

Aeneas found a short way to his ships,
And rejoined his comrades. Then he coasted to Caieta,
Anchors were cast from prows, the ships were beached by the
stern.

BOOK VII

For you, on your death, Caieta, O nurse of Aeneas,
Have given the headland and the harbor here
An everlasting repute—and to this day
You are honored here, and throughout the Western Land,
Your name is known by the resting place of your bones,
If that indeed be glory. So when good Aeneas
Had dutifully performed the final rites
And built a barrow, he watched for calm weather,
Then set sail from the port. A fair breeze
Blew nightward on, the white moon lit their way
And the sea sparkled in her quivering rays.
They coasted close in to the land of Circe,
The Daughter of the Sun, whose grove for ever
Thrills with the sound of singing in its fastness,
Whose splendid halls are lit against the night
With fragrant cedarwood, as through the delicate warp
She threads her rattling shuttle. They could hear
The angry snarl of lions chafed by their chains
And roaring into the midnight, the fume and fury
Of bristled boars and bears in cages, the howling
Of monstrous wolves—all these were human beings
Circe the cruel goddess had transformed
By her powerful drugs into the shapes and forms
Of wild beasts. But Neptune, so as to save
The pious Trojans from suffering such a fate
If once they put into harbor, or even neared
The magical shore, sent them a fair wind
That filled their sails and sped their passage past

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The boiling shoals. The sea was already beginning
To glimmer with light-rays, and from the height of heaven
Aurora, saffron-clad, in her rose-colored chariot
Was showing clear, when suddenly the winds
Dropped to a dead calm and their cars struck heavily
Into an oily sea. And from his lookout,
Aeneas saw across the waters a towering forest
Through which the Tiber wound its delightful way
With swirls and rapids, and yellow with churned sand
Broke into the sea. Around and above,
Birds of the bank and stream made all the air
Mellow with song and fluttered from tree to tree.
He bade his comrades alter course and turn
Their prows to the land and joyfully he entered
The shady rivermouth.

Be with me, Evratol!

*And I shall unfold the names of the kings of Latium,
Her ancient state, the stages of her history
Until the time these strangers landed their army
On the shores of Italy; I shall recall and record
How the first blood was shed. Goddess, O guide me,
Goddess, O guide your poet! I shall tell
Of a grim war, of battle-lines, of kings
Whose courage drove them deathward; of Tuscan ranks;
Of the whole of Italy mustered under arms.
Grandeur the issues now before my mind,
To a grander task I turn.*

The long reign of Latinus

Had brought to farm and city serene peace:
But the king was growing old, who we are told
Was son of Faunus and the nymph Marica—
A Laurentine nymph. And Picus was father to Faunus—
And you, it is said, O Saturn, begot him, you
Are the founder of his line—but King Latinus
By the will of the gods had no male heir, no son—
He had been cut off in the first flower of youth.
One daughter was all he had, his only hope
For the future of his royal house—a girl
Now woman grown, a flower for any man.
Many the man that sought her hand from the bounds of
Latium
And from all Italy and by far the fairest
Was Turnus, favored both in his noble forbears
And by the queen who advanced his claims with eager de-
votion;
But sinister signs from heaven stood in the way.

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There was a laurel-tree in the very heart
 Of the innermost hall of the palace whose every leaf
 Was sacrosanct—it had been held in awe
 For many years and they say that father Latinus
 Found it there when he came to build his citadel
 And consecrating it to Phoebus called
 His subjects after this laurel-tree, Laurentines,
 And suddenly to the marvel of all who saw it
 A swarm of bees whizzed buzzing through the air
 And settled on the top, then interlinked
 In a mill of legs the cluster hung from the leafy
 Branch and at once a prophet interpreted:
 "Lo, I perceive a stranger soon arriving
 From that same quarter as the bees. He comes
 Leading an army to their present lodging—
 And so shall he hold sway over the citadel!"
 And add to this, while the virgin Lavinia
 Was standing beside her father as he kindled
 The altar fires with holy brands, her hair—
 O dreadful sight! her long hair caught afire
 And all her head-dress crackled in the flames—
 E'er royal tresses, her crown incrust'd with jewels—
 Till, wrapp'd in a livid pall of smoke, she scattered
 The sparks of the fire god up and down the palace.
 This was indeed a terrible sight, a miracle
 Before their very eyes and the prophets said
 That she was singled out indeed for a glorious destiny,
 But for the nation it boded a terrible war.
 Alarmed by these prodigies the king went
 To the shrine of Faunus, his prophetic father,
 To question at the glades beneath Albunea,
 That greatest of the groves where a sacred spring
 Comes bubbling up and from whose shadowy depths
 Belches a noxious vapor. It is from there
 That all the races of Italy and Oenotria,
 Seek answers to their deepest doubts; and there
 The priest lays his gifts and in the silence of night,
 Stretched on the skins of the sheep he has sacrificed,
 He seeks for sleep and sees a host of phantoms
 Flitting in marvelous forms, hears many voices,
 Enjoys speech with the gods, or with the denizens
 Of the Underworld to the last depths of Avernus.
 Here came father Latinus to seek an oracular answer.
 He offered up, as was meet, a hundred two-year sheep
 And stretched himself upon the pelt of their fleeces
 When suddenly a voice rang from the depths of the forest.

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"Seek not a Latin marriage for your daughter!
 Put no faith, my son, in these present proposals!
 Strangers shall come to commingle our blood and being
 our kindred
 Shall bear our name to the stars, and our descendants
 Rule all the peoples of the turning world
 From sunrise to sunset!" Thus father Faunus
 Answered out of the silence of the night.
 But Latinus was not silent—the news spread
 Like wildfire through the cities of Ausonia—
 Even as by the grassy banks of the Tiber
 The Youth of old Laomedon moored their fleet.
 Aeneas, his chief captains and fair Iulus
 Sat themselves down under a tall tree's branches
 And set out a meal, and inspired by Almighty Jove
 Put wheaten cakes on the grass to use as platters
 And piled this meal of Ceres with wild fruit.
 When everything else was eaten—(and since there was
 So little to eat they were left feeling hungry)
 They were compelled to turn to their thin platters
 And boldly break them in their hands and crunch
 These fateful rounds of crust nor spare the centers.
 "Look here!" Iulus laughed "we are eating our tablets!"
 That was all that he said, but his words spelled
 An end of their toils to his hearers—and his father
 Cut him off short as he spoke in awed amazement
 At the divine revelation, and then said:
 "Welcome, O promised land of my destiny!
 And you my faithful Trojan Gods, all hail!
 Here is my home, my country: For my father
 Now I recall, Anchises, left me just
 Such a secret of destiny—speaking thus to me,
 My son when you have touched an unknown shore
 And being bereft of food you are forced by hunger
 To eat your tablets—then remember, however
 Exhausted you are—you can hope for a home there—
 There lay your first foundation and rear a rampart!"
 This is that very hunger: the limit set
 To our sufferings. Come therefore and joyfully
 At the crack of dawn let us explore this country
 And find out who are its inhabitants
 And where their capital city—let us take
 Different ways from our haven here. But now
 Offer libations to Jove and remember Anchises
 My father in your prayers and set more wine

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Upon our tables!"

So he spoke and thereafter
Wreathing his forehead with a leafy branch
He invoked the Spirit of the place, and Earth
The first of the gods, and the Nymphs, and then the Rivers
Unknown to them yet—then Night and the Galaxies
Of stars appearing, and great Jove of Ida;
In her due place the Phrygian Mother, Cybele;
And his two parents, Above and Below as they were.
Then the Almighty Father thundered thrice
High in the clear sky, and himself made manifest
A cloud glowing with rays of golden light,
Quivering from his making-hand. The rumor
Ran rife through the Trojan lines that the day had come
To found the feast destined city. Immediately
They set to the feast again and joyfully
To celebrate in wine the all-powerful omen
And wreath their heads with vine leaves.

When dawn of the next day bathed the earth with light,
Parties set out to seek for this people's city,
To trace their boundaries, to chart their coastline.
And here was the glassy spring of the Numicus,
Here the river Tiber, here the dwellings
Of the brave Latins. Then the son of Anchises
Detailed an embassy of a hundred men,
Chosen from every class, to go to the capital
All wreathed with olive-sprays and bearing gifts
To the king and asking friendship for the Trojans.
Immediately they sprang to his commands
And hurried on their way while he himself
Marked out a plan of his walls with a slit-trench
And leveled the site and built fortifications
In the style of a camp, there by the seashore.
By now the young Ambassadors had come
To the end of their journey and saw ahead of them
The towers and lofty mansions of the Latins;
Then they drew near the wall. In front of the city
Boys and young men in the first flower of manhood
Were riding or learning, in a cloud of dust,
To control chariots—or drawing springy bows,
Or practicing javelin-throwing, or challenging
Each other to a race or a bout when a messenger,
Who had galloped ahead of them, brought to the ears
Of the old king the news that a party of strangers,
Tall men in foreign dress, were approaching him.

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The king bade them be summoned into the palace
And took his seat on his ancestral throne
Set in the midst of the hall. The palace was huge,
A noble building raised on a hundred columns
And set on the height of the city, the Palace of Picus,
A holy place within its screen of trees
Sacred for generations. Here, if his reign
Was to be blessed, a king must first receive
His scepter and the symbols of his office;
Here was their temple and their senate-house,
The hall of their holy banquets, where a ram
Was sacrificed and the elders, in one conclave,
Sat down to table. Here, too, stood in order
Statues of ancestors, carved out of ancient cedar,
Iulus, father Sabinus the planter of vineyards,
Keeping his curved sickle secure as he did in life,
And aged Saturn and two-faced Janus—these
Stood in the entrance and all the other kings
From the beginning of time, and heroes wounded
In battle for the fatherland. And besides
There were many weapons slung from the sacred doorways,
And captured chariots and curving axheads,
Helmet-crests, and enormous bolts from gateways,
Spearheads, shields, and battering rams ripped off
From prows of ships. There too, portrayed sitting,
Quirinal staff and sacred shield in hand,
Clad in official toga was Picus the horse-tamer,
Whom goddess Circe his wife in a jealous frenzy
Struck with her wand and turned him by her simples
Into a bird and sprinkled his wings with speckles.
Such was the temple of his gods that Latinus
Was seated in, upon his ancestral throne.
He summoned the Trojans to him and when they came
Addressed these calm and measured words to them:
"Tell us, you sons of Dardanus, for indeed
We knew of what city and race you come, and had word
of you setting
Your course across the sea towards our coast—
What do you seek? What reason or what lack
Has driven you onward over so many miles
Of the blue sea-breakers to the Italian shore?
Did you mistake your course? Were you storm-driven?
A sailor's life is open to so many
Trials and tribulations—whatever happened
You have entered our river-mouth, you have made fair
haven,

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So shrink not from our welcome, but recognize
 The lineaments of Saturn's race in us—
 We Latins peaceful without bonds or Law
 But of our own free will in fealty
 To the ancient God. Why, I myself remember
 (Though it is too long ago to remember it clearly)
 That Atruncan elders told of how Dardanus,
 Who was born here, made an expedition as far
 As the cities of Ida and Phrygia and to Thracian
 Samos, the place they now call Sainothrace.
 Yes, he set out from his home in Etruscan Corythus,
 And now a god he sits on a throne in the golden
 Palace of star-sown heaven and has his altar
 Numbered among the altars of all the gods."
 He spoke and Ilioneus made answer to him as follows.
 "King, famous son of Faunus, neither the heaving seas
 Nor impulse of black storm forced us to land here,
 Nor star nor sear-mark deceived us; it was our will,
 Our common purpose, bore us to this city,
 For we were driven from the greatest realm
 The journeying sun surveyed in all his journeying.
 From Love we trace our house: and we descendants
 Of Dardanus glory in our ancestor.
 Our king himself, Trojan Aeneas, springs
 From Love's pure stock—it is he who has sent us
 Here to your doors.

