

Rumor spreads the news; Iarbas complains to Jupiter, who sends Mercury to order Aeneas to sail.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.173 Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes— Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum; mobilitate viget, viresque adquirit eundo, parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,	At once Rumor goes through the great cities of Libya—Rumor, an evil swifter than any other; she thrives on movement and gains strength as she goes; small at first through fear, soon she lifts her-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit. Illam Terra parens, ira inritata deorum, extremam (ut perhibent) Coeo Enceladoque sororem progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis, monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore plumae tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu, tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures. Nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbram, stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti, turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes; tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.	self into the air, walks upon the ground, and hides her head among the clouds. Mother Earth, provoked to anger against the gods, bore her, so they say, as her last child, a sister to Coeus and Enceladus, swift of foot and quick of wing, a monster horrible and huge, who has as many watchful eyes beneath—wonderful to tell—as she has feathers on her body, as many tongues, as many mouths that speak, as many ears she pricks up. By night she flies between sky and earth through the shadow, shrieking, and never closes her eyes in sweet sleep; by day she sits on watch on the top of a high roof or on lofty towers, and terrifies great cities, as tenacious of the false and wicked as she is a messenger of the truth.[2]
4.189	Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: venisse Aenean, Troiano sanguine cretum, cui se pulchra viro dignetur iungere Dido; nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere regnorum immemores turpique cupidine captos. Haec passim dea foeda virum diffundit in ora. Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban, incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras. Hic Hammone satus, rapta Garamantide Nympha, templa Iovi centum latis immania regnis, centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem, excubias divom aeternas, pecudumque cruore pingue solum et variis florentia limina sertis. Isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro dicitur ante aras media inter numina divom multa Iovem manibus supplex orasse supinis:	She then was filling the peoples with manifold talk, rejoicing, and singing alike of what was done and what was not: that Aeneas had come, born of Trojan blood, a man to whom lovely Dido thinks it fitting to join herself; that now they were spending the winter, all its length, in luxury together, forgetful of their kingdoms and held captive by shameful desire. These things the foul goddess spreads everywhere on the lips of men. Straightaway she turns her course to King Iarbas, sets his mind on fire with her words and heaps up his anger. He, the son of Ammon by a Garamantian nymph he had carried off, had set up to Jupiter in his broad kingdoms a hundred huge temples, a hundred altars, and had consecrated an ever-wakeful fire, the eternal sentry of the gods; the ground was rich with the blood of beasts, and the doorways bloomed with garlands of many colors. And he, out of his mind and inflamed by the bitter rumor, is said to have prayed long to Jupiter before the altars, among the divine presences of the gods, a suppliant with upturned hands:[3]
4.206	Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem, aspicis haec, an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques, nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? Femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.	"Almighty Jupiter, to whom the Moorish people, feasting on embroidered couches, now pour the offering of Lenaean wine, do you see these things? Or, father, when you hurl your thunderbolts, do we fear you for nothing, and are they blind fires among the clouds that terrify our minds and stir up empty rumblings? A woman who wandered into our territory and founded a tiny city for a

2 Coeus was a Titan and Enceladus a Giant, both children of Earth who fought against the gods.
3 Ammon was an African god identified with Jupiter; the Garamantes were a people of the Libyan interior.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Et nunc ille Paris cum semiviro comitatu, Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem subnexus, rapto potitur: nos munera templis quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem. Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit regia et oblitos famae melioris amantes. Tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat:	price, to whom we gave a shore to plow and the laws of the place, has rejected marriage with us and received Aeneas into her kingdom as its lord. And now that Paris, with his retinue of half-men, his chin and his perfumed hair tied up in a Maeonian cap, takes possession of what he has seized, while we, of course, bring gifts to your temples and cherish a hollow tale." As he prayed in such words and clung to the altars, the Almighty heard him and turned his eyes toward the royal walls and the lovers who had forgotten their better name. Then he addresses Mercury thus and gives these commands:
4.223 Vade age, nate, voca Zephyros et labere pennis, Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc exspectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes, adloquere, et celeris defer mea dicta per auras. Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis; sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem. Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum, nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem, Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces? Quid struit, aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur, nec prolem Ausoniam et Lavinia respicit arva? Naviget: haec summa est; hic nostri nuntius esto.	"Go now, my son, call the Zephyrs and glide on your wings, and speak to the Dardanian leader, who now lingers in Tyrian Carthage and does not look to the cities granted him by the fates; carry my words through the swift breezes. His most beautiful mother did not promise him to us as such a man, nor is that why she twice rescued him from the arms of the Greeks; she promised he would be the one to rule Italy, teeming with empires and roaring with war, to hand on a line from the high blood of Teucer, and to bring the whole world under laws. If the glory of such great things does not fire him, and he will not shoulder the toil for his own fame, does the father begrudge Ascanius the citadels of Rome? What is he building? With what hope does he linger among a hostile people, and not look to his Ausonian descendants and the Lavinian fields? Let him sail: this is the sum of it; let this be our message."
4.238 Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit aurea, quae sublimem alis sive aequora supra seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant; tum virgam capit: hac animas ille evocat Orco pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit, dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat. Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat nubila; iamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit, Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris piniferum caput et vento pulsatur et imbri; nix umeros infusa tegit; tum flumina mento praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.	He had spoken. Mercury made ready to obey the command of his great father. First he binds on his feet the golden sandals that carry him on high on their wings, over the seas or over the land, as swiftly as the rushing wind; then he takes up his wand: with it he calls pale souls out of Orcus and sends others down to gloomy Tartarus, gives sleep and takes it away, and unseals eyes in death. Relying on it he drives the winds before him and swims through the turbulent clouds; and now in his flight he sees the summit and the steep sides of hardy Atlas, who props up the sky on his head—Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, constantly ringed with black clouds, is beaten by wind and rain; snow spreads over his shoulders and covers them;

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		rivers plunge down from the old man's chin, and his rough beard is stiff with ice.
4.252	Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas misit, avi similis, quae circum litora, circum piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta. Haud aliter terras inter caelumque volabat, litus harenosum Libyae ventosque secabat materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles. Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis, Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem conspicit; atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro.	Here the Cyllenian, poised on balanced wings, first came to rest; from here he hurled himself headlong with his whole body toward the waves, like a bird that flies low near the water, around the shores, around the fish-filled rocks. Just so the child of Cyllene flew between earth and sky to the sandy shore of Libya, cutting through the winds as he came from his mother's father. As soon as his winged feet touched the huts, he sees Aeneas founding citadels and raising new buildings. He had a sword starred with tawny jasper, and a cloak blazing with Tyrian purple hung from his shoulders, gifts that wealthy Dido had made, picking out the weave with fine gold thread.[4]
4.265	Continuo invadit: Tu nunc Karthaginis altae fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem exstruis, heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum? Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo regnator, caelum ac terras qui numine torquet; ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: quid struis, aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris? Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum, [nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,] Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus debentur. Tali Cyllenius ore locutus mortalis visus medio sermone reliquit, et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.	At once he confronts him: "Are you now laying the foundations of lofty Carthage, and, a doting husband, building a beautiful city—forgetful, alas, of your own kingdom and your own destiny? The ruler of the gods himself sends me down to you from bright Olympus, he who turns sky and earth by his power; he himself orders me to carry these commands through the swift breezes: what are you building? With what hope do you waste your time in idleness in Libyan lands? If the glory of such great things does not move you, [and you will not shoulder the toil for your own fame,] look to Ascanius as he grows, to the hopes of Iulus your heir, to whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman land are owed." Having spoken thus, the Cyllenian left mortal sight in mid-speech and vanished far from view into thin air.
4.279	At vero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens, arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. Ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras, attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum. Heu quid agat? Quo nunc reginam ambire furentem audeat adfatu? Quae prima exordia sumat? Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc, in partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat. Haec alternanti potior sententia visa est: Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum, classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant, arma parent, et quae rebus sit causa novandis dissimulent; sese interea, quando optuma Dido	But Aeneas, at the sight, was struck dumb and out of his mind; his hair stood on end with terror and his voice stuck in his throat. He burns to be gone in flight and leave the sweet lands, thunderstruck by so great a warning and command of the gods. Ah, what should he do? With what words can he now dare to approach the queen in her frenzy? What opening should he make first? He divides his swift mind now this way, now that, sends it rushing in different directions and turns everything over. As he wavered, this seemed the better plan: he calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus: they are to fit out the fleet in silence, gather

4 Mercury's mother, Maia, was a daughter of Atlas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores, temptaturum aditus, et quae mollissima fandi tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes imperio laeti parent ac iussa facessunt.	the companions on the shore, make ready their arms, and conceal the reason for the change; he himself meanwhile, since good Dido knows nothing and does not expect so great a love to be broken off, will try to find a way to approach her, the gentlest time for speaking, the right way to handle the matter. Swiftly they all gladly obey his command and carry out his orders.

DIDO AND AENEAS

Dido confronts Aeneas, who answers that he seeks Italy not of his own will.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.296 At regina dolos—quis fallere possit amantem? praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros, omnia tuta timens. Eadem impia Fama furenti detulit armari classem cursumque parari. Saevit inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron. Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro: Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum posse nefas, tacitusque mea decedere terra? Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam, nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?	But the queen—who could deceive a lover?— sensed the deceit beforehand and was the first to catch the coming stir, fearing everything, even what was safe. The same wicked Rumor brought word to her in her frenzy that the fleet was being armed and the voyage prepared. She rages, helpless in mind, and blazing, runs wild through the whole city, like a Thyiad roused when the sacred emblems are shaken, when the rites held every other year spur her on as she hears the cry of Bacchus, and Cithaeron calls her with its shouting by night. At last she speaks to Aeneas first, with these words: "Did you even hope, faithless one, that you could hide so great a wrong, and leave my land in silence? Does neither our love hold you, nor the right hand you once gave, nor Dido, who will die a cruel death?[5]
4.309 Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem, et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum, crudelis? Quid, si non arva aliena domosque ignotas peteres, sed Troia antiqua maneret, Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor Mene fugis? Per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te (quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui) per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos, si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam dulce meum, miserere domus labentis, et istam— oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus—exue mentem. Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem exstinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam, fama prior. Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?	Are you even working on your fleet under the winter star, and hurrying to cross the deep in the midst of the north winds, cruel one? What then? If you were not seeking foreign fields and unknown homes, if ancient Troy still stood, would you seek out Troy with your fleet across the stormy sea? Is it me you flee? By these tears and by your right hand (since I have left myself, in my misery, nothing else), by our marriage, by the wedding we began, if I have deserved any good of you, or if anything of mine was ever sweet to you, pity a falling house, and put away—I beg you, if there is still any place for prayers—that intention of yours. Because of you the Libyan peoples and the Nomad chieftains hate me, the Tyrians are hostile; because of you, too, my sense of shame is extinguished, and my former good name, by which alone I was rising

5 A Thyiad is a woman possessed in the rites of Bacchus, celebrated by night on Mount Cithaeron near Thebes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		to the stars. To whom are you leaving me, at the point of death, my guest?
4.324	Hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat. Quid moror? An mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater destruat, aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas? Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret, non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer. Dixerat. Ille Iovis monitis immota tenebat lumina, et obnixus curam sub corde premebat. Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quae plurima fando enumerare vales, numquam, regina, negabo promeritam; nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae, dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.	For that is the only name left to me of a husband. Why do I wait? Until my brother Pygmalion destroys my walls, or the Gaetulian Iarbas leads me away captive? At least if before your flight I had conceived a child by you, if some little Aeneas were playing in my hall who would still bring back your face, I would not seem so utterly captured and abandoned." She had spoken. He, at Jupiter's warning, kept his eyes unmoved and with a struggle pressed down the anguish in his heart. At last he answers briefly: "I will never deny, queen, that you have deserved of me all the many things you can list in speech; nor will it pain me to remember Elissa, while I remember myself, while breath still rules these limbs.
4.337	Pro re pauca loquar. Neque ego hanc abscondere furto speravi—ne finge—fugam, nec coniugis umquam praetendi taedas, aut haec in foedera veni. Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas, urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent, et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis. Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes: hic amor, haec patria est. Si te Karthaginis arces, Phoenissam, Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis, quae tandem, Ausonia Teucros considere terra, invidia est? Et nos fas extera quaerere regna.	I will say a few words to the point. I did not hope to hide this flight by stealth—do not imagine it—nor did I ever hold out a husband's marriage torch, or enter into such a pact. If the fates allowed me to lead my life under my own auspices and settle my cares as I wished, I would be tending first the city of Troy and the sweet remnants of my people; Priam's high halls would still stand, and with my own hand I would have founded a Pergamum reborn for the conquered. But now Grynean Apollo has ordered me to make for great Italy; the Lycian oracles have ordered me to Italy: this is my love, this my homeland. If the citadels of Carthage and the sight of a Libyan city hold you, a Phoenician, why, then, begrudge the Teucrians their settling in Ausonian land? We too have the right to seek foreign kingdoms.[6]
4.351	Me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt, admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago; me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari, quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus arvis. Nunc etiam interpres divom, Iove missus ab ipso— testor utrumque caput—celeris mandata per auras detulit; ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi. Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis: Italiam non sponte sequor. Talia dicentem iamdudum aversa tuetur,	My father Anchises, whenever night covers the earth with its damp shadows, whenever the fiery stars rise, warns me in my dreams, and his troubled image frightens me. So does the boy Ascanius, and the wrong I do to one so dear, whom I am cheating of a kingdom in Hesperia and of the fields that fate has given him. Now even the messenger of the gods, sent by Jupiter himself, has brought his commands down through the swift air. I swear it by both our heads. I myself saw the god in clear light, entering the walls, and I drank in his voice with these ears. Stop inflaming both

6 Apollo had an oracle at Grynium in Asia Minor and another in Lycia.

LATIN	ENGLISH
huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat luminibus tacitis, et sic accensa profatur:	me and yourself with your complaints: I seek Italy not of my own will." All the while he spoke she had been gazing at him, turned away, rolling her eyes this way and that, and she ranged over the whole of him with silent looks. Then, blazing with anger, she spoke out:
4.365 Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor, perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres. Nam quid dissimulo, aut quae me ad maiora reservo? Num fletu ingemuit nostro? Num lumina flexit? Num lacrimas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est? Quae quibus anteferam? Iam iam nec maxuma Iuno, nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis. Nusquam tuta fides. Eiectum litore, egentem excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi; amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi. Heu furiis incensa feror! Nunc augur Apollo, nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Iove missus ab ipso interpres divom fert horrida iussa per auras.	"No goddess was your mother, nor was Dardanus the founder of your line, traitor. No, Caucasus, bristling with hard crags, gave birth to you, and Hyrcanian tigers gave you their udders. For why should I pretend, or what greater wrongs am I holding myself back for? Did he groan when I wept? Did he turn his eyes? Was he overcome, did he shed tears, or pity the woman who loves him? Which of these things should I put first, and which after? Now, now neither great Juno nor the father, son of Saturn, looks on these things with fair eyes. Nowhere is trust safe. He was cast up on the shore, in need, and I took him in, and like a madwoman gave him a share in my kingdom. I brought back his lost fleet and rescued his comrades from death. Ah, I am swept along, on fire with frenzy! Now it is the prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles, now even the messenger of the gods, sent by Jupiter himself, who brings dreadful commands through the air.
4.379 Scilicet is Superis labor est, ea cura quietos sollicitat. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello. I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas. Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt, supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido saepe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus absens, et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis, improbe, poenas. Audiam et haec Manis veniet mihi fama sub imos. His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, et auras aegra fugit, seque ex oculis avertit et aufert, linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem dicere. Suscipiunt famulae, conlapsaque membra marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.	Of course this is the toil of the gods above, this is the care that troubles their calm! I do not hold you, nor do I refute your words. Go, chase Italy with the winds, seek your kingdom over the waves. I hope, indeed, if the just powers of heaven can do anything, that out among the rocks you will drain your punishment to the dregs and often call on Dido by name. Though absent, I will pursue you with black fires. When cold death has parted my body from my soul, my shade will be with you everywhere. You will pay, cruel man. I will hear of it, and the news will reach me down among the deepest shades." With these words she breaks off her speech in the middle. Sick at heart, she flees the daylight, turns and takes herself out of his sight, leaving him hesitating in fear, with much he was preparing to say. Her maids catch her, carry her fainting limbs back to her marble chamber and lay her on her bed.
4.393 At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem solando cupit et dictis avertere curas, multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore,	But devoted Aeneas, though he longs to soothe her grief with comfort and turn aside her cares with words, groans deeply, and his heart is shaken by

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iussa tamen divom exsequitur, classemque revisit. Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, et litore celsas deducunt toto naves: natat uncta carina; frondentisque ferunt remos et robora silvis infabricata, fugae studio. Migrantis cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentis. Ac velut ingentem formicae farris acervum cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt; it nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas convectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt obnixae frumenta umeris; pars agmina cogunt castigantque moras; opere omnis semita fervet.	his great love. Still he carries out the commands of the gods and goes back to his fleet. Then indeed the Teucrians set to work and launch their tall ships all along the shore. The tarred keels float. In their eagerness for flight they bring oars still in leaf, and timber from the woods not yet shaped. You could see them on the move, rushing out from all over the city. And as when ants, mindful of winter, plunder a huge heap of grain and store it in their home: the black column moves across the fields, and they carry their plunder through the grass along a narrow track. Some strain with their shoulders and push the great grains; some keep the column together and punish delay; the whole path seethes with work.
4.408 Quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus? quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor? Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis? Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amori, ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. Anna, vides toto properari litore; circum undique convenere; vocat iam carbasus auras, puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas. Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem, et perferre, soror, potero. Miserae hoc tamen unum exsequere, Anna, mihi. Solam nam perfidus ille te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus; sola viri mollis aditus et tempora noras.	What did you feel then, Dido, as you saw such things? What groans did you utter, when from the top of the citadel you looked out on the shore seething far and wide, and saw the whole sea before your eyes in turmoil with such shouting? Cruel Love, to what do you not drive mortal hearts! She is driven to go again to tears, again to try entreaty, and as a suppliant to bow her pride to love, so that she may not leave anything untried and die for nothing. "Anna, you see the bustle all along the shore. They have gathered from every side. Already the canvas calls to the breezes, and the joyful sailors have set garlands on the sterns. If I could foresee so great a grief, I will be able to bear it too, sister. Yet, Anna, do this one thing for me in my misery. That traitor honored you alone and even entrusted his secret thoughts to you. You alone knew the times and the ways to approach the man easily.
4.424 I, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum: non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem Aulide iuravi, classemve ad Pergama misi, nec patris Anchisae cineres Manisve revelli, cur mea dicta neget duras demittere in auris. Quo ruit? Extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti: exspectet facilemque fugam ventosque ferentis. Non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro, nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat: tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori, dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere. Extremam hanc oro veniam—miserere sororis— quam mihi cum dederit, cumulatam morte remittam.	Go, sister, and humbly address our proud enemy. I did not swear with the Danaans at Aulis to wipe out the Trojan people, or send a fleet against Pergamum. I did not tear up the ashes or the shade of his father Anchises. Why does he refuse to let my words into his hard ears? Where is he rushing? Let him give this last gift to the poor woman who loves him: let him wait for an easy flight and favoring winds. I no longer ask for the old marriage he has betrayed, nor that he go without lovely Latium and give up his kingdom. I ask for empty time, a rest and a respite for my frenzy, until my fortune teaches me, defeated, how to grieve. This is the last favor I ask—pity your sister—and when

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	he has granted it, I will repay it with interest at my death."[7]
4.437 Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus fertque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit; fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit auris. Ac, velut annoso validam cum robore quercum Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes; ipsa haeret scopulis, et, quantum vertice ad auras aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit: haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas; mens immota manet; lacrimae volvuntur inanes.	So she pleaded, and her most unhappy sister carries such tearful appeals to him again and again. But he is moved by no tears, and listens to no words with a yielding mind. The fates stand in the way, and a god blocks the man's kindly ears. And as when the Alpine north winds, blowing now from this side, now from that, vie with one another to uproot an oak whose timber is strong with many years: a roaring goes up, and as the trunk is shaken the high leaves strew the ground, but the tree itself clings to the rocks, and as far as its crown reaches up toward the breezes of heaven, so far do its roots stretch down toward Tartarus. Just so the hero is battered on this side and that by constant pleas, and feels the cares deep in his great heart. His mind stays unmoved; the tears roll down in vain.

DIDO RESOLVES TO DIE

Haunted by omens and dreams, Dido decides to die and has a pyre built on the pretext of magic.

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4.450 Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido mortem orat; taedet caeli convexa tueri. Quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat, vidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris, horrendum dictu, latices nigrescere sacros, fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem. Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori. Praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat, velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum: hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret; solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces;	Then indeed unhappy Dido, terrified by her fate, prays for death; she is weary of looking at the vault of heaven. To make her all the more resolved to carry out her plan and leave the light, she saw, as she laid her offerings on the altars where incense burns, the holy liquids turn black and the wine she poured change into foul blood. It is horrible to tell. She told this sight to no one, not even to her sister. Besides, there was in the palace a marble shrine to her former husband, which she tended with wonderful reverence, wreathed with snow-white wool and festive leaves. From here she seemed to hear voices, the words of her husband calling her, when dark night held the earth. And on the rooftops a lone owl often seemed to lament with its funeral song and to draw out its long notes into a wail;
4.464 multaque praeterea vatum praedicta priorum terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem in somnis ferus Aeneas; semperque relinqui sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur ire viam, et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra.	and besides, many predictions of earlier seers terrify her with their dreadful warnings. In her dreams fierce Aeneas himself drives her on in her madness. Always she seems to be left alone, always to be going unaccompanied on a long road,

7 Aulis: the harbor in Greece where the Greek fleet gathered and swore to sail against Troy.

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Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, et solem geminum et duplicis se ostendere Thebas; aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae. Ergo ubi concepit furias evicta dolore decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque exigit, et, maestam dictis adgressa sororem, consilium voltu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:	seeking her Tyrians in a deserted land. So Pentheus in his madness sees the ranks of the Eumenides, and a double sun, and Thebes showing itself twice over. So Agamemnon's son Orestes, hounded across the stage, flees his mother armed with torches and black serpents, while the avenging Furies sit on the threshold. So when, overwhelmed by grief, she had taken the madness into herself and resolved to die, she works out the time and the manner alone. Approaching her sorrowing sister, she hides her plan behind her face and makes her brow serene with hope:[8]
4.478 Inveni, germana, viam—gratare sorori— quae mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem. Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maxumus Atlas axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum: hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos, Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi quae dabat, et sacros servabat in arbore ramos, spargens umida mella soporiferumque papaver. Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentes quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas, sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro; nocturnosque movet Manis: mugire videbis sub pedibus terram, et descendere montibus ornos. Testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.	"Sister, I have found a way—congratulate your sister—that will give him back to me or free me from loving him. Near the edge of Ocean and the setting sun lies the farthest land of the Ethiopians, where mightiest Atlas turns on his shoulder the axis of heaven, studded with blazing stars. From there a priestess of the Massylian people has been shown to me. She was guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, and she used to give the dragon its food and guard the sacred branches on the tree, sprinkling moist honey and sleep-bringing poppy. She claims that with her spells she can free the minds of whomever she wishes, and send hard cares into others; that she can stop the water in rivers and turn the stars backward. She raises the spirits of the dead by night: you will see the earth bellow beneath your feet and the ash trees come down from the mountains. I swear by the gods, dear one, by you, sister, and by your dear head, that I arm myself with the arts of magic against my will.[9]
4.494 Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit impius, exuviasque omnis, lectumque iugalem, quo perii, superimponas: abolere nefandi cuncta viri monumenta iuvat, monstratque sacerdos. Haec effata silet; pallor simul occupat ora. Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera sacris germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sychaei: ergo iussa parat. At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta,	Secretly build a pyre in the inner court of the palace, under the open sky, and lay on it the arms of the man, which the impious one left hanging in my chamber, and all his relics, and the marriage bed on which I was ruined. It is my wish to destroy every reminder of that unspeakable man, and the priestess directs it." Having said this she falls silent; at once a pallor spreads over her face. Yet Anna does not believe that her sister is masking her death with these strange rites. She cannot conceive of such great madness, or fear anything worse than when Sychaeus died. So she prepares

8 Pentheus, king of Thebes, was driven mad by Bacchus; Orestes, who killed his mother Clytemnestra, was pursued by the Furies (Eumenides). Both were familiar figures of Greek tragedy, hence "the stage."
9 The Hesperides: nymphs of the far west who tended a tree of golden apples guarded by a dragon.

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	intenditque locum sertis, et fronde coronat funerea; super exuvias ensemque relictum effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.	what she was told. But the queen, when the pyre had been raised under the open sky in the innermost part of the house, huge with pine and split oak, hangs the place with garlands and crowns it with funeral leaves. On top she lays his relics, the sword he left behind, and his image on the bed, not unaware of what was to come.
4.509	Stant arae circum, et crines effusa sacerdos ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque, tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae. Sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Averni, falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aënis pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte veneni; quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte revolsus et matri praereptus amor. Ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta, unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recincta, testatur moritura deos et conscia fati sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantes curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.	Altars stand around, and the priestess, her hair streaming loose, thunders out the names of three hundred gods, Erebus and Chaos, and triple Hecate, the three faces of the virgin Diana. She had sprinkled, too, water feigned to come from the spring of Avernus. Herbs are sought, cut by moonlight with bronze sickles, downy and full of the milky juice of black poison. Sought too is the love-charm torn from the forehead of a newborn foal and snatched before its mother could take it. Dido herself, with the holy meal in her devout hands, beside the altars, one foot freed from its sandal, her robe ungirt, about to die, calls to witness the gods and the stars that know her fate. Then she prays to whatever power, just and mindful, cares for lovers bound in an unequal pact.[10]
4.522	Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant aequora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu, cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque volucres, quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti [lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum]. At non infelix animi Phoenissa, nec umquam Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem accipit: ingeminant curae, rursusque resurgens saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu. Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat:	It was night, and all over the earth weary bodies were enjoying peaceful sleep, and the woods and the savage seas had grown quiet. It was the hour when the stars roll on in the middle of their course, when every field is silent, and the beasts and the bright-colored birds, those that dwell far and wide on the clear lakes and those that live in the countryside rough with thickets, lay sleeping under the silent night [soothing their cares, their hearts forgetful of their toils]. But not the Phoenician queen, unhappy in her heart. Never does she sink into sleep or take the night into her eyes or her heart. Her cares redouble; her love rises again and rages, and she surges on a great tide of anger. So she begins, and thus she turns it over in her heart:
4.534	En, quid ago? Rursusne procos inrisa priores experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex, quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos? Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrum iussa sequar? Quiane auxilio iuvat ante levatos, et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti? Quis me autem, fac velle, sinet, ratibusve superbis	"See, what am I to do? Shall I, a laughingstock, try my former suitors once again, and humbly seek marriage among the Nomads, whom I have so often scorned as husbands? Shall I then follow the Trojan fleets and the Teucrians' lowest commands? Because they are glad to have been helped by me before, and gratitude for my old kindness

10 Hecate: goddess of magic, crossroads and the underworld, worshipped in triple form and identified with Diana.

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invisam accipiet? Nescis heu, perdita, necdum Laomedonteae sentis periuria gentis? Quid tum, sola fuga nautas comitabor ovantes, an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum inferar, et, quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli, rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela iubebo?	stands firm in their memories? But suppose I wanted it: who would allow me, or take me, a woman they hate, on their proud ships? Ah, lost woman, do you not know, do you not yet see the perjuries of Laomedon's people? What then? Shall I go alone in flight with the exultant sailors? Or shall I take ship surrounded by my Tyrians and my whole band of followers, and drive out to sea again those whom I barely tore away from the city of Sidon, and order them to spread their sails to the winds?
4.547 Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem. Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti. Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam degere, more ferae, tales nec tangere curas! Non servata fides cineri promissa Sychaeo! Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus. Aeneas celsa in puppi, iam certus eundi, carpebat somnos, rebus iam rite paratis. Huic se forma dei voltu redeuntis eodem obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est— omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque coloremque et crinis flavos et membra decora iuventa:	No, die, as you deserve, and turn aside your grief with the sword. You, sister, won over by my tears, you were the first to load me with these evils in my madness and throw me to the enemy. I was not allowed to live my life free of marriage and blameless, like a creature of the wild, and never to touch such cares! I have not kept the faith I promised to the ashes of Sychaeus!" Such were the laments that burst from her heart. Aeneas, on his high stern, now set on going, was taking his sleep, everything now duly prepared. To him in his dreams appeared the form of the god, returning with the same face, and seemed to warn him once again—like Mercury in everything, in voice and coloring, in his golden hair and the handsome limbs of youth:
4.560 Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, nec, quae te circum stent deinde pericula, cernis, demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos? Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat, certa mori, varioque irarum fluctuat aestu. Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? Iam mare turbari trabibus, saevasque videbis conlucere faces, iam fervere litora flammis, si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem. Heia age, rumpe moras. Varium et mutabile semper femina. Sic fatus, nocti se immiscuit atrae.	"Son of the goddess, can you sleep at such a moment? Madman, do you not see the dangers that will surround you then, or hear the favoring west winds blowing? She is turning over treachery and dreadful crime in her heart, resolved to die, and surges on a shifting tide of anger. Will you not flee from here headlong, while you have the power to hurry? Soon you will see the sea churned with timbers and cruel torches blazing, soon the shore seething with flames, if Dawn finds you lingering in these lands. Come now, break off delay. Woman is always a fickle and changeable thing." So he spoke, and merged into the black night.
4.571 Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris, corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat: Praecipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris; solvite vela citi. Deus aethere missus ab alto festinare fugam tortosque incidere funes ecce iterum stimulat. Sequimur te, sancte deorum, quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes. Adsis o placidusque iuves, et sidera caelo	Then indeed Aeneas, terrified by the sudden apparition, snatches his body from sleep and rouses his comrades: "Wake up at once, men, and take your seats on the benches; quickly, loose the sails. Look, a god sent from high heaven is urging us again to hasten our flight and cut the twisted cables. We follow you, holy one among the gods, whoever you are, and once again we gladly obey

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	dextra feras. Dixit, vaginaque eripit ensem fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. Idem omnes simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque; litora deseruere; latet sub classibus aequor; adnixi torquent spumas et caerula verrunt.	your command. Be with us, help us kindly, and bring favorable stars in the sky." He spoke, snatches his flashing sword from its sheath, and strikes the mooring ropes with the drawn blade. The same ardor takes hold of them all at once; they seize their gear and rush. They have left the shore; the sea is hidden beneath their ships. Straining, they churn the foam and sweep the blue water.

DIDO'S CURSE

Seeing the fleet gone at dawn, Dido curses Aeneas and his people with lasting enmity.

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4.584	Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem vidit, et aequatis classem procedere velis, litoraque et vacuos sensit sine remige portus, terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum, flaventesque abscissa comas, Pro Iuppiter, ibit hic ait et nostris inluserit advena regnis? Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe sequentur, deripientque rates alii navalibus? Ite, ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos!—	And now Dawn, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, was first sprinkling the earth with new light. As soon as the queen, from her watchtower, saw the light grow white and the fleet moving off with level sails, and realized that the shore and harbor were empty, with no oarsmen, she struck her lovely breast three and four times with her hand, tore her golden hair, and said: "O Jupiter, shall he go? Shall this stranger have made a mockery of my kingdom? Will they not get out their weapons and follow from all over the city, and will others not drag ships from the docks? Go, quickly, bring fire, spread the sails, drive the oars!—
4.595	Quid loquor, aut ubi sum? Quae mentem insania mutat? Infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt. Tum decuit, cum sceptra dabas.—En dextra fidesque, quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates, quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem! Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, et undis spargere? Non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro Ascanium, patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?— Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna:—fuisset. Quem metui moritura? Faces in castra tulissem, implessemque foros flammis, natumque patremque cum genere extinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.	What am I saying? Where am I? What madness is turning my mind? Unhappy Dido, now impious deeds come home to you. That was the time, when you were giving away your scepter.—See the pledge and faith of the man who, they say, carries his ancestral household gods with him, who bore on his shoulders his father worn out with age! Could I not have seized him, torn his body apart and scattered it on the waves? Could I not have destroyed his comrades with the sword, and Ascanius himself, and served him up as a meal at his father's table?—But the fortune of battle would have been uncertain.—So be it. Whom did I have to fear, when I was going to die? I should have carried torches into his camp, filled his decks with flames, wiped out son and father with their whole line, and thrown myself on top of it all.
4.607	Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras, tuque harum interpres curarum et conscia Iuno, nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes, et Dirae ultrices, et di morientis Elissae,	Sun, you who survey all the works of the earth with your flames; and you, Juno, interpreter and witness of these sorrows of mine; and Hecate, whose name is howled at night at crossroads

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen, et nostras audite preces. Si tangere portus infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est, et sic fata Iovis poscunt, hic terminus haeret: at bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli, auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur, sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus harena.	through the cities; and you, avenging Furies, and gods of dying Elissa: receive these words, turn upon these wrongs the divine power they deserve, and hear my prayers. If that unspeakable man must reach harbor and float to land, if Jupiter's fates demand it so and this end is fixed, yet let him be harassed in war by the arms of a bold people, banished from his territory, torn from the embrace of Iulus; let him beg for help and see the undeserved deaths of his people. And when he has surrendered himself to the terms of an unjust peace, let him not enjoy his kingdom or the light he longs for, but let him fall before his time and lie unburied in the middle of the sand.
4.621	Haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo. Tum vos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro munera. Nullus amor populis, nec foedera sunto. Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor, qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos, nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires. Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotesque. Haec ait, et partis animum versabat in omnis, invisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem. Tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei; namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:	This is my prayer; these last words I pour out with my blood. Then you, my Tyrians, harry with hatred his stock and all his line to come, and send this offering to my ashes. Let there be no love between the peoples, no treaties. Rise up from my bones, some avenger, to pursue the Dardanian settlers with fire and sword, now, hereafter, whenever the strength is given. Shore against shore, wave against wave, arms against arms: this is my curse. Let them fight, they and their descendants after them." So she spoke, and turned her mind every way, seeking to cut short as soon as possible the light she hated. Then she spoke briefly to Barce, Sychaeus' nurse, for black ashes held her own in her old homeland:[11]

THE DEATH OF DIDO

Dido climbs the pyre and falls on Aeneas' sword, and Iris releases her soul.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.634	Annam cara mihi nutrix huc siste sororem; dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha, et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat: sic veniat; tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta. Sacra Iovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi, perficere est animus, finemque imponere curis, Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae. Sic ait: illa gradum studio celerabat anili. At trepida, et coeptis immanibus effera Dido, sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura, interiora domus inrumpit limina, et altos conscendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit	"Dear nurse, bring my sister Anna here to me. Tell her to hurry and sprinkle her body with river water, and to bring with her the animals and the offerings of atonement, as directed. So let her come; and you yourself cover your temples with a holy headband. I mean to complete the rites to Stygian Jupiter that I have duly begun and prepared, to put an end to my sorrows, and to give over to the flames the pyre of that Dardanian." So she spoke; the nurse quickened her steps with an old woman's eagerness. But Dido, trembling and wild with her monstrous undertaking, rolling her bloodshot eyes, her quivering cheeks flecked with

11 The avenger points to Hannibal, the Carthaginian general who invaded Italy in the Second Punic War (218–201 BC).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus. Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata, incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba:	spots, and pale with her coming death, bursts into the inner courts of the palace. In frenzy she climbs the high pyre and unsheathes the Dardanian sword, a gift not sought for this use. Here, when she had seen the Trojan clothes and the familiar bed, she paused a little in tears and thought, then lay down on the bed and spoke her last words:[12]
4.651	Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebant, accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis. Vixi, et, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi, et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago. Urbem praeclaram statui; mea moenia vidi; ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi; felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae! Dixit, et, os impressa toro, Moriemur inultae, sed moriamur ait. Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras: Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.	"Sweet relics, sweet while fate and the god allowed, receive this soul and free me from these sorrows. I have lived, and I have finished the course that fortune gave me, and now my great shade will go beneath the earth. I have founded a glorious city; I have seen my own walls; I have avenged my husband and made my hostile brother pay. Happy, ah, too happy, if only the Dardanian ships had never touched our shores!" She spoke, and pressing her face into the bed, she said: "I shall die unavenged, but let me die. So, so I am glad to go down to the shades. Let the cruel Dardanian drink in this fire with his eyes from out at sea, and carry with him the omen of my death."
4.663	Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia ferro conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore spumantem, sparsasque manus. It clamor ad alta atria; concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem. Lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu tecta fremunt; resonat magnis plangoribus aether, non aliter, quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum. Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat: Hoc illud, germana, fuit? Me fraude petebas? Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?	She had spoken, and in the midst of such words her companions see her fallen on the sword, the blade foaming with blood and her hands spattered. A cry goes up to the high halls; Rumor runs wild through the stricken city. The houses resound with lamentation and groaning and the wailing of women; the sky echoes with loud mourning, just as if all Carthage or ancient Tyre were falling as enemies poured in, and raging flames were rolling over the roofs of men and of gods. Her sister heard, and breathless and terrified, running in trembling haste, tearing her face with her nails and beating her breast with her fists, she rushes through the crowd and calls the dying woman by name: "So this was what it meant, sister? Was your deceit aimed at me? Was this what that pyre, this what the fires and altars were preparing for me?
4.677	Quid primum deserta querar? Comitemne sororem sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses: idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset. His etiam struxi manibus, patriosque vocavi voce deos, sic te ut posita crudelis abessem? Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque Sidonios urbemque tuam. Date volnera lymphis	Deserted, what shall I lament first? Did you scorn your sister's company as you died? You should have called me to the same fate: the same pain, the same hour would have carried us both off by the sword. Did I build this with these hands, and call aloud on our fathers' gods, only so that I should cruelly be absent while you lay here? You have

12 Stygian Jupiter: Dis, king of the underworld.

LATIN	ENGLISH
abluam, et, extremus si quis super halitus errat, ore legam. Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos, semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores. Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore vulnus. Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit; ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto quaesivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.	destroyed yourself and me, sister, the people and the elders of Sidon, and your city. Give me water to wash her wounds, and if any last breath still lingers, let me catch it with my lips." So she spoke. She had climbed the high steps, and, embracing her half-dead sister, she held her to her breast, groaning, and dried the dark blood with her dress. She tried to lift her heavy eyes, and fails again; the wound fixed deep beneath her breast hisses. Three times she raised herself, leaning on her elbow; three times she fell back on the bed, and with wandering eyes she sought the light in high heaven, and groaned when she found it.
4.693 Tum Iuno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem difficilisque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo, quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus. Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat, sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore, nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco. Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis, mille trahens varios adverso sole colores, devolat, et supra caput adstitit: Hunc ego Diti sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo. Sic ait, et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.	Then all-powerful Juno, pitying her long suffering and her hard death, sent Iris down from Olympus to release the struggling soul from the limbs that held it bound. For since she was dying neither by fate nor by a death she had earned, but wretchedly, before her day, set on fire by sudden madness, Proserpina had not yet taken a golden lock from her head and condemned her to Stygian Orcus. So Iris, dewy on saffron wings, trailing a thousand changing colors against the sun, flies down across the sky and stands above her head: "As I was bidden, I carry off this lock, sacred to Dis, and I release you from that body." So she spoke, and with her right hand she cuts the lock. At once all warmth slipped away, and life withdrew into the winds.

Book 5

The funeral games
In Sicily Aeneas holds games for his father; the Trojan women burn the ships.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.1	Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat certus iter, fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat, moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae conlucent flammis. Quae tantum accenderit ignem, causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores polluto, notumque, furens quid femina possit, triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt. Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec iam amplius ulla occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum, olli caeruleus supra caput adstitit imber, noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta: Heu! quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi? Quidve, pater Neptune, paras? Sic deinde locutus colligere arma iubet validisque incumbere remis, obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur:	Meanwhile Aeneas, resolute, was already holding his course with the fleet in mid-sea, cutting through waves darkened by the north wind, and looking back at the walls that now glow with the flames of unhappy Elissa. What kindled so great a fire is hidden. But the Teucrians know the bitter pain that follows when a great love is defiled, and what a woman in frenzy can do, and that knowledge leads their hearts through grim foreboding. When the ships held the open sea and no land any longer met them, sea on every side and on every side sky, a dark rain cloud stood above his head, bringing night and storm, and the water shuddered in the darkness. The helmsman Palinurus himself cried from the high stern: “Ah! Why have such clouds encircled the sky? What are you preparing, father Neptune?” Having spoken so, he orders them to gather in the tackle and lean on their sturdy oars. He sets the sails slanting to the wind and speaks thus:
5.17	Magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo. Mutati transversa fremunt et vespere ab atro consurgunt venti, atque in nubem cogitur aër. Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum sufficimus. Superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur, quoque vocat, vertamus iter. Nec litora longe fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos, si modo rite memor servata remetior astra. Tum pius Aeneas: Equidem sic poscere ventos iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra: Flecte viam velis. An sit mihi gratior ulla, quove magis fessas optem demittere naves, quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten, et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?	

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		"Great-hearted Aeneas, not even if Jupiter pledged it to me would I hope to reach Italy under such a sky. The winds have shifted and roar across our path, rising out of the dark west, and the air is massing into cloud. We are not strong enough to struggle against it, or even to hold our course. Since Fortune is the stronger, let us follow her and turn our course where she calls. Not far off, I think, are the faithful shores of your brother Eryx and the Sicanian harbors, if only I remember rightly and am retracing the stars I watched before." Then devoted Aeneas answered: "For my part, I have seen for some time that the winds demand this, and that you strain against them in vain. Change course under sail. Could any land be more welcome to me, or any where I would rather bring my weary ships to rest, than the land that keeps Dardanian Acestes for me and holds in its embrace the bones of my father Anchises?"[1]

ANNIVERSARY IN SICILY

Acestes welcomes the Trojans, and Aeneas honors his father's tomb a year after his death.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.32	Haec ubi dicta, petunt portus, et vela secundi intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis, et tandem laeti notae advertuntur harenae. At procul ex celso miratus vertice montis adventum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes, horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae, Troïa Criniso conceptum flumine mater quem genuit: veterum non immemor ille parentum gratatur reduces, et gaza laetus agresti excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis. Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni advocat Aeneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur:	When this was said, they make for the harbor, and the west winds fill the sails behind them. The fleet is borne swiftly over the flood, and at last they turn, glad, toward the familiar sands. But Acestes, far off on a lofty mountaintop, marvels at the arrival of friendly ships and hurries to meet them, bristling with javelins and the hide of a Libyan she-bear. A Trojan mother bore him, conceived by the river Crinisus. He has not forgotten his ancient parentage: he rejoices at their return, gladly receives them with his rustic wealth, and comforts the weary with a friend's abundance. On the next day, when the bright dawn had put the stars to flight in the east, Aeneas calls his comrades from all along the shore into an assembly and speaks from the top of a mound:
5.45	Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine divom, annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis, ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis Condidimus terra maestasque sacravimus aras. Iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum—sic di voluistis—habebo. Hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,	"Great Dardanians, people sprung from the high blood of the gods, the circling year has completed its months since we laid in the earth the remains, the bones of my divine father, and consecrated altars of mourning. And now the day is here, unless I am mistaken, which I shall always hold bitter, always honored—so you gods have willed it. If I

1 Eryx, a son of Venus and so Aeneas' half-brother, gave his name to the mountain and town in western Sicily.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Argolicove mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae; annua vota tamen sollemnisque ordine pompas exsequerer, strueremque suis altaria donis. Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis, haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divom, adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.	were spending it as an exile among the Gaetulian Syrtes, or were caught on the Argive sea or in the city of Mycenae, I would still perform the yearly vows and the solemn processions in due order, and heap the altars with their proper gifts. Now, beyond all expectation, we stand by the ashes and bones of my father himself—not, I think, without the purpose and the will of the gods—and have been carried into a friendly harbor.
5.58	Ergo agite, et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem; poscamus ventos; atque haec me sacra quotannis urbe velit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. Bina boum vobis Troia generatus Acestes dat numero capita in naves; adhibete Penates et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes. Praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus almum Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis; quique pedum cursu valet, et qui viribus audax aut iaculo incedit melior levibusque sagittis, seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu, cuncti adsint, meritaeque exspectent praemia palmae. Ore favete omnes, et cingite tempora ramis.	So come, let us all celebrate these rites with joy. Let us pray for winds, and may he be willing for me to offer these rites to him every year, once my city is founded, in temples dedicated to him. Acestes, born of Troy, gives you two head of cattle for each ship. Bring to the feast both our ancestral household gods and those whom our host Acestes worships. Moreover, if the ninth Dawn brings forth a kindly day for mortals and unveils the world with her rays, I shall set out contests for the Teucrians: first a race for swift ships; then whoever is strong at running, and whoever, bold in his strength, comes forward better with the javelin and the light arrow, or trusts himself to join battle with the rawhide gauntlet—let all be present and look for the prizes of a well-earned palm. Keep holy silence, all of you, and bind your brows with leaves."
5.72	Sic fatus, velat materna tempora myrto; hoc Elymus facit, hoc aevi maturus Acestes, hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes. Ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat ad tumulum, magna medius comitante caterva. Hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo sanguine sacro, purpureosque iacit flores, ac talia fatur: Salve, sancte parens: iterum salvete, recepti nequiquam cineres, animaeque umbraeque paternae. Non licuit fines Italos fataliaque arva, nec tecum Ausonium (quicumque est) quaerere Thybrim.	So he spoke, and veils his brows with his mother's myrtle. Elymus does the same, and Acestes, ripe in years, and the boy Ascanius, and the rest of the young men follow them. From the assembly Aeneas went with many thousands to the tomb, in the midst of a great attending throng. Here, pouring a due libation, he spills on the ground two goblets of unmixed wine, two of fresh milk, two of sacred blood, and scatters crimson flowers, and speaks thus: "Hail, holy father; hail once more, ashes recovered in vain, and soul and shade of my father. It was not granted me to seek with you the borders of Italy and the fields of fate, nor Ausonian Tiber, whatever that may be."
5.84	Dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit, amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras, caeruleae cui terga notae, maculosus et auro squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus mille iacit varios adverso sole colores. Obstipuit visu Aeneas. Ille agmine longo	He had said this, when from the depths of the shrine a gliding snake drew out seven huge coils, seven folds, gently embracing the tomb and sliding among the altars. Its back was flecked with blue markings, and a gleam dappled with gold set its scales on fire, as a rainbow in the clouds casts a thousand shifting colors against the sun. Aeneas

LATIN	ENGLISH
tandem inter pateras et levia pocula serpens libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo successit tumulo, et depasta altaria liquit. Hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores, incertus, geniumne loci famulumne parentis esse putet: caedit binas de more bidentes, totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuvencos; vinaque fundebat pateris, animamque vocabat Anchisae magni Manisque Acheronte remissos.	was struck dumb at the sight. At last, winding its long train among the bowls and polished cups, the serpent tasted the offerings, and, harmless, crept back into the depths of the tomb, leaving the altars where it had fed. All the more eagerly Aeneas renews the rites he had begun for his father, uncertain whether to think it the guardian spirit of the place or his father's attendant. He slays two sheep, as custom requires, as many pigs, and as many black-backed bullocks; and he poured wine from the bowls, calling on the soul of great Anchises and his shade released from Acheron.
5.100 Nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti dona ferunt, onerant aras, mactantque iuvencos; ordine aena locant alii, fusique per herbam subiciunt veribus prunas et viscera torrent. Exspectata dies aderat, nonamque serena Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce vehebant, famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu, visuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati. Munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur in medio, sacri tripodes viridesque coronae, et palmae pretium victoribus, armaque et ostro perfusae vestes, argenti aurique talenta; et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.	His comrades too, each as his means allow, gladly bring gifts, load the altars and sacrifice bullocks. Others set out bronze cauldrons in order and, sprawled across the grass, put embers under the spits and roast the meat. The awaited day had come, and the horses of Phaethon were now bringing the ninth Dawn in cloudless light. Rumor and the name of renowned Acestes had stirred up the neighboring peoples. They had filled the shore in a joyful crowd, come to see Aeneas' people, some of them ready to compete as well. First the prizes are set out before their eyes in the middle of the ring: sacred tripods and green garlands, palms as the victors' reward, armor and garments steeped in purple, talents of silver and gold. And from a mound in the middle the trumpet sounds the start of the games.[2]

THE SHIP RACE

Four ships race around a rock; Gyas throws his helmsman overboard, and Cloanthus wins.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.114 Prima pares ineunt gravibus certamina remis quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. Velocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim, mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi; ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram, urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana versu impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen, Centauro invehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.	First, four well-matched ships chosen from the whole fleet enter the contest with their heavy oars. Mnestheus drives the swift Pristis with its keen rowers—Mnestheus, soon to be Italian, from whose name comes the line of Memmius. Gyas drives the huge Chimaera of huge bulk, a city of a ship, which Dardanian youths drive in three tiers, the oars rising in three rows. Sergestus, from whom the Sergian house takes its name, rides in the great Centaur; and Cloanthus in the sea-blue Scylla—from him comes your line, Roman Cluentius.[3]

2 Phaethon ("the shining one") here names the Sun.
3 Virgil links his heroes to Roman families of his own day: the Memmii, the Sergii and the Cluentii.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.124 Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra litora, quod tumidis submersum tunditur olim fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera cori; tranquillo silet, immotaque attollitur unda campus, et apricis statio gratissima mergis. Hic viridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam constituit signum nautis pater, unde reverti scirent, et longos ubi circumflectere cursus. Tum loca sorte legunt, ipsique in puppibus auro ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori; cetera populea velatur fronde iuventus, nudatosque umeros oleo perfilsa nitescit. Considunt transtris, intentaque brachia remis; intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido.	Far out at sea, facing the foaming shore, there is a rock which is sometimes submerged and pounded by swollen waves, when the stormy northwest winds of winter hide the stars. In calm weather it is silent and rises from the motionless water, a level surface and a welcome resting place for sun-loving seabirds. Here father Aeneas set up a green turning post of leafy holm oak as a mark for the sailors, so that they would know where to turn back and where to wheel round on their long course. Then they draw lots for places, and the captains themselves stand on the sterns, gleaming from afar, splendid in gold and purple. The rest of the crews are crowned with poplar leaves, their bare shoulders glistening, drenched with oil. They take their seats on the benches, their arms tense on the oars. Tense, they wait for the signal, and throbbing fear and the eager desire for praise drain their leaping hearts.
5.139 Inde, ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes, haud mora, prosiluere suis; ferit aethera clamor nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis. Infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. Non tam praecipites biiugo certamine campum corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus, nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora concussere iugis pronique in verbera pendent. Tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant.	Then, when the trumpet gave its clear blast, all of them, without delay, sprang forward from their places. The sailors' shouts strike the sky, and the water is churned to foam as their arms pull back. They cut their furrows side by side, and the whole sea gapes open, torn up by the oars and the three-pronged beaks. Not so headlong do chariots in a two-horse race seize the plain and pour out from the starting gate; nor do charioteers so shake the rippling reins over their loosed teams and hang forward over the lash. Then the whole wood rings with applause, with the roar of men and the cheers of their supporters; the enclosed shore rolls the sound along, and the hills, struck by the shouting, echo it back.
5.151 Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus tarda tenet. Post hos aequo discrimine Pristis Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; et nunc Pristis habet, nunc victam praeterit ingens Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur frontibus, et longa sulcant vada salsa carina. Iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant, cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite victor rectorem navis compellat voce Menoeten: Quo tantum mihi dexter abis? Huc dirige gressum; litus ama, et laevas stringat sine palmula cautes;	Ahead of the others Gyas escapes and glides out first over the waves amid the crowd and the roar. Cloanthus follows next, with better oarsmen, but his ship is slowed by its weight of pine. After them, at an equal distance, the Pristis and the Centaur strive to win the lead. Now the Pristis has it, now the huge Centaur overtakes and passes her, now both move together with prows level, plowing the salt waters with their long keels. And now they were nearing the rock and reaching the turning post, when Gyas, in the lead and winning at the halfway point, calls out to Menoetes, the ship's helmsman: "Why are you going so far to the right? Steer this way. Hug the shore and let the oar

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	altum alii teneant. Dixit; sed caeca Menoetes saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas.	blades graze the rocks on the left; let the others keep to deep water." He spoke; but Menoetes, fearing hidden rocks, turns the prow away toward the open sea.
5.166	Quo diversus abis? iterum Pete saxa, Menoete! cum clamore Gyas revocabat; et ecce Cloanthum respicit instantem tergo, et propiora tenentem. Ille inter navemque Gyae scopulosque sonantes radit iter laevum interior, subitoque priorem praeterit, et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis. Tum vero exarsit iuveni dolor ossibus ingens, nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten, oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis, in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister, hortaturque viros, clavumque ad litora torquet. At gravis, ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est, iam senior madidaque fluens in veste Menoetes summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit.	"Where are you heading off course? Make for the rocks, Menoetes!" Gyas was calling him back again with a shout; and look—he sees Cloanthus behind him, pressing on his stern and holding a closer line. Cloanthus scrapes his way along the inside course on the left, between Gyas' ship and the roaring rocks, suddenly passes the leader, leaves the turning post behind and holds safe water. Then indeed a mighty resentment blazed up in the young man's bones, and his cheeks were not without tears. Forgetting both his own dignity and his comrades' safety, he hurls the sluggish Menoetes headlong from the high stern into the sea. He himself takes the helm, himself steersman and master; he urges on the men and turns the tiller toward the shore. But Menoetes, heavy, and no longer young, when at last he had barely risen from the bottom of the sea, streaming in his dripping clothes, makes for the top of the rock and sat down on the dry stone.
5.181	Ilium et labentem Teucri et risere natantem, et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus. Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus, Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem. Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, nec tota tamen ille prior praeeunte carina; parte prior, partem rostro premit aemula Pristis. At media socios incedens nave per ipsos hortatur Mnestheus: Nunc, nunc insurgite remis, Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema delegi comites; nunc illas promite vires, nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi, Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.	The Teucrians laughed at him as he fell and as he swam, and they laugh as he spews salt water from his chest. Here a joyful hope was kindled in the last two, Sergestus and Mnestheus, of overtaking Gyas as he lagged. Sergestus takes the lead and draws near the rock, yet he is not ahead by the whole length of his keel: ahead by part of it, while the rival Pristis presses on the other part with her beak. But Mnestheus, striding amidships among his comrades, urges them on: "Now, now rise to your oars, comrades of Hector, whom I chose as my companions in Troy's last hour. Now bring out that strength, now that spirit which you showed in the Gaetulian Syrtes, in the Ionian Sea and in the pursuing waves of Malea.
5.194	Non iam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo; quamquam O!—sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti; extremos pudeat rediisse; hoc vincite, cives, et prohibete nefas. Olli certamine summo procumbunt; vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis, subtrahiturque solum; tum creber anhelitus artus aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis. Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem.	I, Mnestheus, no longer seek first place, nor do I strive to win—and yet, oh!—but let them prevail to whom you have granted this, Neptune. Let it be shameful to come back last: win this at least, my countrymen, and prevent that disgrace." They bend forward with the utmost effort. The bronze stern shudders under their mighty strokes, and the water slips away beneath them. Then rapid panting shakes their limbs and parched mouths,

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Namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburguet interior, spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo, infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit. Concussae cautes, et acuto in murice remi obnixi crepuere, inlisaque prora pependit. Consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur, ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos expediunt, fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.	and sweat flows everywhere in streams. Chance itself brought the men the honor they longed for. For while Sergestus, wild in spirit, drives his prow toward the rocks on the inside and enters a dangerously narrow space, the unlucky man ran aground on the jutting rocks. The crags shook, the oars cracked as they struck the sharp points, and the prow, dashed against them, hung there. The sailors leap up and are held fast amid loud shouting; they bring out iron-tipped poles and sharp-pointed boat hooks, and gather up the broken oars from the water.
At laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso agmine remorum celeri ventisque vocatis prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto. Qualis spelunca subito commota columba, cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi, fertur in ana volans, plausumque exterrita pennis dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas: sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse volantem. Et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto Sergestum, brevibusque vadis frustraque vocantem auxilia, et fractis discentem currere remis Inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.	But Mnestheus, overjoyed and made keener by his very success, with a swift sweep of oars and the winds called to his aid, makes for the downhill water and runs down the open sea. As a dove suddenly startled from a cave, whose home and sweet nest are in the hollow rock, flies out toward the fields, and in her fright makes a loud clatter of wings within her shelter, then, gliding through the quiet air, skims her clear path and does not move her swift wings: so Mnestheus, so the Pristis herself in her flight cuts through the last stretch of water, so her own momentum carries her flying on. And first she leaves behind Sergestus, struggling on the high rock and in the shallows, calling in vain for help and learning to race with broken oars. Then she catches Gyas and the Chimaera herself with her huge bulk; the Chimaera gives way, since she has been robbed of her helmsman.
Solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus: quem petit, et summis adnixus viribus urguet. Tum vero ingeminat clamor, cunctique sequentem instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether. Hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci; hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur. Et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris, ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus fudissetque preces, divosque in vota vocasset: Di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, vobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum constituam ante aras, voti reus, extaque salsos porriciam in fluctus et vina liquentia fundam.	And now, at the very finish, only Cloanthus remains. Mnestheus makes for him and presses him hard, straining with all his strength. Then indeed the shouting redoubles, everyone urges on the pursuer with cheers, and the sky echoes with the din. One crew thinks it shameful not to keep the glory that is theirs and the honor they have won, and would trade their lives for fame; the other is fed by success: they can, because they think they can. And perhaps they would have taken the prize with prows level, had not Cloanthus stretched both his hands toward the sea, poured out prayers and called on the gods to hear his vows: “Gods who rule the sea, whose waters I race across, gladly on this shore I will set a white bull before your altars, bound by my vow, and I will cast its entrails into the salt waves and pour out flowing wine.”

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5.239 Dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque virgo, et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem impulit; illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta ad terram fugit, et portu se condidit alto. Tum satus Anchisa, cunctis ex more vocatis, victorem magna praeconis voce Cloanthum declarat viridique advelat tempora lauro, muneraque in naves ternos optare iuvencos, vinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum. Ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores: victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit, intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida veloces iaculo cervos cursuque fatigat, acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida sublimem pedibus rapuit Iovis armiger uncis; longaevi palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt custodes, saevitque canum latratus in auras.	He spoke, and deep beneath the waves the whole chorus of the Nereids and of Phorcus heard him, and the maiden Panopea; and father Portunus himself, with his great hand, pushed the ship on her way. Swifter than the south wind or a winged arrow she flies to land and takes shelter in the deep harbor. Then the son of Anchises, summoning everyone as custom requires, has a herald's loud voice declare Cloanthus the victor, and wreathes his brows with green laurel. As gifts for each ship he gives three bullocks of their choice, and wine, and a great talent of silver to carry off. To the captains themselves he adds special honors. To the victor he gives a cloak worked with gold, around which ran a broad border of Meliboean purple in a double meander. Woven into it, the royal boy on leafy Ida tires out swift stags with javelin and running, eager, seeming out of breath; and Jupiter's armor-bearer, swooping down from Ida, has snatched him up on high in his hooked talons. His aged guardians stretch their hands in vain toward the stars, and the barking of dogs rages up into the air.[4]
5.258 At qui deinde locum tenuit virtute secundum, levibus huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse victor apud rapidum Simoënta sub Ilio alto, donat habere viro, decus et tutamen in armis. Vix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant multiplicem, conixi umeris; indutus at olim Demoleos cursu palantes Troas agebat. Tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas, cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis. Iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi puniceis ibant evincti tempora taenis, cum saevo e scopulo multa vix arte revolsus, amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno, inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.	To the man who held second place by his valor he gives a corselet of smooth linked rings, triple-woven with gold, which Aeneas himself, as victor, had stripped from Demoleos beside the swift Simois under high Ilium. He gives it to the man to keep, an honor and a protection in battle. The servants Phegeus and Sagaris could barely carry its many layers, straining with their shoulders; yet Demoleos, wearing it, used to chase the scattering Trojans at a run. As the third gift he gives twin cauldrons of bronze and bowls wrought in silver and rough with embossed figures. And now all had received their gifts and were walking proudly with their wealth, their brows bound with crimson ribbons, when Sergestus, barely wrenched free from the cruel rock with much skill, his oars lost and crippled in one tier, was bringing in his mocked ship without honor.
5.273 Qualis saepe viae deprensus in aggere serpens, aerea quem obliquum rota transiit, aut gravis ictu seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator; nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus, parte ferox, ardensque oculis, et sibila colla	As often happens when a snake is caught on the raised roadway, and a bronze wheel has run across it, or a traveler, striking hard with a stone, has left it half-dead and mangled: trying in vain to escape, it twists its body in long coils, fierce in one part,

4 The royal boy is Ganymede, the Trojan prince carried off by Jupiter's eagle to be cupbearer of the gods.

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arduus attollens, pars volnere clauda retentat nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem: tali remigio navis se tarda movebat; vela facit tamen, et velis subit ostia plenis. Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat, servatam ob navem laetus sociosque reductos. Olli serva datur, operum haud ignara Minervae, Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.	its eyes blazing, rearing its hissing neck high, while the part crippled by the wound holds it back as it knots itself in coils and folds itself upon its own body: so, with such rowing, the slow ship moved along. Still she makes sail, and with sails full enters the harbor mouth. Aeneas presents Sergestus with the promised prize, glad that the ship was saved and the comrades brought back. He is given a slave woman not unskilled in the works of Minerva, Cretan by birth, Pholoë, with twin sons at her breast.

THE FOOTRACE

Nisus slips and trips a rival so that his friend Euryalus wins.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.286 Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curvis cingebant silvae, mediaque in valle theatri circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. Hic, qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu, invitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit. Undique conveniunt Teucri mixtique Sicani, Nisus et Euryalus primi, Euryalus forma insignis viridique iuventa, Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores; hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan, alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis; tum duo Trinacrii iuvenes, Helymus Panopesque, adsueti silvis, comites senioris Acestae; multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.	When this contest was over, devoted Aeneas goes to a grassy plain, encircled on all sides by woods on curving hills. In the middle of the valley lay the ring of a natural theater. Here the hero, with many thousands, took his place in the midst of the gath- ering and sat on a raised seat. Here he entices with prizes the spirits of any who may wish to compete in the swift footrace, and sets out the rewards. From all sides they gather, Teucrians and Sicani- ans mingled, Nisus and Euryalus first—Euryalus outstanding for his beauty and fresh youth, Nisus for his devoted love of the boy. After them came royal Diores, of Priam's noble line; with him Salius and Patron, one an Acarnanian, the other of Arca- dian blood, from the people of Tegea; then two young Trinacrians, Helymus and Panopes, at home in the woods, companions of old Acestes; and many more besides, whom obscure fame keeps hidden.[5]
5.303 Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus: Accipite haec animis, laetasque advertite mentes: nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. Gnosia bina dabo levato lucida ferro spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem; omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres praemia primi accipient flavaque caput nectentur oliva. Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto; alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis Threïciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma; tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.	Then Aeneas, in their midst, spoke thus: "Take these words to heart and turn your glad attention to them: no one of this number will leave without a gift from me. I will give each two Cretan spears gleaming with polished iron, and a double axe chased with silver, to carry off; this will be the one honor for all. The first three will receive prizes and have their heads bound with pale-green olive. Let the first, the victor, have a horse splendid in its trappings; the second an Amazon quiver full of Thracian arrows, which a broad belt of gold en- circles, fastened by a buckle with a smooth gem;

5 Nisus and Euryalus reappear in Book 9, where their night raid on the Rutulian camp ends in their deaths.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		let the third go away content with this Argive helmet."
5.315	Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt, signoque repente corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt, effusi nimbo similes, simul ultima signant. Primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocior alis; proximus huic, longo sed proxumus intervallo, insequitur Salius; spatio post deinde relicto tertius Euryalus: Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub ipso ecce volat calcemque terit iam calce Diores, incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint, transeat elapsus prior, ambiguumque relinquat.	When this was said, they take their places, and suddenly, at the signal, they dash down the course and leave the starting line, pouring forth like a storm cloud, their eyes fixed on the finish. Nisus is off first and flashes out far ahead of all the others, swifter than the winds and the wings of the thunderbolt. Next to him, but next by a long gap, follows Salius; then, after a space, Euryalus third; and Helymus follows Euryalus; and right behind him, look, Diores flies, now grazing heel with heel, pressing on his shoulder; and if more of the course were left, he would slip past ahead and leave the outcome in doubt.
5.327	Iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam finem adventabant, levi cum sanguine Nisus labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuvencis fusus humum viridisque super madefecerat herbas. Hic iuvenis iam victor ovans vestigia presso haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore. Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum; nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; ille autem spissa iacuit revolutus harena. Emicat Euryalus, et munere victor amici prima tenet, plausuque volat fremituque secundo. Post Helymus subit, et nunc tertia palma Diores.	And now they were almost at the last stretch and, tired, were nearing the finish itself, when unlucky Nisus slips in some slick blood, spilled where, as it happened, bullocks had been slaughtered, and it had poured over the ground and soaked the green grass. Here the young man, already exulting in victory, could not keep his stumbling feet on the ground he trod, but fell headlong right in the filthy dung and the sacred blood. Yet he did not forget Euryalus, did not forget his love: rising from the slippery ground, he threw himself in Salius' way, and Salius rolled over and lay on the packed sand. Euryalus flashes ahead and, winner by his friend's gift, holds first place and flies on amid applause and cheering. Behind him comes Helymus, and now Diores takes the third palm.
5.340	Hic totum caveae consessum ingentis et ora prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus implet, ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem. Tutatur favor Euryalum, lacrimaeque decorae, gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. Adiuvat et magna proclamat voce Diores, qui subiit palmae, frustraque ad praemia venit ultima, si primi Salio reddentur honores. Tum pater Aeneas Vestra inquit munera vobis certa manent, pueri, et palmam movet ordine nemo; me liceat casus misereri insontis amici.	At this Salius fills the whole gathering in the huge stands, and the elders in the front rows, with loud protests, and demands that the honor snatched from him by a trick be given back to him. Favor protects Euryalus, and his becoming tears, and courage that is the more welcome for coming in a handsome body. Diores supports him and shouts aloud: he had come up to the palm and has reached the last prize in vain if the first honors are given back to Salius. Then father Aeneas said: "Your prizes remain assured to you, boys, and no one changes the order of the palms. Let me be allowed to pity the misfortune of a friend who did no wrong."
5.351	Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis dat Salio, villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.	So he spoke, and gives Salius the huge hide of a Gaetulian lion, heavy with shaggy hair and golden

LATIN	ENGLISH
Hic Nisus, Si tanta inquit sunt praemia victis, et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam, ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset? Et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo turpia membra fimo. Risit pater optimus olli et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artem, Neptuni sacro Danais de poste refixum. Hoc iuvenem egregium praestanti munere donat; Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit: Nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore praesens, adsit, et evinctis attollat brachia palmis.	claws. At this Nisus said: "If the vanquished get prizes this great, and you pity those who fall, what gifts worthy of Nisus will you give? I earned the first crown by merit, had not the hostile fortune that struck Salius carried me off as well." And with these words he displayed his face and his limbs fouled with wet dung. The best of fathers laughed at him and ordered a shield to be brought out, the work of Didymaon, which the Danaans had taken down from Neptune's sacred doorpost. With this outstanding prize he presents the splendid young man. Then, when the races were done and he had finished giving gifts, he said: "Now, if anyone has courage and a ready spirit in his breast, let him come forward and raise his arms, with his hands bound in gauntlets."

THE BOXING MATCH

The aged Entellus takes on the young champion Dares and beats him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.365 Sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, victori velatum auro vittisque iuvencum, ensem atque insignem galeam solacia victo. Nec mora: continuo vastis cum viribus effert ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit; solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, idemque ad tumulum, quo maximus occubat Hector, victorem Buten immani corpore, qui se Bebrycia veniens Amyci de gente ferebat, perculit, et fulva moribundum extendit harena. Talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, ostenditque umeros latos, alternaque iactat brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras. Quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto audet adire virum manibusque inducere caestus.	So he spoke, and sets out a double prize for the fight: for the victor a bullock adorned with gold and ribbons, and a sword and a splendid helmet as consolation for the vanquished. There is no delay: at once Dares shows his face in all his vast strength and rises up amid a great murmur from the men. He alone used to contend against Paris; and he too, by the tomb where mightiest Hector lies, struck down the champion Butes, a man of huge body, who came boasting that he was of the Bebrycian line of Amycus, and stretched him dying on the yellow sand. Such was Dares, who raises his head high for the first bout, shows his broad shoulders, thrusts out his arms one after the other, and beats the air with blows. A match is sought for him; but no one from all that crowd dares to approach the man and pull the gauntlets onto his hands.
5.380 Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma, Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus tum laeva taurum cornu tenet, atque ita fatur: Nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae, quae finis standi? Quo me decet usque teneri? Ducere dona iube. Cuncti simul ore fremebant Dardanidae, reddique viro promissa iubebant. Hic gravis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes, proximus ut viridante toro consederat herbae: Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,	So, eager, and thinking that everyone had withdrawn from the prize, he stood before Aeneas' feet and, delaying no longer, takes hold of the bull by the horn with his left hand and speaks thus: "Son of a goddess, if no one dares trust himself to the fight, when is there to be an end to my standing here? How long is it fitting for me to be kept waiting? Order me to lead away the prizes." All the Dardanians roared together and demanded that the promised gifts be given to the man. At this

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	tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli dona sines? Ubi nunc nobis deus ille magister nequiquam memoratus Eryx? Ubi fama per omnem Trinacriam, et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis?	grave Acestes rebukes Entellus, who sat next to him on the green couch of grass: "Entellus, once the bravest of heroes—all in vain—will you so calmly let such great gifts be carried off with no contest? Where now is that god of ours, your teacher Eryx, of whom you told us in vain? Where is your fame through all Trinacria, and those spoils hanging in your house?"
5.394	Ille sub haec: Non laudis amor, nec gloria cessit pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore vires. Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat, quaque improbus iste exsultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuventas, haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuvenco venissem, nec dona moror. Sic deinde locutus in medium geminos immani pondere caestus proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus ferre manum, duroque intendere brachia tergo. Obstipuere animi: tantorum ingentia septem terga boum plumbo insuto ferroque rigebant. Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares, longeque recusat; magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat. Tum senior talis referebat pectore voces:	He replied to this: "It is not that my love of praise or my pride has given way, driven out by fear. But my blood is chilled and dulled by slow old age, and the strength in my body is worn out and cold. If I had now the youth I once had, the youth in which that shameless fellow exults so confidently, I would not have needed a prize or a handsome bullock to bring me forward; I care nothing for gifts." Having spoken thus, he flung into the middle a pair of gauntlets of enormous weight, in which fierce Eryx used to bring his hand into battle, binding his arms in the tough hide. Their minds were stunned: so huge were the seven hides of such great oxen, stiff with lead and iron sewn into them. Above all Dares himself is astounded and refuses outright; and the great-hearted son of Anchises turns over the weight and the immense coils of the thongs this way and that. Then the old man uttered from his breast such words as these:
5.410	Quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma vidisset, tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam? Haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat;— sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro;— his magnum Alciden contra stetit; his ego suetus, dum melior vires sanguis dabat, aemula necdum temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus. Sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat, idque pio sedet Aeneae, probat auctor Acestes, aequemus pugnas. Erycis tibi terga remitto; solve metus; et tu Troianos exue caestus. Haec fatus, duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque exuit, atque ingens media consistit harena.	"What if one of you had seen the gauntlets and arms of Hercules himself, and the grim fight on this very shore? These are the arms your brother Eryx once bore—you see them still stained with blood and spattered brains—in these he stood against great Alcides; to these I was accustomed, while better blood gave me strength, and envious old age had not yet scattered white across both my temples. But if Trojan Dares refuses these arms of ours, and devoted Aeneas is so resolved, and Acestes, who urged me on, approves, let us make the fight equal. I give up the hides of Eryx for you—put away your fears—and you, take off your Trojan gauntlets." So he spoke, threw the double cloak from his shoulders, bared the great joints of his limbs, his great bones and arms, and stands, a giant, in the middle of the sand.[6]
5.424	Tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos, et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis.	Then the son of Anchises, father Aeneas, brought out matched gauntlets and bound the hands of

6 Alcides is Hercules, who killed Eryx in a boxing match when he passed through Sicily.

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Constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque, brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras. Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu, immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt. Ille pedum melior motu, fretusque iuventa; hic membris et mole valens, sed tarda trementi genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus. Multa viri nequiquam inter se volnera iactant, multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum crebra manus, duro crepitant sub volnere malae.	both with equal arms. At once each rose up on his toes and, undaunted, lifted his arms to the air above. They drew their heads, held high, far back out of reach of the blows, mingle hands with hands and provoke the fight. One is better in the movement of his feet and relies on his youth; the other is strong in limbs and bulk, but his slow knees totter and give way, and labored panting shakes his huge frame. Many blows the men throw at each other in vain, many they redouble on the hollow flank, drawing great sounds from the chest; their hands stray thick and fast around ears and temples, and jaws crack under the hard blows.
5.437 Stat gravis Entellus nisuque immotus eodem, corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit. Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem, aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat arte locum, et variis adsultibus inritus urguet. Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et alte extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox praevidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit. Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultro ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto concidit, ut quondam cava concidit aut Erymantho, aut Ida in magna, radicibus eruta pinus.	Entellus stands heavy and unmoved, holding the same stance, and avoids the blows only with his body and his watchful eyes. The other, like a man who assaults a lofty city with siege works, or sits in arms around a mountain fortress, tries now this approach, now that, ranges skillfully over every spot, and presses him with varied attacks, in vain. Entellus rose up, showed his right hand and raised it high; but the other, quick, foresaw the blow coming down from above and slipped aside with a nimble body. Entellus spent his strength on the wind, and of his own accord, heavy as he was, he went down heavily with his vast weight to the ground, as a hollow pine sometimes falls, torn up by its roots, on Erymanthus or on great Ida.
5.450 Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes; it clamor caelo, primusque accurrit Acestes, aequaevumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum. At non tardatus casu neque territus heros acrior ad pugnam redit ac vim suscitat ira. Tum pudor incendit vires et conscia virtus, praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto, nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra; nec mora, nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta. Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis; sed finem imposuit pugnae, fessumque Dareta eripuit mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur:	The Teucrians and the young men of Trinacria rise up in rival excitement; a shout goes up to the sky, and Acestes is the first to run up, and in pity he lifts his friend, a man of his own age, from the ground. But the hero, neither slowed nor frightened by his fall, returns fiercer to the fight and rouses his force with anger. Then shame and a courage that knows its own worth kindle his strength, and blazing, he drives Dares headlong over the whole field, now redoubling his blows with his right hand, now with his left; no delay, no rest: as thick as the hail with which storm clouds rattle on the rooftops, so with dense blows, again and again, the hero pounds Dares with both hands and sends him spinning. Then father Aeneas would not allow the anger to go further, or Entellus to rage with bitter spirit; he put an end to the fight, rescued the exhausted Dares, soothing him with words, and said:
5.465	

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? Non vires alias conversaque numina sentis? Cede deo. Dixitque et proelia voce diremit. Ast illum fidi aequales, genua aegra trahentem, iactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes, ducunt ad naves; galeamque ensemque vocati accipiunt; palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt. Hic victor, superans animis tauroque superbus: Nate dea, vosque haec inquit cognoscite, Teucri, et mihi quae fuerint iuvenali in corpore vires, et qua servetis revocatum a morte Dareta.	"Poor man, what madness so great has seized your mind? Do you not feel that this strength is of another kind, that the divine will has turned against you? Give way to the god." He spoke, and with his voice parted the fighters. But Dares' loyal comrades lead him to the ships, dragging his weakened knees, his head lolling from side to side, spitting thick gore from his mouth and teeth mixed with the blood; when called, they take the helmet and the sword, and leave the palm and the bull to Entellus. At this the victor, exultant in spirit and proud of his bull, said: "Son of the goddess, and you, Teucrians, learn from this what strength I had once in my young body, and from what a death you are rescuing Dares and calling him back."
5.477	Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora iuvenci, qui donum adstabat pugnae, durosque reducta libravit dextra media inter cornua caestus, arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro. sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos. Ille super tales effundit pectore voces: Hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis persolvo; hic victor caestus artemque repono. Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta invitat qui forte velint, et praemia ponit, ingentique manu malum de nave Seresti erigit, et volucrem traiecto in fune columbam, quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.	He spoke, and stood facing the bullock that stood by as the prize of the fight; then, drawing back his right hand, he rose to his full height, swung the hard gauntlets right between its horns, and drove them into the bone, smashing in the skull. The ox is felled and falls lifeless and trembling to the ground. Standing over it, he pours out these words from his heart: "This better life I pay to you, Eryx, in place of Dares' death; here, victorious, I lay down the gauntlets and my art." At once Aeneas invites any who might wish to compete with the swift arrow, and sets out prizes; with his mighty hand he raises the mast from Serestus' ship, and on a cord passed through it he hangs a winged dove from the top of the mast as a target for their arrows.

