Aeneid

VIRGIL

70–19 BC

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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.

1.1 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 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

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

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 Trojans, 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.

1.34 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 Turning such thoughts over in her burning heart, the goddess came to Aeolia, the homeland of storm clouds, a place

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.

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 his command, to let the reins go slack. To him, then, Juno spoke these words as a suppliant:

1.65 "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 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

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

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 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 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 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 Here and there men appear, swimming in the vast swirl, and the weapons of men, and planks, and Trojan treasure

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.

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 "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 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 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 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 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 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 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,

7 Cymothoe is a sea nymph; Triton, a sea god, Neptune's son.
8 Ceres is the goddess of grain; her name stands here for the grain itself.

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 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 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 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

9 Trinacria is Sicily, where Acestes, a king of Trojan descent, had welcomed them.
10 Scylla, a sea monster in the strait between Italy and Sicily, and the Cyclopes of Sicily are met in Book 3.

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.

1.227 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, slipping away from the midst of the Achaeans, was able to make his way safely into the 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

11 Teucer was an early king of Troy, from whom the Trojans are called Teucrians.

father of men and gods lightly kissed his daughter, then spoke these words:[12]

1.257 "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 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 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

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.

fame with the stars—[14] 1.288 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 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.

1.314 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 "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 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

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.

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 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 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 "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

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

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." Venus would not let him lament any more, but broke in on his grief in mid-course:

1.387 "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 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 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 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 "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

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

threshold rose above steps, its beams were bound with bronze, and the hinges creaked on doors of bronze.[20]

1.450 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 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 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 Meanwhile the Trojan women were going to the temple of Pallas, who was hostile to them, their hair unbound, carrying

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

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]

DIDO RECEIVES THE TROJANS

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

1.494 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 Diana 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 She was giving judgments and laws to her people, and dividing the labor of

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.

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

their tasks into fair shares or assigning it by lot, when suddenly Aeneas sees, approaching amid a great crowd, Antheus and Sergestus and brave Cloanthus, and others 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 uncertain 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 "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 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 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

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.

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 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 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 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 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

25 Orion: the constellation, whose rising and setting were associated with storms.
26 Saturn was said to have reigned in Latium in the Golden Age; Eryx is a mountain and district in western Sicily.

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 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 remains anywhere of the Dardanian people, scattered over the wide world.

1.603 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 "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 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 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 (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

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.

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.

1.657 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 Phoenician Dido holds him now and detains him with flattering words; and I fear where this hospitality 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

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

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 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 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 the veil embroidered with saffron-yellow acanthus.] 1.712 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

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.

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 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 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. The Tyrians redouble their applause, and the Trojans follow. Unhappy Dido, too, was drawing out the night with talk of many kinds, and

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.

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.

2.1 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 the leaders of the Danaans, as so many years were now slipping by, built a horse the size of a mountain by the divine art of Pallas, and wove its ribs with planks of cut fir. They pretended it was an offering 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 soldiers. In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island well known to fame, rich in wealth while Priam's kingdom stood, now only a bay and an unsafe anchorage for ships. They sailed out there and hid themselves on its deserted shore.

1 The Myrmidons and Dolopians were peoples of Thessaly who followed Achilles and his son Pyrrhus to Troy.

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]

LAOCOÖN'S WARNING

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

2.29 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 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

2 Tenedos is a small island off the coast near Troy.

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.

2.57 Look: meanwhile Dardanian shepherds, with loud shouting, were dragging to the king a young man 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 '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 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 Madman that I was, I did not keep silent. I promised that, if any chance allowed it, if ever I returned 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 '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

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.

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 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 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 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 '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 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 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 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

5 The slaughtered virgin is Iphigenia, sacrificed by her father Agamemnon at Aulis to win winds for the fleet sailing to Troy.

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.

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 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—

2.204 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 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.

2.234 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 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 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.

2.268 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 Hector 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,

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

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 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 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]

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.

