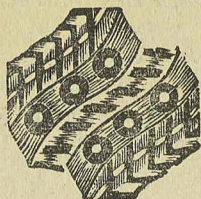




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THE AENEID



VIRGIL

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INTRODUCTION

VIRGIL—PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO—was born at Andes near Mantua, in the year 70 B.C. His life was uneventful, though he lived in stirring times, and he passed by far the greater part of it in reading his books and writing his poems, undisturbed by the fierce civil strife which continued to rage throughout the Roman Empire, until Octavian, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus, defeated Antony at the battle of Actium. Though his father was a man of humble origin, Virgil received an excellent education, first at Cremona and Milan, and afterwards at Rome. He was intimate with all the distinguished men of his time, and a personal friend of the Emperor. After the publication of his second work, the Georgics, he was recognized as being the greatest poet of his age, and the most striking figure in the brilliant circle of literary men, which was centred at the Court. He died at Brindisi in the spring of 19 B.C. whilst returning from a journey to Greece, leaving his greatest work, the *Aeneid*, written but unrevised. It was published by his executors, and immediately took its place as the great national Epic of the Roman people. Virgil seems to have been a man of simple, pure, and loveable character, and the references to him in the works of Horace clearly show the affection with which he was regarded by his friends.

Like every cultivated Roman of that age, Virgil was a close student of the literature and philosophy of the

Greeks, and his poems bear eloquent testimony to the profound impression made upon him by his reading of the Greek poets. His first important work, the *Eclogues*, was directly inspired by the pastoral poems of Theocritus, from whom he borrowed not only much of his imagery but even whole lines; in the *Georgics* he took as his model the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, and though in the former case it must be confessed that he suffers from the weakness inherent in all imitative poetry, in the latter he far surpasses the slow and simple verses of the Boeotian. But here we must guard ourselves against a misapprehension. We moderns look askance at the writer who borrows without acknowledgment the thoughts and phrases of his forerunners, but the Roman critics of the Augustan Age looked at the matter from a different point of view. They regarded the Greeks as having set the standard of the highest possible achievement in literature, and believed that it should be the aim of every writer to be faithful, not only to the spirit, but even to the letter of their great exemplars. Hence it was only natural that when Virgil essayed the task of writing the national Epic of his country, he should be studious to embody in his work all that was best in Greek Epic poetry.

It is difficult in criticizing Virgil to avoid comparing him to some extent with Homer. But though Virgil copied Homer freely, any comparison between them is apt to be misleading. A primitive epic, like the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungenlied*, produced by an imaginative people at an early stage in its development, telling its stories simply for the sake of story telling, cannot be judged by the same canons of criticism as a literary epic like the *Aeneid* or *Paradise Lost*, which is the work of a great poet in an

age of advanced culture, and sets forth a great idea in a narrative form. The Greek writer to whom Virgil owes most perhaps, is Apollonius of Rhodes, from whose *Argonautica* he borrowed the love interest of the *Aeneid*. And though the Roman is a far greater poet, in this instance the advantage is by no means on his side, for, as Professor Gilbert Murray has so well said, 'the Medea and Jason of the *Argonautica* are at once more interesting and more natural than their copies, the Dido and Aeneas of the *Aeneid*. The wild love of the witch-maiden sits curiously on the queen and organizer of industrial Carthage; and the two qualities which form an essential part of Jason—the weakness which makes him a traitor, and the deliberate gentleness which contrasts him with Medea—seem incongruous in the father of Rome.' But though Virgil turned to the Greek epics for the general framework and many of the details of his poem, he always remains master of his materials, and stamps them with the impress of his own genius. The spirit which inspires the *Aeneid* is wholly Roman, and the deep faith in the National Destiny, and stern sense of duty to which it gives expression, its profoundly religious character and stately and melodious verse, have always caused it to be recognized as the loftiest expression of the dignity and greatness of Rome at her best. But the sympathetic reader will be conscious of a deeper and more abiding charm in the poetry of Virgil. Even in his most splendid passages his verses thrill us with a strange pathos, and his sensitiveness to unseen things—things beautiful and sad—has caused a great writer, himself a master of English prose, to speak of 'his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance as the voice of Nature herself to that pain

and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every age.'