ARCHERY AND THE TROY GAME

Acestes' arrow catches fire in the sky, and Ascanius leads the boys in a display on horseback.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.490	Convenere viri, deiectamque aerea sortem accepit galea; et primus clamore secundo Hyrtacidae ante omnes exit locus Hippocoöntis; quem modo navali Mnestheus certamine victor consequitur, viridi Mnestheus evinctus oliva. Tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, Pandare, qui quondam, iussus confundere foedus, in medios telum torsisti primus Achivos. Extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes, ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem. Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus arcus pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris.	The men gathered, and a bronze helmet received the lots as they were thrown in; and first of all, to a favorable shout, comes out the lot of Hippocoön, son of Hyrtacus; next comes Mnestheus, just now the victor in the ship race, Mnestheus wreathed in green olive. Third is Eurytion, your brother, most famous Pandarus, you who once, ordered to break the truce, were the first to hurl a spear into the midst of the Achaeans. Last, at the very bottom of the helmet, lay Acestes, who also dared to try his hand at the young men's toil. Then each man for

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Primaque per caelum, nervo stridente, sagitta Hyrtacidae iuvenis volucres diverberat auras; et venit, adversique infigitur arbore mali.	himself bends his curving bow with all his strength, and they draw arrows from their quivers. And first through the sky, as the string twangs, the arrow of the young son of Hyrtacus whips through the fleeting air; it reaches the mast and lodges in the wood before it.[7]
5.505 Intremuit malus, timuitque exterrita pennis ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu. Post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu, alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit. Ast ipsam miserandus avem contingere ferro non valuit: nodos et vincula linea rupit, quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto: illa notos atque alta volans in nubila fugit. Tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in Pota vocavit, iam vacuo laetam caelo speculatus, et alis plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam. Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris aetheriis, fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.	The mast quivered, the bird took fright, its wings fluttering in terror, and the whole place rang with loud applause. Next keen Mnestheus took his stand with bow drawn, aiming high, and leveled eye and arrow together. But, unlucky man, he could not reach the bird itself with his arrowhead: he broke the knots and the linen cords that tied her by the foot as she hung from the top of the mast; she flew off into the winds and the high clouds. Then swift Eurytion, who had long been holding his arrow ready on the drawn bow, called on his brother with a vow, and, watching the dove as she rejoiced in the open sky, he strikes her as she beats her wings beneath a dark cloud. She fell lifeless, left her life among the stars of heaven, and, falling, brings back the arrow fixed in her.
5.519 Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes; qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras, ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem. Hic oculis subito obicitur magnoque futurum augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens, seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina vates. Namque volans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo, signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit consumpta in ventos, caelo ceu saepe refixa transcurrunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt. Attonitis haesere animis, superosque precati Trinacrii Teucrique viri; nec maximus omen abnuit Aeneas; sed laetum amplexus Acesten muneribus cumulat magnis, ac talia fatur:	With the prize lost, Acestes alone remained; yet he shot his arrow up into the airy breezes, showing off, old father that he was, his skill and his ringing bow. At this a sudden portent meets their eyes, destined to be of great augury; the mighty outcome taught its meaning later, and fearsome seers proclaimed the omens when it was too late. For as it flew among the clear clouds the reed caught fire, marked its path with flames, and vanished, consumed, into the thin winds, as often shooting stars, loosed from the sky, run across it and trail their hair behind them as they fly. The men of Trinacria and the Teucrians stood fixed, stunned in spirit, and prayed to the gods above; nor did great Aeneas reject the omen, but embracing the joyful Acestes he heaps great gifts upon him, and speaks these words:
5.533 Sume, pater; nam te voluit rex magnus Olympi talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores. Ipsius Anchisae longaevi hoc munus habebis, cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus ferre sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris. Sic fatus cingit viridanti tempora lauro,	"Take these, father; for the great king of Olympus, by such signs, has willed that you should receive honors outside the lot. You shall have this gift that belonged to aged Anchises himself, a mixing bowl embossed with figures, which Thracian Cisseus once gave to my father Anchises as a great gift to take with him, a memorial of himself and a pledge

7 In Iliad 4 the Trojan archer Pandarus, urged on by Athena, broke the truce between Greeks and Trojans with an arrow.

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et primum ante omnes victorem appellat Acesten.
Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori,
quamvis solus avem caelo deiecit ab alto.
Proximus ingreditur donis, qui vincula rupit;
extremus, volucri qui fixit arundine malum.
At pater Aeneas, nondum certamine misso,
custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli
Epytiden vocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem:

5.548 Vade age, et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
agmen habet secum, cursusque instruxit equorum,
ducat avo turmas, et sese ostendat in armis,
dic ait. Ipse omnem longo decedere circo
infusum populum, et campos iubet esse patentes.
Incedunt pueri, pariterque ante ora parentum
frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntes
Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuventus.
omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona;
cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro;
pars levis umero pharetras; it pectore summo
flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
Tres equitum numero turmae, ternique vagantur
ductores: pueri bis seni quemque secuti
agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.

5.563 Una acies iuvenum, ducit quam parvus ovantem
nomen avi referens Priamus,—tua clara, Polite,
progenies, auctura Italos,—quem Thracius albis
portat equus bicolor maculis, vestigia primi
alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.
Alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
parvus Atys, pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
Extremus, formaque ante omnis pulcher, Iulus
Sidonio est invectus equo, quem candida Dido
esse sui dederat monumentum et pignus amoris.
Cetera Trinacrii pubes senioris Acestae
fertur equis.
Excipiunt plausu pavidos, gaudentque tuentes
Dardanidae, veterumque adgnoscunt ora parentum.
Postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
lustravere in equis, signum clamore paratis
Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.

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of his love." So he spoke, and wreathed his brows with green laurel, and proclaimed Acestes victor first of all. Nor did good Eurytion begrudge the honor set before his own, though he alone brought the bird down from the high sky. Next for prizes comes the one who broke the cords; last, the one who pierced the mast with his winged arrow. But father Aeneas, before the contest was dismissed, calls to him Epytides, guardian and companion of young Iulus, and speaks these words into his faithful ear:

"Go now," he said, "and if Ascanius has his company of boys ready with him and has arranged the movements of the horses, tell him to lead out his squadrons in honor of his grandfather and show himself in arms." He himself orders all the people who had flooded onto the long course to withdraw, and the field to be left open. The boys ride in, and in even ranks before their parents' eyes they shine on their bridled horses; as they pass, all the young men of Trinacria and Troy murmur in admiration. All have their hair bound, as the custom is, with a garland of trimmed leaves; they carry two cornel-wood spears tipped with iron; some have light quivers on their shoulders; high on the chest a pliant circlet of twisted gold runs around the neck. There are three troops of horsemen, and three leaders ride to and fro; each is followed by twelve boys, and they gleam in their divided columns, each with a matching trainer.

One line of boys, exulting, is led by little Priam, who bears his grandfather's name—your famous offspring, Polites, who will increase the Italians. He rides a Thracian horse dappled with white, showing white fetlocks on its forefeet and, prancing high, a white forehead. The second is Atys, from whom the Latin Atii trace their line—little Atys, a boy loved by the boy Iulus. Last, and more beautiful than all, Iulus rides a Sidonian horse that fair Dido had given him as a memorial of herself and a pledge of her love. The rest of the youth ride the Trinacrian horses of old Acestes. The Dardanians welcome the nervous boys with applause and rejoice as they watch, recognizing the faces of their forebears. When they had joyfully ridden round the whole assembly, before the eyes of their own people, Epytides gave the signal from

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	afar with a shout to the waiting boys and cracked his whip.[8]
5.580 Olli discurrere pares, atque agmina terni diductis solvere choris, rursusque vocati convertere vias infestaque tela tulere. Inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus adversi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbes impediunt, pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis; et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula vertunt infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur. Ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta parietibus textum caecis iter, ancipitemque mille viis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi falleret indeprensus et inremeabilis error; haud alio Teucrum nati vestigia cursu impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo, delphinum similes, qui per maria umida nando Carpathium Libycumque secant, [luduntque per undas.]	They galloped apart in equal numbers, and the three troops broke their columns into separate bands; then, called back, they wheeled about and bore their weapons leveled for attack. Then they enter on other courses and other countercourses, facing one another across the field, weave circle within alternating circle, and in arms stir up a mock battle; now they bare their backs in flight, now turn their spears in attack, now ride side by side as if peace were made. As once, they say, the Labyrinth in lofty Crete held a path woven between blind walls and a treacherous maze of a thousand ways, where the wandering, impossible to detect or retrace, would baffle any signs to follow; so, in just such a course, the sons of the Teucrians weave their tracks and interlace flight and battle in play, like dolphins that, swimming through the watery seas, cut through the Carpathian and Libyan waters [and play among the waves].
5.596 Hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam, rettulit, et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos, quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troïa pubes; Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro accepit Roma, et patrium servavit honorem; Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen. Hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri. Hic primum fortuna fidem mutata novavit. Dum variis tumulo referunt sollemnia ludis, Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno Iliacam ad classem, ventosque adspirat eunti, multa movens, necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.	This form of riding and these contests Ascanius first revived when he girded Alba Longa with walls, and he taught the early Latins to celebrate them as he himself had as a boy, and the Trojan youth with him; the Albans taught their sons; from them in turn mighty Rome received them and preserved the ancestral rite; and now the boys are called "Troy," and the troop "Trojan." So far went the games held in honor of the holy father. Here first fortune changed and broke faith. While they were paying the solemn rites at the tomb with various games, Juno, daughter of Saturn, sent Iris down from heaven to the Ilian fleet, and breathed winds on her as she went, scheming much, her ancient resentment not yet sated.[9]

THE BURNING OF THE SHIPS

Juno's messenger Iris stirs the weary Trojan women to set the fleet on fire.

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5.609 Illa, viam celerans per mille coloribus arcum, nulli visa cito decurrit tramite virgo. Conspicit ingentem concursum, et litora lustrat, desertosque videt portus classemque relictam. At procul in sola secretae Troades acta	Speeding her way along the rainbow of a thousand colors, the maiden runs swiftly down her path, seen by no one. She sees the vast gathering, surveys the shores, and sees the harbor deserted and

8 The Atii were the family of Atia, Augustus' mother; Virgil gives them a Trojan ancestor.
9 The "Troy Game," a cavalry display by boys of noble families, was revived in Virgil's day by Augustus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum pontum adspectabant flentes. Heu tot vada fessis et tantum superesse maris! vox omnibus una. Urbem orant; taedet pelagi perferre laborem. Ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi conicit, et faciemque deae vestemque reponit; fit Beroë, Tmarii coniunx longaeva Dorycli, cui genus et quondam nomen natique fuissent; ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert:	the fleet abandoned. But far off, apart on the lonely shore, the Trojan women were weeping for lost Anchises, and all of them, weeping, gazed out at the deep sea. "Alas, that so many shallows, so much sea remains for us in our weariness!" One cry from all. They pray for a city; they are sick of enduring the hardship of the sea. So into their midst, well skilled in doing harm, she throws herself, and lays aside the face and dress of a goddess; she becomes Beroë, the aged wife of Doryclus of Tmarus, who had once had birth, a name and sons; and so she goes among the mothers of the Dardanians:
5.623	O miserae, quas non manus inquit Achaïca bello traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! O gens infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reservat? Septuma post Troiae exscidium iam vertitur aestas, cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhospita saxa sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis. Hic Erycis fines fraterni, atque hospes Acestes: quis prohibet muros iacere et dare civibus urbem? O patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste Penates, nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? Nusquam Hectoreos amnes, Xanthum et Simoenta, videbo? Quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppes.	"O wretched women," she said, "whom no Achaean hand dragged to death in war beneath the walls of our homeland! O unhappy people, for what destruction is Fortune keeping you? The seventh summer since the fall of Troy is already turning, while we are carried on, having crossed all seas, all lands, so many inhospitable rocks and stars, as through the great sea we chase an Italy that flees from us, and are tossed by the waves. Here are the lands of our brother Eryx, and Acestes is our host: who forbids us to lay walls and give our citizens a city? O homeland, O household gods snatched in vain from the enemy, will no walls ever again be called Troy's? Shall I nowhere see Hector's rivers, the Xanthus and the Simois? Come, then, and burn these ill-starred ships with me.
5.636	Nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum vatis imago ardentes dare visa faces: *Hic quaerite Troiam;* *hic domus est* inquit *vobis.* Iam tempus agi res, nec tantis mora prodigiis. En quattuor arae Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat. Haec memorans, prima infensum vi corripit ignem, sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat, et iacit: arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda Iliadum. Hic una e multis, quae maxima natu, Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: Non Beroë vobis, non haec Rhoeteïa, matres, est Dorycli coniunx; divini signa decoris ardentesque notate oculos; qui spiritus illi, qui voltus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti.	For in my sleep the image of the prophetess Cassandra seemed to give me blazing torches: '*Seek Troy here; here is your home,*' she said. Now is the time to act; with portents so great there must be no delay. See, four altars to Neptune; the god himself supplies the torches and the courage." Saying this, she is the first to seize the hostile fire with force, and raising her right hand high, straining, she brandishes it and throws: the minds of the Trojan women are roused, their hearts struck dumb. Then one of the many, the eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse to so many of Priam's sons, said: "This is not Beroë, mothers, this is not the wife of Doryclus from Rhoeteum; mark the signs of divine beauty and her blazing eyes; what spirit she has, what a face, the sound of her voice, her step as she walks.
5.650	Ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui aegram, indignantem, tali quod sola careret	I myself left Beroë just now, sick and indignant that she alone was missing such a rite and could

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munere, nec meritos Anchisae inferet honores.
Haec effata.
At matres primo ancipites oculisque malignis
ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem
praesentis terrae fatisque vocantia regna,
cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis,
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
Tum vero attonitae monstris actaeque furore
conclamant, rapiuntque focis penetralibus ignem;
pars spoliant aras, frondem ac virgulta facesque
coniciunt. Furit immissis Volcanus habenis
transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppes.

not pay Anchises the honors he deserves." So she spoke. But the mothers at first, hesitating, looked at the ships with hostile eyes, torn between wretched love for the land at hand and the kingdoms that summon them by fate, when the goddess rose on poised wings through the sky and in her flight cut a huge arc beneath the clouds. Then indeed, stunned by the portents and driven by frenzy, they cry out together and snatch fire from the inner hearths; some strip the altars and hurl leaves, brushwood and torches. Vulcan rages with reins let loose across the thwarts and oars and the painted sterns of pine.

5.664 Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri
incensas perfert naves Eumelus, et ipsi
respiciunt atram in nimbo volitare favillam.
Primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestres
ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petivit
castra, nec exanimes possunt retinere magistri.
Quis furor iste novus? Quo nunc, quo tenditis inquit,
heu, miserae cives? Non hostem inimicaque castra
Argivum, vestras spes uritis. En, ego vester
Ascanius! Galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat;
accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum.
Ast illae diversa metu per litora passim
diffugiunt, silvasque et sicubi concava furtim
saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque
mutatae adgnoscunt, excussaque pectore Iuno est.

Eumelus brings the news of the burning ships to Anchises' tomb and the tiers of the theater, and they themselves look back and see the black ash flying in a cloud. And Ascanius was the first: just as he was, joyfully leading the horsemen's maneuvers, he galloped eagerly to the troubled camp, and his breathless trainers could not hold him back. "What strange madness is this? Where now, where are you heading," he said, "alas, my poor countrywomen? It is not the enemy, not a hostile Argive camp: you are burning your own hopes. Look, I am your Ascanius!" He threw at his feet the empty helmet he had worn in play while staging the mock battle; at the same moment Aeneas hurries up, and with him the Teucrian columns. But the women, in fear, scatter here and there along the shores and furtively seek the woods and any hollow rocks; they are ashamed of what they began, and of the light; changed, they recognize their own people, and Juno is shaken from their hearts.

5.680 Sed non idcirco flammae atque incendia vires
indomitas posuere; udo sub robore vivit
stuppa vomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
est vapor, et toto descendit corpore pestis,
nec vires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.
Tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere vestem,
auxilioque vocare deos, et tendere palmas:
Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum
Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
respicit humanos, da flammam evadere classi
nunc, Pater, et tenues Teucrum res eripe leto.
Vel tu, quod superest infesto fulmine morti,
si mereor, demitte, tuaque hic obrue dextra.

But not for that did the flames and the blaze lay aside their untamed strength; beneath the wet oak the tow lives on, spewing slow smoke, the smoldering heat devours the hulls, and the plague creeps down through their whole body, and neither the heroes' strength nor the floods poured on are any help. Then devoted Aeneas tore the garment from his shoulders, called on the gods for help, and stretched out his hands: "Almighty Jupiter, if you do not yet hate the Trojans to the last man, if your devotion of old has any regard for human hardships, grant that the fleet escape the flames now, Father, and snatch the slender fortunes of the Teucrians from destruction. Or else,

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	as the one thing left, if I deserve it, send me down to death with your hostile thunderbolt, and overwhelm me here with your own right hand."
5.693 Vix haec ediderat, cum effusis imbribus atra tempestas sine more furit, tonitruque tremescunt ardua terrarum et campi; ruit aethere toto turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus austris; implenturque super puppes; semiusta madescunt robora; restinctus donec vapor omnis, et omnes, quattuor amissis, servatae a peste carinae. At pater Aeneas, casu concussus acerbo, nunc huc ingentes, nunc illuc pectore curas mutabat versans, Siculisne resideret arvis, oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras. Tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte, haec responsa dabat, vel quae portenderet ira magna deum, vel quae fatorum posceret ordo; isque his Aenean solatus vocibus infit:	He had scarcely uttered these words when a black storm with pouring rain rages beyond all measure, and the heights and plains of the earth tremble with thunder; from the whole sky a rainstorm rushes down, turbulent with water and pitch-black with dense south winds; the ships fill to overflowing; the half-burnt timbers are soaked; until all the heat was quenched and all the hulls but four, which were lost, were saved from destruction. But father Aeneas, shaken by the bitter blow, turned his great cares over in his heart, now this way, now that: should he settle in the Sicilian fields, forgetting the fates, or make for the shores of Italy? Then old Nautes, whom Tritonian Pallas had taught above all others and made famous for great skill, gave answers declaring what the great anger of the gods foretold or what the order of the fates demanded; and he, consoling Aeneas, begins with these words:
5.709 Nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur; quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est. Est tibi Dardanius divinae stirpis Acestes: hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge volentem; huic trade, amissis superant qui navibus, et quos pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est; longaevosque senes ac fessas aequore matres, et quidquid tecum invalidum metuensque pericli est, delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi: urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam. Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici, tum vero in curas animo diducitur omnes. Et nox atra polum bigis subvecta tenebat: visa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis Anchisae subito tales effundere voces:	"Son of the goddess, wherever the fates draw us and draw us back, let us follow; whatever comes, every fortune must be overcome by enduring it. You have Dardanian Acestes, of divine descent: take him as a partner in your plans and join with him, for he is willing; hand over to him those who are left over from the lost ships, and those who have grown weary of the great undertaking and of your fortunes; the long-lived old men and the mothers weary of the sea, and whatever you have with you that is weak and fearful of danger—choose them, and let the weary have walls in this land: they will call the city Acesta, if the name is allowed." Fired by such words from his old friend, he is then truly torn in mind among all his cares. And black Night, borne up in her two-horse chariot, held the sky; then the face of his father Anchises seemed to glide down from heaven and suddenly pour out such words:
5.724 Nate, mihi vita quondam, dum vita manebat, care magis, nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, imperio Iovis huc venio, qui classibus ignem depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est. Consiliis pare, quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes dat senior; lectos iuvenes, fortissima corda, defer in Italiam; gens dura atque aspera cultu	"My son, dearer to me than life once, while life remained, my son, harried by the fates of Ilium, I come here at the command of Jupiter, who drove the fire from your fleet and at last took pity on you from high heaven. Obey the counsel that old Nautes now gives, the finest counsel: take chosen young men, the bravest hearts, to Italy; in Latium

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debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante infernas accede domos, et Averna per alta congressus pete, nate, meos. Non me impia namque Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum concilia Elysiumque colo. Huc casta Sibylla nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet: tum genus omne tuum, et quae dentur moenia, disces. Iamque vale: torquet medios Nox humida cursus, et me saevus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.	you must subdue in war a people hard and rough in their way of life. Yet first approach the infernal halls of Dis, and through deep Avernus seek a meeting with me, my son. For I am not held by impious Tartarus and its gloomy shades; I dwell in Elysium among the pleasant gatherings of the devout. Here the chaste Sibyl will lead you, with much blood of black cattle; then you will learn of all your line and what walls are given you. And now farewell: dewy Night is turning her middle course, and the cruel East has breathed on me with its panting horses."
5.740 Dixerat, et tenuis fugit, ceu fumus, in auras. Aeneas, Quo deinde ruis, quo proripis? inquit, Quem fugis, aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet? Haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes, Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae farre pio et plena supplex veneratur acerra. Extemplo socios primumque arcessit Acesten, et Iovis imperium et cari praecepta parentis edocet, et quae nunc animo sententia constet. Haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes. Transcribunt urbi matres, populumque volentem deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentes. Ipsi transtra novant, flammisque ambesa reponunt robora navigiis, aptant remosque rudentesque, exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.	He had spoken, and fled like thin smoke into the air. "Where are you rushing now?" said Aeneas. "Where are you hurrying? Whom do you flee, or who keeps you from my embrace?" Saying this, he stirs the embers and the slumbering fires, and as a suppliant reverently honors the hearth god of Pergamum and the shrine of hoary Vesta with holy meal and a full incense box. At once he summons his comrades, Acestes first, and tells them of Jupiter's command and his dear father's instructions, and what decision now stands firm in his mind. There is no delay in their plans, and Acestes does not refuse the orders. They enroll the mothers for the city, and set ashore the people who wish to stay, spirits with no need of great glory. They themselves renew the thwarts, replace the fire-gnawed timbers in the ships, and fit the oars and rigging—few in number, but with courage alive for war.
5.755 Interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam esse iubet. Gaudet regno Troianus Acestes, indicitque forum et patribus dat iura vocatis. Tum vicina astris, Erycino in vertice sedes fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos ac lucus late sacer additur Anchiseo. Iamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, et aris factus honos: placidi straverunt aequora venti, creber et adspirans rursus vocat Auster in altum. Exoritur procurva ingens per litora fletus; complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur. Ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam visa maris facies et non tolerabile nomen, ire volunt, omnemque fugae perferre laborem.	Meanwhile Aeneas marks out the city with a plow and allots the houses; this he commands to be Ilium, these places Troy. Trojan Acestes rejoices in his kingdom, proclaims a court, summons the elders and gives them laws. Then, near the stars, on the summit of Eryx, a home is founded for Idalian Venus, and a priest and a grove sacred far and wide are added to Anchises' tomb. And now the whole people had feasted for nine days and offerings had been made on the altars; calm winds have smoothed the seas, and the south wind, blowing steadily again, calls them to the deep. Along the curving shores a great weeping arises; embracing one another, they linger a night and a day. Now the mothers themselves, even those to whom the face of the sea once seemed harsh and

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	its name unbearable, want to go and endure all the hardship of the flight.

THE LOSS OF PALINURUS

Neptune promises safe passage at the cost of one life, and the helmsman Palinurus falls overboard.

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5.770 Quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis, et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae. Tris Eryci vitulos et Tempestatibus agnam caedere deinde iubet, solvique ex ordine funem. Ipse, caput tonsae foliis evinctus olivae, stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos proiicit in fluctus ac vina liquentia fundit. Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntes. Certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora verrunt. At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis adloquitur, talesque effundit pectore questus: Iunonis gravis ira nec exsaturabile pectus cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnes; quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla, nec Iovis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.	Good Aeneas consoles them with friendly words, and weeping, commends them to Acestes, his kinsman. Then he orders three calves to be sacrificed to Eryx and a lamb to the Storms, and the cables to be loosed in due order. He himself, his head bound with leaves of trimmed olive, standing apart on the prow, holds a bowl, throws the entrails into the salt waves, and pours out the flowing wine. A wind rising astern follows them as they go. Vying with one another, his comrades strike the sea and sweep the waters. But Venus meanwhile, troubled with cares, addresses Neptune and pours out such complaints from her heart: "Juno's heavy anger and insatiable heart force me, Neptune, to stoop to every kind of prayer; neither length of days nor any devotion softens her, nor does she rest, broken by Jupiter's command and the fates.
5.785 Non media de gente Phrygum exedisse nefandis urbem odiis satis est, nec poenam traxe per omnem: reliquias Troiae, cineres atque ossa peremptae insequitur: causas tanti sciat illa furoris. Ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo miscuit, Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis, in regnis hoc ausa tuis. Per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis exussit foede puppes, et classe subegit amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. Quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas vela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim: si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.	It is not enough for her, in her unspeakable hatred, to have devoured a city from the heart of the Phrygian people, nor to have dragged what was left of it through every punishment: she hounds the remains of Troy, the ashes and bones of the murdered city. Let her know the causes of such great madness. You yourself were my witness lately what a turmoil she suddenly stirred up in the Libyan waters: she mingled all the seas with the sky, trusting in vain in the storms of Aeolus, daring this in your own realm. And look—driving even the Trojan mothers to crime, she has foully burned the ships and, with the fleet lost, forced them to leave their comrades in an unknown land. As for what remains, I beg you, let them sail safely across the waves under your care; let them reach the Laurentine Tiber—if what I ask is allowed, if the Fates grant those walls."
5.799 Tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti: Fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, unde genus ducis: merui quoque; saepe furores compressi, et rabiem tantam caelique marisque. Nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoëntaque testor,	Then the son of Saturn, tamer of the deep sea, uttered these words: "It is entirely right, Cytherea, that you should trust my realm, from which you take your birth. I have earned it, too: often I have checked the frenzy and the great rage of sky and

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	Aeneae mihi cura tui. Cum Troia Achilles exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, milia multa daret leto, gemerentque repleti amnes, nec reperire viam atque evolvere posset in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti congressum Aenean nec dis nec viribus aequis nube cava rapui, cuperem cum vertere ab imo structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae.	sea. Nor on land—I call Xanthus and Simois to witness—has my care for your Aeneas been less. When Achilles, pursuing the panic-stricken Trojan columns, was driving them against their walls and giving many thousands to death, and the choked rivers groaned, and Xanthus could not find his way or roll himself out to the sea, then, when Aeneas had met the brave son of Peleus with neither the gods nor his strength equal, I snatched him away in a hollow cloud, though I longed to overturn from their foundations the walls of perjured Troy that my own hands had built.[10]
5.812	Nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi: pelle timores. Tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni. Unus erit tantum, amissum quem gurgite quaeres; unum pro multis dabitur caput. His ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis, iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit frena feris, manibusque omnes effundit habenas. Caeruleo per summa levis volat aequora curru; subsidunt undae, tumidumque sub axe tonanti sternitur aequor aquis; fugiunt vasto aethere nimbi. Tum variae comitum facies, immania cete, et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palaemon, Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis; laeva tenent Thetis, et Melite, Panopeaque virgo, Nisaee, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque.	Now too my mind remains the same: banish your fears. Safe, as you wish, he will reach the harbor of Avernus. There will be only one, lost in the deep, whom you will seek; one life will be given for many." When with these words he had soothed the goddess's heart to gladness, the father yokes his horses with gold, fits foaming bits to the wild creatures, and lets all the reins run free from his hands. In his sea-blue chariot he flies lightly over the surface of the waters; the waves sink down, and beneath the thundering axle the swollen sea is leveled; the storm clouds flee from the vast sky. Then come the varied forms of his companions, huge sea monsters, the aged band of Glaucus, Palaemon son of Ino, the swift Tritons and the whole army of Phorcus; on the left are Thetis and Melite and the maiden Panopea, Nisaee and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce.
5.827	Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda vicissim gaudia pertemptant mentem: iubet ocius omnes attolli malos, intendi brachia velis. Una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, nunc dextros solvere sinus; una ardua torquent cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem. Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi. Iamque fere mediam caeli Nox humida metam contigerat; placida laxabant membra quiete sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae: cum levis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris aëra dimovit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras, te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans insonti; puppique deus consedit in alta, Phorbanti similis, funditque has ore loquelas:	Then in turn soothing joys steal into father Aeneas' anxious mind: he orders all the masts to be raised quickly and the yards spread with sails. All together they made fast the sheets, and together slackened the sails' folds, now to the left, now to the right; together they turn the lofty yardarms this way and back; their own winds carry the fleet. Palinurus led the close-packed column ahead of all; the others were ordered to steer their course by him. And now dewy Night had almost reached the midpoint of the sky; the sailors, stretched out on the hard benches beneath the oars, were relaxing their limbs in calm rest, when Sleep, gliding lightly down from the stars of heaven, parted the shadowy air and drove away the darkness, seeking

10 In Iliad 20 Poseidon rescues Aeneas from Achilles; Poseidon had built Troy's walls for King Laomedon, who cheated him of his pay.

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	you, Palinurus, bringing you grim dreams, innocent as you were; and the god sat down on the high stern in the likeness of Phorbas, and poured these words from his lips:
5.843 Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem; aequatae spirant aurae; datur hora quieti. Pone caput, fessosque oculos furare labori: ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo. Cui vix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur: Mene salis placidi voltum fluctusque quietos ignorare iubes? Mene huic confidere monstro? Aenean credam quid enim fallacibus auris et caelo, totiens deceptus fraude sereni? Talia dicta dabat, clavumque affixus et haerens nusquam amittebat, oculosque sub astra tenebat. Ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem, vique soporatum Stygia, super utraque quassat tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina solvit.	"Palinurus, son of Iasus, the seas themselves carry the fleet; the breezes blow steady; an hour is given for rest. Lay down your head and steal your weary eyes from their toil: I myself will take over your duties for you for a while." Barely lifting his eyes, Palinurus says to him: "Do you tell me to ignore the face of the calm sea and the quiet waves? Do you tell me to trust this monster? Why should I entrust Aeneas to treacherous breezes and sky, I who have been deceived so often by the treachery of a clear sky?" Such were his words, and clinging fast to the tiller he never let it go, and kept his eyes fixed on the stars. But see, the god shakes over both his temples a branch dripping with the dew of Lethe and made drowsy with the power of Styx, and, for all his resistance, closes his swimming eyes.
5.857 Vix primos inopina quies laxaverat artus, et super incumbens cum puppis parte revolsa, cumque gubernaclo, liquidas proiecit in undas praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe vocantem; ipse volans tenues se sustulit ales ad auras. Currit iter tutum non secius aequore classis, promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur. Iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat, difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos, tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant: cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis, multa gemens, casuque animum concussus amici O nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena!	Scarcely had the unexpected rest begun to loosen his limbs when the god, leaning over him, flung him headlong into the clear waves, with part of the stern torn away and the rudder too, as he called again and again to his comrades in vain; the god himself, rising on wings, flew up into the thin air. The fleet runs its course safely over the sea all the same, and is carried on unafraid, trusting in father Neptune's promises. And now, borne onward, it was nearing the cliffs of the Sirens, once dangerous and white with the bones of many—at that time the rocks were booming hoarsely far off with the ceaseless surf—when father Aeneas sensed that his ship was drifting aimlessly, its pilot lost, and himself steered it through the night waves, groaning deeply, his spirit shaken by his friend's fate: "O you who trusted too much in a calm sky and sea, Palinurus, you will lie naked on an unknown shore!"

Book 6

The underworld
Guided by the Sibyl, Aeneas visits the dead and sees the future heroes of Rome.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.1	Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas, et tandem Euboïcis Cumarum adlabitur oris. Obvertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci ancora fundabat naves, et litora curvae praetexunt puppes. Iuvenum manus emicat ardens litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae abstrusa in venis silicis, pars densa ferarum tecta rapit silvas, inventaque flumina monstrat. At pius Aeneas arces, quibus altus Apollo praesidet, horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae antrum immane petit, magnum cui mentem animumque Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura. Iam subeunt Triviae lucos atque aurea tecta.	So he spoke, weeping, and gave the fleet free rein, and at last glided in to the shores of Euboean Cumae. They turned their prows to face the sea; then the anchor with its gripping tooth made the ships fast, and the curved sterns fringed the beach. A band of young men leapt eagerly out onto the Hesperian shore. Some searched for the seeds of fire hidden in the veins of flint; some raided the woods, the dense lairs of wild beasts, and pointed out the streams they had found. But devoted Aeneas made for the heights over which Apollo presides on high, and, some way off, the secret retreat of the dread Sibyl, a vast cave; into her the Delian prophet breathes a mighty mind and spirit, and to her he reveals what is to come. Now they were entering the groves of Trivia and the golden temple.[1]
6.14	Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoïa regna, praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo, insuetum per iter gelidas enavit ad Arctos, Chalcidicaque levis tandem super adstitit arce. Redditus his primum terris, tibi, Phoebe, sacravit remigium alarum, posuitque immania templa. In foribus letum Androgeo: tum pendere poenas Cecropidae iussi—miserum!—septena quotannis corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna. Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus: hic crudelis amor tauri, suppostaque furto Pasiphaë, mixtumque genus prolesque biformis Minotaurus inest, Veneris monumenta nefandae; hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error; magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resolvit, caeca regens filo vestigia. Tu quoque magnam partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.	Daedalus, so the story goes, fleeing the kingdom of Minos, dared to trust himself to the sky on swift wings. By an unaccustomed path he swam out toward the frozen Bears of the north, and at last alighted lightly on the Chalcidian citadel. Restored to earth here first, he dedicated to you, Phoebus, the oarage of his wings, and built a vast temple. On its doors was the death of Androgeos; then the descendants of Cecrops, ordered—a pitiful thing!—to pay as penalty seven bodies of their sons each year; there stands the urn, the lots drawn. Facing it, rising from the sea, the land of Cnossus answers: here is the cruel passion for the bull, and Pasiphaë mated with it by stealth, and the mixed breed, the two-formed offspring, the Minotaur, record of an unspeakable love; here is that house of toil and its inextricable maze. But Daedalus himself, pitying the great love of the princess, unraveled the tricks and windings of the building, guiding blind footsteps with a thread.

1 Cumae, near modern Naples, was a colony of Chalcis in Euboea. Trivia ("goddess of the crossroads") is a title of Diana.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		You too, Icarus, would have had a great part in so great a work, had grief allowed.[2]
6.32	Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro; bis patriae cecidere manus. Quin protinus omnia perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates adforet, atque una Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi: Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit; nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuvencos praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentes. Talibus adfata Aenean (nec sacra morantur iussa viri), Teucros vocat alta in templa sacerdos. Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum, quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum; unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae.	Twice he had tried to shape your fall in gold; twice a father's hands fell. Indeed they would have gone on to scan everything with their eyes, had not Achates, sent ahead, already returned, and with him the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deiphobe, daughter of Glaucus, who spoke these words to the king: "This is not the time for such sights. Now it would be better to sacrifice seven bullocks from a herd untouched by the yoke, and as many sheep chosen according to custom." Having addressed Aeneas so (and the men did not delay the rites she ordered), the priestess called the Teucrians into the lofty temple. The vast flank of the Euboean cliff is hollowed into a cave, to which a hundred broad approaches lead, a hundred mouths; from them rush as many voices, the answers of the Sibyl.[3]

THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY

Possessed by Apollo, the Sibyl foretells wars in Latium, and Aeneas asks to visit his father.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.45	Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo. Poscere fata tempus ait; deus, ecce, deus! Cui talia fanti ante fores subito non voltus, non color unus, non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum, et rabie fera corda tument; maiorque videri, nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando iam propiore dei. Cessas in vota precesque, Tros ait Aenea? Cessas? Neque enim ante dehiscent attonitae magna ora domus. Et talia fata conticuit. Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo:	They had come to the threshold, when the maiden cried: "It is time to ask the fates! The god—look, the god!" As she spoke these words before the doors, suddenly her face, her color did not stay the same, nor did her hair stay neatly bound; her breast heaved, and her wild heart swelled with frenzy. She seemed taller, her voice no longer mortal, for she was breathed upon by the power of the god now drawing nearer. "Are you slow to your vows and prayers," she said, "Trojan Aeneas? Are you slow? For until you pray, the great mouths of this awestruck house will not open." And having said this, she fell silent. A chill trembling ran through the hard bones of the Teucrians, and the king poured out prayers from the depths of his heart:
6.56	Phoebe, graves Troiae semper miserate labores, Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras tot maria intravi duce te, penitusque repostas	"Phoebus, you who have always pitied the heavy toils of Troy, who guided the Dardanian arrow and hand of Paris against the body of Aeacus' grandson: with you as my guide I have entered so many

2 Daedalus built the Labyrinth for Minos of Crete and escaped on wings with his son Icarus, who fell into the sea. Athens (the "descendants of Cecrops") paid a yearly tribute of youths to the Minotaur for the killing of Minos' son Androgeos; the "princess" is Ariadne.

3 Deiphobe is the Sibyl herself.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Massylum gentes praetentaque Syrtibus arva, iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras; hac Troiana tenus fuerit Fortuna secuta. Vos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti, dique deaeque omnes quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens gloria Dardaniae. Tuque, O sanctissima vates, praescia venturi, da, non indebita posco regna meis fatis, Latio considere Teucros errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.	seas that skirt great lands, and the far-removed tribes of the Massylians, and the fields that stretch before the Syrtes. Now at last we grasp the shores of fleeing Italy. Let Troy's fortune have followed us this far and no farther. You too may now rightly spare the people of Pergamum, all you gods and goddesses who resented Ilium and the great glory of Dardania. And you, most holy prophetess, who foreknow the future, grant—I ask for no kingdom not owed to my fates—that the Teucrians may settle in Latium, with the wandering gods and storm-tossed divinities of Troy.[4]
6.69	Tum Phoebo et Triviae solido de marmore templum instituam, festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. Te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris: hic ego namque tuas sortes arcanaque fata, dicta meae genti, ponam, lectosque sacrabo, alma, viros. Foliis tantum ne carmina manda, ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis; ipsa canas oro. Finem dedit ore loquendi. At, Phoebi nondum patiens, immanis in antro bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo. Ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum sponte sua, vatisque ferunt responsa per auras:	Then I will found for Phoebus and Trivia a temple of solid marble, and festival days named after Phoebus. For you too a great sanctuary waits in our kingdom: for here I will place your oracles and the secret fates declared to my people, and I will consecrate chosen men, gracious one. Only do not commit your prophecies to leaves, lest they fly about in disorder, playthings of the rushing winds; chant them yourself, I beg." He ceased speaking. But the prophetess, not yet submitting to Phoebus, raged wildly in the cave like a Bacchant, as though she could shake the great god from her breast; all the more he wore out her raving mouth, mastering her wild heart, and molded her by his pressure. And now the hundred huge mouths of the house opened of their own accord and carried the prophetess' answer through the air:[5]
6.83	O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis! Sed terrae graviora manent. In regna Lavini Dardanidae venient; mitte hanc de pectore curam; sed non et venisse volent. Bella, horrida bella, et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno. Non Simois tibi, nec Xanthus, nec Dorica castra defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles, natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno usquam aberit; cum tu supplex in rebus egenis quas gentes Italum aut quas non oraveris urbes! Causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris externique iterum thalami. Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, qua tua te Fortuna sinet. Via prima salutis, quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.	"You who have at last come through the great perils of the sea—heavier ones await you on land. The Dardanians will come into the kingdom of Lavinium—put this care from your heart—but they will also wish they had not come. Wars, terrible wars I see, and the Tiber foaming with much blood. You will not lack a Simois, nor a Xanthus, nor a Doric camp; another Achilles is already born in Latium, he too the son of a goddess; nor will Juno, fastened upon the Teucrians, ever leave them; while you, a suppliant in your need—what peoples, what cities of Italy will you not have begged! The cause of so great an evil is once again a foreign bride for the Teucrians, once again a marriage with a stranger. Do not yield to evils, but

4 Achilles, grandson of Aeacus, was killed by an arrow of Paris guided by Apollo. The Massylians were a North African people.
5 Aeneas' promise looks forward to Augustus' temple of Apollo on the Palatine (28 BC), where the Sibylline Books were kept by a college of priests.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		go to meet them the more boldly, wherever your fortune allows. The first road to safety—what you would least expect—will open from a Greek city."[6]

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The Sibyl tells Aeneas to find the golden bough and bury Misenus; after sacrifices they descend.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.98	Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit, obscuris vera involvens: ea frena furenti concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo. Ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt, incipit Aeneas heros: Non ulla laborum, O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit; omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi. Unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis dicitur, et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso, ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.	With such words from her shrine the Cumaean Sibyl chanted fearsome riddles and boomed from the cave, wrapping truth in darkness: such were the reins Apollo shook over her in her frenzy, such the goads he twisted beneath her breast. As soon as the frenzy passed and her raging mouth fell quiet, the hero Aeneas began: "No face of hardship, maiden, rises before me new or unexpected; I have foreseen it all and gone through it beforehand in my mind. One thing I ask: since here, they say, is the gate of the king below, and the dark marsh fed by the overflowing Acheron, may it be granted me to come into the sight and presence of my dear father. Teach me the way and open the sacred doors.
6.110	Illum ego per flammas et mille sequentia tela eripui his umeris, medioque ex hoste recepi; ille meum comitatus iter, maria omnia mecum atque omnes pelagique minas caelique ferebat, invalidus, vires ultra sortemque senectae. Quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem, idem orans mandata dabat. Gnatique patrisque, alma, precor, miserere;—potes namque omnia, nec te nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis;— si potuit Manes arcessere coniugis Orpheus, Threïcia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit, itque reditque viam totiens. Quid Thesea, magnum quid memorem Alciden? Et mi genus ab Iove summo.	Him I rescued on these shoulders through flames and a thousand pursuing weapons, and brought him safe from the midst of the enemy. He went with me on my journey and endured with me all the seas and all the threats of sea and sky, frail as he was, beyond the strength and lot of old age. More than that: it was he who, with entreaties, charged me to seek you as a suppliant and approach your threshold. Pity both son and father, gracious one, I pray—for you can do all things, and not for nothing did Hecate set you over the groves of Avernus—if Orpheus could summon the shade of his wife, trusting in his Thracian lyre and its tuneful strings, if Pollux ransomed his brother by dying in turn, and goes and returns along the road so many times. Why speak of Theseus, why of great Alcides? I too am descended from Jupiter most high."[7]
6.124	Talibus orabat dictis, arasque tenebat, cum sic orsa loqui vates: Sate sanguine divom, Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Averno; noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;	So he prayed, clasping the altar, when the prophetess began to speak: "Born of the blood of gods, Trojan son of Anchises, easy is the descent to Avernus: night and day the door of dark Dis stands

6 The "other Achilles" is Turnus. The "Greek city" is Evander's Pallanteum on the site of Rome (Book 8).
7 Orpheus went down to bring back his wife Eurydice; Pollux shared his immortality with his brother Castor, each spending alternate days among the dead. Theseus and Alcides (Hercules) also descended to the underworld.

LATIN	ENGLISH
sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos aequus amavit Iuppiter, aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus, dis geniti potuere. Tenent media omnia silvae, Cocytusque sinu labens circumvenit atro. Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est, bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre Tartara, et insano iuvat indulgere labori, accipe, quae peragenda prius. Latet arbore opaca aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus, Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbrae.	open; but to retrace your steps and escape to the upper air—that is the task, that is the toil. A few, sons of gods, have been able, whom just Jupiter loved, or whom burning valor raised to the heavens. Forests fill all the space between, and Cocytus, gliding, encircles it with its black coils. But if such love is in your mind, such longing, twice to swim the Stygian lake, twice to see black Tartarus, and if it pleases you to give yourself to this mad toil, hear what must first be done. Hidden in a shady tree is a bough, golden in leaf and pliant stem, said to be sacred to the Juno of the underworld; the whole grove covers it, and shadows enclose it in dark valleys.[8]
6.140 Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire, auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus. Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus instituit. Primo avulso non deficit alter aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo. Ergo alte vestiga oculis, et rite repertum carpe manu; namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur, si te fata vocant; aliter non viribus ullis vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro. Praeterea iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici— heu nescis—totamque incestat funere classem, dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes. Sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulchro. Duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunto: sic demum lucos Stygis et regna invia vivis aspicies. Dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore.	But no one is allowed to go beneath the hidden places of the earth until he has plucked the gold-tressed growth from the tree. Lovely Proserpina has ordained that this be brought to her as her own gift. When the first is torn away, another golden one never fails, and the stem puts out leaves of the same metal. So search for it with eyes raised high, and when you have found it, pluck it duly with your hand; for it will come away of itself, willingly and easily, if the fates are calling you; otherwise no strength of yours will overcome it, nor will you be able to tear it off with hard iron. Besides this, the body of a friend lies lifeless—alas, you do not know—and pollutes your whole fleet with death, while you seek counsel and linger at our threshold. First carry him to his proper resting place and lay him in a tomb. Bring black beasts; let these be your first atonement. Only so will you look on the groves of the Styx and the realms no living person may enter." She spoke, and closing her lips fell silent.
6.156 Aeneas maesto defixus lumina voltu ingreditur, linquens antrum, caecosque volutat eventus animo secum. Cui fidus Achates it comes, et paribus curis vestigia figit. Multa inter sese vario sermone serebant, quem socium exanimem vates, quod corpus humandum diceret. Atque illi Misenum in litore sicco, ut venere, vident indigna morte peremptum, Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu. Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum et lituo pugnas insignis obibat et hasta:	Aeneas, his eyes fixed on the ground, his face sad, walked on, leaving the cave, and turned over within himself the dark outcomes. Faithful Achates went with him as his companion and planted his steps under cares like his. Much they discussed between them in shifting talk: which lifeless comrade the prophetess meant, which body was to be buried. And as they came, they saw Misenus on the dry shore, cut off by an undeserved death—Misenus, son of Aeolus, unsurpassed at rousing men with the bronze and kindling Mars with his call. He had been the companion of great Hector;

8 Avernus, a crater lake near Cumae, was held to be an entrance to the underworld. The "Juno of the underworld" is Proserpina.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	postquam illum vita victor spoliavit Achilles, Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus.	at Hector's side he went into battle, distinguished for both trumpet and spear. After victorious Achilles stripped Hector of life, this bravest of heroes had joined Dardanian Aeneas as his comrade, following no lesser man.
6.171	Sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha, demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos, aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est, inter saxa virum spumosa inmerserat unda. Ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, praecipue pius Aeneas. Tum iussa Sibyllae, haud mora, festinant flentes, aramque sepulchri congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant. Itur in antiquam silvam, stabula alta ferarum; procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex, fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur scinditur, advolvunt ingentis montibus ornos. Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis. Atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde volutat, aspectans silvam inmensam, et sic voce precatur:	But then, while by chance he made the seas ring with a hollow shell—madman!—and challenged the gods to a contest in music, jealous Triton, if the tale deserves belief, had caught him and plunged him in the foaming wave among the rocks. So they all were lamenting around him with loud cries, devoted Aeneas above all. Then, weeping, without delay they hurried to carry out the Sibyl's orders, and strove to heap up the altar of the tomb with trees and raise it to the sky. They went into an ancient forest, the deep lairs of wild beasts; the pitch pines came down, the holm oak rang under the axes, ash logs and splitting oak were cleft with wedges, and they rolled huge mountain ashes down from the hills. Aeneas too, amid such work, was first to urge on his comrades, and equipped himself with the same tools. And he turned these things over in his own sad heart, gazing at the vast forest, and so he prayed aloud:
6.187	Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus ostendat nemore in tanto, quando omnia vere heu nimium de te vates, Misene, locuta est. Vix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae ipsa sub ora viri caelo venere volantes, et viridi sedere solo. Tum maximus heros maternas agnoscit aves, laetusque precatur: Este duces, O, si qua via est, cursumque per auras dirigite in lucos, ubi pinguem dives opacat ramus humum. Tuque, O, dubiis ne defice rebus, diva parens. Sic effatus vestigia pressit, observans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.	"If only that golden bough would show itself to us now on its tree in this great forest! For all that the prophetess said of you, Misenus, was true—alas, too true." He had scarcely spoken, when by chance twin doves came flying from the sky right before his face and settled on the green ground. Then the great hero recognized his mother's birds and prayed joyfully: "Be my guides, if there is any way, and direct your course through the air into the groves where the rich bough shades the fertile ground. And you, goddess mother, do not fail me in this uncertain hour." So he spoke, and stood still, watching what signs they would give, where they would go.[9]
6.199	Pascentes illae tantum prodire volando, quantum acie possent oculi servare sequentum. Inde ubi venere ad fauces grave olentis Averni, tollunt se celeres, liquidumque per aëra lapsae sedibus optatis geminae super arbore sidunt, discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit. Quale solet silvis brumali frigore viscum fronde virere nova, quod non sua seminat arbos,	Feeding as they went, they flew forward only so far as the eyes of those following could keep them in sight. Then, when they came to the jaws of foul-smelling Avernus, they rose swiftly, and gliding through the clear air the pair settled in the place they longed for, on the tree, from which the contrasting gleam of gold shone out through the branches. As in the woods, in winter's cold, the

9 Doves were sacred to Venus, Aeneas' mother.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos, talis erat species auri frondentis opaca ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea vento. Corripit Aeneas extemplo avidusque refringit cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.	mistletoe, which its tree does not bear, flourishes with fresh leaves and wreathes the smooth trunks with saffron fruit, such was the look of the gold leafing on the dark holm oak, so the gold foil rustled in the gentle breeze. At once Aeneas seized it and eagerly broke it off, though it resisted, and carried it to the house of the prophetess Sibyl.
6.212	Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri flebant, et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant. Principio pinguem taedis et robore secto ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris intexunt latera, et ferales ante cupressos constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis. Pars calidos latices et aëna undantia flammis expediunt, corpusque lavant frigentis et unguunt. Fit gemitus. Tum membra toro defleta reponunt, purpureasque super vestes, velamina nota, coniciunt. Pars ingenti subiere feretro, triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum aversi tenuere facem. Congesta cremantur turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres olivo. Postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quievit reliquias vino et bibulam lavere favillam, ossaque lecta cado texit Corynaeus aëno.	Meanwhile, no less, the Teucrians on the shore were weeping for Misenus and paying the last honors to the unheeding ashes. First they built a huge pyre, rich with resinous pine and cut oak; they wove its sides with dark leaves, set funereal cypresses in front, and adorned it on top with gleaming arms. Some prepared hot water and bronze cauldrons seething over the flames, and washed and anointed the cold body. A groan rose. Then they laid the lamented limbs on the couch and threw over them purple robes, his familiar garments. Some shouldered the great bier—a sad service—and, in the manner of their fathers, with faces turned away held the torch beneath. The heaped offerings burned: gifts of incense, food, bowls of poured olive oil. When the ashes had fallen in and the flame died down, they washed the remains and the thirsty embers with wine, and Corynaeus gathered the bones and enclosed them in a bronze urn.
6.229	Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda, spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivae, lustravitque viros, dixitque novissima verba. At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque tubamque, monte sub aërio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo dicitur, aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. His actis, propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae. Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu, scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris, quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes tendere iter pennis—talis sese halitus atris faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat: [unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornon.]	He also carried pure water three times around his comrades, sprinkling them with light spray from a branch of fruitful olive; he purified the men and spoke the final words. But devoted Aeneas raised over him a tomb of massive bulk, with the man's own arms, his oar and his trumpet, beneath a lofty headland, which is now called Misenus after him and keeps an everlasting name through the ages. This done, he quickly carried out the Sibyl's commands. There was a deep cave, enormous with its vast yawning mouth, jagged, guarded by a black lake and the darkness of the woods; over it no flying creatures could wing their way unharmed—such a vapor poured from its black throat and rose to the vault of the sky: [from which the Greeks called the place by the name Aornos, 'Birdless'.][10]
6.243	quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuvencos constituit, frontique invergit vina sacerdos; et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas	Here first the priestess set four black-backed bullocks and tipped wine onto their foreheads; plucking the topmost bristles between the horns, she

10 Cape Misenum, on the Bay of Naples, was a Roman naval base in Virgil's day.

LATIN	ENGLISH
ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima, voce vocans Hecaten, Caeloque Ereboque potentem. Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem suscipiunt pateris. Ipse atri velleris agnam Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaeque sorori ense ferit, sterilemque tibi. Proserpina, vaccam. Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras, et solida imponit taurorum viscera flammis, pingue superque oleum infundens ardentibus extis. Ecce autem, primi sub lumina solis et ortus, sub pedibus mugire solum, et iuga coepta moveri silvarum, visaeque canes ululare per umbram, adventante dea. Procul O procul este, profani,	placed them on the sacred fires as first offerings, calling aloud on Hecate, mighty in heaven and in Erebus. Others put knives to their throats and caught the warm blood in bowls. Aeneas himself struck with his sword a black-fleeced lamb for the mother of the Eumenides and her great sister, and for you, Proserpina, a barren heifer. Then he set up night altars for the Stygian king, laid whole carcasses of bulls on the flames, and poured rich oil over the burning entrails. But look—just at the first light of the rising sun, the ground began to bellow under their feet, the wooded ridges to stir, and dogs seemed to howl through the gloom as the goddess approached. "Away, away, you who are uninitiated,"[11]
6.259 conclamat vates, totoque absistite luco; tuque invade viam, vaginaque eripe ferrum: nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo. Tantum effata, furens antro se immisit aperto; ille ducem haud timidis vadentem passibus aequat. Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes, et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas! Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram, perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna: quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna est iter in silvis, ubi caelum condidit umbra Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.	cried the prophetess, "keep clear of the whole grove! And you, set out on the road and snatch your sword from its sheath: now you need courage, Aeneas, now a steadfast heart." Saying only this, she plunged in frenzy into the open cave; he kept pace with his guide as she went, with fearless steps. You gods who rule over souls, and you silent shades, and Chaos and Phlegethon, places silent far and wide in night: may it be lawful for me to tell what I have heard; may I with your consent reveal things buried deep in earth and darkness! On they went, dim figures in the lonely night, through the gloom, through the empty halls of Dis and his phantom realms: as when one travels through the woods by the fitful moon's grudging light, when Jupiter has buried the sky in shadow and black night has taken the color from the world.[12]
6.273 Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae; pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus, et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas, terribiles visu formae: Letumque, Labosque; tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum, ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens, vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis. In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia volgo vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent. Multaque praeterea variarum monstra ferarum: Centauri in foribus stabulant, Scyllaeque biformes,	Before the very entrance, in the first jaws of Orcus, Grief and avenging Cares have made their beds; there dwell pale Diseases, and sad Old Age, and Fear, and Hunger that counsels evil, and shameful Want, shapes terrible to see; and Death, and Toil; then Sleep, Death's kinsman, and the evil Joys of the mind; and on the threshold opposite, death-dealing War, and the iron chambers of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, her snaky hair bound with bloody ribbons. In the middle a huge, shadowy elm spreads its branches and aged arms; there, they say, empty Dreams make their home, clinging beneath every leaf. Besides these, many mon-

11 The "mother of the Eumenides" (the Furies) is Night, and her "great sister" is Earth.
12 Phlegethon is the underworld's river of fire; Chaos is the primeval void.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et centumgeminus Briareus, ac belua Lernae horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera, Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae.	strous forms of various beasts: Centaurs are stabled at the doors, and two-formed Scyllas, and hundredfold Briareus, and the beast of Lerna, hissing horribly, and the Chimaera armed with flames, Gorgons and Harpies, and the shape of the three-bodied shade.[13]

CHARON AND THE UNBURIED

At the river Aeneas sees the souls of the unburied and meets his drowned helmsman Palinurus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.290	Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum Aeneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert, et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formae, inruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras. Hinc via, Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas. Turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurges aestuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam. Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento canities inculta iacet; stant lumina flamma, sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus. Ipse ratem conto subigit, velisque ministrat, et ferruginea subvectat corpora cymba, iam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.	Here, suddenly trembling with fear, Aeneas seized his sword and turned its drawn edge on them as they came; and had not his wise companion warned him that these were thin, bodiless lives flitting under a hollow semblance of form, he would have rushed in and slashed through shades with steel in vain. From here a road leads to the waters of Tartarean Acheron. Here a whirlpool, murky with mire, seethes in a vast abyss and spews all its sand into Cocytus. A dread ferryman guards these waters and rivers, Charon, terrible in his squalor; a mass of unkempt white hair lies on his chin, his eyes are fixed flames, a filthy cloak hangs knotted from his shoulders. He himself pushes the boat with a pole, tends the sails, and ferries the bodies in his rust-dark skiff—old now, but a god's old age is hardy and green.
6.305	Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae, impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum: quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto quam multae glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis. Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum, tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore. Navita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, ast alios longe submotos arcet harena. Aeneas, miratus enim motusque tumultu,	Here the whole crowd came pouring and rushing to the banks: mothers and men, and the bodies, done with life, of great-hearted heroes, boys and unmarried girls, and young men laid on the pyre before their parents' eyes: as many as the leaves that fall, loosened, in the woods at autumn's first frost, or as many as the birds that flock to land from the deep sea, when the cold season drives them across the ocean and sends them to sunny lands. They stood begging to be the first to make the crossing, and they stretched out their hands in longing for the farther shore. But the grim boatman took now these, now those, while others he thrust back and kept far from the sand. Aeneas, amazed and moved by the tumult,
6.318	Dic ait O virgo, quid volt concursus ad amnem? Quidve petunt animae, vel quo discrimine ripas hae linquunt, illae remis vada livida verrunt?	said: "Tell me, maiden, what does this crowding to the river mean? What do the souls seek? By what distinction do some leave the banks, while others

13 The beast of Lerna is the Hydra; the "three-bodied shade" is Geryon.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Olli sic breviter fata est longaeva sacerdos: Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles, Cocyti stagna alta vides Stygiamque paludem, di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen. Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est; portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti. Nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt. Centum errant annos volitantque haec litora circum; tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.	sweep the livid waters with oars?" The aged priestess answered him briefly: "Son of Anchises, trueborn offspring of the gods, you see the deep pools of Cocytus and the Stygian marsh, by whose power the gods fear to swear and then break faith. All this crowd you see are the helpless and unburied; that ferryman is Charon; those the water carries are the buried. He may not carry them across the dreadful banks and hoarse streams before their bones have found rest in a grave. They wander a hundred years and flit about these shores; only then are they admitted and come back to the pools they long for."
6.331 Constitit Anchisa satus et vestigia pressit, multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam. Cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentes Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten, quos, simul ab Troia ventosa per aequora vectos, obruit Auster, aqua involvens navemque virosque. Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat, qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera servat, exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis. Hunc ubi vix multa maestum cognovit in umbra, sic prior adloquitur: Quis te, Palinure, deorum eripuit nobis, medioque sub aequore mersit? Dic age. Namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus, hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo, qui fore te ponto incolumem, finesque canebat venturum Ausonios. En haec promissa fides est?	The son of Anchises stopped and stood still, thinking much, pitying in his heart their unjust lot. There he saw, sorrowful and lacking the honors of the dead, Leucaspis and Orontes, leader of the Lycian fleet, whom, as they sailed together from Troy across windy waters, the South Wind overwhelmed, engulfing ship and men in the sea. And look, there came the helmsman Palinurus, who lately, on the voyage from Libya, while he watched the stars, had fallen from the stern and been flung into the midst of the waves. When at last he recognized him, sad in the deep gloom, Aeneas spoke to him first: "Which of the gods, Palinurus, snatched you from us and drowned you in the middle of the sea? Come, tell me. For Apollo, never found false before, deceived my mind with this one answer: he prophesied that you would be safe on the sea and would reach the shores of Ausonia. Is this how his promise keeps faith?"
6.347 Ille autem: Neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit, dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit. Namque gubernaclum multa vi forte revolsum, cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, praecipitans traxi mecum. Maria aspera iuro non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem, quam tua ne, spoliata armis, excussa magistro, deficeret tantis navis surgentibus undis. Tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes vexit me violentus aqua; vix lumine quarto prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda. Paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam, ni gens crudelis madida cum veste gravatum prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis ferro invasisset, praedamque ignara putasset.	But he replied: "Neither did the tripod of Phoebus deceive you, my leader, son of Anchises, nor did a god drown me in the sea. For the rudder, which by chance was wrenched away with great force—I was clinging to it as its appointed guardian and steering our course—I dragged with me as I fell headlong. By the rough seas I swear that I felt no fear for myself so great as my fear that your ship, stripped of its gear, its helmsman thrown overboard, might founder amid such rising waves. For three wintry nights the violent South Wind drove me over the boundless waters; barely at the fourth dawn, lifted high on the crest of a wave, I caught sight of Italy. Little by little I swam toward land; I was already reaching safety, had not a cruel people attacked me with swords as, weighed down

LATIN	ENGLISH
	by my soaking clothes, I clutched with hooked fingers at the rough crags of a headland, and in their ignorance thought me a prize.
6.362 Nunc me fluctus habet, versantque in litore venti. Quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras, per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli, eripe me his, invicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos; aut tu, si qua via est, si quam tibi diva creatrix ostendit—neque enim, credo, sine numine divom flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem— da dextram misero, et tecum me tolle per undas, sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam. Talia fatus erat, coepit cum talia vates:	Now the waves have me, and the winds toss me about on the shore. So I beg you, by the pleasant light of heaven and the air, by your father, by your hopes in growing Iulus, rescue me from these evils, unconquered one: either throw earth on me—for you can—and seek out the harbor of Velia; or, if there is any way, if your goddess mother shows you one—for not, I think, without the will of the gods are you preparing to swim such great rivers and the Stygian marsh—give your hand to a wretched man and take me with you across the waters, so that in death at least I may rest in a peaceful place." He had spoken so, when the prophetess began:[14]
6.373 Unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido? Tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque severum Eumenidum aspicies, ripamve iniussus adibis? Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando. Sed cape dicta memor, duri solatia casus. Nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt, et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent, aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit. His dictis curae emotae, pulsusque parumper corde dolor tristi: gaudet cognomine terrae. Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluvioque propinquant. Navita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda per tacitum nemus ire pedemque advertere ripae, sic prior adgreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro:	"Where does this dreadful longing come from, Palinurus? Will you, unburied, look upon the Stygian waters and the stern river of the Eumenides, and come to the bank unbidden? Stop hoping that the fates of the gods can be bent by prayer. But take my words and remember them, as comfort for your harsh lot. For the neighboring peoples, far and wide through their cities, driven by portents from heaven, will make atonement to your bones; they will raise a tomb, and offer solemn rites at the tomb, and the place will keep the name of Palinurus forever." At these words his cares were lifted, and for a while grief was driven from his sorrowful heart: he rejoiced in the land that would bear his name. So they continued the journey they had begun and drew near the river. When the boatman, from the Stygian water, saw them from afar coming through the silent wood and turning their steps toward the bank, he spoke first, accosting them, and rebuked them unprovoked:[15]

ACROSS THE STYX

Charon ferries them over at the sight of the bough, and the Sibyl drugs Cerberus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.388 Quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis, fare age, quid venias, iam istinc, et comprime gressum. Umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae; corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.	"Whoever you are who come armed to our river, tell me—come, from where you stand—why you are here, and halt your step. This is the place of

14 Velia was a Greek town on the coast of Lucania, south of Cumae.
15 The headland of Palinuro in southern Italy still bears his name.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nec vero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque, dis quamquam geniti atque invicti viribus essent. Tartareum ille manu custodem in vincla petivit, ipsius a solio regis, traxitque trementem; hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti. Quae contra breviter fata est Amphrysia vates:	shades, of sleep and drowsy night; it is unlawful to carry living bodies in the Stygian boat. Nor indeed was I glad to take Alcides on the lake when he came, nor Theseus and Pirithous, though they were born of gods and unconquered in strength. The one sought by force to put the guardian of Tartarus in chains, and dragged him trembling from the very throne of the king; the others tried to carry off the queen from the bridal chamber of Dis." In reply the Amphrysian prophetess spoke briefly:[16]
6.399	Nullae hic insidiae tales; absiste moveri; nec vim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras, casta licet patrui servet Proserpina limen. Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis, ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras. Si te nulla movet tantae pietatis imago, at ramum hunc (aperit ramum, qui veste latebat) adgnoscas. Tumida ex ira tum corda residunt. Nec plura his. Ille admirans venerabile donum fatalis virgae, longo post tempore visum, caeruleam advertit puppim, ripaeque propinquat.	"There is no such plotting here; cease to be troubled; these weapons bring no violence. The huge doorkeeper may bark forever in his cave and terrify the bloodless shades; chaste Proserpina may keep to her uncle's threshold. Trojan Aeneas, renowned for devotion and for arms, comes down to his father in the deepest shades of Erebus. If the sight of such great devotion does not move you, yet this bough"—she revealed the bough hidden in her robe—"you will recognize." Then the swelling anger in his heart subsided. No more was said. Marveling at the awesome gift of the fateful wand, seen after so long a time, he turned his dark-blue boat about and approached the bank.
6.411	Inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant, deturbat, laxatque foros; simul accipit alveo ingentem Aenean. Gemuit sub pondere cymba sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem. Tandem trans fluvium incolumis vatemque virumque informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulva. Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro. Cui vates, horrere videns iam colla colubris, melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam obicit. Ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resolvit fusus humi, totoque ingens extenditur antro. Occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto, evaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae.	Then he drove off the other souls who sat along the long benches and cleared the gangways; at the same time he took the huge Aeneas into the hull. The stitched boat groaned under the weight and, full of leaks, took in much of the marsh. At last he set prophetess and hero down safe across the river on shapeless mud and gray-green sedge. Huge Cerberus made these realms ring with his three-throated barking, lying monstrous in the cave opposite. The prophetess, seeing his necks already bristling with snakes, threw him a cake made drowsy with honey and drugged grain. He, opening his three throats in ravenous hunger, snatched it as it was thrown, and relaxed his monstrous back, sprawling on the ground, stretched hugely through the whole cave. Aeneas seized the entrance while the guardian was buried in sleep, and quickly escaped the bank of the water from which there is no return.

16 "Amphrysian" means "of Apollo," who once herded flocks by the river Amphrysus in Thessaly. Theseus and Pirithous tried to abduct Proserpina.

THE FIELDS OF MOURNING

Aeneas passes the souls of infants and suicides and meets Dido, who turns away in silence.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.426	Continuo auditae voces, vagitus et ingens, infantumque animae flentes in limine primo, quos dulcis vitae exsortes et ab ubere raptos abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo; hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. Nec vero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes: quaesitor Minos urnam movet; ille silentum conciliumque vocat vitasque et crimina discit. Proxuma deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi proiecere animas. Quam vellent aethere in alto nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores! Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae alligat, et noviens Styx interfusa coërcet.	At once voices were heard, a great wailing, the souls of infants weeping at the very threshold, whom, given no share of sweet life and torn from the breast, the black day carried off and plunged into untimely death. Next to them were those condemned to death on false charges. But these places are not assigned without allotment, without a judge: Minos, the presiding judge, shakes the urn; he calls a court of the silent and learns their lives and offenses. Next, the places nearby are held by the sorrowful ones who, guiltless, brought death on themselves by their own hand and, hating the light, threw away their lives. How gladly now, in the air above, they would endure both poverty and hard toil! Divine law forbids; the grim marsh with its unlovely water binds them, and the Styx, winding nine times between, hems them in.[17]
6.440	Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem lugentes campi: sic illos nomine dicunt. Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit, secreti celant calles et myrtea circum silva tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt. His Phaedram Procrimque locis, maestamque Eriphylen crudelis nati monstrantem volnera, cernit, Evadnenque et Pasiphaën; his Laodamia it comes, et iuvenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus, rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram. Inter quas Phoenissa recens a volnere Dido errabat silva in magna; quam Troius heros ut primum iuxta stetit adgnovitque per umbras obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam, demisit lacrimas, dulcique adfatus amore est:	Not far from here, spreading out on every side, the Fields of Mourning are shown: so they call them by name. Here those whom harsh love has eaten away with cruel wasting are hidden by secluded paths, and a myrtle wood surrounds and shelters them; their sorrows do not leave them even in death. In these places he saw Phaedra and Procris, and sorrowful Eriphyle, showing the wounds her cruel son had dealt, and Evadne and Pasiphaë; with them goes Laodamia, and Caeneus, once a young man, now a woman, turned back again by fate into her former shape. Among them Phoenician Dido, her wound still fresh, was wandering in the great wood. As soon as the Trojan hero stood near and recognized her, dim through the shadows, as one sees, or thinks he has seen, the moon rising through the clouds at the beginning of the month, he let his tears fall and spoke to her with tender love:[18]
6.456	Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo venerat exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam? Funeris heu tibi causa fui? Per sidera iuro, per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est, invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.	"Unhappy Dido, so the message that reached me was true, that you were dead, that you had sought your end with the sword? Was I, alas, the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by the gods

17 Minos, once king of Crete, was a judge of the dead.
18 Phaedra, Procris, Eriphyle, Evadne, Pasiphaë and Laodamia all came to grief through love. Caeneus was born a girl, Caenis, and was changed into a man.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras, per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam, imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem. Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. Quem fugis? Extremum fato, quod te adloquor, hoc est.	above, and by whatever faith there is deep beneath the earth: unwillingly, my queen, I left your shore. But the commands of the gods, which now force me to go through these shades, through places rough with neglect and through the depths of night, drove me by their authority; and I could not believe that by leaving I would bring you such great grief. Stop; do not withdraw yourself from my sight. Whom are you fleeing? This is the last word fate allows me to speak to you."
6.467	Talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat. Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat, nec magis incepto voltum sermone movetur, quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes. tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem. Nec minus Aeneas, casu concussus iniquo, prosequitur lacrimis longe, et miseratur euntem. Inde datum molitur iter. Iamque arva tenebant ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.	With such words Aeneas tried to soothe her burning, fiercely glaring spirit, and his tears were flowing. She, turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground, and her face was no more moved by the speech he had begun than if she stood there as hard flint or a crag of Marpessian rock. At last she tore herself away and fled, still his enemy, into the shadowy grove, where Sychaeus, her husband of former days, answers her sorrows and matches her love. Aeneas no less, shaken by her unjust fate, follows her far with tears and pities her as she goes. Then he presses on along the way granted to them. And now they were reaching the farthest fields, set apart, where those renowned in war gather.[19]

THE WAR DEAD

Aeneas meets fallen warriors, among them the mutilated Deiphobus, who tells of Helen's betrayal.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.479	Hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago; hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci Dardanidae, quos ille omnes longo ordine cernens ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque, tris Antenoridas, Cererique sacrum Polyphoeten, Idaeumque, etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. circumstant animae dextra laevaque frequentes; nec vidisse semel satis est; iuvat usque morari, et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas. At Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaeque phalanges ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras, ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga, ceu quondam petiere rates; pars tollere vocem exiguam, inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.	Here Tydeus meets him, here Parthenopaeus, famous in arms, and the ghost of pale Adrastus; here the Dardanians, much wept for in the world above and fallen in war. Seeing them all in a long line, he groaned: Glaucus, Medon and Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, and Polyphoetes, priest of Ceres, and Idaeus, still holding his chariot, still holding his arms. The souls crowd round him, right and left; it is not enough to have seen him once; they delight to linger on, to walk step by step beside him, and to learn the reasons for his coming. But the Danaan chiefs and Agamemnon's battle lines, when they saw the man and his arms gleaming through the shadows, trembled with great fear; some turned their backs, as once they had run for their ships; some raised a thin cry: the shout they begin mocks their gaping mouths.[20]

19 Marpessa, a mountain on the island of Paros, was quarried for marble.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.494 Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto Deiphobum videt et lacerum crudeliter ora, ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis auribus, et truncas inhonesto volnere nares. Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem et dira tegentem supplicia, et notis compellat vocibus ultro: Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri quis tam crudeles optavit sumere poenas? Cui tantum de te licuit? Mihi fama suprema nocte tulit fessum vasta te caede Pelasgum procubuisse super confusae stragis acervum. Tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo litore inanem constitui, et magna Manes ter voce vocavi. Nomen et arma locum servant; te, amice, nequivi conspicere, et patria decedens ponere terra.	And here he sees Deiphobus, son of Priam, his whole body mangled, his face cruelly torn—his face and both his hands—his temples ravaged, the ears cut away, and his nostrils lopped by a shameful wound. He barely recognized him, cowering and trying to hide his dreadful punishment, and Aeneas spoke first, in familiar tones: "Deiphobus, mighty in arms, descendant of Teucer's noble blood, who chose to inflict such cruel punishment? Who was allowed such power over you? Report told me that on that last night, exhausted from vast slaughter of the Pelasgians, you had fallen on a heap of tangled dead. Then I myself set up an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore and three times called aloud on your shade. Your name and your arms keep the place; you, my friend, I could not find, nor lay you in your native earth as I left."[21]
6.509 Ad quae Priamides: Nihil O tibi amice relictum; omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris. Sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae his mersere malis; illa haec monumenta reliquit. Namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem egerimus, nosti; et nimium meminisse necesse est. Cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit Pergama, et armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo, illa, chorum simulans, evantes orgia circum ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat ingentem, et summa Danaos ex arce vocabat. Tum me, confectum curis somnoque gravatum, infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.	To this the son of Priam replied: "Nothing, my friend, have you left undone; you have paid everything owed to Deiphobus and to the shade of the dead. But my own fate and the deadly crime of the Spartan woman sank me in these miseries; she left these memorials. For you know how we spent that last night among false joys; and we must remember it all too well. When the fateful horse came leaping up over the high walls of Pergamum and brought armed infantry in its heavy belly, she, pretending a sacred dance, led the Phrygian women around, crying out in Bacchic rites; she herself, in their midst, held a huge torch and called the Danaans from the top of the citadel. Then my ill-starred bedroom held me, worn out with cares and heavy with sleep, and as I lay there a rest pressed upon me, sweet and deep and very like a peaceful death.[22]
6.523 Egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis amovet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem; intra tecta vocat Menelaum, et limina pandit, scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti, et famam exstingui veterum sic posse malorum. Quid moror? Inrumpunt thalamo; comes additur una hortator scelerum Aeolides. Di, talia Grais instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposco! Sed te qui vivum casus, age, fare vicissim,	Meanwhile my fine wife removes every weapon from the house, and had already slipped my trusty sword from under my head; she calls Menelaus into the house and throws open the doors, hoping, no doubt, that this would be a great gift to her lover, and that the story of her old misdeeds could be blotted out this way. Why linger? They burst into the bedroom; with them, as companion, comes

20 Tydeus, Parthenopaeus and Adrastus were among the Seven who marched against Thebes.
21 Deiphobus, a son of Priam, married Helen after the death of Paris.
22 The Spartan woman is Helen.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	attulerint. Pelagine venis erroribus actus, an monitu divom? An quae te Fortuna fatigat, ut tristes sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?	the inciter of crimes, the descendant of Aeolus. Gods, repay the Greeks with the same, if with righteous lips I ask for vengeance! But come, tell in turn what chances have brought you here alive. Do you come driven by wanderings on the sea, or at the gods' warning? Or what fortune wears you down, that you should visit these sad, sunless homes, this place of turmoil?"[23]
6.535	Hac vice sermonum roseïs Aurora quadrigis iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem; et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus; sed comes admonuit, breviterque adfata Sibylla est: Nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas. Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas: dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit, hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeva malorum exercet poenas, et ad impia Tartara mittit. Deiphobus contra: Ne saevi, magna sacerdos; discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris. I decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis! Tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit.	During this exchange of words Dawn, with her rosy four-horse chariot, had already crossed the midpoint of the sky on her heavenly course; and perhaps they would have spent all the time granted them in such talk; but his companion warned him, and the Sibyl spoke briefly: "Night is rushing on, Aeneas; we spend the hours in weeping. This is the place where the road splits in two: the right-hand way, which runs beneath the walls of great Dis, is our path to Elysium; but the left carries out the punishment of the wicked and sends them to impious Tartarus." Deiphobus answered: "Do not be angry, great priestess; I will go, I will make up the number and return to the darkness. Go, our glory, go; enjoy a better fate!" Only this he said, and with that word he turned away.