2.309 Then indeed the truth was plain, and the treachery of the Danaans lay open. Already the great 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 '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 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

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

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 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 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 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 seized with fear. Fortune breathed favor on our first toil.

2.386 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 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 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,

11 Orcus is the underworld, or its god.

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 appear 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 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.

2.438 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

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

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.

2.453 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 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

13 Andromache was Hector's wife; Astyanax was their young son.

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 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 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 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 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

14 Pyrrhus, also called Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles; he grew up on the island of Scyros.

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 '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 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 '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. Remem-

ber to tell him about my grim deeds and his degenerate Neoptolemus.[15]

2.550 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 alone, and my plundered house, and what might befall little Iulus.[16]

2.564 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 ['So is she to see Sparta and her native Mycenae unharmed, and go as a queen in the triumph she has won? Is she

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

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.

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 'My son, what great resentment stirs up this ungovernable anger? Why are you raging? Where has 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 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 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 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.

2.634 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

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

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 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.

2.664 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

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

house first. To whom is little Iulus left, to whom your father, and I, once called your wife?'

2.679 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 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.

2.705 He had spoken; and now the roar of the fire is heard more clearly through the walls, and the heat rolls the blaze closer.

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

'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 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, 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 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 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 And now, in the empty colonnades of Juno's sanctuary, Phoenix and cruel Ulysses, the chosen guards, were watching over the plunder. Here, 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 '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

21 Phoenix was the old tutor and companion of Achilles.

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 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 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.

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.

Book 3

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

3.1 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.

3.13 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 hos-

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

tile 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 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 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 '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,

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.

when he had begun to lose faith in the arms of Dardania and saw the city ringed by siege.[4]

3.53 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 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.

3.69 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

4 Polydorus: the youngest son of Priam; the Thracian king is Polymestor.

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 '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 tripod'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 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

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

6 Thymbra: a town near Troy with a famous temple of Apollo.

came the faithful silence of her rites, and the yoked lions that draw their lady's chariot.[7]

3.114 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 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 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

7 The Mother is Cybele, the Great Mother, worshipped with clashing cymbals by her priests the Corybants.

8 Idomeneus: king of Crete, who fought at Troy. Ortygia is an old name of Delos.

seek help for our hardships, which way should we turn our course?[9]

3.147 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 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, 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 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

9 The Curetes: an ancient people of Crete. Sirius, the Dog Star, was blamed for the scorching heat of late summer.

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

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 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 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.

3.203 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 wel-

comed 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 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 declared that war must be waged with that dread brood. 3.236 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

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

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 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 '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 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

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

up to the little town; the anchor was cast from the prow, the sterns stood along the shore.[13]

3.278 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.

3.294 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, Andromache was offering the yearly

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.

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 '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 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

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.

fates gave you your course? Or what god drove you, unknowing, to our shores? What of the boy Ascanius? Is he alive and does he breathe the air, the boy whom Troy, already—[17] 3.341 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 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 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

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.

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 order 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 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 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 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 passage 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 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 When you have been carried there and have reached the city of Cumae, and the sacred lakes, and Avernus with its rust-

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

ling 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] 3.453 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 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

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

of Pergamum, look, there before you is the land of Ausonia: seize it with your sails.

3.478 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 hands, such his face; and now he would be growing into manhood, of an age with you.'[21]

3.492 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.

3.506 We sail on over the sea close by the Ceraunian mountains, from where lies the way to Italy and the shortest crossing over

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

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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.

3.593 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 prayers: '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 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:

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

'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 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 huge, the single eye that lay hidden under his grim brow, like an Argive shield or the lamp of 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 The branches give me a miser-

23 Polyphemus is the Cyclops blinded by Ulysses (Odysseus) in Book 9 of Homer's Odyssey.

able 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 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 But the people of the Cyclopes, roused from the woods and high mountains, rush to the harbor 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 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 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, 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.

24 Arethusa was a nymph whose spring at Syracuse was believed to be fed by the Greek river Alpheus flowing under the sea.

Book 4

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

4.1 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 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 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 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.

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

4.60 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 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 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.