The task of translating such a writer at all adequately may well seem to be an almost impossible one; and how far any of the numerous attempts to do so have succeeded, is a difficult question. For not only does the stated ideal at which the translator should aim, vary with each generation, but perhaps no two lovers of Virgil would agree at any period as to what this ideal should be. Two general principles stand out from the mass of conflicting views on this point. The translation should read as though it were an original poem, and it should produce on the modern reader as far as possible the same effect as the original produced on Virgil's contemporaries. And here we reach the real difficulty, for the scholar who can alone judge what that effect may have been, is too intimate with the original to see clearly the merits of a translation, and the man who can only read the translation can form no opinion. However, it seems clear that a prose translation can never really satisfy us, because it must always be wanting in the musical quality of continuous verse. And our critical experience bears this out, since even Professor Mackail with all his literary skill and insight has failed to make his version of the *Aeneid* more than a very valuable aid to the student of the original. The meaning of the poet is fully expressed, but his music has been lost. That oft-quoted line—

'Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt'
 haunts us like Tennyson's

'When unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,'

- i. Of arms I sing, and of the man, whom Fate
 First drove from Troy to the Lavinian shore.
 Full many an evil, through the mindful hate
 Of cruel Juno, from the gods he bore,
 Much tost on earth and ocean, yea, and more
 In war enduring, ere he built a home,
 And his loved household-deities brought o'er
 To Latium, whence the Latin people come,
 Whence rose the Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.
- ii. O Muse, assist me and inspire my song,
 The various causes and the crimes relate,
 For what affronted majesty, what wrong
 To injured Godhead, what offence so great
 Heaven's Queen resenting, with remorseless hate,
 Could one renowned for piety compel
 To brave such troubles, and endure the weight
 Of toils so many and so huge. O tell
 How can in heavenly minds such fierce resentment dwell?
- iii. There stood a city, fronting far away
 The mouths of Tiber and Italia's shore,
 A Tyrian settlement of olden day,
 Rich in all wealth, and trained to war's rough lore,
Carthage the name, by Juno loved before
All places, even Samos. Here were shown
 Her arms, and here her chariot; evermore
 E'en then this land she cherished as her own,
 And here, should Fate permit, had planned a world-wide throne
- iv. But she had heard, how men of Trojan seed
 Those Tyrian towers should level, how again
 From these in time a nation should proceed,
 Wide-ruling, tyrannous in war, the bane
 (So Fate was working) of the Libyan reign.
 This feared she, mindful of the war beside
 Waged for her Argives on the Trojan plain;
 Nor even yet had from her memory died
 The causes of her wrath, the pangs of wounded pride,—

xxxiii. "Yet there he built Patavium, yea, and named
 The nation, and the Trojan arms laid down,
 And now rests happy in the town he framed.
 But we, thy progeny, to whom alone
 Thy nod hath promised a celestial throne,
 Our vessels lost, from Italy are barred,
 O shame! and ruined for the wrath of one.
 Thus, thus dost thou thy plighted word regard,
 Our sceptred realms restore, our piety reward?"

xxxiv. Then Jove, soft-smiling with the look that clears
 The storms, and gently kissing her, replies;
 "Firm are thy fates, sweet daughter; spare thy fears.
 Thou yet shalt see Lavinium's walls arise,
 And bear thy brave Æneas to the skies.
 My purpose shifts not. Now, to ease thy woes,
 Since sorrow for his sake hath dimmed thine eyes,
 More will I tell, and hidden fates disclose.
 He in Italia long shall battle with his foes,

xxxv. "And crush fierce tribes, and milder ways ordain,
 And cities build and wield the Latin sway,
 Till the third summer shall have seen him reign,
 And three long winter-seasons passed away
 Since fierce Rutulia did his arms obey.
 Then, too, the boy Ascanius, named of late
Iulus—Ilus was he in the day
 When firm by royalty stood Ilium's state—
 Shall rule till thirty years complete the destined date.

xxxvi. "He from Lavinium shall remove his seat,
 And gird Long Alba for defence; and there
 'Neath Hector's kin three hundred years complete
 The kingdom shall endure, till Ilia fair,
 Queen-priestess, twins by Mars' embrace shall bear.
 Then Romulus the nation's charge shall claim,
 Wolf-nursed and proud her tawny hide to wear,
 And build a city of Mavortian fame,
 And make the Roman race remembered by his name.