How terrible the storm was
 That struck from fierce Mycenae and came pouring
 Over the plains of Ida; how at the word of fate
 Europe and Asia, two worlds clashed together:
 —Is there a man that has not heard of it?—whether
 He lives at the back of beyond where the Ocean coils
 Back on itself or whether he lives in the central
 Zone of the pitiless sun, cast off from human companions?
 We fled from that cataclysm, we have tossed
 Our way over leagues of ocean and now we beg
 A narrow niche for our household gods, for ourselves:
 A strip of harmless shore and the common freedom
 Of air and water. We shall not shame your kingdom,
 No man shall speak lightly of you—gratitude
 Shall not grow old for the deed—nor shall the Italians
 Rue the day they took Troy to their hearts.
 I swear by the star of Aeneas, and by the strength
 Of his right hand, proven in peaceful friendship, proven
 In war. For many the peoples, many the nations
 Have wished to ally or to unite themselves

With us—(do not despise us, then, because
 Of our own free will we bear in our hands the wool-bound
 Emblems of supplication, and prayers are on our lips):
 It was the Gods' ukase, their inevitable decree
 That drove us to seek your land and yours only.
 For here was Dardanus born; and back we have come
 At Apollo's bidding, at his express command,
 To Etruscan Tiber and the holy fountainhead of Numinus.
 Moreover Aeneas proffers these few and scanty presents,
 Relics of past riches and saved from the sack of Troy:
 —This was the golden cup Anchises used at the altar;
 These were Priam's robes, when as custom was,
 He promulgated laws to his assembled people;
 Here is a scepter, here a sacred headdress,
 And garments worked by the women of Troy."

Latins

Heard Ilioneus' words with gravity,
 Dead-still he sat on his throne, his head bowed,
 His eyes moving only in key with his deep meditations—
 And these were not concerned with Priam's scepter
 Nor purple finery so profoundly as
 With his daughter's wedding and its consummation.
 He turned in his heart the oracle of old Faunus:
 This must be that man foretold of destiny
 Who, coming from foreign lands, should wed his daughter
 And rule with him in equal sovereignty;
 Whose seed should be renowned for its superlative
 Valor, and by their strength become masters of the world.
 At last he cried, with joy: "May the gods favor
 The designs we have begun, and thus fulfill
 Their own promise! I grant your requests, O Trojans.
 I accept your gifts. So long as I am king,
 You shall not lack what fruitful earth can offer,
 Nor shall you miss the prosperity of Troy!
 Let but Aeneas come himself, if indeed his longing
 Is such for us, if he yearns for the bond of hospitality,
 To be treated as an ally. Let him not be afraid
 To look on the face of his friends to be. For my part
 Until I have taken your prince's hand in mine
 Peace will not be complete. Now if you please
 Carry my message back to your king. It is this.
 I have a daughter. But I am forbidden
 To wed her to anyone of my own people.
 Every omen forbids it: there are the voices
 From the shrine of my own father: there are countless
 Heavenly portents. And all of these foretell

That her new kin shall come from foreign lands,
That is the future in store for Lavinia,
Our races shall intermarry, the new blood
Shall exalt our name to the stars. And if I have
Any powers of true prophecy I think
Aeneas is the elect of the fates. I believe it is he."
When he had spoken thus the king chose out
A number of horses from all the royal stables.
There were three hundred glossy-coated steeds
Standing in high stalls. Then he bade a horse
Be led to each Trojan in order of precedence,
A racer hung with purple-embroidered trappings,
And each with a golden pommel at its chest;
Golden armor they had, and between their teeth
Bits of a matching gold. And for Aeneas,
Since he himself was not there, Latinus chose
A chariot and a pair of yoked horses
Of heavenly breeding, their nostrils snorting fire,
Of the bastard strain which cunning Circe had bred
By fraudulently crossing a mortal mare
With her father the Sun God's celestial stallions.
Such were the gifts and such the words of Latinus
Which Aeneas' embassy bore back, proud on their horses,
Bringing the news of peace.

But see, now! Juno the fierce Queen of Jove
On her way back from Argos, city of Inachus,
Was soaring through the sky and from high over
Sicilian Paehynus she looked down
And in the far distance she saw Aeneas
At last relaxed, content by the Dardan fleet—
Already she noted that building was in progress,
The ships deserted and the Trojans trusting
Themselves to the good earth. She stayed rigid
In a spasm of agonized fury—then tossed her head
As a torrent of words poured from her mouth.
"Detestable race! O loathsome Phrygian destiny
At odds with mine! Could they fall on the plains of Sigeum?
Escape the sprung trap? Be hurried to death in Troy?
No! No! They found a way through the thick of the battle
And through the heart of the fire. Must I believe
My powers of godhead flagged, my hatred slaked?
Have I peace of mind? Why, when the Trojans were driven
Out from their country I deigned to follow the exiles
And harry them the length and breadth of the seas,
The uttermost strength of the sea and sky has been spent

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Against the Trojans—What use to me were the Syrtis
Or Scylla or huge Charybdis?—here they are
In their longest-for haven, the Tiber mouth, safe
To destroy the giant race of Lapiths—The Father
Of the Gods himself surrendered ancient Calydon
To Diana's malice—And what had the Lapiths done?
Did Calydon deserve such a dire fate?
But I, the wife of mighty Jove himself,
Determined to leave nothing untried, stooping
To any shift however degrading—I
Am vanquished by Aeneas. Very well!
Suppose the power of my godhead be too weak—
I would not shrink from seeking aid elsewhere,
Wherever I can find it—If I cannot
Prevail on Heaven I shall let loose Hell!
I cannot ban Aeneas from the throne—
Let that be so—Nor can I stop Lavinia
From marrying him, her fate is immutably fixed,
But it is in my power to put a spoke
In the wheel of these great affairs, to check and hinder
And rend in ruin the peoples of both these kings!
Your dowry shall be blood, my girl, the blood
Of Trojan and Rutulian—Bellona is waiting
To preside over your wedding. Not Hecuba only
Was delivered of a firebrand and bore the spark of a blaze.
It is the same for Venus, and her child.
He is a second Paris, a brand to burn
Troy to a second death—even as she arises!"
When she had cursed her fill she dived headlong
Down to the earth, a ghastly apparition
And from the dark of hell, from the deep hall
Of the Goddesses of Dread she hailed Allecto
To whom the taste of bitter wars, of hate,
Of treachery, and cruel crimes was sweet.
Even her father Pluto hated her, her Tartarean
Sisters detested the monster; so many the forms
She assumed, so savage her mien, so many the serpents
That writhed and coiled black-clustered on her head.
And Juno fueled her fury with these words!
"Maiden, born of night, do me a favor, I beg you,
A deed after your heart, to prevent my worship
And my renown from yielding place:—contrive that neither
Can the Trojans entrap Latinus into this marriage
Nor threaten the frontiers of Italy. You have the power,
To set the lovingest of brothers fighting.

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The happiest families at loggertide,
You have the power to bring scourges and funeral firebrands
Into a home, you have a thousand names
A thousand arts of hurting. Come, sharpen
Your teeming wits: shatter the peace treaty
Just now concluded, sow provocations to war!
Let all the young men in one same single moment
Desire, demand, and snatch up arms!"

Allecto

Loaded with Gorgon poison immediately flew
To the high palace of the Laurentine ruler
Of Latium, and there she hid and waited
By the still threshold of the Queen Amata—
She was already in a nervous frenzy
Over the Trojan's arrival and the thwarting of Turnus' marriage.

The fiend plucked one of the serpents from the blue-black
Coils of her coil and flung it at the queen,
Deep in her breast to worm its way to her heart
And cause her by its magic to set the house
In a wild uproar. It squirmed through the folds of her
garments

Gliding about her soft breast though she felt
None of its cold coiling none of the viperous vapors
It hissed into her heart driving her mad.
Transformed to snake her golden necklet choked her
Transformed to snake the ties of her headress writhed,
It threaded her hair, it slithered about her body

And while the poison in its first ooziings
Was seeping through every pore and sense of her being,
Wreathing her bones with fire, but not as yet
In full spate flooding heart and soul, she spoke
Softly and as a mother will, with many tears
Bemoaning her daughter and the Phrygian marriage.

"O Father, is our Lavinia truly to be offered
In marriage to Trojans, exiles? Have you no pity
For her or for yourself? No pity for me her mother?
At the first breath of a north wind this pirate
Will take to the high seas with her, and carry her off.
—It was not like this when the Phrygian shepherd slunk

His way into Lacedaemon and abducted
Helen the daughter of Leda to Trojan citis!
Where is your pledged word? Where the concern
You have had so long for your people? The promise given
Again and again to Turnus? If this husband
We Latins seek must be a foreigner,

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And Father's command is fixed unmovably
I say that every hand is foreign which is not ours
But is independent of our rule, and I believe
That is the gods' interpretation too.
And if you trace back Turnus' family tree,
His ancestors are Inachus and Acrisius,
Budded not an inch to her entreaties. She saw him
Inflexible against her and the sickening
Poison sank and thickened and diffused
His madness through her system; then utterly fordone
And frenzied by the all-powerful drugs at once
She mopped and mowed the length and breadth of the city,
Like the gyrations of a whipping top
That boys have put their whole soul into lashing
About in an empty courtyard: and it reels in rings
As the whip drives and the boys crane over it
In puzzled amazement at the spinning boxwood
As it leaps to life at their strokes—even so the Queen
Was driven wild and whirling through the city
With its gantlet of sneering watchers. But that was not all.
For as if possessed by Bacchus she fled to the woods,
By greater frenzy driven to greater sin,
And hid her daughter among the mountain hangers
To scotch the marriage and keep the Trojans on tenterhooks.
"Evoe, Bacchus," she shrilled, "Oh none but you
Is worthy of this maiden: See!" she ranted,
"She takes the sacred Thyrsus in your honor,
She dances round you," Round flew the rumor
Of hair to grow for you!" Round flew the rumor
And soon the same hysterical frenzy fired
The hearts of other mothers with its wild
Compulsive urge to seek new homes—they deserted
Their own; they loosed their necks and hair to the winds.
Some dressed in fawn-skins, and bearing spears of vine-wood
Quavered their cries to heaven—the Queen in the midst
Brandished high a blazing firebrand, rolling
Her bloodshot eyes and chanting the wedding song
For Turnus and her daughter: then suddenly
She screeched like a savage: "Ayl! mothers, mothers!
Listen, you mothers o' Latium, every one!
If you have any grain of kindness left
In your hearts for poor Amata, or any feeling
For a mother's rights, then loose your braided hair
And join the orgy with me!"