4.90 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 sought with all your heart: Dido burns with love and has drawn the frenzy into her bones.

4.102 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 "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 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 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 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 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.

4.173 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 herself 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 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

2 Coeus was a Titan and Enceladus a Giant, both children of Earth who fought against the gods.

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 "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 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 "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

3 Ammon was an African god identified with Jupiter; the Garamantes were a people of the Libyan interior.

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 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; rivers plunge down from the old man's chin, and his rough beard is stiff with ice. 4.252 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 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

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

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 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 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.

4.296 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 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 to the stars. To whom are you leaving me, at the point of death, my guest? 4.324 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 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 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 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 "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

5 A Thyiad is a woman possessed in the rites of Bacchus, celebrated by night on Mount Cithaeron near Thebes.
6 Apollo had an oracle at Grynium in Asia Minor and another in Lycia.

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 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 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 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 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 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 he has granted it, I will repay it with interest at my death."[7]

4.437 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

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

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.

4.450 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 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, 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 man-

ner alone. Approaching her sorrowing sister, she hides her plan behind her face and makes her brow serene with hope:[8]

4.478 "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 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 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 rel-

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.

ics, the sword he left behind, and his image on the bed, not unaware of what was to come.

4.509 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 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 "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 stands firm in their memories? But suppose I wanted it: who would allow me, or take me, a

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

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 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 "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 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 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.

4.584 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 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 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 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 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.

4.634 "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

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

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 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 "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 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:

12 Stygian Jupiter: Dis, king of the underworld.

"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 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 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 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.

5.1 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 "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.

5.32 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 "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 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

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

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 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 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 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 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 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.

5.114 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

2 Phaethon ("the shining one") here names the Sun.

great Centaur; and Cloanthus in the sea-blue Scylla—from him comes your line, Roman Cluentius.[3]

5.124 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 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 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 Cen-

3 Virgil links his heroes to Roman families of his own day: the Memmii, the Sergii and the Cluentii.

taur 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 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 "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 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 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, 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.

5.210 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.

5.225 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."

5.239 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 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

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

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 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, 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.

5.286 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 gathering 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 Sicanians 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 Arcadian 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 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 encircles, fastened by a buckle with a smooth gem; let the third go away content with this Argive helmet."

5.315 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 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

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

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 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 So he spoke, and gives Salius the huge hide of a Gaetulian lion, heavy with shaggy hair and golden 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.

5.365 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 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 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 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 out-

right; 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 "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 Then the son of Anchises, father Aeneas, brought out matched gauntlets and bound the hands of 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 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,

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

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 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 "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 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.

5.490 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 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 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

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

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 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 "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 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:

5.548 "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.

5.563 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 afar with a shout to the waiting boys and cracked his whip.[8]

5.580 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 counter-

8 The Atii were the family of Atia, Augustus' mother; Virgil gives them a Trojan ancestor.

courses, 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 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.

5.609 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 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

9 The "Troy Game," a cavalry display by boys of noble families, was revived in Virgil's day by Augustus.

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 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 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 I myself left Beroë just now, sick and indignant that she alone was missing such a rite and could 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 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 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, as the one thing left, if I deserve it, send me down to death with your hos-

tile thunderbolt, and overwhelm me here with your own right hand."

5.693 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 "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 "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 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 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 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 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.

5.770 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 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 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 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 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 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,

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

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 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 "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 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.

6.1 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, 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

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

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. You too, Icarus, would have had a great part in so great a work, had grief allowed.[2] 6.32 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.

6.45 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

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.

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 "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 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 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]

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.

6.83 "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 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.

6.98 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 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

6 The "other Achilles" is Turnus. The "Greek city" is Evander's Pallanteum on the site of Rome (Book 8).

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 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 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 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

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.