LVII. These delve the port ; the broad foundations there
 They lay for theatres of ample space,
 And columns, hewn from marble rocks, prepare,
 Tall ornaments, the future stage to grace.
 As bees in early summer swarm apace
 Through flowery fields, when forth from dale and dell
 They lead the full-grown offspring of the race,
 Or with the liquid honey store each cell,
 And make the teeming hive with nectarous sweets to swell.

LVIII. These ease the comers of their loads, those drive
 The drones afar. The busy work each plies,
 And sweet with thyme and honey smells the hive
 "O happy ye, whose walls already rise!"
 Exclaimed Æneas, and with envious eyes
 Looked up where pinnacles and roof-tops showed
 The new-born city ; then in wondrous wise,
 Clothed in the covering of the friendly cloud,
 Passed through the midst unseen, and mingled with the crowd.

LIX. A grove stood in the city, rich in shade,
 Where storm-tost Tyrians, past the perilous brine,
 Dug from the ground, by royal Juno's aid,
 A war-steed's head, to far-off days a sign
 That wealth and prowess should adorn the line.
 Here, by the goddess and her gifts renowned,
 Sidonian Dido built a stately shrine.
 All brazen rose the threshold ; brass was round
 The door-posts ; brazen doors on grating hinges sound.

LX. Here a new sight Æneas' hopes upraised,
 And fear was softened, and his heart was mann'd.
 For while, the queen awaiting, round he gazed,
 And marvelled at the happy town, and scanned
 The rival labours of each craftsman's hand,
 Behold, Troy's battles on the walls appear,
 The war, since noised through many a distant land,
 There Priam and th' Atridæ twain, and here
 Achilles, fierce to both, still ruthless and severe.

- xiii. "Fine spoils, forsooth, proud triumph ye have won,
 Thou and thy boy,—vast worship and renown!
 Two gods by fraud one woman have undone.
 But well I know ye fear the rising town,
 The homes of Carthage offered for your own.
 When shall this end? or why a feud so dire?
 Let lasting peace and plighted wedlock crown
 The compact. See, thou hast thy heart's desire,
 Poor Dido burns with love, her blood is turned to fire.
- xiv. "Come then and rule we, each with equal power,
 These folks as one. Let Tyrian Dido bear
 A Phrygian's yoke, and Tyrians be her dower."
 Then Venus, for she marked the Libyan snare
 To snatch Italia's lordship, "Who would care
 To spurn such offer, or with thee contend,
 Should fortune follow on a scheme so fair?
 'Tis Fate, I doubt, if Jupiter intend
 The sons of Tyre and Troy in common league to blend.
- xv. "Thou art his consort; 'tis thy right to learn
 By prayer the counsels of his breast. Lead thou,
 I follow." Quickly Juno made return:
 "Be mine that task. Now briefly will I show
 What means our purpose shall achieve, and how.
 Soon as to-morrow's rising sun is seen,
 And Titan's rays unveil the world below,
 Forth ride Æneas and the love-sick Queen,
 With followers to the chase, to scour the woodland green.
- xvi. "While busy beaters round the lawns prepare
 Their feathered nets, thick sleet-storms will I shower
 And rend all heaven with thunder. Here and there
 The rest shall fly, and in the darkness cower.
 One cave shall screen both lovers in that hour.
 There will I be, if thou approve, meanwhile
 And make her his in wedlock. Hymen's power
 Shall seal the rite."—Not adverse, with a smile
 Sweet Venus nods assent, and gladdens at the guile.