Thus Allecto spurred

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The Queen, made masnad, now this way now that
About the woods and the remote lairs of beasts,
And having given impetus enough,
As it seemed to her, to the onset of madness
And overthrown Latinus' house and his purpose,
The grim goddess was born on her dusky wings
Far to the walls of spirited Turnus' city
Which, it is said, was founded by Danaë
For Argive settlers driven ashore by a gale there.
Our ancestors once called the city Ardea
—It keeps its great name still, but nothing else.
Here, in his high palace, Turnus lay
Deep in the sleep of midnight's dark. Allecto
Put off her bestial features, her Fury's limbs,
And took an old woman's face, her brow seared
With ugly wrinkles, her white hair bound with a fillet,
And wreathed with an olive branch. She appeared
To be Calybe the aged servant of Juno
And priestess of her temple and presented herself
To the young man, with these words.

"Turnus!
Will you stand by and see so much of your effort wasted?
And what is yours transferred to Trojan settlers?
The king is refusing to give you your bride, or the dowry
Won with your blood, and a stranger is being imported
To inherit the throne! Go on, expose yourself
To unmerited dangers! Be mocked! Go and now down
The Etruscan ranks and shield the Latins with peace!
—These were the very words the almighty daughter of Saturn
Bade me to speak in your presence as you lay
Lapped in the calm of night. So up! and joyfully order
Your men to arms and march out through the gates!
As for the Phrygians who lie in our beautiful river,
Burn up their ships and their painted chieftains in them!
This is the inescapable command of Heaven.
Yes, let Latinus feel the embattled anger of Turnus
Unless he consents to give you your bride, and honors his
promise!"

At this the young man opened his mouth to answer,
And mocked the priestess: "The news of a fleet arriving
In the mouth of the Tiber had not as you imagine
Escaped my ears. And do not conjure up
Such images of Terror to my eyes,
Nor think Queen Juno has forgotten me.
No, it is you, old crone, whom age has moldered
And sucked the truth from, and vexes to no purpose,

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And moets with false foreboding when you prophesy
Of kings at war. Stick to your statues and temples—
That is your sphere. Leave peace and war to men—
For that is theirs." At this Allecto's anger
Flared up, and a sudden trembling seized the youth
And his eyes set in a stare, so great the hissing
From all the Fury's serpents, so terrible
The visage that appeared. Then fixing him
With eyes of flame as he stammered and stumbled on,
She thrust him down and stiff from her head erected
Twin serpents in her hair and cracked her whip
And fulminated at him from her foaming lips.
"So! Look at me, old crone whom age has moldered
And sucked the truth from, and mocked with false fore-
boding

When I prophesy of kings at war. Look at this, now!
I come from the realms of the Dread Sisterhood;
It is War and Death I wield!"—with the words she hurried
A burning brand at Turnus and in his breast
She stabbed her torch which smoldered with black smoke.
He started up from sleep in a cold sweat
Of utter panic, shattered to the marrow,
Demented he yelled for his sword, tumbling under his pil-
low

And through the palace. A savage lust for steel
And all the filthy insanities of war
Took hold of him, and anger above all—
As when a noisy crackling fire of sticks
Is piled beneath the ribs of a bubbling pot
And the water seethes with the heat—
There inside is the water steaming and storming
Leaping and hisping the sides until no longer
Can it contain itself, but a dark scum rises
And frothing up it overboils and spills—
Just so it was with Turnus. He gave his captains
Orders to arm and march against Latinus,
Saying the king had broken the treaty and saying
He must save Italy and drive out the invader,
If need be he was a match for Latin and Trojan together.
When he had said these words he called on the gods
And the Rutulians eagerly rallied to arms;
One fired by his leader's perfect grace and youth,
Another by his royal line, another
By the great deeds wrought his own right arm.

While Turnus was instilling into his men

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A spirit of daring, Allecto whittled away
Towards the Trojans on her Stygian wings.
Choosing a new device she cast her eye
On the coign of coastline where the fair Iulus
Was hunting wild beasts with his nets and hounds,
And these the Hell-Friend suddenly drove rabid
And filled their nostrils with a familiar scent—
To set them in full cry after a stag. And this
Was the first spark of trouble and the reason
The country people turned their thoughts to war.
The stag they hunted was a magnificent creature
With splendid antlers—a stag that had been taken
Before he was weaned from his mother and kept as a pet
By Tyrrhus and his boys—(Tyrrhus was master
Of the king's herds and keeper of all his pastures.)
He was their sister Silvia's especial pet:
She had trained him to obey her, entwined his horns
With delicate flower-chains, groomed his coat
And washed him in spring water, wild though he was.
He would come to her hand, he would feed at his master's
table.

But he would wander wild through the woods and find his
way
However late at night back to the door he knew.
Now as he strayed Iulus' maddened hounds
Got on his scent as he drifted down the river
Alaying the heat of the day under its green banks.
And Iulus fired with desire for this special trophy
Bent his curved bow and shot an arrow—his aim
(Some god guided it) was true—and the noisily whizzing
Arrow tipped through the stag's belly and flanks.
Wounded, the beast dragged back to his known home
And howling found his stable and bleeding filled
The whole house with his supplicating groans.
Silvia was first to act, clapping her hands on her arms,
Calling for help to the seasoned country people.
Amazingly quick they came (for ruthless Allecto
Lay doggo in the woods) one armed with a stake fire-
tempered,
Another with a knobby cudgel—whatever
Weapon came to each hand as his anger flared.
Tyrrhus marshaled his troop—he, as it happened,
Was splitting an oak into quarters and had just
Fixed in the wedges and he was breathing fire.
But from her lookout the savage goddess saw
The chance for further evil and flew to the roof

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Of the stables and from its topmost peak blew
The Herdsman's Call, and on the curving horn
Sounded the full note of Hell which shook
The woods and made the furthest forest echo.
Far off it was heard beside the Lake of Diana;
The River Nar with its white sulphurous waters
And the springs of Lake Velinus heard it also,
And shivering mothers clutched their sons to their breasts.
Then quickly indeed to the sound of the grim bugle,
With weapons snatched up hastily, came running
From every quarter the dour country people.
Nor were the Trojan youths slower to rally
Out of the camp to come to Iulus' help.
They drew up their lines of battle—it was no longer
A rustic affray with cudgels and stakes fire-tempered,
But an issue to be tried with two-edged steel,
And far and wide a bristling crop of swords
Stood up like iron wheat, and the glare of bronze
Glanced back to the sun and gleamed to the underside
Of the high clouds—As when with a rising wind
The waves whiten, and little by little the sea
Sweepens till from its lowest deeps it leaps to high heaven.
And now young Almo, eldest of Tyrrhus' sons,
Was killed by a whirling arrow as he stood
In a forward post ahead of the front rank,
For his throat was gashed with the wound
And the passage of his liquid voice was choked
With the rush of blood, and the vital windpipe blocked.
And many the heroes lying around him—among them
Galaeus an older man, killed as he interposed
His body between the forces to mediate.
He was a man of the uttermost probity,
None like him and no man so rich before
In Ausonian lands—he had five flocks of sheep,
Five herds of cattle and employed a hundred ploughs
To turn his soil.

And thus on the plains the battle
Hung in the balance of the War God's favor:
The powerful goddess had performed her promise,
Bloody war was begun and the first blows
Of the grievous contest struck and so she left
The Western land and spanning the arch of the sky
Flew to the seat of Juno and spoke in arrogant triumph
"Seel Your thirst for discord slaked in war and its horrors!
Now bid them join in friendship and make peace!
I have already blooded the Trojans with

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The blood of Italians—but if you give me leave,
 I can do more than this—by spreading rumors
 I can bring the neighboring cities into the war,
 And craze their spirits till they burn with passion
 For war, and come from every side to help.
 I can disseminate war through the whole land!"

Then Juno answered: "There is enough terror
 And treachery! the causes of the war
 Are clear-cut now, there is hand-to-hand fighting already—
 New blood is caked on the weapons chance first supplied.
 Such be the bridal, such the wedding rites
 That King Latinus and the famous son
 Of Venus are to celebrate! But as for you,
 It is not the Will of Jove, the Supreme Lord
 Of high Olympus that such as you should wander
 Too widely in the upper air: Give place!
 If there be further chance for evil-doing
 I shall deal with matters myself!" The daughter of Saturn
 Put an end to this exchange. And then Allecto
 With a hiss of serpents spread her wings and flew
 To her home in Cocytus, and left the slopes of the sky.
 There is a spot in the middle of Italy
 At the foot of some high mountains, which is famous,
 And talked of in many lands: it is called the Valley
 Of Amsanctus—a dark thickly wooded cleft
 Down which a torrent roars and rolls its boulders.
 Here you can see an awe-inspiring cavern,
 The breathing-holes of pitiless Pluto, the huge
 Gulf whence Acheron yawns its filthy jaws.
 And into this the Fury dived, a hateful deity,
 And lightened the earth and sky of the load of her.

Meanwhile the daughter of Saturn set her final
 Seal on the war. There was a general rush
 Of peasants into the city from the fighting
 And they carried in the killed—the youthful Almo
 And Galaeus with his mutilated face—
 And prayed to their gods and supplicated Latinus.
 Turnus was there among them busy, whilst
 Hysterical reactions to the slaughter
 Remained at fever pitch, whipping up terror:
 "The Trojans have been invited to share the throne!
 The Trojans are to mix their blood with ours,
 And I am to be driven from the door!"

Then came the relatives of the women benighted by Bacchus
 Who went their orgiastic way through the trackless

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Woods at the call of Amata (and hers was no name to beard)
 And they shouted for war till they were hoarse.
 Then one and all, despite every omen and oracle,
 But under the influence of an evil deity
 Demanded an evil war, and in a body
 Jostled and crowded round Latinus' palace.
 He stayed immovable as a rock, as a sea-rock
 The breakers ceaselessly batter yet it holds
 Solid and stolid for all the snarl of the seas;
 The reefs and foam-flecked bars roar round about
 And the seaweed splits against it again and again.
 —But seeing he had no powers to gainsay
 Their blind decision, since events were shaping
 As inexorable Juno chose, the old king raised
 His hands to the heedless winds and to the Gods.
 "Alas," he bewailed, "we are broken by our fatal
 We are borne upon the whirlwind! O my people,
 My unhappy people, you shall pay for this
 Sacrilege with your blood! You, Turnus, you—
 The wickedness of your deed shall overtake you
 And its dread punishment—too late will you offer
 Vows to the gods, too late! I am too old myself,
 I go to my rest; and all I am bereft of
 On the threshold of death is a peaceful burial."
 He spoke his last, immured himself in the palace
 And let the reins of kingship fall from his hand.