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

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, 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; 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 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 "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 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 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 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

9 Doves were sacred to Venus, Aeneas' mother.

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 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 Here first the priestess set four black-backed bullocks and tipped wine onto their foreheads; plucking the topmost bristles between the horns, she 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 cried the prophetess, "keep clear of the whole grove! And you, set out on the road and snatch your sword from its sheath:

10 Cape Misenum, on the Bay of Naples, was a Roman naval base in Virgil's day.
11 The "mother of the Eumenides" (the Furies) is Night, and her "great sister" is Earth.

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 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 monstrous 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.

6.290 Here, suddenly trembling with fear, Aeneas seized his sword and turned its drawn edge on them as they came; and had not

12 Phlegethon is the underworld's river of fire; Chaos is the primeval void.
13 The beast of Lerna is the Hydra; the "three-bodied shade" is Geryon.

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 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 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 sweep the livid waters with oars?" The aged priestess answered him briefly: "Son of Anchises, true-born 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 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 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 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 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 "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.

6.388 "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 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

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.

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 "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 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.

6.426 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 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

17 Minos, once king of Crete, was a judge of the dead.

beginning of the month, he let his tears fall and spoke to her with tender love:[18]

6.456 "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 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 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.

6.479 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

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

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]

6.494 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 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,

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.

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 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 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 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.

22 The Spartan woman is Helen.

23 The descendant of Aeolus is Ulysses, reputedly the son of Sisyphus, a son of Aeolus.

TARTARUS

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

6.548 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]

6.562 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 A Hydra, more savage still, monstrous with fifty

24 Tisiphone is one of the Furies.

25 Rhadamanthus, brother of Minos of Crete, was one of the judges of the dead.

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 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 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 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

26 The sons of Aloeus are the giants Otus and Ephialtes; Salmoneus was a king in Elis.

27 Tityos assaulted Latona; Ixion, king of the Lapiths, and his son Pirithous offended the gods.

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 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]

ELYSIUM

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

6.637 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 wrest-

28 Phlegyas set fire to Apollo's temple at Delphi.
29 The gift is the golden bough, owed as tribute to Proserpina.

ling 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 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 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 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

30 The Thracian priest is the legendary singer Orpheus.
31 The Eridanus is the river Po.

above showed them the shining plains; then they leave the summits behind.[32]

6.679 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 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.
33 Lethe is the river of forgetfulness.

THE SOULS RETURN

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

6.710 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 "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 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 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.

6.756 "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 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 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 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 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

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.

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 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 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 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

36 Liber is Bacchus; the king from Cures is Numa, Rome's second king.
37 The father-in-law and son-in-law are Julius Caesar and Pompey, opponents in the civil war of 49–45 BC.

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 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 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.

6.863 "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

38 Quintus Fabius Maximus, "the Delayer," wore down Hannibal by avoiding battle in the Second Punic War (218–201 BC).

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

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 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 everywhere through the whole region, in the wide fields of air, and survey everything. 6.888 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]

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.

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.

7.1 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 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

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.

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 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 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 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]

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.

OMENS FOR LAVINIA

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

7.54 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 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 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 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 "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 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.

7.107 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

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.

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 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 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 invoked 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 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

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.

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 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 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 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 Quir-

6 The Numicus was a small river near Lavinium.

inal 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 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 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 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 From Jupiter is the beginning of our line; in Jupiter as ancestor the Dardanian youth rejoice; our king himself, of

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

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 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, and the sacred tiara, and robes, the toil of Trojan women."

7.249 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

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

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 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 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 cross-breeds 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 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]

9 Argos, named here for its first king Inachus, was Juno's favorite city; Pachynus is the southeastern cape of Sicily.

JUNO SUMMONS ALLECTO

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

7.290 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 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] 7.317 Let son-in-law and father-in-law unite at this price, the lives of

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.

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 "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.

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.

ALLECTO'S WORK

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

7.346 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 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 "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 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 give it life: so, no slower in her course, she was driven through the midst of cities and among fierce peoples. 7.385 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 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 fren-

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.

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

zies 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 priestess of her temple, and presented herself before the young man's eyes with these words:[14]

7.421 "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 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 proph-

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.

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

7.458 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.