TARTARUS

The Sibyl describes the punishments of the wicked behind the walls of Tartarus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.548	Respicit Aeneas subito, et sub rupe sinistra moenia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro, quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa. Porta adversa ingens, solidoque adamante columnae, vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi exscindere bello caelicolae valeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras, Tisiphoneque sedens, palla succincta cruenta, vestibulum exsomnis servat noctesque diesque. Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et saeva sonare verbera; tum stridor ferri, tractaeque catenae. Constitit Aeneas, strepitumque exterritus hausit. Quae scelerum facies, O virgo, effare; quibusve urguentur poenis? Quis tantus plangor ad auras?	Aeneas suddenly looks back and sees, under a cliff on the left, a broad fortress enclosed by a triple wall, which a rushing river surrounds with torrents of flame—Tartarean Phlegethon—rolling along its roaring rocks. Facing him is a huge gate, with pillars of solid adamant, so that no force of men, not even the dwellers in heaven themselves, could cut them down in war; an iron tower stands rising into the air, and Tisiphone, seated there with her bloodstained robe girded up, guards the entrance sleeplessly night and day. From within groans can be heard, and the crack of savage lashes, then the grating of iron and the dragging of chains. Aeneas stopped, terrified, and took in the uproar. "What forms of crime are these? Tell me, maiden. With what punishments are they pressed? What is this great wailing rising into the air?"[24]

23 The descendant of Aeolus is Ulysses, reputedly the son of Sisyphus, a son of Aeolus.
24 Tisiphone is one of the Furies.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.562 Tum vates sic orsa loqui: Dux inclute Teucrum, nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen; sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Avernis, ipsa deum poenas docuit, perque omnia duxit. Gnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet, durissima regna, castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri, quae quis apud superos, furto laetatus inani, distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem. Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra intentans angues vocat agmina saeva sororum. Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacrae panduntur portae. Cernis custodia qualis vestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina servet?	Then the prophetess began to speak: "Famous leader of the Teucrians, no one pure may set foot on the threshold of the wicked; but when Hecate put me in charge of the groves of Avernus, she herself taught me the punishments of the gods and led me through them all. Rhadamanthus of Cnossus rules this realm, the harshest of realms; he punishes and hears their deceits, and forces each to confess the crimes committed among the living that he, pleased with his useless concealment, put off atoning for until death came too late. At once Tisiphone the avenger, armed with her whip, leaps upon the guilty and lashes them, and holding out her grim snakes in her left hand she calls the savage troops of her sisters. Then at last, grating on hinges that scream horribly, the accursed gates open wide. Do you see what kind of guard sits in the entrance, what shape keeps the threshold?[25]
6.576 Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra saevior intus habet sedem. Tum Tartarus ipse bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras, quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum. Hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, fulmine deiecti fundo volvuntur in imo. Hic et Aloidas geminos immania vidi corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum adgressi, superisque Iovem detrudere regnis. Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmonea poenas, dum flammas Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi. Quattuor hic invectus equis et lampada quassans per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem ibat ovans, divomque sibi poscebat honorem,— demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.	A Hydra, more savage still, monstrous with fifty black gaping mouths, has its lair within. Then Tartarus itself opens sheer downward and stretches beneath the shades twice as far as the view upward to heavenly Olympus. Here the ancient offspring of Earth, the Titan brood, hurled down by the thunderbolt, writhe at the very bottom. Here too I saw the twin sons of Aloeus, enormous bodies, who tried with their hands to tear down the great sky and to thrust Jupiter from his kingdom above. I saw Salmoneus too, paying a cruel penalty for mimicking the flames of Jupiter and the thunders of Olympus. Drawn by four horses and brandishing a torch, he rode in triumph through the peoples of the Greeks and through the city in the heart of Elis, and demanded for himself the honor due to the gods—madman, to imitate the storm clouds and the inimitable thunderbolt with bronze and the beat of horn-hoofed horses.[26]
6.592 At pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit. Nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum, cernere erat, per tota novem cui iugera corpus porrigitur, rostroque immanis voltur obunco immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis viscera, rimaturque epulis, habitatque sub alto pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis.	But the almighty father hurled a weapon through the thick clouds—no torches for him, no smoky glare of pine brands—and drove him headlong in a monstrous whirlwind. Tityos too could be seen, nursling of Earth the mother of all, whose body stretches over nine whole acres; a monstrous vulture with hooked beak, cropping his immortal liver and his entrails fruitful for punishment, digs

25 Rhadamanthus, brother of Minos of Crete, was one of the judges of the dead.
26 The sons of Aloeus are the giants Otus and Ephialtes; Salmoneus was a king in Elis.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	[Quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?] quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas, exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.	for its feast and dwells deep within his breast, and no rest is given to the flesh as it grows again. [Why should I tell of the Lapiths, of Ixion and Pirithous?] Over them hangs a black rock, just about to slip, as if already falling; golden frames gleam on high festal couches, and a banquet is set before their eyes with royal luxury; the eldest of the Furies reclines close by and keeps their hands from touching the tables, and springs up, raising her torch, and thunders with her voice.[27]
6.608	Hic, quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat, pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti, aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis, nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est), quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti impia nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras, inclusi poenam exspectant. Ne quaere doceri quam poenam, aut quae forma viros fortunave mersit. Saxum ingens volvunt alii, radiisque rotarum districti pendent; sedet, aeternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus; Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis admonet, et magna testatur voce per umbras: *Discite iustitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*	Here are those who hated their brothers while life remained, or struck a parent, or wove fraud against a client; or who brooded alone over riches they had found and set aside no share for their own (and these are the greatest crowd); and those killed for adultery, and those who followed unholy war and did not fear to break faith with their masters' pledged hands—shut in, they await their punishment. Do not seek to learn what punishment, or what form of doom or fortune has overwhelmed them. Some roll a huge rock, others hang stretched on the spokes of wheels; unhappy Theseus sits and will sit forever; and Phlegyas, most wretched of all, warns everyone and bears witness with a loud voice through the shades: '*Be warned: learn justice, and not to scorn the gods.*'[28]
6.621	Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit; hic thalamum invasit natae vetitosque hymenaeos; ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoque potiti. Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum, ferrea vox, omnis scelerum comprendere formas, omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim. Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeva sacerdos: Sed iam age, carpe viam et susceptum perfice munus; adceleremus ait; Cyclopum educta caminis moenia conspicio atque adverso fornice portas, haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona. Dixerat, et pariter, gressi per opaca viarum, corripiunt spatium medium, foribusque propinquant. Occupat Aeneas aditum, corpusque recenti spargit aqua, ramumque adverso in limine figit.	One man sold his country for gold and imposed a powerful master on her; he made laws for a price and unmade them; another forced his way into his daughter's bed and a forbidden marriage; all dared a monstrous sin, and achieved what they dared. No, not if I had a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths and a voice of iron, could I encompass all the forms of crime or run through all the names of punishment." When the aged priestess of Phoebus had spoken these words, "But come now," she said, "take up the road and complete the task you have undertaken; let us hurry. I see the walls raised by the forges of the Cyclopes, and the gates in the arch facing us, where our instructions bid us lay down this gift." She had spoken, and side by side, advancing along the dark ways, they cover the space between and draw near the doors. Aeneas takes the entrance, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and fixes the bough on the threshold before him.[29]

27 Tityos assaulted Latona; Ixion, king of the Lapiths, and his son Pirithous offended the gods.
28 Phlegyas set fire to Apollo's temple at Delphi.

ELYSIUM

Aeneas places the bough at the gate, enters the groves of the blessed, and finds Anchises.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.637	His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae, devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas. Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris, contendunt ludo et fulva luctantur harena; pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt. Nec non Threïcius longa cum veste sacerdos obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum, iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno. Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis, Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor. Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.	This done at last, the goddess's task performed, they came to the happy places, the pleasant green lawns of the Fortunate Groves and the homes of the blessed. Here a more generous air clothes the plains in a radiant light, and they know their own sun, their own stars. Some exercise their limbs on grassy wrestling grounds, compete in sport and wrestle on the yellow sand; some beat out dances with their feet and sing songs. The Thracian priest too, in his long robe, accompanies their rhythms with the seven distinct notes, striking them now with his fingers, now with an ivory plectrum. Here is Teucer's ancient line, most beautiful offspring, great-hearted heroes born in better years: Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus, the founder of Troy. From a distance he gazes in wonder at the arms and the phantom chariots of the men.[30]
6.652	Stant terra defixae hastae, passimque soluti per campum pascuntur equi. Quae gratia currum armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentis pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. Conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laevaque per herbam vescentis, laetumque choro paeana canentis inter odoratum lauri nemus, unde superne plurimus Eridani per silvam volvitur amnis. Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi, quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat, quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti, inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes, quique sui memores alios fecere merendo, omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.	Their spears stand fixed in the ground, and their horses, unharnessed, graze everywhere across the plain. The same delight they took in chariots and arms while alive, the same care in keeping glossy horses, follows them now that they are laid beneath the earth. See, he sees others to right and left feasting on the grass and singing a joyful paean in chorus in a fragrant laurel grove, from which the full river Eridanus rolls through the forest to the world above. Here is the band of those who suffered wounds fighting for their country, and those who were pure priests while life remained, and devoted poets who spoke words worthy of Phoebus, or those who enriched life with the arts they discovered, and those who by their good deeds made others remember them: all these have their brows bound with snow-white headbands.[31]
6.666	Quos circumfusos sic est adfata Sybilla, Musaeum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba hunc habet, atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis: Dicite, felices animae, tuque, optime vates, quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? Illius ergo venimus, et magnos Erebi transnavimus amnes. Atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:	As they poured around her, the Sibyl addressed them, and Musaeus above all, for the great crowd holds him at its center and looks up at him as he stands out, tall-shouldered: "Tell us, happy souls, and you, best of poets, what region, what place holds Anchises? It is for his sake we have come and crossed the great rivers of Erebus." And the

29 The gift is the golden bough, owed as tribute to Proserpina.
30 The Thracian priest is the legendary singer Orpheus.
31 The Eridanus is the river Po.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis, riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis incolimus. Sed vos, si fert ita corde voluntas, hoc superate iugum; et facili iam tramite sistam. Dixit, et ante tulit gressum, camposque nitentis desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.	hero answered her in few words: "No one has a fixed home. We live in shady groves and dwell on cushioned riverbanks and in meadows fresh with streams. But you, if your heart so wishes, climb this ridge, and I will set you on an easy path." He spoke, and walked on ahead, and from above showed them the shining plains; then they leave the summits behind.[32]
6.679	At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum forte recensebat numerum carosque nepotes, fataque fortunasque virum moresque manusque. Isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina videt Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, effusaeque genis lacrimae, et vox excidit ore: Venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti vicit iter durum pietas? Datur ora tueri, nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces? Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum, tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit. Quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis! Quam metui, ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!	But father Anchises, deep in a green valley, was surveying with eager thought the souls enclosed there, who were to go up to the light above, and as it happened he was reviewing the whole number of his people and his dear descendants, the fates and fortunes of the men, their characters and their deeds. And when he saw Aeneas coming toward him across the grass, he eagerly stretched out both hands, tears poured down his cheeks, and a cry fell from his lips: "Have you come at last, and has your devotion, so awaited by your father, overcome the hard road? Am I granted to see your face, my son, and to hear and answer the voice I know? So indeed I reckoned in my mind and thought it would be, counting the days, and my anxious hope has not deceived me. Over what lands, across what great seas, have you traveled for me to welcome you! By what great dangers you have been tossed, my son! How I feared that the kingdom of Libya might do you some harm!"
6.695	Ille autem: Tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago, saepius occurrens, haec limina tendere adegit: stant sale Tyrrheno classes. Da iungere dextram, da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro. Sic memorans, largo fletu simul ora rigabat. Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum, ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago, [par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.] Interea videt Aeneas in valle reducta seclusum nemus et virgulta sonantia silvis, Lethaeumque, domos placidas qui praenatat, amnem. Hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant; ac—velut in pratis ubi apes aestate serena floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum lilia funduntur—strepit omnis murmure campus.	But he replied: "Your image, father, your sad image, appearing to me again and again, drove me to seek these thresholds. My fleet rides on the Tyrrhenian sea. Let me clasp your right hand, let me, father, and do not withdraw yourself from my embrace." So saying, he wet his face with flowing tears. Three times he tried there to put his arms around his neck; three times the image, grasped in vain, escaped his hands, [like the light winds, and most like a winged dream]. Meanwhile Aeneas sees in a secluded valley a grove set apart, with rustling thickets in the woods, and the river Lethe, which flows past those peaceful homes. Around it countless peoples and nations were flitting; and—as in meadows on a clear summer day, when bees settle on many-colored flowers and swarm around the white lilies—the whole plain hums with murmuring.[33]

32 Musaeus was a legendary early poet, linked with Orpheus.

THE SOULS RETURN

Anchises explains how souls are purified and drink from Lethe before returning to bodies.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.710	Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro, quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas. Tum pater Anchises: Animae, quibus altera fato corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam securos latices et longa oblivia potant. [Has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram,] iampridem hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum, quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta. O pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est sublimis animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti corpora? Quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido? Dicam equidem, nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo suscipit Anchises, atque ordine singula pandit.	Aeneas shudders at the sudden sight and, not understanding, asks the causes: what that river is beyond, and who the men are that fill its banks in such a throng. Then father Anchises: "Souls to whom fate owes second bodies drink at the stream of Lethe the waters that free from care, and long forgetfulness. [These indeed I want to tell you of and show you face to face;] for a long time I have wished to number this line of my descendants for you, so that you may rejoice with me the more at finding Italy." "Father, must we think that some souls go up from here to the sky above and return again to sluggish bodies? What is this dreadful longing of the wretched for the light?" "I will tell you, my son, and not keep you in suspense," Anchises replies, and reveals each thing in order.
6.724	Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis lucentemque globum Lunae Titaniaque astra spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet. Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitaeque volantum, et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus. Igneus est ollis vigor et caelestis origo seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant, terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra. Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco. Quin et supremo cum lumine vita reliquit, non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.	"First, the sky and the earth and the watery plains, the shining globe of the moon and the Titan's stars, are nourished by a spirit within, and a mind, poured through all the limbs, stirs the whole mass and mingles with the great body. From this come humankind and the beasts, the life of flying things, and the monsters the sea bears beneath its marble surface. Those seeds have the vigor of fire and a heavenly origin, so far as harmful bodies do not slow them and earthly limbs and dying members do not dull them. From this they fear and desire, grieve and rejoice, and, shut up in darkness and a blind prison, they do not see the clear air. Indeed, even when life has left them with the last light, still not all evil, not all the plagues of the body depart wholly from the wretched, and it must be that much that has long grown in becomes deeply ingrained in wondrous ways.
6.739	Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes suspensae ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni; quisque suos patimur Manes; exinde per amplum mittimur Elysium, et pauci laeta arva tenemus; donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe, concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit aetherium sensum atque auraï simplicis ignem.	So they are put through punishments and pay the penalty for old wrongs: some are hung up, spread out to the empty winds; for others the stain of crime is washed away beneath a vast flood, or burned out with fire. Each of us suffers his own shade; then we are sent through wide Elysium, and a few of us possess the happy fields, until length of days, when time's cycle is complete, has

33 Lethe is the river of forgetfulness.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos, Lethaeum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno, scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant, rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti. Dixerat Anchises, natumque unaque Sibyllam conventus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem, et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus.	taken away the ingrained stain and left pure the heavenly sense and the fire of simple air. All these, when they have turned the wheel for a thousand years, the god summons in a great throng to the river Lethe, so that, without memory, they may see again the vault above and begin to wish to return into bodies." Anchises had spoken, and he draws his son and the Sibyl with him into the middle of the gathering and the murmuring crowd, and takes his stand on a mound from which he could scan them all in a long line as they faced him, and learn the faces of those who came.

THE HEROES OF ROME

Anchises shows the future kings and heroes of Alba and Rome, down to Augustus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.756	Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes, inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras, expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo. Ille, vides, pura iuvenis qui nititur hasta, proxuma sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget, silvius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles, quem tibi longaevo serum Lavinia coniunx educet silvis regem regumque parentem, unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba. Proxumus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis, et Capys, et Numitor, et qui te nomine reddet Silvius Aeneas, pariter pietate vel armis egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam.	"Come now, I will set out in words what glory will hereafter follow the Dardanian line, what descendants await you from the Italian people, illustrious souls who will inherit our name, and I will teach you your fates. That young man, you see, who leans on a headless spear, holds by lot the places nearest the light; he will be the first to rise into the air above with Italian blood mixed in him: Silvius, an Alban name, your last-born child, whom your wife Lavinia will raise for you in the woods late in your old age, a king and father of kings, through whom our line will rule in Alba Longa. Next to him is Procas, glory of the Trojan people, and Capys and Numitor, and the one who will bring back your name, Silvius Aeneas, outstanding equally in devotion and in arms, if he ever receives Alba to rule.
6.771	Qui iuvenes! Quantas ostentant, aspice, vires, atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu! Hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam, hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces, Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque. Haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae. Quin et avo comitem sese Mavortius addet Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater educet. Viden, ut geminae stant vertice cristae, et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore? En, huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo, septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces, felix prole virum: qualis Berecyntia mater invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,	What young men! See what strength they show, and how they wear their brows shaded with the civic oak! These will build for you Nomentum and Gabii and the city of Fidenae, these will set the citadels of Collatia on the hills, Pometii and the Fort of Inuus, Bola and Cora. These will be names then; now they are lands without a name. Romulus, too, son of Mars, will join his grandfather as companion, whom his mother Ilia will bear, of the blood of Assaracus. Do you see how the twin plumes stand on his crest, and how the father of the gods himself already marks him with his own honor? Look, my son: under his auspices that glorious Rome will make her empire equal to the earth and

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes, omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.	her spirit to Olympus, and will surround her seven heights with a single wall, blessed in her offspring of heroes: just as the Berecyntian mother, crowned with towers, rides in her chariot through the Phrygian cities, glad in her offspring of gods, embracing a hundred descendants, all dwellers in heaven, all holding the heights above.[34]
6.788	Huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem Romanosque tuos. Hic Caesar et omnis Iuli progenies magnum caeli ventura sub axem. Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis, Augustus Caesar, Divi genus, aurea condet saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arva Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos proferet imperium: iacet extra sidera tellus, extra anni solisque vias, ubi caelifer Atlas axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum. Huius in adventum iam nunc et Caspia regna responsis horrent divom et Maeotia tellus, et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.	Now turn both your eyes this way, look at this people, your own Romans. Here is Caesar and all the descendants of Iulus who are destined to come beneath the great vault of the sky. This, this is the man you so often hear promised to you, Augustus Caesar, son of a god, who will again found the golden age in Latium, through the fields where Saturn once reigned, and will extend his empire beyond the Garamantes and the Indians: there lies a land beyond the stars, beyond the paths of the year and the sun, where Atlas, bearer of the sky, turns on his shoulder the heavens studded with blazing stars. Even now, at the thought of his coming, the Caspian kingdoms and the land of Maeotis shudder at the oracles of the gods, and the seven mouths of the Nile are troubled and in turmoil.[35]
6.801	Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit, fixerit aeripedem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi pacarit nemora, et Lernam tremefecerit arcu; nec, qui pampineis victor iuga flectit habenis, Liber, agens celso Nysae de vertice tigres. Et dubitamus adhuc virtute extendere vires, aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra? Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivae sacra ferens? Nosco crines incanaque menta regis Romani, primus qui legibus urbem fundabit, Curibus parvis et paupere terra missus in imperium magnum. Cui deinde subibit, otia qui rumpet patriae residesque movebit Tullus in arma viros et iam desueta triumphis agmina. Quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus, nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.	Not even Alcides traversed so much of the earth, though he pierced the bronze-footed deer, brought peace to the woods of Erymanthus, and made Lerna tremble with his bow; nor Liber, who in triumph steers his team with vine-leaf reins, driving his tigers down from the high peak of Nysa. And do we still hesitate to extend our power by valor, or does fear keep us from settling in the Ausonian land? But who is that, far off, marked out by olive branches, carrying the sacred objects? I know the hair and the white beard of the Roman king who will first ground the city on laws, sent from little Cures and a poor land to great power. After him will come Tullus, who will break his country's peace and rouse to arms men grown idle and ranks now unused to triumphs. Close behind him follows Ancus, too boastful, even now delighting too much in the breeze of popular favor.[36]
6.817	Vis et Tarquinios reges, animamque superbam ultoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos? Consulis imperium hic primus saevasque secures	Do you wish to see, too, the Tarquin kings, and the proud soul of Brutus the avenger, and the fasces won back? He will be the first to receive a consul's

34 Romulus, son of Mars and Ilia, was the founder of Rome; the Berecyntian mother is the goddess Cybele.
35 Augustus (63 BC–AD 14), first emperor and Virgil's patron, was the adopted son of Julius Caesar, deified after his death.
36 Liber is Bacchus; the king from Cures is Numa, Rome's second king.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventes ad poenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit. Infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores, vincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido. Quin Decios Drusosque procul saevumque securi aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum. Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis, concordes animae nunc et dum nocte premuntur, heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitae attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt! Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci descendens, gener adversis instructus Eois.	power and the cruel axes, and, a father, when his sons stir up new war, he will summon them to punishment for the sake of noble freedom. Unhappy man, however later generations judge that deed: love of country will prevail, and a boundless desire for praise. Look, too, at the Decii and the Drusi in the distance, and Torquatus, savage with the axe, and Camillus bringing back the standards. But those souls you see shining in matching arms, in harmony now while they are held down by night—alas, what a war between them, if they reach the light of life, what battle lines and slaughter they will raise! The father-in-law coming down from the Alpine ramparts and the citadel of Monoecus, the son-in-law ranged against him with the forces of the East.[37]
6.832	Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella, neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires; tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo, proice tela manu, sanguis meus!— Ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho victor aget currum, caesis insignis Achivis. Eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenas, ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli, ultus avos Troiae, templa et temerata Minervae. Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum, aut te, Cosse, relinquat? Quis Gracchi genus, aut geminos, duo fulmina belli, Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, parvoque potentem Fabricium vel te sulco Serrane, serentem? quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? Tu Maxumus ille es, unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.	Do not, my sons, do not make such wars familiar to your hearts, nor turn your country's mighty strength against her own vitals; and you first, you spare her, you who draw your line from Olympus —throw the weapons from your hand, my own blood!— That one, triumphant over Corinth, will drive his chariot as victor to the lofty Capitol, renowned for the Achaeans he has slain. That one will overthrow Argos and Agamemnon's Mycenae, and the descendant of Aeacus himself, of the line of Achilles mighty in arms, avenging his Trojan ancestors and Minerva's defiled temple. Who would leave you unmentioned, great Cato, or you, Cossus? Who the family of Gracchus, or the twin Scipios, two thunderbolts of war, the ruin of Libya, and Fabricius, powerful in poverty, or you, Serranus, sowing your furrow? Where are you hurrying me, weary as I am, Fabii? You are that Maximus, the one man who by delaying restores our state to us.[38]
6.847	Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera, credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore voltus, orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent: tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento; hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem, parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos. Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit: Aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes!	Others will hammer out bronze that breathes more softly, I readily believe, and draw living faces from marble; they will plead cases better, trace the movements of the heavens with the rod and tell of the rising stars: but you—remember, Roman, to rule the peoples with your power (these will be your arts), to impose the custom of peace, to spare the conquered and to battle down the proud." So father Anchises spoke, and as they

37 The father-in-law and son-in-law are Julius Caesar and Pompey, opponents in the civil war of 49–45 BC.
38 Quintus Fabius Maximus, "the Delayer," wore down Hannibal by avoiding battle in the Second Punic War (218–201 BC).

LATIN	ENGLISH
Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu, sistet, eques sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem, tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino. Atque hic Aeneas; una namque ire videbat egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis, sed frons laeta parum, et deiecto lumina voltu:	marveled he added this: "Look how Marcellus advances, distinguished by the supreme spoils, and towers as victor over all men! He will steady the Roman state when great turmoil shakes it; as a horseman he will lay low the Carthaginians and the rebel Gaul, and will hang up a third set of captured arms to father Quirinus." And here Aeneas spoke—for he saw walking with him a young man outstanding in beauty and in gleaming arms, but his brow was far from joyful, and his eyes were downcast:[39]

MARCELLUS

Anchises mourns the young Marcellus and sends Aeneas back through the ivory gate.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.863 Quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem? Filius, anne aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum? Quis strepitus circa comitum! Quantum instar in ipso! Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra. Tum pater Anchises, lacrimis ingressus obortis: O gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum; ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent. Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem campus aget gemitus, vel quae, Tiberine, videbis funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem!	"Who, father, is that who walks beside the man as he goes? His son, or one of the great line of his descendants? What a murmuring of companions around him! What presence there is in him! But black night hovers around his head with its sad shadow." Then father Anchises began, his tears welling up: "My son, do not ask about the vast grief of your people. The fates will only show him to the earth, and will not let him live longer. You gods above, you thought the Roman line would be too powerful if these gifts had been its own to keep. What groans of men that field will send up to the great city of Mars! Or what funerals, Tiber, will you see, as you glide past the new-made tomb![40]
6.875 Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos in tantum spe tollet avos, nec Romula quondam ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno. Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello dextera! Non illi se quisquam impune tulisset obvius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem, seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos. Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas, tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis, purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis his saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani munere—Sic tota passim regione vagantur aëris in campis latis, atque omnia lustrant.	No boy of the Ilian people will raise his Latin forefathers so high in hope, nor will the land of Romulus ever take such pride in any son it has reared. Alas for his devotion, alas for his old-time faith, and his right hand unconquered in war! No one would have met him in arms unharmed, whether he went on foot against the enemy or dug his spurs into the flanks of his foaming horse. Alas, pitiable boy, if only you could somehow break your harsh fate—you will be Marcellus. Give me lilies in armfuls, let me scatter purple flowers, let me at least heap these gifts on my descendant's soul, and perform an empty service—" So they wander every-

39 Marcus Claudius Marcellus won the supreme spoils (spolia opima), taken from an enemy commander killed in single combat, in 222 BC.

40 The young man is Marcellus, Augustus' nephew and intended heir, who died in 23 BC at nineteen and was buried in Augustus' mausoleum on the Campus Martius beside the Tiber.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	where through the whole region, in the wide fields of air, and survey everything.
6.888 Quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit, incenditque animum famae venientis amore, exin bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda, Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini, et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem. Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris; altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes. His ubi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna, ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit: tum se ad Caietae recto fert litore portum. [Ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.]	And when Anchises had led his son through each of these sights and fired his heart with love of the fame to come, he then tells the hero of the wars he must later wage, teaches him of the Laurentine peoples and the city of Latinus, and how he may avoid or endure each hardship. There are twin gates of Sleep: one is said to be of horn, through which an easy exit is given to true shades; the other gleams, made of shining white ivory, but through it the spirits of the dead send false dreams to the world above. There, then, Anchises accompanies his son and the Sibyl with these words and sends them out through the ivory gate; Aeneas makes his way to the ships and returns to his companions. Then he sails straight along the shore to the harbor of Caieta. [The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns stand on the shore.][41]

41 The two gates of dreams, of horn and of ivory, come from Homer's Odyssey (Book 19).

Book 7

War in Latium

The Trojans reach the Tiber; King Latinus offers his daughter, and Juno stirs up war with Turnus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.1	Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix, aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti; et nunc servat honos sedem tuus ossaque nomen Hesperia in magna, siqua est ea gloria, signat. At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt aequora, tendit iter velis portumque relinquit. Adspirant aurae in noctem nec candida cursus Luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus. Proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos adsiduo resonat cantu tectisque superbis urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum, arguto tenuis percurrens pectine telas.	You too, Caieta, nurse of Aeneas, gave our shores everlasting fame by your death; and even now your honor keeps its seat there, and your name marks your bones in great Hesperia, if that is any glory. But devoted Aeneas, when the funeral rites had been duly paid and the mound of the tomb heaped up, and once the deep seas had grown calm, set his course under sail and left the harbor. The breezes blew on into the night, and the bright Moon did not deny them their voyage; the sea gleamed under her trembling light. They skirted the nearby shores of Circe's land, where the rich daughter of the Sun makes her untrodden groves ring with unceasing song, and in her proud halls burns fragrant cedar to light the night, running the whirring comb across her fine weaving.[1]
7.15	Hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum vincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum, saetigerique sues atque in praesaepibus ursi saevire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum, quos hominum ex facie dea saeva potentibus herbis induerat Circe in voltus ac terga ferarum. Quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes delati in portus neu litora dira subirent, Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis atque fugam dedit et praeter vada fervida vexit. Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis: cum venti posuere omnisque repente resedit flatus et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.	From there could be heard the groans and rage of lions fighting against their chains and roaring late into the night, and bristling boars and bears raging in their pens, and the shapes of huge wolves howling: men whom Circe, cruel goddess, with her potent herbs had stripped of human form and clothed in the faces and hides of wild beasts. So that the devoted Trojans should not suffer such monstrous things, carried into that harbor, nor come near that dreadful shore, Neptune filled their sails with favoring winds, gave them escape, and carried them past the seething shallows. And now the sea was reddening with the rays of dawn, and from high heaven saffron Aurora shone in her rosy chariot, when the winds dropped, every breath suddenly fell still, and the oars struggled against the sluggish marble of the sea.
7.29	Atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno verticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena	And here Aeneas, looking out from the sea, saw a vast grove. Through it the Tiber, with its pleasant stream, swirling in rapid eddies and yellow with

1 Caieta, Aeneas' nurse, gave her name to the harbor of Caieta (modern Gaeta). Circe, the enchantress daughter of the Sun, lived on the promontory of Circeii (Monte Circeo) farther up the coast.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	in mare prorumpit. Variae circumque supraque adsuetae ripis volucres et fluminis alveo aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque volabant. flectere iter sociis terraeque advertere proras imperat et laetus fluvio succedit opaco. Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora rerum, quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, advena classem cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris, expediam et primae revocabo exordia pugnae.	abundant sand, bursts out into the sea. All around and overhead, birds of many kinds, at home on the banks and in the river's bed, soothed the air with their song and flew about the grove. He ordered his comrades to change course and turn their prows to land, and joyfully he entered the shady river. Come now, Erato: who the kings were, what the times, what the state of ancient Latium when the foreign army first brought its fleet to Ausonian shores, I will set out, and I will recall the beginnings of the first battle.[2]
7.41	tu vatem, tu, diva, mone. Dicam horrida bella, dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam Hesperiam. Maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo, maius opus moveo. Rex arva Latinus et urbes iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat. Hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica accipimus, Fauno Picus pater isque parentem te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor. filius huic fato divom prolesque virilis nulla fuit primaque oriens erepta iuventa est. Sola domum et tantas servabat filia sedes, iam matura viro, iam plenis nubilis annis.	You, goddess, you instruct your poet. I will tell of dreadful wars, I will tell of battle lines, and kings driven by their passions to their deaths, and the Tyrrhenian band, and all Hesperia forced into arms. A greater order of things is born for me; a greater work I set in motion. King Latinus, now growing old, ruled fields and towns in the calm of a long peace. He was the son, we are told, of Faunus and the Laurentine nymph Marica; Faunus' father was Picus, and Picus names you, Saturn, as his father: you are the first founder of the line. By the fate of the gods he had no son, no male offspring: one had been born, but was snatched away in the first bloom of youth. A single daughter kept the house and that great estate, now ripe for a husband, now of full age to marry.[3]

OMENS FOR LAVINIA

Turnus seeks Latinus' daughter, but portents and Faunus' oracle call for a son-in-law from abroad.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.54	Multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant Ausonia. Petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis Turnus, avis atavisque potens, quem regia coniunx adiungi generum miro properabat amore; sed variis portenta deum terroribus obstant. Laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis, sacra comam multosque metu servata per annos, quam pater inventam, primas cum conderet arces, ipse ferebatur Phoebo sacrasse Latinus Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis. Huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu), stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera vectae, obsedere apicem, ex pedibus per mutua nexis	Many sought her hand from great Latium and all Ausonia. Foremost among them came Turnus, handsomest of them all, mighty in his long line of ancestors, whom the king's wife was eager, with a wondrous love, to have joined to the family as son-in-law; but portents from the gods, with various terrors, stood in the way. There was a laurel in the middle of the palace, in the deep inner court, its foliage sacred and preserved in awe through many years. Father Latinus himself was said to have found it when he was building his first citadel and to have consecrated it to Phoebus, and from it to have given his settlers their name, Laurentines. To the very top of this tree a dense swarm of bees (a

2 Erato is one of the nine Muses, usually the Muse of love poetry.
3 Faunus, Picus and Saturn are old Italian gods; Saturn was said to have ruled Latium in the Golden Age.

LATIN	ENGLISH
examen subitum ramo frondente pependit. Continuo vates: Externum cernimus, inquit,	marvel to tell), carried with a loud humming across the clear air, came and settled on the highest point, and with their feet linked together the sudden swarm hung from the leafy branch. At once the seer said: "We see a man from abroad
7.69 adventare virum et partis petere agmen easdem partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce. Praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis et iuxta genitorem adstat Lavinia virgo, visa (nefas) longis comprendere crinibus ignem, [atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari] regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam insignem gemmis, tum fumida lumine fulvo involvi ac totis Volcanum spargere tectis. Id vero horrendum ac visu mirabile ferri: namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum.	arriving, and a host coming from the same quarter to the same place, and holding sway from the summit of the citadel." Moreover, while the maiden Lavinia stood beside her father as he kindled the altars with pure torches, she seemed (a thing of horror) to catch fire in her long hair, [and all her finery to burn in the crackling flame,] her royal tresses set ablaze, ablaze her crown, brilliant with jewels; then, wrapped in smoke and yellow light, to scatter Vulcan's fire through the whole palace. That was reported as a dreadful and marvelous sight: for they prophesied that she herself would be glorious in fame and fate, but that she foreshadowed a great war for her people.
7.81 At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni, fatidici genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta consulit Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro fonte sonat saevamque exhalat opaca mephitim. Hinc Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos cum tulit et caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petivit, multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris et varias audit voces fruiturque deorum conloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Avernis. Hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat velleribus: subita ex alto vox reddita luco est:	But the king, troubled by the portents, went to the oracle of Faunus, his prophetic father, and consulted the groves beneath lofty Albunea, greatest of forests, which echoes with its sacred spring and in its darkness breathes out a deadly vapor. From here the Italian peoples and all the land of Oenotria seek answers in times of doubt. When the priest has brought his offerings here and, in the silent night, has lain down on the outspread fleeces of slaughtered sheep and sought sleep, he sees many phantoms flitting in wondrous ways, hears all kinds of voices, talks with the gods, and speaks with Acheron in the depths of Avernus. Here, then, father Latinus himself, seeking an answer, duly sacrificed a hundred woolly sheep and lay propped on their hides and outspread fleeces. Suddenly a voice came from the depths of the grove:[4]
7.96 Ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis, O mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis: externi venient generi, qui sanguine nostrum nomen in astra ferant quorumque a stirpe nepotes omnia sub pedibus, qua Sol utrumque recurrens aspicit Oceanum, vertique regique videbunt. Haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus, sed circum late volitans iam Fama per urbes	"Do not seek to join your daughter in a Latin marriage, my offspring, and do not trust the bridal chamber that is prepared. Sons-in-law will come from abroad, whose blood will raise our name to the stars, and the descendants of their line will see the whole world, wherever the Sun in his circuit looks on Ocean at either end, turned and ruled beneath their feet." These answers of his father Faunus, the warnings given in the silent night, Latinus

4 Albunea was a sulphurous spring and grove near Tibur (Tivoli), seat of an oracle of Faunus. Oenotria is an old name for southern Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes gramineo ripae religavit ab aggere classem.	did not keep locked behind his own lips: Rumor, flitting far and wide, had already carried them through the Ausonian cities, when the young men of Laomedon's line moored their fleet to the grassy bank of the river.

EATING THE TABLES

Iulus' joke fulfills a prophecy, and Trojan envoys go to Latinus, who offers Aeneas his daughter.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.107	Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae instituuntque dapes et adorea liba per herbam subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent. Consumptis hic forte aliis ut vertere morsus exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: Heus! etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus, nec plura adludens. Ea vox audita laborum prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit.	Aeneas and his chief captains and handsome Iulus stretched out their bodies under the boughs of a tall tree and set out a feast. They placed wheaten cakes on the grass beneath the food (so Jupiter himself inspired them) and heaped that base of Ceres' grain with wild fruits. Here, as it chanced, when the rest had been eaten and scarcity of food drove them to turn their teeth on the meager bread, to break with hands and bold jaws the circle of the fateful crust and not to spare its broad quarters, "Look! We are eating our tables too!" said Iulus, joking, and nothing more. That saying, once heard, first brought an end to their hardships; his father caught it first from the speaker's lips and, struck with awe at the divine will, held it fast.
7.120	Continuo: Salve fatis mihi debita tellus vosque, ait, O fidi Troiae salvete penates: hic domus, haec patria est. Genitor mihi talia namque (nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit: cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora vectum accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, tum sperare domos defessus ibique memento prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta. Haec erat illa fames; haec nos suprema manebat, exiliis positura modum. Quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis quae loca, quive habeant homines, ubi moenia gentis, vestigemus et a portu diversa petamus. Nunc pateras libate Iovi precibusque vocate Anchisen genitorem, et vina reponite mensis.	At once he said: "Hail, land owed to me by the fates! And hail to you, faithful household gods of Troy! Here is our home, this is our country. For my father Anchises (now I remember) left me these secrets of the fates: 'When, my son, you have been carried to unknown shores, and hunger, your food used up, forces you to eat your tables, then, weary as you are, remember to hope for a home, and there with your own hand to set up your first dwellings and fortify them with a rampart.' This was that hunger; this was the last trial waiting for us, which would set an end to our exile. So come, and gladly, with the first light of the sun, let us explore what this place is, what people live here, where the walls of their nation are, and let us set out from the harbor in different directions. Now pour libations to Jupiter from your bowls, call on my father Anchises in prayer, and set the wine back on the tables."
7.135	Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum Tellurem nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa	So he spoke, and then he wreathed his brows with a leafy branch and prayed to the spirit of the place, and to Earth, first of the gods, and to the nymphs and the rivers still unknown; then he in-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Idaeumque Iovem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem invocat et duplicis caeloque ereboque parentis. Hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto intonuit radiisque ardentem lucis et auro ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem. Diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor advenisse diem, quo debita moenia condant. Certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno crateras laeti statuunt et vina coronant.	voked Night and the rising stars of Night, and Jupiter of Ida, and the Phrygian Mother, each in turn, and his two parents, one in heaven and one in Erebus. At this the almighty father thundered clearly three times from high heaven and, shaking it with his own hand, displayed from the upper air a cloud blazing with rays of light and gold. Then suddenly the rumor spread through the Trojan ranks that the day had come for them to found their promised walls. Eagerly they renewed the feast, and, gladdened by the great omen, set up the mixing bowls and crowned the wine.[5]
7.148	Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis diversi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, hunc Thybrim fluvium, hic fortis habitare Latinos. Tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis ire iubet, ramis velatos Palladis omnis, donaque ferre viro pacemque exposcere Teucris. Haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur passibus. Ipse humili designat moenia fossa moliturque locum primasque in litore sedes castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit. Iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum ardua cernebant iuvenes muroque subibant.	When the next day had risen and was lighting the earth with its first torch, they scattered to explore the city, the borders and the shores of the people: this, they learned, was the pool of the spring of Numicus, this the river Tiber, here lived the brave Latins. Then Anchises' son ordered a hundred envoys, chosen from every rank, to go to the king's majestic walls, all of them wreathed with Pallas' olive branches, to bring gifts to the man and ask for peace for the Teucrians. Without delay they hurried as ordered and went off at a rapid pace. He himself marked out the walls with a shallow trench, labored on the site, and surrounded his first settlement on the shore with battlements and a rampart, like a camp. And now the young men had covered the distance; they could see the towers and lofty roofs of the Latins, and were coming up to the wall.[6]
7.162	Ante urbem pueri et primaevo flore iuventus exercentur equis domitantque in pulvere currus aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis spicula contorquent cursuque ictuque lacessunt: cum praevectus equo longaevi regis ad auris nuntius ingentis ignota in veste reportat advenisse viros. Ille intra tecta vocari imperat et solio medius consedit avito. Tectum augustum ingens. centum sublime columnis, urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici, horrendum silvis et religione parentum. Hic sceptra accipere et primos attollere fasces regibus omen erat, hoc illis curia templum, hae sacris sedes epulis, hic ariete caeso perpetuis soliti patres considere mensis.	Before the city, boys and young men in the first flower of youth were exercising on horseback, breaking in chariot teams in the dust, or drawing taut bows, or hurling pliant javelins with their arms, challenging one another at racing and throwing, when a messenger rode ahead to bring word to the ears of the aged king that huge men in strange dress had arrived. He ordered them to be summoned into the palace and took his seat in their midst on his ancestral throne. The building was majestic and huge, raised high on a hundred columns, at the top of the city: the palace of Laurentine Picus, awe-inspiring with its woods and the reverence of their forefathers. Here it was a sign of good omen for kings to receive the

5 The Phrygian Mother is Cybele, the great goddess of Mount Ida; Aeneas' two parents are Venus in heaven and Anchises in Erebus, the underworld.
6 The Numicus was a small river near Lavinium.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		scepter and first raise the fasces; this temple was their senate house, this the seat of their sacred feasts; here, when a ram had been sacrificed, the elders used to sit down at long, unbroken tables.
7.177	Quin etiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus vitisator, curvam servans sub imagine falcem, Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago vestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges Martiaque ob patriam pugnando volnera passi. Multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma, captivi pendent currus curvaeque secures et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis. Ipse Quirinali lituo parvaque sedebat succinctus trabea laevaque ancile gerebat Picus, equum domitor; quem capta cupidine coniunx aurea percussum virga versumque venenis fecit avem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas.	More than that, there stood in the entrance hall, in order, the images of their ancestors of old, carved from ancient cedar: Italus, and father Sabinus, planter of the vine, keeping his curved pruning hook in his likeness, and old Saturn, and the image of two-faced Janus, and other kings from the beginning, and those who had suffered wounds of Mars fighting for their country. Besides, many arms hung on the sacred doorposts, captured chariots and curved axes, helmet crests and huge bars of city gates, javelins and shields, and beaks torn from ships. There sat Picus himself, tamer of horses, with the Quirinal staff, girt in a short striped robe, carrying the sacred shield on his left arm: Picus, whom his bride Circe, seized by desire, struck with her golden wand and transformed with her drugs into a bird, splashing his wings with colors.[7]
7.192	Tali intus templo divom patriaque Latinus sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta vocavit, atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore: Dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem et genus, auditique advertitis aequore cursum), quid petitis? Quae causa rates aut cuius egentis litus ad Ausonium tot per vada caerula vexit? Sive errore viae seu tempestatibus acti, qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis, ne fugite hospitium neve ignorate Latinos Saturni gentem, haud vinclo nec legibus aequam, sponte sua veterisque dei se more tenentem.	In such a temple of the gods, seated on the throne of his fathers, Latinus summoned the Teucrians into the palace, and as they entered he was the first to speak, with a calm face: "Tell me, Dardanians—for we are not unaware of your city and your people, and we had heard that you were steering your course over the sea—what do you seek? What reason, what need has carried your ships to the Ausonian shore over so many blue waters? Whether you were driven here by straying from your course or by storms, such as sailors often suffer on the high sea, you have entered the river's banks and lie in harbor: do not shun our welcome, and do not fail to recognize the Latins, Saturn's people, who are just not because chains or laws compel them but of their own free will, holding to the custom of the ancient god.
7.205	Atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis) Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris Dardanus Idaeas Phrygiae penetravit ad urbes Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia fertur. Hinc illum, Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum, aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli accipit et numerum divorum altaribus auget. Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic voce secutus:	And indeed I remember (though the story is dimmed by the years) that the old men of the Aurunci used to tell how Dardanus, born in these fields, made his way to the cities of Phrygian Ida and to Thracian Samos, which is now called Samothrace. From here he set out, from Corythus, his Tyrrhenian home; now the golden palace of the

7 The curved staff (lituus) and the small sacred shield (ancile) are emblems of Roman augurs and of the Salian priests of Mars.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos, atra subegit hiemps vestris succedere terris nec sidus regione viae litusve fefellit: consilio hanc omnes animisque volentibus urbem, adferimur, pulsi regnis, quae maxima quondam extremo veniens Sol aspiciebat Olympo.	starry sky receives him on a throne, and he adds to the number of the gods with his altars." He had finished, and Ilioneus followed his words thus: "King, illustrious offspring of Faunus, no black storm has forced us, driven by the waves, to come to your lands, nor has star or shore misled us in the direction of our course. By design and with willing hearts we are all brought to this city, driven from a kingdom once the greatest that the Sun looked upon as he came from the farthest edge of heaven.[8]
7.219 Ab Iove principium generis, Iove Dardana pubes gaudet avo, rex ipse Iovis de gente suprema, Troius Aeneas, tua nos ad limina misit. Quanta per Idaeos saevis effusa Mycenis tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque Europae atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis, audiit et siquem tellus extrema refuso summovet oceano et siquem extenta plagarum quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui. Diluvio ex illo tot vasta per aequora vecti dis sedem exiguam patriis litusque rogamus innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. Non erimus regno indecores, nec vestra feretur fama levis tantique abolescet gratia facti, nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit.	From Jupiter is the beginning of our line; in Jupiter as ancestor the Dardanian youth rejoice; our king himself, of Jupiter's highest line, Trojan Aeneas, has sent us to your doors. How great a storm, poured out of savage Mycenae, swept over the plains of Ida, by what fates the two worlds of Europe and Asia were driven to clash, has been heard even by anyone whom the farthest land holds apart where Ocean flows back on itself, and by anyone whom the zone of the cruel sun, stretched out in the middle of the other four, cuts off. Out of that deluge, carried over so many vast seas, we ask a small home for our fathers' gods, a harmless strip of shore, and the water and air that are open to all. We will not be a disgrace to your kingdom, nor will your renown be lightly spoken of, nor will gratitude for so great a deed fade, nor will the Ausonians regret having taken Troy into their embrace.
7.234 Fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem sive fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro praeferimus manibus vittas ac verba precantia) et petiere sibi et voluere adiungere gentes; sed nos fata deum vestras exquirere terras imperiis egere suis. Hinc Dardanus ortus; huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urguet Apollo Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis vada sacra Numici. Dat tibi praeterea fortunae parva prioris munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas. Hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras; hoc Priami gestamen erat, cum iura vocatis more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras Iliadumque labor vestes.	I swear by the fates of Aeneas and by his mighty right hand, whether anyone has tested it in good faith or in war and arms: many peoples, many nations—do not despise us because we come of our own accord, holding out fillets in our hands and speaking words of prayer—have both sought us for themselves and wished to join us to them; but the fates of the gods, by their commands, have driven us to seek out your lands. Dardanus came from here; here Apollo calls us back and urges us with mighty commands to the Tyrrhenian Tiber and the sacred waters of the spring of Numicus. Besides, he gives you these small gifts of his former fortune, remains rescued from burning Troy. With this gold father Anchises poured libations at the altars; this Priam wore when he gave laws, as was the custom, to the peoples assembled: the scepter,

8 Dardanus, ancestor of the Trojan kings, was said in this Italian version to have come from Corythus (Cortona) in Etruria.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and the sacred tiara, and robes, the toil of Trojan women."
7.249 Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret intentos volvens oculos. Nec purpura regem picta movet nec sceptra movent Priameia tantum, quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur, et veteris Fauni voluit sub pectore sortem, hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum portendi generum paribusque in regna vocari auspiciis, huic progeniem virtute futuram egregiam et totum quae viribus occupet orbem. tandem laetus ait: Di nostra incepta secundent auguriumque suum; dabitur, Troiane, quod optas, munera nec sperno. Non vobis rege Latino divitis uber agri Troiaeve opulentia deerit.	At these words of Ilioneus, Latinus held his face fixed in a steady gaze, rooted motionless to the ground, rolling his intent eyes. The embroidered purple did not move the king, nor did Priam's scepter move him, so much as he dwelt on his daughter's marriage and bridal chamber, and turned over in his heart the oracle of old Faunus: this was the man, setting out from a foreign home, foretold by the fates as his son-in-law, called to the kingdom with equal authority; from him would come descendants glorious in valor, who would seize the whole world by their strength. At last he said with joy: "May the gods favor our undertaking and their own augury! What you wish, Trojan, will be granted, and I do not spurn your gifts. While Latinus is king, you will not lack the richness of fertile land, nor the wealth of Troy.
7.263 Ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est, si iungi hospitio properat sociusque vocari, adveniat voltus neve exhorrescat amicos: illi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni. vos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte. Est mihi nata, viro gentis quam iungere nostrae non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo monstra sinunt: generos externis adfore ab oris, hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum nomen in astra ferant. Hunc illum poscere fata et reor et, siquid veri mens augurat, opto.	Only let Aeneas himself, if he has such longing for us, if he is eager to be joined to us in friendship and to be called our ally, come here and not shrink from friendly faces: for him, to have touched the king's right hand will be a token of peace. You, in turn, now carry my message back to your king. I have a daughter whom the oracles from my father's shrine and many portents from heaven do not allow me to join to a husband of our own people: sons-in-law will come from foreign shores, they prophesy, this is in store for Latium, whose blood will raise our name to the stars. That he is the man the fates demand, I both believe and, if my mind foresees anything true, I desire."
7.274 haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni (stabant ter centum nitidi in praesaepibus altis): omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis; aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent, tecti auro fulvum mandunt sub dentibus aurum; absenti Aeneae currum geminosque iugalis semine ab aetherio, spirantis naribus ignem, illorum de gente, patri quos daedala Circe supposita de matre nothos furata creavit. Talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis saeva Iovis coniunx aurasque invecta tenebat,	Having said this, the father chose horses from his whole herd (three hundred stood sleek in the lofty stalls). At once he ordered that to each of the Teucrians in turn a wing-footed horse should be led, caparisoned with purple and embroidered cloths; golden collars hung down over their chests; covered in gold, they champed yellow gold between their teeth. For the absent Aeneas he sent a chariot and a pair of horses of heavenly stock, breathing fire from their nostrils, of the breed of those that cunning Circe, stealing from her father, had produced as crossbreeds from a mare she had put to his horses. With such gifts and words from Latinus, Aeneas' people rode back high on their horses, bringing peace. But see, the cruel wife of

LATIN	ENGLISH
et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe Dardaniam Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno.	Jupiter was returning from Inachian Argos, riding through the air, and from the sky, far off, from as far away as Sicilian Pachynus, she saw Aeneas rejoicing and the Dardanian fleet.[9]

JUNO SUMMONS ALLECTO

Seeing the Trojans settled, Juno vows to delay their fate and calls the Fury Allecto from the underworld.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.290 moliri iam tecta videt, iam fidere terrae, deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore. Tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta: Heu stirpem invisam et fatis contraria nostris fata Phrygum! Num Sigeis occumbere campis, num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremavit Troia viros? Medias acies mediosque per ignis invenere viam. At, credo, mea numina tandem fessa iacent odiis aut exsaturata quievi. Quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto! Absumptae in Teucros vires caelique marisque.	She saw them already building houses, already trusting in the land, their ships left behind; she stood still, pierced with bitter resentment. Then, shaking her head, she poured out these words from her heart: "Ah, that hated stock, and fates of the Phrygians opposed to my fates! Could they not die on the Sigean plains? Once captured, could they not stay captured? Did burning Troy not burn up these men? Through the midst of battle lines, through the midst of flames, they found a way. But, I suppose, my divine power lies exhausted at last, or I have rested, glutted with hatred. Why, when they were thrown out of their country, I even dared to pursue them over the waves and set myself against the exiles across the whole sea! The strength of sky and sea has been spent against the Teucrians.
7.302 Quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid vasta Charybdis profuit? Optato conduntur Thybridis alveo, securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem immanem Lapithum valuit, concessit in iras ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydona Dianae, quod scelus aut Lapithis tantum aut Calydona merentem? Ast ego magna Iovis coniunx, nil linquere inausum quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia verti, vincor ab Aenea. Quod si mea numina non sunt magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod usquam est: flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo. Non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis, atque immota manet fatis Lavinia coniunx: at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus, at licet amborum populos exscindere regum.	What good to me were the Syrtes, or Scylla, or vast Charybdis? They are sheltered in the Tiber's channel they longed for, without fear of the sea or of me. Mars was able to destroy the monstrous people of the Lapiths; the father of the gods himself gave ancient Calydon over to Diana's anger—and for what crime so great of the Lapiths, or what did Calydon deserve? But I, great wife of Jupiter, who in my misery have been able to leave nothing undared, who have turned myself to every means, I am beaten by Aeneas. If my own divine power is not great enough, I will certainly not hesitate to call on any power there is anywhere: if I cannot bend the gods above, I will move Acheron. It will not be granted me, so be it, to keep him from the Latin kingdom, and Lavinia remains, unalterably by fate, his wife: but I may drag things out and add delays to such great events; but I may destroy the peoples of both kings.[10]

9 Argos, named here for its first king Inachus, was Juno's favorite city; Pachynus is the southeastern cape of Sicily.
10 Mars, left out of the Lapith king's wedding, caused their deadly brawl with the Centaurs; Diana, neglected in a sacrifice, sent the boar to ravage Calydon.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.317	Hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum: sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, virgo, et Bellona manet te pronuba. Nec face tantum Cisseis praegnans ignis enixa iugalis quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter funestaeque iterum recidiva in Pergama taedae. Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras Horrenda petivit: luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi. Odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores Tartareae monstrum: tot sese vertit in ora, tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris. Quam Iuno his acuit verbis ac talia fatur:	Let son-in-law and father-in-law unite at this price, the lives of their people: your dowry, maiden, will be Trojan and Rutulian blood, and Bellona waits to attend your marriage. Not only did the daughter of Cisseus conceive a torch and give birth to wedding fires; no, Venus too has the same in her own child, a second Paris, and once again the torches of death for a Pergamum reborn." When she had said this, the dread goddess made for the earth: she summoned Allecto, bringer of grief, from the home of the Dread Goddesses and the darkness of the underworld, whose heart delights in gloomy wars, anger, ambushes and harmful crimes. Even her father Pluto hates her, her Tartarean sisters hate the monster: so many are the faces she turns herself into, so savage her shapes, so many the black snakes sprouting from her. Juno spurred her on with these words and spoke as follows:[11]
7.331	Hunc mihi da proprium, virgo sata Nocte, laborem, hanc operam, ne noster honos infractave cedat fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum Aeneadae possint Italosve obsidere finis. Tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres atque odiis versare domos, tu verbera tectis funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille, mille nocendi artes. Fecundum concute pectus, disice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli: arma velit poscatque simul rapiatque inventus. Exin Gorgoneis Allecto infecta venenis principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni celsa petit tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae, quam super adventu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant.	"Grant me this task of your own, maiden daughter of Night, this service: that my honor and my fame may not give way, broken, and yield their place, and that Aeneas' people may not win Latinus over by marriage or lay siege to the borders of Italy. You can arm brothers of one mind for battle and overturn homes with hatred; you can bring the lash and the funeral torch beneath a roof; you have a thousand names, a thousand arts of harm. Shake out your fertile heart, shatter the peace that has been settled, sow the grounds for war: let the young men want weapons, demand them and seize them, all at once." Then Allecto, steeped in Gorgon poisons, made first for Latium and the lofty palace of the Laurentine king, and laid siege to the silent threshold of Amata, who was burning, her woman's cares and anger seething within her over the coming of the Teucrians and the marriage of Turnus.

ALLECTO'S WORK

The Fury Allecto drives Queen Amata into Bacchic frenzy and then fires Turnus for war.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.346	Huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem conicit inque sinum praecordia ad intuma subdit, quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem. Ille inter vestes et levia pectora lapsus	At her the goddess threw one of the snakes from her dark-blue hair and thrust it into her bosom, deep into her heart, so that, maddened by the monster, she might throw the whole house into

11 Bellona is the Roman goddess of war. Hecuba, daughter of Cisseus, dreamed while pregnant with Paris that she bore a firebrand; Allecto is one of the Furies.

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volvitur attactu nullo fallitque furentem, vipeream inspirans animam: fit tortile collo aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia vittae innectitque comas, et membris lubricus errat. Ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa veneno pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam, mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est, multa super nata lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis:	confusion. Gliding between her clothes and her smooth breasts, it wound on without being felt and deceived the frenzied woman, breathing its viper's breath into her: the huge snake became the twisted gold necklace at her throat, became the band of her long fillet, wove itself into her hair, and slid slippery over her limbs. And while the first infection, stealing in with its liquid poison, was seizing on her senses and entwining fire through her bones, and her spirit had not yet caught the flame throughout her heart, she spoke gently, as mothers do, weeping much over her daughter and the Phrygian marriage:
7.359 Exsulibusne datur ducenda Lavinia Teucris, O genitor, nec te miseret gnataeque tuique? Nec matris miseret, quam primo aquilone relinquet perfidus alta petens abducta virgine praedo? An non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor Ledaeamque Helenam Troianas vexit ad urbes? Quid tua sancta fides, quid cura antiqua tuorum et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno? Si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis idque sedet Faunique premunt te iussa parentis, omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris dissidet, externam reor et sic dicere divos. Et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo, Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.	"Is Lavinia to be given in marriage to Teucrian exiles, father? Have you no pity for your daughter or yourself? No pity for her mother, whom the faithless pirate will abandon with the first north wind, making for the open sea with the girl carried off? Is that not how the Phrygian shepherd made his way into Lacedaemon and carried Helen, daughter of Leda, off to the cities of Troy? What of your sacred pledge, your long-standing care for your own, the right hand given so many times to your kinsman Turnus? If a son-in-law for the Latins is being sought from a foreign people, and that is settled, and the commands of your father Faunus weigh on you, then I hold that every land that stands apart, free from our rule, is foreign, and that this is what the gods mean. And Turnus too, if the first origin of his house is traced back, has Inachus and Acrisius for ancestors, and the heart of Mycenae."[12]
7.373 His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum contra stare videt penitusque in viscera lapsum serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, tum vero infelix, ingentibus excita monstris, immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem. Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo, quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena curvatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra inpubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum; dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo per medias urbes agitur populosque feroces.	When she saw that she had tried him with these words in vain and that Latinus stood firm against her, while the serpent's maddening poison had slipped deep into her vitals and was running all through her, then indeed the unhappy woman, roused by monstrous horrors, raged without restraint, beside herself, through the vast city. As when at times a top flies, spinning under the twisted lash, which boys, intent on their game, drive in a great circle around empty halls; driven by the whip it whirls along in curving courses; the innocent band of children hangs over it, unknowing, marveling at the spinning boxwood; the blows

12 Turnus descended from Danaë, daughter of Acrisius king of Argos, who was said to have founded Ardea; Inachus was the first king of Argos.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		give it life: so, no slower in her course, she was driven through the midst of cities and among fierce peoples.
7.385	Quin etiam in silvas, simulato numine Bacchi, maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem evolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit, quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur, Euhoe Bacche, fremens, solum te virgine dignum vociferans, etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem. Fama volat, furiisque accensas pectore matres idem omnis simul ardor agit nova quaerere tecta: deseruere domos, ventis dant colla comasque, ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent, pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas; ipsa inter medias flagrantem fervida pinum sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos, sanguineam torquens aciem, torvumque repente clamat: Io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae: Siqua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet, solvite crinalis vittas, capite orgia mecum.	More than that, feigning the divine power of Bacchus, she ventured on a greater outrage and began a greater madness: she flew off into the woods and hid her daughter in the leafy mountains, to rob the Teucrians of the marriage and delay the wedding torches, roaring "Euhoe, Bacchus!" and shouting that he alone was worthy of the maiden, for it was for him that she took up the soft thyrsus, for him that she circled in the dance, for him that she grew her hair as sacred. Rumor flew, and the mothers, their hearts on fire with frenzy, were all driven at once by the same passion to seek new dwellings: they deserted their homes and bared their necks and hair to the winds; others filled the air with quavering howls and, dressed in fawnskins, carried spears twined with vine leaves. In their midst she herself, on fire, held up a blazing pine torch and sang the marriage hymn of her daughter and Turnus, rolling her bloodshot eyes, and suddenly she cried out fiercely: "Ho, mothers of Latium, listen, wherever you are! If any kindness for unhappy Amata still lives in your devoted hearts, if concern for a mother's rights stings you, loosen the fillets in your hair, take up the rites with me!"[13]
7.404	Talem inter silvas, inter deserta ferarum, reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. Postquam visa satis primos acuisse furores consiliumque omnemque domum vertisse Latini, protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis, praecipiti delata noto. Locus Ardea quondam dictus avis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen, sed fortuna fuit; tectis hic Turnus in altis iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem. Allecto torvam faciem et furialia membra exuit, in vultus sese transformat anilis; et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos cum vitta crinis, tum ramum innectit olivae; fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos et iuveni ante oculos his se cum vocibus offert:	So, through the woods and the lonely haunts of wild beasts, Allecto drove the queen this way and that with the goads of Bacchus. When it seemed she had sharpened these first frenzies enough and had overturned Latinus' plans and his whole house, the grim goddess at once rose from there on dusky wings. She flew to the walls of the bold Rutulian, the city that Danaë is said to have founded with settlers of Acrisius' line after the headlong south wind carried her there. Our forefathers once called the place Ardea, and Ardea is still a great name, but its fortune is past. Here, in his high palace, Turnus was already taking his rest in the black middle of the night. Allecto put off her savage face and a Fury's limbs and changed herself into the features of an old woman. She plowed her foul brow with wrinkles, put on white hair with a headband, then wove a sprig of olive into it. She became Calybe, Juno's aged servant and

13 The thyrsus is the ivy-tipped wand carried by worshipers of Bacchus; "Euhoe" is their ritual cry.

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	priestess of her temple, and presented herself before the young man's eyes with these words:[14]
7.421 Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores et tua Dardaniis transcribi sceptra colonis? Rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres. I nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periclis; Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies; tege pace Latinos. Haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres, ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit. Quare age et armari pubem portisque moveri laetus in arma para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro consedere duces pictasque exure carinas. Caelestum vis magna iubet. Rex ipse Latinus, ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur, sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.	"Turnus, will you let so many toils be poured out for nothing, and your scepter be signed over to Dardanian settlers? The king denies you your bride and the dowry you won with your blood, and a foreign heir is sought for the kingdom. Go on now, laughingstock, offer yourself to dangers that earn no thanks. Go, lay low the Etruscan ranks, shield the Latins with peace! The almighty daughter of Saturn herself ordered me to say these very words to you openly while you lay in the quiet night. So come, gladly make your young men ready to arm and to march out of the gates to battle. Burn the Phrygian chiefs who have settled by the lovely river, and burn their painted ships. The great power of the gods above commands it. As for King Latinus himself, unless he agrees to give you your bride and to keep his word, let him feel it, and learn at last what Turnus is in arms."
7.435 Hic iuvenis vatem inridens sic orsa vicissim ore refert: Classis invectas Thybridis undam non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris. Ne tantos mihi finge metus; nec regia Iuno inmemor est nostri. Sed te victa situ verique effeta senectus, o mater, curis nequiquam exercet et arma regum inter falsa vatem formidine ludit. Cura tibi divom effigies et templa tueri: bella viri pacemque gerent, quis bella gerenda.	At this the young man mocked the prophetess and answered her in turn: "The news that a fleet has sailed up the waters of the Tiber has not, as you think, escaped my ears. Do not invent such fears for me; nor has royal Juno forgotten us. But you, mother, your old age, worn down by decay and barren of truth, troubles with cares for nothing, and mocks you, a prophetess, with false terror amid the wars of kings. Your task is to watch over the gods' images and temples. War and peace will be handled by men, whose business war is."
7.445 Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras, at iuveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus, deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydris tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura reppulit et geminos erexit crinibus anguis verberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore: En ego victa situ, quam veri effeta senectus arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit. Respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum, bella manu letumque gero. Sic effata facem iuveni coniecit et atro lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas.	At such words Allecto blazed into anger. Even as the young man was speaking, a sudden trembling seized his limbs and his eyes stared fixed, so many were the serpents the Fury hissed with, so vast the face she revealed. Then, rolling her flaming eyes, she thrust him back as he faltered and tried to say more. She reared up two snakes from her hair, cracked her whip, and added this from her raving mouth: "Look at me, worn down by decay, I whom old age barren of truth mocks with false terror amid the wars of kings! Look at this: I have come from the home of the dread Sisters, and I carry war and death in my hand." So she spoke, and hurled a torch at the young man, and lodged the

14 Danaë, daughter of Acrisius king of Argos, was set adrift at sea with her infant Perseus. Ardea, south of Rome, was the Rutulians' capital.

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brand, smoking with black light, deep in his breast.

7.458 Olli somnum ingens rumpit pavor, ossaque et artus
perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor;
arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit;
saevit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,
ira super: magno veluti cum flamma sonore
virgea suggeritur costis undantis aëni
exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquaï
fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis,
nec iam se capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras.
Ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum
indicit primis iuvenum et iubet arma parari,
tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem:
se satis ambobus Teucrisque venire Latinisque.
Haec ubi dicta dedit divosque in vota vocavit,
certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma:
hunc decus egregium formae movet atque iuventae,
hunc atavi reges, hunc claris dextera factis.

Huge terror broke his sleep, and sweat burst out over his whole body and drenched his bones and limbs. Out of his mind, he roared for arms and searched for arms by his bed and through the house. The lust for the sword raged in him, and the criminal madness of war, and anger above all. It was as when a fire of brushwood is heaped, roaring loudly, beneath the sides of a seething bronze cauldron, and the water leaps with the heat. Within, the steaming flood rages and foams up high over the brim, until the water can no longer contain itself and black vapor flies up into the air. So, the peace now defiled, he ordered the foremost of his young men to march against King Latinus, and commanded that arms be made ready, to defend Italy and thrust the enemy from its borders: he alone was a match for both, Teucrians and Latins alike. When he had said this and called on the gods to hear his vows, the Rutulians eagerly urged one another to arms. One was stirred by the outstanding grace of his beauty and youth, another by his royal ancestors, another by his right hand, famed for brilliant deeds.

SILVIA'S STAG

Ascanius shoots a tame stag, the country people take up arms, and the war's first blood is shed.

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7.475 Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet,
Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis,
arte nova speculata locum, quo litore pulcher
insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus.
Hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia virgo
obicit et noto naris contingit odore,
ut cervum ardentes agerent; quae prima laborum
causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis.
Cervus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent
armenta et late custodia credita campi.
Adsuetum imperiis soror omni Silvia cura
mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis
pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lavabat.