There was a custom in Latium, the western country,
 And all the Alban cities afterwards
 Held it as sacred. (As now almighty Rome
 When first we rouse the war god to join battle,
 Whether it be to bring upon the Getae
 The sorrows of war or the Arabs or the Hyrcanians
 Or to march to the Indies towards the dawn,
 Or force the Parthians to return our standards.)
 There are Twin Gates of War, for so they are called,
 By religion hallowed and held in awe for fear
 Of pitiless Mars: and they are held by a hundred
 Brazen bars and the everlasting strength
 Of iron, and their guardian Janus never
 Quits his post on the threshold. Now when the City
 Fathers irrevocably vote for war,
 The Consul in his Quinial robe of State
 And Gabine cincture unbolls the gates, and the hinges
 Grind, and himself declares war; then every warrior
 Takes up the cry and the brazen bugles blare

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Their assent. It was by this ritual Lausus
Was hidden declare war upon Aeneas
And open the grievous gates. But the old king
Refused his hand and shrank from the filthy office,
And shrouded himself in the shadow of despair.
Then the Queen of Heaven herself descended
And with her own hand burst in the reluctant doors
And as the hinges turned, the Saturnian loosed
The iron-bound portals. Italy so calm
And pacific until then was in a ferment.
Some began to march over the plain,
Others in clouds of dust galloped high on their horses.
Arms! was the universal cry—some greased their shields
And javelins till they shone, or ground an ax on a whetstone;
All delighted to flourish their standards and hear the trumpets.
Five great cities set up new anvils to renew
Their stocks of arms—proud Tibur, powerful Ardea,
Ardea, Crustumernum, and many-towered Antemnae.
They hollowed helmets to save their heads, they bent
Wicker frames of willow for shields; they hammered
Bronze corslets and beat out silver into greaves.
All their pride in the sickle and share, their love
Of the plough was over: they took their fathers' swords
And smelted them afresh in the furnace; the trumpets
Already were sounding for battle. The word went out for
War!

And a trembling fellow snatched his helmet up
And dashed out of a house; and there was another
Yoking his snorting horses in a chariot,
Donning his shield and corslet of three-piled gold
And girding his sword on.

*Now is the time, O Muses,
To grant me the freedom of Helicon and inspire
My verses to tell what kings came to the war;
Who followed whom and what was the battle-array
That filled the plains, who in whose far-off days
Were the Flower of Italy's lush land, who blazed in arms.
For you are divine, you have the power to recall
Every event as it was but I am weak.
And but a whisper has come down to me.*

The first to march his men to the war was Mezentius,
A violent man who despised the gods and who came
From the shores of Etruria. And by him marched his son
Lausus a youth more handsome than any but Turnus.
Lausus, tamer of horses and scourge of the wild,

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Who led a thousand men from the city Agylla
—Following all in vain—a boy deserving
More joy than being under his father's order—
Or, indeed, having Mezentius for father.
Flaunting his winning chariot over the grassland
After them came Aventinus as handsome a son
As his handsome father Hercules, his shield
Embossed with his father's crest of the Hydra's head
With its coil of a hundred snakes:—his mother Rhea,
A priestess, bore him into the light of day
Secretly in the woods of the Aventine mountain,
The offspring of her mortal body given
To the god Hercules when after killing Geryon
He came to the fields of Laurentum and there watered
His Spanish herds in the Etruscan river.
His soldiers were armed with javelins and pointed sticks
And fought, too, with sharp swords and Sabellian skewers.
He himself led the foot soldiers bristling
In a huge lion-skin, its mane uncombed
Its teeth bared in a snarl. He wore it flung
Over his shoulder, fierce as was his father, and thus
He came to the royal palace.

And after him
Came the twin brothers from the fortress of Tibur
Whose people take their name from another brother,
Tiburtus; these two were Catillus and eager Coras,
Arrive youths, and ready to plunge ahead
Of the front rank into the ruck of weapons,
Like two Centaurs, born of the clouds, charging
Down from the top of a mountain at full gallop,
Down from Homole, down from snow-capped Othrys—
The huge woods give them place and they smash their way
Through the undergrowth. The founder of Praeneste
Was with them, Caeculus whom after times
Have believed a son of Vulcan, of royal blood
Born among farm beasts and found by the hearth.
And with him were soldiers from high Praeneste itself
And from the pastures of Juno at Gabii,
And the chill Anio and the Hernican crags
That spring with streams; from Anagnina's rich lands;
From the Amasenus valley. Not all had arms
Nor rattled shields nor chariots—most of them
Would discharge pellets of gray lead; and some
Shook pairs of spears in their hands; and on their heads
They wore wolfskin caps; and they walked left foot naked

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And fight foot shield with raw hide.

But Messapus,

Flamer of horses, son of Neptune, a man
Whom it was forbidden for anyone to slay
With fire or sword, now suddenly called to arms
People long lost to the ways of war and happy in peace
And drew his sword again. These were the men
Of Fescennium, the Faliscans from the plain,
Men who abode below the peak of Soracte,
Men from the farms of Flavinium, and men
From the mountain of Ciminius with its lake
And the groves of Capena. Steadily they marched
Singing ballads about their king; even as snowy
Swans that fly among the wrack of clouds
As they return from feeding stretch their necks
And sing melodious measures, and the river
And the Asian Marshes echo far and wide.
—No one would think he saw an armored troop
In such a mighty rout, but a huge flock
Of noisy birds from the deep sea flying in
Towards the shore.

And look there! Clausus urging
A great company onward, Clausus sprung from the blood
Of Sabines of old, an army in himself,
From whom derive the Claudian family-tribe
Wide spread through Latium after the Sabines were given
Their share in Rome. With him came one huge body—
From Antiernum some, others the strict Quirites,
A band from Eretum, a band from olive-bearing Mutusca,
Some from Nomentum city, some from the countryside
Of Rosea by Velinus; some from the beetling
Crag of Tetrica, from Mount Severus, from Casperia,
From Foruli, and from the river Himella;
Men who drank the Tiber and Fabaris, men
Whom the cold Nursia sent, and there were companies
From Hortia, and there were Latin peoples and others
Whose land is cut into two parts and watered
By the Alia, river of ill-starred name.
They were as many as waves on the Libyan sea
When savage Orion is hidden beneath its winter waters,
They were as close together as the ears of corn
Which ripen in the new strength of the sun
On the plain of Hermus or in Lycia's
Gold harvest-acres. Then shields clashed together
And the earth trembled at the beat of their feet.

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Then next Halaeus, Agamemnon's henchman,
An enemy of Troy, hitched horse to chariot
And pressed a thousand warlike tribes to join
Turnus—some of them hoers of the soil,
The Massic soil so suitable for vineyards,
And some whom the Auruncan elders despatched
Down from the heights or from the neighboring seaboard
Of Sicilia, and some had left Calae:
Some dwelt by the shallow river of Volturnus;
And added to these there was a tough troop
From Saticula, and an Oscan section.
Their weapons were rounded javelins and their method
Was to attach them to elastic lines;
Arm-guards of leather protected their left arms
And for in-fighting they used falchions.
Nor from my song shall you be missing, Oebalus,
Begotten by Telon on Sebethys,
A nymph, in his old age when he was ruling
Over the Teleboae at Caprae.
But Oebalus was not content with his father's lands
And was already bringing under his sway
The Sarraetians and the plains, the Sarnus waters
And the men of Rutrae, Batiunum and Celema,
Or where the walls of Abella look down on the orchards,
And they were expert throwers of barbed spears
After the Teuton fashion, and their headgear
Was bark torn from the cork-tree and the bronze
Of their bucklers glistened and their bronze swords gleamed.
And Ufens, you were sent into battle from mountainous
Nersae,
A warrior famed in song and a lucky fighter.
You from a clan especially outlandish,
Used to continual hunting and tilling the stubborn soil
Of Aequicula, carrying arms at their work,
And always prepared to plunder their neighbors and live
On the proceeds.
Then came a priest sent
From the Martuvian people and he wore
A favor of olive leaves above his helmet,
His name was Umbro, he was most courageous
And King Archippus sent him. He had powers
Of hand and incantation to charm to sleep
All kinds of vipers and poison-breathing hydras
And soften their anger and heal their bites with his art.
But he had no skill to counter and heal the blow

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Of a Dardan spear, no soporific chariot
Nor herbs culled in the Massian mountains heaped
With his own wounds: The grove of Angitia,
The smooth lake of Fucinus, the limpid pools
Mourn for you, Umbro!

Virbius came to the war,

Son of Hippolytus, a youth most beautiful
And noble, whom his mother Aricia
Sent from the groves of Egeria that lie
Round the marshy lake where she had brought him up—
There is Diana disposed to accept rich gifts at her altar.
Hippolytus, as the story goes, was killed
Through the arts of his stepmother, being split asunder
By bolting horses, so paying with his blood
His father's debt, but afterwards he was raised
To the air and the vault of the sky, called back
By Apollo's smiles and the love of Diana.
But then the Almighty Father resenting a mortal
Being restored from the dark to the light of life
With his own hand struck Aesculapius,
The son of Apollo and the originator
Of healing powers so great, down to the Styx
With a thunderbolt. But kindly Diana hid
Hippolytus in a secret house apart,
Keeping him in the grove of the nymph Egeria
Where in Italian woods he must pass his life
Unknown and under the different name of Virbius.
This is the reason why horses with hoots of horn
Are forbidden Diana's temple and sacred wood—
Because it was horses panicking at a sea-monster
That overturned the chariot on the shore
And killed the youth—but, none the less, now
His son was urging on his own highesteppers
Over the level plain as he drove full-tilt
In his chariot to the war.

Turnus himself

Went to and fro among his foremost warriors
Bearing his weapons, cutting a fine figure
A head taller than all. His helmet bore
A triple plume and a chimæra belching
The fires of Etna from its jaws, and in battle,
The harder the press the stronger the stream of blood,
So it roared louder and its flames burned hotter.
But it was to who was embossed in gold
To grace his shield, already with upraised horn
And bristled hide, already a cow, a marvelous image—

And Argus guarding her virginity, and Father
Inachus pouring his stream from a silver urn.
A horde of infantry followed Turnus; their shields
Sprawled over the whole plain, the youth of Argos,
Bands of Auruncans, Rutulians, Sicilian veterans,
And the striking force of Sacrania and Labicans
With painted shields; men from your banks, Tiber,
Who ploughed the sacred shores of Numicus, or worked
The Rutulian hills and the Port of Circeii
Where Jove of Anxur is the god who rules
Over the farms, and Feronia delights in her green shade;
Men from the black marsh of Satura and the terrain
Whence shivering Ufens sneaks through the valley-bottoms
And hides at sea.