7.475 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 garlands. She combed the wild creature and washed it in a clear spring. 7.490 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. 7.505 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. 7.519 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 the sea rises and lifts its waves higher, then surges up from its lowest depths to the sky. 7.531 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 "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 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 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.

7.572 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

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

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 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 a happy death." He said no more, but shut himself in his palace and let go the reins of government.

7.601 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 ever-

lasting 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 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 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' 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,

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.

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.

7.647 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 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 palace, a bristling figure with Hercules' garb fastened around his shoulders. Then twin brothers left the walls of Tibur, a people named after their

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.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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.

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.

7.744 You too, Ufens, mountainous Nersae sent into battle, famed in story and fortunate in arms. His 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 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 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

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.

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 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 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 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

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).

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]

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.

8.1 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]

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

THE RIVER GOD'S PROMISE

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

8.18 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 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 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 atten-

2 Laomedon, father of Priam, was an earlier king of Troy.

tion, and in a few words I will teach you how you may come through victorious from what lies before you.[3] 8.51 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, the river most dear to heaven. Here is my great home; my source rises among lofty cities."[4]

8.66 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 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

3 Alba means "white," recalling the white sow; Alba Longa was the mother city of Rome.

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.

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 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 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.

8.102 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 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 "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 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 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

5 The son of Amphitryon is Hercules.

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 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 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. Meanwhile, 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

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.

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.

8.184 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 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 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

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

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 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 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 underworld 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 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

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

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 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 Meanwhile, as the sky sloped westward, the Evening Star drew nearer, and now the priests, Potitius 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

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.

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 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.

8.310 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

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.

held by native fauns and nymphs, and by a people of 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 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 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

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.

frightened the fearful country people; even then they trembled at the wood and the rock.[15] 8.351 "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 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.

8.366 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

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.

much to the sons of Priam and had often wept for Aeneas' hard toil.

8.381 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 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 "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 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

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.

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] 8.423 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 "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

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.

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.

8.454 While the Lemnian father was hastening this work on the Aeolian shores, the kindly light and the 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 "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.

19 "The Lemnian father" is Vulcan, who was closely associated with the island of Lemnos.

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 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 righteous fury, and with war at hand they demand the king back for punishment. 8.496 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 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

20 Agylla is the Etruscan city of Caere (modern Cerveteri), whose people were believed to have come from Lydia in Asia Minor.

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

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 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 glowing 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 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 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 "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 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 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

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

were the words the father poured out at their final parting. His servants carried him, fainting, into the house.

8.585 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 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 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.

8.615 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 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 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

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

wood, and the brambles dripped with a dew of blood.[24] 8.646 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 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 middle could be seen the bronze-beaked fleets, the battle of Actium. You could

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.

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.

8.678 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 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

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.

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] 8.704 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 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]

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

9.1 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 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

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.

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.

TURNUS ATTACKS THE CAMP

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

9.25 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 "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 "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. 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 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 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 Her son, who turns the stars of the heavens, answered her: "Mother, where are you trying to 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 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,

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

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 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.

9.132 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 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,

3 Turnus likens the loss of Lavinia, promised to him, to the Greeks' war over Helen, carried off from Menelaus, son of Atreus.

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 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 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.

9.176 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

4 The Palladium, a sacred image of Pallas that protected Troy, was stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes; Vulcan had made Achilles' armor.

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 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 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 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

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

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 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 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 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 "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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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:

9.355 "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.

9.367 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 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 King Latinus kept his high stables there—when he stopped and looked back in vain for his absent friend.

9.390 "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 "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 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 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,

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

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 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 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]

9.459 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

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

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 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 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.

9.498 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 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 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 defend 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 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 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

8 Calliope is the Muse of epic poetry; Virgil addresses all the Muses through her.

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 laid low Lucetius with a stone, a huge fragment of a mountain, as he came up to the gate 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.