While Turnus filled the Rutulians with daring spirit, Allecto sped on Stygian wings against the Teucrians. With a new trick in mind, she had spied out the shore where handsome Iulus was hunting wild beasts with nets and with the chase. Here the maiden of Cocytus cast a sudden madness on the hounds and touched their nostrils with a familiar scent, so that they chased a stag in hot pursuit. This was the first cause of the troubles, and it kindled the country people's hearts for war. There was a stag of outstanding beauty, with huge antlers. The sons of Tyrrhus had taken it from its mother's udder and were rearing it, together with Tyrrhus their father, whom the king's herds obeyed and to whom the keeping of the wide plain was entrusted. The creature was used to their commands, and their sister Silvia, with every care, used to deck its antlers with soft woven gar-

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	lands. She combed the wild creature and washed it in a clear spring.
Ille, manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili, errabat silvis rursusque ad limina nota ipse domum sera quamvis se nocte ferebat. Hunc procul errantem rabidae venantis Iuli commovere canes, fluvio cum forte secundo deflueret ripaque aestus viridante levaret. Ipse etiam, eximiae laudis succensus amore, Ascanius curvo direxit spicula cornu; nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo perque uterum sonitu perque ilia venit harundo. Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit successitque gemens stabulis questuque cruentus atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat. Silvia prima soror, palmis percussa lacertos, auxilium vocat et duros conclamat agrestis.	Tame to the hand and used to its master's table, it would wander in the woods and then come home by itself to the familiar doorway, however late at night. As it wandered far off, the frenzied hounds of Iulus on the hunt startled it, just when it happened to be floating downstream with the current and cooling off the heat on the green bank. Ascanius himself too, fired with love of outstanding praise, aimed an arrow from his curved bow. A god did not fail his uncertain hand, and the shaft, driven with a loud hiss, passed through its belly and flanks. The wounded animal fled back inside its familiar home and crept groaning into its stall. Bleeding, like someone begging for help, it filled the whole house with its cries. Silvia, its sister, was the first. Beating her arms with her palms, she called for help and summoned the hardy country folk.
Olli, pestis enim tacitis latet aspera silvis, inprovisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto, stipitis hic gravidi nodis: quod cuique repertum rimanti, telum ira facit. Vocat agmina Tyrrhus, quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis scindebat, rapta spirans immane securi. At saeva e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo pastorale canit signum cornuque recurvo Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne contremuit nemus et silvae insonuere profundae; audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis sulfurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini, et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos.	They came unexpectedly, for the cruel plague lay hidden in the silent woods. One was armed with a fire-hardened stake, another with a heavy knotted club: whatever each man found as he searched, anger turned into a weapon. Tyrrhus called his bands together. He happened to be splitting an oak into four with wedges driven in, and he snatched up an ax, breathing fury. But the savage goddess, seizing her moment for harm from her lookout, made for the high roof of the stable. From its topmost ridge she sounded the shepherds' signal and strained out a hellish note on a curved horn. At once the whole grove shuddered and the woods resounded to their depths. Trivia's lake heard it far away, the Nar heard it, white with sulfurous water, and the springs of Velinus heard it, and anxious mothers clasped their children to their breasts.
Tum vero ad vocem celeres, qua bucina signum dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis indomiti agricolae; nec non et Troïa pubes Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis. Direxere acies. Non iam certamine agresti, stipitibus duris agitur sudibusve praeustis, sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late horrescit strictis seges ensibus aeraque fulgent sole lacessita et lucem sub nubila iactant: fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere vento, paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo.	Then indeed, at the sound where the dread horn had given its signal, the untamed farmers snatched up weapons and ran together swiftly from every side. The Trojan youth too poured out from the open camp to help Ascanius. They drew up their battle lines. Now it was no rustic brawl fought with hard clubs or fire-hardened stakes. They settled it with two-edged steel, and far and wide a dark harvest of drawn swords bristled. Bronze flashed as the sun struck it and flung its light up to the clouds. As when a wave begins to whiten at the first breath of wind, little by little

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the sea rises and lifts its waves higher, then surges up from its lowest depths to the sky.
7.531 Hic iuvenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta, natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo, sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture volnus et udae vocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam. Corpora multa virum circa seniorque Galaesus, dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus arvis: quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant armenta, et terram centum vertebat aratris. Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur, promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum imbuit et primae commisit funera pugnae, deserit Hesperiam et caeli convexa per auras Iunonem victrix adfatur voce superba:	Here, before the front line, a young man was laid low by a whistling arrow: Almo, who had been the eldest of Tyrrhus' sons. The wound lodged beneath his throat and choked with blood the passage of his moist voice and his slender life. Many bodies of men lay around him, and among them old Galaesus, struck down as he put himself between the lines to plead for peace. He was the one most just of all men, and once the richest in the Ausonian fields: five flocks of bleating sheep were his, five herds came home to him each evening, and he turned the earth with a hundred plows. While the fight went on across the plains with even fortune of war, the goddess made good her promise. Once she had steeped the war in blood and begun the deaths of the first battle, she left Hesperia and, wheeling through the air of the vaulted sky, addressed Juno in triumph, in a proud voice:
7.545 En, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi: dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant. Quando quidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros, hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa voluntas: finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes accendamque animos insani Martis amore, undique ut auxilio veniunt; spargam arma per agros. Tum contra Iuno; Terrorum et fraudis abunde est; stant belli causae, pugnatur comminus armis, quae fors prima dedit sanguis novus imbuit arma. Talia coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus.	"See, discord is accomplished for you in grim war. Tell them to join in friendship now and make treaties! Since I have spattered the Teucrians with Ausonian blood, I will add this too, if I am sure it is your will. With rumors I will bring the neighboring cities into the war and kindle their hearts with love of mad Mars, so that they come from everywhere to help. I will scatter arms across the fields." Then Juno answered her: "There is enough of terror and deceit. The causes of war stand firm; they are fighting hand to hand; the weapons that chance first supplied are stained with fresh blood. Let such be the marriage, such the wedding rites that Venus' splendid offspring and King Latinus himself celebrate.
7.557 Te super aetherias errare licentius auras haud pater ille velit, summi regnator Olympi: cede locis; ego, siqua super fortuna laborum est, ipsa regam. Talis dederat Saturnia voces. Illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas Cocytique petit sedem, supera ardua linquens. Est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis, nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris, Amsancti valles: densis hunc frondibus atrum urguet utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens. Hic specus horrendum et saevi spiracula Ditis	The father, ruler of high Olympus, would hardly wish you to roam too freely through the upper air. Leave this place. If any fortune remains in these struggles, I myself will direct it." Such were the words the daughter of Saturn had spoken. Allecto raised her wings, hissing with snakes, and made for her home in Cocytus, leaving the heights above. There is a place in the middle of Italy, beneath high mountains, renowned and spoken of in many lands: the valley of Amsanctus. On either side the flank of a forest, black with dense foliage, hems it in, and in the middle a crashing torrent

LATIN	ENGLISH
monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, invisum numen, terras caelumque levabat.	roars over the rocks in whirling eddies. Here they show a fearsome cave, the breathing-vents of cruel Dis, and a vast chasm where Acheron bursts out opens its deadly jaws. Into it the Fury, that hateful power, vanished, and relieved earth and sky.[15]

THE GATES OF WAR

Latinus gives up the reins of power, and Juno herself flings open the gates of war.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.572 Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello imponit regina manum. Ruit omnis in urbem pastorum ex acie numerus caesosque reportant Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum. Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna vocari, stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli. Tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora avia matres insultant thiasis (neque enim leve nomen Amatae), undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant. Ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum, contra fata deum perverso numine poscunt, certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini.	Meanwhile, no less, the queen, daughter of Saturn, put the finishing hand to the war. The whole crowd of shepherds rushed from the battlefield into the city, carrying back their dead, the boy Almo and Galaesus with his disfigured face. They implored the gods and called Latinus to witness. Turnus was there, and amid the outcry over the killing and the heat of passion he doubled their terror: Teucrians were being invited to rule, Phrygian stock was being mingled with theirs, and he himself was being driven from the door. Then the men whose mothers, struck by Bacchus, were dancing in Bacchic bands through the pathless woods—for Amata's name carried no small weight—gathered from every side and wearied Mars with their demands. At once, all of them, against the omens, against the fates of the gods, under a perverse divine will, demanded unspeakable war, and eagerly surrounded King Latinus' palace.
7.586 Ille velut pelagi rupes immota resistit, ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore, quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. Verum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas consilium et saevae nutu Iunonis eunt res, multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis: Frangimur heu fatis, inquit, ferimurque procella! Ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, O miseri. Te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit supplicium, votisque deos venerabere seris. Nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus; funere felici spolior. Nec plura locutus saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas.	He resisted like a rock in the sea that does not move, like a rock in the sea when a great crashing wave comes on. It holds itself firm by its mass while many waves bark around it. The crags and foaming stones roar around it in vain, and the seaweed dashed against its side is flung back. But when he was given no power to overcome their blind counsel, and events went as cruel Juno willed, father Latinus called again and again on the gods and the empty air to witness, and said: "Alas, we are broken by fate and swept away by the storm! You yourselves will pay this penalty with sacrilegious blood, poor wretches. You, Turnus, the crime will await, you the grim punishment, and you will worship the gods with prayers too late. As for me, my rest is won, and I stand at the very mouth of the harbor; I am robbed only of

15 Amsanctus is a valley of sulfurous springs in the land of the Hirpini, in south-central Italy.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	a happy death." He said no more, but shut himself in his palace and let go the reins of government.
7.601 Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes Albanae coluere sacrum nunc maxima rerum Roma colit, cum prima movent in proelia Martem, sive Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum Hyrcanisve Arabisve parant seu tendere ad Indos Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa. Sunt geminae belli portae (sic nomine dicunt) religione sacrae et saevi formidine Martis; centum aerei claudunt vectes aeternaque ferri robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus: has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae, ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino insignis reserat stridentia limina consul, ipse vocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes, aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco.	There was a custom in Hesperian Latium, which the Alban cities held sacred from then on, and which Rome, greatest of all things, observes now, whenever they first rouse Mars to battle. They do it whether they are preparing to carry tearful war by force to the Getae, the Hyrcanians or the Arabs, or to march to the Indians, follow the Dawn, and demand back the standards from the Parthians. There are twin Gates of War (that is the name they are called by), sacred through religious awe and dread of savage Mars. A hundred bronze bars and the everlasting strength of iron close them, and Janus, their guardian, never leaves the threshold. When the senators have firmly resolved on war, the consul himself, distinguished by the Quirinal robe and the Gabine style of girding, unbars these creaking doors. He himself calls out the battles. Then the rest of the young men follow, and the bronze horns blare their hoarse assent together.[16]
7.616 Hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas. Abstinuit tactu pater aversusque refugit foeda ministeria et caecis se condidit umbris. Tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine verso belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postes. Ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante; Pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis pulverulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt. Pars levis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent arvina pingui subiguntque in cote secures; signaque ferre iuvat sonitusque audire tubarum. Quinque adeo magnae positis incudibus urbes tela novant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae.	By this custom Latinus too was now being urged to declare war on Aeneas' people and to unbar the grim gates. The father refused to touch them. He turned away, fled the hateful duty, and hid himself in blind darkness. Then the queen of the gods glided down from the sky and with her own hand pushed the reluctant gates. Turning them on their hinges, the daughter of Saturn burst open the iron-bound doors of war. Ausonia, unstirred and unmoving before, now blazed up. Some made ready to go on foot across the plains; others, high on tall horses, rushed furiously through the dust. All called for arms. Some polished smooth shields and bright javelins with rich fat and ground axes on the whetstone. They delighted to carry standards and to hear the sound of trumpets. Five great cities set up anvils and forged new weapons: mighty Atina and proud Tibur, Ardea and Crustumerium and towered Antemnae.
7.632 Tegmina tuta cavant capitum flectuntque salignas umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos aut levis ocreas lento ducunt argento; vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses. Classica iamque sonant; it bello tessera signum.	They hollowed out helmets to protect their heads and bent willow frames for shields. Others beat out bronze breastplates or smooth greaves of pliant silver. The honor once paid to the plowshare and the pruning hook, all their love of the plow, had given way to this. They reforged their fathers'

16 The doors of Janus' temple in Rome stood open in war and were closed in peace; Augustus closed them in 29 BC. The Parthians had captured Roman standards at Carrhae in 53 BC and returned them to Augustus in 20 BC.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille frementis ad iuga cogit equos clipeumque auroque trilicem loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense. Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantusque movete, qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum floruerit terra alma viris, quibus arserit armis. Et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis: ad nos vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.	swords in the furnaces. And now the trumpets sounded, and the password went round, the signal for war. One man snatched his helmet from the house in haste, another forced his snorting horses to the yoke, put on his shield and his breastplate triple-woven with gold, and buckled on his trusty sword. Now open Helicon, goddesses, and stir up your song. Tell which kings were roused to war, what armies followed each of them and filled the plains, what men the nurturing land of Italy flowered with even then, and what arms it blazed with. For you remember, goddesses, and you can tell it; to us barely a faint breath of the story drifts down.[17]

THE ITALIAN MUSTER

The poet lists the Italian leaders who join Turnus, from Mezentius and Lausus to Camilla.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.647 Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris contemptor divom Mezentius agminaque armat. Filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni, Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum, ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos mille viros, dignus, patriis qui laetior esset imperiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset. Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum victoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro pulcher Aventinus, clipeoque insigne paternum centum angues cinctamque gerit serpentibus hydram; collis Aventini silva quem Rhea sacerdos furtivum partu sub luminis edidit oras, mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia victor Geryone extincto Tirynthius attigit arva Tyrrhenoque boves in flumine lavit Hiberas.	The first to enter the war and arm his columns was Mezentius, fierce, from the Etruscan coasts, a despiser of the gods. Beside him was his son Lausus, more handsome than any other except Laurentine Turnus. Lausus, tamer of horses and conqueror of wild beasts, led a thousand men who followed him, in vain, from the city of Agylla. He deserved to be happier in his father's rule, and to have a father other than Mezentius. After them handsome Aventinus, son of handsome Hercules, displayed across the grass his chariot adorned with the victor's palm and his victorious horses. On his shield he carried his father's emblem, a hundred snakes and the Hydra girt with serpents. The priestess Rhea bore him secretly in the forest of the Aventine hill, bringing him into the borders of light, a woman joined with a god. This was after the Tirynthian, victorious over the slain Geryon, reached the Laurentine fields and bathed his Spanish cattle in the Etruscan river.[18]
7.664 Pila manu saevosque gerunt in bella dolones et tereti pugnant mucrone veruque Sabello. Ipse pedes, tegumen torquens immane leonis, terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat, horridus, Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.	His men carried javelins in their hands and cruel pikes for war, and fought with the tapering blade and the Sabellian spit. Aventinus himself went on foot, wrapped in a huge lion's skin that he wore over his head, shaggy with terrible bristles and white teeth. In this way he entered the royal

17 Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, was the home of the Muses.
18 Mezentius was the tyrant of Caere (Agylla) in Etruria, expelled by his own people (8.481ff.). Hercules, "the Tirynthian," drove the cattle of the monster Geryon from Spain through Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem, Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiva iuventus, et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur: ceu duo nubigenae cum vertice montis ab alto descendunt centauri, Homolen Othrymque nivalem linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens silva locum et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.	palace, a bristling figure with Hercules' garb fastened around his shoulders. Then twin brothers left the walls of Tibur, a people named after their brother Tiburtus: Catillus and fierce Coras, young men of Argos. They rushed before the front line amid the thick weapons. As when two cloud-born Centaurs come down from a high mountaintop, leaving Homole and snowy Othrys at a rapid pace; the vast forest makes way for them as they go, and the thickets yield with a great crash.
7.678	Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis, Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem inventumque focis omnis quem credidit aetas Caeculus. Hunc late legio comitatur agrestis: quique altum Praeneste viri quique arva Gabinae Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis Hernica saxa colunt, quos dives Anagnia pascit, quos, Amasene pater. Non illis omnibus arma, nec clipei currusve sonant: pars maxima glandes liventis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat bina manu, fulvosque lupi de pelle galeros tegmen habent capiti, vestigia nuda sinistri instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero.	Nor was the founder of the city of Praeneste missing, the king whom every age has believed was born to Vulcan among the country herds and found on a hearth: Caeculus. A rustic legion accompanied him from far and wide. There were men who dwell in high Praeneste and the fields of Gabine Juno, by the cold Anio and among the Hernican rocks wet with streams; men whom rich Anagnia nourishes, and whom you, father Amasenus, nourish. Not all of them had armor, nor did shields or chariots ring for them. Most of them slung bullets of dull lead; some carried two javelins in hand and wore tawny caps of wolfskin to cover their heads. They went with the left foot bare, while a rawhide boot covered the other.
7.691	At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles, quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro, iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello agmina in arma vocat subito ferrumque retractat. Hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos. Hi Soractis habent arces Flaviniaque arva et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos. Ibant aequati numero regemque canebant, ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni, cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe pulsa palus. Nec quisquam aeratas acies ex agmine tanto misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto urgueri volucrum raucarum ad litora nubem.	But Messapus, tamer of horses, son of Neptune, whom no one is permitted to lay low by fire or steel, suddenly called to arms his peoples long idle and his columns unused to war, and took up the sword again. Among them were the ranks of Fescennium and the Aequi Falisci, and those who held the heights of Soracte and the Flavinian fields, the lake and mount of Ciminus and the groves of Capena. They marched in even ranks and sang of their king, as snow-white swans at times among the clear clouds, returning from their feeding, pour melodious notes from their long necks; the river resounds, and the Asian marsh, struck far off. No one would have thought that bronze-clad ranks were massing in that great host, but rather that an airy cloud of hoarse birds was pressing from the deep sea toward the shore.
7.706	Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar, Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis. Una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, Ereti manus omnis oliviferaeque Mutuscae;	Look! Of the ancient blood of the Sabines came Clausus, leading a great column, himself the equal of a great column. From him the Claudian tribe and clan now spread through Latium, since Rome was shared with the Sabines. With him came a huge cohort from Amiternum and the ancient

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini, qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Severum Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae, qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit Nursia, et Hortinae classes populique Latini, quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen: quam multi Libyco volvuntur marmore fluctus saevus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis; vel cum sole novo densae torrentur aristae aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flaventibus arvis.	Quirites, the whole band of Eretum and of olive-bearing Mutusca. There came those who dwell in the city of Nomentum and the Rosean fields by the Velinus, on the crags of rugged Tetrica and Mount Severus, in Casperia and Foruli and by the river Himella; those who drink the Tiber and the Fabaris, those whom cold Nursia sent, the Hortine squadrons and the Latin peoples, and those whom the Allia, that ill-omened name, divides as it flows between them. They were as many as the waves that roll on the Libyan sea when savage Orion sets in the wintry waters, or as the thick ears of grain scorched by the early summer sun on the plain of Hermus or in the yellow fields of Lycia.[19]
7.722	Scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus. Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis, curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis mille rapit populos, vertunt felicia Baccho Massica qui rastris et quos de collibus altis Aurunci misere patres, Sidicinaque iuxta aequora quique Cales linquunt, amnisque vadosi accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper Oscorumque manus. Teretes sunt aclydes illis tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello; laevas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.	Shields clanged, and the earth trembled, terrified by the beat of their feet. Next, Agamemnon's Halaesus, an enemy of the Trojan name, yoked his horses to his chariot and swept along a thousand fierce peoples for Turnus. There were those who turn with mattocks the Massic fields, fruitful for Bacchus, and those whom the Auruncan fathers sent from their high hills, and the people of the Sidicine plains nearby, those who leave Cales, and the dwellers by the shallow Volturnus, and with them the rough Saticulan and the band of the Oscans. Their weapons were smooth throwing clubs, which it is their custom to fit with a pliant thong. A light buckler covered their left hands, and for close fighting they had curved swords.
7.733	Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis, Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, iam senior; patriis sed non et filius arvis contentus late iam tum dicione premebat Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arva Celemnae et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias, tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex, aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis.	Nor shall you go unsung in my verses, Oebalus, whom Telon is said to have fathered on the nymph Sebethis when, already growing old, he held Capri, the kingdom of the Teleboans. But the son, not content with his father's fields, even then held under his sway, far and wide, the Sarrastian peoples and the plains watered by the Sarnus, those who hold Rufrae and Batulum and the fields of Celemna, and those on whom the walls of apple-bearing Abella look down. They were used to hurling darts in the Teutonic fashion. Their helmets were bark stripped from the cork oak; their light bronze shields gleamed, and their bronze swords gleamed.
7.744	Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae, Ufens, insignem fama et felicibus armis;	You too, Ufens, mountainous Nersae sent into battle, famed in story and fortunate in arms. His

19 Clausus is the legendary ancestor of the Claudii, one of Rome's great patrician families. At the river Allia the Gauls crushed a Roman army in 390 BC.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo venatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis. Armati terram exercent, semperque recentis convectare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto. Quin et Marruvia venit de gente sacerdos, fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliva. Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro, vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat mulcebatque iras et morsus arte levabat. Sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum evaluit, neque eum iuvere in volnera cantus somniferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae. Te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda, te liquidi flevere lacus.	people were especially rugged and used to hunting much in the woods, the Aequiculi of the hard soil. They worked the land in arms, and always delighted to carry off fresh plunder and live on what they seized. There came also a priest from the Marruvian people, his helmet adorned with leaves of fruitful olive, sent by King Archippus: Umbro, bravest of men. With song and touch he used to shed sleep on the brood of vipers and on water snakes of deadly breath; he soothed their anger and by his art relieved their bites. But he had no power to heal the blow of a Dardanian spear-point, and neither his sleep-bringing charms nor the herbs sought in the Marsian mountains helped him against wounds. For you the grove of Angitia wept, and Fucinus with its glassy water; the clear lakes wept for you.
7.761	Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello, Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit, eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae. Namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte novercae occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus aetheria et superas caeli venisse sub auras, Paeoniis revocatum herbis et amore Dianae. Tum pater omnipotens, aliquem indignatus ab umbris mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere vitae, ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.	There came also to war the most handsome son of Hippolytus, Virbius, splendid, sent by his mother Aricia. He was reared in the groves of Egeria around the marshy shores, where stands the rich altar of Diana, easily appeased. For the story goes that Hippolytus fell through his stepmother's scheming and paid his father's vengeance in full with his blood, torn apart by panicked horses. Then he came again to the stars of heaven and the upper air of the sky, called back by Paeonian herbs and by Diana's love. The almighty father, angry that any mortal should rise from the shades below to the light of life, himself hurled with his lightning the discoverer of such healing skill, the son of Phoebus, down to the Stygian waters.[20]
7.774	At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis aevom exigeret versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset. Unde etiam templo Triviae lucisque sacratis cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum et iuvenem monstris pavidi effudere marinis. Filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat. Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est. Cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram sustinet, Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis:	But kindly Trivia hid Hippolytus in a secret dwelling and sent him away to the nymph Egeria and her grove. There he might live out his life alone and unknown in the Italian woods, and there, his name changed, he would be Virbius. That is why hoofed horses are kept away from Trivia's temple and sacred groves: terrified by monsters from the sea, they threw the chariot and the young man onto the shore. Nonetheless his son was driving fiery horses over the level plain and rushing to war in his chariot. Turnus himself, outstanding in build, moved among the foremost, weapons in hand, taller than all by a whole head. His tall helmet, crested with a triple plume, bore a Chimaera

20 Hippolytus, son of Theseus, was falsely accused by his stepmother Phaedra and killed by his own horses. Asclepius, Phoebus' son, brought him back to life. Aricia is also a town near Lake Nemi.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis, quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.	breathing Etna's fires from its jaws. The more savage the battles grew with the shedding of blood, the more she roared and raged with grim flames.
7.789	At levem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos (argumentum ingens), et custos virginis Argus caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna. Insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis agmina densentur campis, Argivaque pubes Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli veteresque Sicani et Sacranae acies et picti scuta Labici; qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici litus arant Rutulosque exercent vomere colles Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus arvis praesidet et viridi gaudens Feronia luco; qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas quaerit iter vallis atque in mare conditur Ufens.	His smooth shield was emblazoned in gold with Io, her horns raised, already covered with bristles, already a cow, a mighty theme. Argus, the maiden's guardian, was there too, and her father Inachus pouring out his river from an engraved urn. Behind came a cloud of foot soldiers, and columns with shields crowded the whole plain: Argive youth and Auruncan bands, Rutulians and ancient Sicanians, Sacranian ranks and Labicians with painted shields. There came those who plow your glades, Tiber, and the sacred shore of Numicus, who work with the plowshare the Rutulian hills and Circe's ridge, whose fields Jupiter of Anxur watches over, and Feronia, delighting in her green grove; and those from where the black marsh of Satura lies and the cold Ufens seeks its way through the depths of the valleys and hides itself in the sea.[21]
7.803	Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas, bellatrix, non illa colo calathisve Minervae femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos. Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas, vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti ferret iter celeris nec tingueret aequore plantas. Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem, attonitis inhians animis, ut regius ostro velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram et pastoralem praefixa cuspide myrtum.	Besides all these came Camilla, of the Volscian people, leading a column of horsemen and squadrons bright with bronze. She was a warrior woman. She had not trained her woman's hands to Minerva's distaff or wool baskets; a maiden, she had trained herself to endure hard battles and to outstrip the winds with her running feet. She could have flown over the tops of uncut grain without harming the tender ears as she ran, or made her way through the middle of the sea, poised on the swelling wave, without wetting her swift soles in the water. All the young men poured out of houses and fields, and the crowd of mothers too, to marvel at her and gaze after her as she went, gaping, their minds stunned. They watched how the royal honor of purple veiled her smooth shoulders, how a brooch fastened her hair with gold, how she carried a Lycian quiver and a shepherd's myrtle staff tipped with a spear-point.[22]

21 Io, daughter of the river god Inachus, was loved by Jupiter and turned into a cow; Juno set hundred-eyed Argus to guard her. Turnus claims descent from Inachus (7.371–2).
22 Camilla is the warrior maiden of the Volscians, whose story and death are told in Book 11.

Book 8

The site of Rome
Aeneas visits Evander on the future site of Rome and receives a shield showing Rome's history.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.1	Ut belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu, utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma, extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu coniurat trepido Latium saevitque iuventus effera. Ductores primi Messapus et Ufens contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt auxilia et latos vastant cultoribus agros. mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem, qui petat auxilium et Latio consistere Teucros, advectum Aenean classi victosque penatis inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci edoceat multasque viro se adiungere gentis Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen. Quid struat his coeptis, quem, si Fortuna sequatur, eventum pugnae cupiat, manifestius ipsi quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino.	When Turnus raised the signal of war from the citadel of Laurentum, and the horns blared their harsh music, when he roused his spirited horses and clashed his arms, at once hearts were in turmoil. All Latium banded together in anxious uproar, and the young men raged, wild. The foremost leaders, Messapus and Ufens and Mezentius, scorner of the gods, gathered forces from every side and stripped the wide fields of their farmers. Venulus too was sent to the city of great Diomedes, to ask for help and to inform him that the Teucrians were taking their stand in Latium. Aeneas, he was to say, had arrived with his fleet, bringing in his conquered household gods and declaring that he was the king the fates demanded; many peoples were joining the Dardanian, and his name was spreading far and wide through Latium. What Aeneas was building with these beginnings, and what outcome of the fighting he desired if Fortune should attend him, would be plainer to Diomedes himself than to King Turnus or King Latinus.[1]

THE RIVER GOD'S PROMISE

Father Tiber appears to Aeneas in a dream, foretells the white sow, and sends him to Evander.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.18	Talia per Latium. Quae Laomedontius heros cuncta videns magno curarum fluctuat aestu, atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc. In partisque rapit varias perque omnia versat: sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunae omnia pervolitat late loca iamque sub auras erigitur summique ferit lacuaria tecti. Nox erat, et terras animalia fessa per omnis alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat: cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,	Such was the state of things throughout Latium. The hero of Laomedon's line saw it all and tossed on a great tide of cares. He divided his swift mind now this way, now that, sent it rushing in different directions, and turned it over every possibility: as when the trembling light on water in bronze basins, thrown back by the sun or by the image of the radiant moon, flits far and wide over every place, and now rises into the air and strikes the paneled ceiling high above. It was night, and through all the lands deep sleep held weary

1 Diomedes, a Greek hero who fought Aeneas at Troy, had settled at Arpi in southern Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amoeno populeas inter senior se attollere frondes visus; eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo, tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:	creatures, birds and beasts alike, when father Aeneas, his heart troubled by grim war, lay down on the riverbank beneath the vault of the cold sky and at last let rest spread through his limbs. Before him the god of the place himself, Tiberinus of the pleasant stream, seemed to rise, an old man, from among the poplar leaves. Fine linen veiled him in a gray-green mantle, and shady reeds covered his hair. Then he seemed to speak to him and to take away his cares with these words:[2]
8.36	O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem qui revehis nobis aeternaque Pergama servas, exspectate solo Laurenti arvisque Latinis, hic tibi certa domus, certi, ne absiste, penates; neu belli terrere minis: tumor omnis et irae concessere deum. [Iamque tibi, ne vana putes haec fingere somnum,] [litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,] [triginta capitum fetus enixa, iacebit,] [alba, solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati.] [Hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum] [ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis] [Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.] [Haud incerta cano.] Nunc qua ratione quod instat expedias victor, paucis (adverte) docebo.	"O son sprung from the gods, you who bring back to us the city of Troy from its enemies and preserve Pergamum for all time, long awaited on Laurentine soil and in the Latin fields: here is your sure home—do not draw back—here are your sure household gods. Do not be frightened by threats of war: all the swelling anger of the gods has subsided. [And now, so that you will not think sleep is inventing these things in vain, a huge sow will be found lying beneath the oaks on the shore, having given birth to a litter of thirty young: white, stretched on the ground, with white piglets around her teats. This will be the site of your city, that the sure rest from your toils. From this, when thrice ten years have rolled round, Ascanius will found a city, Alba, of illustrious name. I prophesy nothing uncertain.] Now pay attention, and in a few words I will teach you how you may come through victorious from what lies before you.[3]
8.51	Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum, qui regem Euandrum comites, qui signa secuti, delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem Pallantis proavi de nomine Pallanteum. Hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge. Ipse ego te ripis et recto flumine ducam, adversum remis superes subvectus ut amnem. Surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris Iunoni fer rite preces iramque minasque supplicibus supera votis. Mihi victor honorem persolves. Ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis stringentem ripas et pinguia culta secantem, caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis. Hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus, exit.	Arcadians, a people descended from Pallas, who followed King Evander as his companions and followed his standards, chose a site on these shores and built a city in the hills, Pallanteum, named after their forefather Pallas. They wage war ceaselessly with the Latin people; take them into your camp as allies and make a treaty with them. I myself will guide you between my banks, straight up the stream, so that, carried upward on your oars, you may overcome the opposing current. Rise, come, goddess-born, and as the first stars are setting, offer due prayers to Juno and overcome her anger and threats with suppliant vows. To me you will pay honor when you are victorious. I am the one you see grazing the banks with full flood and cutting through the rich farmland, the blue Tiber,

2 Laomedon, father of Priam, was an earlier king of Troy.
3 Alba means "white," recalling the white sow; Alba Longa was the mother city of Rome.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		the river most dear to heaven. Here is my great home; my source rises among lofty cities."[4]
8.66	Dixit, deinde lacu fluvius se condidit alto, ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit. Surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis lumina rite cavis undam de flumine palmis sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera voces: Nymphae, Laurentes nymphae, genus amnibus unde est, tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto, accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis. Quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra fonte tenet, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis corniger hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum. Adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.	He spoke, then the river sank into his deep pool, seeking the depths; night and sleep left Aeneas. He rose, and gazing at the rising light of the sun in the sky, he duly lifted water from the river in his cupped palms and poured out these words to the heavens: "Nymphs, Laurentine nymphs, from whom rivers have their birth, and you, father Tiber, with your sacred stream, receive Aeneas and at last keep him safe from dangers. In whatever spring your pool holds you, who pity our troubles, from whatever soil you flow forth in your great beauty, always with my worship, always with my gifts you will be honored, horned river, ruler of the western waters. Only be with me, and confirm your divine will more closely."
8.79	sic memorat geminasque legit de classe biremis remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum; candida per silvam cum fetu concolor albo procubuit viridique in litore conspicitur sus. Quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxuma Iuno, mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. Thybris ea fluvium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda, mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.	So he spoke, and he chose two biremes from the fleet and fitted them with oarsmen, and at the same time equipped his comrades with arms. But see—a sudden portent, wonderful to behold: white, through the forest, with her litter all white like herself, a sow lay stretched out and was seen on the green shore. Devoted Aeneas sacrificed her to you, yes to you, greatest Juno, offering the rites, and set her with her brood before the altar. All that night, long as it was, the Tiber calmed his swelling flood, and, flowing back with silent wave, stood so still that he leveled his waters like a gentle pool or a calm marsh, so that the oars should have no struggle.
8.90	Ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo; labitur uncta vadis abies; mirantur et undae, miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe scuta virum fluvio pictasque innare carinas. Olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant et longos superant flexus variisque teguntur arboribus viridisque secant placido aequore silvas. Sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem, cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum tecta vident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo aequavit, tum res inopes Euandrus habebat: ocius advertunt proras urbique propinquant.	So they sped on the journey they had begun, amid joyful cries. The tarred fir glided over the water. The waves marveled, and the woods, unused to the sight, marveled at the warriors' shields gleaming far off and the painted hulls floating on the river. They wore out night and day with rowing, passed the long bends, were shaded by trees of every kind, and cut through the green woods on the calm surface. The fiery sun had climbed to the middle of the sky's circle when they saw in the distance walls, a citadel and the scattered roofs of houses—a place that Roman power has now raised as high as heaven; then Evander held a humble

4 Evander, an Arcadian exile, settled on the Palatine Hill, the future site of Rome; Pallanteum was held to have given the Palatine its name.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		realm. Quickly they turned their prows and drew near the city.

EVANDER'S WELCOME

At Pallanteum, Evander and his son Pallas receive Aeneas as a guest and ally.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.102	Forte die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem Amphitryoniadae magno divisque ferebat ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una, una omnes iuvenum primi pauperque senatus tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras. Ut celsas videre rates atque inter opacum adlabi nemus et tacitis incumbere remis, terrentur visu subito cunctique relictis consurgunt mensis. Audax quos rumpere Pallas sacra vetat raptoque volat telo obvius ipse et procul e tumulo: Iuvenes, quae causa subegit ignotas temptare vias, quo tenditis? inquit.	As it happened, on that day the Arcadian king was offering a solemn sacrifice to the great son of Amphitryon and to the gods in a grove before the city. With him his son Pallas, with him all the foremost of the young men and his humble senate were offering incense, and warm blood steamed at the altars. When they saw the tall ships gliding in among the shady woods and the men bending over silent oars, they were alarmed at the sudden sight, and all rose together, leaving the tables. Bold Pallas forbade them to break off the rites, snatched up a spear and himself flew to meet the strangers, and called from a mound, still far off: "Young men," he said, "what cause has driven you to try unknown ways? Where are you heading?[5]
8.114	Qui genus? Unde domo? Pacemne huc fertis an arma? Tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit olivae: Troiugenas ac tela vides inimica Latinis, quos illi bello profugos egere superbo. Euandrum petimus. Ferte haec et dicite lectos Dardaniae venisse duces socia arma rogantis. Obstipuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas: Egredere o quicumque es ait coramque parentem adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes. excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit. Progressi subeunt luco fluviumque relinquunt. Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis:	Who are your people? Where is your home? Do you bring peace here, or war?" Then father Aeneas spoke from the high stern, holding out in his hand a branch of peace-bearing olive: "You see men born of Troy, and weapons hostile to the Latins, who have driven us out as exiles in arrogant war. We seek Evander. Carry this message and tell him that chosen leaders of Dardania have come, asking for allied arms." Pallas was stunned, struck by so great a name. "Come ashore, whoever you are," he said, "speak to my father face to face, and come as a guest beneath our household gods." He took him by the hand, grasped his right hand and held it fast. Going forward, they entered the grove and left the river. Then Aeneas addressed the king with friendly words:
8.127	Optume Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari et vitta comptos voluit praetendere ramos, non equidem extimui, Danaum quod ductor et Arcas quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis; sed mea me virtus et sancta oracula divom cognatique patres, tua terris dicta fama, coniunxere tibi et fatis egere volentem. Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor,	"Best of the sons of Greece, to whom Fortune has willed that I should come in prayer, holding out branches wreathed with fillets: I was not afraid because you were a leader of the Danaans and an Arcadian, and linked by descent to the twin sons of Atreus. No, my own courage and the sacred oracles of the gods, the kinship of our forefathers, and your fame spread across the earth have bound

5 The son of Amphitryon is Hercules.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Electra, ut Grai perhibent, Atlantide cretus, advehitur Teucros; Electram maxumus Atlas edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbes vobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia Cyllenae gelido conceptum vertice fudit; at Maiam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, idem Atlas generat, caeli qui sidera tollit.	me to you and brought me here, willing, by the fates. Dardanus, first father and founder of the city of Ilium, born, as the Greeks tell, of Electra, daughter of Atlas, sailed to the Teucrians; Electra was the child of mightiest Atlas, who holds up the heavenly spheres on his shoulder. Your father is Mercury, whom fair Maia conceived and bore on the cold summit of Cyllene; but Maia, if we credit anything we hear, is the daughter of Atlas—the same Atlas who bears up the stars of heaven.
8.142	Sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno. His fretus non legatos neque prima per artem temptamenta tui pepigi: me, me ipse meumque obieci caput et supplex ad limina veni. Gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello insequitur; nos si pellant, nihil afore credunt, quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga mittant et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra. Accipe daque fidem: sunt nobis fortia bello pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuventus.	Thus the lineage of us both branches from a single blood. Trusting in this, I did not send envoys or arrange careful first approaches to you. I have exposed myself—myself—and my own life, and come as a suppliant to your threshold. The same Daunian people that harass you pursue us with cruel war. If they drive us out, they believe nothing will stop them from bringing all Hesperia wholly under their yoke and holding the seas that wash it above and below. Accept our pledge and give yours: we have hearts brave in war, we have spirit, and young men proven in action."[6]
8.152	Dixerat Aeneas. Ille os oculosque loquentis iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus. Tum sic pauca refert: Ut te, fortissime Teucrum, accipio agnoscoque libens! Ut verba parentis et vocem Anchisae magni voltumque recordor! Nam memini Hesionae visentem regna sororis Laomedontiaden Priamum, Salamina petentem, protinus Arcadiae gelidos invisere finis. Tum mihi prima genas vestibat flore iuventas, mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum Laomedontiaden, sed cunctis altior ibat Anchises: mihi mens iuvenali ardebat amore compellare virum et dextrae coniungere dextram. Accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. Ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam frenaque bina meus quae nunc habet aurea Pallas.	Aeneas had spoken. Evander had long been scanning the speaker's face and eyes and his whole body with his gaze. Then he replied in a few words: "How gladly, bravest of the Teucrians, I receive and recognize you! How well I recall the words, the voice and the face of your father, great Anchises! For I remember Priam, son of Laomedon, on his way to Salamis to visit the realm of his sister Hesione, coming on to see the cold borders of Arcadia. At that time the first bloom of youth was clothing my cheeks. I marveled at the Teucrian leaders, marveled at Laomedon's son himself, but Anchises walked taller than them all. My heart burned with youthful longing to address the man and to join my right hand with his. I went up to him and eagerly led him beneath the walls of Pheneus. When he left, he gave me a splendid quiver and Lycian arrows, a cloak interwoven with gold, and a pair of golden bridles, which my Pallas now has.[7]
8.169	Ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra, et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuvabo. Interea sacra haec, quando huc venistis amici,	So the right hand you ask for is already joined to yours in a pact; and as soon as tomorrow's light returns to the earth, I will send you away glad with help and support you with my resources. Mean-

6 Daunian: Turnus' people, named from his father Daunus. The two seas are the Adriatic (upper) and the Tyrrhenian (lower).
7 Hesione, Priam's sister, was given in marriage to Telamon, king of Salamis; Pheneus was a town in Arcadia.

LATIN	ENGLISH
annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate faventes nobiscum et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite mensis. Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi pocula gramineoque viros locat ipse sedili praecipuumque toro et villosi pelle leonis accipit Aenean solioque invitat acerno. Tum lecti iuvenes certatim araeque sacerdos viscera tosta ferunt taurorum onerantque canistris dona laboratae Cereris Bacchumque ministrant. Vescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuventus perpetui tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.	while, since you have come here as friends, join us in kindly spirit in celebrating these yearly rites, which it would be a sin to postpone, and grow used even now to the tables of your allies." When he had said this, he ordered the food and the cups, which had been removed, to be set out again, and himself seated the men on a bench of turf; Aeneas, as chief guest, he welcomed to a couch spread with the skin of a shaggy lion, and invited him to a seat of maple. Then chosen young men and the priest of the altar eagerly brought the roasted flesh of bulls, heaped baskets with the gifts of Ceres, the fruit of toil, and served the wine of Bacchus. Aeneas and the Trojan young men with him feasted on the long chine of an ox and the entrails of the sacrifice.

HERCULES AND CACUS

Evander tells how Hercules killed the fire-breathing Cacus, and the Arcadians sing Hercules' praises.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.184 Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi, rex Euandrus ait: Non haec sollemnia nobis, has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram vana superstitio veterumque ignara deorum inposuit: saevis, hospes Troiane, periclis servati facimus meritosque novamus honores. Iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem, disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam. Hic spelunca fuit, vasto summota recessu, semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo. Huic monstro Volcanus erat pater: illius atros ore vomens ignis magna se mole ferebat.	When hunger had been driven off and the desire for food was satisfied, King Evander said: "It was no empty superstition, ignorant of the ancient gods, that imposed on us these solemn rites, this customary feast, this altar to so great a power. We do this, Trojan guest, because we were saved from cruel dangers, and we renew honors well deserved. First, look at this cliff that hangs on its rocks: see how the masses of stone are scattered far and wide, how the mountain dwelling stands deserted, and how the crags have fallen in enormous ruin. Here there was a cave, receding into a vast depth, held by the dreadful shape of half-human Cacus and never reached by the rays of the sun. The ground was always warm with fresh slaughter, and, fixed to the proud doors, the faces of men hung pale with grim decay. Vulcan was this monster's father: spewing his father's black fires from his mouth, he moved about in massive bulk.[8]
8.200 Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas auxilium adventumque dei. Nam maximus ultor, tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus Alcides aderat taurosque hac victor agebat ingentis, vallemque boves amnemque tenebant. At furiis Caci mens effera, nequid inausum	To us too, at long last, as we prayed for it, time brought help and the coming of a god. For the greatest of avengers was here, Alcides, proud of the death and spoils of triple Geryon, driving his huge bulls this way in victory; the cattle filled the valley and the river. But Cacus, his mind wild with

8 Cacus, a fire-breathing monster of Roman legend, lived on the Aventine Hill.

LATIN

aut intractatum scelerisve dolive fuisset,
quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros
avertit, totidem forma superante iuvencas;
atque hos, nequa forent pedibus vestigia rectis,
cauda in speluncam tractos versisque viarum
indiciis raptos saxo occultabat opaco:
quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant.
Interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moveret
Amphytrioniades armenta abitumque pararet,
discessu mugire boves atque omne querelis
impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui.
reddidit una boum vocem vastoque sub antro
mugiit et Caci spem custodita fefellit.

ENGLISH

frenzy, so that no crime or trick might be left undared or untried, drove off from the stalls four bulls of splendid body and as many heifers of surpassing beauty. And so that there would be no tracks with hooves pointing forward, he dragged them into the cave by their tails, and with the signs of their path reversed, he hid his plunder in the dark rock: no marks led a searcher to the cave. Meanwhile, when the son of Amphitryon was moving his well-fed herds from the pastures and preparing to depart, the cattle lowed as they left, all the grove was filled with their complaints, and they quit the hills with loud clamor. One of the cows returned the call, lowed from deep in the vast cave, and, though closely guarded, foiled the hope of Cacus.[9]

8.219 Hic vero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro
felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque gravatum
robur et aerii cursu petit ardua montis.
Tum primum nostri Cacum videre timentem
turbatumque oculis: fugit ilicet ocior Euro
speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas.
Ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis
deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna
pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis,
ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius omnemque
accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,
dentibus infrendens. Ter totum fervidus ira
lustrat Aventini montem, ter saxea temptat
limina nequiquam, ter fessus valle resedit.

Then indeed Alcides' resentment blazed up in frenzy with black bile. He seized his weapons and his club heavy with knots, and ran for the heights of the towering hill. Then for the first time our people saw Cacus afraid, his eyes full of alarm. At once he fled, swifter than the East Wind, and made for his cave; fear gave wings to his feet. No sooner had he shut himself in, broken the chains and let fall the huge rock that hung there by iron and his father's craft, and blocked the braced doorposts with this barrier, than—see—the hero of Tiryns was there, raging in spirit, scanning every approach, turning his gaze this way and that, gnashing his teeth. Three times, burning with anger, he surveyed the whole Aventine hill; three times he tried the stone threshold in vain; three times he sank down, exhausted, in the valley.

8.233 Stabat acuta silex, praecisis undique saxis
speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima visu,
dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.
Hanc, ut prona iugo laevum incumbebat in amnem,
dexter in adversum nitens concussit et imis
avolsam solvit radicibus; inde repente
inpulit, inpulsu quo maximus intonat aether
dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis.
At specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens
regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cavernae:
non secus ac siqua penitus vi terra dehiscens
infernas reseret sedes et regna recludat
pallida, dis invisa, superque immane barathrum
cernatur, trepident inmisso lumine manes.

There stood a sharp crag of flint, sheer rock cut away on every side, rising from the back of the cave, very high to the eye, a fitting home for the nests of birds of ill omen. As it leaned from the ridge, sloping toward the river on the left, he strained against it from the right, shook it, wrenched it loose and tore it from its deepest roots; then suddenly he heaved it over, and at the shock the vast sky thundered, the banks leapt apart and the river ran back in terror. And the cave and the huge palace of Cacus stood revealed, and the shadowy caverns lay open to their depths: just as if the earth, gaping deep down under some force, were to unlock the dwellings of the under-

9 Geryon was a three-bodied giant of the far west whose cattle Hercules carried off as one of his labors.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	world and lay bare the pale kingdoms hated by the gods, and from above the vast abyss were seen, and the shades trembled as the light poured in.
8.247 Ergo insperata deprensum luce repente inclusumque cavo saxo atque insueta rudentem desuper Alcides telis premit omniaque arma advocat et ramis vastisque molaribus instat. Ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli, faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu) evomit involvitque domum caligine caeca, prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. Non tulit Alcides animis seque ipse per ignem praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra. Hic Cacum in tenebris incendia vana vomentem corripit in nodum complexus et angit inhaerens elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.	So, as Cacus was caught suddenly in the unexpected light, shut up in the hollow rock and roaring as never before, Alcides pressed him from above with missiles, called every weapon to his aid, and assailed him with branches and huge boulders like millstones. But Cacus—for there was no escape from danger left to him now—belched from his throat an enormous smoke (wonderful to tell) and wrapped his home in blinding darkness, snatching sight from their eyes, and he massed within the cave a smoky night, darkness mingled with fire. Alcides in his fury could not bear it: he threw himself with a headlong leap through the fire, where the smoke rolled most thickly in waves and the huge cave seethed with black fog. There he seized Cacus as he spewed useless flames in the darkness, gripped him in a knot, and, clinging fast, choked him until his eyes burst from their sockets and his throat was drained of blood.
8.262 Panditur extemplo foribus domus atra revolsis, abstractaeque boves abiurataeque rapinae caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadaver protrahitur. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo terribilis oculos, voltum villosaque saetis pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignis. Ex illo celebratus honos, laetique minores servavere diem, primusque Potitius auctor et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri. Hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxuma semper dicetur nobis et erit quae maxuma semper. Quare agite, o iuvenes, tantarum in munere laudum cingite fronde comas et pocula porgite dextris communemque vocate deum et date vina volentes. Dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra velavitque comas foliisque innexa pependit et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. Ocius omnes in mensam laeti libant divosque precantur.	At once the doors were torn away and the black dwelling lay open; the stolen cattle and the plunder he had denied on oath were shown to the sky, and the shapeless corpse was dragged out by the feet. People could not take their fill of gazing at the terrible eyes, the face, the chest of the half-beast shaggy with bristles, and the fires quenched in his throat. From that time this honor has been celebrated, and later generations have gladly kept the day: Potitius was its first founder, and the house of the Pinarii the guardian of the rite of Hercules. He set up this altar in the grove, which will always be called by us the Greatest, and which will always be the greatest. So come, young men, in honor of such great deeds, wreathe your hair with leaves, hold out cups in your right hands, call on the god we share, and pour the wine with willing hearts." He had spoken, when the two-colored poplar, with its Herculean shade, veiled his hair and hung there, its leaves entwined, and the sacred goblet filled his right hand. Quickly all poured libations gladly on the table and prayed to the gods.[10]
8.280 Devexo interea propior fit Vesper Olympo, iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant,	Meanwhile, as the sky sloped westward, the Evening Star drew nearer, and now the priests, Potitius

10 The Ara Maxima ("Greatest Altar") of Hercules stood near the Tiber at Rome; the Potitii and Pinarii were the families in charge of its cult.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	pellibus in morem cincti, flammasque ferebant. Instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis, hic iuvenum chorus, ille senum; qui carmine laudes Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima novercae monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues, ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, Troiamque Oechaliamque, ut duros mille labores rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae pertulerit. Tu nubigenas, invicte, bimembris Hylaeeumque Pholumque, manu, tu Cresia mactas prodigia et vastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem.	first, came in procession, girt with skins as custom required and carrying torches. They renewed the feast, brought the welcome gifts of a second course, and heaped the altars with laden platters. Then the Salii came to sing around the kindled altars, their temples bound with poplar branches, one chorus of young men, the other of old, and in song they told the praises and deeds of Hercules: how he crushed in his grip the first monsters sent by his stepmother, the twin snakes; how he also overthrew outstanding cities in war, Troy and Oechalia; how he endured a thousand harsh labors under King Eurystheus by the fated will of hostile Juno. "You, unconquered one, with your own hand slay the cloud-born creatures of double form, Hylaeus and Pholus; you slay the monster of Crete and the huge lion beneath the rock of Nemea.[11]
8.296	Te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento; nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus, arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem Lernaeus turba capitum circumstetit anguis. Salve, vera Iovis proles, decus addite divis, et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo. Talia carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum. Consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant. Exim se cuncti divinis rebus ad urbem perfectis referunt. Ibat rex obsitus aevo et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat ingrediens varioque viam sermone levabat.	The Stygian lakes trembled at you, and so did the doorkeeper of Orcus, lying on half-gnawed bones in his bloody cave; no shapes frightened you, not even Typhoeus himself, towering and weapons in hand; nor were you at a loss for wits when the snake of Lerna surrounded you with its swarm of heads. Hail, true son of Jupiter, a glory added to the gods; come to us and to your rites, gracious, with favoring step." Such were the praises they celebrated in song; above all they added the cave of Cacus and Cacus himself breathing fire. The whole grove rang with the sound, and the hills echoed. Then, the sacred rites completed, all returned to the city. The king walked, weighed down with age, and as he went he kept Aeneas and his son close beside him as companions, lightening the way with varied talk.[12]

THE SITE OF ROME

Evander walks Aeneas through the hills and pastures where Rome will one day stand.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.310	miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum Aeneas capiturque locis et singula laetus exquiritque auditque virum monimenta priorum. Tum rex Euandrus, Romanae conditor arcis: Haec nemora indigenae fauni nymphaeque tenebant gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata,	Aeneas marveled and turned his ready eyes all around, captivated by the places; gladly he asked about each thing and heard of the memorials of earlier men. Then King Evander, founder of the Roman citadel, said: "These groves were once held by native fauns and nymphs, and by a people of

11 The Salii were Roman priests famous for their armed dances, usually associated with Mars; the stepmother is Juno.
12 Orcus is the underworld, and its doorkeeper Cerberus; Typhoeus was a monstrous giant who fought the gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere tauros aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto, sed rami atque asper victu venatus alebat. Primus ab aetherio venit Saturnus Olympo, arma Iovis fugiens et regnis exsul ademptis. Is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis composuit legesque dedit Latiumque vocari maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutis in oris.	men born from tree trunks and hard oak, who had no customs and no civilization. They did not know how to yoke bulls, or to gather wealth, or to save what they had gained; branches and the rough food of hunting fed them. The first to come was Saturn, from heavenly Olympus, fleeing the arms of Jupiter, an exile from his lost kingdom. He brought together this unruly people, scattered over the high mountains, gave them laws, and chose that the land be called Latium, since he had lain hidden safely on these shores.[13]
8.324	Aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere saecula. Sic placida populos in pace regebat, deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas et belli rabies et amor successit habendi. Tum manus Ausonia et gentes venere Sicanae, saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus; tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, a quo post Itali fluvium cognomine Thybrim diximus, amisit verum vetus Albula nomen; me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum his posuere locis matrisque egere tremenda Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo.	The golden ages men tell of were under that king: so peacefully did he rule the peoples, until little by little a worse and tarnished age took its place, with the madness of war and the love of gain. Then came the Ausonian band and the Sicanian peoples, and the land of Saturn often changed its name. Then came kings, and fierce Thybris of giant frame, after whom we Italians later called the river by his name, Thybris; old Albula lost its true name. As for me, driven from my homeland and pursuing the farthest reaches of the sea, all-powerful Fortune and inescapable fate set me down in these places, and the awe-inspiring warnings of my mother, the nymph Carmentis, and the god Apollo, who sanctioned them, drove me here."[14]
8.337	Vix ea dicta: dehinc progressus monstrat et aram et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis honorem, vatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum. Hinc lucum ingentem quem Romulus acer Asylum rettulit et gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal, Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycaei. Nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti testaturque locum et letum docet hospitis Argi. Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit, aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis. Iam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestis dira loci, iam tum silvam saxumque tremebant.	He had scarcely said this when, going on, he pointed out the altar and the gate that the Romans call the Carmental, an ancient honor to the nymph Carmentis, the prophetic seer who first foretold the greatness of Aeneas' people and the glory of Pallanteum. Next he showed the huge grove that fierce Romulus made an Asylum, and, beneath a cold cliff, the Lupercal, named in the Parrhasian manner after Lycaean Pan. He showed too the grove of sacred Argiletum, called the place to witness, and told of the death of Argus, his guest. From there he led him to the Tarpeian site and the Capitol, golden now, once bristling with woodland thickets. Even then the dread holiness of the place frightened the fearful country people; even then they trembled at the wood and the rock.[15]
8.351	Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem (quis deus incertum est) habitat deus: Arcades ipsum	"This grove," he said, "this hill with its leafy crown, is the home of a god—which god is uncertain. The Arcadians believe they have seen Jupiter

13 Virgil links the name Latium with latere, "to lie hidden."
14 Thybris is the Greek-style form of the name Tiber; Albula was held to be the river's ancient name.

LATIN	ENGLISH
credunt se vidisse Iovem, cum saepe nigrantem aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret. Haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, reliquias veterumque vides monimenta virorum. Hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem: Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen. Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant pauperis Euandri passimque armenta videbant Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis. Ut ventum ad sedes: Haec, inquit, limina victor Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit. Aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum finge deo rebusque veni non asper egenis.	himself, often shaking the darkening aegis in his right hand and stirring up storm clouds. Besides, you see these two towns with their walls in ruins, the remains and memorials of men of old. This citadel father Janus founded, that one Saturn: this was named Janiculum, that Saturnia." Talking together in this way, they approached the house of humble Evander, and everywhere they saw cattle lowing in the Roman Forum and the elegant Carinae. When they reached his dwelling, he said: "This threshold victorious Alcides passed beneath; this palace received him. Dare, my guest, to scorn wealth; make yourself, you too, worthy of the god, and come without disdain for our poor estate."[16]

VENUS AND VULCAN

Venus asks her husband for arms for her son, and Vulcan sets the Cyclopes to forge them.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.366 dixit et angusti subter fastigia tecti ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locavit effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae. Nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis. At Venus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu Volcanum adloquitur thalamoque haec coniugis aureo incipit et dictis divinum adspirat amorem: Dum bello Argolici vastabant Pergama reges debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogavi artis opisque tuae nec te, carissime coniunx, incassumve tuos volui exercere labores, quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis et durum Aeneae flevissem saepe laborem.	He spoke, and led huge Aeneas beneath the roof of his narrow house and set him on a bed of strewn leaves and the skin of a Libyan bear. Night rushed down and wrapped the earth in her dusky wings. But Venus, a mother with good reason for the fear in her heart, troubled by the threats of the Laurentines and their harsh uprising, addressed Vulcan. In her husband's golden bedchamber she began, breathing divine love into her words: "While the Argive kings were laying waste Pergamum, which was doomed, and its towers, which were fated to fall to enemy fires, I asked no help for those unhappy people. I asked for no arms from your skill and power, and I did not wish, dearest husband, to set you and your labors to work in vain, though I owed much to the sons of Priam and had often wept for Aeneas' hard toil.
8.381 Nunc Iovis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris: ergo eadem supplex venio et sanctum mihi numen arma rogo genetrix nato. Te filia Nerei, te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx. Aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis ferrum acuant portis in me exscidiumque meorum. Dixerat et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis cunctantem amplexu molli fovet. Ille repente	Now by Jupiter's command he has taken his stand on the shores of the Rutulians. So I, the same who never asked, come as a suppliant and ask arms of the power I hold sacred: a mother asks for her son. The daughter of Nereus could sway you with her tears, and so could the wife of Tithonus. See what peoples are gathering, what cities have shut their gates and are sharpening the sword against me

15 These are landmarks of Rome; the Lupercal was the cave of the she-wolf, and Virgil derives Argiletum from Argi letum, "the death of Argus."
16 The Janiculum is a hill across the Tiber; the Carinae was a fashionable district of Augustan Rome.

LATIN	ENGLISH
accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit: non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos. Sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx. Tum pater aeterno fatur devinctus amore:	and for the destruction of my people." She had spoken, and as he hesitated, the goddess wrapped her snowy arms around him from this side and that and warmed him in a soft embrace. At once he caught the familiar flame. The heat he knew so well entered his marrow and ran through his melting bones, just as when, at times, a fiery rift torn open by flashing thunder runs shimmering through the storm clouds with its light. His wife sensed it, pleased with her wiles and well aware of her beauty. Then the father god, bound to her by everlasting love, spoke:[17]
8.395 Quid causas petis ex alto? Fiducia cessit quo tibi, diva, mei? Similis si cura fuisset, tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset: nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata vetabant stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos. Et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae, quod fieri ferro liquidove potest electro, quantum ignes animaeque valent, absiste precando viribus indubitare tuis. Ea verba locutus optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petivit coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.	"Why do you go so far back for your reasons? Where, goddess, has your trust in me gone? If you had felt the same concern then, it would have been right for me even then to arm the Teucrians. Neither the almighty father nor the fates forbade Troy to stand and Priam to survive for ten more years. And now, if you are preparing for war and this is your purpose, I promise whatever care my craft can give, whatever can be made of iron or molten electrum, all that fire and the breath of bellows can achieve. Stop doubting your own power by pleading." After he had spoken these words he gave her the embraces she longed for, and, sinking into his wife's lap, he sought calm sleep through all his limbs.
8.407 Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum, cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minerva impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes, noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo exercet penso, castum ut servare cubile coniugis et possit parvos educere natos: haud secus Ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. Insula Sicanium iuxta latus Aeoliamque erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis, quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis antra Aetnaea tonant validique incudibus ictus auditi referunt gemitus striduntque cavernis stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat, Volcani domus et Volcania nomine tellus.	Then he rose. The first rest of the night had driven off sleep, and night was now halfway through its course. It was the hour when a woman whose lot is to keep alive by the distaff and Minerva's slender craft first wakes the ashes and the slumbering fire. She adds the night to her working day and keeps her maids at their long tasks by lamplight, so that she can keep her husband's bed chaste and bring up her little sons. Just so, and no more sluggish at that hour, the Lord of Fire rose from his soft bed to his smith's work. Near the coast of Sicily and Aeolian Lipari an island rises, steep with smoking rocks. Beneath it a cavern and the vaults of Aetna, hollowed out by the forges of the Cyclopes, thunder. Mighty blows on the anvils echo with groans, bars of the Chalybes' steel hiss in the caves, and fire pants in the furnaces. This is the home of Vulcan, and the land is called Vulcania.[18]

17 The daughter of Nereus is Thetis, and the wife of Tithonus is Aurora, the Dawn. Both won armor from Vulcan for their sons, Achilles and Memnon.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.423	Hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto. Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro, Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyragmon. His informatum manibus iam parte polita fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo deicit in terras, pars inperfecta manebat. Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae addiderant, rutili tris ignis et alitis austri: fulgores nunc horrificos sonitumque metumque miscebant operi flammisque sequacibus iras. Parte alia Marti currumque rotasque volucris instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes; aegidaque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma, certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore divae Gorgona, desecto vertentem lumina collo.	To this place the Lord of Fire came down from high heaven. The Cyclopes were working iron in the vast cave: Brontes and Steropes and Pyragmon, bare-limbed. In their hands they had a thunderbolt, of the kind the father hurls down so often from every part of the sky upon the earth. Part of it was already shaped and polished, and part remained unfinished. They had added three rays of twisted hail and three of watery cloud, three of red fire and three of the winged south wind. Now they were blending into the work terrifying flashes, noise and fear, and wrath with pursuing flames. Elsewhere they were hurrying to finish a chariot and swift wheels for Mars, with which he rouses men and cities. Competing with one another, they were burnishing the dreadful aegis, the armor of Pallas when she is roused to anger, with serpents' scales and gold. They worked on the intertwining snakes, and on the goddess's breast the Gorgon herself, rolling her eyes, her neck cut through.
8.439	Tollite cuncta, inquit, coeptosque auferte labores, Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem: arma acri facienda viro. Nunc viribus usus, nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra. Praecipitate moras. Nec plura effatus; at illi ocius incubuere omnes pariterque laborem sortiti. Fluit aes rivis aurique metallum, volnificusque chalybs vasta fornace liquescit. Ingentum clipeum informant, unum omnia contra tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbes impediunt. Alii ventosis follibus auras accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt aera lacu. Gemit impositis incudibus antrum. Illi inter sese multa vi bracchia tollunt in numerum versantque tenaci forcipe massam.	"Take all this away," he said. "Clear off the work you have begun, Cyclopes of Aetna, and turn your minds to this: arms must be made for a fierce warrior. Now there is need of strength, now of quick hands, now of all your masterly skill. Cast off delay." He said no more, and they all bent swiftly to the work, sharing the labor equally by lot. Bronze flowed in streams, and gold ore, and wounding steel melted in the vast furnace. They shaped a huge shield, a single shield to face all the weapons of the Latins, and fastened seven layers together, circle upon circle. Some took in the air and drove it out again with windy bellows, while others dipped the hissing bronze in the trough. The cave groaned under the anvils set on its floor. With great force they raised their arms one after another in rhythm and turned the mass of metal with gripping tongs.

EVANDER'S OFFER

Evander sends Aeneas to the Etruscans, who await a foreign leader, and parts from his son Pallas.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.454	Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris, Euandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitat alma	While the Lemnian father was hastening this work on the Aeolian shores, the kindly light and the

18 Vulcania is the island of Vulcano, among the Aeolian Islands north of Sicily. The Chalybes, a people on the Black Sea, were famous ironworkers.

LATIN	ENGLISH
et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus. Consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis; tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem, demissa ab laeva pantherae terga retorquens. Nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem. Hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros. Nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat. Filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates. Congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur. Rex prior haec:	morning songs of birds beneath the eaves roused Evander from his humble dwelling. The old man rose, drew a tunic over his limbs and bound Etruscan sandals on his feet. Then he strapped a Tegean sword to his side and shoulder and threw back a panther's hide that hung down from his left. Two guard dogs went out ahead of him from the high threshold and kept pace with their master's step. The hero was making for the quarters of his guest Aeneas, where they could be private, for he remembered their talk and the help he had promised. Aeneas was up and about no less early. His son Pallas walked with Evander, and Achates went as companion with Aeneas. They met, clasped right hands and sat down in the middle of the house, and at last they had the freedom to talk. The king spoke first:[19]
8.470 Maxume Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam res equidem Troiae victas aut regna fatebor, nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto exiguae vires: hinc Tusco claudimur amni, hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis. Sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers. Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo imperio et saevis tenuit Mezentius armis.	"Greatest leader of the Teucrians, while you live I will never admit that Troy's fortunes or its kingdom have been defeated. Our strength to help in war is small for so great a name. On one side we are shut in by the Tuscan river, and on the other the Rutulian presses us and clashes his arms around our wall. But I am preparing to join you with mighty peoples and a camp rich in kingdoms. It is a deliverance that unexpected chance reveals: you come here because the fates demand you. Not far from here lies the city of Agylla, founded on ancient rock, where long ago a Lydian people, famous in war, settled on the Etruscan hills. It flourished for many years, until King Mezentius held it under his arrogant rule and savage arms.[20]
8.483 Quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni effera? Di capiti ipsius generique reservent! Mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora vivis componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora, tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat. at fessi tandem cives infanda furentem armati circumsistunt ipsumque domumque, obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant. Ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros confugere et Turni defendier hospitis armis. Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis: regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte reposcunt.	Why should I recount the tyrant's unspeakable murders and savage deeds? May the gods keep such things in store for his own head and his descendants! He would even bind dead bodies to the living, fitting hand to hand and face to face—such was his torture. So, streaming with gore and putrefaction in that wretched embrace, they died a slow death. But at last the citizens, worn out, took up arms and surrounded him in his unspeakable frenzy, him and his house. They cut down his followers and hurled fire onto his roof. He slipped away amid the slaughter, escaped to the land of the Rutulians, and is now defended by the arms of his host Turnus. So all Etruria has risen in right-

19 "The Lemnian father" is Vulcan, who was closely associated with the island of Lemnos.
20 Agylla is the Etruscan city of Caere (modern Cerveteri), whose people were believed to have come from Lydia in Asia Minor.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	eous fury, and with war at hand they demand the king back for punishment.
8.496 his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam. Toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes Signaque ferre iubent; retinet longaevus haruspex fata canens, O Maeoniae delecta iuventus, flos veterum virtusque virum, quos iustus in hostem fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira, nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem: externos optate duces; tum Etrusca resedit hoc acies campo, monitis exterrita divom. Ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon, succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.	Over these thousands I will set you, Aeneas, as leader. Their ships, crowded along the whole shore, roar and call for the standards to advance. But an aged soothsayer holds them back, chanting the fates: 'Chosen youth of Maeonia, flower and valor of men of old, whom just resentment drives against the enemy and whom Mezentius fires with the anger he deserves: no Italian is permitted to bring so great a people under his yoke. Choose foreign leaders.' Then the Etruscan army settled down on this plain, terrified by the warnings of the gods. Tarchon himself has sent envoys to me with the crown of the kingdom and the scepter, and he entrusts the royal insignia to me, asking me to come to the camp and take up the Tyrrhenian kingdom.[21]
8.508 Sed mihi tarda gelu saeclisque effeta senectus invidet imperium seraeque ad fortia vires. natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella hinc partem patriae traheret. Tu, cuius et annis et generi fatum indulgent, quem numina poscunt, ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime ductor. hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri, Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro militiam et grave Martis opus, tua cernere facta adsuescat primis et te miretur ab annis. Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis lecta dabo totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.	But old age, slow with frost and worn out by the years, begrudges me command, and my strength is too late for brave deeds. I would urge my son to go, but through his Sabine mother he is of mixed blood and draws part of his homeland from this country. You, whose years and birth the fates favor, whom the gods' will summons, go forward, bravest leader of Teucrians and Italians. Besides, I will join to you this Pallas, our hope and comfort. Under you as his teacher let him learn to endure soldiering and the heavy work of Mars, let him grow used to seeing your deeds and admire you from his earliest years. I will give him two hundred Arcadian horsemen, the chosen strength of our youth, and Pallas will give you as many in his own name."
8.520 Vix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant, ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto. Namque inproviso vibratus ab aethere fulgor cum sonitu venit, et ruere omnia visa repente Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor. Suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat ingens: arma inter nubem caeli regione serena per sudum rutilare vident et pulsa tonare. Obstipuere animis alii, sed Troius heros agnovit sonitum et divae promissa parentis.	He had scarcely spoken. Aeneas, son of Anchises, and faithful Achates kept their eyes fixed on the ground, and they would have gone on brooding over many hardships in their sad hearts, had not Cytherea given a sign from the open sky. Without warning a flash of lightning came quivering from the heavens with a crash. Suddenly everything seemed to be collapsing, and the blare of a Tyrrhenian trumpet seemed to bellow through the sky. They looked up, and again and again a mighty crash roared out. Through the clear air, among a cloud in a calm stretch of sky, they saw arms glow-

21 Maeonia is Lydia, from which the Etruscans were thought to descend.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tum memorat: Ne vero, hospes, ne quaere profecto, quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo.	ing red and thundering as they clashed. The others were stunned at heart, but the Trojan hero recognized the sound and his goddess mother's promises. Then he spoke: "Do not ask, my host, truly, do not ask what event these portents bring. It is I who am summoned by Olympus.
8.534	Hoc signum cecinit missuram diva creatrix, si bellum ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras laturam auxilio. Heu quantae miseris caedes Laurentibus instant; quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis; quam multa sub undas scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volves, Thybri pater! Poscant acies et foedera rumpant. Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras excitat hesternumque larem parvosque penatis laetus adit: mactant lectas de more bidentis Euandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuventus. Post hinc ad navis graditur sociosque revisit.	My goddess mother foretold that she would send this sign if war broke out, and that she would bring arms made by Vulcan through the air to help me. Ah, what slaughter awaits the unhappy Laurentines! What a price you will pay me, Turnus! How many shields and helmets of men, how many brave bodies you will roll beneath your waves, father Tiber! Let them call for battle and break their treaties." When he had spoken these words, he rose from the high throne. First he rekindled the altars where Hercules' fires were slumbering, and gladly approached the hearth god he had worshiped the day before and the humble household gods. Evander and the Trojan youth together sacrificed chosen two-year-old sheep, as custom required. Then he went from there to the ships and visited his comrades again.
8.547	Quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur praestantis virtute legit; pars cetera prona fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni, nuntia ventura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. Dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arva; ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulva leonis pellis obit totum, praefulgens unguibus aureis. Fama volat parvam subito volgata per urbem, ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad litora regis. vota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo it timor, et maior Martis iam apparet imago. tum pater Evandrus dextram complexus euntis haeret inexpletus lacrimans, ac talia fatur:	From their number he chose the men outstanding in courage to follow him into war. The rest were carried down on the water and drifted idly with the current, to bring Ascanius news of events and of his father. Horses were given to the Teucrians who were bound for the Tyrrhenian fields. For Aeneas they led out a horse set apart from the rest, covered all over by a tawny lion's skin that gleamed with golden claws. Rumor flew and suddenly spread through the little town that horsemen were riding swiftly to the shores of the Tyrrhenian king. Mothers redoubled their prayers in fear. Fear drew closer as the danger approached, and the image of Mars now loomed larger. Then father Evander, clasping the right hand of his departing son, clung to him, weeping as if he could never have enough, and spoke these words:
8.560	O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, (qualis eram, cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa stravi scutorumque incendi victor acervos et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi, nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater (horrendum dictu) dederat; terna arma movenda, ter Leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis	"If only Jupiter would bring back the years that are gone, and make me what I was when, beneath the very walls of Praeneste, I cut down the front ranks and in victory burned heaps of shields, and with this right hand sent King Erulus down to Tartarus! At his birth his mother Feronia had given him three lives (dreadful to tell): three times he had to

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis: non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer usquam, nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeva dedisset funera, tam multis viduasset civibus urbem.	take up arms, three times he had to be laid low in death. Yet this right hand of mine took all those lives from him then and stripped him of as many sets of arms. If I were that man, I would not now be torn from your sweet embrace, my son, and Mezentius would never have trampled on me, his neighbor, dealt out so many cruel deaths by the sword, and robbed the city of so many citizens.[22]
8.572	At vos, o superi, et divom tu maxume rector Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis et patrias audite preces. Si numina vestra incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reservant, si visurus eum vivo et venturus in unum: vitam oro, patior quemvis durare laborem. Sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris: nunc O nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam, dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, dum te, care puer, mea sera et sola voluptas, complexu teneo, gravior neu nuntius auris volneret. Haec genitor digressu dicta supremo fundebat: famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant.	But you, gods above, and you, Jupiter, greatest ruler of the gods, take pity, I beg you, on the Arcadian king and hear a father's prayers. If your divine will, if the fates keep Pallas safe for me, if I am to live to see him and be with him again, then I pray for life, and I can endure any hardship. But if, Fortune, you threaten some unspeakable disaster, now, oh now let me break off this cruel life, while my fears are still in doubt, while hope for the future is still uncertain, while I hold you in my arms, dear boy, my late and only joy, and no heavier news can wound my ears." These were the words the father poured out at their final parting. His servants carried him, fainting, into the house.
8.585	Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis, Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates, inde alii Troiae proceres, ipse agmine Pallas in medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis: qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda, quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resolvit. Stant pavidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur pulveream nubem et fulgentis aere catervas. Olli per dumos, qua proxuma meta viarum, armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum. Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem, religione patrum late sacer; undique colles inclusere cavi et nigra nemus abiete cingunt.	By now the cavalry had ridden out through the open gates, Aeneas and faithful Achates among the first, then the other Trojan princes. Pallas himself rode in the middle of the column, conspicuous in his cloak and painted armor. He was like Lucifer, the Morning Star, whom Venus loves above all the other starry fires, when he rises bathed in the waters of Ocean, lifts his sacred face into the sky and dissolves the darkness. The mothers stood trembling on the walls and followed with their eyes the cloud of dust and the squadrons gleaming with bronze. The armed men made their way through the thickets, where the end of their road lay nearest. A shout went up, the column formed, and the galloping hooves shook the crumbling plain with their pounding. Near the cold river of Caere there is a huge grove, held sacred far and wide by the reverence of their fathers. On every side curving hills enclose it and ring the wood with dark firs.
8.600	Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos, arvorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque, qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos: haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle videri	The story goes that the ancient Pelasgians, who long ago were the first to hold the borders of Latium, dedicated both the grove and a feast day to Silvanus, god of fields and flocks. Not far from

22 Praeneste (modern Palestrina) is a town east of Rome; Feronia was an old Italian goddess.

LATIN	ENGLISH
iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in arvis. Huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuventus succedunt fessique et equos et corpora curant. At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos dona ferens aderat; natumque in valle reducta ut procul egelido secretum flumine vidit, talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro: En perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte munera, ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.	here Tarchon and the Tyrrhenians held a camp protected by its position, and from the high hill their whole army could now be seen, encamped across the broad fields. Father Aeneas and the youth chosen for war came up to this place and, weary, cared for their horses and themselves. But Venus, the shining goddess, came through the clouds of heaven bearing her gifts. When she saw her son far off in a secluded valley, alone beside the cool river, she spoke to him with these words and showed herself to him unbidden: "Look, here are the gifts I promised, perfected by my husband's skill, so that you need not hesitate, my son, soon to challenge the proud Laurentines or fierce Turnus to battle."

THE SHIELD OF AENEAS

Venus brings the arms, and the shield shows Rome's history from the she-wolf and the twins onward.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.615 Dixit et amplexus nati Cytherea petivit, arma sub adversa posuit radiantia quercu. Ille, deae donis et tanto laetus honore, expleri nequit atque oculos per singula volvit miraturque interque manus et bracchia versat terribilem cristis galeam flammasque vomentem fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem sanguineam ingentem, qualis cum caerula nubes solis inardescit radiis longeque refulget; tum levis ocreas electro auroque recocto hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. Illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos haud vatum ignarus venturique inscius aevi fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae stirpis ab Ascanio. pugnataque in ordine bella.	Cytherea spoke, and sought her son's embrace, and set the shining arms down beneath an oak facing him. Delighted with the goddess's gifts and with so great an honor, he could not have his fill. He let his eyes roam over every piece, marveled, and turned over in his hands and arms the helmet, terrible with its crest and spouting flames, the fate-bringing sword, the breastplate stiff with bronze, blood-red and huge, like a dark blue cloud when it kindles in the rays of the sun and gleams far and wide; then the smooth greaves of electrum and refined gold, the spear, and the shield, whose workmanship is beyond words. There the Lord of Fire, who knew the prophets and was not ignorant of the age to come, had fashioned the history of Italy and the triumphs of the Romans. There was the whole line of descendants to come from Ascanius, and the wars they fought, in order.[23]
8.630 Fecerat et viridi fetam Mavortis in antro procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem impavidos, illam tereti cervice reflexa mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua. Nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas consessu caveae magnis circensibus actis addiderat subitoque novum consurgere bellum Romulidis Tatioque seni Curibusque severis.	He had also made the mother wolf lying in the green cave of Mars. The twin boys hung at her teats, playing, and suckled their mother without fear, while she bent back her smooth neck, caressed each in turn and shaped their bodies with her tongue. Not far from this he had added Rome, and the Sabine women lawlessly carried off from the crowded seats when the great games of the Circus were held. A new war suddenly arose

23 The Shield of Aeneas shows scenes of Roman history, ending with Augustus' victory at Actium in 31 BC.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Post idem inter se posito certamine reges armati Iovis ante aram paterasque tenentes stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca. Haud procul inde citae Mettum in diversa quadrigae distulerant, at tu dictis, Albane, maneres, raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus per silvam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres.	between the sons of Romulus and aged Tatius with his stern people of Cures. Next, the same kings had set aside their quarrel and stood armed before the altar of Jupiter, holding bowls, and made a treaty over a slaughtered sow. Not far from there, four-horse chariots driven in opposite directions had torn Mettus apart (you should have kept your word, man of Alba!), and Tullus was dragging the liar's entrails through the wood, and the brambles dripped with a dew of blood.[24]
8.646	Nec non Tarquinium eiectum Porsenna iubebat accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat: Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant. Illum indignanti similem similemque minanti aspiceres, pontem auderet quia vellere Cocles et fluvium vinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis. In summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat, Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo. Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat. Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant, defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae: aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea vestis, virgatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis.	There too was Porsenna, ordering Rome to take back the banished Tarquin and pressing the city with a great siege, while Aeneas' people rushed upon the sword for freedom. You could see him looking like a man enraged and threatening, because Cocles dared to tear down the bridge and Cloelia had broken her bonds and was swimming the river. At the top Manlius, guardian of the Tarpeian citadel, stood before the temple and held the lofty Capitol, and the palace bristled with Romulus' fresh thatch. Here a silver goose, fluttering through gilded colonnades, cried out that the Gauls were on the threshold. The Gauls were there in the thickets, on the point of taking the citadel, shielded by the darkness and the gift of shadowy night. Their hair was golden and their clothing golden. They shone in striped cloaks, their milk-white necks were circled with gold, and each brandished two Alpine javelins in his hand, his body protected by a long shield.[25]
8.663	Hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem pilentis matres in mollibus. Hinc procul addit Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis, et scelerum poenas et te, Catilina, minaci pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem, secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. Haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerula cano; et circum argento clari delphines in orbem aequora verrebant caudis aestumque secabant. In medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte videres fervere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus.	Here he had hammered out the leaping Salii and the naked Luperci, the woolen-tufted caps and the shields that fell from heaven. Chaste matrons in cushioned carriages led sacred processions through the city. Far from these he added the dwellings of Tartarus as well, the high gates of Dis, and the punishments for crimes. There were you, Catiline, hanging from a threatening cliff and trembling at the faces of the Furies, and the righteous, set apart, with Cato giving them laws. Among these scenes ran, far and wide, the image of the swelling sea in gold, though the blue waters foamed with white-crested waves. All around, dolphins bright in silver swept the surface with their tails in a circle and cut through the tide. In the

24 These scenes come from Rome's early legends: Romulus and Remus, the seizure of the Sabine women, and the Sabine king Tatius of Cures. Mettus Fufetius of Alba was torn apart by King Tullus for treachery.
25 Tarquin the Proud, Rome's last king, was expelled c. 509 BC, and the Etruscan king Porsenna tried to restore him. Manlius held the Capitol against the Gauls c. 390 BC, when sacred geese gave the alarm.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		middle could be seen the bronze-beaked fleets, the battle of Actium. You could see the whole of Leucate seething with the ranks of war, and the waves ablaze with gold.[26]

ACTIUM

At the shield's center Augustus defeats Antony and Cleopatra and celebrates a triple triumph.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.678	Hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis, stans celsa in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas laeta vomunt patriumque aperitur vertice sidus. Parte alia ventis et dis Agrippa secundis arduus agmen agens; cui, belli insigne superbum, tempora navali fulgent rostrata corona. Hinc ope barbarica variisque Antonius armis, victor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro, Aegyptum viresque Orientis et ultima secum Bactra vehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx. Una omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis convolsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.	On one side Augustus Caesar stood on his high stern, leading the Italians into battle with the senators and the people, the household gods and the great gods. His joyful temples poured out twin flames, and his father's star dawned above his head. Elsewhere Agrippa, with the winds and gods on his side, towered high as he led his column, and on his temples gleamed the naval crown with its ships' beaks, the proud emblem of war. On the other side came Antony with the wealth of foreign lands and arms of every kind, victorious over the peoples of the Dawn and the shores of the Red Sea. He brought with him Egypt and the strength of the East and farthest Bactra, and following him (the shame of it!) came his Egyptian wife. They all rushed together, and the whole sea foamed, torn up by the sweeping oars and the three-pronged beaks.[27]
8.691	alta petunt: pelago credas innare revolsas Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos, tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant. stuppea flamma manu telisque volatile ferrum spargitur, arva nova Neptunia caede rubescunt. Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis. omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Minervam tela tenent. Saevit medio in certamine Mavors caelatus ferro tristesque ex aethere Dirae, et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia palla, quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.	They made for the open sea. You would think the Cyclades had been torn loose and were floating on the water, or that high mountains were clashing with mountains, so massive were the towered ships from which the men pressed the attack. Flaming tow was flung by hand, and flying iron was showered from weapons, and Neptune's fields grew red with fresh slaughter. In the middle the queen called her ranks to battle with her country's rattle, the sistrum, not yet looking back at the twin snakes behind her. Monstrous gods of every kind and barking Anubis held their weapons against Neptune and Venus and against Minerva. In the thick of the struggle Mars raged, engraved in iron, and the grim Furies swooped from the sky. Discord strode rejoicing in her torn robe, and Bellona followed her with a bloody whip.[28]

26 The Salii, priests of Mars, kept sacred shields said to have fallen from heaven; the Luperci ran naked at the Lupercalia. Catiline plotted against the Republic in 63 BC; Cato is Cato the Younger, defender of the Republic.