- i. Weeping he speaks, and gives his fleet the rein,
 And glides at length to the Eubœan strand
 Of Cumæ. There, with prows towards the main,
 Safe-fastened by the biting anchors, stand
 The vessels, and the round sterns line the land.
 Forth on the shore, in eager haste to claim
 Hesperia's welcome, leaps a youthful band.
 These search the flint-stones for the seeds of flame,
 Those point to new-found streams, or scour the woods for game.
- ii. But good Æneas seeks the castled height
 And temple, to the great Apollo dear,
 And the vast cave where, hidden far from sight
 Within her sanctuary dark and drear,
 Dwells the dread Sibyl, whom the Delian seer
 Inspires with soul and wisdom to unfold
 The things to come.—So now, approaching near
 Through Trivia's grove, the temple they behold,
 And entering, see the roof all glittering with gold.
- iii. Fame is, that Dædalus, adventuring forth
 On rapid wings, from Minos' realms in flight,
 Trusted the sky, and to the frosty North
 Swam his strange way, till on the tower-girt height
 Of Chalcis gently he essayed to light.
 Here, touching first the wished-for land again,
 To thee, great Phœbus, and thy guardian might,
 He vowed, and bade as offerings to remain,
 The orage of his wings, and built a stately fane.
- iv. Androgeos' death is graven on the gate;
 There stand the sons of Cecrops, doomed each year
 With seven victims to atone his fate.
 The lots are drawn; the fatal urn is near.
 Here, o'er the deep the Gnosian fields appear,
 The bull—the cruel passion—the embrace
 Stol'n from Pasiphae—all the tale is here;
 The Minotaur, half human, beast in face,
 Record of nameless lust, and token of disgrace.

- LXIX. "Meanwhile, all arms the traitress, as I slept,
 Stole from the house, and from beneath my head
 She took the trusty falchion, that I kept
 To guard the chamber and the bridal bed.
 Then, creeping to the door, with stealthy tread,
 She lifts the latch, and beckons from within
 To Menelaus; so, forsooth, she fled
 In hopes a lover's gratitude to win,
 And from the past wipe out the scandal of old sin.
- LXX. "O noble wife! But why the tale prolong?
 Few words were best; my chamber they invade,
 They and Ulysses, counsellor of wrong.
 Heaven! be these horrors on the Greeks repaid,
 If pious lips for just revenge have prayed.
 But thou, make answer, and in turn explain
 What brought thee, living, to these realms of shade?
 By heaven's command, or wandering o'er the main,
 Com'st thou to view these shores, this sunless, sad domain?"
- LXXI. So they in converse haply had the day
 Consumed, when, rosy-charioted, the Morn
 O'erpassed mid heaven on her ethereal way,
 And thus the Sibyl doth the Dardan warn:
 "Night lowers apace; we linger but to mourn.
 Here part the roads; beyond the walls of Dis
 There lies for us Elysium; leftward borne
 Thou comest to Tartarus, in whose drear abyss
 Poor sinners purge with pains the lives they lived amiss."
- LXXII. "Spare, priestess," cried Deiphobus, "thy wrath;
 I will depart, and fill the tale, and hide
 In darkness. Thou, with happier fates, go forth,
 Our glory."—Sudden, from the Dardan's side
 He fled. Back looked Æneas, and espied
 Broad bastions, girt with triple wall, that frowned
 Beneath a rock to leftward, and the tide
 Of torrent Phlegethon, that flamed around,
 And made the beaten rocks rebellow with the sound.

- LXXIII. In front, a massive gateway threatens the sky,
 And posts of solid adamant upstay
 An iron tower, firm-planted to defy
 All force, divine or human. Night and day,
 Sleepless Tisiphone defends the way,
 Girt up with bloody garments. From within
 Loud groans are heard, and wailings of dismay,
 The whistling scourge, the fetter's clank and din,
 Shrieks, as of tortured fiends, and all the sounds of sin.
- LXXIV. Aghast, Æneas listens to the cries.
 "O maid," he asks, "what crimes are theirs? What pain
 Do they endure? what wailings rend the skies?"
 Then she: "Famed Trojan, this accursed domain
 None chaste may enter; so the Fates ordain.
 Great Hecate herself, when here below
 She made me guardian of Avernus' reign,
 Led me through all the region, fain to show
 The tortures of the gods, the various forms of woe.
- LXXV. "Here Cretan Rhadamanthus, strict and stern,
 His kingdom holds. Each trespass, now confessed,
 He hears and punishes; each tells in turn
 The sin, with idle triumph long suppressed,
 Till death has bared the secrets of the breast.
 Swift at the guilty, as he stands and quakes,
 Leaps fierce Tisiphone, for vengeance prest,
 And calls her sisters; o'er the wretch she shakes
 The torturing scourge aloft, and waves the twisted snakes.
- LXXVI. "Then, opening slow, on horrid hinges grate
 The doors accursed. See'st thou what sentinel
 Sits in the porch? What presence guards the gate?
 Know, that within, still fiercer and more fell,
 Wide-yawning with her fifty throats, doth dwell
 A Hydra. Tartarus itself, hard by,
 Abrupt and sheer, beneath the ghosts in Hell,
 Gapes twice as deep, as o'er the earth on high
 Towers up the Olympian steep, the summit of the sky.