9.581 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

9 Jupiter's armor-bearer is the eagle, which carried his thunderbolts; the wolf was sacred to Mars.

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 "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 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 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 "Almighty Jupiter, nod assent to my bold undertaking. I myself will bring yearly gifts to your temple for you, and set

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

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 above at the Ausonian lines and the town, and he addressed the victorious Iulus with these words:

9.641 "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 "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,

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

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.

TURNUS INSIDE THE WALLS

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

9.672 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 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 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 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 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 At once a strange

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.

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 aside as it came, and the spear stuck fast in the gate.

9.747 "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 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 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 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 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 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.

10.1 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.

10.16 Jupiter said this in few words, but golden Venus answered him with no few: "O father, O everlasting power over men and

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

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 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 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 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

2 The son of Tydeus is Diomedes, who wounded Venus at Troy (Iliad 5) and later founded Arpi in southern Italy.

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 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, 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 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':

3 Amathus, Paphos and Idalium in Cyprus, and the island of Cythera, were chief seats of Venus' worship.

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 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 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 "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]

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

10.118 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 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, or as ivory gleams when skillfully inlaid in boxwood 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.

10.146 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

5 Capys was held to have given his name to Capua, the chief city of Campania.

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 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 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 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

6 An oracle had forbidden the Etruscans to follow any Italian leader, so they could march only under a foreigner (8.499–503).

7 Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, was sacred to the Muses, the "goddesses" invoked here.

one mind to follow: men whose home was Caere, men from the fields of Minio, ancient Pyrgi and fever-ridden Graviscae.[8]

10.185 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 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 communities, 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 So many chosen chieftains were sailing in thirty ships to the aid of Troy, cutting the salt plains with bronze. And now day

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.

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

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 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. 10.238 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

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

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 "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 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 mortals, 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 "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.

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.

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 "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 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 Theron, 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 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 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. 10.350 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 warring 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.

10.362 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 persuaded 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 father'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 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 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 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 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."

10.424 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.

10.439 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 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 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 "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 "See whether our weapon is not the more piercing." He had spoken. With a quivering blow the point drove through the

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).

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 words of mine and carry them back to Evander: I send him back his Pallas as he deserved him.

10.493 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.

10.510 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

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

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:

10.524 "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 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 "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 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 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.

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

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.

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 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 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.

10.599 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,

19 In the Iliad Aeneas narrowly escaped both Diomedes and Achilles.

not the men's right hands, vigorous in war, nor their fierce spirit that endures danger."

10.611 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 "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 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 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. Joy-

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

fully 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 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 had happened and ungrateful for his rescue, and lifted both his hands and his voice to the stars:

10.668 "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 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.

10.693 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 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 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 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 and leaning on his spear: "Here lies tall Orodes, men, no small part of the war."

10.738 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

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.

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 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 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 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

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

afar. As it flew it glanced off the shield and, far off, pierced noble Antores between flank and groin. Antores had been a comrade of Hercules. Sent from Argos, he had attached himself to Evander and settled in an Italian city.

10.781 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 layers 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 father, 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 Mezentius, crippled and hampered, was giving ground and withdrawing, dragging the enemy spear-shaft in his shield. The young man burst forward 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 comrades followed with a great shout, so that the father, 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 plowman 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, overwhelmed 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 "Where are you rushing to your death, daring beyond your strength? Your devotion deceives you in your reckless-

ness." 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 "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.

10.841 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 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 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 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 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 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.

11.1 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 "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 faint-hearted 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.

11.29 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 "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 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, 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 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 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.

11.96 "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. 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 beneath 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 "What undeserved misfortune, Latins, has entangled 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 friendship 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 beneath your unhappy fellow citizens."

11.120 Aeneas had spoken. They stood dumbstruck in silence and kept their eyes and faces turned toward one another. Then Drances, the elder, always hostile 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 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 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 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 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

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

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 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 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.

11.182 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 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 The third day had driven the cold shadow from the sky. Mourning, they raked out the deep ash 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 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 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 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 '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

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.

3 Argyripa: the old name of Arpi in Apulia, which Virgil derives from Argos, Diomedes' homeland.

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 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 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, 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."

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.