27 Augustus (Octavian) defeated Antony and Cleopatra at Actium in 31 BC, with Agrippa as his admiral. The star is that of his adoptive father, the deified Julius Caesar.

28 The queen is Cleopatra; the sistrum was a rattle used in Egyptian worship, and Anubis was the jackal-headed Egyptian god.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.704	Actius haec cernens arcum tendebat Apollo desuper: omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabaei. Ipsa videbatur ventis regina vocatis vela dare et laxos iam iamque inmittere funis. Illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura fecerat Ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum pandentemque sinus et tota veste vocantem caeruleum in gremium latebrosaque flumina victos. At Caesar, triplici invectus Romana triumpho moenia, dis Italis votum inmortale sacrabat, maxuma tercentum totam delubra per urbem.	Seeing this, Apollo of Actium was bending his bow from above. In terror at it all Egypt and the Indians, all the Arabs, all the Sabaeans were turning their backs in flight. The queen herself could be seen calling on the winds, spreading her sails, and at any moment letting the slackened ropes run free. The Lord of Fire had shown her amid the slaughter, pale with her coming death, borne along by the waves and the wind from Iapygia. Opposite her was the Nile, grieving in his great body, opening the folds of his robe and with all his garment calling the defeated into his blue-gray lap and his sheltering streams. But Caesar, carried into the walls of Rome in a triple triumph, was dedicating his immortal vow to the gods of Italy: three hundred great shrines throughout the city.[29]
8.717	Laetitia ludisque viae plausuque fremebant; omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae; ante aras terram caesi stravere iuvenci. Ipse, sedens niveo candentis limine Phoebi, dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis postibus; incedunt victae longo ordine gentes, quam variae linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis. Hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros, hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis, extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis, indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes. Talia per clipeum Volcani, dona parentis, miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet, attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum.	The streets rang with rejoicing, games and applause. In every temple there was a chorus of matrons, in every temple altars, and before the altars slaughtered bullocks covered the ground. Caesar himself, seated at the snow-white threshold of shining Phoebus, reviewed the gifts of the peoples and fixed them to the proud doorposts. The conquered nations marched in long procession, as varied in their languages as in their dress and arms. Here Mulciber had fashioned the Nomad people and the loose-robed Africans, here the Leleges and Carians and the Geloni with their arrows. The Euphrates was moving now with gentler waves, and there were the Morini, farthest of men, the two-horned Rhine, the untamed Dahae, and the Araxes, resentful of its bridge. Such were the scenes Aeneas marveled at on the shield of Vulcan, his mother's gift. Knowing nothing of the events, he rejoiced in their images, and lifted onto his shoulder the fame and the fates of his descendants.[30]

29 The Iapygian wind blows from southern Italy toward Greece and Egypt. Augustus celebrated his triple triumph in 29 BC.
30 Mulciber is another name for Vulcan.

Book 9

Nisus and Euryalus
Turnus attacks the Trojan camp; two young friends die on a night raid.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.1	Atque ea diversa penitus dum parte geruntur, Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno audacem ad Turnum. Luco tum forte parentis Pilumni Turnus sacrata valle sedebat. Ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: Turne, quod optanti divom promittere nemo auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro. Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relicta sceptra Palatini sedemque petit Euandri. Nec satis: extremas Corythi penetravit ad urbes Lydorumque manum collectos armat agrestis. Quid dubitas? Nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus. Rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.	And while these things were happening far away in another place, Juno, daughter of Saturn, sent Iris down from heaven to bold Turnus. Turnus, as it happened, was sitting then in a sacred valley, in the grove of his ancestor Pilumnus. The daughter of Thaumas spoke to him like this, with rosy lips: "Turnus, what none of the gods would have dared to promise to your prayers, look, the turning day has brought of its own accord. Aeneas has left his city, his comrades and his fleet, and is seeking the scepter and the home of Palatine Evander. Nor is that enough: he has made his way to the farthest cities of Corythus, and is arming a band of Lydians, country people he has gathered. Why do you hesitate? Now is the time to call for horses, now for chariots. Break off all delay and seize the camp while it is in confusion."[1]
9.14	Dixit et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. Adgnovit iuvenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas sustulit ac tali fugientem est voce secutus: Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam detulit in terras? Unde haec tam clara repente tempestas? Medium video discedere caelum palantisque polo stellas. Sequor omina tanta, quisquis in arma vocas. Et sic effatus ad undam processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas, multa deos orans, oneravitque aethera votis.	She spoke, and rose into the sky on balanced wings, and as she fled she cut a huge arc beneath the clouds. The young man recognized her, raised both his palms to the stars, and followed her flight with these words: "Iris, glory of the sky, who has sent you down to me on the clouds to earth? Where does this sudden brightness in the sky come from? I see the heavens part in the middle, and the stars wandering across the sky. I follow such great omens, whoever you are who call me to arms." And having said this he went forward to the river, drew water from the surface of the stream, praying much to the gods, and loaded the air with vows.

1 Pilumnus, an old Italian god, was Turnus' ancestor; Iris is the daughter of Thaumas. Corythus is an Etruscan town (later Cortona), and the Etruscans were thought to have come from Lydia.

TURNUS ATTACKS THE CAMP

Turnus tries to burn the Trojan ships, but Cybele turns them into sea nymphs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.25	Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis, dives equum, dives pictaï vestis et auri; Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent Tyrrhidae iuvenes, medio dux agmine Turnus, [vertitur arma tenens et toto vertice supra est.] Ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alveo. Hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis. Primus ab adversa conclamat mole Caicus:	And now the whole army was advancing across the open plains, rich in horses, rich in embroidered robes and gold. Messapus marshaled the front lines, the young sons of Tyrrhus the rear; in the middle of the column was Turnus, their leader, [moving among them with his weapons in hand, taller than all the rest by a whole head]. So the deep Ganges rises in silence when its seven streams are calm, or the Nile with its rich flood, when it flows back from the fields and has at last withdrawn into its bed. Here the Teucrians saw a sudden cloud of black dust gathering, and darkness rising over the plains. First, from the rampart facing the enemy, Caicus cried out:
9.36	Quis globus, o cives, caligine volvitur atra? Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros, hostis adest, heia! Ingenti clamore per omnis condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent. Namque ita discedens praeceperat optumus armis Aeneas: siqua interea fortuna fuisset, neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo; castra modo et tutos servarent aggere muros. Ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat, obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt armatique cavis expectant turribus hostem. Turnus ut ante volans tardum praecesserat agmen viginti lectis equitum comitatus, et urbi improvisus adest; maculis quem Thracius albis portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra.	"What is this mass, my countrymen, rolling on in black gloom? Quick, bring swords, hand out spears, climb the walls—the enemy is here, come on!" With a great shout the Teucrians took cover behind all the gates and manned the walls. For so Aeneas, best in arms, had instructed them as he left: whatever fortune might bring in the meantime, they were not to dare to draw up a battle line or to trust themselves to the open field; they were only to keep the camp and the walls safe behind their earthworks. So, although shame and anger urged them to close with the enemy, they still barred the gates, carried out his orders, and waited for the enemy in arms inside the hollow towers. Turnus, flying ahead, had outstripped his slow column with twenty picked horsemen at his side, and appeared at the city unexpected; a Thracian horse dappled with white carried him, and a golden helmet with a red crest covered his head.
9.51	Ecquis erit, mecum, iuvenes, qui primus in hostem? En, ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras, principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert. Clamore excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur horrisono: Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, non aequo dare se campo, non obvia ferre arma viros, sed castra fovere. Huc turbidus atque huc lustrat equo muros aditumque per avia quaerit. Ac veluti pleno lupus insidiatus ovili cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpessus et imbris, nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni	"Young men, which of you will be with me, first against the enemy? Look!" he said, and, whirling a javelin, sent it into the air, the opening of the battle, and rode tall onto the plain. His comrades took up the shout and followed with a terrible roar. They marveled at the spiritless hearts of the Teucrians: that the men would not commit themselves to a fair field, would not come out in arms to meet them, but huddled in their camp. This way and that, wild with rage, he rode round the walls, looking for an entrance where there was no path.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira saevit in absentis, collecta fatigat edendi ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces: haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet.	As a wolf lying in wait at a full sheepfold growls at the pens at midnight, having endured winds and rains, while the lambs, safe beneath their mothers, keep up their bleating, and he, savage and relentless in his anger, rages against prey beyond his reach, tormented by the frenzied hunger gathered over long fasting and by jaws dry of blood: just so the Rutulian, as he surveyed the walls and camp, blazed with anger, and resentment burned in his hard bones.
9.67	Qua temptet ratione aditus et quae via clausos excutiat Teucros vallo atque effundat in aequum? Classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat, aggeribus saeptam circum et fluvialibus undis, invadit sociosque incendia poscit ovantis atque manum pinu flagranti fervidus implet. Tum vero incumbunt, urget praesentia Turni, atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris. Diripuere focos; piceum fert fumida lumen taeda et commixtam Volcanus ad astra favillam. Quis deus, o musae, tam saeva incendia Teucris avertit? Tantos ratibus quis depulit ignes? Dicite. Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.	By what means was he to try for an entrance, and what way would shake the Teucrians out from behind their rampart and pour them onto the level plain? The fleet, which lay hidden alongside the camp, fenced round with earthworks and the river's waters—that was what he attacked. He called on his exulting comrades for fire and, burning with zeal, filled his own hand with a blazing pine torch. Then indeed they set to work, spurred on by Turnus' presence, and all the young warriors armed themselves with black torches. They stripped the hearths; the smoking pine brands sent up a pitchy light, and Vulcan carried the mingled embers to the stars. What god, O Muses, turned so savage a fire away from the Teucrians? Who drove such flames from their ships? Tell me. The belief in it is old, but its fame lives forever.
9.80	Tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat, ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecyntia magnum vocibus his adfata Iovem: Da, nate, petenti, quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo. [Pinea silva mihi, multos dilecta per annos] lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant, nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis: has ego Dardanio iuveni, cum classis egeret, laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit. Solve metus atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem: ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine venti vincantur, prosit nostris in montibus ortas.	At the time when Aeneas was first building his fleet on Phrygian Ida and preparing to seek the deep sea, the Berecyntian mother of the gods herself, so they say, addressed great Jupiter in these words: "Grant, my son, the request your dear mother makes of you, now that you have mastered Olympus. [There was a pine forest, loved by me for many years,] a grove on the summit of the citadel, where people brought me offerings, dark with black pitch-pine and maple trunks. These trees I gladly gave to the Dardanian youth when he was in need of a fleet; now anxious fear torments my troubled heart. Free me from my fears, and let your mother's prayers have this power: that they may never be shattered by any voyage or overcome by the whirlwind; let it help them that they grew on our mountains."[2]
9.93	Filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi: O genetrix, quo fata vocas, aut quid petis istis?	Her son, who turns the stars of the heavens, answered her: "Mother, where are you trying to

2 The Berecyntian mother is Cybele, the Phrygian mother goddess, named from Mount Berecyntus; Ida is the mountain near Troy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Mortaline manu factae immortale carinae fas habeant certusque incerta pericula lustret Aeneas? Cui tanta deo permissa potestas? Immo ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt Ausonios olim, quaecumque evaserit undis Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia vexerit arva, mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum. Dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris, per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas adnuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.	call the fates? What are you asking for these ships of yours? Are keels made by mortal hand to have an immortal's privilege? Is Aeneas to pass through uncertain dangers with certainty? To what god was such power ever granted? No—rather, when they have done their task and one day reach their goal and an Ausonian harbor, whichever of them has escaped the waves and carried the Dardanian leader to the fields of Laurentum, I will take away its mortal form and command it to be a goddess of the great sea, like Doto, daughter of Nereus, and Galatea, who cleave the foaming deep with their breasts." He had spoken, and he confirmed it by the rivers of his Stygian brother, by the banks that seethe with pitch and black whirlpools; he nodded assent, and with his nod made all Olympus tremble.
9.107	Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas. Hic primum nova lux oculis offulsit et ingens visus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus Idaeique chori; tum vox horrenda per auras excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet: Ne trepidate meas, Teucri, defendere navis neve armate manus: maria ante exurere Turno quam sacras dabitur pinus. Vos ite solutae, ite deae pelagi: genetrix iubet. Et sua quaeque continuo puppes abrumpunt vincula ripis delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris ima petunt. Hinc virgineae (mirabile monstrum) quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur.	So the promised day had come, and the Fates had fulfilled the appointed time, when Turnus' outrage warned the Mother to drive the torches from her sacred ships. Here first a strange light flashed before their eyes, and a great cloud was seen racing across the sky from the dawn, with the dancing bands of Ida; then a dreadful voice fell through the air and filled the ranks of Trojans and Rutulians: "Do not rush in alarm, Teucrians, to defend my ships, and do not arm your hands: Turnus will be allowed to burn up the seas sooner than these sacred pines. You, go free; go, goddesses of the sea: your mother commands it." And at once each ship broke her moorings from the bank and, like dolphins, plunged her beak and dived to the depths of the water. Then—a marvelous wonder—as many maidens' faces rose again as there had been bronze-clad prows standing at the shore before, and they were carried away over the sea.
9.123	Obstipuere animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis rauca sonans revocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. At non audaci Turno fiducia cessit; ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro: Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse auxilium solitum eripuit, non tela neque ignes exspectans Rutulos. Ergo maria invia Teucris nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est.	The Rutulians were stunned in their hearts; Messapus himself was terrified as his horses panicked, and the Tiber, roaring hoarsely, hesitated and drew his foot back from the deep. But bold Turnus did not lose his confidence; he even raised their spirits with his words, and even rebuked them: "It is the Trojans these portents are aimed at; from them Jupiter himself has snatched away their usual help, not waiting for Rutulian spears or fire. So the seas are closed to the Teucrians, and they have no hope of flight: half of their world has been taken from them.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.132 Terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes arma ferunt Italae. Nil me fatalia terrent, siqua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum: sat fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arva fertilis Ausoniae Troes. Sunt et mea contra fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem, coniuge praerepta: nec solos tangit Atridas iste dolor solisque licet capere arma Mycenis. Sed periisse semel satis est: peccare fuisset ante satis penitus modo non genus omne perosos femineum. Quibus haec medii fiducia valli fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parva, dant animos. At non viderunt moenia Troiae Neptuni fabricata manu considere in ignis?	But the land is in our hands: so many thousands, the peoples of Italy, are bearing arms. I am not at all frightened by fated oracles of the gods, if the Phrygians boast of any: enough has been granted to fate and to Venus, in that the Trojans have touched the fields of fertile Ausonia. I too have my own fates to set against theirs: to cut down with the sword this criminal people who have stolen my bride. That grief does not touch the sons of Atreus alone, and Mycenae is not the only one allowed to take up arms. But it is enough, you say, to have perished once? Then to have sinned once before should have been enough for them, so that now they would hate almost all womankind to the core. These men take heart from their trust in the rampart between us and the hindrance of their ditches—a slender margin between them and death. But did they not see the walls of Troy, built by Neptune's hand, sink into the flames?[3]
9.146 Sed vos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere vallum apparat et mecum invadit trepidantia castra. Non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis est opus in Teucros; addant se protinus omnes Etrusci socios, tenebras et inertia furta Palladii caesis summae custodibus arcis ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in alvo: luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros. Haud sibi cum Danais rem faxo et pube Pelasga esse ferant, decumum quos distulit Hector in annum. Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei, quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus procurate, viri, et pugnam sperate parari.	But you, my chosen men, which of you is ready to cut through the rampart with steel and attack their panicking camp with me? I have no need of Vulcan's arms, nor of a thousand ships, against the Teucrians. Let all the Etruscans join them at once as allies; they need not fear darkness and the cowardly theft of the Palladium, with the guards of the high citadel slain, nor shall we hide in the dark belly of a horse: in daylight, in the open, I am resolved to ring their walls with fire. I will make sure they do not think they are dealing with Danaans and Pelasgian youth, whom Hector held off until the tenth year. Now, then, since the better part of the day is spent, for what remains, men, rejoicing in your good work, refresh your bodies, and expect that battle is being prepared."[4]
9.159 Interea vigilum excubiis obsidere portas cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. Bis septem Rutuli, muros qui milite servent, delecti; ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur purpurei cristis iuvenes auroque corusci. Discurrunt variantque vices fusique per herbam indulgent vino et vertunt crateras aenos. Conlucent ignes, noctem custodia ducit insomnem ludo.	Meanwhile the task was given to Messapus to blockade the gates with watches of sentries and to encircle the walls with fires. Twice seven Rutulians were chosen to guard the walls with soldiers, and each of them was followed by a hundred young men, purple-crested and gleaming with gold. They ran to their posts and took turns at watch, and, sprawled on the grass, indulged in wine and tipped up the bronze mixing bowls. The

3 Turnus likens the loss of Lavinia, promised to him, to the Greeks' war over Helen, carried off from Menelaus, son of Atreus.
4 The Palladium, a sacred image of Pallas that protected Troy, was stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes; Vulcan had made Achilles' armor.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Haec super e vallo prospectant Troes et armis alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, tela gerunt. Instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus, quos pater Aeneas, siquando adversa vocarent, rectores iuvenum et rerum dedit esse magistros. Omnis per muros legio, sortita periclum, excubat exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum est.	fires blazed all round; the guards passed the sleepless night in games. Looking out from the rampart at all this, the Trojans held the heights in arms; anxious and afraid, they also tested the gates, linked up the bridges and bulwarks, and brought up weapons. Mnestheus and fierce Serestus urged them on, the men whom father Aeneas had appointed, should adversity ever call, to be leaders of the young warriors and masters of affairs. All along the walls the whole force, having drawn lots for its share of danger, kept watch and took turns, each at the post he had to guard.

NISUS AND EURYALUS

Two friends volunteer to slip through the enemy lines at night to reach Aeneas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.176 Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis, Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida venatrix iaculo celerem levibusque sagittis; it iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma, ora puer prima signans intonsa iuventa. His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant: tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant. Nisus ait: Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt, Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? Aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum invadere magnum mens agitat mihi nec placida contenta quietest. Cernis, quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum. Lumina rara micant; somno vinoque soluti procubuere; silent late loca: percipe porro, quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.	Nisus was guardian of a gate, a man most fierce in arms, son of Hyrtacus; Ida the huntress had sent him to accompany Aeneas, swift with the javelin and light arrows. Beside him was his comrade Euryalus; no one among Aeneas' people was more handsome, no one more handsome put on Trojan arms—a boy whose unshaven cheeks showed the first bloom of youth. The two shared one love, and they rushed into battle side by side; now too they were holding the gate on a shared watch. Nisus said: "Is it the gods who put this ardor into our minds, Euryalus, or does each man's fierce desire become his god? For a long while now my mind has been stirring me to battle or to attempt some great thing, and it is not content with peaceful rest. You see what confidence holds the Rutulians. Their lights glimmer few and far apart; loosened by sleep and wine, they lie stretched out; far and wide the place is silent. Now hear what I am pondering, and what plan is rising in my mind.[5]
9.192 Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque, exposcunt mittique viros, qui certa reportent. Si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti fama sat est), tumulo videor reperire sub illo posse viam ad muros et moenia Pallantea. Obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore Euryalus; simul his ardentem adfatur amicum: Mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus, Nise, fugis? Solum te in tanta pericula mittam? Non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes,	Everyone, the people and the elders alike, demands that Aeneas be summoned and that men be sent to bring back sure news. If they promise you what I ask for—for to me the glory of the deed is enough—I think I can find a way beneath that mound there to the walls and city of Pallanteum." Euryalus was astonished, struck with a great love of glory, and at once he addressed his ardent friend: "So, Nisus, are you trying to avoid taking me as your comrade in this great venture? Shall I

5 Nisus and Euryalus appeared together in the footrace of Book 5. Ida here is a huntress, perhaps a nymph of Mount Ida.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaeque labores sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi, magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus: est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.	send you alone into such dangers? That is not how my father Opheltes, a man used to war, raised and trained me amid the terror of the Argives and the hardships of Troy; nor is that how I have acted at your side, following great-hearted Aeneas to the last extremity of fate. Here is a spirit, here, that despises the light of life, and believes that the honor you are reaching for is well bought with a life."
9.207	Nisus ad haec: Equidem de te nil tale verebar nec fas, non, ita me referat tibi magnus ovantem Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis. Sed siquis, quae multa vides discrimine tali, siquis in adversum rapiat casusve deusve, te superesse velim; tua vita dignior aetas. Sit qui me raptum pugna pretiove redemptum mandet humo solita aut siqua id Fortuna vetabit, absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulchro. Neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris, quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa persequitur magni nec moenia curat Acestae,	Nisus answered: "Truly, I had no such fear about you; it would not be right, no—so may great Jupiter, or whoever looks on these things with just eyes, bring me back to you in triumph. But if something—and you see many such things in a venture like this—if some chance or some god should sweep me to disaster, I would want you to survive: your age is more worthy of life. Let there be someone to commit me to the earth in the usual way, snatched from the battle or ransomed for a price; or, if Fortune forbids that, to pay the rites to me in my absence and honor me with a tomb. And let me not be the cause of such great grief to your poor mother, who alone, my boy, out of many mothers dared to follow you, and does not care for the walls of great Acestes."
9.219	Ille autem: Causas nequiquam nectis inanis, nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit: adceleremus, ait. Vigiles simul excitat, illi succedunt servantque vices: statione relicta ipse comes Niso graditur, regemque requirunt. Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: ductores Teucrum primi et delecta iuventus consilium summis regni de rebus habebant, quid facerent quisve Aeneae iam nuntius esset. Stant longis adnixi hastis, et scuta tenentes, castrorum et campi medio. Tum Nisus et una Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant: rem magnam, pretiumque morae fore. Primus Iulus accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit.	But he replied: "You are weaving empty excuses in vain, and my decision does not change or give way. Let us hurry," he said. At once he roused the sentries; they came to take their place and keep the watch. Leaving his post, he walked beside Nisus as his comrade, and they went in search of their prince. All other living things throughout the earth were easing their cares in sleep, their hearts forgetful of their toils; but the foremost leaders of the Teucrians and the chosen youth were holding council on the highest affairs of the kingdom: what they should do, or who would now be their messenger to Aeneas. They stood leaning on their long spears and holding their shields, in the middle of the camp and the open ground. Then Nisus and Euryalus together eagerly asked to be admitted at once: the matter was important, they said, and would be worth the interruption. Iulus was the first to welcome them in their agitation, and he ordered Nisus to speak.
9.234	Tum sic Hyrtacides: Audite O mentibus aequis, Aeneadae, neve haec nostris spectentur ab annis, quae ferimus. Rutuli somno vinoque soluti conticuere; locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,	Then the son of Hyrtacus spoke thus: "Listen with open minds, people of Aeneas, and do not judge what we bring by our years. The Rutulians, loosened by sleep and wine, have fallen silent; we

LATIN	ENGLISH
qui patet in bivio portae, quae proxuma ponto; interrupti ignes, aterque ad sidera fumus erigitur: si fortuna permittitis uti quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea, mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta adfore cernetis. Nec nos via fallit euntis: vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem venatu adsiduo et totum cognovimus amnem. Hic annis gravis atque animi maturus Aletes:	have seen with our own eyes a place for a stealthy sortie, where the road forks at the gate nearest the sea. Their fires are broken off, and black smoke rises to the stars. If you allow us to use this fortune to seek out Aeneas and the walls of Pallanteum, you will soon see us here with spoils, after a great slaughter. Nor will the way mislead us as we go: in our constant hunting we have seen the outskirts of the city below in the shadowy valleys, and we know the whole river." At this Aletes, heavy with years and ripe in judgment, spoke:
9.247 Di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est, non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis, cum talis animos iuvenum et tam certa tulistis pectora. Sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat amborum et voltum lacrimis atque ora rigabat. Quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro laudibus istis praemia posse rear solvi? Pulcherrima primum di moresque dabunt vestri; tum cetera reddet actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aevi Ascanius, meriti tanti non immemor umquam. Immo ego vos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,	"Gods of our fathers, under whose divine will Troy always stands, you are not, after all, preparing to destroy the Teucrians utterly, since you have given our young men such spirit and such steadfast hearts." As he said this, he held the shoulders and right hands of them both, and bathed his face and cheeks with tears. "What rewards, men, what worthy rewards can I think could be paid you for such praiseworthy deeds? The finest the gods and your own character will give first; then devoted Aeneas will give you the rest at once, and Ascanius, in the fullness of his youth, will never forget so great a service." "No—I, whose only safety lies in my father's return,"
9.258 excipit Ascanius, per magnos, Nise, penatis Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Vestae obtestor; quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, in vestris pono gremiis: revocate parentem, reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto. Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis pocula, devicta genitor quae cepit Arisba, et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido. Si vero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri contigerit victori et praedae dicere sortem, vidisti quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis aureus: ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise.	Ascanius broke in, "by the great household gods, Nisus, and by the hearth god of Assaracus and the shrine of gray Vesta, I implore you both: whatever fortune and trust I have, I place in your hands. Call my father back, give me the sight of him again; once he is recovered, nothing will be grievous. I will give you two cups, finely worked in silver and rough with embossed figures, which my father took when Arisba was conquered, and a pair of tripods, two great talents of gold, and an ancient mixing bowl that Sidonian Dido gave. But if it falls to us to capture Italy as victors, to take possession of the scepter, and to cast lots for the spoils—you saw the horse Turnus rode, the armor he wore as he went, all golden: that very horse, the shield and the red crest, I will exempt from the lottery; already now, Nisus, they are your reward.
9.272 Praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum corpora captivosque dabit suaque omnibus arma, insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus. Te vero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas insequitur, venerande puer, iam pectore toto accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis.	Besides, my father will give you twelve of the choicest women, and captive men, all with their own arms, and on top of these whatever land King Latinus himself now holds. But you, honored boy, whom my own age follows more closely, I take you now to my whole heart and embrace you as my

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus; seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum verborumque fides. Contra quem talia fatur Euryalus: Me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis dissimilem arguerit; tantum, fortuna secunda aut adversa cadat. Sed te super omnia dona unum oro, genetrix Priami de gente vetusta est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.	comrade in every chance. No glory will be sought for my affairs without you: whether I conduct peace or war, my greatest trust, in deeds and words, will be in you." In answer to him Euryalus spoke thus: "No day will ever prove me unequal to such brave ventures: that much I promise, whether fortune falls out favorable or adverse. But above all gifts I ask one thing of you: I have a mother of the ancient line of Priam, poor woman, whom neither the land of Ilium could keep from leaving with me, nor the walls of King Acestes.
9.287	Hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli est inque salutatam linquo: nox et tua testis dextera, quod nequeam lacrumas perferre parentis at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictae. Hanc sine me spem ferre tui: audentior ibo in casus omnis. Percussa mente dedere Dardanidae lacrimas; ante omnis pulcher Iulus, atque animum patriae strinxit pietatis imago. Tum sic effatur: Sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis. Namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusae solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem parva manet. Casus factum quicumque sequentur, per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis, haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.	I am leaving her now unaware of this danger, whatever it may be, and without a farewell: night and your right hand are my witnesses that I could not bear my mother's tears. But you, I beg you, console her in her helplessness and help her when she is left alone. Let me take this hope of you with me: I will go more boldly into every danger." Deeply moved, the Dardanians wept; before all the others, handsome Iulus, and the image of his own devotion to his father touched his heart. Then he spoke thus: "Be sure of everything worthy of your great undertaking. For she will be a mother to me, and only the name of Creusa will be lacking; no small gratitude awaits her for bearing such a son. Whatever outcome follows your deed, I swear by this head, by which my father used to swear before: all that I promise you if you return and succeed, these same things will remain for your mother and your family."
9.303	Sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exuit ensem auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon Gnosius atque habilem vagina aptarat eburna. Dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis exuvias; galeam fidus permutat Aletes. Protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis primorum manus ad portas iuvenumque senumque prosequitur votis. Nec non et pulcher Iulus, ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem, multa patri mandata dabat portanda: sed aurae omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant.	So he spoke, weeping; at the same time he took from his shoulder his gilded sword, which Lycaon of Cnossus had made with wonderful skill and fitted, easy to handle, into an ivory scabbard. Mnestheus gave Nisus a pelt, the shaggy skin of a lion; faithful Aletes exchanged helmets with him. At once they set out in arms; as they went, the whole company of leaders, young and old, escorted them to the gates with prayers. And handsome Iulus, too, bearing a man's spirit and concern beyond his years, gave them many messages to carry to his father; but the winds scattered them all and gave them, useless, to the clouds.
9.314	Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri exitio. Passim somno vinoque per herbam corpora fusa vident, arrectos litore currus, inter lora rotasque viros, simul arma iacere,	Once out, they crossed the ditches and through the shadow of night made for the enemy camp—yet before that they were to be the death of many. Everywhere they saw bodies sprawled on the grass in sleep and wine, chariots tilted up on the

LATIN	ENGLISH
vina simul. Prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus: Euryale, audendum dextra; nunc ipsa vocat res. Hac iter est. Tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe; haec ego vasta dabo et lato te limite ducam.	shore, men lying among the reins and wheels, their weapons and their wine together. The son of Hyrtacus spoke first: "Euryalus, now our right hands must be bold; the moment itself calls us. This is our way. You keep watch and look far around, so that no band can rise against us from behind. I will lay waste here and lead you on along a broad path."
9.324 Sic memorat vocemque premit; simul ense superbum Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum. Rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur, sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem. Tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis nanctus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla; tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore terra torique madent. Nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque et iuvenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat membra deo victus: felix, si protinus illum aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset.	So he spoke, and checked his voice; at once with his sword he attacked proud Rhamnes, who happened to be lying propped up on deep rugs, breathing out sleep from his whole chest. He was a king himself, and King Turnus' favorite augur, but his augury could not ward off his ruin. Nearby Nisus cut down three of his attendants, lying carelessly among their weapons, and the armor-bearer of Remus, and his charioteer, catching him right beneath the horses, and sliced through their drooping necks with steel. Then he took off the head of their master himself and left the trunk gurgling out blood; the ground and the couches were soaked and warm with black gore. He cut down Lamyrus too, and Lamus, and young Serranus, a man of striking looks, who had played long into that night and lay with his limbs overcome by much of the wine-god: happy, if he had made his game last as long as the night and carried it on till daylight.
9.339 Impastus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans (suadet enim vesana fames) manditque trahitque molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento: nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem, Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque Abarimque, ignaros, Rhoetum vigilantem et cuncta videntem, sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat; pectore in adverso totum cui comminus ensem condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit. Purpuream vomit ille animam et cum sanguine mixta vina refert moriens; hic furto fervidus instat. Iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem deficere extremum et religatos rite videbat carpere gramen equos: breviter cum talia Nisus. sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri:	Like an unfed lion causing havoc through full sheepfolds—for mad hunger drives him—who mauls and drags the soft flock, dumb with fear, and roars with bloody mouth: no less was the slaughter wrought by Euryalus. He too was on fire and raged wildly; he fell on a great crowd of nameless common men in the middle, and on Fadus, Herbesus, Rhoetus and Abaris, all unaware—all except Rhoetus, who was awake and saw everything, but in fear was hiding behind a great mixing bowl. As he rose, Euryalus buried his whole sword full in his chest at close range, and drew it back with a flood of death. Rhoetus vomited out his crimson life, and dying brought up wine mixed with blood; the other pressed on, hot in his stealthy work. And now he was heading for Messapus' comrades; there he saw the last of the fires dying out and the horses, duly tethered, cropping the grass—when Nisus spoke briefly, for he sensed that his friend was being carried away by too much slaughter and desire:

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.355 Absistamus, ait, nam lux inimica propinquat. Poenarum exhaustum satis est, via facta per hostis. Multa virum solido argento perfecta relinquunt armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas. Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim quae mittit dona hospitio cum iungeret absens Caedicus, ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti, [post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti] haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat. Tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram induit. Excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.	"Let us stop," he said, "for the hostile daylight is approaching. Enough vengeance has been taken; a way has been made through the enemy." They left behind many of the men's treasures, made of solid silver, and their weapons and mixing bowls as well, and beautiful rugs. Euryalus took the medallions of Rhamnes and his sword belt studded with gold—gifts that the wealthy Caedicus once sent to Remulus of Tibur, when he joined him in friendship from afar; Remulus, dying, gave them to his grandson to keep; [after his death the Rutulians won them in war and battle]—these he snatched up and fitted on his strong shoulders, in vain. Then he put on Messapus' helmet, well fitted and graced with plumes. They left the camp and made for safety.

THE DEATHS OF THE FRIENDS

Horsemen catch Euryalus, Nisus dies trying to save him, and Euryalus' mother mourns from the walls.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.367 Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina, cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur, ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant, tercentum, scutati omnes, Volcente magistro. Iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant, cum procul hos laevo flectentis limite cernunt et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra prodidit immemorem radiisque adversa refulsit. Haud temere est visum. Conclamat ab agmine Volcens State, viri. Quae causa viae? Quive estis in armis? Quove tenetis iter? Nihil illi tendere contra, sed celerare fugam in silvas et fidere nocti.	Meanwhile horsemen sent ahead from the Latin city, while the rest of the legion waited drawn up on the plains, were on their way, bringing replies to King Turnus: three hundred, all with shields, under the command of Volcens. And now they were nearing the camp and coming up under the walls, when far off they saw the two turning away along a path to the left; and in the dim shadow of night the helmet betrayed the heedless Euryalus, flashing back as it caught the light. It was not seen for nothing. From the column Volcens shouted: "Halt, men! Why are you on the road? Who are you, in arms? Where are you heading?" They made no answer, but hastened their flight into the woods and trusted in the night.
9.379 Obiciunt equites sese ad divortia nota hinc atque hinc omnemque abitum custode coronant. Silva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes; rara per occultos lucebat semita calles. Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda impediunt fallitque timor regione viarum; Nisus abit, iamque imprudens evaserat hostis atque locos, qui post Albae de nomine dicti Albani, tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat, ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum.	The horsemen threw themselves across the familiar crossroads on this side and that, and ringed every way out with guards. There was a wood, spreading wide, rough with thickets and dark holm-oak, filled on every side with dense briars; here and there a faint path glimmered among hidden tracks. Euryalus was hampered by the darkness of the branches and the weight of his plunder, and fear led him astray in the direction of the paths. Nisus got away; and now, without thinking, he had escaped the enemy and the place later called Alban from the name of Alba—at that time

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		King Latinus kept his high stables there—when he stopped and looked back in vain for his absent friend.
9.390	Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? Quave sequar, rursus perplexum iter omne revolvens fallacis silvae? Simul et vestigia retro observata legit dumisque silentibus errat. Audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum. Nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris pervenit ac videt Euryalum, quem iam manus omnis fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu, oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra. Quid faciat? Qua vi iuvenem, quibus audeat armis eripere? An sese medios moriturus in enses inferat et pulchram properet per volnera mortem? Ocius adducto torquens hastile lacerto, suspiciens altam Lunam sic voce precatur:	"Poor Euryalus, where have I left you? Where shall I follow, retracing again the whole tangled way through the deceptive wood?" At once he picked out his own footprints, noting them as he went back, and wandered through the silent thickets. He heard horses, heard the noise and signals of pursuers. Not much time passed before a shout reached his ears and he saw Euryalus, whom the whole band, aided by the treachery of the ground and the night and by the sudden confusion of the uproar, had overpowered and was dragging off as he tried everything in vain. What was he to do? With what force, what weapons, could he dare to rescue the young man? Or should he throw himself into the midst of the swords to die, and hasten through wounds to a beautiful death? Quickly drawing back his arm and poising a spear, he looked up at the high Moon and prayed in these words:
9.404	Tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori, astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos. Siqua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris dona tulit, siqua ipse meis venatibus auxi suspendive tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi: hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras. Dixerat, et toto conixus corpore ferrum conicit: hasta volans noctis diverberat umbras et venit aversi in tergum Sulmonis ibique frangitur ac fisso transit praecordia ligno. Volvitur ille vomens calidum de pectore flumen frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. Diversi circumspiciunt. Hoc acrior idem ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure.	"You, goddess, you, be present and help us in our hardship, glory of the stars and guardian of the groves, daughter of Latona. If ever my father Hyrtacus brought gifts to your altars for me, if ever I myself have added to them from my hunting, and hung offerings in your dome or fixed them to your sacred roof: let me throw this band into confusion, and guide my weapons through the air." He had spoken, and straining with his whole body he hurled the steel. The spear flew and lashed through the shadows of night, and struck the back of Sulmo, who was turned away. There it broke, and with its splintered shaft it passed through his heart. He rolled over, pouring a warm stream from his breast, turning cold, and his flanks heaved with long, sobbing gasps. They looked around, this way and that. Fiercer for this success, the same man was already poising another weapon at the height of his ear.[6]
9.418	Dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro. Saevit atrox Volcens nec teli conspicit usquam auctorem nec quo se ardens inmittere possit. Tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas	While they were in panic, the spear went hissing through both of Tagus' temples and stuck, warm, in the pierced brain. Volcens raged in fury, yet nowhere could he see who had thrown the weapon, nor where he could hurl himself in his

6 Latonia, daughter of Latona, is Diana, goddess of the moon and of hunting.

LATIN	ENGLISH
persolves amborum, inquit; simul ense recluso ibat in Euryalum. Tum vero exterritus, amens conclamat Nisus, nec se celare tenebris amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem. Me me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum, O Rutuli, mea fraus omnis; nihil iste nec ausus nec potuit, caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor, tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.	heat. "You, though, will pay me meanwhile with your warm blood for both of them," he said, and at once, sword drawn, he went at Euryalus. Then indeed Nisus, terrified and out of his mind, cried out. He could no longer hide himself in the darkness or bear so great a grief. "Me, me! Here I am, I did it! Turn your steel on me, Rutulians! The whole trick was mine. He neither dared anything nor could have—I call this sky and the stars that know it to witness. He only loved his unlucky friend too well."
9.431 Talia dicta dabat; sed viribus ensis adactus transabiit costas et candida pectora rumpit. Volvitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus it cruor, inque umeros cervix conlapsa recumbit: purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro languescit moriens lassove papavera collo demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur. At Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis Volcentem petit in solo Volcente moratur. Quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus atque hinc proturbant. Instat non setius ac rotat ensem fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore condidit adverso et moriens animam abstulit hosti. Tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum confossus placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.	Such were his words; but the sword, driven home with force, passed through the ribs and burst open the white breast. Euryalus rolled over in death; blood ran over his lovely limbs, and his neck sank and drooped onto his shoulder: as when a purple flower, cut by the plow, droops as it dies, or poppies bow their heads on weary necks when they happen to be weighed down by rain. But Nisus rushed into their midst, and among them all he sought Volcens alone, and on Volcens alone he was bent. The enemy massed around him and drove him back at close quarters, from this side and from that. He pressed on no less, whirling his sword like lightning, until he buried it full in the face of the shouting Rutulian, and as he died he took his enemy's life. Then, pierced through, he threw himself upon his lifeless friend, and there at last found rest in peaceful death.
9.446 Fortunati ambo! Siquid mea carmina possunt, nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo, dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit. Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti Volcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant. Nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto exsangui et primis una tot caede peremptis, Serranoque Numaque. Ingens concursus ad ipsa corpora seminecisque viros tepidaque recentem caede locum et plenos spumanti sanguine rivos. Agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas.	Fortunate pair! If my songs have any power, no day will ever take you from the memory of time, so long as the house of Aeneas dwells by the immovable rock of the Capitol and the Roman father holds his empire. The victorious Rutulians, masters of plunder and spoils, carried the lifeless Volcens weeping into their camp. Nor was the mourning less in the camp when Rhamnes was found drained of blood, and so many leaders destroyed in a single slaughter, Serranus and Numa. There was a great rush toward the bodies themselves and the half-dead men, toward the ground still warm and fresh with slaughter and the streams brimming with foaming blood. Among themselves they recognized the spoils, the gleaming helmet of Messapus, and the trappings won back with so much sweat.[7]

7 The Capitol, Rome's sacred hill and citadel, crowned by the chief temple of Jupiter.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.459 Et iam prima novo spargebat lumine terras Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile: iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce retectis Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipse, suscitat, aeratasque acies in proelia cogit quisque suas variisque acuunt rumoribus iras. Quin ipsa arrectis (visu miserabile) in hastis praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur Euryali et Nisi. Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra opposuere aciem, nam dextera cingitur amni, ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis stant maesti; simul ora virum praefixa movebant, nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo.	And now Aurora, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, was first sprinkling the earth with new light. Now the sun had poured in, now the world was uncovered by the light, and Turnus, himself clad in arms, roused his men to arms. Each leader marshaled his own bronze-clad lines for battle, and they sharpened their anger with various rumors. They even fixed on raised spears (a pitiful sight) the very heads, and followed them with loud shouting—the heads of Euryalus and Nisus. Aeneas' people, unyielding, set their battle line against them on the left side of the walls, for the right is bounded by the river. They held the huge trenches and stood grim on their high towers; and all the while the faces of the men fixed on the spears moved them, faces known all too well to those grieving men, and dripping with dark gore.
9.473 Interea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris Euryali. At subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, excussi manibus radii revolutaque pensa. Evolat infelix et femineo ululatu, scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu prima petit, non illa virum, non illa pericli telorumque memor; caelum dehinc questibus implet: Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? Tune illa senectae sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam, crudelis? Nec te, sub tanta pericula missum, adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?	Meanwhile winged Rumor, the messenger, flying through the frightened town, sped on and glided to the ears of Euryalus' mother. All at once the warmth left the poor woman's bones; the shuttle was shaken from her hands, and the wool unwound. The unhappy woman flew out, and with a woman's wailing, tearing her hair, frantic, she ran to the walls and the front ranks, heedless of the men, heedless of danger and of weapons. Then she filled the sky with her laments: "Is it you I see like this, Euryalus? You, the late comfort of my old age—could you leave me alone, cruel one? And when you were sent into such dangers, was your poor mother given no chance to speak to you one last time?
9.485 Heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis alitibusque iaces, nec te, tua funera mater produxi pressive oculos aut volnera lavi, veste tegens, tibi quam noctes festina diesque urgebam et tela curas solabar anilis. Quo sequar, aut quae nunc artus avolsaque membra et funus lacerum tellus habet? Hoc mihi de te, nate, refers? Hoc sum terraque marique secuta? Figite me, siqua est pietas, in me omnia tela conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro: aut tu, magne pater divom, miserere tuoque invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo, quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.	Alas, you lie in an unknown land, given as prey to Latin dogs and birds! And I, your mother, did not lead out your funeral, or close your eyes, or wash your wounds, covering you with the robe I was hurrying to finish for you night and day, soothing an old woman's cares at the loom. Where shall I go? What land now holds your limbs, your torn-off body, your mangled corpse? Is this what you bring back to me of yourself, my son? Is this what I followed over land and sea? Pierce me, if there is any devotion in you; hurl all your weapons at me, Rutulians; destroy me first with the steel. Or you, great father of the gods, have pity, and with your own weapon thrust this hated head down to Tartarus, since in no other way can I break off this cruel life."

STORMING THE WALLS

The Latins assault the camp; a tower collapses, and Turnus kills those who escape it.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.498	Hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis it gemitus: torpent infractae ad proelia vires. Illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor Illionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt. At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro increpuit; sequitur clamor caelumque remugit. Adcelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci et fossas implere parant ac vellere vallum. Quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros, qua rara est acies interlucetque corona non tam spissa viris. Telorum effundere contra omne genus Teucri ac duris detrudere contis, adsueti longo muros defendere bello.	At this weeping their spirits were shaken, and a groan of grief passed through them all; their strength for battle was broken and numbed. As she kindled their grief, Idaeus and Actor, at the urging of Ilioneus and of Iulus, who was weeping bitterly, seized her and carried her between their arms back indoors. But far off the trumpet blared its terrible sound from tuneful bronze; a shout followed, and the sky bellowed back. The Volscians hurried forward together, advancing in tortoise formation, and made ready to fill the trenches and tear up the rampart. Some sought a way in and tried to climb the walls with ladders, where the line was thin and the ring of men, less dense, let light show through. Against them the Teucrians poured weapons of every kind and thrust them down with stout poles, for they were used to defending walls in a long war.
9.512	Saxa quoque infesto volvebant pondere, siqua possent tectam aciem perrumpere: cum tamen omnis ferre iuvat subter densa testudine casus; nec iam sufficiunt. Nam qua globus imminet ingens, immanem Teucri molem volvuntque ruuntque, quae stravit Rutulos late armorumque resolvit tegmina. Nec curant caeco contendere Marte amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere vallo missilibus certant. Parte alia horrendus visu quassabat Etruscam pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis; at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles, rescindit vallum et scalas in moenia poscit.	They also rolled down stones of deadly weight, in case they could break through the covered column; yet under the dense tortoise the attackers were glad to bear all that fell. But now they could hold out no longer. For where the huge throng pressed closest, the Teucrians rolled and tumbled down an enormous mass, which laid the Rutulians low far and wide and broke apart their covering of armor. The bold Rutulians no longer cared to fight a blind war, but strove to drive the defenders from the rampart with missiles. In another quarter Mezentius, dreadful to behold, was brandishing an Etruscan pine torch and bringing smoking fire; while Messapus, tamer of horses, offspring of Neptune, tore down the rampart and called for ladders for the walls.
9.525	Vos, o Calliope, precor, adspirate canenti, quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus ediderit, quem quisque virum demiserit Orco; et mecum ingentis oras evolvite belli, [et meministis enim, divae, et memorare potestis.] Turris erat vasto suspectu et pontibus altis, opportuna loco, summis quam viribus omnes expugnare Itali summaque evertere opum vi certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras.	You Muses, O Calliope, I pray, breathe on me as I sing what slaughter Turnus wrought there then with the sword, what deaths, whom each warrior sent down to Orcus; and unroll with me the vast scroll of the war. [For you remember, goddesses, and you can recall it.] There was a tower, vast to look up at, with high gangways, well placed for its position. All the Italians strove with their utmost strength to storm it and with all the might of their resources to overturn it; the Trojans strove to de-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima vento corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis. Turbati trepidare intus frustraque malorum velle fugam. Dum se glomerant retroque residunt in partem, quae peste caret, tum pondere turris procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore.	fend it with stones, and, packed together, to hurl weapons through the hollow loopholes. Turnus, first of all, threw a blazing torch and fixed the flame to its side. Fanned strong by the wind, the flame seized the planks and clung to the doorposts it had eaten away. Those inside, in confusion, panicked and wished in vain to escape the disaster. While they crowded together and fell back to the part untouched by the destruction, the tower suddenly toppled under the weight, and the whole sky thundered with the crash.[8]
9.542	Semineces ad terram, immani mole secuta, confixique suis telis et pectora duro transfossi ligno veniunt. Vix unus Helenor et Lycus elapsi. Quorum primaevus Helenor, Maeonio regi quem serva Licymnia furtim sustulerat vetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis, ense levis nudo parmaque inglorius alba; isque ubi se Turni media inter milia vidit, hinc acies atque hinc acies adstare Latinas: ut fera, quae densa venantum saepta corona contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti inicit et saltu supra venabula fertur, haud aliter iuvenis medios moriturus in hostis inruit et, qua tela videt densissima, tendit.	Half-dead they came to the ground, the enormous mass following them, pierced by their own weapons, their breasts run through by the hard timber. Barely Helenor and Lycus escaped. Of these, Helenor was in his first youth. The slave Licymnia had borne him in secret to the Maeonian king and had sent him to Troy in forbidden arms, lightly armed with a bare sword and a plain white shield, without glory. When he saw himself in the midst of Turnus' thousands, Latin lines standing on this side and Latin lines on that: like a wild beast, hemmed in by a dense ring of hunters, that rages against their weapons and, well aware, throws itself to its death and bounds up over the hunting spears—just so the young man rushed into the midst of the enemy to die, and where he saw the weapons thickest, there he made his way.
9.556	At pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis inter et arma fuga muros tenet altaque certat prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras. Quem Turnus, pariter cursu teloque secutus, increpat his victor: Nostrasne evadere, demens, sperasti te posse manus? Simul adripit ipsum pendentem et magna muri cum parte revellit. Qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum sustulit alta petens pedibus Iovis armiger uncis quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum Martius a stabulis rapuit lupus. Undique clamor tollitur: invadunt et fossas agere complent; ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant.	But Lycus, far swifter of foot, fleeing between the enemy and between their weapons, reached the walls and struggled to grasp the high coping with his hand and to reach the right hands of his comrades. Turnus, following him with feet and spear alike, taunted him in triumph: "Did you hope, madman, that you could escape our hands?" At once he seized him as he hung there and tore him down with a great part of the wall: as when the armor-bearer of Jupiter, soaring on high, has carried off a hare or a swan with gleaming body in his hooked talons, or the wolf of Mars has snatched from the fold a lamb that its mother seeks with much bleating. On every side a shout rose up. They charged and filled the trenches with earth; others threw blazing torches onto the rooftops.[9]
9.569	Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem,	Ilioneus laid low Lucetius with a stone, a huge fragment of a mountain, as he came up to the gate

8 Calliope is the Muse of epic poetry; Virgil addresses all the Muses through her.
9 Jupiter's armor-bearer is the eagle, which carried his thunderbolts; the wolf was sacred to Mars.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas, hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta, Ortygium Caeneus, victorem Caenea Turnus, Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum Promolumque et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan, Privernum Capys. Hunc primo levis hasta Themillae strinxerat: ille manum proiecto tegmine demens ad volnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta et laevo infixa est lateri manus abditaque intus spiramenta animae letali volnere rupit.	carrying fire; Liger felled Emathion, Asilas Corynaeus—the one skilled with the javelin, the other with the arrow that deceives from afar. Caeneus felled Ortygius, and Turnus the victorious Caeneus; Turnus felled Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas as he stood at the front of the towers' top; Capys felled Privernus. Themillas' light spear had grazed him first; the madman threw aside his shield and raised his hand to the wound. So the arrow came gliding on its wings, his hand was pinned to his left side, and, buried deep within, the arrow burst the breathing passages of life with a deadly wound.

ASCANIUS' FIRST KILL

Numanus taunts the Trojans, Ascanius kills him with an arrow, and Apollo bids the boy fight no more.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.581	Stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis, pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera, insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens, eductum Matris luco Symaethia circum flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: stridentem fundam positis Mezentius hastis ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena et media adversi liquefacto tempora plumbo diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena. Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugaces Ascanius fortemque manu fudisse Numanum, cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat. Is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu vociferans tumidusque novo praecordia regno ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:	There stood the son of Arcens in splendid armor, his cloak embroidered with the needle and bright with Iberian rust-red, striking in his beauty. His father Arcens had sent him; he had been reared in the Mother's grove around the streams of Symaethus, where stands the rich and gracious altar of Palicus. Mezentius laid aside his spears and himself whirled the whistling sling three times around his head with tightened thong; with the molten lead he split the young man's head between the temples as he faced him, and stretched him out at full length on the deep sand. Then for the first time in war, it is said, Ascanius aimed his swift arrow—he who before had been used only to frightening fleeing wild beasts—and with his own hand laid low brave Numanus, whose surname was Remulus, and who had lately been joined in marriage to Turnus' younger sister. He was striding before the front line, shouting things fit and unfit to tell, his heart swollen with his new royal kinship, and making himself huge with his clamor:
9.598	Non pudet obsidione iterum valloque teneri, bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros? En qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! Quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit Non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Ulixes: durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum deferimus saevoque gelu duramus et undis, venatu invigilant pueri silvasque fatigant, flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.	"Are you not ashamed to be held again under siege behind a rampart, twice-captured Phrygians, and to put walls between yourselves and death? Look—these are the men who demand our brides for themselves by war! What god, what madness drove you to Italy? Here are no sons of Atreus, no Ulysses, contriver of tales. We are a people hard from the root: we carry our newborn sons down to

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	At patiens operum parvoque adsueta iuventus aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.	the rivers first and harden them in the savage ice and the waters. Our boys keep watch through the night for hunting and wear out the woods; their play is to steer horses and to shoot arrows from the bow. Our young men, enduring toil and used to little, either tame the earth with mattocks or shake towns in war.
9.609	Omne aevum ferro teritur, versaque iuvencum terga fatigamus hasta; nec tarda senectus debilitat vires animi mutatque vigorem: canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis comportare iuvat praedas et vivere rapto. Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis, desidiae cordi, iuvat indulgere choreis, et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae. O vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta Dindyma ubi adsuetis biforem dat tibia cantum! Tympana vos buxusque vocat Berecyntia Matris Idaeae sinite arma viris et cedite ferro. Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem non tulit Ascanius nervoque obversus equino contendit telum diversaque bracchia ducens constitit, ante Iovem supplex per vota precatus:	All our life is worn away with iron, and we goad the backs of our bullocks with the butt of the spear. Nor does sluggish old age weaken the strength of our spirit or change our vigor: we press helmets on our white hair, and we always delight to bring home fresh plunder and to live on what we seize. You wear clothes embroidered with saffron and shining purple; idleness is your joy; you love to give yourselves to dances; your tunics have sleeves, and your turbans have ribbons. You are Phrygian women, truly—not Phrygian men! Go over the heights of Dindymus, where the pipe gives its double-voiced song to those who know it! The drums and the Berecyntian boxwood flute of the Mother of Ida are calling you. Leave arms to men and give up the sword." As he flung out such boasts and uttered such dire words, Ascanius could not bear it. Facing him, he drew an arrow on the horsehair string, and, pulling his arms wide apart, he stood still, first praying to Jupiter as a suppliant with vows:[10]
9.625	Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. Ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuvencum candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem, iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam. Audiit et caeli Genitor de parte serena intonuit laevum, sonat una fatifer arcus: effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta perque caput Remuli venit et cava tempora ferro traicit. I, verbis virtutem inlude superbis! His capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt. Hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucri clamore sequuntur laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt. Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo desuper Ausonias acies urbemque videbat, nube sedens, atque his victorem adfatur Iulum:	"Almighty Jupiter, nod assent to my bold undertaking. I myself will bring yearly gifts to your temple for you, and set before your altars a snow-white bullock with gilded brow, carrying its head as high as its mother's, already butting with its horn and scattering the sand with its hooves." The Father heard, and from a clear quarter of the sky he thundered on the left; at the same moment the deadly bow twanged. The arrow, drawn back, flew off with a dreadful hiss, went through the head of Remulus, and pierced the hollow temples with its steel. "Go, mock courage with arrogant words! The twice-captured Phrygians send back this answer to the Rutulians." Ascanius said only this. The Teucrians followed with a shout, roared with joy, and raised their spirits to the stars. Then, as it happened, long-haired Apollo, seated on a cloud in a region of the upper air, was looking down from

10 Dindymus and Berecyntus are Phrygian mountains sacred to Cybele, the Great Mother of Mount Ida, whose ecstatic rites used drums and flutes.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	above at the Ausonian lines and the town, and he addressed the victorious Iulus with these words:
9.641 Macte nova virtute, puer: sic itur ad astra, dis genite et geniture deos. Iure omnia bella gente sub Assaraci fato ventura resident, nec te Troia capit. Simul haec effatus ab alto aethere se misit, spirantis dimovet auras Ascaniumque petit. Forma tum vertitur oris antiquum in Buten; hic Dardanio Anchisae armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos, tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. Ibat Apollo omnia longaevo similis, vocemque coloremque et crinis albos et saeva sonoribus arma, atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum:	"A blessing on your new courage, boy! This is the way to the stars, son of gods and future father of gods. Rightly will all the wars that fate will bring subside under the line of Assaracus; Troy cannot contain you." As he said this, he launched himself from the high air, parted the breathing breezes, and sought out Ascanius. Then he changed the form of his face into that of old Butes. Butes had once been armor-bearer to Dardanian Anchises and a faithful guard at his door, and then the father had given him to Ascanius as companion. Apollo went, in every way like the aged man, in voice and complexion, in white hair and fiercely clanging arms, and addressed the burning Iulus with these words:[11]
9.653 Sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum oppetiisse tuis; primam hanc tibi magnus, Apollo concedit laudem et paribus non invidet armis: cetera parce, puer, bello. Sic orsus Apollo mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram. Agnovere deum proceres divinaque tela Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. Ergo avidum pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt. It clamor totis per propugnacula muris, intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. Sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cavaeque dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit: quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus Haedis verberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi in vada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus austris torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo cava nubila rumpit.	"Let it be enough, son of Aeneas, that Numanus has fallen to your arrows while you remain unharmed. Great Apollo grants you this first glory and does not begrudge you weapons equal to his own. For the rest, boy, refrain from war." Having begun this way, Apollo left mortal sight in the middle of his speech and vanished far from their eyes into thin air. The Dardanian chiefs recognized the god and his divine arrows, and heard his quiver rattle as he went. So, by the words and divine will of Phoebus, they held back Ascanius, eager for battle, while they themselves went back into the contest and put their lives into open danger. A shout ran along the battlements over all the walls; they bent their fierce bows and whirled their javelin thongs. The whole ground was strewn with weapons; then shields and hollow helmets rang with the clash, and a harsh battle rose: as great as the rainstorm that, coming from the west under the rainy Kids, lashes the ground; as thick as the hail the storm clouds hurl into the sea, when Jupiter, bristling with south winds, whirls the watery tempest and bursts the hollow clouds in the sky.

11 Assaracus was Aeneas' great-grandfather; the gods to come are Julius Caesar and Augustus, deified rulers of the Julian line.

TURNUS INSIDE THE WALLS

Pandarus and Bitias open a gate; Turnus breaks in, kills many, and escapes by leaping into the Tiber.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.672	Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti, quos Iovis eduxit luco silvestris Iaera abietibus iuvenes patriis et montibus aequos, portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt, freti animis, ultroque invitant moenibus hostem. Ipsi intus dextra ac laeva pro turribus adstant, armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci: quales aëriae liquentia flumina circum, sive Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum, consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo attollunt capita et sublimi vertice nutant. inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut videre patentis continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis et praeceps animi Tmarus et Mavortius Haemon agminibus totis: at versi terga dedere aut ipso portae posuere in limine vitam.	Pandarus and Bitias, sons of Alcanor of Ida, whom Iaera of the woods reared in the grove of Jupiter, young men as tall as their native firs and mountains, opened the gate entrusted to them by their commander's order, relying on their courage, and even invited the enemy within the walls. They themselves stood inside, right and left, in front of the towers, armed with steel, the plumes flashing on their lofty heads: like twin oaks that rise high into the air beside flowing rivers, whether on the banks of the Po or by the lovely Adige, lifting their unshorn heads to the sky and nodding with their lofty crowns. The Rutulians burst in as soon as they saw the entrance open. At once Quercens and Aquiculus, handsome in his armor, and headlong Tmarus and Haemon, son of Mars, charged with all their columns—but they either turned their backs and fled, or laid down their lives on the very threshold of the gate.
9.688	Tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae; et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent. Ductori Turno diversa in parte furenti turbantique viros perfertur nuntius, hostem fervere caede nova et portas praebere patentis. Deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira Dardaniam ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. Et primum Antiphaten, is enim se primus agebat, Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti, coniecto sternit iaculo; volat Itala cornus aëra per tenerum stomachoque infixa sub altum pectus abit: reddit specus atri volneris undam spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.	Then anger grew greater in their hostile hearts; and now the Trojans, rallying, massed at the same spot and dared to fight hand to hand and to run further out. To Turnus, their leader, raging in another quarter and throwing men into confusion, the news was brought that the enemy was seething with fresh slaughter and offering open gates. He abandoned what he had begun, and, spurred by enormous anger, rushed to the Dardanian gate and the proud brothers. And first he laid low Antiphates—for he was the first to come forward—the illegitimate son of tall Sarpedon by a Theban mother, with a hurled javelin. The Italian cornel-wood shaft flew through the yielding air, lodged in his belly, and passed up deep into his chest. The cavern of the black wound gave back a foaming wave, and the steel grew warm in the pierced lung.
9.702	Tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit Aphidnum, tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem non iaculo, neque enim iaculo vitam ille dedisset, sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica venit, fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro sustinuit: conlapsa ruunt immania membra.	Then with his own hand he felled Merops and Erymas, then Aphidnus; then Bitias, his eyes blazing, his spirit roaring—not with a javelin, for he would never have given up his life to a javelin. But a great siege-spear came whirling and hissing, driven like a thunderbolt. Neither two bull's hides nor his trusty breastplate, with its double scales of

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Dat tellus gemitum, et clipeum super intonat ingens. Talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante constructam ponto iaciunt; sic illa ruinam prona trahit penitusque vadis inlisa recumbit: miscent se maria, et nigrae attolluntur harenae; tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile Inarime Iovis imperiis imposta Typhoeo.	gold, withstood it; his huge limbs collapsed and fell. The earth groaned, and his huge shield thundered over him. Just so, at times, on the Euboean shore of Baiae, a stone pier falls, which men first build of great blocks and then cast into the sea: it drags down ruin as it falls headlong, crashes into the shallows, and settles deep. The seas are churned together and the black sand rises; then lofty Prochyta trembles at the sound, and Inarime, the hard bed laid by Jupiter's command upon Typhoeus.[12]
9.717	Hic Mars armipotens animum viresque Latinis addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore vertit immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem. Undique conveniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae bellatorque animo deus incidit. Pandarus ut fuso germanum corpore cernit et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res, portam vi magna converso cardine torquet, obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit; ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis, demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem viderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi, immanem veluti pecora inter inertia tigrim.	At this, Mars, mighty in arms, gave the Latins courage and strength, turned sharp goads in their hearts, and sent Flight and black Fear among the Teucrians. They gathered from every side, since the chance of battle was given and the warrior god fell upon their spirit. When Pandarus saw his brother's body stretched on the ground, and how fortune stood, and what chance was steering events, with great force he swung the gate round on its hinge, pushing with his broad shoulders, and left many of his own men shut out of the walls in the hard struggle. But others he shut in with him and took in as they rushed back—the madman, not to have seen the Rutulian king bursting in amid the column, and even to have shut him into the town, like a monstrous tiger among helpless flocks.
9.731	Continuo nova lux oculis effulsit, et arma horrendum sonuere; tremunt in vertice cristae sanguineae, clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit: agnoscunt faciem invisam atque immania membra turbati subito Aeneadae. Tum Pandarus ingens emicat et mortis fraternae fervidus ira effatur: Non haec dotalis regia Amatae, nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum. Castra inimica vides; nulla hinc exire potestas. Olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: Incipe, siqua animo virtus, et consere dextram: hic etiam inventum Priamo narrabis Achillem. Dixerat. Ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo intorquet summis adnixus viribus hastam: excepere aurae volnus; Saturnia Iuno detorsit veniens, portaeque infigitur hasta.	At once a strange light flashed from his eyes, and his arms rang terribly; the blood-red plumes quivered on his crest, and he sent lightning flashes gleaming from his shield. Aeneas' people, suddenly thrown into confusion, recognized that hated face and those monstrous limbs. Then huge Pandarus leapt forward, and, blazing with anger at his brother's death, spoke out: "This is not Amata's palace, given as a dowry, nor does Ardea hold Turnus within his native walls. You see an enemy camp; there is no way out of here." Turnus answered him with a smile, his heart untroubled: "Begin, if there is any courage in your heart, and fight me hand to hand. You will tell Priam that here too you found an Achilles." He had spoken. The other, straining with all his might, hurled his spear, rough with knots and raw bark. The air took the wound: Juno, daughter of Saturn, turned it

12 Baiae lay on the Bay of Naples near Cumae, a colony from Euboea; Prochyta and Inarime are nearby islands, Inarime said to lie on the giant Typhoeus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	aside as it came, and the spear stuck fast in the gate.
9.747 At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera versat, effugies; neque enim is teli nec volneris auctor. Sic ait et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem dividit inpubesque immani volnere malas. Fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus: conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pependit. Diffugiunt versi trepida formidine Troes: et si continuo victorem ea cura subisset, rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis, ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset; sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido egit in adversos.	"But you will not escape this weapon, which my right hand wields with force; for the man who deals this weapon and this wound is not like you." So he spoke, and rose high to his lifted sword, and with the steel split the forehead down the middle between the two temples, and the beardless cheeks, with a monstrous wound. There was a crash; the earth was shaken by the huge weight. Dying, he stretched on the ground his collapsing limbs and his armor spattered with brain, and in equal halves his head hung this way and that from either shoulder. The Trojans turned and scattered in trembling fear. And if the thought had come to the victor at once to break the bars with his hand and let his comrades in through the gates, that would have been the last day for the war and for the people. But frenzy and the mad lust for slaughter drove him, blazing, against the enemy before him.
9.762 Principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen excipit; hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas in tergum, Iuno vires animumque ministrat; addit Halym comitem et confixa Phegea parma, ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque. Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque vocantem vibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter occupat; huic uno desectum comminus ictu cum galea longe iacuit caput. Inde ferarum vastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter ungere tela manu ferrumque armare veneno, et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis, Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper et citharae cordi numerosque intendere nervis. [Semper equos atque arma virum pugnasque canebat.]	First he caught Phaleris, and Gyges, whose knee he cut through; then he snatched up their spears and hurled them into the backs of those who fled; Juno supplied strength and courage. He added Halys as their companion, and Phegeus, pierced through his shield; then, as they stood unaware on the walls, rousing battle, Alcander and Halius, Noemon and Prytanis. As Lynceus came at him and called on his comrades, Turnus, lunging with his flashing sword from the rampart on the right, struck first; with a single blow at close range his head, cut off with its helmet, lay far away. Next he killed Amycus, destroyer of wild beasts—none more skilled at anointing weapons by hand and arming steel with poison—and Clytius, son of Aeolus, and Cretheus, friend of the Muses, Cretheus, companion of the Muses, whose heart was always in songs and the lyre, and in setting rhythms to the strings. [Always he sang of horses and the arms of men, and of battles.]
9.778 Tandem ductores audita caede suorum conveniunt Teucri, Mnestheus acerque Serestus, palantisque vident socios hostemque receptum. Et Mnestheus: Quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis? inquit. Quos alios muros, quae iam ultra moenia habetis? Unus homo et vestris, o cives, undique saeptus aggeribus tantas strages inpune per urbem	At last the Teucrian leaders, hearing of the slaughter of their men, gathered—Mnestheus and fierce Serestus—and saw their comrades scattered and the enemy let in. And Mnestheus said: "Where then, where are you heading in your flight? What other walls, what further ramparts do you have? Shall one man, citizens, hemmed in on every side

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ediderit, iuvenum primos tot miserit Orco? Non infelicis patriae veterumque deorum et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque? Talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna et fluvium petere ac partem, quae cingitur unda;	by your own earthworks, have wrought such slaughter through the town unpunished, and sent so many of our finest young men to Orcus? Do you feel no pity and no shame, you laggards, for your unhappy country, for your ancient gods, and for great Aeneas?" Fired by such words, they took heart and stood firm in a dense column. Little by little Turnus began to withdraw from the fight and to make for the river and the part enclosed by water;
9.791	acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno et glomerare manum. Ceu saevum turba leonem cum telis premit infensis, at territus ille, asper, acerba tuens, retro redit, et neque terga ira dare aut virtus patitur, nec tendere contra ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela virosque: haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus improperata refert, et mens exaestuat ira. Quin etiam bis tum medios invaserat hostis, bis confusa fuga per muros agmina vertit; sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum, nec contra vires audet Saturnia Iuno sufficere, aëriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem, ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis.	all the more fiercely for this the Teucrians pressed on with a great shout and massed their band. As when a crowd presses a savage lion with hostile weapons, and he, frightened but fierce, glaring grimly, gives ground backward; neither his anger nor his courage lets him turn his back, nor, much as he wishes it, can he charge against them through weapons and men: just so Turnus, uncertain, drew back his unhurried steps, and his mind seethed with anger. Indeed, even then he had twice charged into the midst of the enemy, and twice he had turned their confused columns to flight along the walls; but the whole band from the camp swiftly gathered into one, and Juno, daughter of Saturn, did not dare to supply him with strength against them; for Jupiter had sent airy Iris down from the sky, bearing no gentle orders to his sister, should Turnus not withdraw from the high walls of the Teucrians.
9.806	Ergo nec clipeo iuvenis subsistere tantum nec dextra valet: iniectis sic undique telis obruitur. Strepit adsiduo cava tempora circum tinnitu galea, et saxis solida aera fatiscunt, discussaeque iubae capiti, nec sufficit umbo ictibus: ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse fulmineus Mnestheus. Tum toto corpore sudor liquitur et piceum, nec respirare potestas, flumen agit; fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus. Tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis in fluvium dedit: ille suo cum gurgite flavo accepit venientem ac mollibus extulit undis et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit.	So the young man could hold his ground neither with his shield nor with his right hand: he was overwhelmed by weapons hurled from every side. His helmet rang around his hollow temples with ceaseless clanging, the solid bronze gave way under the stones, the plumes were struck from his head, and the boss of his shield could not withstand the blows. The Trojans, and Mnestheus himself, striking like lightning, redoubled their spears. Then sweat poured over his whole body and ran in a pitch-black stream, and he had no chance to breathe; a sickly panting shook his weary limbs. Then at last, with a headlong leap, he threw himself in full armor into the river. The river received him as he came, in its yellow flood, lifted him on gentle waves, and, washing away the slaughter, sent him back rejoicing to his comrades.