With these men came Camilla

Leading a troop of horse whose polished shields
Dazzled with bronze, a woman of war, not one
Whose hands were apt for the distaff of Minerva,
The wool-balls, but a maiden ready to take
The hard knocks of a battle, and to outpace
The winds in speed of foot. She might have raced
Over the tops of the uncut corn without
Bruising their brittle ears, or made her course
Over the wavetops without wetting once
The sole of her swift foot. And as she passed
A crowd of mothers and all the youths who were rallying
From house and field gazed at her as she passed,
In gaping wonder at the purple cloak
On her smooth shoulder, at how a clasp of gold
Held all her hair; they gaped at her Lycian quiver
And at the shepherd's myrtle-crook she bore
With a lance's point.

BOOK VIII

As soon as Turnus had hoisted the ensign of battle
From the citadel top of Laurentium and the strident
Fanfare of trumpets had sounded, as soon as his fiery
Horses were roused and his armor clanged as he donned
it,

War-fever seized on the minds of the people; at once
All Latium rose in an uproar, the young men
Lusted for blood. Their leaders Messapus and Ufens
And that contemner of gods Mezentius first
Mustered their men from all sides and unpeopled the fields
Of their tillers; and Venulus was despatched to the city
Of mighty Diomede to ask for help:

He was to brief him how the Trojans already
Had landed in Latium, how Aeneas had sailed there—
How he had introduced the vanquished gods
Of his own race and announced it his destiny
To claim the throne; that many peoples were joining
The Dardan hero, that his name and his fame
Were spreading widely through Latium. (What should befall
From these origins, what outcome of the contest
His heart relished, if fortune favored him,
Was plainer to Diomede than it ever was
To appear to Turnus or even to King Latinus.)
—Such was the state of affairs in Latium.

The noble seion of Laomedon seeing
The sun of events was tossed on a sea of anxiety—
Now to this point, now that, his quick mind moving
From facet to facet of the problem glancing,
Yet keeping the whole conspectus under review:
—Just as a flicker of light in water, quivering
In a brass bowl reflecting sun or moon ray,

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Tricks flit and flutter, and flicks up into the air
And dances on the ceiling of the roof.

It was night, and over all the earth, on cattle
On bird and beast, on all the world there had fallen
A profound sleep, when Aeneas, his people's guardian,
Distracted by his abhorrence of the war
Lay down on the river bank under the chill
Arch of the sky and at long last allowed
His limbs to relax.

And then appeared to him
The very god of the place, old Tiber himself
Out of his pleasant currents, arising from the poplars,
Clad in a gray transparent linen cloak
And an abundant headress of shady reeds,
Who spoke these words dissolving his cloud of care.
"Oh seed of the God's sowing, you who bring
Troy-city back to us from enemy hands—
Preserving Pergamus for ever—Oh long-looked-for
In Latian fields and on the soil of Laurentium,
Here is your haven, here is rest for your Gods.
Do not distrust me; do not be cast down
By threats of war; the Gods' festering fury
Has burst—it has died down.—And now, in case
You conceive this the vain figuring of a dream,
Under the flex trees on the river banks you will find
A huge white sow just farrowed, with thirty piglings
All white as she is, lying on the ground,
And here the site of your city will be, sure rest
From toil, and in thirty years from now Ascanius
Founding a famous city here, shall call it 'Alba.'
I speak the firm truth, and now attend to me
And I will tell you briefly how to solve
Successfully the problems which confront you.
On this coast some Arcadians, a race deriving
From Pallas, comrades of King Evander, following
His standard, have picked a site and built a city
Up in these hills, called from their ancestor
Pallanteum. These folk incessantly
Wage war with the Latin nation. Make them aliest
Conclude a treaty with them! I myself
Will lead you along my banks and direct your course
So that your oars may overcome the currents.
Come, rise up, Goddess-born, and make your prayers
To Juno in due fashion as the stars
Begin to pale and set, and by your vows

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And prayers prevail upon her wrath and threats,
 Once you are victor you shall pay to me
 Your meed of worship. For I am he the God
 Tiber, the sky-blue-watered, whom you see
 In full flow, scouring my brimming banks and winding
 Through the rich harvest fields, the most beloved
 Of rivers in Heaven. Here is my palace-spring,
 Life-fount of mighty cities!" The River God
 Spoke and then plunged into his pool deep
 Down to the bed—and night and sleep at once
 Forsook Aeneas. He rose up and gazing
 On the dawn-beams of the sun in the eastern sky
 With reverence lifted in the palms of his hands
 A libation of river-water and cried to heaven:
 "O Nymphs, Nymphs of Laurentum, river-born,
 And Father Tiber with your holy stream
 Receive me, Aeneas, and at last be ward
 Against my perils. Whatever spring now feeds
 The pools where, plying our long distress, you lie,
 Whatever the soil you rise from in your beauty,
 For ever shall I revere you with honor, with gifts for ever
 Celebrate your name, O river crescent-horned,
 Lord of all western waters. Only be at my side,
 Confirm the heavenly tokens with your presence."
 So he spoke and chose from his fleet two hirems
 And manned them with rowers and at the same time
 Called his companions to arms.

And then behold!
 A sudden marvelous portent met their eyes.
 There on the green bank lay in the undergrowth
 A pure white sow, her pure white litter around her—
 —To you Juno, Juno alone, almighty Juno
 She must be sacrificed and Aeneas took
 The sacred implements and set the sow
 With all her young in station by the altar.
 Then for that whole long night did Tiber rein
 His thrusting stream and the water was silent-still
 As peaceful standing waters, pool or marsh—
 No current met the rowers, to contend with.
 And so they made good speed, the journey propitious
 With all Aeneas had told them; the polished hulls
 Skimmed through the shallows; even the waves marveled
 And the woods stared askance, strangers so long
 To the gleaming shields of heroes, the bright colors
 Of boats on the stream. They kept at the oars
 By day and night as they covered the long reaches,

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shaded by many trees as they cut the still water
 Among the green forests. The fiery sun
 Had climbed to the zenith when they saw walls
 And a citadel far off, and a straggle of dwellings
 (Which now the Power of Rome has raised to heaven)
 But you Evander lived there, poor in possessions.
 At once they turned their prows towards the shore
 And drew near to the city.

It so happened
 That on that day the Arcadian King was engaged
 In paying his annual honors to Hercules
 And the other gods, in a grove before the city.
 With him was Pallas his son and the cream of the youth,
 And his Senate, men of meager substance all,
 Were offering incense, and the new-shed blood
 Reeked up from the altars. But when they saw
 The swift ships between the darkling groves
 And the oarsmen silently rowing, their hearts went cold
 At the sudden apparition and all sprang up
 In a body and left the tables. But Pallas boldly
 Forbade them to break the sacrifice, and snatching a weapon
 Sped off alone to meet them and from a distance
 Standing upon a hillock he called out:
 "Warriors, what has led you to explore
 These ways unknown to you—where are you bound?
 What race are you? Where is your home? Is it peace or war
 You bring?" Then Aeneas the leader perched up high
 On the stern with an olive branch stretched out in his hand,
 In earnest of peace, replied. "You see before you
 A people of Trojan birth: our weapons are drawn
 Against the Latins only, who have driven us
 Out of the land with tyrannous war though all
 We asked was peace. And now we seek Evander.
 Take him this message. Tell him that chosen leaders
 Of Dardania are at hand to beg for an armed alliance."
 At the sound of a name so celebrated Pallas
 Stood rooted to the spot. "Whoever you are,
 Come disembark," he said, "and speak with my father
 And accept the hospitality of our hearth."
 He gave his hand and grasped Aeneas' hand
 Firmly and long. Under the shade of the grove
 They left the river and came to King Evander,
 Then in this friendly fashion Aeneas said:
 "O best of the sons of Greece to whom at the bidding of
 fortune
 I turned my prayers and proffered wreathed branches,

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I never feared you for all that you were a leader
 Of Greeks, an Arcadian, and allied by birth
 To the two sons of Atreus. On the contrary,
 My own nation, the hallowed oracles
 Of Gods, the kinship of our father, your own
 World-wide renown—all these have linked me with you,
 Led here by destiny and desire at one.
 Dardanus our first father—founder of Ilium—
 So the Greeks say was born of Electra the daughter
 Of Atlas and came to the Teucrians—mightiest Atlas
 Who bears the constellations on his shoulders.
 Mercury is your sire whom snow-white Maia
 Conceived and bore on snowy Cyllene's summit;
 But Maia, if we may credit the tradition,
 Is daughter of Atlas, too, that very Atlas
 Who bears the stars of heaven—so our two
 Divergent families sprang from the same blood.
 Trusting in this, my first approach to you
 Was not through envoys nor diplomacy;
 No, I myself in person have risked my life
 And come a suppliant to your gates myself.
 The Daunians, that same wicked race of people
 That harry you with war, now harry us;
 And if they drive us out nothing can stop them
 Conquering all Hesperia and controlling
 The seas that wash its either coast. Accept
 Our friendship, give us yours! Our hearts are bold
 In battle, we are brave spirits, our young manhood
 Has proved itself by prowess in the field!"
 Such were the words of Aeneas, and for long
 Epyander had been gazing on his face
 And in his eyes, and raking his whole frame,
 And briefly he answered: "O bravest of the Trojans
 How well I recognize and receive you here!
 And his face and his words! For I remember how Priam
 Son of Iomedon passed here on a visit
 To the realms of Hesione his sister, making for Salamis,
 And thence to cross Arcadia's cold frontiers.
 The first flush of my youth was on my cheeks
 And I hero-worshiped all the Trojan leaders—
 Priam himself, but especially Anchises
 Who strode out a head taller than them all.
 My young heart burned with yearning to speak to the hero
 And shake him by the hand. And so I did.
 Then to my joy I squired him to the walls

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Of Pheneus. And as he took leave of me
 He gave me a marvelous quiver of Lycian arrows
 And a cloak wrought with golden thread and a pair
 Of golden bits which my Pallas has to this day.
 Thetefore the pact and all you seek lies here
 In the right hand I pledge you with, and when
 Tomorrow's dawn lightens up the world
 And I speed you on your way you will rejoice
 In the armed force and in the stores I furnish.
 Meanwhile, since you have come as friends, join with us
 And celebrate these annual rites of ours
 (Sin it would be to postpone them) and accustom
 Yourself to the hospitality of your allies!"
 When he had said these words he bid the banquet
 Which had been removed be set on once again
 And placed his warrior-guests on seats of turf.
 But for Aeneas he had a special welcome,
 Seating him on a throne of maple-wood
 Draped with a shaggy lion-skin. Then the priest of the altar
 And his chosen youths with nimble skill brought on
 The roast bulls' meat and, piled in baskets, the gifts
 Of the corn goddess and poured the wine of Bacchus.
 Aeneas and all the warriors of Troy
 Fed on a whole chine and the sacrificial entrails.
 When hunger was appeased and appetite
 Surfeited, King Epyander said, "This ceremony,
 This ritual feast, this altar set up to honor
 So great a deity—this is not done lightly
 Nor in forgetfulness of the ancient gods.
 No, Trojan guest, it is due honor we pay
 In evergreen thanksgiving for deliverance
 From bitter dangers. Now, first, look up there
 At that hanging crag on the rock face and see, beyond it,
 There is a mountain lair now desolate and shattered
 With enormous slabs of rock and a trail of havoc
 Left by an avalanche. It was once a cave
 Cleft to a vast depth, beyond the reach
 Of the sun's rays, and there a terrible monster
 Half-beast, half-man, Cacus, made his dwelling.
 And always the ground was reeking with new blood
 And nailed to the huge doorway human heads
 Hung grisly-pale in grim decay. The monster's
 Father was Vulcan—from Vulcan derived the fires
 That smokily belched from his own mouth as he heaved
 His colossal bulk along