THE LATIN COUNCIL

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

11.296 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 "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 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 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 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 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 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 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,

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

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.

11.445 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 "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 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 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 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 "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 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 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.

11.532 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 Volscians swarmed about, their soldiers spread all around.[7] 11.547 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 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

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

back. 11.578 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 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.

11.595 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 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 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 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 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 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 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

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

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 "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 Camilla." 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 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

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

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.

11.718 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, 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 "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 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 around her and tried to find which chance would be easiest.[10]

11.762 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

10 Maeonians: Lydians, here the Etruscans, who were believed to have come from Lydia in Asia Minor.

his legs were embroidered with the needle.[11] 11.778 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 Phoebus heard, and in his mind granted that part of the prayer should succeed; the other part he 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 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 moun-

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.

tains, 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 "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 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.

11.841 "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 "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, fierce Atinas fled, and scattered captains and abandoned companies made for safety and, turning their backs, galloped for the walls.

11.872 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 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 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 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.

12.1 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.

12.18 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 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 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 "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 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 captive 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 "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 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, and foul in the dust his hair, crimped with a heated iron and dripping with myrrh."

12.101 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.

12.113 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 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 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 "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.

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

2 The Alban Mount, south-east of Rome, near the later Alba Longa; in historical times it held a temple of Jupiter.

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 "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 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 "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

3 Juturna, Turnus' sister, was a nymph of springs; her fountain stood in the Roman Forum.

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 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]

THE TREATY BROKEN

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

12.207 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

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

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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.

12.313 "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 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 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, 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 "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 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

5 The Hebrus is a river of Thrace, the homeland of Mars.
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.
7 The Edoni were a Thracian people; Boreas is the north wind.

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 And while Turnus, victorious, was dealing out these deaths across the plain, Mnestheus and 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 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

8 Paean (or Paeon) was the physician of the gods.

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 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 "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.

12.441 When he had spoken these words, he burst out through the gates, a towering figure, shaking a massive spear in his hand.

9 The mountain Ida in Crete, not the one of the same name near Troy.

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 winds fly ahead of it and carry its roar to the shores: 12.456 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 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

10 Hector was the brother of Ascanius' mother, Creusa.
11 Rhoetean means Trojan, from Rhoeteum, a headland near Troy.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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

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

had the battle lines turned against each other—all the Latins, all the Dardanians, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus, Messapus, tamer of horses, and 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.

12.554 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 "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

13 Lyrnesus was a town near Troy sacked by Achilles.

first they met; others hurled steel and darkened the sky with weapons.

12.579 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 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 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 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 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 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.

12.650 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 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 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 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 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.

12.696 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]

14 Athos is a mountain in northern Greece, Eryx one in western Sicily; the Apennines are the mountain spine of Italy.

12.710 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 Jupiter himself held up two scales in even balance and placed on them the different fates of the two, 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 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

15 The Daunian hero is Turnus, son of Daunus.

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 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 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 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

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

always honored your rites, which Aeneas' people, by contrast, have profaned with war."[17]

12.780 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.

12.793 "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 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:

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

I forbid you to attempt anything further." So Jupiter began; and so the daughter of Saturn answered, with downcast face:[18]

12.808 "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 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 "'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 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,

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

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.

12.843 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 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 horror, and his voice stuck in his throat. But when from afar Juturna recognized the Dira's whirring and wings, the unhappy

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

sister tore her loosened hair, marring her face with her nails and her breast with her fists:[20]

12.872 "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 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 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 moved the enormous stone; his knees gave way, his blood froze hard with

20 Parthians and Cydonians (Cretans) were famous archers.

cold. Then the man's stone itself, rolling through the empty void, neither covered the whole distance nor carried home its blow. 12.908 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 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 outermost circles of the sevenfold shield. Hissing, it passed through the middle of the thigh. Struck, huge Turnus fell to the ground, his knee bent under 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 make use of your fortune. If any thought of an unhappy 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 with a wound and laid low, and whose hateful emblem he was wearing on his shoulders.[21] 12.945 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.