Book 10

Pallas

The gods debate; Aeneas returns, Turnus kills Pallas, and Aeneas kills Lausus and Mezentius.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.1	Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi, conciliumque vocat divom pater atque hominum rex sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis castraque Dardanidum adspectat populosque Latinos. Considunt tectis bipatentibus, incipit ipse: Caelicolae magni, quianam sententia vobis versa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis? Abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris. Quae contra vetitum discordia? Quis metus aut hos aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacessere suasit? Adveniet iustum pugnae, ne arcessite, tempus, cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim exitium magnum atque Alpes immittet apertas: tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit. Nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.	Meanwhile the house of all-powerful Olympus was thrown open. The father of gods and king of men called a council to his starry dwelling, from whose height he looks down on all the lands, on the camp of the Dardanians and on the Latin peoples. They took their seats in the hall with its double doors, and he himself began: "Great dwellers in heaven, why have your minds been turned back? Why do you contend so fiercely, with such hostile hearts? I had forbidden Italy to clash in war with the Teucrians. What is this discord in defiance of my ban? What fear has persuaded these or those to take up arms and provoke the sword? The rightful time for fighting will come, so do not hasten it. One day fierce Carthage will hurl great ruin, and the Alps laid open, against the strongholds of Rome. Then you may vie in hatred, then you may plunder. For now let it be, and gladly settle the treaty I have approved."[1]

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS

Venus and Juno argue before Jupiter, who declares that he will favor neither side.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.16	Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Venus aurea contra pauca refert: O pater, O hominum rerumque aeterna potestas! Namque aliud quid sit, quod iam implorare queamus? Cernis ut insultent Rutuli Turnusque [feratur] [per medios insignis equis tumidusque] secundo Marte ruat? Non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros: quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent aggeribus moerorum et inundant sanguine fossas. Aeneas ignarus abest. Numquamne levari obsidione sines? Muris iterum imminet hostis nascentis Troiae [nec non exercitus alter;] atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis	Jupiter said this in few words, but golden Venus answered him with no few: "O father, O everlasting power over men and the world! For what else is there that we could now implore? Do you see how the Rutulians exult, and how Turnus [rides through the thick of them, conspicuous on his horses, and, swollen with pride,] rushes on with Mars in his favor? Their closed walls no longer shelter the Teucrians. No, inside the gates and on the very ramparts of the walls they join battle and flood the trenches with blood. Aeneas, unaware, is far away. Will you never let them be freed from siege? Again an enemy looms over the walls of a

1 Jupiter foretells Hannibal, who crossed the Alps to invade Italy in 218 BC during the Second Punic War between Rome and Carthage.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tydides. Equidem credo, mea volnera restant et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma.	Troy just being born, [and another army too,] and again the son of Tydeus rises against the Teucrians from Aetolian Arpi. Truly, I believe, more wounds are still in store for me, and I, your own child, am only keeping some mortal's weapons waiting.[2]
10.31	Si sine pace tua atque invito numine Troes Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos iuveris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti, quae superi manesque dabant: cur nunc tua quisquam vertere iussa potest aut cur nova condere fata? Quid repetem exustas Erycino in litore classes, quid tempestatum regem ventosque furentis Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim? Nunc etiam manis, haec intemptata manebat sors rerum, movet et superis immissa repente Allecto, medias Italum bacchata per urbes. Nil super imperio moveor: speravimus ista, dum fortuna fuit; vincant quos vincere mavis.	If the Trojans have made for Italy without your consent and against your will, let them pay for their sins, and do not help them. But if they have followed so many oracles given by the gods above and the shades below, why can anyone now overturn your commands, or why create new fates? Why should I recall the fleet burned on the shore of Eryx, or the king of storms and the raging winds roused from Aeolia, or Iris driven down through the clouds? Now she even stirs up the shades below, the one part of the world still left untried. Allecto, suddenly let loose on the world above, has gone raging like a Bacchant through the midst of the Italian cities. I am not moved at all by empire. We hoped for that while fortune lasted. Let those win whom you prefer to win.
10.44	Si nulla est regio, Teucris quam det tua coniunx dura, per eversae, genitor, fumantia Troiae exscidia obtestor, liceat dimittere ab armis incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem. Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis et, quamcumque viam dederit Fortuna, sequatur: hunc tegere et dirae valeam subducere pugnae. Est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera Idaliaeque domus: positis inglorius armis exigat hic aevum. Magna dicione iubeto Karthago premat Ausoniam: nihil urbibus inde obstabit Tyriis. Quid pestem evadere belli iuvit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignes totque maris vastaeque exhausta pericula terrae, dum Latium Teucri recidivaque Pergama quaerunt?	If there is no region that your hard-hearted wife will grant the Teucrians, then by the smoking ruins of overthrown Troy, father, I implore you: let me send Ascanius away from the fighting unharmed, let my grandson survive. Let Aeneas, by all means, be tossed on unknown waves and follow whatever path Fortune gives him. But may I have the power to shelter this boy and withdraw him from the dreadful battle. I have Amathus, I have lofty Paphos and Cythera and my home at Idalium. Let him lay down his arms and live out his life there without glory. Command that Carthage crush Ausonia under her great sway, and nothing from there will stand in the way of the Tyrian cities. What good was it to escape the plague of war, to flee through the midst of the Argive fires, and to endure to the end so many dangers of sea and vast land, while the Teucrians seek Latium and a Pergamum reborn?[3]
10.59	Non satius cineres patriae insedisse supremos atque solum, quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta redde, oro, miseris iterumque revolvere casus da, pater, Iliacos Teucris. Tum regia Iuno acta furore gravi: Quid me alta silentia cogis rumpere et obductum verbis volgare dolorem?	Would it not have been better to settle on the last ashes of their country, on the soil where Troy once stood? Give back the Xanthus and the Simois, I beg you, to these wretched people, and let the Teucrians, father, live through the fortunes of Ilium once again." Then royal Juno, driven by a fierce frenzy,

2 The son of Tydeus is Diomedes, who wounded Venus at Troy (Iliad 5) and later founded Arpi in southern Italy.
3 Amathus, Paphos and Idalium in Cyprus, and the island of Cythera, were chief seats of Venus' worship.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Aenean hominum quisquam divomque subegit bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino? Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus, esto, Cassandrae inpulsus furiis: num linquere castra hortati sumus aut vitam committere ventis? Num puero summam belli, num credere muros Tyrrhenamque fidem, aut gentis agitare quietas? Quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra egit? Ubi hic Iuno demissave nubibus Iris?	said: "Why do you force me to break my deep silence and to publish in words a resentment I had covered over? Did anyone among men or gods compel Aeneas to pursue war, or to present himself as an enemy to King Latinus? He made for Italy on the authority of the fates. So be it, urged on as he was by Cassandra's ravings. But did we encourage him to leave his camp, or to entrust his life to the winds? Did we tell him to entrust the conduct of the war and his walls to a boy, to stake all on Tyrrhenian good faith, or to unsettle peaceful peoples? What god, what harsh power of mine drove him to this ruin? Where is Juno in this, or Iris sent down from the clouds?
10.74	Indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater: quid face Troianos atra vim ferre Latinis, arva aliena iugo premere atque avertere praedas? Quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas, pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? Tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium proque viro nebulam et ventos obtendere inanis, tu potes in totidem classem convertere nymphas: nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuvisse nefandum est? Aeneas ignarus abest: ignarus et absit. Est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera: quid gravidam bellis urbem et corda aspera temptas?	It is an outrage, then, that the Italians should ring a newborn Troy with flames, and that Turnus should stand firm on the soil of his own country, Turnus, whose grandfather is Pilumnus and whose mother is the goddess Venilia? What of the Trojans bringing violence on the Latins with black torches, crushing other men's fields under their yoke and driving off plunder? What of their choosing fathers-in-law and dragging promised brides from their embraces, pleading for peace with their hands while fixing weapons on their sterns? You can steal Aeneas away from the hands of the Greeks and spread out a mist and empty winds in place of a man. You can turn a fleet into as many nymphs. Is it a crime for us to have given the Rutulians some help in return? 'Aeneas, unaware, is far away': then unaware let him stay away. You have Paphos and Idalium, you have lofty Cythera. Why meddle with a city pregnant with wars and with hard hearts?
10.88	Nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res vertere fundo conamur, nos, an miseros qui Troas Achivis obiecit? Quae causa fuit, consurgere in arma Europamque Asiamque et foedera solvere furto? Me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnavit adulter, aut ego tela dedi fovive cupidine bella? Tum decuit metuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas. Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant caelicolae adsensu vario, ceu flamina prima cum deprensa fremunt silvis et caeca volutant murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos. Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, infit; eo dicente deum domus alta silescit	Is it we who are trying to overturn from its foundations your crumbling Phrygian state? Is it we, or the one who threw the wretched Trojans in the path of the Achaeans? What was the cause that Europe and Asia rose up in arms and broke their bonds of faith through a theft? Was it under my guidance that the Dardanian adulterer stormed Sparta? Did I supply the weapons, or nurse the war with desire? Then was the time to fear for your own. Now, too late, you rise up with unjust complaints and toss about useless abuse." With such words Juno pleaded, and all the dwellers in heaven murmured with divided assent. It was as when the first gusts, caught in the forests, murmur and roll their unseen rumblings, betraying to sailors

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether, tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora pontus:	the winds to come. Then the all-powerful father, who holds supreme power over the world, began. As he spoke the high house of the gods fell silent, the earth trembled to its foundations, the lofty sky was silent, the west winds dropped, and the sea smoothed its waters to calm:
10.104	Accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta. Quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris haud licitum, nec vestra capit discordia finem: quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem, Tros Rutulusne fuat nullo discrimine habebo. Seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur sive errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. Nec Rutulos solvo: sua cuique exorsa laborem fortunamque ferent. Rex Iuppiter omnibus idem. Fata viam invenient. Stygii per flumina fratris, per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas adnuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. Hic finis fandi. Solio tum Iuppiter aureo surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.	"Take these words of mine to heart, then, and fix them there. Since it is not permitted that the Ausonians be joined in treaty with the Teucrians, and your discord finds no end, I will make no distinction between Trojan and Rutulian. Whatever fortune each man has today, whatever hope each carves out for himself, I will treat it the same, whether the camp is held under siege by the fates of the Italians or by Troy's disastrous error and ill-omened warnings. Nor do I release the Rutulians. What each has begun will bring him his own toil and his own fortune. King Jupiter is the same to all. The fates will find a way." By the rivers of his Stygian brother, by the banks that seethe with pitch and black whirlpools, he nodded his assent, and with his nod made all Olympus tremble. That was the end of speaking. Then Jupiter rose from his golden throne, and the dwellers in heaven escorted him in their midst to the threshold.[4]
10.118	Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant sternere caede viros et moenia cingere flammis. At legio Aeneadum vallis obsessa tenetur, nec spes ulla fugae. Miseri stant turribus altis nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris, prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta. Fert ingens toto conixus corpore saxum, haud partem exiguam montis, Lyrnesius Acmon, nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo. Hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis molirique ignem nervoque aptare sagittas.	Meanwhile the Rutulians pressed on at every gate around the camp, to lay men low in slaughter and to ring the walls with flames. But the legion of Aeneas' people was held besieged within its palisade, with no hope of escape. Wretched, they stood on the high towers to no purpose and ringed the walls with a thin circle: Asius, son of Imbrasus, and Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon, the two Assaraci, and old Thymbris with Castor, the front line. With them were both brothers of Sarpedon, Clarus and Thaemon, from high Lycia. Acmon of Lyrnesus, straining with his whole body, carried a huge rock, no small part of a mountain; he was no less a man than his father Clytius or his brother Mnestheus. Some strove to defend the walls with javelins, others with stones, hurling fire and fitting arrows to the string.
10.132	Ipse inter medios, Veneris iustissima cura, Dardanius caput ecce puer detectus honestum, qualis gemma micat, fulvum quae dividit aurum, aut collo decus aut capiti; vel quale per artem	There in their midst, look, was the Dardanian boy himself, the most rightful object of Venus' care, his handsome head uncovered. He shone like a gem set in tawny gold, an ornament for neck or head,

4 His Stygian brother is Dis, god of the underworld. An oath sworn by the Styx was one the gods could not break.

LATIN	ENGLISH
inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho lucet ebur; fusos cervix cui lactea crinis accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro. Te quoque magnanimae viderunt, Ismare, gentes volnera dirigere et calamos armare veneno, Maeonia generose domo, ubi pinguia culta exercentque viri Pactolusque inrigat auro. Adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni aggere moerorum sublimem gloria tollit, et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi.	or as ivory gleams when skillfully inlaid in box-wood or terebinth from Oricum. His milk-white neck received his flowing hair, and a circlet of pliant gold bound it below. You too, Ismarus, the great-hearted peoples saw aiming wounds and arming your shafts with poison, noble son of a Maeonian house, where men work the rich fields and the Pactolus waters them with gold. Mnestheus was there too, raised on high by his recent glory of driving Turnus from the rampart of the walls, and Capys, from whom the name of the Campanian city is drawn.[5]

THE ETRUSCAN FLEET

The Etruscan captains sail with Aeneas, the ship-nymphs warn him, and he lands under Turnus' attack.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.146 Illi inter sese duri certamina belli contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat. Namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque, quidve petat quidve ipse ferat, Mezentius arma quae sibi conciliet, violentaque pectora Turni edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus admonet immiscetque preces: haud fit mora, Tarchon iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia divom, externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis prima tenet, rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones, imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.	So they had met one another in the struggles of hard war. Aeneas, at midnight, was cutting through the sea. For when he had left Evander and entered the Etruscan camp, he approached the king and told him his name and his people, what he sought and what he himself offered. He explained what forces Mezentius was gathering to his side and how violent Turnus' heart was. He reminded him how far human fortunes can be trusted, and mingled prayers with his words. There was no delay. Tarchon joined forces with him and struck a treaty. Then, freed from fate's restraint, the Lydian people boarded the fleet at the gods' command, entrusted to a foreign leader. Aeneas' ship held the lead, with Phrygian lions yoked beneath her beak, and above them loomed Ida, a sight most welcome to the exiled Teucrians.[6]
10.159 Hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque volutat eventus belli varios, Pallasque sinistro adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique. Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantusque movete, quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris Aenean armetque rates pelagoque vehatur. Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora tigri: sub quo mille manus iuvenum, qui moenia Clusi quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae gorytique leves umeris et letifer arcus. Una torvus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.	Here great Aeneas sat, turning over in his mind the shifting outcomes of war. Pallas, close at his left side, asked him now about the stars, their guides on the way through the dark night, now about all he had suffered on land and sea. Now throw open Helicon, goddesses, and stir up your song. Tell what band meanwhile accompanied Aeneas from the Tuscan shores, armed his ships, and was carried over the sea. Massicus led, cutting the waters in the bronze-clad Tiger. Under him were a thousand young men who had left the walls of Clusium and the city of Cosae. Their weapons

5 Capys was held to have given his name to Capua, the chief city of Campania.
6 An oracle had forbidden the Etruscans to follow any Italian leader, so they could march only under a foreigner (8.499–503).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		were arrows, light quivers on their shoulders and the deadly bow. With him was grim Abas. His whole troop shone in splendid armor, and his ship with a golden Apollo.[7]
10.172	Sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater expertos belli iuvenes, ast Ilva trecentos insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis. Tertius ille hominum divomque interpres Asilas, cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent et linguae volucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes, mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis. Hos parere iubent Alpheae ab origine Pisae, urbs Etrusca solo. Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur, Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis. Tercentum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi) qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in arvis, et Pyrgi veteres intempestaeque Graviscae.	His mother city Populonia had given him six hundred young men skilled in war, and Ilva three hundred, an island rich in the inexhaustible mines of the Chalybes. Third came Asilas, interpreter between men and gods. The entrails of beasts obey him, and the stars of the sky, the tongues of birds and the fires of the prophetic lightning. He hurried along a thousand men in close ranks, bristling with spears. Pisa ordered them to obey him, Pisa, Alphean in its origin, an Etruscan city by its soil. Next came Astur, most handsome, Astur trusting in his horse and his armor of many colors. Three hundred more were added, all of one mind to follow: men whose home was Caere, men from the fields of Minio, ancient Pyrgi and fever-ridden Graviscae.[8]
10.185	Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, transierim, Cinyre, et paucis comitate Cupavo, cuius olorinae surgunt de vertice pennae, crimen, Amor, vestrum formaeque insigne paternae. Namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati, populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem, canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam, linquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem. Filius, aequalis comitatus classe catervas, ingentem remis Centaurum promovet: ille instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur arduus et longa sulcat maria alta carina.	Nor would I pass you by, Cinyrus, leader of the Ligurians, bravest in war, nor you, Cupavo, with your few companions. Swan's feathers rose from his crest, a reproach to you and yours, Love, and the emblem of his father's form. For they say that Cycnus, grieving for his beloved Phaethon, sang among the poplar leaves in the shade of Phaethon's sisters and consoled his sad love with music. As he sang, he drew on an old age white with soft plumage, and left the earth, following the stars with his voice. His son, escorting bands of his own age in his fleet, drove the huge Centaur with oars. The figure towered over the water, threatening the waves from on high with an immense rock, and the ship plowed the deep sea with its long keel.[9]
10.198	Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris, fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis, qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen, Mantua, dives avis; sed non genus omnibus unum: gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni, ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine vires. Hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,	Ocnus too roused a column from his native shores, the son of the prophetess Manto and the Tuscan river. It was he who gave you your walls, Mantua, and his mother's name. Mantua is rich in ancestors, but they are not all of one stock: she has three peoples, with four communities under each people, and she herself is the head of the com-

7 Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, was sacred to the Muses, the "goddesses" invoked here.
8 Etruscan Pisa was said to have been founded from Pisa in Elis, on the river Alpheus in Greece. Ilva is the island of Elba.
9 Cycnus ("swan"), a Ligurian king, mourned Phaethon, killed driving the Sun's chariot, and was turned into a swan. Phaethon's sisters became poplars.

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	quos patre Benaco velatus harundine glauca Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu. It gravis Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum verberat adsurgens, spumant vada marmore verso. Hunc vehit immanis Triton et caerula concha exterrens freta, cui laterum tenus hispida nanti frons hominem praefert, in pristim desinit alvus: spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.	munities, drawing her strength from Tuscan blood. From here too Mezentius armed five hundred against himself, men whom the Mincius, son of father Benacus and veiled in gray-green reeds, led onto the sea in hostile pine. Heavy Aulestes went, rising up to lash the water with a hundred oars, and the shallows foamed as the marble surface was churned. A huge Triton carried him, terrifying the blue waters with its conch. As he swam, his shaggy front showed a man down to the flanks, and his belly ended in a sea-monster. Under the half-beast's breast the foaming water murmured.[10]
10.213	Tot lecti proceres ter denis navibus ibant subsidio Troiae et campos salis aera secabant. Iamque dies caelo concesserat almaque curru noctivago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum: Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem) ipse sedens clavumque regit velisque ministrat. Atque illi medio in spatio chorus ecce suarum occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe numen habere maris nymphasque e navibus esse iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant, quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae.	So many chosen chieftains were sailing in thirty ships to the aid of Troy, cutting the salt plains with bronze. And now day had left the sky, and kindly Phoebe in her night-wandering chariot was treading the middle of Olympus. Aeneas himself sat at the helm, steering and tending the sails, for care gave his limbs no rest. And look, in mid-course a band of his own companions came to meet him. They were the nymphs whom kindly Cybebe had commanded to have power over the sea and to become nymphs instead of ships. They swam alongside together and cut through the waves, as many as the bronze prows that had once stood along the shore.[11]
10.224	Agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis, quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso eminet ac laeva tacitis subremigat undis, tum sic ignarum adloquitur: Vigilasne, deum gens, Aenea? Vigila et velis immitte rudentis. Nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de vertice pinus, nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. Perfidus ut nos praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat, rupimus invitae tua vincula teque per aequor quaerimus. Hanc Genetrix faciem miserata refecit et dedit esse deas aevumque agitare sub undis. At puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.	They recognized their king from far off and circled him in a dance. Of them, Cymodocea, the most skilled in speech, followed behind, grasped the stern with her right hand, and raised her back above the water, paddling with her left hand in the silent waves. Then she addressed him, unaware as he was: "Are you awake, Aeneas, child of the gods? Wake, and let out the sheets to the sails. We are the pines of Ida from its sacred summit, now nymphs of the sea, your fleet. When the treacherous Rutulian was driving us headlong with sword and flame, unwillingly we broke your moorings, and now we seek you across the sea. Our Mother pitied us and gave us this new form, granting that we be goddesses and spend our lives beneath the waves. But the boy Ascanius is held within the wall and trenches, amid the weapons and the Latins bristling with war.

10 Mantua, near Virgil's birthplace, was said to be named after the prophetess Manto. Benacus is Lake Garda, from which the Mincius flows.

11 Cybebe is Cybele, the Great Mother of Mount Ida, from whose sacred pines Aeneas' fleet was built (9.77–122).

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10.238	Iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco Arcas eques: medias illis opponere turmas, ne castris iungant, certast sententia Turno. Surge age et Aurora socios veniente vocari primus in arma iube et clipeum cape, quem dedit ipse invictum Ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro. Crastina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris, ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis acervos. Dixerat, et dextra discedens impulit altam haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas ocior et iaculo et ventos aequante sagitta. Inde aliae celerant cursus. Stupet inscius ipse Tros Anchisiades; animos tamen omine tollit. Tum breviter super adspectans convexa precatur:	Already the Arcadian horsemen, mixed with the brave Etruscans, hold their appointed places. Turnus is firmly resolved to send his squadrons between to block them, so that they cannot join the camp. Come, rise, and as Dawn arrives be the first to order your comrades called to arms. Take up the unconquerable shield which the Lord of Fire himself gave you and rimmed with gold. Tomorrow's light, if you do not think my words idle, will look upon huge heaps of Rutulian slaughter." She had spoken, and as she left she pushed the tall stern with her right hand, well knowing how. The ship fled through the waves, swifter than a javelin or an arrow that rivals the winds. Then the others sped their course. The Trojan son of Anchises was himself astounded, not understanding, yet he lifted his spirits at the omen. Then, looking up at the vault of heaven, he prayed briefly:
10.252	Alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi turrigeraeque urbis biiugique ad frena leones, tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diva, secundo. Tantum effatus. Et interea revoluta rubebat matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat: principio sociis edicit, signa sequantur atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se. Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra, stans celsa in puppi; clipeum cum deinde sinistra extulit ardentem. Clamorem ad sidera tollunt Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitat iras, tela manu iaciunt: quales sub nubibus atris Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant cum sonitu fugiuntque notos clamore secundo.	"Kindly Mother of the gods, lady of Ida, you who love Dindymus, and towered cities, and lions yoked in pairs to the reins, be now my leader in battle. Duly bring this omen to fulfillment, and stand by the Phrygians, goddess, with favoring step." So much he said. Meanwhile the returning day was already blazing with full light and had put the night to flight. First he ordered his comrades to follow the standards, to steel their spirits for arms and make ready for battle. And now, standing on the high stern, he had the Teucrians and his own camp in view. Then with his left hand he raised the blazing shield. The Dardanians on the walls raised a shout to the stars. New hope roused their anger, and they hurled their weapons, just as under black clouds the cranes of the Strymon give their signals and swim through the air with a clamor, fleeing the south winds with joyful cries.[12]
10.267	At Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira videri Ausoniis, donec versas ad litora puppes respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor. Ardet apex capiti cristisque a vertice flamma funditur et vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes: non secus ac liquida siquando nocte cometae sanguinei lugubre rubent aut Sirius ardor, ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris, nascitur et laevo contristat lumine caelum. Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit	But the Rutulian king and the Ausonian leaders marveled at this, until they looked back and saw the sterns turned toward the shore and the whole sea gliding in with ships. The crest blazed on Aeneas' head, flame poured from the plumes at its top, and the golden boss of the shield spewed vast fires. It was just as when, on a clear night, comets glow blood-red and grim, or the blaze of Sirius rises, bringing thirst and disease to suffering mor-

12 Dindymus is a mountain in Phrygia sacred to Cybele, the Great Mother, often shown in a lion-drawn chariot and wearing a crown of towers.

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litora praecipere et venientis pellere terra. [ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro]	tals, and saddens the sky with its baleful light. Yet bold Turnus did not lose his confidence that he could seize the shore first and drive the newcomers from the land. [Unprompted he lifted their spirits with words, and unprompted he rebuked them:]
10.279 Quod votis optastis, adest, perfringere dextra; in manibus Mars ipse viris. Nunc coniugis esto quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto facta, patrum laudes. Ultro occurramus ad undam, dum trepidi egressisque labant vestigia prima. Audentis Fortuna iuvat, haec ait et secum versat, quos ducere contra vel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros. Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis pontibus exponit. Multi servare recursus languentis pelagi et brevibus se credere saltu, per remos alii. Speculatus litora Tarchon, qua vada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda, sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu, advertit subito proram sociosque precatur:	"What you have longed for in your prayers is here: the chance to break through with your sword hand. Mars himself is in the hands of men. Now let each man remember his wife and his home. Now recall the great deeds, the glories of your fathers. Let us take the offensive and meet them at the water's edge, while they are in confusion and their first footsteps falter as they land. Fortune favors the bold." So he spoke, and pondered whom he could lead against them, or to whom he could entrust the siege of the walls. Meanwhile Aeneas landed his comrades from the high sterns by gangways. Many watched for the backwash of the failing sea and trusted themselves to the shallows with a leap; others slid down the oars. Tarchon scanned the shore for a place where he expected no shoals and no broken water roaring back, where the sea glided in unobstructed with the rising tide. He suddenly turned his prow there and called on his comrades:
10.294 Nunc, o lecta manus, validis incumbite remis; tollite, ferte rates; inimicam findite rostris hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina. Frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso arrepta tellure semel. Quae talia postquam effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis spumantisque rates arvis inferre Latinis, donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae omnes innocuae, sed non puppis tua, Tarchon. Namque inflicta vadis dorso dum pendet iniquo, anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat, solvitur atque viros mediis exponit in undis fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra impediunt, retrahitque pedem simul unda relabens.	"Now, my chosen band, bend to your strong oars. Lift your ships, carry them on. Split this hostile land with your beaks, and let each keel plow a furrow for itself. I do not refuse to wreck my ship in such a berth, once the land is seized." When Tarchon had spoken such words, his comrades rose to their oars and drove the foaming ships onto the Latin fields, until the beaks held dry land and all the keels came to rest unharmed, all but yours, Tarchon. For your ship was dashed upon a shoal, and while it hung on an uneven ridge, long balanced and wearying the waves, it broke apart and threw the men out into the midst of the water. Fragments of oars and floating thwarts hampered them, and at the same time the ebbing wave dragged their feet back.
10.308 Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit. Signa canunt. Primus turmas invasit agrestis Aeneas, omen pugnae, stravitque Latinos occiso Therone, virum qui maximus ultro Aenean petit: huic gladio perque aerea suta,	Nor did any sluggish delay hold Turnus back. Fiercely he swept his whole army against the Teucrians and took his stand facing them on the shore. The trumpets sounded. Aeneas was the first to attack the country troops, an omen for the battle, and he laid the Latins low. He killed Ther-

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per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum. Inde Lichan ferit, exsectum iam matre perempta et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum: casus evadere ferri quo licuit parvo? Nec longe Cissea durum immanemque Gyan, sternentis agmina clava, deiecit Leto: nihil illos Herculis arma nec validae iuvere manus genitorque Melampus, Alcidae comes usque gravis dum terra labores praebuit. Ecce Pharo, voces dum iactat inertis, intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore.	on, the greatest of their men, who had attacked Aeneas unprovoked. Through the bronze links of his mail, through his tunic stiff with gold, Aeneas' sword drained his exposed side. Next he struck Lichas, who had been cut from his mother's body when she was already dead and consecrated to you, Phoebus. What good was it to him that as an infant he was allowed to escape the hazard of the blade? Not far off he hurled tough Cisseus and huge Gyas down to Death as they laid ranks low with their clubs. Hercules' weapons did not help them, nor their mighty hands, nor their father Melampus, companion of Alcides for as long as the earth furnished him with heavy labors. Look: as Pharus hurled idle words, Aeneas spun his javelin and planted it in his shouting mouth.
10.324 Tu quoque, flaventem prima lanugine malas dum sequeris Clytium infelix, nova gaudia, Cydon, Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum, qui iuvenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres, ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obvia, Phorci progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus alma Venus. Fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten: Suggere tela mihi: non ullum dextera frustra torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium Iliacis campis. Tum magnam corripit hastam et iacit: illa volans clipei transverberat aera Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.	You too, unhappy Cydon, while you followed your new delight, Clytius, whose cheeks were golden with their first down, would have lain there, laid low by the Dardanian's right hand, a pitiful sight, freed from those loves for young men that were always yours. But the close-packed band of your brothers came against Aeneas, the sons of Phorcus, seven in number, and they hurled seven spears. Some rebounded harmlessly from his helmet and shield; others, about to graze his body, kindly Venus turned aside. Aeneas spoke to faithful Achates: "Bring me spears. My right hand will not hurl one of them in vain at the Rutulians, the spears that stood fixed in the bodies of Greeks on the plains of Ilium." Then he seized a great spear and hurled it. In its flight it pierced the bronze of Maeon's shield and burst through breastplate and breast together.
10.338 Huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto protinus hasta fugit servatque cruenta tenorem, dexteraque ex umero nervis moribunda pependit. Tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore rapto Aenean petiit; sed non et figere contra est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae. Hic Curibus fidens primaevo corpore Clausus advenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta sub mentum graviter pressa pariterque loquentis vocem animamque rapit traiecto gutture; at ille fronte ferit terram et crassum vomit ore cruorem.	His brother Alcanor came to his aid and held up his falling brother with his right hand. The spear, sent through his arm, flew straight on and kept its bloody course, and his dying right hand hung from the shoulder by its sinews. Then Numitor tore the javelin from his brother's body and aimed it at Aeneas. But he was not permitted to strike him in return, and only grazed the thigh of great Achates. Here Clausus came, from Cures, trusting in his youthful strength. From a distance he struck Dryops under the chin with his stiff spear, driven hard, and as Dryops spoke robbed him of voice and life together, piercing his throat. Dryops struck the earth with his forehead and vomited thick blood from his mouth.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.350	Tres quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema et tris, quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit, per varios sternit casus. Accurrit Halaesus Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles, insignis Messapus equis. Expellere tendunt nunc hi, nunc illi; certatur limine in ipso Ausoniae. Magno discordes aethere venti proelia ceu tollunt animis et viribus aequis; non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit; anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra: haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae concurrunt; haeret pede pes densusque viro vir.	Three Thracians too, of the lofty line of Boreas, and three whom their father Idas and their native Ismara had sent, he laid low by various deaths. Halaesus ran up with the Auruncan bands, and Neptune's son came up too, Messapus, famed for his horses. Now these, now those strove to drive the enemy back. The struggle was on the very threshold of Ausonia. As when in the vast sky war- ring winds rise to battle, equal in spirit and in strength, and neither they nor the clouds nor the sea will yield to one another; long the fight hangs in doubt, and all things stand locked in resistance: just so the Trojan ranks and the Latin ranks clashed, foot fixed to foot and man pressed close on man.

PALLAS IN BATTLE

Pallas rallies his Arcadians and kills many, while Lausus fights on the other side.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.362	At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late impulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis, Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris ut vidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci (aspera quis natura loci dimittere quando suasit equos), unum quod rebus restat egenis, nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris: Quo fugitis, socii? Per vos et fortia facta, per ducis Evandri nomen devictaque bella Opemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi, fidite ne pedibus. Ferro rumpenda per hostis est via. Qua globus ille virum densissimus urget, hac vos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit.	But on another side, a torrent had swept rolling rocks and bushes torn from its banks far and wide. There Pallas saw his Arcadians, unused to fighting on foot, turning their backs to the pursuing Latins, since the rough nature of the ground had per- suaded them for once to let their horses go. Then, as the one resource left in desperate straits, now with entreaty, now with bitter words, he kindled their courage: "Where are you fleeing, comrades? By yourselves and your brave deeds, by the name of your leader Evander and the wars he won, and by my own hope, which now rises to rival my fath- er's glory, do not trust in your feet. With the sword we must break our way through the enemy. Where that mass of men presses thickest, there your proud homeland demands you back, and Pallas your leader with you.
10.375	Numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste mortales, totidem nobis animaeque manusque. Ecce, maris magna claudit nos obice pontus, deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petemus? Haec ait et medius densos prorumpit in hostis. Obvius huic primum, fatis adductus iniquis, fit Lagus. Hunc, magno vellit dum pondere saxum, intorto figit telo, discrimina costis per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque receptat ossibus haerentem. Quem non super occupat Hisbo, ille quidem hoc sperans: nam Pallas ante ruentem, dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis	No gods press us. We are mortals harried by a mortal enemy, and we have as many lives and as many hands as they. Look, the sea shuts us in with its great barrier of water, and there is no land left for flight. Shall we make for the sea, or for Troy?" So he spoke, and burst into the middle of the dense enemy. The first to meet him, drawn on by unkind fates, was Lagus. As Lagus tugged at a heavy rock, Pallas pierced him with a hurled spear where the spine parted the ribs in the middle, and pulled back the spear stuck in the bones. Hisbo

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excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit. Hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente vetusta Anchemolum, thalamos ausum incestare novercae.	did not catch him off guard from above, though he hoped to. For as Hisbo rushed on, raging and heedless at his comrade's cruel death, Pallas met him first and buried his sword in his swelling lung. Next he went for Sthenius, and for Anchemolus of the ancient line of Rhoetus, who had dared to defile his stepmother's bed.
10.390 Vos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in agris, Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles, indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error; at nunc dura dedit vobis discrimina Pallas: nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Evandrius abstulit ensis; te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant. Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis facta viri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis. Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter traicit. Hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; Ilo namque procul validam direxerat hastam, quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra, te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque volutus caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arva.	You too fell on the Rutulian fields, Larides and Thymber, twin sons of Daucus, offspring alike as can be, indistinguishable to your own family, a pleasing confusion to your parents. But now Pallas made cruel distinctions between you. For your head, Thymber, the sword of Evander's son struck off, and your severed right hand, Larides, sought its owner, while the half-living fingers twitched and clutched again at the sword. The Arcadians, fired by his rebuke and watching their hero's glorious deeds, were armed against the enemy by grief and shame mingled. Then Pallas pierced Rhoeteus as he fled past in his two-horse chariot. That was all the respite, all the delay granted to Ilus. For Pallas had aimed his strong spear at Ilus from afar, and Rhoeteus, coming between, intercepted it as he fled from you, noble Teuthras, and from your brother Tyres. Rolling from his chariot, half-dead, he beat the Rutulian fields with his heels.
10.405 Ac velut optato ventis aestate coortis dispersa immittit silvis incendia pastor, correptis subito mediis extenditur una horrida per latos acies Volcania campos; ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantis: non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum teque iuvat, Palla. Sed bellis acer Halaesus tendit in adversos seque in sua conligit arma. Hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque, Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense elatam in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento. Fata canens silvis genitor celarat Halaesum: ut senior leto canentia lumina solvit, iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt Evandri. Quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: Da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro, fortunam atque viam duri per pectus Halaesi. Haec arma exuviasque viri tua quercus habebit.	As when in summer the winds a shepherd has wished for have risen, and he sets scattered fires to the woods; the ground between suddenly catches, and a single bristling line of Vulcan's fire stretches across the broad fields; he sits in victory and looks down on the triumphant flames: just so all your comrades' courage gathered into one and helped you, Pallas. But Halaesus, fierce in war, advanced against them, gathering himself behind his armor. He slew Ladon, Pheres and Demodocus. With his gleaming sword he lopped off the right hand of Strymonius, raised against his throat. With a stone he struck the face of Thoas and scattered his bones mingled with bloody brains. Halaesus' father, foreseeing his fate, had hidden him in the woods. When the old man's whitening eyes relaxed in death, the Fates laid their hands on Halaesus and consecrated him to the weapons of Evander. Pallas made for him, first praying: "Grant now, father Tiber, to the steel I poise for throwing, good fortune and a path through the breast of hard Halaesus. Your oak shall hold these arms and the spoils of the man."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.424	Audiit illa deus: dum texit Imaona Halaesus, Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. At non caede viri tanta perterrita Lausus, pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque. Sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci et vos, O Grais imperdita corpora, Teucri. Agmina concurrunt ducibusque et viribus aequis. Extremi addensent acies nec turba moveri tela manusque sinit. Hinc Pallas instat et urget, hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas: egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat in patriam reditus. Ipsos concurrere passus haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi: mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste.	The god heard his words. While Halaesus shielded Imaon, the luckless man offered his unprotected breast to the Arcadian's spear. But Lausus, a great part of the war himself, did not let the ranks be terrified by the great slaughter this man had made. First he killed Abas, who stood against him, a knot and a hindrance to the fighting. The sons of Arcadia were laid low, the Etruscans were laid low, and you too, Teucrians, whose bodies the Greeks did not destroy. The ranks clashed, matched in leaders and in strength. The rearmost pressed the battle lines together, and the crowd let neither weapons nor hands move. Here Pallas pressed and drove, there Lausus opposed him, and their ages differed little. Both were outstanding in beauty, but Fortune had denied them a return to their homeland. Yet the ruler of great Olympus did not allow them to meet each other. Soon their own fates awaited them at the hands of a greater enemy.

THE DEATH OF PALLAS

Turnus kills Pallas and takes his sword belt, and the Arcadians carry the boy away on his shield.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.439	Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso Turnum, qui volucri curru medium secat agmen. Ut vidit socios: Tempus desistere pugnae; solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset. Haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso. At Rutulum abscessu iuvenis tum iussa superba miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens lumina volvit obitque truci procul omnia visu talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni: Aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. Tolle minas. Fatus medium procedit in aequor. Frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.	Meanwhile his kindly sister warned Turnus to take Lausus' place, and he cut through the middle of the ranks in his swift chariot. When he saw his comrades he said: "It is time to stop fighting. I alone go against Pallas; to me alone Pallas is owed. I wish his father himself were here to watch." So he spoke, and his comrades withdrew from the field as ordered. But at the Rutulians' withdrawal the young man, wondering at the proud command, stood amazed at Turnus. He ran his eyes over that huge body and surveyed everything from afar with a fierce gaze, and with these words he went to answer the words of the tyrant: "Either I will be praised now for winning the richest spoils, or for a glorious death. My father can bear either lot with an even mind. Stop your threats." So saying, he advanced into the middle of the field. The blood ran cold and gathered in the Arcadians' hearts.[13]
10.453	Desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire comminus; utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta	Turnus leapt down from his two-horse chariot and made ready to go on foot to close quarters. As a lion, when from a high lookout he has seen a bull

LATIN	ENGLISH
stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum, advolat: haud alia est Turni venientis imago. Hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae, ire prior Pallas, siqua fors adiuvet ausum viribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur: Per patris hospitium et mensas, quas advena adisti, te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis. Cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta victoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni. Audiit Alcides iuvenem magnumque sub imo corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis. Tum Genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis:	standing far off on the plain and brooding on battle, flies at him: just so was the look of Turnus as he came. When Pallas judged that he would be within reach of a thrown spear, he went first, hoping that chance might help one who dared with unequal strength, and he spoke thus to the great heavens: "By my father's hospitality and the table you came to as a stranger, I beg you, Alcides, stand by me in this vast undertaking. Let Turnus see me strip the bloody armor from him as he lies half-dead, and let his dying eyes endure me as his conqueror." Alcides heard the young man. Deep in his heart he held down a great groan and shed useless tears. Then the Father addressed his son with kindly words:[14]
10.467 Stat sua cuique dies, breve et inreparabile tempus omnibus est vitae: sed famam extendere factis, hoc virtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis tot nati cecidere deum; quin occidit una Sarpedon, mea progenies. Etiam sua Turnum fata vocant, metasque dati pervenit ad aevi. Sic ait atque oculos Rutulorum reicit arvis. At Pallas magnis emittit viribus hastam vaginaque cava fulgentem deripit ensem. Illa volans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa incidit atque viam clipei molita per oras tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni. Hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur:	"Each has his day fixed. For all, the span of life is short and cannot be recovered. But to extend one's fame by deeds, that is the work of valor. Beneath the high walls of Troy so many sons of gods fell. Why, Sarpedon fell with them, my own offspring. Turnus too his own fate is calling, and he has reached the finishing post of the years given him." So he spoke, and turned his eyes away from the fields of the Rutulians. But Pallas hurled his spear with great force and snatched his gleaming sword from its hollow scabbard. The spear flew and struck where the top of the shoulder-armor rises. It forced its way through the rim of the shield and at last even grazed Turnus' great body. Then Turnus, long poising his oak shaft tipped with sharp iron, hurled it at Pallas and spoke thus:[15]
10.481 Adspice, num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum. Dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris, quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri, vibranti cuspis medium transverberat ictu loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. Ille rapit calidum frustra de volnere telum: una eademque via sanguis animusque sequuntur. Corruit in volnus, sonitum super arma dedere et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento. Quem Turnus super adsistens, Arcades, haec, inquit, memores mea dicta referte Euandro; qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.	"See whether our weapon is not the more piercing." He had spoken. With a quivering blow the point drove through the middle of the shield, through all its layers of iron and all its layers of bronze, with the bull's hide wrapped round it so many times. It bored through the barrier of the breastplate and through the mighty chest. Pallas tore the warm weapon from the wound in vain: by one and the same path his blood and his life followed it. He fell forward onto the wound, his armor clanged above him, and dying he struck the enemy earth with bloody mouth. Turnus stood over him. "Arcadians," he said, "remember these

13 Turnus' sister is the nymph Juturna. The "richest spoils" (spolia opima) were the arms a commander stripped from an enemy commander he had killed with his own hand.
14 Alcides is Hercules (grandson of Alceus), who had once been Evander's guest. He is Jupiter's son.
15 Sarpedon, a son of Jupiter, was killed at Troy by Patroclus (Iliad 16).

LATIN	ENGLISH
	words of mine and carry them back to Evander: I send him back his Pallas as he deserved him.
10.493 Quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est, largior. Haud illi stabunt Aeneia parvo hospitia. Et laevo pressit pede talia fatus exanimem, rapiens immania pondera baltei impressumque nefas, una sub nocte iugali caesa manus iuvenum foede thalamique cruenti, quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelaverat auro; quo nunc Turnus ovat spolio gaudetque potitus. Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis! Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum intactum Pallanta et cum spolia ista diemque oderit. At socii multo gemitu lacrimisque impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes. O dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert, cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos.	Whatever honor a tomb brings, whatever comfort there is in burial, I freely grant. His welcome of Aeneas will cost him dearly." With these words he pressed the lifeless body with his left foot and tore away the heavy weight of the sword-belt with the crime engraved on it: the band of young men foully slain on a single wedding night, and the bloodied bridal chambers, which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had chased in abundant gold. Now Turnus exults in this spoil and rejoices to have won it. How ignorant is the mind of men of fate and of their future lot, and of how to keep due measure when lifted up by success! A time will come for Turnus when he will wish he had paid a great price to leave Pallas untouched, and when he will hate those spoils and that day. But his comrades crowded round with many groans and tears and carried Pallas back, laid on his shield. O you who will return to your father as a great grief and a great glory! This day first gave you to war, and this same day takes you away, and yet you leave behind great heaps of Rutulian dead.[16]

AENEAS' REVENGE

Hearing of Pallas' death, Aeneas cuts through the enemy, taking captives for sacrifice and refusing all pleas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.510 Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor advolat Aeneae, tenui discrimine leti esse suos, versis tempus succurrere Teucris. Proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum caede nova quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis omnia sunt oculis, mensae, quas advena primas tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos quattuor hic iuvenes, totidem, quos educat Ufens, viventis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammas. Inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam. Ille astu subit ac tremibunda supervolat hasta, et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:	And now no mere rumor of so great a disaster, but a surer messenger, flew to Aeneas: his men were a hair's breadth from death, and it was time to rescue the routed Teucrians. With his sword he mowed down everything nearest him. Blazing, he drove a broad path with the steel through the ranks, seeking you, Turnus, proud from your fresh slaughter. Pallas, Evander, everything was before his very eyes: the table he had first come to then as a stranger, and the right hands pledged. Here he took alive four young men born of Sulmo and as many reared by Ufens, to sacrifice as offerings to the shades and to drench the flames of the pyre with captive blood. Next he had aimed his hostile spear from afar at Magus. Magus cleverly ducked beneath it, and the spear flew quivering over him. Then, clasping Aeneas' knees, he spoke these words as a suppliant:

16 The belt shows the daughters of Danaus, who murdered their bridegrooms on their wedding night.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.524	Per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli te precor, hanc animam serves natoque patrique. Est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti infectique mihi. Non hic victoria Teucrum vertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta. Dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: Argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta, natis parce tuis. Belli commercia Turnus sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto. Hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus. Sic fatus galeam laeva tenet atque reflexa cervice orantis capulo tenus applicat ensem. Nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triviaeque sacerdos, infula cui sacra redimibat tempora vitta, totus conlucens veste atque insignibus armis.	"By your father's spirit and by your hopes in growing Iulus, I beg you, spare this life for my son and my father. I have a lofty house. Deep within it lie buried talents of chased silver, and I have masses of gold, wrought and unwrought. The Teucrians' victory does not turn on me, nor will one life make so great a difference." He had spoken. Aeneas gave him this reply: "The many talents of silver and gold you speak of, save them for your sons. Turnus was the first to do away with such bargaining in war, back when Pallas was slain. So the shade of my father Anchises judges, and so judges Iulus." So he spoke, and grasped the man's helmet in his left hand, bent back his neck as he pleaded, and drove the sword in up to the hilt. Not far off was the son of Haemon, priest of Phoebus and Trivia. A headband with its sacred ribbon bound his temples, and he shone all over in his robe and splendid armor.
10.540	Quem congressus agit campo lapsumque superstans immolat ingentique umbra tegit; arma Serestus lecta refert umeris, tibi, rex Gradive, tropaeum. Instaurant acies Volcani stirpe creatus Caeculus et veniens Marsorum montibus Umbro: Dardanides contra furit. Anxuris ense sinistram et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem; dixerat ille aliquid magnum vimque adfore verbo crediderat caeloque animum fortasse ferebat canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos: Tarquitus exultans contra fulgentibus armis, silvicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympha crearat, obvius ardenti sese obtulit. Ille reducta loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta; tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis dicere deturbat terrae truncumque tepentem provolvens super haec inimico pectore fatur:	Aeneas met him and drove him across the plain, then stood over him as he fell, slaughtered him like a sacrifice and covered him in vast shadow. Serestus gathered up his armor and carried it off on his shoulders, a trophy for you, King Gradivus. Caeculus, born of Vulcan's stock, and Umbro, who came from the mountains of the Marsi, renewed the battle. The Dardanian raged against them. With his sword he had struck off Anxur's left hand and the whole round of his shield. Anxur had uttered some great boast and believed his words would have power. Perhaps he was lifting his spirit to the heavens, and he had promised himself gray hairs and long years. Tarquitus, exulting in his gleaming armor, whom the nymph Dryope had borne to Faunus of the woods, threw himself in the way of the blazing Aeneas. Aeneas drew back his spear and pinned the breastplate and the huge weight of the shield together. Tarquitus pleaded in vain and made ready to say much, but Aeneas struck his head to the ground. Then he rolled the warm trunk forward and spoke these words over it from a hostile heart:[17]
10.557	Istic nunc, metuende, iace. Non te optima mater condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulchro: alitibus linquere feris aut gurgite mersum unda feret piscesque impasti volnera lambent.	"Lie there now, you fearsome man! No loving mother will lay you in the ground or weigh down your limbs with your ancestral tomb. You will be left to the wild birds, or sunk in the flood the

17 Gradivus is a title of Mars, god of war.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni, persequitur fortemque Numam fulvumque Camertem, magnanimo Volcente satum, ditissimus agri qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnavit Amyclis. Aegaeon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem pectoribusque arsisse, Iovis cum fulmina contra tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret enses: sic toto Aeneas desaevit in aequore victor, ut semel intepuit mucro. Quin ecce Niphaei quadriiugis in equos adversaque pectora tendit.	waves will carry you off, and hungry fish will lick your wounds." At once he pursued Antaeus and Lucas, the front ranks of Turnus' army, and brave Numa and tawny-haired Camers, son of great-hearted Volcens, who was the richest in land of the Ausonians and reigned in silent Amyclae. Like Aegaeon, who, they say, had a hundred arms and a hundred hands, and fire blazed from his fifty mouths and chests when he clashed as many matching shields against the thunderbolts of Jupiter and drew as many swords: so Aeneas raged victorious over the whole plain once his blade had grown warm. Look, he even made for the four-horse team of Niphaeus as they came on breast to breast against him.[18]
10.572	Atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem ut videre, metu versi retroque ruentes effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus. Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem. Haud tulit Aeneas tanto fervore furentis: inruit adversaque ingens apparuit hasta. Cui Liger: Non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achillis aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi his dabitur terris. Vesano talia late dicta volant Ligeri. Sed non et Troïus heros dicta parat contra: iaculum nam torquet in hostem.	When the horses saw him striding far and roaring terribly, they wheeled around in fear and rushed backward, threw out their driver and dragged the chariot off to the shore. Meanwhile Lucagus drove into the midst with his pair of white horses, and his brother Liger with him. The brother guided the horses with the reins, while fierce Lucagus whirled his drawn sword. Aeneas could not endure them raging with such heat. He charged, and loomed huge before them with his spear leveled. Liger said to him: "It is not the horses of Diomedes you see, nor the chariot of Achilles, nor the plains of Phrygia. Here on these lands an end will now be given to your war and to your life." Such words flew far and wide from mad Liger. But the Trojan hero did not prepare words in reply, for he hurled his javelin at the enemy.[19]
10.586	Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laevo aptet se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas fulgentis clipei, tum laevum perforat inguen: excussus curru moribundus volvitur arvis. Quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris: Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum prodidit aut vanae vertere ex hostibus umbrae: ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris. Haec ita fatus arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis infelix palmas, curru delapsus eodem: Per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes, vir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere precantis.	Lucagus was leaning forward to strike, urging on his pair with the flat of his sword, his left foot thrust forward as he readied himself for battle. The spear passed in beneath the lowest rim of his gleaming shield, then pierced his left groin. Thrown from the chariot, he rolled dying on the ground. Devoted Aeneas addressed him with bitter words: "Lucagus, no sluggish flight of your horses betrayed your chariot, and no empty shadows of the enemy turned them back. It is you who leap from the wheels and abandon the team." So saying, he seized the horses. The unhappy brother, who had slipped down from the same chariot, was

18 Aegaeon (also called Briareus) was a hundred-handed giant who fought the gods. Amyclae was said to have been destroyed because its people, forbidden to spread alarms, kept silent when the enemy came.
19 In the Iliad Aeneas narrowly escaped both Diomedes and Achilles.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	stretching out his helpless hands: "By yourself, by the parents who made you what you are, man of Troy, let me keep this life, and pity me as I beg."

JUNO RESCUES TURNUS

Jupiter allows a delay, and Juno lures Turnus onto a ship with a phantom of Aeneas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.599 Pluribus oranti Aeneas: Haud talia dudum dicta dabas. Morere et fratrem ne desere frater. Tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit. Talia per campos edebat funera ductor Dardanius, torrentis aquae vel turbinis atri more furens. Tandem erumpunt et castra relinquunt Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuventus. Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro: O germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx, ut rebare, Venus, nec te sententia fallit, Troianas sustentat opes, non vivida bello dextra viris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.	As he pleaded further, Aeneas said: "Those were not the words you were speaking a moment ago. Die, and do not let brother desert brother." Then with his blade he laid open the man's chest, the hiding place of life. Such deaths did the Dardanian leader deal across the plains, raging like a torrent of water or a black whirlwind. At last the boy Ascanius and the young warriors, besieged in vain, burst out and left the camp. Meanwhile Jupiter, unprompted, addressed Juno: "My sister, and also my most dear wife, it is as you thought, and your judgment does not deceive you: it is Venus who sustains the Trojans' strength, not the men's right hands, vigorous in war, nor their fierce spirit that endures danger."
10.611 Cui Iuno summissa Quid, o pulcherrime coniunx, sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem? Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse decebat, vis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares, omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum et Dauno possem incolumem servare parenti. Nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas. Ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen Pilumnusque illi quartus pater et tua larga saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis. Cui rex aetherii breviter sic fatur Olympi:	Juno answered him humbly: "Why, most handsome husband, do you trouble me, sick at heart as I am and fearing your harsh words? If my love still had the power it once had, and should rightly have, you would surely not deny me this, Almighty: that I might withdraw Turnus from the fight and keep him safe for his father Daunus. As it is, let him perish, and let him pay the penalty to the Teucrians with his blood, devoted though he is. And yet he draws his name from our lineage. Pilumnus was his great-great-grandfather, and often with generous hand he has heaped your threshold with many gifts." The king of heavenly Olympus answered her briefly thus:[20]
10.622 Si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco oratur iuveni meque hoc ita ponere sentis, tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fatis hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis sub precibus venia ulla latet totumque moveri mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanis. Et Iuno adlacrimans: Quid si, quae voce gravaris, mente dares atque haec Turno rata vita maneret? Nunc manet insontem gravis exitus, aut ego veri	"If what you ask is a delay of present death and some time for a young man who must fall, and you understand that I so decree it, take Turnus away in flight and snatch him from the fate that presses on him. So far there is room for indulgence. But if some deeper favor lies hidden beneath these prayers, and you think the whole war can be moved or changed, you are feeding on empty hopes." And Juno, weeping: "What if you were to grant in your

20 Pilumnus was an ancient Italian god, ancestor of Turnus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
vana feror. Quod ut O potius formidine falsa ludar et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas! Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto misit, agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras, Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia castra petivit.	heart what you grudge in words, and this life were to stay assured for Turnus? As it is, a grim end awaits him, guiltless as he is, or else I am astray from the truth. Oh, rather let me be mocked by a false fear, and may you, who have the power, turn what you have begun toward something better!" When she had said these words, she at once launched herself from high heaven, girt with cloud, driving a storm through the air, and made for the Trojan battle line and the Laurentine camp.
10.636 Tum dea nube cava tenuem sine viribus umbram in faciem Aeneae, visu mirabile monstrum, Dardaniis ornat telis clipeumque iubasque divini adsimulat capitis, dat inania verba, dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis, morte obita qualis fama est volitare figuras aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus. At primas laeta ante acies exsultat imago inritatque virum telis et voce lacessit. Instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam conicit: illa dato vertit vestigia tergo. Tum vero Aenean aversum ut cedere Turnus credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem, Quo fugis, Aenea? Thalamos ne desere pactos; hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.	Then out of hollow cloud the goddess fashioned a thin, strengthless phantom in the likeness of Aeneas, a marvelous apparition to see. She decked it with Dardanian weapons and counterfeited the shield and the plumes on that godlike head. She gave it empty words, gave it sound without mind, and copied his walking steps, like the figures that, men say, flit about after death, or the dreams that mock the slumbering senses. Joyfully the phantom pranced before the foremost ranks, provoking the warrior with weapons and taunting him with its voice. Turnus pressed upon it and hurled his whistling spear from afar. The phantom turned its back and fled. Then indeed Turnus believed that Aeneas had turned and was retreating, and in his confusion drank in an empty hope: "Where are you fleeing, Aeneas? Do not desert the marriage you were promised! This right hand will give you the land you sought across the waves."
10.651 Talia vociferans sequitur strictumque coruscat mucronem nec ferre videt sua gaudia ventos. Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato, qua rex Clusinis advectus Osinius oris. Huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago conicit in latebras; nec Turnus segnior instat exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos. Vix proram attigerat: rumpit Saturnia funem avolsamque rapit revoluta per aequora navem. Illum autem Aeneas absentem in praelia poscit; obvia multa virum demittit corpora morti: tum levis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago, sed sublime volans nubi se immiscuit atrae. Cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. Respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis et duplicis cum voce manus ad sidera tendit:	Shouting such words, he followed, brandishing his drawn blade, and did not see that the winds were carrying off his joy. As it happened, a ship stood moored to the ledge of a high rock, its ladders let down and its gangway ready. In it King Osinius had sailed from the shores of Clusium. Here the frightened phantom of the fleeing Aeneas threw itself into hiding. Turnus pressed on no less swiftly, overcame every obstacle and leapt across the high gangway. Scarcely had he reached the prow when the daughter of Saturn broke the cable and swept the ship, torn loose, over the ebbing sea. Meanwhile Aeneas was calling the absent Turnus to battle, and sent many men who met him down to death. Then the light phantom sought hiding no longer, but flew up on high and mingled with a black cloud, while a gale carried Turnus out across the open sea. He looked back, not knowing what

LATIN	ENGLISH
	had happened and ungrateful for his rescue, and lifted both his hands and his voice to the stars:
10.668 Omnipotens genitor, tanton me crimine dignum duxisti et talis voluisti expendere poenas? Quo feror? Unde abii? Quae me fuga quemve reducit? Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra videbo? Quid manus illa virum, qui me meaque arma secuti? Quosne (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui et nunc palantis video gemitumque cadentum accipio! Quid ago? Aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat terra mihi? Vos O potius miserescite venti: in rupes, in saxa, volens vos Turnus adoro ferte ratem saevisque vadis immittite Syrtis, quo neque me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.	"Almighty Father, did you think me deserving of such disgrace, and did you want me to pay such a penalty? Where am I being carried? Where have I come from? What flight is taking me home, and as what kind of man? Shall I see the walls of Laurentum again, or my camp? What of that band of men who followed me and my arms? I have left them all (oh, the horror!) to an unspeakable death, and now I see them scattering and hear the groans of the falling! What am I to do? What earth could gape deep enough for me now? Rather, you winds, take pity on me. Onto the reefs, onto the rocks (I, Turnus, beg you with all my heart) drive this ship, and hurl it onto the cruel shoals of the Syrtes, where neither the Rutulians nor rumor that knows my shame can follow me."
10.680 Haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc, an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens induat et crudum per costas exigat ensem, fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando curva petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma. Ter conatus utramque viam, ter maxima Iuno continuit iuvenemque animi miserata repressit. Labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem. At Iovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens succedit pugnae Teucrosque invadit ovantis. Concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni, uni odiisque viro telisque frequentibus instant.	Saying this, he wavered in his mind now this way, now that. Should he, in his madness at such dishonor, fall on his blade and drive the cruel sword through his ribs? Or should he throw himself into the midst of the waves, swim for the curving shore, and return once more to face the Teucrians' arms? Three times he tried each way, and three times great Juno held him back and, pitying the young man in her heart, restrained him. He glided on, cutting through the deep with wave and tide in his favor, and was carried to the ancient city of his father Daunus. Meanwhile, at Jupiter's prompting, Mezentius took over the fight in a blaze of fury and attacked the exulting Teucrians. The Etruscan ranks ran together, and on one man, on one man alone, they pressed with all their hatred and their showering weapons.

MEZENTIUS AND LAUSUS

Mezentius fights like a cliff against the sea; when Aeneas wounds him, his son Lausus dies defending him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.693 Ille velut rupes, vastum quae prodit in aequor, obvia ventorum furiis expostaque ponto, vim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque, ipsa immota manens, prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem, sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis occupat os faciemque adversam, poplite Palmum succiso volvi segnem sinit, armaque Lauso	He was like a cliff that juts out into the vast sea, facing the fury of the winds and exposed to the waves. It endures all the violence and threats of sky and sea while it stands unmoved. So he laid on the ground Hebrus, son of Dolichaon, and with him Latagus and Palmus, who tried to flee. Latagus he caught full in the mouth and face with a rock, a huge fragment of mountain. Palmus he

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	donat habere umeris et vertice figere cristas. Nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano in lucem genitori Amyco dedit et face praegnans Cisseis regina Parin creat: urbe paterna occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.	hamstrung and left to roll helpless, and he gave Palmus' armor to Lausus to wear on his shoulders, and the plumes to fix on his head. He also slew Euanthes the Phrygian, and Mimas, Paris' comrade and his equal in age. Theano brought Mimas to the light for his father Amycus on the same night that the queen, daughter of Cisseus, pregnant with a torch, gave birth to Paris. Paris lies in his father's city, and the Laurentine shore holds Mimas, unknown.[21]
10.707	Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos defendit multosve palus Laurentia, silva pastus harundinea, postquam inter retia ventum est, substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit armos, nec cuiquam irasci propiusque accedere virtus, sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant; ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis, dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas. haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae, non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro; missilibus longe et vasto clamore lacessunt: Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron, Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos.	Think of a boar driven from the high mountains by the bite of the hounds, one that pine-clad Vesulus has sheltered for many years, or the Laurentine marsh for many, feeding him in its forest of reeds: once he has come among the nets, he stops, snorts fiercely and bristles his shoulders, and no one has the courage to vent their anger or come nearer. Instead they press him with javelins and shouts from a safe distance, while he, fearless, turns slowly to every side, gnashing his teeth, and shakes the spears off his back. Just so, of those who justly hated Mezentius, not one had the heart to meet him with drawn sword, but they provoked him from afar with missiles and huge shouting. There had come from the ancient lands of Corythus a Greek named Acron, an exile who had left his marriage unfulfilled.
10.721	Hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina vidit, purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro: impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans, suadet enim vesana fames, si forte fugacem conspexit capream aut surgentem in cornua cervum, gaudet, hians immane, comasque arrexit et haeret visceribus super accumbens, lavit inproba taeter ora cruor, sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis. Sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram tundit humum expirans infractaque tela cruentat. Atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspide volnus: obvius adversoque occurrit seque viro vir contulit, haud furto melior, sed fortibus armis. Tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta: Pars belli haud temnenda, viri, iacet altus Orodes.	Mezentius saw him far off, spreading confusion in the midst of the ranks, crimson with his plumes and with the purple given by his promised bride. As often a hungry lion, prowling through deep folds (for maddening hunger drives him), if he chances to catch sight of a fleeing she-goat or a stag rising tall with its antlers, rejoices, gaping hugely, raises his mane and clings to the flesh, crouching over it, and foul blood bathes his cruel jaws: so Mezentius rushed eagerly into the thick of the enemy. Unhappy Acron was laid low. Breathing his last, he beat the black earth with his heels and stained the broken weapons with his blood. And the same Mezentius did not deign to strike down Orodes as he fled, nor to deal him an unseen wound with a thrown spear. He ran to meet him face to face and closed with him, man against man, the better not by stealth but by strength of arms. Then, planting his foot on the fallen man

21 The queen is Hecuba, wife of Priam. She dreamed she gave birth to a firebrand, a sign that Paris would bring about Troy's destruction.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and leaning on his spear: "Here lies tall Orodes, men, no small part of the war."
10.738 Conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti. Ille autem exspirans: Non me, quicumque es, inulto, victor, nec longum laetabere: te quoque fata prospectant paria atque eadem mox arva tenebis. Ad quae subridens mixta Mezentius ira: Nunc morere. Ast de me divom pater atque hominum rex viderit. Hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum: olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget somnus, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem. Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspen Partheniumque Rapo et praedurum viribus Orsen, Messapus Croniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten, illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, hunc peditem. Pedes et Lycius processerat Agis, quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitae deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta.	His comrades raised a shout and joined in the glad song of triumph. But the dying man said: "Whoever you are, my conqueror, my death will not go unavenged, and you will not rejoice for long. A like fate is watching for you too, and soon you will lie in these same fields." To this Mezentius, smiling with anger mixed in, said: "Die now. As for me, the father of gods and king of men will see to it." Saying this, he drew the weapon out of the body. A harsh rest and an iron sleep pressed down on the man's eyes, and they closed in everlasting night. Caedicus cut down Alcathous, Sacrator killed Hydaspes, and Rapo killed Parthenius and Orses, a man of great strength. Messapus killed Cronius and Erichaetes, son of Lycaon. The first lay on the ground, thrown when his bridleless horse fell; the other was on foot. Agis the Lycian had also come forward on foot, but Valerus, not lacking his ancestors' valor, brought him down. Salius killed Thronius, and Nealces killed Salius by stealth, with a javelin and an arrow that deceived from afar.
10.755 Iam gravis aequabat luctus et mutua Mavors funera: caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant victores victique, neque his fuga nota neque illis. Di Iovis in tectis iram miserantur inanem amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores: hinc Venus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno, pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saevit. At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam turbidus ingreditur campo. Quam magnus Orion, cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei stagna viam scindens, umero supereminet undas aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit: talis se vastis infert Mezentius armis.	Now heavy Mars was dealing out grief and death equally on both sides. Victors and vanquished killed alike and fell alike, and neither side knew flight. In the halls of Jupiter the gods pitied the futile anger of both armies, and that mortals should suffer such toils. Here Venus watched, and there, opposite, Juno, daughter of Saturn. Pale Tisiphone raged among the thousands. But now Mezentius, shaking his huge spear, strode wildly onto the field. He was as huge as Orion when he strides on foot through the vast pools of Nereus in mid-ocean, cutting a path, his shoulders towering above the waves, or when he brings back an aged ash tree from the mountaintops and walks on the ground with his head hidden among the clouds. Such was Mezentius as he advanced in his massive armor.[22]
10.769 Huic contra Aeneas, speculatus in agmine longo, obvius ire parat. Manet imperterritus ille, hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat; atque oculis spatium emensus, quantum satis hastae: Dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro,	Aeneas spied him in the long battle line and made ready to go against him. Mezentius stayed unafraid, awaiting his great-hearted enemy, and stood firm in his own bulk. Measuring with his eyes the distance that would serve for his spear, he

22 Tisiphone is one of the Furies. Orion was a giant hunter; Nereus, a sea-god, stands here for the sea.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nunc adsint! Voveo praedonis corpore raptis indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum Aeneae. Dixit stridentemque eminus hastam iecit; at illa volans clipeo est excussa proculque egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit, Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis haeserat Euandro atque Itala consederat urbe.	said: "Now let my right hand, which is my god, and the weapon I poise to throw, be with me! I vow that you yourself, Lausus, clad in the spoils stripped from that pirate's body, shall be my trophy over Aeneas." He spoke, and hurled his whistling spear from afar. As it flew it glanced off the shield and, far off, pierced noble Antores between flank and groin. Antores had been a com- rade of Hercules. Sent from Argos, he had attached himself to Evander and settled in an Italian city.
10.781	Sternitur infelix alieno volnere caelumque aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit: illa per orbem aere cavum triplici, per linea terga tribusque transit intextum tauris opus imaque sedit inguine, sed viris haud pertulit. Ocius ensem Aeneas, viso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus, eripit a femine et trepidanti fervidus instat. Ingemuit cari graviter genitoris amore, ut vidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora volutae. Hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta, siqua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas, non equidem nec te, iuvenis memorande, silebo.	He fell, unlucky, by a wound meant for another. He looked up at the sky and, dying, remembered his sweet Argos. Then devoted Aeneas threw his spear. It passed through the hollow round of the shield with its triple bronze, through the linen lay- ers and the work woven of three bulls' hides, and lodged low in the groin, but it did not carry its full force through. Aeneas, glad to see the Etruscan's blood, quickly snatched his sword from his thigh and pressed hotly on his shaken foe. When Lausus saw it he groaned deeply for love of his dear fath- er, and tears rolled down his face. Here I will not pass over in silence the fate of your harsh death and your noble deeds, nor you yourself, young man worth remembering, if ancient time can win belief for so great a feat.
10.794	Ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus cedebat clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat: prorupit iuvenis seseque immiscuit armis iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando sustinuit. Socii magno clamore sequuntur, dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, telaque coniciunt proturbantque eminus hostem missilibus. Furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se. Ac velut effusa siquando grandine nimbi praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator omnis et agricola et tuta latet arce viator, aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi, dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis, sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur:	Mezentius, crippled and hampered, was giving ground and withdrawing, dragging the enemy spear-shaft in his shield. The young man burst for- ward and threw himself into the fight. Just as Aeneas was rising up with his right hand to bring down the blow, Lausus came under the blade and held Aeneas himself off by the delay. His com- rades followed with a great shout, so that the fath- er, protected by his son's shield, could get away. They hurled their weapons and drove the enemy back with missiles from afar. Aeneas raged, and kept himself under cover. As when storm clouds sometimes rush down in pouring hail, every plow- man and every farmer scatters from the fields, and the traveler hides in a safe refuge, under a river bank or the arch of a high rock, while it rains on the land, so that when the sun returns they can get on with the day's work: so Aeneas, over- whelmed by weapons on every side, endured the cloud of war until it had thundered itself out, and he taunted Lausus and threatened him:
10.811		

LATIN	ENGLISH
Quo moriture ruis maioraque viribus audes? Fallit te incautum pietas tua. Nec minus ille exsultat demens; saevae iamque altius irae Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso Parcae fila legunt: validum namque exigit ensem per medium Aeneas iuvenem totumque recondit. Transiit et parmam mucro, levia arma minacis, et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro, implevitque sinum sanguis; tum vita per auras concessit maesta ad manis corpusque reliquit. At vero ut voltum vidit morientis et ora, ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris, ingemuit miserans graviter dextramque tetendit, et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.	"Where are you rushing to your death, daring beyond your strength? Your devotion deceives you in your recklessness." Yet the young man exulted no less in his madness. Now the savage anger rose higher in the Dardanian leader, and the Fates gathered up the last threads for Lausus. For Aeneas drove his strong sword clean through the middle of the young man and buried it to the hilt. The point went through the shield, too light an armor for one so threatening, and through the tunic his mother had woven for him of soft gold thread, and blood filled its folds. Then his life departed sorrowfully through the air to the shades and left his body. But when the son of Anchises saw the face and look of the dying boy, the face so strangely pale, he groaned deeply in pity and stretched out his right hand, and the image of a son's devotion to his father came into his mind.
10.825 Quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis, quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum? Arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua, teque parentum manibus et cineri, siqua est ea cura, remitto. Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem: Aeneae magni dextra cadis. Increpat ultro cunctantis socios et terra sublevat ipsum, sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos. Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam volnera siccabat lymphis corpusque levabat arboris adclinis trunco. Procul aerea ramis dependet galea et prato gravia arma quiescunt. Stant lecti circum iuvenes: ipse aeger anhelans colla fovet, fusus propexam in pectore barbam; multa super Lauso rogitat multumque remittit qui revocent maestique ferant mandata parentis.	"What now, pitiable boy, what will devoted Aeneas give you for such glory, worthy of so noble a nature? Keep the arms you delighted in. As for you, I return you to the shades and ashes of your fathers, if that is any concern to you. Yet, unhappy one, you will have this to console you for your sad death: you fall by the right hand of great Aeneas." Then he rebuked Lausus' hesitating comrades and lifted the boy himself from the ground, his hair, combed in the proper fashion, fouled with blood. Meanwhile, by the waters of the river Tiber, his father was staunching his wounds with water and resting his body against the trunk of a tree. Some way off his bronze helmet hung from the branches, and his heavy armor lay at rest on the meadow. Chosen young men stood around him. He himself, sick and gasping, eased his neck, his combed-out beard spread over his chest. Again and again he asked after Lausus, and again and again he sent men to call him back and bring him the orders of his anxious father.

THE DEATH OF MEZENTIUS

Mezentius mourns Lausus, rides out on his horse to face Aeneas, and dies.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.841 At Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant flentes, ingentem atque ingenti volnere victum. Agnovit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens: canitiem multo deformat pulvere et ambas ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret.	But his comrades were carrying Lausus lifeless on his armor, weeping: a mighty man, by a mighty wound overcome. From far off the father's mind, foreboding evil, recognized the wailing. He fouled

LATIN	ENGLISH
Tantane me tenuit vivendi, nate, voluptas, ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae, quem genui? Tuane haec genitor per volnera servor, morte tua vivens? Heu, nunc misero mihi demum exitium infelix, nunc alte volnus adactum! Idem ego, nate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen, pulsus ob invidiam solio sceptrisque paternis. Debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum: omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem!	his gray hair with much dust, stretched both hands to heaven, and clung to the body. "Did such a love of living grip me, my son, that I let you, whom I fathered, take my place before the enemy's right hand? Am I, your father, saved by these wounds of yours, living by your death? Ah, now at last, wretched that I am, my unhappy ruin has come; now the wound is driven deep! I too, my son, stained your name with my crime, driven by men's hatred from my father's throne and scepter. I owed punishment to my country and to the hatred of my people. I should have given up my guilty life myself, by every kind of death!
10.855 Nunc vivo neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo. Sed linquam. Simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum se femur et, quamvis dolor alto volnere tardet, haud deiectus equum duci iubet. Hoc decus illi, hoc solamen erat; bellis hoc victor abibat omnibus. Adloquitur maerentem et talibus infit: Rhaebe, diu, res siqua diu mortalibus ulla est, viximus. Aut hodie victor spolia illa cruenti et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum ultor eris mecum aut, aperit si nulla viam vis, occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo, iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.	Now I live, and do not yet leave mankind and the light. But leave I will." Even as he said this he raised himself on his weak thigh. Though the pain of the deep wound slowed him, he was undaunted and ordered his horse to be brought. This was his pride, this his comfort. On this horse he had ridden away victorious from every war. He addressed the grieving animal and began with such words: "Rhaebus, we have lived long, if anything at all is long for mortals. Today either you will carry back in victory those bloodstained spoils and the head of Aeneas and with me avenge Lausus' sufferings, or, if no force opens the way, you will die together with me. For, bravest one, I do not believe you will deign to endure the orders of another, or Teucrians as your masters."
10.867 Dixit et exceptus tergo consueta locavit membra manusque ambas iaculis oneravit acutis, aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina. Sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit: aestuat ingens uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu, [et furiis agitatus amor et conscia virtus.] Atque hic Aenean magna ter voce vocavit. Aeneas agnovit enim laetusque precatur: Sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo, incipias conferre manum. Tantum effatus et infesta subit obvius hasta. Ille autem: Quid me erepto, saevissime, nato terres? Haec via sola fuit, qua perdere posses. Nec mortem horremus nec divom parcimus ulli.	He spoke, and the horse took him on its back. He settled his limbs in their familiar place and loaded both hands with sharp javelins, his head shining with bronze and bristling with a horsehair crest. So he galloped swiftly into the midst. In that one heart there surged great shame, and madness mingled with grief, [and love driven by frenzy, and valor conscious of itself.] And then three times he called on Aeneas in a loud voice. Aeneas indeed recognized him and joyfully prayed: "So may the father of the gods bring it about, so may high Apollo: may you begin to fight hand to hand!" He said only this, and went to meet him with leveled spear. But Mezentius said: "Why do you try to frighten me, cruelest of men, now that you have robbed me of my son? This was the only way you could destroy me. We neither shudder at death nor spare any of the gods.
10.881	

LATIN	ENGLISH
Desine: nam venio moriturus et haec tibi porto dona prius. Dixit telumque intorsit in hostem; inde aliud super atque aliud figitque volatque ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo. Ter circum adstantem laevos equitavit in orbes tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troïus heros immanem aerato circumfert tegmine silvam. Inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet vellere et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua, multa movens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter bellatoris equi cava tempora conicit hastam. Tollit se arrectum quadrupes et calcibus auras verberat effusumque equitem super ipse secutus implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo.	Stop: I come to die, and first I bring you these gifts." He spoke and hurled a spear at his enemy. Then he planted another and another, flying round in a vast circle, but the golden boss held firm. Three times he rode around Aeneas as he stood his ground, wheeling to the left and hurling weapons from his hand. Three times the Trojan hero turned with him, carrying round a huge forest on his bronze shield. Then Aeneas grew weary of so much delay, weary of plucking out so many shafts, and he was hard pressed in the unequal fight. Turning many things over in his mind, at last he burst out and hurled his spear between the hollow temples of the warhorse. The animal reared upright and beat the air with its hooves. It threw its rider, then itself fell after him, entangled him, and pitched headlong on top of him with its shoulder out of joint.
10.895 Clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. Advolat Aeneas vaginaque eripit ensem et super haec: Ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa effera vis animi? Contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit: Hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris? Nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia veni, nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus. Unum hoc per siqua est victis venia hostibus oro: corpus humo patiare tegi. Scio acerba meorum circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem et me consortem nati concede sepulchro. Haec loquitur iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem undantique animam diffundit in arva cruore.	Trojans and Latins set the sky ablaze with their shouting. Aeneas flew to him, snatched his sword from its sheath, and said over him: "Where now is fierce Mezentius, and that savage violence of spirit?" The Etruscan looked up to the sky, drank in the air and recovered his senses. Then he replied: "Bitter enemy, why do you taunt me and threaten me with death? There is no wrong in killing. I did not come to battle on such terms, nor did my Lausus strike such a bargain with you for me. I beg one thing only, by whatever mercy there is for conquered enemies: let my body be covered with earth. I know the bitter hatred of my people surrounds me. Protect me, I beg you, from their frenzy, and grant me to share my son's tomb." So he spoke, and knowingly received the sword in his throat, and poured out his life over the ground in waves of blood.