But in the end

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Our prayers for help were answered and a god came,
 For Hercules that greatest of all avengers,
 In high fettle having despoiled and killed
 Geryon the three-headed, he marched our way
 Driving before him the mighty bulls he had won;
 And the cattle filled the valley and the river.
 But Cacus, his mind a ferment of mad frenzy,
 Determined not to leave a trick or crime
 Undared or unattempted, stole four bulls
 In especially prime condition from the stables,
 And four of the finest heifers, and lest they should leave
 Their natural trail of hoof marks he seized their tails
 And dragged them backwards into his cave and hid them
 Behind a wall of rock and not a clue
 Led to the cave if anyone gave search.
 But meanwhile Hercules, now they were fed,
 Prepared to drive his herd out of their stable
 And leave the country, and the cattle lowed
 As they departed and filled all the woodland
 With plaintive moanings and left the hills ringing—
 And from the depths of the enormous cave
 One beast made answer cheating Cacus' hopes
 Of keeping them in thrall. Then truly an anger
 Blacker than ever before blazed up in Hercules!
 He seized up arms, his heavy knotted club,
 And rushed for the precipitous heights of the mountain,
 We, for the first time, saw Cacus blanch
 And terror in his eyes. And he made for the cave
 Faster than east wind and fear gave wings to his feet.
 He was just in time to immure himself by breaking
 The fastening of a huge suspended rock
 Hung by his father's art from an iron clamp,
 And had jammed his doorway up with this obstacle,
 When lo! the son of Tiryns appeared in a spate of fury
 And sought to force an entry, now here, now there,
 Grinding his teeth. Three times in seething anger
 He circled the mountain, three times to no purpose
 He tried the rocky doorway and three times
 Sank back exhausted to the valley bottom.
 There was a sharp spur that stood up sheer,
 As if the surrounding rock had been cut away,
 Rising above the back of the cave, the highest
 Point for the eye to catch, a perfect place
 For the nests of birds of prey—it sloped away
 To the river on the left and Hercules
 Heaving upon the right worried and loosened it

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Until he tore it up and suddenly
 He sent it crashing down—and all the sky
 Throbbled as with thunder, the banks of the river gaped,
 And the stream ran back in terror! Then the cave
 And the huge den of Cacus was clear to view
 And all its dark recesses open wide.
 It was as if the earth should quake and split
 To disclose the world below, the pale kingdom
 The gods detest, and the appalling abyss
 Was to be seen from above and the ghosts shuddering
 At the onset of light. So in this unwonted
 Glare suddenly caught, pinned in his own cave,
 Cacus lay yelling as Hercules rained on him
 Every conceivable weapon, pulpating him
 With branches of trees and enormous lumps of rock.
 And he, seeing he could not escape from his perilous plight,
 Belched from his jaws a billow of thick smoke
 And plunged the cave into pitchy darkness blotting
 Out sight and in the depths of the hollow he massed
 A humming night of darkness blent with fire,
 An amazing sight to see. But Hercules
 Would not brook this but with a headlong spring
 Plunged through the fire into the heart of the smokewaves
 Where they wreathed thickest in the enormous cave.
 Here in the shadows he seized on Cacus, vainly
 Vomiting useless fire, and twisted his limbs
 Into a knot and kept a strangehold
 Till his eyeballs started out and his throat was bloodless.
 Then were the doors burst down and the vile house
 Laid open, and the stolen cattle Cacus
 Had been compelled to disgorge, loosed to the light.
 The hideous corpse was dragged out by the heels.
 The onlookers could not look long enough
 On the dreadful eyes, the ghastly face, and the chest
 Of the monster matted with hairs, and his mouth snuffed
 Of its flames.

From that time on, we have held
 A celebration in his honor from generation
 To generation worshipping the god.
 And foremost among us is Pottius who founded
 The rite, and then the Pinarian house, the guardians
 Of the worship of Hercules, set up this altar
 Which always is named by us our greatest altar
 And always shall be greatest. Therefore come,
 O warriors, and wreath your hair with leaves;
 Hold out your cups in your right hands in honor

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Of so worthy and great a deed and invoke the god,
 Both yours and ours, and willingly pour the libations!"
 These were his words and as he spoke he took
 A spray of poplar, Hercules' own tree,
 With its gray-green leaves, and twined a wreath in his hair.
 He held the sacred cup in his right hand.
 Then swiftly, happily, all poured their due libations
 Upon the tables and offered prayers to the gods.
 Meanwhile the evening crept up the lower slopes of Olympus
 And now there came the priests led by Potitus
 Garbed in their ritual skins and carrying torches.
 The feast began again and the tables were heaped
 With new provisions, brought for a second session,
 And the altars groaned with high-piled dishes again.
 The Sali appeared with wreaths of poplar
 Upon their brows to sing by the kindled altars—
 One was a chorus of youths, the other of old men—
 And they sang paeans in praise of the glorious deeds
 Of Hercules: how in his cradle he strangled
 With his own baby hands the messengers
 Sent by his stepmother—two monstrous serpents;
 How he destroyed in war two famous cities,
 Troy and Oechalia; how for King Eurystheus
 He did a thousand chores imposed upon him
 By Juno's enmity. "O unconquerable!
 Slayer of those two-formed and cloud-born creations
 Erylaeus and Pholus, of the Cretan abortion,
 And of the huge lion beneath the Nemean rock,
 You, that set the Stygian pool ashudder
 And Cerberus where with his paws on bloody bones
 He lay at his lair's mouth, that never blanched
 At any bodily shape not even Typhoeus
 Looming in arms; (nor did your reason quail
 When the snake of Lerna coiled itself around you,)
 Hail! true son of Love, new luster to heaven,
 Approach and grace our rites with your very guidance!"
 Thus in their songs they celebrated, and above all
 Sang of the Cave of Cacus and the fire-breath of him,
 And the whole wood rang with the sound and the hills re-
 echoed it.
 Then when the sacrifice was over the company
 All returned to the city. The King moved slowly
 Stiff with age and Aeneas and young Pallas
 Accompanied his steps and he lightened the journey
 With various talk. Aeneas' quick eyes
 Took everything in with wonder and delight

And putting questions about the ancient records
 Of ancient men Evander answered him,
 Founder of Rome's citadel. "These groves
 Were the native haunts of the Nymphs and Fauns once,
 And a race of men born from the trunks of oak trees
 Who had no laws or culture, they did not know
 How to yoke oxen nor to produce food
 Nor conserve stores, but they lived off branches
 And whatever the struggle of hunting could provide.
 Then Saturn came, expelled from the heights of Olympus
 An exile, kingdomless, in full retreat
 From the weapons of Love. And he reformed this people:
 From being wildly scattered about the mountains
 He molded them into one and gave them laws
 And chose the name of 'Latium' for the place,
 From its lying safely hidden within its bounds.
 Under his rule there passed the centuries
 We call the Golden Age, so calm and peaceful
 His reign, until little by little the race
 Coarsened and worsened and were mad for war
 And the lust of possession. Next an Ausonian tribe
 And a race of Sicilians came and again and again
 The land of Saturn changed its name, and then
 There were Kings, for instance Thybris with his vast
 Body from whom in after times we Italians
 Have named the river Tiber, and it lost
 Its true and ancient name of Albulia.
 I myself was driven from my country
 And sailed to the edge of the world till I was forced
 By all-powerful fortune and inescapable fate
 To choose this place, led here by the dread warnings
 Of my mother the Nymph Carmentis and the sanction
 Of Apollo the divine." He had scarcely finished
 When he moved forward to point out the altar
 And then the gate the Romans call the Carmental
 In memory of the ancient honors paid
 To the Nymph Carmentis, prophetess of fate,
 Who first sang of the future greatness promised
 The sons of Aeneas and Pallanteum's glory.
 —Next, the huge grove which doughty Romulus
 Was to reserve as his "Asylum" later,
 And under its dank rock the Lupercal
 That by Arcadian custom bears the name
 Of Lycaean Pan. And added to that he showed him
 The grove of sacred Argiletum, calling
 The place to witness as he recounted the death

Of his guest Argus, Then he conducted Aeneas
 To the Tarpeian temple, the Capitol,
 All gold-inlaid today but shaggy then
 With tangled undergrowth. And even then
 It was a place of terror to the rustic,
 A sacred awesome spot, and even then
 They trembled at the woodland and the rocks.
 "This grove," he said, "this hill with its wooded crest,
 Is the abode of a god, which god we know not.
 The Arcadians say they have seen great Love himself here
 Shaking his darkling Aegis time and again
 In his right hand, raising storm. And see there also
 Two towers with shattered walls, the memorial
 Relics of ancient men—that built by Janus,
 And this by Saturn—hence they have long been named
 The Janiculum and the Saturnia."
 Speaking of things like these they came to the dwelling
 Of needy Evander and everywhere cattle lowed
 In what is now the Forum and the rich
 Quarter Carinae, and when they were seated Evander
 Said, "Hercules scooped down to enter here,
 This royal dwelling sufficed him—so, my friend,
 Be bold to despise wealth and make yourself
 Worthy to talk with gods, do not despise
 The welcome of poverty." He led mighty Aeneas
 Under the sloping roof of his narrow dwelling
 And showed him a bed of strewn leaves covered
 With the pelt of a Libyan bear.