LXXXI. "Those, who with hate a brother's love repaid,
Or drove a parent outcast from their door,
Or, weaving fraud, their client's trust betrayed;
Those, who—the most in number—brooded o'er
Their gold, nor gave to kinsmen of their store;
Those, who for foul adultery were slain,
Who followed treason's banner, or forswore
Their plighted oath to masters, here remain,
And, pent in dungeons deep, await their doom of pain.

LXXXII. "Ask not what pain; what fortune or what fate
O'erwhelmed them, nor their torments seek to know.
These roll uphill a rock's enormous weight,
Those, hung on wheels, are racked with endless woe.
There, too, for ever, as the ages flow,
Sad Theseus sits, and through the darkness cries
Unhappy Phlegyas to the shades below,
'Learn to be good; take warning and be wise;
Learn to revere the gods, nor heaven's commands despise.'

LXXXIII. "There stands the traitor, who his country sold,
A tyrant's bondage for his land prepared;
Made laws, unmade them, for a bribe of gold. *Curio, sold out to Caesar*
With lawless lust a daughter's shame he shared;
All dared huge crimes, and compassed what they dared.
Ne'er had a hundred mouths, if such were mine,
Nor hundred tongues their endless sins declared,
Nor iron voice their torments could define,
Or tell what doom to each the avenging gods assign.

LXXXIV. "But haste we," adds the Sibyl; "onward hold
The way before thee, and thy task pursue.
Forged in the Cyclops' furnaces, behold
Yon walls and fronting archway, full in view.
Leave there thy gift and pay the God his due."
She spake, and thither through the dark they paced,
And reached the gateway. He, with lustral dew
Self-sprinkled, seized the entrance, and in haste
High o'er the fronting door the fateful offering placed.

- LXXXV. These dues performed, they reach the realms of rest,
 Fortunate groves, where happy souls repair,
 And lawns of green, the dwellings of the blest.
 A purple light, a more abundant air
 Invest the meadows. Sun and stars are there,
 Known but to them. There rival athletes train
 Their practised limbs, and feats of strength compare.
 These run and wrestle on the sandy plain,
 Those tread the measured dance, and join the song's sweet strain.
- LXXXVI. In flowing robes the Thracian minstrel sings,
 Sweetly responsive to the seven-toned lyre ;
 Fingers and quill alternate wakes the strings.
 Here Teucer's race, and many an ancient sire,
 Chieftains of nobler days and martial fire,
 Ilus, high-souled Assaracus, and he
 Who founded Troy, the rapturous strains admire,
 And arms afar and shadowy cars they see,
 And lances fixt in earth, and coursers grazing free.
- LXXXVII. The love of arms and chariots, the care
 Their glossy steeds to pasture and to train,
 That pleased them living, still attends them there :
 These, stretched at ease, lie feasting on the plain ;
 There, choral companies, in gladsome strain,
 Chant the loud Pæan, in a grove of bay,
 Rich in sweet scents, whence hurrying to the main,
 Eridanus' full torrent on its way
 Rolls from below through woods majestic to the day.
- LXXXVIII. There, the slain patriot, and the spotless sage,
 And pious poets, worthy of the God ;
 There he, whose arts improved a rugged age,
 And those who, labouring for their country's good,
 Lived long-remembered,—all, in eager mood,
 Crowned with white fillets, round the Sibyl pressed ;
 Chiefly Musæus ; in the midst he stood,
 With ample shoulders towering o'er the rest,
 When thus the listening crowd the prophetess addressed :