Book 11

Camilla

A truce to bury the dead, a quarrel in the Latin council, and the warrior Camilla's death.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.1	Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit: Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humandis praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est, vota deum primo victor solvebat Eoo. Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma, Mezenti ducis exuvias, tibi, magne, tropaeum, bellipotens: aptat rorantis sanguine cristas telaque trunca viri et bis sex thoraca petitum perfossumque locis clipeumque ex aere sinistrae subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum. Tum socios, namque omnis eum stipata tegebat turba ducum, sic incipiens hortatur ovantis:	Meanwhile Dawn rose and left the Ocean. Though his cares pressed him to give time to burying his comrades, and his mind was shaken by the death, Aeneas, as victor, was paying his vows to the gods at first light. He lopped the branches all round from a huge oak, set it up on a mound, and dressed it in shining arms, the spoils of the leader Mezentius, a trophy to you, great one, mighty in war. He fitted on it the crests still dripping with blood, the man's broken spears, and the breastplate struck and pierced in twice six places. To its left side he bound the bronze shield, and from its neck he hung the ivory sword. Then, since the whole throng of his captains crowded close around him, he began to exhort his exultant comrades thus:
11.14	Maxima res effecta, viri; timor omnis abesto, quod superest: haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo primitiae, manibusque meis Mezentius hic est. Nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos. Arma parate animis et spe praesumite bellum, nequa mora ignaros, ubi primum vellere signa adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, impediat segnisve metu sententia tardet. Interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est. Ite, ait, egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis muneribus, maestamque Evandri primus ad urbem mittatur Pallas, quem non virtutis egentem abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.	"The greatest task is done, my men. For what remains, let all fear be gone. These are the spoils, the first fruits taken from a proud king, and this is Mezentius, as my hands have left him. Now our march is to the king and the walls of the Latins. Make your arms ready in spirit and look ahead to the war in hope. Then, as soon as the gods above give the nod to pluck up the standards and lead our young men out of camp, no delay will catch you unprepared and hold you back, and no fainthearted thought born of fear will slow you. Meanwhile let us commit our comrades, their bodies still unburied, to the earth, the only honor there is down in deepest Acheron. Go," he said, "and adorn with the last gifts those noble souls who with their own blood have won this homeland for us. And first let Pallas be sent to Evander's grieving city, Pallas, who did not lack courage, yet the black day carried him off and plunged him in bitter death."

PALLAS' BODY SENT HOME

Aeneas mourns over Pallas and sends his body home to Evander with a funeral procession.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.29	Sic ait inlacrimans recipitque ad limina gressum, corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes servabat senior, qui Parrhasio Evandro armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aeque tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno. Circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. Ut vero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis, ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu. Ipse caput nivei fultum Pallantis et ora ut vidit levique patens in pectore vulnus cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur obortis.	So he spoke, weeping, and turned his steps back to the doorway where old Acoetes was keeping watch over the lifeless body of Pallas laid out within. Acoetes had once been armor-bearer to Parrhasian Evander, but had then gone, under omens less happy, as a companion given to his dear foster-son. Around him stood the whole band of attendants and the Trojan crowd, and the Trojan women with their mourning hair unbound, as custom is. But as soon as Aeneas entered through the high doors, they raised a great groan to the stars, beating their breasts, and the royal hall moaned with sorrowful mourning. He himself, when he saw the propped head and face of snow-white Pallas, and the gaping wound of the Ausonian spearpoint in his smooth breast, spoke thus as the tears welled up:
11.42	Tene, inquit, miserande puer, cum laeta veniret, invidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna videres nostra neque ad sedes victor veherere paternas? Non haec Evandro de te promissa parenti discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret acris esse viros, cum dura proelia gente. Et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani fors et vota facit cumulatque altaria donis: nos iuvenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis debentem vano maesti comitamur honore. Infelix, nati funus crudele videbis!	"Was it you, poor boy," he said, "that Fortune begrudged me, just when she came smiling, so that you should not see our kingdom or ride in victory to your father's home? These were not the promises I gave your father Evander about you when I left, when he embraced me as I set out and sent me to win a great empire, and warned me in fear that they were fierce men, that the battles would be with a hardy people. And now he, much deceived by empty hope, is perhaps even making vows and heaping the altars with gifts, while we in our grief escort, with empty honor, a young man who is lifeless and owes nothing any longer to any gods of heaven. Unhappy man, you will see the cruel funeral of your son!
11.54	Hi nostri reditus expectatique triumphi! Haec mea magna fides! At non, Evandre, pudendis vulneribus pulsum adspicies nec sospite dirum optabis nato funus pater. Ei mihi, quantum praesidium Ausonia et quantum tu perdis, Iule! Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miserabile corpus imperat et toto lectos ex agmine mittit mille viros, qui supremum comitentur honorem intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri. Haud segnes alii crates et molle feretrum arbuteis texunt virgis et vimine querno exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.	Is this our homecoming, the triumph we awaited? Is this my great pledge? But at least, Evander, you will not see him routed with shameful wounds, nor will you, his father, pray for a dreadful death because your son was kept safe. Ah me, how great a defender Ausonia is losing, and how great a one you are losing, Iulus!" When he had finished weeping these words, he ordered the pitiful body to be lifted, and from the whole army he sent a thousand chosen men to attend the last honor and share the father's tears, small comfort for so great a grief, but owed to a father in his misery. Others,

LATIN	ENGLISH
	without delay, wove hurdles and a soft bier of arbutus rods and oak twigs, and shaded the raised couch with a covering of leaves.
11.67 Hic iuvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt, qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem seu mollis violae seu languentis hyacinthi, cui neque fulgor adhuc necdum sua forma recessit: non iam mater alit tellus viresque ministrat. Tum geminas vestes auroque ostroque rigentis extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro. Harum unam iuveni supremum maestus honorem induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu, multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci. Addit equos et tela, quibus spoliaverat hostem.	Here they set the young man high on his rustic bed, like a flower cut by a girl's thumb, a soft violet or a drooping hyacinth, whose brightness and beauty have not yet faded, though mother earth no longer feeds it or gives it strength. Then Aeneas brought out two robes stiff with gold and purple, which Sidonian Dido herself, delighting in the work, had once made for him with her own hands, threading the weave with fine gold. Sorrowing, he dressed the young man in one of them as a last honor, and veiled with its cloth the hair that was soon to burn. Besides this he heaped up many prizes from the Laurentine battle and ordered the spoils to be led in a long procession. He added the horses and weapons he had stripped from the enemy.
11.81 Vinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris inferias, caeso sparsuros sanguine flammas, indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi. Ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes: pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae. Ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus. Post bellator equus positis insignibus Aethon it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. Hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus victor habet. Tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur Tyrrhenique omnes et versis Arcades armis. Postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo, substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto:	He had also bound behind their backs the hands of the men he would send as offerings to the shades, who were to sprinkle the flames with their blood when slain. He ordered the leaders themselves to carry tree trunks dressed in enemy arms, with the names of the foes fixed on them. Unhappy Acoetes, worn out with age, was led along, now disfiguring his breast with his fists, now his face with his nails; he flung himself down, stretched full length on the earth. They led the chariots too, drenched with Rutulian blood. Behind came the warhorse Aethon, his trappings laid aside, weeping and wetting his face with great drops. Others carried the spear and helmet, for Turnus, the victor, held the rest. Then followed the mourning column, the Teucrians and all the Tyrrhenians, and the Arcadians with arms reversed. When the whole long line of his companions had gone far ahead, Aeneas stopped and, with a deep groan, added these words:

TRUCE FOR THE DEAD

Aeneas grants the Latins a truce to bury their dead, and Evander mourns his son.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.96 Nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli fata vocant: salve aeternum mihi, maxime Palla, aeternumque vale. Nec plura effatus ad altos tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat.	"The same grim fates of war call us from here to other tears. Hail forever, greatest Pallas, and forever farewell." Saying no more, he made for the high walls and turned his steps toward the camp.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina, velati ramis oleae veniamque rogantes: corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant, redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae; nullum cum victis certamen et aethere cassis; parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque vocatis. Quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis prosequitur venia et verbis haec insuper addit:	And now envoys had come from the Latin city, veiled with olive branches and asking a favor: that he would give back the bodies that lay strewn across the plains by the sword, and let them go be- neath a mound of earth; there could be no quarrel with the vanquished, with those bereft of the air of heaven; let him spare men he had once called his hosts and fathers-in-law. Good Aeneas granted them the favor, for what they asked was not to be refused, and added these words besides:
11.108	Quaenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini, implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos? Pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis oratis? Equidem et vivis concedere vellem. Nec veni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent, nec bellum cum gente gero: rex nostra reliquit hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis. Aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. Si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis: vixet, cui vitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset. Nunc ite et miseris supponite civibus ignem.	"What undeserved misfortune, Latins, has en- tangled you in so great a war, that you shun us as friends? You ask me for peace for the dead, for those slain by the lot of Mars? For my part, I would gladly grant it to the living too. I would not have come had the fates not given me a place and a home here, nor am I waging war with your people. It was your king who abandoned our ties of friend- ship and chose instead to trust himself to the arms of Turnus. It would have been fairer for Turnus to face this death himself. If he means to end the war by force, to drive out the Teucrians, he should have met me with these weapons: the one to whom a god or his own right hand had granted life would have lived. Now go, and kindle the fire be- neath your unhappy fellow citizens."
11.120	Dixerat Aeneas. Illi obstipuere silentes conversique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant. Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances infensus iuveni Turno sic ore vicissim orsa refert: O fama ingens, ingentior armis vir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem? Iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum? Nos vero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem et te, siqua viam dederit fortuna, Latino iungemus regi: quaerat sibi foedera Turnus. Quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles saxaque subvectare umeris Troiana iuvabit.	Aeneas had spoken. They stood dumbstruck in si- lence and kept their eyes and faces turned toward one another. Then Drances, the elder, always hos- tile to young Turnus with hatred and accusation, spoke in his turn and began thus: "Trojan, great in fame and greater in arms, with what praises can I raise you to the sky? Should I first admire your justice, or your toils in war? We, for our part, will gratefully carry these words back to our native city and, if fortune gives a way, will join you with King Latinus. Let Turnus look for alliances for himself. Indeed, it will be a joy to raise the massive walls the fates decree and to carry the stones of Troy on our shoulders."[1]
11.132	Dixerat haec, unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant. Bis senos pepigere dies et pace sequestra per silvas Teucri mixtique inpune Latini erravere iugis. Ferro sonat alta bipenni fraxinus, evertunt actas ad sidera pinus, robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum	So he had spoken, and all of them murmured the same with one voice. They agreed on twice six days, and with peace as go-between Teucrians and Latins mingled and wandered unharmed through the woods over the ridges. The tall ash rang under the double-bladed ax; they toppled pines that

1 Drances: a Latin noble, eloquent and rich, Turnus' bitter political rival.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos. Et iam Fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus, Evandrum Evandrique domos et moenia replet, quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat. Arcades ad portas ruere et de more vetusto funereas rapuere faces; lucet via longo ordine flammarum et late discriminat agros.	reached the stars, and they never stopped splitting oak and fragrant cedar with wedges or hauling mountain ash on groaning wagons. And now Rumor, flying, herald of so great a grief, filled Evander, Evander's house and his city: Rumor, which only a moment before had been telling of Pallas victorious in Latium. The Arcadians rushed to the gates and, by ancient custom, seized funeral torches. The road shone with a long line of flames that parted the fields far and wide.
11.145	Contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia iungit agmina. Quae postquam matres succedere tectis viderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem. At non Evandrum potis est vis ulla tenere, sed venit in medios. Feretro Pallanta reposto procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque gemensque, et via vix tandem vocis laxata dolore est. Non haec, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti, cautius ut saevo velles te credere Marti; haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis et praedulce decus primo certamine posset.	From the other side the crowd of Phrygians, approaching, joined its lamenting columns to theirs. When the mothers saw them coming up to the houses, they set the grieving city ablaze with their cries. But no force could hold Evander back: he came into their midst. When the bier was set down, he fell upon Pallas and clung to him, weeping and groaning, and at last, barely, grief let a way open for his voice: "This was not the promise you had given your father, Pallas, that you would be careful in trusting yourself to savage Mars. I knew well how much the new glory of arms and the sweet pride of a first battle could do.
11.156	Primitiae iuvenis miserae bellique propinqui dura rudimenta et nulli exaudita deorum vota precesque meae! Tuque, O sanctissima coniunx, felix morte tua neque in hunc servata dolorem! Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum obruerent Rutuli telis! Animam ipse dedissem atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret, nec vos arguerim, Teucri, nec foedera nec quas iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae debita erat nostrae. Quod si immatura manebat mors natum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuvabit.	Wretched first fruits of a young man, harsh schooling in a war close at hand, and my vows and prayers, heard by none of the gods! And you, my most holy wife, happy in your death, not kept alive for this grief! But I, by living on, have outlasted my fate, only to remain behind as a father who survives his son. If only I had followed the allied arms of the Trojans, and the Rutulians had buried me under their spears! I would have given my own life, and this procession would be bringing me home, not Pallas. Nor would I blame you, Teucrians, nor our treaty, nor the right hands we joined in friendship: this lot was owed to my old age. But if an untimely death awaited my son, it will comfort me that he fell after killing thousands of Volscians, leading the Teucrians into Latium.
11.169	Quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla, quam pius Aeneas [et quam magni Phryges et quam] [Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.] Magna tropaea ferunt, quos dat tua dextera Leto: tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in armis, esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis, Turne. Sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis? Vadite et haec memores regi mandata referte: quod vitam moror invisam Pallante perempto,	No, I would not honor you, Pallas, with any funeral other than that of devoted Aeneas [and of the great Phrygians and of] [the Tyrrhenian leaders, the whole Tyrrhenian army.] They bring great trophies of those your right hand gives to Death. You too, Turnus, would stand here now, a huge trunk in arms, if his age had matched yours and years had given him the same strength. But why, unhappy man, do I keep the Teucrians from their

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dextera causa tua est, Turnum natoque patrique quam debere vides. Meritis vacat hic tibi solus fortunaeque locus. Non vitae gaudia quaero, nec fas, sed nato Manis perferre sub imos.	arms? Go, and remember to carry this message to your king: if I linger in a life now hateful, with Pallas slain, the reason is your right hand, which, as you see, owes Turnus to son and father. That is the only place left open for your merit and your fortune. I do not seek joys in life, nor would it be right, but to carry the news to my son among the shades below."

FUNERAL FIRES

Both sides burn their dead; Diomedes refuses to help the Latins, and Latinus calls a council.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.182	Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores: iam pater Aeneas, iam curvo in litore Tarchon constituere pyras. Huc corpora quisque suorum more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum. Ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem lustravere in equis ululatusque ore dedere; spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma: it caelo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum. Hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis coniciunt igni, galeas ensesque decoros frenaque ferventisque rotas; pars munera nota, ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela.	Meanwhile Dawn had raised her kindly light for wretched mortals, bringing back their work and toil. Already father Aeneas, already Tarchon, had built pyres on the curving shore. Here each man brought the bodies of his own people, by the custom of their fathers, and when the dark fires were lit beneath, the high sky was buried in darkness and smoke. Three times, girt in shining arms, they ran round the burning pyres; three times on horseback they circled the mournful funeral fire, and they raised a wailing cry. The earth was sprinkled with tears, the arms were sprinkled too, and the shouting of men and the blare of trumpets rose to the sky. Here some threw on the fire spoils stripped from the slain Latins, helmets and fine swords, bridles and glowing wheels; others threw familiar offerings, the dead men's own shields and the weapons that brought them no luck.
11.197	Multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti, saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris in flammam iugulant pecudes. Tum litore toto ardentis spectant socios semustaque servant busta neque avelli possunt, nox umida donec invertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum. Nec minus et miseri diversa in parte Latini innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim multa virum terrae infodiunt avectaque partim finitimos tollunt in agros urbique remittunt, cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis acervum nec numero nec honore cremant: tunc undique vasti certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.	All around, many oxen were slaughtered to Death, and over the flames they cut the throats of bristly swine and of flocks seized from all the fields. Then all along the shore they watched their comrades burn and kept guard over the half-burned pyres, and they could not tear themselves away until dewy night turned the sky round, studded with blazing stars. No less, in another place, the unhappy Latins built countless pyres. Of the many bodies of men, some they buried in the earth, some they carried off to the neighboring fields and sent back to the city; the rest, a huge heap of mingled slaughter, they burned without count or honor. Then everywhere the vast fields shone, vying with one another, with crowded fires.
11.210	Tertia lux gelidam caelo dimoverat umbram: maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant	The third day had driven the cold shadow from the sky. Mourning, they raked out the deep ash

LATIN	ENGLISH
ossa focis tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae. Iam vero in tectis, praedivitis urbe Latini, praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus. Hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos: ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro, qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores. ingravat haec saevus Drances solumque vocari testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum. Multa simul contra variis sententia dictis pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat, multa virum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.	and the bones mingled in the fires, and heaped a warm mound of earth over them. But it was in the houses, in the city of wealthy Latinus, that the clamor was loudest and the greater part of the long grief lay. Here mothers and wretched young wives, here the loving hearts of grieving sisters, and boys bereft of their fathers, cursed the dreadful war and Turnus' marriage. Let him, they demand, let him decide it with arms and with the sword, since he claims for himself the kingdom of Italy and the highest honors. Fierce Drances made matters worse, declaring that Turnus alone was called, Turnus alone challenged to combat. At the same time many voices, in various words, spoke on the other side for Turnus; the queen's great name sheltered him, and his great fame, with the trophies he had earned, supported him.
11.225 Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum nec magnas valuisse preces, alia arma Latinis quaerenda aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum. Deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus. Fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes. Ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. olli convenere fluuntque ad regia plenis tecta viis. Sedet in mediis et maximus aevo et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus.	In the midst of this turmoil, at the very height of the blazing uproar, look: on top of it all, the envoys came back downcast from the great city of Diomedes with his answer. Nothing had been gained for all the cost of so much effort; gifts, gold and earnest entreaties had availed nothing; the Latins must look for other arms or ask the Trojan king for peace. King Latinus himself sank under the heavy grief. The anger of the gods and the fresh graves before his eyes warned him that Aeneas was the man of fate, borne on by manifest divine will. So he summoned a great council and gathered within his lofty halls the chief men of his people, called by his command. They assembled, streaming through crowded streets to the royal house. In their midst sat Latinus, greatest in age and first in power, his brow far from glad.[2]
11.239 Atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos, quae referant, fari iubet et responsa reposcit ordine cuncta suo. Tum facta silentia linguis, et Venulus dicto parens ita farier infit: Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaque castra atque iter emensi casus superavimus omnis contigimusque manum, qua concidit Ilia tellus. Ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis victor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris. Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus, qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos. Auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore:	And now he bade the envoys sent back from the Aetolian city tell what they brought, and demanded the replies, all in their order. Then tongues fell silent, and Venulus, obeying his command, began to speak thus: "Citizens, we have seen Diomedes and the Argive camp. We measured out the journey and overcame every danger, and we touched the hand by which the land of Ilium fell. He was founding a city, victorious, in the fields of Iapygian Garganus, and calling it Argyripa after the people of his homeland. When we had entered and were given leave to speak in his presence, we presented our gifts and told him our name and our

2 Diomedes: Greek hero of the Trojan War who settled in Apulia in southern Italy; the Latins sent their embassy to him in Book 8.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	country, who had made war on us, and what cause had brought us to Arpi. When he had heard us, he answered thus with a calm face:[3]
11.252 O fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna, antiqui Ausonii, quae vos fortuna quietos sollicitat suadetque ignota lacessere bella? Quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros, mitto ea, quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis, quos Simois premat ille viros, infanda per orbem supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes, vel Priamo miseranda manus: scit triste Minervae sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphareus. Militia ex illa diversum ad litus abacti Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas exsulat, Aetnaeos vidit Cyclopas Ulixes. Regna Neoptolemi referam versosque penates Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros?	'Fortunate peoples, kingdoms of Saturn, ancient Ausonians, what fortune troubles your peace and persuades you to provoke wars you do not know? All of us who violated the fields of Ilium with the sword—I pass over what we drained to the dregs in war beneath those high walls, and the men whom the Simois there covers—all of us, throughout the world, have paid unspeakable punishments and every penalty for our crimes, a band that even Priam might pity. Minerva's grim star knows it, and the Euboean crags, and avenging Caphareus. Driven from that campaign to different shores, Menelaus, son of Atreus, lives in exile as far as the pillars of Proteus, and Ulysses has seen the Cyclopes of Etna. Shall I tell of Neoptolemus' kingdom and the overthrown household gods of Idomeneus? Of the Locrians living on the Libyan shore?[4]
11.266 Ipse Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achivom coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra oppetiit: devictam Asiam subsedit adulter. Invidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydona viderem? Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur, et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis fluminibusque vagantur aves, heu dira meorum supplicia, et scopulos lacrimosis vocibus implent. Haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt tempore, cum ferro caelestia corpora demens adpetii et Veneris violavi volnere dextram. Ne vero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnas: nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum Pergama, nec veterum memini laetorve malorum.	The Mycenaean leader of the great Achaeans himself fell by the hand of his accursed wife on his very threshold: the adulterer lay in wait for the conqueror of Asia. To think that the gods begrudged me a return to my fathers' altars, to see the wife I longed for and lovely Calydon! Even now portents horrible to see pursue me: my lost comrades have taken to the air on wings and wander the rivers as birds—ah, the dreadful punishment of my people!—and fill the cliffs with their tearful cries. This, indeed, is what I should have expected from the time when, in my madness, I attacked the bodies of the gods with steel and violated Venus' hand with a wound. No, do not, do not drive me to such battles. I have had no war with the Teucrians since Pergamum was overthrown, and I neither remember those old evils nor take pleasure in them.[5]
11.281 Munera, quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris, vertite ad Aenean. Stetimus tela aspera contra contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam. Si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes	The gifts you bring me from your fathers' shores, turn them to Aeneas. I have stood against his fierce weapons and met him hand to hand: believe one who has tried it, how high he rises behind his shield, with what a whirlwind he hurls his spear. If the land of Ida had borne two more men like him,

3 Argyripa: the old name of Arpi in Apulia, which Virgil derives from Argos, Diomedes' homeland.
4 Caphareus: a promontory of Euboea where the Greek fleet returning from Troy was wrecked in a storm sent by Minerva.
5 The Mycenaean leader is Agamemnon, murdered on his return by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus; Diomedes wounded Venus in Homer's Iliad, Book 5.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Graecia fatis. Quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae, Hectoris Aeneaeque manu victoria Graium haesit et in decimum vestigia rettulit annum. Ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis hic pietate prior. Coeant in foedera dextrae, qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma cavete. Et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.	the Dardanians would have come of their own accord to the cities of Inachus, and Greece would be mourning, its fates reversed. All the delay there was at the walls of stubborn Troy, it was by the hand of Hector and Aeneas that the Greeks' victory was held back and gave ground until the tenth year. Both were outstanding in courage, both in surpassing feats of arms; this one was first in devotion. Join right hands in a treaty, however you can; but beware of letting your arms clash with his.' You have heard, best of kings, both what the king's answer is and what he thinks of this great war."

THE LATIN COUNCIL

Latinus proposes peace, Drances attacks Turnus, and Turnus answers that he will meet Aeneas alone.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.296 Vix ea legati, variusque per ora cucurrit Ausonidum turbata fremor: ceu saxa morantur cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur vicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis. Ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, praefatus divos solio rex infit ab alto: Ante equidem summa de re statuisse, Latini, et vellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali cogere concilium, cum muros adsidet hostis. Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum invictisque viris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant proelia: nec victi possunt absistere ferro.	The envoys had scarcely said this when a troubled murmur ran to and fro on the lips of the Ausonians, as when rocks check a rushing river, a roar rises from the pent-up flood, and the nearby banks echo with the crashing waves. As soon as their spirits were calmed and their anxious lips fell quiet, the king, first calling on the gods, began from his lofty throne: "For my part, Latins, I would have wished—and it would have been better—to decide this great question earlier, and not to call a council at such a time, when the enemy sits beneath our walls. We are waging an ill-timed war, citizens, with a people sprung from the gods, with unconquered men whom no battles weary; even defeated, they cannot let go of the sword.
11.308 Spem siquam adscitis Aetolum habuistis in armis, ponite. Spes sibi quisque, sed haec quam angusta videtis; cetera qua rerum iaceant perculsa ruina, ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia vestras. Nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima virtus esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni. Nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti expediam et paucis, animos adhibete, docebo. Est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni, longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos; Aurunci Rutulique serunt et vomere duros exercent colles atque horum asperrima pascunt.	If you had any hope of calling in Aetolian arms, put it aside. Each man is his own hope, but you see how narrow that is. As for the rest, the ruin in which our affairs lie shattered is all before your eyes and between your hands. I blame no one: all that courage could do, it has done; we have fought with the whole body of the kingdom. Now, then, I will set out what my doubting mind proposes and explain it in a few words; give me your attention. I have an ancient tract of land next to the Tuscan river, stretching far to the west, as far as beyond the borders of the Sicanians. Auruncans and Rutulians sow it, work its hard hills with the plow, and graze the roughest of them.
11.320	

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas dicamus leges sociosque in regna vocemus. Considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant. Sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro: bis denas Italo texamus robore navis seu pluris complere valent, iacet omnis ad undam materies, ipsi numerumque modumque carinis praecipiant, nos aera manus navalia demus. Praeterea qui dicta ferant et foedera firment centum oratores prima de gente Latinos ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos, munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri. Consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.	Let all this region, and the pine-covered stretch of the high mountain, be ceded for the friendship of the Teucrians; let us declare fair terms of a treaty and invite them as partners in our kingdom. Let them settle here, if their longing is so great, and build their walls. But if they are minded to take other lands and another people, and are able to leave our soil, let us build them twice ten ships of Italian oak, or more if they can man them; all the timber lies by the water. Let them prescribe the number and design of the hulls; we will give bronze, workmen and dockyards. Besides, to carry our words and confirm the treaty, it is my wish that a hundred envoys go, Latins of the noblest birth, holding out the branches of peace in their hands and bearing gifts, talents of gold and ivory, and the chair of state and the robe, the emblems of our kingship. Take counsel together for the common good, and come to the aid of our weary state."
11.336	Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris, largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello dextera, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor, seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat), surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras: Rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec vocis egentem consulis, O bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur, quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. Det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat cuius ob auspicium infaustum moresque sinistros (dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur) lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus consedisse urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat castra fugae fidens et caelum territat armis.	Then Drances, hostile as before, whom the glory of Turnus goaded with sidelong envy and bitter stings—lavish with his wealth and better with his tongue, but with a hand cold in war; held to be no worthless adviser in council, and powerful in faction (his mother's nobility gave him proud birth; on his father's side it was uncertain)—rose, and with these words heaped up their anger and swelled it: "You consult us, good king, on a matter obscure to no one and needing no voice of ours. All admit they know what the fortune of the people portends, but they hesitate to say it. Let him grant us freedom to speak and abate his bluster, the man because of whose ill-starred leadership and perverse ways (I will speak, though he threaten me with arms and death) we see so many lights among our leaders fallen and the whole city sunk in grief, while he makes trial of the Trojan camp, trusting in flight, and frightens heaven with his arms.
11.352	Unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti Dardanidis dicique iubes, unum, optime regum, adicias nec te ullius violentia vincat, quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis des, pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas. Quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror, ipsum obtestemur veniamque oremus ab ipso: cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat. Quid miseros totiens in aperta pericula cives	To those gifts, the many you order to be sent and promised to the Dardanians, add one more, best of kings, just one, and let no man's violence overcome you: give your daughter, as her father, to an outstanding son-in-law in a worthy marriage, and bind this peace with an everlasting treaty. But if such terror holds our minds and hearts, let us implore the man himself and beg this favor from him: let him give way and yield his own rights to

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	proicis, O Latio caput horum et causa malorum? Nulla salus bello: pacem te poscimus omnes, Turne, simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus.	the king and the country. Why do you so often throw your wretched fellow citizens into open danger, you who are the head and cause of these woes for Latium? There is no safety in war. We all ask you for peace, Turnus, and with it the one inviolable pledge of peace.
11.364	Primus ego, invisum quem tu tibi fingis, et esse nil moror, en supplex venio. Miserere tuorum, pone animos et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi vidimus ingentis et desolavimus agros. Aut si fama movet, si tantum pectore robur concipis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est, aude atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem. Scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx, nos animae viles, inhumata infletaque turba, sternamur campis. Etiam tu, siqua tibi vis, si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra, qui vocat. Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Turni; dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore voces	Look, I, whom you imagine to be your enemy—and I do not mind being so—I come first as a suppliant. Pity your people, put away your pride, and, beaten, go. Routed, we have seen enough of great slaughter, and laid our fields waste enough. Or, if fame moves you, if you feel such strength in your heart, if a palace as dowry is so dear to you, be bold and carry your breast with confidence against the enemy. So, that Turnus may win a royal bride, we, cheap lives, an unburied and unwept crowd, must lie strewn over the plains! You too, if you have any strength, if you have anything of your fathers' warlike spirit, look him in the face, the man who challenges you." At these words the violence of Turnus blazed up; he gave a groan and burst out with these words from the depths of his heart:
11.378	Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi tum, cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque vocatis primus ades. Sed non replenda est curia verbis, quae tuto tibi magna volant, dum distinet hostem agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae. Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi, meque timoris argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis acervos Teucrorum tua dextra dedit passimque tropaeis insignis agros. Possit quid vivida virtus, experiare licet; nec longe scilicet hostes quaerendi nobis: circumstant undique muros. Imus in adversos: quid cessas? An tibi Mavors ventosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis semper erit?	"You always have, Drances, a lavish flow of words, just when war calls for hands; and when the elders are summoned, you are the first there. But the senate house is not to be filled with words, which fly big from your mouth in safety while the rampart of the walls holds off the enemy and the trenches do not yet overflow with blood. So thunder away with your eloquence, as you always do, and charge me with fear, Drances, since your right hand has made so many heaps of slaughtered Teucrians and you mark the fields everywhere with trophies. What living courage can do, you are free to test; and of course we need not look far for enemies: they surround the walls on every side. Let us go against them: why do you hang back? Or will your Mars always be in that windy tongue and those fleeing feet of yours?
11.392	Pulsus ego? Aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim sanguine et Evandri totam cum stirpe videbit procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis? Haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens et quos mille die victor sub Tartara misi, inclusus muris hostilique aggere saeptus. Nulla salus bello. Capiti cane talia, demens, Dardanio rebusque tuis. Proinde omnia magno	I, beaten? Or will anyone, vilest of men, rightly call me beaten, who sees the Tiber swelling high with Trojan blood, and the whole house of Evander laid low with its line, and the Arcadians stripped of their arms? That is not how Bitias and huge Pandarus found me, or the thousand men I sent down to Tartarus in a single day, victorious, though shut within their walls and hemmed in by

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere vires gentis bis victae, contra premere arma Latini. Nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremescunt, nunc et Tydides et Larissaeus Achilles, amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas.	the enemy's rampart. 'No safety in war'! Sing such things, madman, for the Dardanian's head and for your own affairs. So go on, never stop confounding everything with great fear, extolling the strength of a people twice conquered and belittling the arms of Latinus. Now the chiefs of the Myrmidons tremble at Phrygian arms, now the son of Tydeus and Achilles of Larissa, and the river Aufidus flees backward from the Adriatic waves.[6]
11.406	Vel cum se pavidum contra mea iurgia fingit artificis scelus et formidine crimen acerbat. Numquam animam talem dextra hac, absiste moveri, amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto. Nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta revertor. Si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis, si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine verso funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum? oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis. Quamquam O, si solitae quicquam virtutis adesset! Ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum egregiusque animi, qui, nequid tale videret, procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.	Or when that crafty villain pretends to be terrified by my reproaches, and sharpens his charge with his fear! You will never lose such a soul by this right hand of mine—stop being alarmed: let it live with you and stay in that breast of yours. Now, father, I return to you and your weighty proposal. If you place no further hope in our arms, if we are so abandoned and, our line once turned, have perished utterly, and Fortune has no way back, let us pray for peace and stretch out helpless hands. And yet, if only something of our old courage were here! That man, to my mind, is blessed in his toils and noble in spirit beyond all others who, so as not to see such a thing, fell dying and bit the ground once and for all.
11.419	Sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuventus auxilioque urbes Italae populique supersunt, sin et Troianis cum multo gloria venit sanguine, sunt illis sua funera parque per omnis tempestas: cur indecores in limine primo deficimus? Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus? Multa dies variisque labor mutabilis aevi rettulit in melius, multos alterna revisens lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locavit. Non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi: at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos tot populi misere duces, nec parva sequetur gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.	But if we still have resources, and young men yet untouched, and Italian cities and peoples remain to help us; if the Trojans too have won their glory at the cost of much blood—they have their own dead, and the storm fell equally on all—why do we fail so shamefully on the very threshold? Why does trembling seize our limbs before the trumpet sounds? Many things have time and the changing toil of the shifting years turned for the better; many has Fortune, returning by turns, made sport of and then set again on firm ground. The Aetolian and Arpi will not help us; but Messapus will, and lucky Tolumnius, and the leaders sent by so many peoples, and no small glory will attend the chosen men of Latium and the Laurentine fields.
11.432	Est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla, agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas. Quod si me solum Teucri in certamina poscunt idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto, non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit, ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem. Ibo animis contra, vel magnum praestet Achillem	There is also Camilla, of the noble people of the Volscians, leading a column of horsemen and troops resplendent in bronze. But if the Teucrians challenge me alone to combat, and this is your will, and I stand so much in the way of the common good, Victory has not so hated and fled these

6 Bitias and Pandarus: giant Trojan brothers whom Turnus fought at the gate of the Trojan camp in Book 9.

LATIN	ENGLISH
factaque Vulcani manibus paria induat arma ille licet. Vobis animam hanc soceroque Latino Turnus ego, haud ulli veterum virtute secundus, devovi. Solum Aeneas vocat: et vocet oro, nec Drances potius, sive est haec ira deorum, morte luat, sive est virtus et gloria, tollat.	hands of mine that I would refuse to venture anything for so great a hope. I will go against him with courage, even if he should prove a mighty Achilles and wear arms like his, made by the hands of Vulcan. To you and to Latinus, my father-in-law, I, Turnus, second to none of the ancients in courage, have vowed this life of mine. Aeneas calls on me alone: let him call, I pray. And let not Drances instead pay with his death, if this is the anger of the gods, nor, if this is courage and glory, carry it off."

THE TROJANS ADVANCE

News of the Trojan advance ends the council; Turnus arms, and Camilla offers to lead the cavalry.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.445 Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant certantes; castra Aeneas aciemque movebat: nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet, instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis. Extemplo turbati animi concussaque vulgi pectora et adrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae. Arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuventus, flent maesti mussantque patres. Hic undique clamor dissensu vario magnus se tollit in auras haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte catervae consedere avium piscosove amne Padusae dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.	So they were contending among themselves over their uncertain fortunes, while Aeneas was moving his camp and his battle line. Look: a messenger rushed through the royal halls amid great uproar and filled the city with great terror: the Teucrians, drawn up in battle line, and the Tyrrhenian force were coming down from the river Tiber across the whole plain. At once minds were thrown into confusion, the hearts of the people were shaken, and their anger was roused by goads far from gentle. In alarm they called for arms; the young men roared for arms; the elders wept in grief and muttered. Then on every side a great clamor of clashing voices rose into the air, just as when flocks of birds have chanced to settle in a high grove, or when, by the fish-filled stream of Padusa, the hoarse swans make their noise across the babbling pools.
11.459 Immo, ait, O cives adrepto tempore, Turnus, cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes: illi armis in regna ruunt. Nec plura locutus corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis. Tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice maniplos, duc, ait, et Rutulos. Equitem Messapus in armis et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. Pars aditus urbis firmet turrisque capessat, cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma. Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe. Consilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt multaque se incusat, qui non adceperit ultro Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciverit urbi.	"Go on, citizens," said Turnus, seizing his moment, "call your council and sit there praising peace: they are rushing in arms upon the kingdom." Saying no more, he sprang up and hurried out of the lofty halls. "You, Volusus," he said, "order the companies of the Volscians to arm, and lead out the Rutulians too. Messapus, and you, Coras, with your brother, spread the cavalry in arms across the broad plains. Let one part secure the approaches to the city and man the towers; let the rest of the force carry their arms with me where I command." At once there was running to the walls all through the city. Father Latinus himself abandoned the council and his great designs and, shaken by the grim hour, put them off. Again and

LATIN	ENGLISH
	again he reproached himself for not having welcomed Dardanian Aeneas of his own accord and taken him into the city as his son-in-law.
11.473 Praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque subvectant. Bello dat signum rauca cruentum bucina. Tum muros varia cinxere corona matronae puerique: vocat labor ultimus omnis. Nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces subvehitur magna matrum regina caterva dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lavinia virgo, causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. Succedunt matres et templum ture vaporant et maestas alto fundunt de limine voces: Armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia virgo, frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis et ipsum pronum sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.	Others dug trenches before the gates or hauled up stones and stakes. The hoarse trumpet sounded the bloody signal for war. Then mothers and boys ringed the walls in a motley circle: the final struggle called on everyone. Up to the temple, too, and the high citadel of Pallas the queen was carried with a great throng of mothers, bearing gifts. At her side as her companion went the maiden Lavinia, cause of so great a disaster, her lovely eyes cast down. The mothers went in after her, filled the temple with the smoke of incense, and poured out their mournful voices from the high threshold: "Mighty in arms, mistress of war, Tritonian maiden, break with your hand the spear of the Phrygian plunderer. Lay him headlong on the ground, and fling him down beneath our high gates."
11.486 Cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus. Iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro, tempora nudus adhuc, laterique adcinxerat ensem fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce, exsultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem: qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesaepia vinclis tandem liber equus campoque potitus aperto aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto emicat adrectisque fremit cervicibus alte luxurians, luduntque iubae per colla, per armos. Obvia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur:	Turnus himself, in a frenzy, was eagerly arming for battle. Now he had put on his ruddy breastplate and bristled with bronze scales; he had encased his calves in gold, his temples still bare, and had girded his sword at his side. All golden he gleamed as he ran down from the high citadel, exulting in spirit, and in his hopes already seizing the enemy. He was like a horse that has broken its tethers and flees the stalls, free at last, and, master of the open plain, either heads for the pastures and the herds of mares, or, used to bathing in the familiar river, darts out and neighs with his neck held high, exuberant, while his mane plays over his neck, over his shoulders. Camilla came to meet him, her Volscian battle line attending her, and right beneath the gates the queen leapt down from her horse. Her whole troop followed her example, left their horses and slid to the ground. Then she spoke these words:
11.502 Turne, sui merito siqua est fiducia forti, audeo et Aeneadum promitto occurrere turmae solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obvia contra. Me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serva. Turnus ad haec, oculos horrenda in virgine fixus: O decus Italiae virgo, quas dicere grates quasve referre parem? Sed nunc, est omnia quando iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem.	"Turnus, if the brave may rightly have any confidence in themselves, I dare, and I promise to meet the squadron of Aeneas' people and to ride out alone against the Tyrrhenian horsemen. Let me try the first dangers of war with my own hand; you stay on foot by the walls and guard the city." Turnus, his eyes fixed on the awe-inspiring maiden, answered: "Maiden, glory of Italy, what thanks can I find to speak, or how can I repay you? But

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant exploratores, equitum levia improbus arma praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis per deserta iugo superans adventat ad urbem. Furta paro belli convexo in tramite silvae, ut bivias armato obsidam milite fauces.	now, since that spirit of yours is above all praise, share the toil with me. Aeneas, as rumor reports and the scouts I sent confirm, has ruthlessly sent ahead his light-armed cavalry to sweep the plains; he himself, crossing the steep wilds of the mountain by the ridge, is approaching the city. I am preparing a stealthy stroke of war on the winding forest path, to block both mouths of the pass with armed soldiers.
11.517	Tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis; tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam. Sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem. Est curvo anfractu valles, adcommoda fraudi armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. Hanc super in speculis summoque in vertice montis planities ignota iacet tutique receptus, seu dextra laevaque velis occurrere pugnae, sive instare iugis et grandia volvere saxa. Huc iuvenis nota fertur regione viarum arripuitque locum et silvis insedit iniquis.	You, with your standards joined, take on the Tyrrhenian cavalry. With you will be fierce Messapus, the Latin squadrons and Tiburtus' band: you too take up a leader's charge." So he spoke, and with like words he urged Messapus and the allied leaders into battle, and advanced against the enemy. There is a valley with a winding curve, made for stratagems and the tricks of war, hemmed in on both sides by slopes black with thick foliage. A narrow path leads into it, through a tight gorge and a grudging approach. Above it, among the lookouts on the mountain's highest peak, lies a hidden plateau and a safe refuge, whether you wish to meet the battle from right and left, or to hold the ridges and roll down huge rocks. Here the young man went by a route he knew; he seized the place and lay in wait in the treacherous woods.

CAMILLA'S CHILDHOOD

Diana tells how Camilla's father tied her to a spear, threw her across a river, and raised her wild.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.532	Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim, unam ex virginibus sociis sacraque caterva, compellabat et has tristis Latonia voces ore dabat: Graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, O virgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis, cara mihi ante alias. Neque enim novus iste Dianae venit amor subitaque animum dulcedine movit. Pulsus ob invidiam regno viresque superbas Priverno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli sustulit exsilio comitem matrisque vocavit nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam. Ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat solorum nemorum: tela undique saeva premebant et circumfuso volitabant milite Volsci.	Meanwhile in the dwellings above, Latona's daughter was addressing swift Opis, one of her maiden companions and her sacred band, and in sorrow she spoke these words: "Camilla is going to cruel war, maiden, and girds herself in vain with our weapons—Camilla, dear to me above all others. For this love of Diana's is not new, nor has it moved her heart with a sudden sweetness. When Metabus, driven from his kingdom by hatred of his arrogant power, was leaving the ancient city of Privernum, as he fled through the midst of battle he took up his infant daughter as companion of his exile. He called her Camilla, after her mother's name, Casmilla, changing a part of it. Carrying her before him in the fold of his cloak, he made for the long ridges of the lonely woods. Fierce weapons pressed on him from every side, and the

LATIN	ENGLISH
	Volscians swarmed about, their soldiers spread all around.[7]
11.547 Ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans spumabat ripis: tantus se nubibus imber ruperat. Ille, innare parans, infantis amore tardatur caroque oneri timet. Omnia secum versanti subito vix haec sententia sedit. Telum immane manu valida quod forte gerebat bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto, huic natam, libro et silvestri subere clausam, implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae; quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur: Alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia virgo, ipse pater famulam voveo; tua prima per auras tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. Accipe, testor, diva tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris.	Then, in the middle of his flight, the Amasenus was foaming, overflowing the tops of its banks: such a downpour had burst from the clouds. He, getting ready to swim across, was held back by love for the child and feared for his dear burden. As he turned everything over in his mind, suddenly, and barely, this decision settled. He happened, as a warrior, to be carrying a huge spear in his strong hand, solid with knots and seasoned oak. To this he bound his daughter, wrapped in bark and wild cork, and tied her neatly around the middle of the shaft. Then, poising it in his mighty right hand, he spoke thus to the heavens: 'Kindly one, dweller in the groves, maiden daughter of Latona, I, her father, vow this child to you as your servant. Holding your weapons first of all, a suppliant, she flees the enemy through the air. Take her, goddess, I implore you, as your own, for now she is entrusted to the uncertain winds.'
11.561 Dixit et adducto contortum hastile lacerto immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla. At Metabus, magna propius iam urgente caterva, dat sese fluvio atque hastam cum virgine victor gramineo donum Triviae de caespite vellit. Non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes accepere neque ipse manus feritate dedisset: pastorum et solis exegit montibus aevom. Hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino nutribat, teneris immulgens ubera labris. Utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis institerat, iaculo palmas armavit acuto spiculaque ex umero parvae suspendit et arcum. Pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae tigridis exuviae per dorsum a vertice pendent.	He spoke, and drawing back his arm he hurled the whirling shaft. The waters roared; over the swift river poor Camilla fled on the hissing javelin. But Metabus, with a great band now pressing closer, plunged into the river and, victorious, pulled the spear with the maiden from the grassy turf, a gift to Trivia. No cities received him in their houses or within their walls, nor in his wildness would he have surrendered to them: he spent his life among shepherds on the lonely mountains. Here in the thickets and among the bristling dens of beasts he fed his daughter at the udders of a mare from the herd, on wild milk, squeezing the teats into her tender lips. As soon as the infant had planted the first steps of her feet, he armed her hands with a sharp javelin and hung a quiver and bow from the little girl's shoulder. Instead of gold for her hair, instead of the covering of a long robe, the skin of a tigress hung from her head down her back.
11.578 Tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem. Multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres optavere nurum: sola contenta Diana aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem	Even then, with her tender hand, she hurled a child's darts and whirled a sling around her head by its smooth thong, and brought down the Strymonian crane or the white swan. Many mothers through the Tyrrhenian towns wished in vain to

7 Latona's daughter is Diana. Privernum was a Volscian town in Latium.

LATIN	ENGLISH
intemerata colit. Vellem haud correpta fuisset militia tali, conata lacessere Teucros: cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum. Verum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis, abere, nympha, polo finisque invise Latinos, tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna. Haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam: hac quicumque sacrum violarit volnere corpus, Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas. Post ego nube cava miserandae corpus et arma inspoliata feram tumulo patriaeque reponam.	have her as a daughter-in-law. Content with Diana alone, untouched, she cherishes an everlasting love of weapons and of maidenhood. I wish she had not been swept up into such warfare, trying to challenge the Teucrians: she would now be dear to me and one of my companions. But come, since she is driven by bitter fates, glide down from the sky, nymph, and visit the Latin lands, where a grim battle is being joined under an evil omen. Take these, and draw an avenging arrow from the quiver. With this, whoever violates her sacred body with a wound, Trojan or Italian alike, let him pay me the penalty in blood. Afterwards, in a hollow cloud, I will carry the body of the pitiable girl and her arms, unspoiled, to the tomb and lay her to rest in her homeland."

THE CAVALRY BATTLE

The horsemen clash before the walls, and Camilla cuts down Trojans and Etruscans.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.595 Dixit; at illa levis caeli delapsa per auras insonuit, nigro circumdata turbine corpus. At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat Etruscique duces equitumque exercitus omnis, compositi numero in turmas. Fremit aequore toto insultans sonipes et pressis pugnat habenis huc conversus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent. Nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini et cum fratre Coras et virginis ala Camillae adversi campo apparent hastasque reductis protendunt longe dextris et spicula vibrant, adventusque virum fremitusque ardescit equorum.	She spoke; and the nymph glided down through the light airs of the sky with a rushing sound, her body wrapped in a black whirlwind. Meanwhile the Trojan force drew near the walls, with the Etruscan leaders and the whole army of cavalry, ordered in squadrons by number. Over the whole plain the prancing steeds neighed and fought the tight-drawn reins, turning this way and that. Then far and wide the iron field bristled with spears, and the plains blazed with arms held high. Opposite them, too, Messapus and the swift Latins, Coras with his brother, and the wing of the maiden Camilla appeared on the plain, facing them; with right arms drawn back they thrust their spears far forward and brandished their javelins, and the advance of the men and the snorting of the horses grew hotter.
11.608 Iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque substiterat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque exhortantur equos; fundunt simul undique tela crebra nivis ritu caelumque obtexitur umbra. Continuo adversis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruina dant sonitum ingenti perfractaque quadrupedantum pectora pectoribus rumpunt: excussus Aconteus fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti praecipitat longe et vitam dispergit in auras. Extemplo turbatae acies, versique Latini	And now each side had advanced within a spear's throw and halted. Suddenly they burst out with a shout and urged on their maddened horses; at once from every side they poured out weapons thick as snow, and the sky was covered with shadow. Straightway Tyrrhenus and fierce Aconteus charged each other with all their strength, spears leveled, and were the first to fall with a huge crash, their horses shattering chest against chest. Aconteus, thrown off like a thunderbolt or a

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia vertunt. Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. Iamque propinquabant portis, rursusque Latini clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt: hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis.	weight shot from an engine of war, was flung headlong far away and scattered his life into the air. At once the lines were thrown into confusion; the Latins turned, slung their shields behind them and wheeled their horses toward the walls. The Trojans drove them on; Asilas, at their head, led in the squadrons. And now they were nearing the gates, when again the Latins raised a shout and turned their horses' supple necks; now it was the others who fled and were carried far back with loosened reins.
11.624	Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus nunc ruit ad terram scopulusque superiacit unda spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit arenam, nunc rapidus retro atque aestu revoluta resorbens saxa fugit litusque vado labente relinquit: bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia versos, bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. Tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas implicuere inter se acies legitque virum vir: tum vero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto armaque corporaque et permixti caede virorum semianimes volvuntur equi, pugna aspera surgit. Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire, hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit.	As when the sea, surging forward and back in turn, now rushes toward the land, throws its foaming wave over the rocks and drenches the edge of the sand with its curling swell, now runs swiftly back, sucking down the stones rolled by its tide, and leaves the shore as the shallows slip away: so twice the Tuscans drove the Rutulians, turned in flight, toward the walls; twice, beaten back, they looked behind them, covering their backs with their shields. But when they met for the third time and tangled their whole lines together, and man picked out man, then indeed there rose the groans of the dying, and arms and bodies, and half-dead horses mingled with the slaughtered men, rolled in deep blood; and the fighting grew savage. Orsilochus, since he shrank from facing Remulus himself, hurled his spear at his horse and left the iron beneath its ear.
11.638	Quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat vulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura: volvitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iollan ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis deicit Herminium, nudo cui vertice fulva caesaries nudique umeri, nec vulnera terrent: tantus in arma patet. Latos huic hasta per armos acta tremit duplicatque virum transfixa dolore. Funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro certantes pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem. At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon, unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla, et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, nunc validam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem; aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae.	At this blow the horse reared up in fury and, unable to bear the wound, its chest raised high, flung its legs into the air; the rider was thrown and rolled on the ground. Catillus brought down Iollas, and Herminius, huge in spirit, huge in body and in arms, whose head was bare with its tawny hair, and his shoulders bare; wounds held no terror for him, so huge a target he offered to weapons. The spear, driven through his broad shoulders, quivered there and, piercing him, doubled the man over in pain. Everywhere black blood poured out; striving, they dealt death with the sword and sought a glorious death through wounds. But in the midst of the slaughter the Amazon exulted, one side bared for battle—Camilla with her quiver. Now she showered pliant javelins thick and fast from her hand, now, tireless, she seized a sturdy double ax in her right; the golden bow rang on her shoulder, and the arms of Diana.
11.653		

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Illa etiam in tergum, siquando pulsa recessit, spicula converso fugientia dirigit arcu. At circum lectae comites, Larinaque virgo Tullaque et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securem, Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras: quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia curru Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis. Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo, deicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? Eunaeum Clitio primum patre, cuius apertum adversi longa transverberat abiete pectus: sanguinis ille vomens rivos cadit atque cruentam mandit humum moriensque suo se in volnere versat.	Even when she was pushed back and gave ground, she would turn her bow and aim arrows as she fled. Around her were her chosen companions, the maiden Larina, and Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing a bronze ax, Italian women whom divine Camilla herself had chosen as her pride, good helpers in peace and in war: like the Thracian Amazons when they pound the streams of the Thermodon and do battle in painted armor, whether around Hippolyte, or when Penthesilea, daughter of Mars, returns in her chariot, and with a great howling uproar the ranks of women exult with their crescent shields. Whom first, whom last, fierce maiden, do you bring down with your spear? How many dying bodies do you lay on the ground? First Eunaeus, son of Clytius: as he faced her, she pierced his unguarded breast with her long fir-wood spear. He fell, spewing streams of blood, bit the bloody ground, and dying writhed upon his own wound.[8]
11.670	Tum Lirim Pagasumque super; quorum alter habenas suffosso revolutus equo dum colligit, alter dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem, praecipites pariterque ruunt. His addit Amastrum Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta Tereaque Harpalycumque et Demophoonta Chrominque; quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula virgo, tot Phrygii cecidere viri. Procul Ornytus armis ignotis et equo venator Iapyge fertur, cui pellis latos umeros erepta iuvenco pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis, agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse catervis vertitur in mediis et toto vertice supra est. Hunc illa exceptum, neque enim labor agmine verso, traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur:	Then Liris, and Pagasus on top of him: while one, thrown backward when his horse was stabbed from beneath, was gathering up the reins, and the other was coming up and stretching out an unarmed right hand to his falling friend, they fell headlong together. To these she added Amastrus, son of Hippotas; and leaning into her spear she pursued from afar Tereus and Harpalycus, Demophoon and Chromis; as many javelins as the maiden hurled from her hand, so many Phrygian men fell. Some way off rode Ornytus the hunter, in strange armor, on an Iapygian horse. A hide stripped from a bullock covered the fighter's broad shoulders; his head was covered by the huge gaping mouth and jaws of a wolf with its white teeth; a rustic hunting spear armed his hands. He wheeled in the midst of the troops, a whole head taller than all. She caught him—no hard task, with his column routed—ran him through, and spoke these words over him with hostile heart:
11.686	Silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti? Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis verba redarguerit. Nomen tamen haud leve patrum manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae. Protinus Orsilochum et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum	"Did you think, Tyrrhenian, that you were hunting wild beasts in the woods? The day has come that refutes your people's boasts with a woman's arms. Yet you will carry no slight renown to the shades of your fathers: that you fell by the weapon of Ca-

8 Hippolyte and Penthesilea were queens of the Amazons, the warrior women of myth who lived by the Thermodon river near the Black Sea.

LATIN	ENGLISH
corpora, sed Buten aversum cuspide fixit loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis lucent et laevo dependet parma lacerto, Orsilochum fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem, tum validam perque arma viro perque ossa securim altior exsurgens oranti et multa precanti congeminat: vulnus calido rigat ora cerebro. Incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni, haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.	milla." At once she struck Orsilochus and Butes, the two hugest bodies among the Teucrians. Butes, his back turned, she pierced with her spear point between breastplate and helmet, where the rider's neck shows bare and the shield hangs from the left arm. Orsilochus she fled; chased round in a great circle, she eluded him by wheeling inside, and pursued her pursuer. Then, rising higher, she drove her strong ax through the man's armor and through his bones, again and again, while he begged and pleaded at length; the wound drenched his face with warm brain. Next there ran into her, and stopped short, terrified at the sudden sight, the warrior son of Aunus, who lived in the Apennines, not the least of the Ligurians while the fates allowed him to deceive.[9]
11.702 Isque ubi se nullo iam cursu evadere pugnae posse neque instantem reginam avertere cernit, consilio versare dolos ingressus et astu incipit haec: Quid tam egregium, si femina forti fidis equo? Dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo mecum crede solo pugnaeque adcinge pedestri: iam nosces, ventosa ferat cui gloria fraudem. Dixit, at illa furens acrique adcensa dolore tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis, ense pedes nudo puraque interrita parma. At iuvenis, vicisse dolo ratus, avolat ipse, haud mora, conversisque fugax aufertur habenis quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat. Vane Ligus frustraque animis elate superbis, nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis, nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno,	When he saw that no running could now take him out of the fight, nor could he turn aside the queen pressing upon him, he set about devising a trick, and with cunning began: "What is so remarkable if a woman trusts in a strong horse? Give up your means of flight; trust yourself to fight with me hand to hand on level ground, and gird yourself for battle on foot: soon you will learn which of us empty glory leads to ruin." He spoke; but she, in a frenzy and fired with bitter resentment, handed her horse to a companion and stood to face him in equal arms, on foot, with naked sword and plain shield, undaunted. But the young man, thinking his trick had won, flew off without delay, wheeled his horse and was carried away in flight, wearing out his swift steed with iron-shod heel. "Foolish Ligurian, puffed up in vain with your proud spirit, it was useless, slippery one, to try your ancestral arts: your trickery will not carry you home unharmed to lying Aunus."

THE DEATH OF CAMILLA

Tarchon rallies the Etruscans, and Arruns stalks Camilla and kills her with a spear.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.718 haec fatur virgo et pernicibus ignea plantis transit equum cursu frenisque adversa prehensis congreditur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit: quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam comprensamque tenet pedibusque eviscerat uncis;	These were the maiden's words; and, fiery, on swift feet she outran the horse, seized the reins, faced him, and took her vengeance from his hostile blood: as easily as a hawk, the sacred bird, swooping from a high rock, overtakes with its wings a dove high in a cloud, seizes and holds her,

9 The Ligurians, of northwestern Italy, were proverbial for trickery.

LATIN	ENGLISH
tum cruor et vulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae. At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum observans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo: Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeva suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus incitat iras. Ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon fertur equo variisque instigat vocibus alas, nomine quemque vocans, reficitque in proelia pulsos.	and tears out her entrails with its hooked talons; then blood and plucked feathers drift down from the sky. But the begetter of men and gods sat high on the summit of Olympus, watching these things with no inattentive eyes. The father roused Tyrrhenian Tarchon to the savage battle and goaded his anger with no gentle spurs. So, amid the slaughter and the yielding lines, Tarchon rode on his horse and urged on the squadrons with varied cries, calling each man by name, and rallied the routed to the fight.
11.732 Quis metus, O numquam dolituri, O semper inertes Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignavia venit? Femina palantis agit atque haec agmina vertit! Quo ferrum quidve haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? At non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella aut ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi, exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae, hic amor, hoc studium, dum sacra secundus haruspex nuntiet ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos! Haec effatus equum in medios, moriturus et ipse, concitat et Venulo adversum se turbidus infert dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem et gremium ante suum multa vi concitus aufert.	"What fear is this, Tyrrhenians, you who will never feel the sting of shame, you who are always sluggish? What cowardice so great has come into your hearts? A woman drives you scattering and routs these ranks! What are swords for, why do we carry these useless weapons in our hands? But you are not slow when it comes to love and the battles of the night, or when the curved pipe has called the dances of Bacchus. Look forward to your feasts and the cups of a loaded table—this is your love, this your passion—until a favorable soothsayer announces the sacrifice and a fat victim calls you into the deep groves!" With these words he spurred his horse into the thick of the fight, ready to die himself, and bore down furiously on Venulus. He tore his enemy from his horse, clasped him with his right arm, and, spurring on, carried him off with great force, held across his lap.
11.745 Tollitur in caelum clamor, cunctique Latini convertere oculos. Volat igneus aequore Tarchon arma virumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas, qua vulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans sustinet a iugulo dextram et vim viribus exit. Utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem fert aquila implicuitque pedes atque unguibus haesit, saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat adrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore, arduus insurgens; illa haud minus urget obunco luctantem rostro, simul aethera verberat alis: haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon portat ovans. Ducis exemplum eventumque secuti Maeonidae incurrunt. Tum fatis debitus Arruns velocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam circuit et quae sit fortuna facillima, temptat.	A shout rose to the sky, and all the Latins turned their eyes. Fiery Tarchon flew over the plain carrying the man, arms and all; then he broke off the iron head from the tip of the man's own spear and searched for exposed parts where he might deliver a deadly wound. The other, fighting back, held the hand away from his throat and met force with force. As when a tawny eagle, flying high, carries off a snake it has seized, has twined its feet around it and clings fast with its claws, but the wounded serpent writhes in sinuous coils, bristles with raised scales and hisses, rearing up high; the eagle none the less presses the struggling snake with its hooked beak, while it beats the air with its wings: so Tarchon carried his prey from the ranks of the men of Tibur in triumph. Following their leader's example and success, the Maeonians charged. Then Arruns, owed to the fates, ahead of swift Camilla with his javelin and great cunning, circled

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		around her and tried to find which chance would be easiest.[10]
11.762	Qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine virgo, hac Arruns subit et tacitus vestigia lustrat; qua victrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat, hac iuvenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. Hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus hastam. Forte sacer Cybelo Chloreus olimque sacerdos insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aënis in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat. Ipse, peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro, spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu; aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea vati cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis carbaseos fulvo in nodum collegerat auro pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.	Wherever the maiden rushed in her frenzy through the midst of the battle, there Arruns slipped after her and silently tracked her steps; wherever she returned victorious and withdrew from the enemy, there the young man stealthily turned his swift reins. He tried this approach, and now that approach, ranged over the whole circuit on every side, and, relentless, shook his unerring spear. It happened that Chloreus, sacred to Cybelus and once its priest, shone out far and wide, conspicuous in Phrygian armor, spurring a foaming horse covered by a hide sewn with bronze scales, overlapping like plumage and joined with gold. He himself, resplendent in foreign rust-red dye and purple, shot Gortynian arrows from a Lycian bow; a golden bow hung from his shoulders, and the seer wore a golden helmet. He had gathered his saffron cloak and its rustling linen folds into a knot with tawny gold, and his tunic and the foreign coverings of his legs were embroidered with the needle.[11]
11.778	Hunc virgo, sive ut templis praefigeret arma Troïa, captivo sive ut se ferret in auro venatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen femineo praedae et spoliorum ardebat amore, telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto concitat et superos Arruns sic voce precatur: Summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo pascitur et medium freti pietate per ignem cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna, da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis, omnipotens. Non exuvias pulsaeve tropaeum virginis aut spolia ulla peto (mihi cetera laudem facta ferent): haec dira meo dum vulnere pestis pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes.	Him alone, out of all the battle's struggle, the maiden was blindly pursuing—whether to fasten Trojan arms in temples or to parade herself, a huntress, in captured gold—and, reckless throughout the whole army, she was burning with a woman's love of plunder and spoils, when at last Arruns, seizing his moment, launched his javelin from ambush and prayed aloud to the gods above: "Highest of the gods, Apollo, guardian of holy Soracte, whom we worship first of all, for whom the blaze of the piled pine is fed, and for whom we your worshipers, trusting in our devotion, plant our steps through the midst of the fire on the deep embers: grant, father, that this disgrace be wiped out by our arms, almighty one. I seek no spoils, no trophy from the routed maiden, no plunder of any kind—other deeds will bring me praise. So long as this dread scourge falls, struck down by my wound, I will return to the cities of my fathers without glory."[12]
11.794	Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras:	Phoebus heard, and in his mind granted that part of the prayer should succeed; the other part he

10 Maeonians: Lydians, here the Etruscans, who were believed to have come from Lydia in Asia Minor.
11 Cybelus: a mountain in Phrygia sacred to Cybele, the Great Mother goddess.
12 Soracte: a mountain north of Rome, where Apollo's worshipers walked barefoot over burning embers.

LATIN	ENGLISH
sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam, adnuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret, non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertere procellae. Ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras, convertere animos acris oculosque tulere cuncti ad reginam Volsci. Nihil ipsa nec aurae nec sonitus memor aut venientis ab aethere teli, hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam haesit virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem. Concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem suscipiunt. Fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns, laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae credere nec telis occurrere virginis audet.	scattered to the flying winds. He granted the suppliant that he should strike down Camilla, overwhelmed by sudden death; that his high homeland should see him return he did not grant, and the gales turned his words into the South Winds. So when the spear, sent from his hand, sounded through the air, all the Volscians turned their keen minds and their eyes toward their queen. She herself heeded nothing—neither the rush of air nor the sound nor the weapon coming from the sky—until the spear, carried home, lodged beneath her bared breast and, driven deep, drank her maiden blood. Her companions ran up in alarm and caught their falling mistress. Arruns, terrified, fled before all the rest, with joy and fear mixed, and no longer dared to trust his spear or to face the maiden's weapons.
11.809 Ac velut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur, continuo in montis sese avius abdidit altos occiso pastore lupus magnove iuvenco, conscius audacis facti, caudamque remulcens subiecit pavitantem utero silvasque petivit: haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. Illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter ferreus ad costas alto stat vulnere mucro: labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit. Tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam adloquitur fidam ante alias, quae sola Camillae, quicum partiri curas; atque haec ita fatur:	As a wolf, having killed a shepherd or a great bullock, before hostile weapons can pursue him, at once hides himself far from the paths in the high mountains, conscious of his reckless deed, and, drawing in his tail, tucks it trembling under his belly and makes for the woods: so Arruns, in turmoil, took himself out of sight and, content to escape, mingled in the midst of the armed men. She, dying, pulled at the weapon with her hand, but the iron point stood fast between the bones at her ribs, deep in the wound. She slipped down, drained of blood; slipped, too, her eyes, chilled by death; the color that once glowed left her face. Then, breathing her last, she spoke to Acca, one of the companions of her own age, faithful beyond all others, the only one with whom Camilla shared her cares, and she said:
11.823 Hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum. Effuge et haec Turno mandata novissima perfer: succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe. Iamque vale. Simul his dictis linquebat habenas, ad terram non sponte fluens. Tum frigida toto paulatim exsolvit se corpore lentaque colla et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquunt, vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras. Tum vero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla, incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum Tyrrhenique duces Evandrique Arcades alae. At Triviae custos iamdudum in montibus Opis alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnas.	"Thus far, sister Acca, I have had strength: now the bitter wound finishes me, and everything around me grows black with darkness. Escape, and carry these last instructions to Turnus: let him take my place in the fight and keep the Trojans from the city. And now farewell." As she said these words she let go the reins, slipping to the ground against her will. Then, growing cold, little by little she freed herself from all her body, laid down her drooping neck and her head seized by death; her weapons fell from her, and her life with a groan fled resentful to the shades below. Then indeed an immense shout arose and struck the golden stars. With Camilla struck down, the fight grew fiercer; thronging together they charged, the

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Utque procul medio iuvenum in clamore furentum prospexit tristi multatam morte Camillam, ingemuitque deditque has imo pectore voces:	whole force of the Teucrians, the Tyrrhenian leaders and Evander's Arcadian squadrons. But Opis, Trivia's guardian, had long been sitting high on the mountain tops, watching the battle undismayed. And when, far off, amid the shouting of the raging young men, she saw Camilla punished with a grievous death, she groaned and spoke these words from the depths of her heart:

OPIS AVENGES CAMILLA

Diana's nymph kills Arruns, the Latins flee to their city, and night ends the fighting.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.841	Heu nimium, virgo, nimium crudele luisti supplicium, Teucros conata lacessere bello! Nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam profuit aut nostras umero gessisse sagittas. Non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultae. Nam quicumque tuum violavit vulnere corpus, morte luet merita. Fuit ingens monte sub alto regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum antiqui Laurentis opacaque ilice tectum: hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto. Ut vidit laetantem animis ac vana tumentem,	"Alas, maiden, too cruel, too cruel the penalty you have paid for trying to challenge the Teucrians in war! It did not help you to have served Diana in the lonely thickets, or to have carried our arrows on your shoulder. Yet your queen has not left you dishonored, now at your very end; this death will not lack renown among the peoples, nor will you bear the name of one unavenged. For whoever has violated your body with a wound shall pay with the death he deserves." Beneath a high mountain stood the huge tomb, a mound of earth, of Dercennus, an ancient king of Laurentum, shaded by a dark holm oak. Here the most beautiful goddess first alighted with a swift rush and watched for Arruns from the high mound. When she saw him exulting in spirit and swelling with empty pride,
11.855	Cur, inquit, diversus abis? Huc dirige gressum, huc periture veni, capias ut digna Camillae praemia. Tune etiam telis moriere Dianae? dixit, et aurata volucrem Threissa sagittam deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit et duxit longe, donec curvata coirent inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis, laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam. Extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis audiit una Arruns, haesitque in corpore ferrum. Illum exspirantem socii atque extrema gementem obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt, Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum. Prima fugit domina amissa levis ala Camillae; turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas disiectique duces desolatique manipli tuta petunt et equis aversi ad moenia tendunt.	"Why are you going off the other way?" she said. "Turn your steps here; come here to die, so that you may receive the reward you have earned for Camilla. Are you, too, to die by Diana's weapons?" She spoke, and the Thracian maiden drew a winged arrow from her gilded quiver, bent the horn bow in anger and drew it far back, until the curving ends met each other and, her hands now level, she touched the iron point with her left hand, and with her right hand and the string her breast. At once, in the same instant, Arruns heard the whir of the weapon and the sounding air, and the iron lodged in his body. As he breathed his last and groaned his final groans, his comrades, forgetting him, left him in the unknown dust of the plain; Opis was borne on her wings to heavenly Olympus. First, its mistress lost, Camilla's light squadron fled; the Rutulians fled in confusion,

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	fierce Atinas fled, and scattered captains and abandoned companies made for safety and, turning their backs, galloped for the walls.
11.872 Nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis sustentare valet telis aut sistere contra, sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus, quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum. Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra pulvis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt. Qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis, hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba; nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso, moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum confixi exspirant animas. Pars claudere portas: nec sociis aperire viam nec moenibus audent accipere orantis, orturque miserrima caedes defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum.	No one could hold off the Teucrians with weapons as they pressed on, bringing death, or stand against them; instead they carried their slackened bows on drooping shoulders, and the hooves of the galloping horses shook the crumbling plain. A cloud of dust, thick with black gloom, rolled toward the walls, and from the watchtowers the mothers, beating their breasts, raised women's cries to the stars of heaven. Those who were first to burst at a run through the open gates were pressed hard by the hostile throng mixed in with their column. They did not escape a wretched death, but on the very threshold, within their native walls and amid the safety of their homes, they were pierced through and breathed out their lives. Some shut the gates: they dared not open a way for their comrades nor take them within the walls, though they pleaded, and there arose a most pitiful slaughter of those defending the entrance in arms and those rushing upon the arms.
11.887 Exclusi ante oculos lacrumantumque ora parentum pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina volvitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis arietat in portas et duros obice postis. Ipsae de muris summo certamine matres, monstrat amor verus patriae, ut videre Camillam, tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis praecipites primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. Interea Turnum in silvis saevissimus implet nuntius, et iuveni ingentem fert Acca tumultum: deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam, ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri.	Shut out, before the eyes and faces of their weeping parents, some rolled into the steep ditches as the rout pressed upon them; others, blind and wild, with reins let loose, rammed against the gates and the doorposts made hard with bars. The mothers themselves, from the walls, vying with each other—true love of country showed them the way, when they saw Camilla—hurled weapons with trembling hands, and in their haste made hard oak, stakes and fire-hardened poles serve for iron, burning to be the first to die for the walls. Meanwhile the grimmest news filled Turnus' ears in the woods, and Acca brought the young man word of the huge turmoil: the Volscian lines destroyed, Camilla fallen, the enemy pressing on in fury and, with Mars on their side, sweeping all before them, and panic now reaching the walls.
11.901 Ille furens, et saeva Iovis sic numina pellunt, deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit. Vix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat, cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos exsuperatque iugum silvaque evadit opaca. Sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt; ac simul Aeneas fumantis pulvere campos	He, in a frenzy—for so the harsh will of Jupiter required—abandoned the hills he was holding and left the rugged woods. He had barely gone out of sight and reached the plain when father Aeneas, entering the pass now left open, crossed the ridge and came out of the dark forest. So both of them were carried swiftly toward the walls with their whole columns, not many paces apart. At the same

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prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina vidit,
et saevum Aenean adgnovit Turnus in armis
adventumque pedum flatusque audivit equorum.
Continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent,
ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hibero
tinguat equos noctemque die labente reducat:
considunt castris ante urbem et moenia vallant.

ENGLISH

moment Aeneas saw far off the plains smoking with dust and caught sight of the Laurentine columns, and Turnus recognized fierce Aeneas in arms and heard the tramp of feet and the snorting of horses. And at once they would have joined battle and tried the fight, had not rosy Phoebus already been bathing his tired horses in the Iberian flood and bringing back the night as the day faded. They encamped before the city and fortified their ramparts.

Book 12

Aeneas and Turnus
Juno yields, and Aeneas meets Turnus in single combat.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.1	Turnus ut infractos adverso Marte Latinos defecisse videt, sua nunc promissa reposci, se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus tum demum movet arma leo gaudetque comantis excutiens cervice toros fixumque latronis inpavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento: haud secus adcenso gliscit violentia Turno. Tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus infit: Nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent ignavi Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent. Congredior, fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus. Aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam, desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), et solus ferro crimen commune refellam, aut habeat victos, cedat Lavinia coniunx.	Turnus saw that the Latins, broken by the war turned against them, had lost heart. He saw that his own promises were now being called in, and that every eye was fixed on him. Unbidden, implacable, he blazed up and lifted his spirits high. He was like that lion in the fields of the Carthaginians, wounded in the chest by a heavy blow from the hunters, who only then rouses himself to fight. He rejoices, shaking out the shaggy muscles of his neck, fearlessly snaps the spear the lurking hunter has planted in him, and roars with bloody mouth. Just so the violence swelled in Turnus once he was kindled. Then he addressed the king, and in turmoil he began: "There is no delay in Turnus. There is no reason for the cowards of Aeneas' people to take back their words or refuse what they agreed. I will meet him. Bring the sacred offerings, father, and draw up the terms of the treaty. Either with this right hand I will send the Dardanian, the deserter of Asia, down to Tartarus (let the Latins sit and watch), and alone, with my sword, I will refute the charge that falls on us all. Or let him hold us as conquered, and let Lavinia go to him as his bride."