Night fall

And folded the earth within her dusky wings,
 But Venus, Aeneas's mother, deeply perturbed
 By the Laurentine threats and the general commotion
 Spoke to her husband Vulcan in their golden
 Bridal room and breathed a breath of her godlike
 Love into what she spoke. "While the Argive princes
 Were laying Troy waste and its doomed citadel
 Condemned to destruction in the fires of hate,
 I never once asked help for my pitiable people
 Nor arms nor the resources of your craft.
 No, dearest husband, I never wished to force you
 To exert yourself in labors, although I owed
 So much to the sons of Priam and often wept
 Over the bitter fortunes of Aeneas.
 But now by Love's imperial command
 He has found a foothold in Rutulian country
 I have come to you as a suppliant and a mother

And beg of your godhead arms for my own son,
 The tears of Heaven's daughter, the tears of the bride
 Of Tithonus were potent to prevail upon you—
 See what peoples are gathering, what walled-cities
 Have shut their gates and sharpened up their weapons
 To kill my people! And having spoken thus
 The goddess twined her snow-white arms about him
 Enfolding, wheeling him with her embrace.
 Then suddenly he felt the fires of love,
 As strong as ever, coursing through his bones
 Right to the marrow, like a lightning-streak
 That flashes gleaming bright through a thunder-cloud
 And his wife, conscious of her powers, happily
 Knew that her wiles had worked. Then the old man
 Caught in the toils of his undying love,
 Said, "Why do you seek a plea from the long past?
 Can you have lost your faith in me, my goddess?
 If in the past your anxiety had been
 So great, there was no ban upon my arming
 The Trojans, nor did Love the All-Powerful
 Nor Fate forbid that Troy should stand and Priam
 Survive for ten years more—but now if truly
 You are preparing for war and that is your will,
 Whatever by my art I can provide,
 Whatever can be made of iron or molten
 Electrum, whatever powers my Iorge
 And my bellows possess—come, stop this begging
 And doubting your own powers": even as he spoke
 He took her in his arms as she had desired
 And on the breast of his wife he took his pleasure
 And fell asleep, his body gratified.

Now when it was after midnight and the first deep rest
 Of night was passed, the time a housewife rises
 Whose living depends on her spinning and the slender
 Aid of Minerva, and she revives the fire
 That sleeps in the embers and adds nightwork to day—
 And in the lamplight keeps her servants hard
 At their long grind so she may keep unsullied
 Her marriage ties and bring her children up,
 So at this small hour the Master of Fire,
 As busy as she, got up from his bed of down
 And set himself to work at his own craft.
 Just near the Sicilian coast and Aeolian rocks—Lipare
 Juts up an island, steep with smoking crags—
 Beneath it roars a cavern hollowed out

By Cyclopes' forges, the very bowels of Etna,
 And you can hear the anvils ring with blows
 Re-echoing round and Chalybean smeltings
 His in the rocks and the furnaces pant with fire,
 And this is Vulcan's home and called Vulcania.
 Here then the Master of Fire descended from high heaven.
 In the huge cave Cyclopes were working iron—
 Bromes and Sieropes and naked Pyracmon:
 They held in their hands a rough-cast thunderbolt
 Such as the Almighty Father showers in dozens
 From every quarter of heaven onto earth,
 Part of it polished for use and part half-finished.
 Three spokes of twisted rain they had assembled
 And three of watery cloud, three of red fire
 And three of winged south wind, and at the moment
 They were amalgamating with their workings
 Terrible flashes, all the noise and the panic
 And the furies of hounding fires.
 Others were building Mars a chariot
 With flying wheels, with which he rouses warriors
 And whole cities; and, yying with each other,
 Some were making the awe-inspiring aegis
 To arm Athene in anger, making it glitter
 With golden serpent scales, with serpents twining;
 And for the centrepiece, for the Goddess's breast,
 The Gorgon's head itself, with severed neck
 And eyes rolling and—"Stop all this!" cried Vulcan,
 "And put aside whatever you have begun!
 You Cyclopes of Aetna attend to me!
 We are to make arms for a doughty warrior.
 Now exert your fullest powers, now exercise
 The deftness of your speedy hands, now use
 The utmost of your craft! Begin this instant!"
 He said no more and quickly, altogether,
 They allotted each his task and set to work.
 Bronze and gold ore poured out along the channels
 And steel, with its power to wound, was melted down
 In the large furnace. Then they roughly molded
 A mighty shield that could withstand by itself
 All the weapons of Latium, and welded it
 Circle by circle in seven layers. Some
 Worked at the bellows puffing in and out,
 Others tempered the hissing metal in water,
 The cars reverberated with its weight of anvils.
 They raised their arms in time with all their force
 And with their tongues kept turning the masses of metal.

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Now while the father god of Lemnos sped
 This work on Aeolian shores, the gentle light
 And the morning songs of birds under the eaves
 Roused King Evander from his humble bed.
 The old man struggled up and put on a tunic
 And bound Tyrrhenian sandals round his feet,
 Then slung a Tegean sword from his right shoulder
 To hang at his side, and over his left he flung
 A panther's skin. And with his two watchdogs
 Running before him, roused up from his doorstep,
 He went to seek Aeneas in the guest-house
 Having in mind their talk and the help promised,
 Fine hero that he was. Aeneas was up too.
 Pallas walked with Evander and Achates
 Was by Aeneas' side, and so they met
 And took each other's hands and settled down
 In the center of the court and seized the chance
 Of mutual talk. The King was first to speak:
 "Greatest of Trojan leaders, while you are alive
 I cannot think of Troy nor her realm as fallen,
 And we, alas, have only slender resources
 With which to aid so great a name. We are bounded
 On one side by the Tuscan stream, on the other
 The Rutulians press upon us and round our walls
 Their weapons ring—but I have a mighty nation,
 A powerful army I can ally with you
 And this hope of safety we owe to a slice of luck,
 And Destiny's hand it is that brings you here.
 Not far off from here is Agylla a city
 Founded on ancient rock where once the Lydians,
 A people famous for war, settled themselves
 In the Etruscan hills and for many years
 The city flourished until Mezentius
 Tyrannized over it with a reign of terror.
 Why call to mind his hideous holocausts?
 His unspeakable misdeeds?—may all the gods
 Serve him and his family likewise—why he would even
 Bind living men to the dead, lashed hand to hand
 And face to face—could one conceive such torture?—
 And in the corruption and running filth of this
 Appalling embrace do them to lingering death.
 At last the citizens, weary of tyranny,
 Rose in revolt and besieged the infamous brute
 In his own palace and cut down his retainers
 And spattered the roof with firebrands. But he himself
 In the midst of the melee escaped across the border

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Into Rutulian country had took refuge
 With Turnus who was friendly, All Etruria
 Then rose in righteous fury and demanded
 The surrender of their king for instant death.
 Aeneas, this is the army I shall offer you
 Leadership of: a mass of ships lies chafing
 Along the entire seaboard—bidding the trumpet
 Sound for battle, and only an ancient prophet
 Holds them in check with his fateful prophecy.
*'You chosen youth of Maeonia, the flower,
 The soul of an ancient people, whom resentment
 Justly spurs into action against the foeman,
 Merentius, upon whose head the weight
 Of your kindled anger falls deservedly—
 It is not meet for any Italian born
 To take so proud a people under his sway.
 You must take a foreign leader.' So the Etruscans
 Repeited their camp there on the plain in awe
 Of the divine warning. Tarchon himself
 Has sent me ambassadors here with the royal crown
 And scepter, wishing me to accept the insignia
 If I would join his camp and mount the Etruscan throne;
 But I am cold and slow in my old age,
 The lapse of time has sapped away my strength,
 My fighting days are done and I am not fit
 For high command. I should have encouraged my son
 Save for his mother's Sabine blood which makes him
 A half Italian. But you, the favored
 Of fate in age and race, the elect of heaven,
 On to your destiny, most gallant leader
 Of Trojans and Italians! And I shall give you
 My Pallas, my one hope and consolation.
 Under your guidance let him learn to bear
 The sweat of war, the grim works of the war god,
 Let him mark your deeds and from the very beginning
 Model himself on you. I shall allot him
 Two hundred Arcadian knights, the chosen
 Strength of our youth; and Pallas, as his gift,
 In his own name shall give you as many more."*

Scarce had he spoken, and with downcast eyes
 The son of Anchises and loyal Achates stood
 In gloom of heart pondering many perils,
 When the Cytherean out of the clear blue
 Gave them a sign. For unforeseen from the heavens
 Lightning flashed and a crash of thunder rolled

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And suddenly the whole sky seemed asunder
 And through the ether seemed to ring the sound
 Of an Etruscan trumpet. They looked up
 And again and again the tremendous din crashed out.
 Then in a calm reach of the firmament
 They saw arms, wrapped in cloud, all glowing red
 In the sun's rays and ringing as if clashed,
 And all were stunned with amazement save Aeneas
 Who recognized in the sound the promise made him
 By his divine mother. Then he cried out:
 "Truly, my host, ask not what this portends!
 It is the Gods and it is me they call for!
 This is the sign my goddess mother foretold me
 That she would send if there were threats of war:
 And she would bring me through the air, to help me,
 Armor forged by Vulcan—alas, what carnage
 The miserable Laurentines have in store!
 What vengeance, Turnus, shall I wreak upon you!
 O Father Tiber, how many shields and helmets
 And how many bodies of brave warriors
 Shall you roll beneath your waves! Yes, let them call
 For battle now and let them break their pledges!"

When he had spoken thus, he raised himself
 From his high seat and first of all stirred up
 The smoldering fires sacred to Hercules
 Upon their altars and joyfully approached
 Yesterday's hearth and its small indwelling gods.
 Evander then for his part, and for theirs
 The Trojan youth, made a due sacrifice
 Of chosen two-year sheep and when this was done
 Aeneas strode to the ships to revisit his comrades
 And from their number chose an elite few
 To accompany him on his embassy of war.
 The rest went coasting easily down stream
 With the following current to bring Ascanius
 News of his father and of all that had happened.
 The Trojan party bound for Etruscan fields
 Were furnished with horses and an especial one
 Was singled out for Aeneas, its whole body
 Decked with a tawny lion-skin, its claws
 Gilded and gleaming.

Suddenly rumor took wing
 And spread like wildfire through the little town:
 The horsemen were to minister to the palace
 Of the Etruscan king. And cold with fear

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Mothers redoubled their prayers, and the danger grew
To twin the dread, and the shadow of war loomed larger.
Then did Ewander, the father, cling to his son
Clasping his right hand, for he was going,

And wept the tears no weeping will assuage,
And cried out, "Tove!—could He but bring me back
My bygone years and make me again as once
I was when under the walls of Praeneste
I razed the front rank of the foe and victoriously
Set fire to piles of shields and with this hand
Despatched King Eriulus to his doom, whose mother
Eeronia had given him three lives—

A fearful thing to recount—and the bodily powers
To bear arms thrice and therefore thrice must he be
Sent down to death— And yet this hand of mine
Took all three lives that day and stripped him bare
Of all three suits of arms! O, if I were now
As once I was, my son, I should never be torn
From your dear embrace! Never Mezentius
Had put so many to the savage sword
Or so widely widowed his city, with a disdainful
Shrug at his feeble neighbor!—Oh you Gods,
Take pity, I beseech you, on this King
Of Arcadia and hear a father's prayer!
If your divine desire it is to keep
My Pallas safe, if it is destined thus,
If truly in life I am to see him again,
And we are to be together, I pray to live:

There is no suffering I could not endure
For this. But, Fortune, if you are threatening him
With some unspeakable calamity—
Let me be rid at once, now, of a life
Too cruel to bear, while there is still a doubt
Among my apprehensions, while a ray
Of hope still lights the cloudy future, while
I hold you in my arms, my darling boy,
My late, my own delight—before my ears
Are pained by news more terrible!" So a father
Poured from his heart these words on the brink of parting,
Then fainted; and his servants bore him within.