- xciii. Meanwhile he views, deep-bosomed in a dale,
 A grove, and brakes that rustle in the breeze,
 And Lethe, gliding through the peaceful vale.
 Peoples and tribes, all hovering round, he sees,
 Unnumbered, as in summer heat the bees
 Hum round the flowerets of the field, to drain
 The fair, white lilies of their sweets; so these
 Swarm numberless, and ever and again
 The gibbering ghosts disperse, and murmur o'er the plain.
- xciv. Awe-struck, Æneas would the cause enquire:
 What streams are yonder? what the crowd so great,
 That filled the river's margin? Then the Sire
 Anchises answered: "They are souls, that wait
 For other bodies, promised them by Fate.
 Now, by the banks of Lethe here below,
 They lose the memory of their former state,
 And from the silent waters, as they flow,
 Drink the oblivious draught, and all their cares forego.
- xcv. "Long have I wished to show thee, face to face,
 Italia's sons, that thou might'st joy with me
 To hail the new-found country of our race."
 "Oh father!" said Æneas, "can it be,
 That souls sublime, so happy and so free,
 Can yearn for fleshly tenements again?
 So madly long they for the light?" Then he:
 "Learn, son, and listen, nor in doubt remain."
 And thus in ordered speech the mystery made plain:
- xcvi. "First, Heaven and Earth and Ocean's liquid plains,
 The Moon's bright globe and planets of the pole,
 One mind, infused through every part, sustains;
 One universal, animating soul
 Quickens, unites and mingles with the whole.
 Hence man proceeds, and beasts, and birds of air,
 And monsters that in marble ocean roll;
 And fiery energy divine they share,
 Save what corruption clogs, and earthly limbs impair.

- xcvii. "Hence Fear and Sorrow, hence Desire and Mirth;
 Nor can the soul, in darkness and in chains,
 Assert the skies, and claim celestial birth.
 Nay, after death, the traces it retains
 Of fleshly grossness, and corporeal stains,
 Since much must needs by long concretion grow
 Inherent. Therefore are they racked with pains,
 And schooled in all the discipline of woe;
 Each pays for ancient sin with punishment below.
- xcviii. "Some hang before the viewless winds to bleach;
 Some purge in fire or flood the deep decay
 And taint of wickedness. We suffer each *why*
 Our ghostly penance; thence, the few who may,
 Seek the bright meadows of Elysian day,
 Till long, long years, when our allotted time
 Hath run its orbit, wear the stains away,
 And leave the ætherial sense, and spark sublime,
 Cleansed from the dross of earth, and cankering rust of crime.
- xcix. "These, when a thousand rolling years are o'er,
 Called by the God, to Lethe's waves repair;
 There, reft of memory, to yearn once more
 For mortal bodies and the upper air."
 So spake Anchises, and the priestess fair
 Leads, with his son, the murmuring shades among,
 Where thickest crowd the multitude, and there
 They mount a hillock, and survey the throng,
 And scan the pale procession, as it winds along.
- c. "Come, now, and hearken to the Dardan's fame,
 What noble grandsons shall Italia grace,
 Proud spirits, heirs of our illustrious name,
 And learn the fates and future of thy race.
 See yon fair youth, now leaning—mark his face—
 Upon a pointless spear, by lot decreed
 To stand the nearest to the light in place,
 He first shall rise, of mixt Italian breed,
 Silvius, an Alban name, the youngest of thy seed.

CXIII. "Shalt thou, great Cato, unextolled remain?

Cossus? the Gracchi? or the Scipios, ye
Twin thunderbolts of battle, and the bane
Of Libya? Who would fail to tell of thee,
Fabricius, potent in thy poverty?
Or thee, Serranus, scattering the seed?
O spare my breath, ye Fabii; thou art he
Called Maximus, their Greatest thou indeed,
Sole saviour, whose delay averts the hour of need.

CXIV. "Others, no doubt, from breathing bronze shall draw

More softness, and a living face devise
From marble, plead their causes at the law
More deftly, trace the motions of the skies
With learned rod, and tell the stars that rise.
Thou, Roman, rule, and o'er the world proclaim
The ways of peace. Be these thy victories,
To spare the vanquished and the proud to tame.
These are imperial arts, and worthy of thy name."