LATINUS AND AMATA PLEAD

Latinus urges Turnus to give up Lavinia, and Amata begs him not to fight; Lavinia blushes.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.18	Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus: O praestans animi iuvenis, quantum ipse feroci virtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus. Sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino est; sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus arvis, nec genus indecores. Sine me haec haud mollia fatu sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri. Me natam nulli veterum sociare procorum fas erat, idque omnes divique hominesque canebant.	Latinus answered him with a calm heart: "Young man of outstanding spirit, the more you yourself excel in fierce courage, the more right it is for me to take careful thought and weigh, in fear, every chance. You have the kingdom of your father Daunus, and many towns taken by your own hand. Latinus too has gold, and the will to give it. There are other unmarried girls in Latium and the Laurentine fields, and none of them of low birth. Allow me to set aside all deceit and tell you things

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Victus amore tui, cognato sanguine victus coniugis et maestae lacrumis, vincla omnia rupi: promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsi.	that are hard to say; and at the same time take this deep into your mind. It was not right for me to join my daughter to any of her former suitors, and all, gods and men alike, foretold it. Overcome by love for you, overcome by the blood we share and by the tears of my grieving wife, I broke every bond. I snatched the promised bride from her destined husband, and I took up unholy arms.
12.32	Ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur bella, vides, quantos primus patiare labores. Bis magna victi pugna vix urbe tuemur spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus albent. Quo referor totiens? Quae mentem insania mutat? Si Turno exstincto socios sum adscire paratus, cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo? Quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet Italia, ad mortem si te—Fors dicta refutet!— prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem? Respice res bello varias; miserere parentis longaevi, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe dividit. Haudquaquam dictis violentia Turni flectitur: exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo. Ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore:	From that day on, Turnus, you see what disasters, what wars pursue me, and what great hardships you yourself are the first to suffer. Twice beaten in a great battle, we can barely protect the hopes of Italy within our city. The streams of the Tiber are still warm with our blood, and the vast plains are white with bones. Why am I carried back so often? What madness changes my mind? If I am ready to take them as allies once Turnus is dead, why do I not rather end the conflict while he is unharmed? What will your kinsmen the Rutulians say, what will the rest of Italy say, if I betray you to death—may Chance refute these words!—when you are seeking my daughter and marriage into my house? Consider how changeable the fortunes of war are. Take pity on your aged father, whom his native Ardea now keeps far away from you, grieving." Not in the least was Turnus' violence bent by these words. It rose higher, and the cure only made it worse. As soon as he could speak, he began:
12.48	Quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci: et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra spargimus; et nostro sequitur de volnere sanguis. longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem feminea tegat et vanis sese occulat umbris. At regina, nova pugnae conterrita sorte, flebat et ardentem generum monitura tenebat: Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per siquis Amatae tangit honos animum (spes tu nunc una, senectae tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit).	"The care you feel for me, best of men, I beg you, lay it aside for my sake, and allow me to bargain my death for glory. I too, father, scatter spears and no feeble steel with my right hand, and blood flows from the wounds I deal. His goddess mother will be far away from him, unable to hide him as he flees in a sheltering cloud and conceal herself in empty shadows." But the queen, terrified by these new terms of combat, was weeping, and held back her ardent son-in-law, meaning to counsel him: "Turnus, by these tears of mine, by any regard for Amata that touches your heart (you are now our one hope, you are the comfort of my wretched old age, the honor and the power of Latinus are in your hands, on you the whole house leans and rests),
12.60	unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. Qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus, et me, Turne, manent: simul haec invisa relinquam lumina nec generum Aenean captiva videbo.	one thing I beg: do not join battle with the Teucrians. Whatever fate awaits you in that combat awaits me too, Turnus. I shall leave this hateful light along with you, and I shall not live as a cap-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Accepit vocem lacrimis Lavinia matris flagrantis perfusa genas, quoi plurimus ignem subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit. Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro siquis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa alba rosa: talis virgo dabat ore colores. Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine voltus: ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam.	tive to see Aeneas as my son-in-law." Lavinia heard her mother's words, her burning cheeks bathed in tears, as a deep blush kindled its fire in her and ran across her heated face. As when someone stains Indian ivory with blood-red purple, or when white lilies blush, mingled with many roses: such were the colors on the maiden's face. Love threw him into turmoil, and he fixed his gaze on the maiden. He burned all the more for battle, and addressed Amata in a few words:
12.72	Ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neve omine tanto prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem, O mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis. Nuntius haec Idmon Phrygio mea dicta tyranno haud placitura refer: cum primum crastina caelo puniceis invecta rotis Aurora rubebit, non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma quiescant et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum, illo quaeratur coniunx Lavinia campo. Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit. poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis, Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia, qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras. Circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacessunt pectora plausa cavis et colla comantia pectunt.	"Do not, I beg you, mother, do not send me off with tears and so grim an omen as I go to the contests of harsh Mars. Turnus is not free to delay his death. Idmon, be my messenger, and carry these words of mine to the Phrygian tyrant; they will not please him. As soon as tomorrow's Dawn, riding on her crimson wheels, grows red in the sky, let him not lead the Teucrians against the Rutulians. Let the arms of the Teucrians and the Rutulians rest. Let us decide the war with our own blood, and on that field let Lavinia be won as a wife." When he had said these words, he swiftly withdrew into the palace, called for his horses, and delighted to see them snorting before his face: the horses that Orithyia herself gave to Pilumnus as a glory, to surpass the snows in whiteness and the winds in speed. The busy charioteers stood around them, slapped their chests with hollowed hands, and combed their maned necks.[1]
12.87	Ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco circumdat loricam umeris; simul aptat habendo ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae. ensem, quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda. Exin quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae aedibus adstabat, validam vi corripit hastam, Actoris Aurunci spolium, quassatque trementem vociferans: Nunc, O numquam frustrata vocatus hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor te Turni nunc dextra gerit. Da sternere corpus loricamque manu valida lacerare revulsam semiviri Phrygis et foedare in pulvere crinis vibratos calido ferro murraque madentis.	Next he himself put around his shoulders a breastplate stiff with gold and white orichalc, and at the same time fitted on, ready for wearing, his sword and shield and the horns of his red crest—the sword which the god who rules over fire had made with his own hands for his father Daunus, and had dipped, glowing, in the waters of the Styx. Then he seized with force the strong spear that stood leaning against a huge column in the middle of the hall, the spoil of Actor the Auruncan, and shook it until it quivered, shouting: "Now, spear that has never failed my call, now the time has come. Mighty Actor once carried you; now the right hand of Turnus carries you. Grant that I lay low the body of that half-man Phrygian, tear off his breastplate with my strong hand and rip it apart,

1 Pilumnus was an ancestor of Turnus; Orithyia was the bride of Boreas, the North Wind.

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	and foul in the dust his hair, crimped with a heated iron and dripping with myrrh."
12.101 His agitur furiis; totoque ardentis ab ore scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis: mugitus veluti cum prima in proelia taurus terrificos ciet atque irasci in cornua temptat, arboris obnixus trunco, ventosque lacessit ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena. Nec minus interea maternis saevos in armis Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitat ira, oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum, tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli, fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino certa referre viros et pacis dicere leges.	Such was the frenzy that drove him. Sparks flew from his whole blazing face, and fire flashed in his fierce eyes: as when a bull before his first battle raises terrifying bellows and tries to put his anger into his horns, butting against a tree trunk, and attacks the winds with blows, or scatters the sand in a prelude to the fight. No less meanwhile, fierce in the armor his mother gave him, Aeneas whetted his fighting spirit and roused himself with anger, glad that the war was to be settled by the treaty offered. Then he comforted his comrades and the fear of sad Iulus, teaching them the fates, and ordered men to carry a firm answer to King Latinus and to state the terms of peace.

THE TREATY

Juno sends Juturna to help her brother, and Aeneas and Latinus swear the terms of single combat.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.113 Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montis orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis dimensi Rutulique viri Teucrique parabant in medioque focos et dis communibus aras gramineas. Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant, velati limo et verbena tempora vincti. Procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis agmina se fundunt portis. Hinc Troïus omnis Tyrrhenusque ruit variis exercitus armis, haud secus instructi ferro, quam si aspera Martis pugna vocet; nec non mediis in milibus ipsi ductores auro volitant ostroque decori, et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles.	The next day had scarcely risen and was sprinkling the mountaintops with light, as the horses of the Sun first lifted themselves from the deep flood and breathed out light from upraised nostrils. Rutulian and Teucrian men had measured out a field for the combat beneath the walls of the great city, and were preparing hearths in the middle, and grassy altars to the gods they shared. Others were bringing spring water and fire, clad in sacrificial aprons, their temples bound with sacred leaves. The legion of the Ausonians came forward, and their columns, armed with javelins, poured out from the crowded gates. From the other side the whole Trojan and Tyrrhenian army rushed out with their various arms, equipped with iron just as if the harsh battle of Mars were calling them. Among the thousands the leaders themselves darted to and fro, splendid in gold and purple: Mnestheus of the line of Assaracus, and brave Asilas, and Messapus, tamer of horses, son of Neptune.
12.129 Utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit, defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. Tum studio effusae matres et volgus inermum invalidique senes turris ac tecta domorum obsedere, alii portis sublimibus adstant. At Iuno e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur, tum neque nomen erat nec honos aut gloria monti,	When, at the given signal, each man had withdrawn to his own space, they planted their spears in the earth and leaned their shields against them. Then, pouring out eagerly, the mothers, the unarmed common people and the feeble old men occupied the towers and the roofs of houses; others stood on the high gates. But Juno, looking out from

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini. Extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem diva deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem Iuppiter erepta pro virginitate sacravit):	the summit of the hill now called the Alban—at that time the mount had neither name nor honor nor glory—was gazing at the plain and at both battle lines, of the Laurentines and of the Trojans, and at the city of Latinus. At once she, a goddess, addressed Turnus' sister, a goddess who presides over pools and sounding rivers (Jupiter, high king of the sky, had consecrated this honor to her in return for her stolen maidenhood):[2]
12.142	Nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostro, scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae magnanimi Iovis ingratum ascendere cubile, praetulerim caelique lubens in parte locarim: disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem. Qua visa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi: nunc iuvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis, Parcarumque dies et vis inimica propinquat. Non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum. Tu pro germano siquid praesentius audes, perge: decet. Forsan miseros meliora sequentur. Vix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profudit terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. Non lacrumis hoc tempus, ait Saturnia Iuno:	"Nymph, glory of rivers, most dear to my heart, you know how I have preferred you alone to all the Latin women who have climbed into the thankless bed of great-hearted Jupiter, and how gladly I have given you a place in heaven. Learn of your grief, Juturna, so that you do not blame me for it. While Fortune seemed to allow it and the Fates permitted Latium to prosper, I protected Turnus and your city. Now I see the young man meeting fates unequal to his own, and the day of the Fates and a hostile force are drawing near. I cannot look upon this combat, nor upon this treaty. If you dare anything that may help your brother more directly, go on: it is fitting. Perhaps better things will follow for the wretched." She had scarcely spoken when Juturna poured tears from her eyes, and three times, four times struck her lovely breast with her hand. "This is no time for tears," said Juno, daughter of Saturn.[3]
12.157	Adcelera et fratrem, siquis modus, eripe morti, aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus: auctor ego audendi. Sic exhortata reliquit incertam et tristi turbatam volnere mentis. Interea reges, ingenti mole Latinus quadriiugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt, Solis avi specimen; bigis it Turnus in albis, bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro; hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo, sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis, et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae, procedunt castris, puraque in veste sacerdos saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem adtulit admovitque pecus flagrantibus aris. Illi ad surgentem conversi lumina solem dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro	"Hurry, and snatch your brother from death, if there is any way; or else stir up war and shatter the treaty they have drawn up. I am the one who bids you dare." With this urging she left her, uncertain and troubled by a grievous wound of the mind. Meanwhile the kings came forth from the camps. Latinus, in great state, rode in a four-horse chariot; twice six gilded rays ringed his shining temples, the emblem of the Sun, his grandfather. Turnus went behind a pair of white horses, brandishing in his hand two shafts with broad iron heads. On the other side came father Aeneas, source of the Roman stock, blazing with his starry shield and heavenly arms, and beside him Ascanius, the second hope of great Rome. A priest in a spotless robe brought the young of a bristly pig and an unshorn two-year-old sheep, and led the

2 The Alban Mount, south-east of Rome, near the later Alba Longa; in historical times it held a temple of Jupiter.
3 Juturna, Turnus' sister, was a nymph of springs; her fountain stood in the Roman Forum.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	summa notant pecudum paterisque altaria libant. Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur:	beasts to the blazing altars. Turning their eyes to the rising sun, the kings offered salted meal from their hands, marked the tops of the victims' heads with the knife, and poured libations on the altars from bowls. Then devoted Aeneas, with sword drawn, prayed thus:
12.176	Esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi Terra vocanti, quam propter tantos potui perferre labores, et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx, iam melior, iam, diva, precor, tuque inclute Mavors, cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; fontisque fluviosque voco, quaeque aetheris alti religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto: cesserit Ausonio si fors victoria Turno, convenit Evandri victos discedere ad urbem, cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles Aeneadae referent ferrove haec regna lacessent, sin nostrum adnuerit nobis Victoria Martem (ut potius reor et potius di numine firment), non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.	"Now let the Sun be my witness as I call upon him, and this Earth, for whose sake I have been able to endure such great hardships; and you, Father Almighty; and you, his wife, daughter of Saturn, kinder now, kinder now, goddess, I pray; and you, glorious Mars, father, who direct all wars under your divine power. I call on the springs and rivers, on all the holy powers of the high heaven and the divine powers that dwell in the blue sea. If by chance victory falls to Ausonian Turnus, it is agreed that the vanquished shall withdraw to the city of Evander. Iulus will leave these lands, and never hereafter will Aeneas' people take up arms again in rebellion or attack this kingdom with the sword. But if Victory grants that the battle is ours (as I rather think, and may the gods rather confirm it by their power), I will not order the Italians to obey the Teucrians, nor do I seek a kingdom for myself. Let both peoples, unconquered, under equal laws, enter into an everlasting treaty.
12.192	Sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto, imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri constituent, urbique dabit Lavinia nomen. Sic prior Aeneas; sequitur sic deinde Latinus suspiciens caelum tenditque ad sidera dextram: Haec eadem, Aenea, terram mare sidera iuro Latonaeque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem vimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis; audiat haec genitor, qui foedera fulmine sancit. Tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor: nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet, quo res cumque cadent; nec me vis ulla volentem avertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas diluvio miscens caelumque in Tartara solvat; ut sceptrum hoc (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat)	I will give the sacred rites and the gods; let my father-in-law Latinus keep his arms, let my father-in-law keep his customary rule. The Teucrians will build walls for me, and Lavinia will give the city her name." So Aeneas spoke first. Then Latinus followed, looking up to the sky and stretching his right hand to the stars: "By these same things, Aeneas, I swear: by earth, sea and stars, by the twin children of Latona and two-faced Janus, by the power of the gods below and the shrines of harsh Dis. May the father hear this, who seals treaties with his thunderbolt. I touch the altars; I call to witness the fires between us and the divine powers. No day shall break this peace and treaty for the Italians, however things may fall out. No force shall turn my will aside, not if it pours the earth into the waves, mingling all in flood, and dissolves heaven into Tartarus. Just as this scepter (for he happened to be holding a scepter in his right hand)[4]

4 Latona's twin children are Apollo and Diana; Janus is the two-faced Roman god of doorways and beginnings.

THE TREATY BROKEN

Juturna stirs the Rutulians, a false omen appears, and the augur Tolumnius' spear restarts the battle.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.207	numquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras, cum semel in silvis imo de stirpe recisum matre caret posuitque comas et bracchia ferro, olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro inclusit patribusque dedit gestare Latinis. Talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis conspectu in medio procerum. Tum rite sacratas in flammam iugulant pecudes et viscera vivis eripiunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. At vero Rutulis inpar ea pugna videri iamdudum et vario misceri pectora motu; tum magis, ut propius cernunt non viribus aequis. Adiuvat incessu tacito progressus et aram suppliciter venerans demisso lumine Turnus tabentesque genae et iuvenali in corpore pallor.	will never again put forth twigs with light leaves, or give shade, now that, once cut in the woods from the base of its stem, it has lost its mother and laid down its foliage and its limbs beneath the steel—once a tree, now the craftsman's hand has encased it in handsome bronze and given it to the fathers of Latium to bear." With such words they confirmed the treaty between them, in full view of the chiefs. Then they duly cut the throats of the consecrated beasts over the flame, tore out the entrails while the victims still lived, and heaped the altars with laden platters. But for a long while now the fight had seemed unequal to the Rutulians, and their hearts were stirred by shifting emotions; all the more now, as they saw more closely that the two were not equal in strength. Adding to this was Turnus himself, coming forward with silent tread and humbly venerating the altar with downcast eyes, and his wasted cheeks, and the pallor of his young body.
12.222	Quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere vidit sermonem et volgi variare labantia corda, in medias acies, formam adsimulata Camerti, cui genus a proavis ingens clarumque paternae nomen erat virtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis, in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum rumoresque serit varios ac talia fatur: Non pudet, O Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam obiectare animam? Numerone an viribus aequi non sumus? En omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt fatalesque manus, infensa Etruria Turno: vix hostem, alterni si congrediamur, habemus. Ille quidem ad superos, quorum se devovet aris, succedet fama vivusque per ora feretur: nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis cogemur, qui nunc lenti consedimus arvis.	As soon as his sister Juturna saw this talk spreading and the wavering hearts of the crowd shifting, into the midst of the ranks, taking on the likeness of Camers—who had a great lineage from his ancestors and a famous name for his father's courage, and was himself most fierce in arms—into the midst of the ranks she went, well aware of what she was doing, sowed various rumors, and spoke such words as these: "Are you not ashamed, Rutulians, to put up one life for all men such as these? Are we not their equals in numbers or in strength? Look, here they are, all of them: Trojans and Arcadians, and the bands that fate has brought, Etruria hostile to Turnus. If only every second man of us were to fight, we would scarcely have one enemy apiece. He, indeed, will rise in fame to the gods above, at whose altars he offers up his life, and will be carried living on the lips of men. We, our country lost, will be forced to obey proud masters—we who now sit idle in the fields."
12.238	Talibus incensa est iuvenum sententia dictis iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina murmur; ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. Qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem	By such words the young men's mood was inflamed more and more, and a murmur crept through the ranks. The Laurentines themselves were changed, and the Latins themselves. Those

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sperabant, nunc arma volunt foedusque precantur
infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.
His aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto
dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum
turbavit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit.
Namque volans rubra fulvus Iovis ales in aethra
litoreas agitabat aves turbamque sonantem
agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas
cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.

who had just been hoping for rest from fighting and safety for their fortunes now wanted arms, prayed for the treaty to be undone, and pitied the unjust lot of Turnus. To this Juturna added another, greater thing: she gave a sign from high heaven, and none ever confused Italian minds more powerfully or deceived them with a portent. For the tawny bird of Jupiter, flying in the red sky, was chasing the birds of the shore and the noisy crowd of their winged column, when suddenly, swooping down to the waves, the ruthless creature seized an outstanding swan in its hooked talons.

12.251 Adrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque volucres
convertunt clamore fugam, mirabile visu,
aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras
facta nube premunt, donec vi victus et ipso
pondere defecit, praedamque ex unguibus ales
proiecit fluvio penitusque in nubila fugit.
Tum vero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant
expediuntque manus; primusque Tolumnius augur
Hoc erat, hoc, votis, inquit, quod saepe petivi.
Adcipio adgnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum
corripite, O miseri, quos improbus advena bello
territat invalidas ut aves et litora vestra
vi populat: petet ille fugam penitusque profundo
vela dabit. Vos unanimi densete catervas
et regem vobis pugna defendite raptum.

The Italians' spirits rose. All the birds, wonderful to see, turned their flight with a clamor, darkened the sky with their wings, and, forming a cloud, pressed their enemy through the air, until, overcome by force and by the very weight, the bird gave way, dropped its prey from its talons into the river, and fled deep into the clouds. Then indeed the Rutulians hailed the omen with a shout and made ready their hands for battle. First of all the augur Tolumnius cried: "This it was, this, that I have often sought in my prayers. I accept it, and I recognize the gods. With me, with me as your leader, seize your swords, unhappy men, whom a ruthless stranger terrifies with war as if you were feeble birds, and whose shores he ravages by force. He will take to flight and spread his sails far out over the deep. You, with one mind, close up your ranks and defend in battle the king who is being snatched from you."

12.266 Dixit et adversos telum contorsit in hostis
procurrens: sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras
certa secat. Simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes
turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu.
Hasta volans, ut forte novem pulcherrima fratrum
corpora constiterant contra, quos fida crearat
una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo,
horum unum ad medium, teritur qua sutilis alvo
balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet
egregium forma iuvenem et fulgentibus armis
transadigit costas fulvaque effundit harena.
At fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu,
pars, gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
corripiunt caecique ruunt. Quos agmina contra
procurrunt Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant
Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis:
sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.

He spoke and, running forward, hurled his spear at the enemy facing him. The whistling cornel shaft gave out its sound and cut the air unerring. At the same moment a huge shout went up; all the wedges of men were thrown into confusion, their hearts hot with tumult. As it happened, nine brothers, fine in body, stood facing the flying spear, all of them borne by one faithful Tyrrhenian wife to Arcadian Gylippus. The spear struck one of them in the middle, where the stitched belt chafes the belly and the buckle bites the joining of its ends—a young man of outstanding beauty and gleaming armor. It drove through his ribs and laid him out on the tawny sand. But his brothers, a spirited phalanx inflamed by grief, some drawing their swords, some seizing missile steel, rushed on blindly. Against them the columns of the Laurentines ran forward; from this side again the

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	Trojans, the Agyllines and the Arcadians with painted armor flooded in, densely packed. So one desire possessed all: to decide the matter with the sword.
12.283 Diripuere aras, it toto turbida caelo tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber, craterasque focosque ferunt. Fugit ipse Latinus pulsatos referens infecto foedere divos. Infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt. Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem, Tyrrhenum Aulesten, avidus confundere foedus, adverso proterret equo: ruit ille recedens et miser oppositis a tergo involvitur aris in caput inque umeros. At fervidus advolat hasta Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali desuper altus equo graviter ferit atque ita fatur: Hoc habet, haec melior magnis data victima divis.	They tore the altars apart. A turbulent storm of spears went through the whole sky, and an iron rain came down. They carried off the mixing bowls and the hearths. Latinus himself fled, carrying back his insulted gods, the treaty broken. Others bridled their chariots, or leapt up onto their horses and stood ready with drawn swords. Messapus, eager to throw the treaty into confusion, drove his horse straight at Aulestes, a Tyrrhenian king wearing a king's insignia, and terrified him. Falling back, Aulestes tumbled and, poor man, was entangled head and shoulders in the altars behind him. But Messapus flew at him, blazing, with his spear, and from high on his horse struck him heavily with a shaft as thick as a beam as he begged at length, and spoke thus: "He has it. This is a better victim, offered to the great gods."
12.297 Concurrunt Itali spoliantque calentia membra. Obvius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara corripit et venienti Ebuso plagamque ferenti occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit nidoremque ambusta dedit. Super ipse secutus caesariem laeva turbati corripit hostis inpressoque genu nitens terrae adplicat ipsum: sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem, ense sequens nudo superimminet: ille securi adversi frontem mediam mentumque reducta disicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore. Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem nudato capite atque suos clamore vocabat:	The Italians ran together and stripped his still-warm limbs. Corynaeus, meeting Ebusus, snatched a charred brand from the altar, and as Ebusus came on, aiming a blow, he filled his face with flames. His great beard blazed up and, scorched, gave off a smell of burning. Following up, Corynaeus seized in his left hand the hair of his bewildered enemy, pressed down with his knee, and pinned him to the ground; then he struck his side with his stiff sword. Podalirius pursued the shepherd Alsus with naked sword as he rushed through the weapons in the front line, and towered over him. But Alsus swung back his ax and split his enemy's head through the middle of the forehead down to the chin, drenching his armor with blood spattered far and wide. A harsh rest and an iron sleep pressed down on his eyes; his sight was closed in everlasting night. But devoted Aeneas, his head bare, was stretching out his unarmed right hand and calling to his men with a shout:

AENEAS WOUNDED

An arrow wounds Aeneas as he tries to stop the fighting, and Venus secretly heals him.

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12.313	

LATIN	ENGLISH
Quo ruitis? Quaeve ista repens discordia surgit? O cohibete iras! Ictum iam foedus et omnes compositae leges; mihi ius concurrere soli; me sinite atque auferte metus; ego foedera faxo firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra. Has inter voces, media inter talia verba ecce viro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne, adtulerit: pressa est insignis gloria facti. nec sese Aeneae iactavit vulnere quisquam. Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine vidit turbatosque duces, subita spe fervidus ardet: poscit equos atque arma simul saltuque superbus emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas.	"Where are you rushing? What is this sudden discord springing up? Oh, hold back your anger! The treaty is already struck and all its terms are settled; the right to fight belongs to me alone. Leave it to me, and put away your fears: with this hand I will make the treaty firm; these rites already owe Turnus to me." Amid these cries, in the middle of such words, look—an arrow came gliding at the man on whirring wings. No one knows what hand launched it or what whirlwind drove it, nor who, chance or a god, brought such glory to the Rutulians: the fame of that striking deed was suppressed, and no one boasted of having wounded Aeneas. When Turnus saw Aeneas withdrawing from the ranks and the captains in confusion, he burned hot with sudden hope. He called for his horses and his arms together, sprang with a proud leap into his chariot, and took the reins in his hands.
12.328 Multa virum volitans dat fortia corpora Leto, semineces volvit multos aut agmina curru proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri sanguineus Mavors clipeo increpat atque furentis bella movens immittit equos; illi aequore aperto ante Notos Zephyrumque volant; gemit ultima pulsu Thraca pedum; circumque atrae Formidinis ora Iraeque Insidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur: talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores sanguineos, mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. Iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque Pholumque, hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus ambo Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasus ipse nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornaverat armis, vel conferre manum vel equo praevertere ventos.	Flying across the field, he gave many brave bodies of men to Death. He sent many rolling half-dead, or crushed ranks beneath his chariot, or snatched up spears and hurled them at those who fled. As when, by the streams of the icy Hebrus, blood-stained Mars is roused and clashes on his shield and, stirring up war, lets loose his frenzied horses; they fly over the open plain ahead of the South Winds and the West Wind; farthest Thrace groans under the beat of their hooves; and all around him rush the faces of black Dread, Anger and Ambush, the god's retinue: so Turnus eagerly lashed his horses, steaming with sweat, through the thick of the battle, trampling pitilessly on the slain enemy. The swift hoof scattered a bloody dew, and gore was trodden into the sand. And now he had given Sthenelus, Thamyrus and Pholus to death, two of them at close quarters and the third from afar; from afar, too, both sons of Imbrasus, Glaucus and Lades, whom Imbrasus himself had raised in Lycia and equipped with matching arms, ready to fight hand to hand or to outrun the winds on horseback.[5]
12.346 Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur, antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis, nomine avum referens, animo manibusque parentem, qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret, ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus;	In another part of the field Eumedes charged into the thick of battle, the son of old Dolon, renowned in war, bearing his grandfather's name, his father's spirit and strength of hand. Dolon once dared, as the price for going to spy on the Danaans' camp,

5 The Hebrus is a river of Thrace, the homeland of Mars.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis adfecit pretio, nec equis adspirat Achillis. Hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto, ante levi iaculo longum per inane secutus sistit equos biiugis et curru desilit atque semianimi lapsoque supervenit et pede collo impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto fulgentem tinguit iugulo atque haec insuper addit:	to demand for himself the chariot of the son of Peleus; but the son of Tydeus paid him another price for such daring, and he no longer aspires to Achilles' horses. When Turnus saw Eumedes far off on the open plain, he first followed him with a light javelin through the long stretch of empty air; then he halted his team of two, leapt down from the chariot, and came upon the man where he lay fallen and half-dead. Pressing a foot on his neck, he wrenched the sword from his right hand, dyed the gleaming blade deep in his throat, and added these words besides:[6]
12.359	En agros et quam bello, Troiane, petisti, Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia qui me ferro ausi temptare ferunt, sic moenia condunt. Huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit. Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque Thersilochumque et sternacis equi lapsum cervice Thymoeten. Ac velut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus, qua venti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo: sic Turno, quacumque viam secat, agmina cedunt conversaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum, et cristam adverso curru quatit aura volantem.	"There, Trojan, lie there and measure out the fields and the Hesperia you sought by war. These are the rewards of those who dare to test me with the sword; this is how they found their walls." He sent Asbytes to join him, struck by a hurled spear, and Chloreus and Sybaris, Dares and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes, flung from the neck of his bucking horse. And as when the blast of Edonian Boreas roars over the deep Aegean and drives the waves toward the shore, and wherever the winds bear down, the clouds take flight across the sky: so, wherever Turnus cut his way, the ranks gave ground and the lines turned and ran. His own momentum carried him on, and the wind, meeting the chariot head-on, tossed his flying crest.[7]
12.371	Non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem: obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum. Dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata retectum lancea consequitur rumpitque infixa bilicem loricam et summum degustat volnere corpus. Ille tamen clipeo obiecto conversus in hostem ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat: cum rota praecipitem et procursu concitus axis impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae.	Phegeus could not bear him pressing on and roaring in his fury. He threw himself in front of the chariot and with his right hand wrenched aside the mouths of the galloping horses, foaming at the bit. While he was dragged along, hanging from the yoke, the broad spear caught him unprotected, burst through the double-meshed breastplate where it lodged, and with its wound just grazed the surface of his body. Yet he turned to face his enemy, his shield held before him, and was coming at him, seeking help from his drawn sword, when the wheel and the axle, hurtling forward, struck him headlong and flung him to the ground. Turnus, following, struck off his head with his sword between the bottom of the helmet and the upper edge of the breastplate, and left the trunk on the sand.
12.383	Atque ea dum campis victor dat funera Turnus, interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates	And while Turnus, victorious, was dealing out these deaths across the plain, Mnestheus and

6 In Iliad 10 the Trojan spy Dolon asked for Achilles' horses as his reward and was caught and killed by Diomedes, son of Tydeus.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum, alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus. Saevit et infracta luctatur arundine telum eripere auxilioque viam, quae proxima, poscit ense secent lato vulnus telique latebram rescindant penitus seseque in bella remittant. Iamque aderat Phoebo ante alios dilectus Iapyx Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore ipse suas artes, sua munera, laetus Apollo augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas. Ille ut depositi proferret fata parentis, scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artes.	faithful Achates, with Ascanius at their side, set Aeneas down in the camp, bleeding and propping every other step on his long spear. He raged and struggled to pull out the dart, whose shaft had broken off, and demanded the nearest way to relief: that they cut open the wound with a broad sword, lay open the arrowhead's hiding place to its depths, and send him back to the war. And now Iapyx was there, son of Iasus, dearer to Phoebus than all others. Long ago Apollo himself, seized by a fierce love for him, gladly offered him his own arts, his own gifts: augury and the lyre and swift arrows. But Iapyx, to put off the death of his father, who had been laid out as past hope, chose instead to know the powers of herbs and the practice of healing, and to ply, without glory, the silent arts.
12.398	Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in hastam Aeneas magno iuvenum et maerentis Iuli concursu, lacrimis immobilis. Ille retorto Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum. Nulla viam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo subvenit; et saevus campis magis ac magis horror crebrescit propiusque malum est. Iam pulvere caelum stare vident: subeunt equites, et spicula castris densa cadunt mediis. It tristis ad aethera clamor bellantum iuvenum et duro sub Marte cadentum.	Aeneas stood chafing bitterly, leaning on his huge spear, surrounded by a great crowd of young men and grieving Iulus, unmoved by their tears. The old man, his robe drawn back and tucked up in the manner of Paean, worked busily with his healing hand and with Phoebus' potent herbs, all in vain; in vain he tugged at the arrowhead with his right hand and gripped the iron with clinging forceps. No Fortune guided the way, and Apollo, his patron, gave no help; and all the while the savage horror on the plain grew thicker and thicker, and disaster drew nearer. Now they saw the sky stand solid with dust: horsemen were coming up, and arrows fell thick in the middle of the camp. Up to the heavens rose the grim clamor of young men fighting and young men falling beneath harsh Mars.[8]
12.411	Hic Venus, indigno nati concussa dolore, dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida, puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae: hoc Venus, obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo, detulit; hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem inficit occulte medicans spargitque salubris ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam. Fovit ea volnus lympha longaevus Iapyx ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo volnere sanguis; iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta excidit, atque novae rediere in pristina vires.	Then Venus, his mother, shaken by her son's undeserved pain, plucked dittany from Cretan Ida, a stalk with downy leaves, crowned with a purple flower. Wild goats know that herb well when flying arrows have lodged in their backs. This Venus brought down, her face veiled in a dark cloud; with this she steeped the water poured into a gleaming bowl, secretly working her cure, and sprinkled in the juices of health-giving ambrosia and fragrant panacea. With this water aged Iapyx bathed the wound, unaware, and suddenly all pain fled from the body, all bleeding stopped deep in the wound; and now the arrow, following his hand

7 The Edoni were a Thracian people; Boreas is the north wind.
8 Paean (or Paeon) was the physician of the gods.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Arma citi properate viro! Quid statis? Iapyx conclamat primusque animos adcendit in hostem.	with no force at all, dropped out, and fresh strength returned as it had been before. "Quick, bring the man his arms! Why are you standing still?" Iapyx cried, and was the first to kindle their courage against the enemy.[9]
12.427	Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra proveniunt neque te, Aenea, mea dextera servat: maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit. Ille avidus pugnae suras incluserat auro hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat. Postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est, Ascanium fusis circum complectitur armis summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur: Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem, fortunam ex aliis. Nunc te mea dextera bello defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet. Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas, sis memor, et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector.	"This does not come from human resources or from a master's skill, nor is it my right hand that saves you, Aeneas: a greater power, a god, is at work, and sends you back to greater deeds." Eager for battle, Aeneas had already encased his calves in gold on either leg; he hated delay and brandished his spear. When the shield was fitted to his side and the breastplate to his back, he embraced Ascanius in his armored arms and, kissing him lightly through the helmet, said: "Learn courage from me, my son, and true toil; learn fortune from others. Now my right hand will defend you in war and lead you to great rewards. And you, when in time your age has ripened to manhood, see that you remember; and as you recall in your mind the examples of your kin, let your father Aeneas and your uncle Hector stir you on."[10]

JUTURNA DRIVES THE CHARIOT

Aeneas hunts for Turnus, but Juturna, disguised as his charioteer, keeps him out of reach.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.441	Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens, telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt omnisque relictis turba fluit castris: tum caeco pulvere campus miscetur pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. Vidit ab adverso venientis aggere Turnus, videre Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit ossa tremor: prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos audiit adgnovitque sonum et tremefacta refugit. Ille volat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus it mare per medium; miseris heu praescia longe horrescunt corda agricolis, dabit ille ruinas arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late; ante volant sonitumque ferunt ad litora venti:	When he had spoken these words, he burst out through the gates, a towering figure, shaking a massive spear in his hand. With him, in a dense column, Antheus and Mnestheus rushed out, and the whole throng streamed from the abandoned camp. Then the plain was churned up in blinding dust, and the earth, shaken, trembled under the beat of feet. Turnus saw them coming from the mound opposite, the Ausonians saw them, and a cold shudder ran through the marrow of their bones. First of all, before any of the Latins, Juturna heard and recognized the sound, and shrank back in terror. Aeneas flew on, sweeping his dark column across the open plain. As when the heavens break and a storm cloud moves across mid-sea toward the land; ah, the hearts of the poor farmers, foreseeing it from far off, shudder: it will bring destruction to the trees and ruin to the crops, it will level everything far and wide; the

9 The mountain Ida in Crete, not the one of the same name near Troy.
10 Hector was the brother of Ascanius' mother, Creusa.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		winds fly ahead of it and carry its roar to the shores:
12.456	talis in adversos ductor Rhoeteius hostis agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis adglomerant. Ferit ense gravem Thymbraeus Osirim, Archetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates Ufentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, primus in adversos telum qui torserat hostis. Tollitur in caelum clamor, versique vicissim pulverulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros. Ipse neque aversos dignatur sternere Morti nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum vestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit. Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna virago aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum excutit et longe lapsum temone relinquit: ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas, cuncta gerens, vocemque et corpus et arma Metisci.	so the Rhoetean leader drove his column against the facing enemy, and each man packed close to the next in tight-massed wedges. Thymbraeus struck massive Osiris with his sword, Mnestheus struck Archetius, Achates cut down Epulo, and Gyas Ufens; the augur Tolumnius himself fell, who had been the first to hurl a spear at the opposing enemy. A shout rose to the sky, and the Rutulians in their turn were routed and turned their backs in dusty flight across the fields. Aeneas himself did not deign to lay low in Death those who turned away, nor did he pursue those who met him foot to foot or those who bore weapons against him: Turnus alone he tracked, searching through the thick gloom; Turnus alone he called to combat. Shaken in mind by this fear, the warrior maiden Juturna threw Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, out from among the reins and left him fallen far behind the chariot pole. She herself took his place and with her hands guided the rippling reins, taking on everything—the voice, the body and the arms of Metiscus.[11]
12.473	Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis aedes pervolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo, pabula parva legens nidisque loquacibus escas, et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc umida circum stagna sonat: similis medios Iuturna per hostis fertur equis rapidoque volans obit omnia curru iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ovantem nec conferre manum patitur, volat avia longe. Haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obvius orbes vestigatque virum et disiecta per agmina magna voce vocat. Quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem alipedumque fugam cursu temptavit equorum, aversos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit.	As when a black swallow flies through the great house of a rich lord and circles the lofty halls on her wings, gathering little morsels and food for her chattering nestlings, and twitters now in the empty colonnades, now around the watery pools: so Juturna was borne by her horses through the midst of the enemy and, flying in her swift chariot, passed over the whole field. Now here, now there she displayed her brother in triumph, yet did not let him close in combat; she flew far off along pathless ways. No less did Aeneas follow her twisting circles to meet him; he tracked the man and called him with a loud voice through the scattered ranks. But as often as he cast his eyes on his enemy and tried to match on foot the flight of the wing-footed horses, so often Juturna wheeled the chariot round and away.
12.486	Heu quid agat? Vario nequiquam fluctuat aestu, diversaeque vocant animum in contraria curae. Huic Messapus, uti laeva duo forte gerebat lenta levis cursu praefixa hastilia ferro, horum unum certo contorquens dirigit ictu. Substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma,	Ah, what was he to do? In vain he tossed on a shifting tide, and conflicting cares pulled his mind in opposite directions. Then Messapus, light-footed, who as it happened carried in his left hand two pliant spears tipped with steel, whirled one of them and aimed it at him with a sure throw. Aeneas

11 Rhoetean means Trojan, from Rhoeteum, a headland near Troy.

LATIN	ENGLISH
poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum hasta tulit summasque excussit vertice cristas. Tum vero adsurgunt irae; insidiisque subactus, diversos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, multa Iovem et laesi testatus foederis aras iam tandem invadit medios et Marte secundo terribilis saevam nullo discrimine caedem suscitat irarumque omnis effundit habenas.	stopped short and gathered himself behind his armor, sinking on one knee; yet the speeding spear carried off the peak of his helmet and struck the top of the crest from his head. Then indeed his anger rose. Driven to it by treachery, seeing the horses and chariot carried away from him, he called again and again on Jupiter and the altars of the broken treaty to witness, and now at last he plunged into the thick of the enemy. Terrible, with Mars on his side, he stirred up savage slaughter without distinction and gave free rein to all his anger.
12.500 Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes diversas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto inque vicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros, expediat? Tanton placuit concurrere motu, Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras? Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem, ea prima ruentis pugna loco statuit Teucros, haud multa morantem excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ensem. Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque Dioren, congressus pedes, hunc venientem cuspide longa, hunc mucrone ferit curruque abscisa duorum suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat.	What god could now unfold for me so many bitter things? Who could tell in song the many kinds of slaughter, and the deaths of leaders whom, across the whole plain, now Turnus, now in turn the Trojan hero drove before him? Was it your will, Jupiter, that peoples who were to live in eternal peace should clash in such great turmoil? Aeneas met the Rutulian Sucro—this was the first fight that brought the onrushing Teucrians to a stand—and he did not hold him long: he took him in the side and, where death comes swiftest, drove the cruel sword through the ribs and the latticework of the chest. Turnus, on foot, met Amycus, thrown from his horse, and his brother Diores: one, as he came on, he struck with his long spear, the other with his blade, and he hung the two severed heads from his chariot and carried them off, dripping with blood.
12.513 Ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum, tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten, nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiae, hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris et iuvenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten, Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernae ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum munera conductaque pater tellure serebat. Ac velut immissi diversis partibus ignes arentem in silvam et virgulta sonantia lauro, aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc nunc fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia vinci pectora, nunc totis in volnera viribus itur.	

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		The one sent to death Talos and Tanais and brave Cethegus, three in a single encounter, and gloomy Onites, of Echionian name, whose mother was Peridia; the other killed the brothers sent from Lycia and Apollo's fields, and young Menoetes, an Arcadian, who hated war, but in vain. His craft had been fishing around the streams of Lerna, rich in fish; his home was poor, the gifts of the powerful unknown to him, and his father sowed on rented land. And like fires let loose from different sides into a parched wood and thickets of crackling laurel, or as when foaming rivers, rushing down from high mountains, roar as they race into the sea, each laying waste its own path: no less fiercely did Aeneas and Turnus both rush through the battle. Now, now anger surged within them, hearts that did not know defeat were bursting, now they went at wounding with all their strength.[12]
12.529	Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi excutit effunditque solo: hunc lora et iuga subter provolvere rotae, crebro super ungula pulsu incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum. Ille ruenti Hyllo animisque immane frementi occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet: olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro. Dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu eripuit Turno. Nec di texere Cupencum Aenea veniente sui: dedit obvia ferro pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.	The one struck Murranus, who boasted of his ancestors and the ancient names of his forefathers and a whole lineage traced through Latin kings: with a rock, the whirling force of a huge stone, he knocked him headlong from his chariot and dashed him to the ground. The wheels rolled him forward beneath reins and yoke, and over him the hooves of his own horses, heedless of their master, trampled him with rapid, pounding blows. The other met Hyllus as he rushed on, roaring in boundless fury, and hurled his spear at his gilded temples: the spear stood fixed through the helmet in his brain. Nor did your right hand save you from Turnus, Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks. Nor did his own gods shield Cupencus when Aeneas came: he met the steel with his breast, and his bronze shield, holding it back for a moment, did the poor man no good.
12.542	Te quoque Laurentes viderunt, Aeole, campi oppetere et late terram consternere tergo. Occidis, Argivae quem non potuere phalanges sternere nec Priami regnorum eversor Achilles; hic tibi mortis erant metae: domus alta sub Ida, Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulchrum. Totae adeo conversae acies, omnesque Latini, omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas Tuscorumque phalanx Evandrique Arcades alae,	You too, Aeolus, the Laurentine fields saw fall and cover the ground far and wide with your back. You died, you whom the Argive battalions could not lay low, nor Achilles, the destroyer of Priam's kingdom. Here was the finishing post of your death: a lofty home beneath Ida, at Lyrnesus a lofty home, in Laurentine soil a tomb. So entirely had the battle lines turned against each other—all the Latins, all the Dardanians, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus, Messapus, tamer of horses, and

12 Echionian means Theban: Echion was one of the warriors sprung from the dragon's teeth who helped found Thebes.

LATIN	ENGLISH
pro se quisque viri summa nituntur opum vi: nec mora nec requies, vasto certamine tendunt.	brave Asilas, the Tuscan phalanx and Evander's Arcadian squadrons—each man for himself strained with all the strength he had: no delay, no rest, they struggled on in a vast contest.[13]

ATTACK ON THE CITY

Aeneas turns his army on Latinus' city, and Queen Amata, believing Turnus dead, hangs herself.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.554 Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit, iret ut ad muros urbique adverteret agmen ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos. Ille ut vestigans diversa per agmina Turnum huc atque huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem immunem tanti belli atque impune quietam. Continuo pugnae adcendit maioris imago: Mnesthea Sergestumque vocat fortemque Serestum ductores tumulumque capit, quo cetera Teucrum concurrit legio nec scuta aut spicula densi deponunt. Celso medius stans aggere fatur:	Here his most beautiful mother put it into Aeneas' mind to go to the walls, to turn his army swiftly against the city, and to throw the Latins into confusion with sudden disaster. As he tracked Turnus through the scattered ranks, turning his gaze this way and that, he saw the city untouched by so great a war, quiet and unpunished. At once the vision of a greater battle fired him. He called his captains, Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus, and took a mound, where the rest of the Teucrian army gathered, closely packed, not laying down their shields or spears. Standing in their midst on the high mound, he spoke:
12.565 Nequa meis esto dictis mora; Iuppiter hac stat, neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito. Urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini, ni frenum accipere et victi parere fatentur, eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam. Scilicet exspectem, libeat dum proelia Turno nostra pati rursusque velit concurrere victus? Hoc caput, O cives, haec belli summa nefandi: ferte faces propere foedusque reposcite flammis. Dixerat, atque animis pariter certantibus omnes dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur. Scalae improviso subitusque apparuit ignis. Discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant, ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis.	"Let there be no delay in carrying out my words; Jupiter stands on our side; and let no one move more slowly for me because the plan is sudden. Today, unless they agree to take the bit and obey as the conquered, I will tear down the city, the cause of the war, the very kingdom of Latinus, and lay its smoking roofs level with the ground. Am I, I suppose, to wait until it pleases Turnus to face battle with us, and he chooses to fight again, beaten as he is? This, my countrymen, is the head, this the heart of this unspeakable war: bring torches, quickly, and demand back the treaty with fire." He had spoken, and all, their spirits vying together, formed a wedge and advanced on the walls in a dense mass. Suddenly, unexpectedly, ladders appeared, and fire. Some ran off to the gates and slaughtered the first they met; others hurled steel and darkened the sky with weapons.
12.579 Ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit Aeneas magnaque incusat voce Latinum testaturque deos, iterum se ad proelia cogi, bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi. Exoritur trepidos inter discordia civis: urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas	Aeneas himself, among the foremost, stretched out his right hand beneath the walls, loudly reproached Latinus, and called the gods to witness that he was again being forced into battle, that the Italians had now twice become his enemies, that this was the second treaty broken. Discord broke

13 Lyrnesus was a town near Troy sacked by Achilles.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem, arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros. Inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor vestigavit apes fumoque implevit amaro: illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; volvitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco intus saxa sonant, vacuas it fumus ad auras.	out among the frightened citizens: some urged that the city be unbarred and the gates thrown open to the Dardanians, and dragged the king himself to the ramparts; others brought arms and went on defending the walls. As when a shepherd has tracked bees shut away in a hollow of pumice and filled it with bitter smoke: inside, alarmed for their state, they run about through their waxen camp and whet their anger with loud buzzing; the black reek rolls through their dwellings, then the rocks hum within with a blind murmur, and the smoke goes up into the empty air.
12.593	Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis, quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem. Regina ut tectis venientem prospicit hostem, incessi muros, ignis ad tecta volare, nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni: infelix pugnae iuvenem in certamine credit exstinctum et, subito mentem turbata dolore, se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum, multaque per maestum demens effata furorem purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta. Quam cladem miserae postquam accepere Latinae, filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crinis et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum turba furit: resonant late plangoribus aedes.	This misfortune, too, befell the weary Latins and shook the whole city to its foundations with grief. When the queen from her palace saw the enemy approaching, the walls under attack, fire flying to the roofs, and nowhere any Rutulian lines to meet them, no columns of Turnus, the unhappy woman believed the young man had been killed in the struggle of battle. Her mind thrown into turmoil by sudden grief, she cried that she was the cause, the guilty one, the source of these evils; and after pouring out many words in her sorrowful frenzy, resolved to die, she tore her purple robes with her own hand and tied from a high beam the noose of a hideous death. When the unhappy Latin women learned of this disaster, first her daughter Lavinia tore her golden hair and her rosy cheeks with her hand, then the rest of the crowd around her ran wild: the palace resounded far and wide with lamentation.
12.608	Hinc totam infelix volgatur fama per urbem. Demittunt mentes; it scissa veste Latinus, coniugis attonitus fatis urbisque ruina, canitiem immundo perfusam pulvere turpans. [Multaque se incusat, qui non acceperit ante] [Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciverit ultro.] Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura commixtum clamorem adrectasque impulit aures confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur. Ei mihi! Quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? Quisve ruit tantus diversa clamor ab urbe?	From there the ill-starred news spread through the whole city. Their spirits sank. Latinus went with his clothes torn, stunned by his wife's fate and his city's ruin, defiling his white hair with a shower of filthy dust. [And again and again he blamed himself for not having welcomed Dardanian Aeneas before] [and taken him freely as his son-in-law.] Meanwhile, at the far edge of the plain, Turnus the warrior was pursuing a few stragglers, more slowly now, and less and less glad in his horses' success. The breeze brought him this cry, mingled with blind terror, and to his pricked-up ears came the sound of the city in confusion and a joyless murmur. "Ah, what is this? Why are the walls thrown into such great grief? What great clamor rushes from the distant city?"
12.622		

LATIN	ENGLISH
Sic ait adductisque amens subsistit habenis. Atque huic, in faciem soror ut conversa Metisci aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat, talibus occurrit dictis: Hac, Turne, sequamur Troiugenas, qua prima viam victoria pandit; sunt alii, qui tecta manu defendere possint. Ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet: et nos saeva manu mittamus funera Teucris. Nec numero inferior pugnae nec honore recedes. Turnus ad haec: O soror, et dudum adgnovi, cum prima per artem foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti, et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. Sed quis Olympo demissam tantos voluit te ferre labores?	So he spoke, and in his distraction pulled in the reins and halted. And his sister, who, changed into the likeness of the charioteer Metiscus, was steering the chariot, the horses and the reins, met him with these words: "This way, Turnus, let us pursue the sons of Troy, where victory first opens a path; there are others whose hands can defend the houses. Aeneas falls upon the Italians and stirs up battle: let us too with our hands send savage deaths among the Teucrians. You will leave the fight inferior neither in the number you kill nor in honor." Turnus answered: "O sister, I recognized you long ago, when you first disrupted the treaty by your craft and threw yourself into this war, and now, goddess, you deceive me in vain. But who willed that you be sent down from Olympus to bear such great hardships?
12.636 An fratris miseri letum ut crudele videres? Nam quid ago? Aut quae iam spondet Fortuna salutem? Vidi oculos ante ipse meos me voce vocantem Murranum, quo non superat mihi carior alter, oppetere ingentem atque ingenti volnere victum. Occidit infelix nostrum ne dedecus Ufens adspiceret; Teucri potiuntur corpore et armis. Exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum) perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam? Terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit? Usque adeone mori miserum est? Vos O mihi Manes este boni, quoniam superis aversa voluntas! Sancta ad vos anima atque istius nescia culpae descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum.	Or was it so that you might watch your poor brother's cruel death? For what am I to do? What Fortune now pledges me safety? With my own eyes I saw Murranus, calling out to me by name—no one dearer to me is left alive—go down, a giant man overcome by a giant wound. Unhappy Ufens fell so as not to witness our disgrace; the Teucrians hold his body and his armor. Am I to endure the destruction of our homes (the one thing our plight still lacked), and not refute Drances' words with my sword arm? Shall I turn my back, and will this land see Turnus running away? Is it so very hard to die? You, spirits of the dead, be kind to me, since the gods above have turned their will against me. I will go down to you a pure soul, innocent of that disgrace, never unworthy of my great forefathers."

TURNUS RETURNS

Hearing of the queen's death, Turnus leaves his sister and runs to meet Aeneas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.650 Vix ea fatus erat: medios volat ecce per hostis vectus equo spumante Saces, adversa sagitta saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum: Turne, in te suprema salus: miserere tuorum. Fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur deiecturum arces Italum exscidioque daturum; iamque faces ad tecta volant. In te ora Latini, in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus, quos generos vocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat. Praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra	He had scarcely spoken when, look, Saces came flying through the midst of the enemy on a foaming horse, wounded full in the face by an arrow, and rushed up, imploring Turnus by name: "Turnus, our last hope lies in you: pity your people. Aeneas thunders in arms and threatens to throw down the highest citadels of the Italians and give them over to destruction; already firebrands are flying onto the roofs. On you the Latins turn

LATIN	ENGLISH
occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. Soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas sustentant aciem. Circum hos utrimque phalanges stant densae, strictisque seges mucronibus horret ferrea: tu currum deserto in gramine versas.	their faces, on you their eyes; King Latinus himself mutters in doubt whom to call his sons-in-law, or to what alliance to turn. What is more, the queen, your most loyal friend, has fallen by her own hand and fled the light in terror. Alone before the gates Messapus and fierce Atinas hold up the battle line. Around them on both sides stand dense ranks, and a crop of iron bristles with drawn blades—and you are wheeling your chariot about on the deserted grass."
12.665 Obstipuit varia confusus imagine rerum Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit. Aestuat ingens uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu et furiis agitatus amor et conscia virtus. Ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti, ardentis oculorum orbes ad moenia torsit turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem. Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata volutus ad caelum undabat vortex turrimque tenebat, turrim, compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse subdideratque rotas pontisque instraverat altos. Iam iam fata, soror, superant; absiste morari; quo deus et quo dura vocat Fortuna, sequamur. Stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat quidquid acerbi est morte pati; neque me indecorem, germana, videbis amplius. Hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.	Turnus was stunned, confounded by the shifting picture of events, and stood staring in silence. In that one heart there surged vast shame, and madness mingled with grief, and love driven by frenzy, and courage that knows its own worth. As soon as the shadows were scattered and light returned to his mind, he turned the burning orbs of his eyes toward the walls in turmoil, and from his chariot looked back at the great city. And look: a whirl of flame, rolling between the floors, was surging toward the sky and gripping a tower—the tower he himself had raised of close-joined beams, and set on wheels, and laid with high gangways. "Now, sister, now fate prevails; stop holding me back; where the god and where harsh Fortune call, let us follow. I am resolved to meet Aeneas hand to hand, resolved to suffer whatever bitterness there is in death; you will not see me disgraced, sister, any longer. Let me first, I beg you, rage out this rage of mine."
12.681 Dixit et e curru saltum dedit ocius arvis perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit. Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber proluit aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas; fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu exsultatque solo, silvas armenta virosque involvens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus aurae, significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore: Parcite iam, Rutuli, et vos tela inhibete, Latini; quaecumque est Fortuna, mea est: me verius unum pro vobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.	He spoke, and swiftly leapt from the chariot to the field, and rushed through enemies, through weapons, leaving his grieving sister behind, and at a racing pace burst through the middle of the columns. And as when a rock plunges headlong from a mountain's summit, torn loose by the wind, whether a stormy rain has washed it away or the passing years have crept beneath and loosened it; the reckless mass of mountain is carried down the steep with great momentum and bounds over the ground, rolling woods, herds and men along with it: so Turnus rushed through the scattered ranks to the city walls, where the earth was most drenched with spilled blood and the air hissed with spears, and he signaled with his hand and at the same time began in a loud voice: "Hold back now, Rutulians, and you, Latins, check your weapons; whatever fortune there is, it is mine. It is more

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		right that I alone should atone for the treaty in your place, and decide it with the sword."

THE DUEL

Aeneas and Turnus clash; Turnus' sword breaks, and he flees around the field.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.696	Discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere. At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni deserit et muros et summas deserit arces praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit, laetitia exsultans, horrendumque intonat armis; quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque nivali vertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras. Iam vero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes convertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros, armaque deposuere umeris. Stupet ipse Latinus ingentis, genitos diversis partibus orbis, inter se coiisse viros et cernere ferro.	All drew apart from the middle and gave them room. But father Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name, abandoned the walls, abandoned the high citadel, cast aside all delay, broke off every work, exulting with joy, and thundered terribly in his armor: as huge as Athos, or as huge as Eryx, or as huge as father Apennine himself when he roars with his shimmering holm oaks and rejoices to lift his snowy summit to the skies. And now indeed the Rutulians and the Trojans and all the Italians vied to turn their eyes, both those who held the high ramparts and those who were battering the foot of the walls with the ram, and they set their arms down from their shoulders. Latinus himself was amazed that huge men, born in far-separated parts of the world, had come together to decide it with the sword.[14]
12.710	Atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt aequore campi, procursu rapido, coniectis eminus hastis, invadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro. Dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus congeminant: fors et virtus miscentur in unum. Ac velut ingenti Sila summove Taburno cum duo conversis inimica in proelia tauri frontibus incurrunt; pavidi cessere magistri, stat pecus omne metu mutum mussantque iuvencae, quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur; illi inter sese multa vi volnera miscent cornuaque obnixi infigunt et sanguine largo colla armosque lavant; gemitu nemus omne remugit: non alitur Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros concurrunt clipeis; ingens fragor aethera complet.	And they, as soon as the fields lay open in an empty plain, rushed swiftly forward, hurled their spears from afar, and joined battle with shields and ringing bronze. The earth groaned; then they redoubled blow on blow with their swords: chance and courage were mingled into one. And as when on vast Sila or on the heights of Taburnus two bulls charge into hostile battle with lowered brows; the herdsmen have drawn back in fear, the whole herd stands dumb with dread, and the heifers murmur in doubt who will rule the forest, whom all the herds will follow; the bulls with great force deal wound after wound, and thrusting hard drive their horns in, and bathe their necks and shoulders in streams of blood; the whole forest bellows back with their groaning: not otherwise did Trojan Aeneas and the Daunian hero clash with their shields; the vast crash filled the sky.[15]
12.725	Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances sustinet et fata imponit diversa duorum, quem damnet labor et quo vergat pondere letum;	Jupiter himself held up two scales in even balance and placed on them the different fates of the two,

14 Athos is a mountain in northern Greece, Eryx one in western Sicily; the Apennines are the mountain spine of Italy.
15 The Daunian hero is Turnus, son of Daunus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Emicat hic, impune putans, et corpore toto alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem et ferit: exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, arrectaeque amborum acies. At perfidus ensis frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu ni fuga subsidio subeat. Fugit ocior euro, ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem. Fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto, dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci. Idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri, suffecit: postquam arma dei ad Volcania ventumst, mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu dissiluit; fulva resplendent fragmina harena.	to see whom the struggle dooms, and with whose weight death sinks down. Here Turnus sprang forward, thinking it safe, and rose with his whole body into his sword raised high, and struck: the Trojans and the anxious Latins cried out, and both armies were on edge. But the treacherous sword broke, and in mid-stroke abandoned its fiery master—unless flight came to his aid. He fled swifter than the east wind, as soon as he saw the unfamiliar hilt and his right hand defenseless. The story goes that in his headlong haste, when he was mounting his yoked horses for the first battle, he left his father's blade behind and in his flurry snatched up the sword of his charioteer Metiscus. For a long time, while the Teucrians were turning their backs in scattered flight, it was enough; but when it came to the god-made arms of Vulcan, the mortal blade shattered at the blow like brittle ice; the fragments glittered on the tawny sand.
12.742 Ergo amens diversa fuga petit aequora Turnus et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbes undique enim densa Teucri inclusere corona, atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant, insequitur trepidique pedem pede fervidus urget: inclusum veluti siquando flumine nanctus cervum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pinnae venator cursu canis et latratibus instat; ille autem, insidiis et ripa territus alta, mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus Umber haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est.	So Turnus, out of his mind, made for different parts of the plain in flight, and now this way, now that he wove uncertain circles; for on all sides the Teucrians had shut him in with a dense ring, and a vast marsh on one side, steep walls on the other, hemmed him in. No less did Aeneas—though at times his knees, slowed by the arrow wound, hampered him and refused to run—pursue, and hotly pressed foot on foot of his frightened foe: as when a hunting dog has found a stag penned in by a river, or hemmed in by the terror of the crimson feathers, and presses on him, running and barking; the stag, terrified by the snares and the high bank, flees and doubles back along a thousand paths; but the lively Umbrian hound clings on, open-mouthed, now, now he has him, and as if he had him, snaps his jaws and is cheated by an empty bite.[16]
12.756 Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripaeque lacusque responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu. Ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis, nomine quemque vocans, notumque efflagitat ensem. Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque trementis excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat. Quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt huc illuc; neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur praemia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant.	Then indeed a clamor rose, and the banks and the lake all around echoed back, and the whole sky thundered with the uproar. Turnus, even as he fled, rebuked all the Rutulians, calling each by name, and demanded his familiar sword. Aeneas in turn threatened death and instant destruction if anyone came near, terrified the trembling men with threats to raze the city, and, wounded though he was, pressed on. Five circuits they completed at a run, and as many they unwound, this way and

16 Hunters strung lines hung with red feathers to frighten game into their nets.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	that; for it was no light prize, no prize of games they sought: they were contending for the life and blood of Turnus.
12.766 Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris hic steterat, nautis olim venerabile lignum, servati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant Laurenti divo et votas suspendere vestes, sed stirpem Teucri nullo discrimine sacrum sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo. Hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam detulerat fixam et lenta in radice tenebat. Incubuit voluitque manu convellere ferrum Dardanides teloque sequi, quem prendere cursu non poterat. Tum vero amens formidine Turnus Faune, precor, miserere, inquit, tuque optima ferrum terra tene, colui vestros si semper honores, quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.	By chance a wild olive with bitter leaves, sacred to Faunus, had stood here, a tree long revered by sailors, where, saved from the waves, they used to fix their gifts to the Laurentine god and hang up the garments they had vowed; but the Teucrians, making no distinction, had cleared away the sacred trunk, so that they could meet in battle on an open field. Here Aeneas' spear was standing; its momentum had carried it here, and it was held fast, stuck in the tough root. The Dardanian bent over it and tried to wrench the iron out by hand, to pursue with his weapon the man he could not catch by running. Then indeed Turnus, out of his mind with fear, said: "Faunus, have pity, I pray, and you, kindest Earth, hold fast the iron, if I have always honored your rites, which Aeneas' people, by contrast, have profaned with war."[17]
12.780 Dixit opemque dei non cassa in vota vocavit. Namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus viribus haud ullis valuit discludere morsus roboris Aeneas. Dum nititur acer et instat, rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci procurrit fratrique ensem dea Daunia reddit. Quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere adcessit telumque alta ab radice revellit. Olli sublimes armis animisque refecti, hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta, adsistunt contra certamina Martis anheli. Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi adloquitur fulva pugnas de nube tuentem:	He spoke, and called on the god's help with prayers not made in vain. For Aeneas, though he struggled long and was held fast by the tough stump, could not by any strength open the oak's bite. While he strained fiercely and persisted, the Daunian goddess, changed once more into the likeness of the charioteer Metiscus, ran forward and gave her brother back his sword. Venus, indignant that this was allowed to the bold nymph, drew near and tore the spear out from deep in the root. Towering, renewed in arms and in spirit, one trusting in his sword, the other fierce and tall with his spear, they stood facing each other, panting, for the contest of Mars. Meanwhile the king of almighty Olympus addressed Juno as she watched the fighting from a golden cloud:

JUNO GIVES WAY

Juno abandons Turnus once Jupiter promises that the Latins will keep their name, language and customs.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.793 Qua iam finis erit, coniunx? Quid denique restat? Indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. Quid struis, aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres? Mortalin decuit violari volnere divom,	"What will be the end now, wife? What is left, after all? You yourself know, and admit you know, that Aeneas is owed to heaven as a god of this land, and is to be raised by the fates to the stars. What are you plotting, or with what hope do you linger in

17 Faunus was an Italian god of woods and fields, in the poem the father of Latinus; Laurentum was Latinus' city.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna valeret?) ereptum reddi Turno et vim crescere victis? Desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris, [ni te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae] [saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent,] ventum ad supremum est. Terris agitare vel undis Troianos potuisti, infandum adcendere bellum, deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: ulterius temptare veto. Sic Iuppiter orsus; sic dea submisso contra Saturnia voltu:	the chilly clouds? Was it fitting for a god to be harmed by a mortal's wound, or for the sword (for what could Juturna do without you?) to be snatched away and given back to Turnus, and for the strength of the beaten to grow? Stop now at last, and yield to my prayers, [so that such great grief does not eat at you in silence, and your bitter cares do not so often come back to me from your sweet lips.] The end has come. You have been able to hound the Trojans over land and sea, to kindle an unspeakable war, to disfigure a house and mingle a wedding with mourning: I forbid you to attempt anything further." So Jupiter began; and so the daughter of Saturn answered, with downcast face:[18]
12.808	Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas, Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras invita reliqui; nec tu me aeria solam nunc sede videres digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros. Iuturnam misero, fateor, succurrere fratri suasi et pro vita maiora audere probavi, non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum: adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis, una superstitio superis quae reddita divis. Et nunc cedo equidem pugnasque exosa relinquo.	"It was precisely because I knew this will of yours, great Jupiter, that I left Turnus and the earth against my wishes; otherwise you would not now see me alone on my airy seat, enduring things fit and unfit, but girt with flames I would be standing in the very battle line and dragging the Teucrians into deadly combat. I urged Juturna, I confess, to help her unhappy brother, and approved her daring greater things for his life—but not that she should aim weapons, not that she should draw the bow: I swear it by the implacable source of the Stygian spring, the one oath held in awe by the gods above. And now I yield, truly, and leave these battles, which I loathe.
12.819	Illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur, pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: cum iam conubis pacem felicibus, esto, component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent, ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque vocari aut vocem mutare viros aut vertere vestem. Sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges, sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago: occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia. Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor	This one thing, which no law of fate forbids, I beg of you for Latium, for the majesty of your own kin: when presently they make peace with a happy marriage—so be it—when presently they join in laws and treaties, do not order the native Latins to change their ancient name, or to become Trojans and be called Teucrians, or the men to change their language or alter their dress. Let there be Latium, let there be Alban kings through the ages, let there be a Roman line made strong by Italian valor: Troy has fallen; let it stay fallen, and its name with it." Smiling at her, the creator of men and of all things answered:
12.830	Es germana Iovis Saturnique altera proles: irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus. Verum age et inceptum frustra submitte furorem do quod vis, et me victusque volensque remitto.	"Truly you are Jupiter's sister, Saturn's second child: such great waves of anger roll in your breast. But come, lay down this frenzy begun in vain: I grant what you wish, and I give way, won

18 Indiges ("god of this land") was the title under which the deified Aeneas was worshiped near Lavinium.

LATIN	ENGLISH
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt, utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum subsident Teucri. Morem ritusque sacrorum adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos. Hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget, supra homines, supra ire deos pietate videbis, nec gens ulla tuos aeque celebrabit honores. Adnuit his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit. Interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.	over and willing. The Ausonians will keep their fathers' language and customs, and their name will remain as it is; the Teucrians will mingle with them in body only, and sink into them. I will add their custom and rites of worship, and make them all Latins of one tongue. The people that will rise from here, mingled with Ausonian blood, you will see surpass men, surpass the gods in devotion, and no nation will celebrate your honors so faithfully." Juno nodded assent to this and, rejoicing, turned her mind around. Meanwhile she left the sky and abandoned the cloud.

THE DEATH OF TURNUS

A Fury sent by Jupiter unnerves Turnus; wounded, he begs for life, but Pallas' belt decides Aeneas.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.843 His actis aliud genitor secum ipse volutat Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis. Dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram uno eodemque tulit partu paribusque revinxit serpentum spiris ventosasque addidit alas. Hae Iovis ad solium saevique in limine regis adparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, siquando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex molitur meritas aut bello territat urbes. Harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit. Illa volat celerique ad terram turbine fertur.	This done, the Father turned over another plan in his mind, and prepared to send Juturna away from her brother's battle. There are twin plagues, called by name the Dirae, whom deep Night bore in one and the same birth together with Tartarean Megaera, and wreathed them alike in coils of snakes and gave them wings swift as wind. These appear at the throne of Jupiter, at the threshold of the stern king, and sharpen the fear of suffering mortals whenever the king of the gods contrives dread death and diseases, or terrifies guilty cities with war. One of these, swift, Jupiter sent down from the height of heaven and bade her meet Juturna as an omen. She flew and was borne to earth in a swift whirlwind.[19]
12.856 Non secus ac nervo per nubem impulsa sagitta, armatam saevi Parthus quam felle veneni, Parthus sive Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit, stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras: talis se sata Nocte tulit terrasque petivit. Postquam acies videt Iliacas atque agmina Turni, alitis in parvae subitam conlecta figuram, quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras, hanc versa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora fertque refertque sonans clipeumque everberat alis. Olli membra novus solvit formidine torpor, adrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haesit. At procul ut Dirae stridorem adgnovit et alas,	Just as an arrow driven through a cloud by the bowstring, which a Parthian has armed with the gall of savage poison—a Parthian or a Cydonian—and shot, a weapon past all healing, leaps hissing and unseen through the swift shadows: so the daughter of Night sped and made for the earth. When she saw the Trojan lines and Turnus' columns, she suddenly shrank into the shape of a small bird, the one that sometimes, perched by night on tombs or deserted rooftops, sings its late, ill-omened song through the darkness; changed into this form, the plague flitted back and forth before Turnus' face, shrieking, and beat his shield with her wings. A strange numbness loosened his limbs with dread, his hair stood on end with hor-

19 The Dirae ("Dread Ones") are the Furies; Megaera is one of the three Furies of the underworld.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos, unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis:	ror, and his voice stuck in his throat. But when from afar Juturna recognized the Dira's whirring and wings, the unhappy sister tore her loosened hair, marring her face with her nails and her breast with her fists:[20]
12.872	Quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuvare? Aut quid iam durae superat mihi? Qua tibi lucem arte morer? Talin possum me opponere monstro? Iam iam linquo acies. Ne me terrete timentem, obscenae volucres: alarum verbera nosco letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba magnanimi Iovis. Haec pro virginitate reponit? Quo vitam dedit aeternam? Cur mortis ademptast condicio? Possem tantos finire dolores nunc certe et misero fratri comes ire per umbras! Immortalis ego? Aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum te sine, frater, erit? O quae satis ima dehiscet terra mihi Manisque deam demittet ad imos?	"What can your sister do for you now, Turnus? Or what is left for me now, hard as I am? By what art can I prolong your daylight? Can I stand against such a monster? Now, now I leave the battle line. Do not terrify me, who am already afraid, you ill-omened birds: I know the beating of your wings and the deadly sound, and I do not mistake the proud commands of great-hearted Jupiter. Is this his return for my virginity? Why did he give me eternal life? Why has the lot of death been taken from me? Then surely I could end such great sorrow now, and go with my poor brother as his companion through the shades! I, immortal? Or will anything of mine be sweet to me without you, brother? Oh, what earth will gape deep enough for me, and send me down, a goddess, to the lowest shades?"
12.885	Tantum effata caput glauco contexit amictu multa gemens et se fluvio dea condidit alto. Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat ingens arboreum et saevo sic pectore fatur: Quae nunc deinde mora est? Aut quid iam, Turne, retractas? Non cursu, saevis certandum est comminus armis. Verte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid sive animis sive arte vales; opta ardua pennis astra sequi clausumve cava te condere terra. Ille caput quassans Non me tua fervida terrent dicta, ferox: di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.	So much she said, and covered her head with her gray-green veil, groaning deeply, and the goddess plunged into the deep river. Aeneas pressed on against him and brandished his huge, tree-like spear, and spoke thus from his savage heart: "What delay is there now? Why, Turnus, do you still draw back? We must contend not in running but hand to hand, with savage arms. Change yourself into every shape, and gather whatever you can muster in courage or in skill; pray to follow the steep stars on wings, or to hide yourself shut away in the hollow earth." Turnus shook his head: "Your hot words do not frighten me, fierce one: the gods frighten me, and Jupiter as my enemy."
12.896	Nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens, saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat, limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis. Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent, qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus: ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros. Sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem tollentemve manus saxumve immane moventem; genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.	Saying no more, he looked round and saw a huge stone, an ancient, huge stone that happened to lie on the plain, set as a boundary in the field to settle disputes over the land. Twice six chosen men could scarcely lift it on their shoulders, men of such bodies as the earth now brings forth: he snatched it up in a trembling hand and hurled it at his enemy, the hero rising to his full height and running at speed. But he did not know himself as he ran or as he went, or as he lifted his hands and

20 Parthians and Cydonians (Cretans) were famous archers.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	Tum lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volutus, nec spatium evasit totum neque pertulit ictum.	moved the enormous stone; his knees gave way, his blood froze hard with cold. Then the man's stone itself, rolling through the empty void, neither covered the whole distance nor carried home its blow.
12.908	Ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit nocte quies, nequiquam avidos extendere cursus velle videmur et in mediis conatibus aegri succidimus, non lingua valet, non corpore notae sufficiunt vires, nec vox aut verba sequuntur: sic Turno, quacumque viam virtute petivit, successum dea dira negat. Tum pectore sensus vertuntur varii. Rutulos aspectat et urbem cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit; nec quo se eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hostem, nec currus usquam videt aurigamve sororem.	And as in dreams, when at night languid sleep has weighed down our eyes, we seem to want in vain to press on with eager running, and in the midst of our efforts we sink down helpless; our tongue has no power, the body's familiar strength fails it, and neither voice nor words follow: so to Turnus, wherever he sought a way by his valor, the dread goddess denied success. Then shifting feelings whirled in his breast. He gazed at the Rutulians and the city, hesitated in fear, and trembled that death was upon him; he saw nowhere to escape, no strength with which to attack his enemy, and nowhere his chariot or his sister the charioteer.
12.919	Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat, sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto eminus intorquet. Murali concita numquam tormento sic saxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti dissultant crepitus. Volat atri turbinis instar exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbes. Per medium stridens transit femur. Incidit ictus ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. Consurgunt gemitu Rutuli, totusque remugit mons circum, et vocem late nemora alta remittunt. Ille humilis supplexque oculos, dextramque precantem protendens, Equidem merui nec deprecor, inquit:	As he hesitated, Aeneas brandished the fatal spear, choosing his chance with his eyes, and hurled it from afar with his whole body. Never do stones flung by a siege engine roar like this, nor do such crashes burst from a thunderbolt. The spear flew like a black whirlwind, bearing dread destruction, and opened the rim of the breastplate and the out- ermost circles of the sevenfold shield. Hissing, it passed through the middle of the thigh. Struck, huge Turnus fell to the ground, his knee bent un- der him. The Rutulians leapt up with a groan, the whole mountain around bellowed back, and the tall woods far and wide returned the cry. He, humbled and suppliant, raising his eyes and stretching out his right hand in entreaty, said: "I have deserved it, and I do not ask for mercy:
12.932	utere sorte tua. Miseri te siqua parentis tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis Anchises genitor), Dauni miserere senectae et me seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis redde meis. Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas Ausonii videre; tua est Lavinia coniunx: ulterius ne tende odiis. Stetit acer in armis Aeneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repressit; et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis Pallantis pueri, victum quem volnere Turnus straverat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.	make use of your fortune. If any thought of an un- happy parent can touch you, I beg you—you too had such a father in Anchises—pity Daunus in his old age, and give me back, or if you prefer, my body stripped of life, to my own people. You have won, and the Ausonians have seen me, defeated, stretch out my hands; Lavinia is your wife: do not press your hatred further." Aeneas stood fierce in his armor, rolling his eyes, and held back his right hand; and now, now the speech had begun to sway him more and more as he hesitated, when high on the shoulder the ill-fated belt came into view, and the strap gleamed with its familiar studs—the belt of the boy Pallas, whom Turnus had overcome

LATIN	ENGLISH
	with a wound and laid low, and whose hateful emblem he was wearing on his shoulders.[21]
12.945 Ille, oculis postquam saevi monimenta doloris exuviasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira terribilis, Tune hinc spoliis indute meorum eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc volnere, Pallas immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit, hoc dicens ferrum adverso sub pectore condit fervidus. Ast illi solvuntur frigore membra vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.	Aeneas, when his eyes had drunk in this reminder of savage grief, these spoils, ablaze with frenzy and terrible in his anger, cried: "Are you, dressed in spoils stripped from my own, to be snatched from me? Pallas sacrifices you with this wound, Pallas, and exacts the penalty from your guilty blood." Saying this, he buried the sword full in the breast before him, burning with rage. But Turnus' limbs went slack with cold, and his life with a groan fled resentful to the shades below.

21 Turnus killed Pallas, Evander's son, and stripped him of this belt in Book 10.