CXV. He paused; and while they pondered in amaze,

"Behold," he cried "Marcellus, see him stride,
Proud of the spoils that tell a nation's praise.
See how he towers, with all a conqueror's pride.
His arm shall stem the tumult and the tide
Of foreign hordes, and save the land from stain.
'Tis he shall crush the rebel Gaul, and ride
Through Punic ranks, and in Quirinus' fane
Hang up the thrice-won spoils, in triumph for the slain."

CXVI. Then thus Æneas spoke, for, passing by,

He saw a comely youth, in bright array
Of glittering arms; yet downcast was his eye,
Joyless and damp his face; "O father, say,
Who companies the hero on his way?
His son? or scion of his stock renowned?
What peerless excellence his looks display!
What stir, what whispers in the crowd around!
But gloomy Night's sad shades his youthful brows surround."

CXVII. Weeping, the Sire: "Seek not, my son, to weigh
 Thy children's mighty sorrow. Him shall Fate
 Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
 Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state,
 Were gifts like this as permanent as great.
 Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
 Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
 Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave
 Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave!

CXVIII. "No Trojan youth of such illustrious worth
 Shall raise the hopes of Latin sires so high.
 Ne'er shall the land of Romulus henceforth
 Look on a fosterling with prouder eye.
 O filial love! O faith of days gone by!
 O hand unconquered! None had hoped to bide
 Unscathed his onset, nor his arm defy,
 When, foot to foot, the murderous sword he plied,
 Or dug with iron heel his foaming charger's side.

CXIX. "Ah! child of tears! can'st thou again be free
 And burst Fate's cruel bondage, Rome shall know
 Her own Marcellus, reappeared in thee.
 Go, fill your hands with lilies; let me strow
 The purple blossoms where he lies below.
 These gifts, at least, in sorrow will I lay,
 To grace my kinsman's spirit, thus—but oh!
 Alas, how vainly!—to the thankless clay
 These unavailing dues, these empty offerings pay."

CXX. Twain are the gates of Sleep; one framed, 'tis said,
 Of horn, which easy exit doth invite
 For real shades to issue from the dead.
 One with the gleam of polished ivory bright,
 Whence only lying visions leave the night.
 Through this Anchises, talking by the way,
 Sends forth the son and Sibyl to the light.
 Back hastes Æneas to his friends, and they
 Straight to Caieta steer, and anchor in her bay.

The poet
 & crew

LXXXI. Meanwhile fair Venus through the clouds came down,
 Bearing her gifts. Couched in a secret glade,
 By a cool river, she espies her son,
 And hails him: "See the promised gifts displayed,
 Wrought by my husband's cunning for thine aid.
 Thy prowess now let proud Laurentum taste,
 Nor fear with Turnus to contend." So said
 Cythera's goddess, and her child embraced,
 And on an oak in front the radiant arms she placed.

LXXXII. Joy fills Æneas; with insatiate gaze
 He views the gifts, and marvels at the sight.
 In turn he handles, and in turn surveys
 The helmet tall with fiery crest bedight,
 The fateful sword, the breastplate's brazen might,
 Blood-red, and huge, and glorious to behold
 As some dark cloud, far-blazing with the light
 Of sunset; then the polished greaves of gold,
 The spear, the mystic shield, too wondrous to be told.

LXXXIII. There did the Fire-king, who the future cons,
 The tale of ancient Italy portray,
 Rome's triumphs, and Ascanius' distant sons,
 Their wars in order, and each hard-fought fray. *History of Rome*
 There, in the cave of Mars all verdurous, lay
 The fostering she-wolf with the twins; they hung
 About her teats, and licked in careless play
 Their mother. She, with slim neck backward flung,
 In turn caressed them both, and shaped them with her tongue.

LXXXIV. There, later Rome, and there, the Sabine dames
 Amid the crowded theatre he viewed,
 Raped by the Romans at the Circus games;
 The sudden war, that from the deed ensued,
 With aged Tatius and his Cures rude.
 There stand the kings, still armed, but foes no more,
 Beside Jove's altar, and abjure the feud.
 Goblet in hand, the sacred wine they pour,
 And o'er the slaughtered swine the plighted peace restore.