And now the cavalry had passed through the open gates,
Aeneas and faithful Achates among the first,
Then the rest of the Trojan nobles; and Pallas himself
In the column-center sparkled in his cloak
With its gay colors and his colored armor

Like the morning star fresh from the waves of ocean
Whose light above all others Venus hoves,
When it has lifted its sacred countenance
Into the sky and melted the darkness. Mothers
stood trembling on the walls and followed the dust-cloud
And caught with their eyes the glint of brass from the riders
As on they pressed through the scrub, taking the quickest
Way to their goal. Listen! A shout went up.
They formed a column; their hooves' fourfooted beat
With rumble of thunder drummed on the crumbling plain.

There is a vast grove by the cool stream of Caere
For generations widely held in awe;
On all sides it is enclosed by a coil of hills
Which guard the dark pine-glade. The old Pelasgians
Who long ago were the first inhabitants
Of the Latin land had consecrated the grove,
So goes the story, to Silvanus the god
Of the flocks and fields, and it had its festival.
And not far off from here Tarchon and the Etruscans
Had pitched their camp on a safe natural sight,
And from the hilltop could be seen the whole
Of their array as they bivouacked at large
Over the plain. And hither the lord Aeneas
Came with his chosen party of young warriors,
Wearily they were, and set about the refreshment
Both of themselves and their horses.

But the Goddess
Venus, her beauty shining out from among the clouds
Had come with her gifts; and when she saw her son
Withdrawn far off across the cooling water
In a secret valley, she went directly to him
And spoke these words, "Behold, the promised gifts
Fruits of my husband's skill are now completed!
Now, son, you need not hesitate to challenge
Any haughty Laurentine or even fiery Turnus."
The Cytherean sought her son's embrace
Even as she spoke; and she laid the glittering gear
Under an oak-tree. He for his part rejoiced
In the gifts of the goddess, and such honor done him.
From point to point his eyes roved in delight
Nor could he ever gaze his fill, he marvelled
As in his arms and hands he turned them over:
The fearsome helmet, belching crests of flame,
The sword, the death-dealing, the corslet of stiff bronze
Blood-red and vast as a dark cloud caught by the rays

Of the sun that glows and gleams afar; then next
 The polished graves of refined gold and electrum,
 The spear, and last the shield whose design was far
 Beyond the powers of language to describe.
 For there the Master of Fire, being familiar
 With all the sects, and versed in the times to come
 Had graven Italy's story and the triumph of the Romans.
 There was the royal lineage, all, from Ascanius onward,
 And there the succession of battles to be fought.
 There he had graven the mother wolf stretched out
 In the green cave of Mars whilst at her teats
 The twin boys fearless tugged and played and sucked,
 And she meanwhile, her lissom neck bent round,
 Caring them in turn licked their-limbs into shape.
 Close by, he had put in Rome and the lawless rape
 Of the Sabine women from among the crowd
 At the Circus while the Great Games were in progress,
 And the sudden outbreak of new war between
 The tribe of Romulus and aged Tatinus
 And his stern men of Cures; but after that
 The two kings were depicted, their quarrels mended,
 Standing beside the altar of Jove-in-arms,
 Their sacred cups in hand to pledge a treaty
 Confirmed by the sacrifice of a sow. Nearby
 Metrus was shown already torn apart
 By the four swift horses of his chariot—
 (You should have kept your word, O man of Alba)—
 And Tullus dragging the liar's flesh through the woodland
 And the blood bedewing the briars. And Porseuna
 Insisting Rome take back the exiled Tarquin
 And vesting the city in a dreadful siege.
 And there were heroes of Aeneas' blood
 Dashing themselves to death for freedom's sake.
 And again you could see Porseuna, in the posture of fury
 And in the posture of menace because Horatius
 Dared to cut down the bridge and because Cloelia
 Broke from her chains and swam the river Tiber.
 Manlius guardian of the Tarpeian Rock
 Stood at his post in front of the Temple, holding
 The heights of the Capitol, while the palace
 Of Romulus stood out with its stiff new thatch.
 And there was a silver goose flapping its wings
 In the golden cloister cackling that the Gauls
 Were on the threshold—and there were the Gauls
 Who under cover of night in the grace of darkness

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Had wormed their way through scrub and reached the
 summit;
 Golden their hair was and golden were their garments,
 They gleamed in stripy cloaks and torques of gold
 Were round their milk-white necks: each warrior
 Brandished two Alpine javelins in his hand,
 His body guarded by a full-length shield.
 Then he had graven the Sali at their dances
 And naked Luperci; and there were the tuffed caps
 And the shields that fell from heaven; and there were
 Chaste mothers in soft carriages conveying
 Sacred vessels of worship through the city.
 Some way from these Vulcan had introduced
 The halls of Tartarus and the high looming
 Portals of Pluto; the punishments of the wicked—
 You, Catiline, dangling from a lowering rock
 And blenching at the faces of the Furies;
 And the Good set apart and Cato their Lawgiver.
 Between these scenes on a broad swathe there swept
 A golden semblance of the swelling sea,
 Its blue billows flecked with whitening wave-crests,
 And all about it dolphins silver-bright
 Threaded, and thrashed the surface with their tails.
 Then you could see as centerpiece the battle
 Of Actium and the brazen-armored fleets,
 All Leucate was clear as it throbb'd with warwork,
 And the waves gleamed with gold. There was Augustus
 Leading the Italians into battle, the whole Senate
 And people behind him, and the small household Gods,
 And the Great of Heaven—he stood on the high stem:
 Twin flames played round his joyous brow, the Star
 Of his Fathers dawned above his head. Elsewhere
 Agrippa, with the aid of winds and gods,
 Towering led his line and on his brows,
 A proud war-emblem, gleamed the naval crown
 Embellished with its replicas of ships' rams.
 Opposing them was Antony backed by the riches
 Of all the East and various nations' arms,
 A conqueror from the far East and the shores
 Of the Red Sea, enlisting with him Egypt
 And the strength of the Orient and the farthest limits
 Of Bactria and—shame!—his Egyptian spouse.
 The navies closed at speed and the whole sea
 Boiled with the oar-strokes and the three-pronged rams.
 They sought the open sea and you would think
 The Cyclopes uprooted were afloat

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Or that high mountains crashed against high mountains
So bulked the embattled poops on which the warriors mus-
tered;

Wads of blazing tow and a whirl of steel
From every hand came hurling and Neptune's fields
Were newly incarnadined. In the midst the Queen
Rallied her forces with her native timbre!
Nor did she give us yet a glance at the pair
Of asps in wait for her. Here were her gods,
Masters of every kind, to the baying dogheaded Ambrin,
With weapons poised against Neptune, against Venus,
Against Minerva. In the thick of the fray
Raged Mars, picked out in iron, and from the sky
Loomed the grim Furies; Discord swept along
Rejoicing, her mantle rent, and Bellona followed her
With a bloody knout. Apollo of Actium
Seeing all this from above, was drawing his bow
In dread of which every Egyptian,
Indian, and Arab, every Sabean there
Was turning his back for flight. The Queen herself
Was shown as she whistled for the wind of flight
And setting sail she was shaking loose the sheets.
The Master of Fire had printed upon her the pallor
Of her approaching death, as she forged ahead
Cleaving the slaughter, with following wind and tide.
Before her was the Nile, his mighty length
One throe of grief, opening all his breast
And with his whole raiment summoning the defeated
To the lap of his blue stream, his harboring waters.
But there was Caesar in a threefold triumph
As he entered the walls of Rome and vowed to the Gods
Of Italy a deathless vow to build
Three hundred mighty altars throughout the city.
The streets all hummed with jollity and delight;
In every temple danced a band of mothers;
In every temple the altars blazed and before them
The floors were strewn with slaughtered bullocks. Caesar
On the snow-white porch of shining Apollo sat
Comming the gifts of the nations and setting them up
On the proud Temple gates, and conquered races
Filed past in a long line, as various
In dress and form of weapon as in speech.
Here Vulcan had portrayed a tribe of Numidians
And miming Africans, here Laegetians and Carians,
And Gelonians with their quivers; the river Euphrates
Already flowed more quietly—the Morini

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removal of men were seen, and the two-horned Rhine,
The unconquered Seythians and the river Araxes
Chasing at its bridge.

Such were the scenes
Deployed on Vulcan's shield, his mother's gift,
At which Aeneas stared in wonder and delight
In the depiction of events beyond
His scope of knowledge, and hoisted to his shoulder
The destinies and the fame of his descendants.

BOOK IX

While this was happening in a far part of the country
Into the daughter of Saturn sent down Iris
From heaven to bold Turnus. He it chanced
Was sitting in a grove in a holy valley,
A grove reserved for his ancestor Piliunus,
And from her rosy mouth the daughter of Thaumias
Addressed him thus: "Turnus, mere lapse of time
Has brought you of itself a thing no god
Aeneas has quit his fleet his comrades and his camp
Aeneas has quit his fleet his comrades and his camp
And gone to seek Evander in his capital
On the Palatine hill—nor is that all—he has pushed
Right to the furthest cities of Corythus
And enlisting the country folk is forming a band of Lydians.
Why hesitate? Now is the time to call
For horse and chariot—brook no delay, catch
The camp unawares and capture it!" She spoke
And soared into the sky on her poised wings
And cut a great rainbow, shining against the clouds,
As she fled away. And Turnus recognized her
And lifted his two hands to the sky and called
After her "His glory of heaven who sent you
Down from the clouds to earth, to me, here?"

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Whence comes this sudden supernatural weather?
I see the firmament split, the stars loosed
About the height. I follow so great a sign
Whoever you are who summon me to arms."
So saying he went to the stream-side and drew up
A handful of water from a swirling eddy
And prayed a prayer and piled heaven high with vows.

Now the whole army with its wealth of horses,
Its wealth of embroidered cloaks and gold began
To move across the open plain. (Messapus
Marched the vanguard, Tyrrhus' sons the rear
With Turnus himself, as general, in the center.)
Their column seemed like Ganges silently rising
Through all its seven calm channels deepening,
Or Nile when it withdraws its fertilizing
Flood from the plains and settles in its bed.
And suddenly the Trojans sighted a gathering
Cloud of black dust and a shadow creep over the plain.
From the rampart top it was Caius who first yelled—
"What is this mass of black gloom rolling towards us
My countrymen? Come quick with sword and weapon
And man the walls! Ho, there! The foe is upon us."
Shouting loudly the Trojans scurried in
Through every gate, and stationed themselves on the ram-
parts.

For when he set out Aeneas, that best of generals,
Had warned them if in the meanwhile some sudden
Emergency should arise, they were not to risk
A formal battle in the open field
But from the safety of the camp defense-works
Hold their position. So though shame and anger
Goaded them on to engage, they obeyed his orders,
Kept the gates closed, and waited for the enemy,
Armed in their watchtowers.

Turnus had galloped
Ahead of the slower column and suddenly
With a chosen troop of twenty horses surprised
The Trojans by appearing at the gateway.
(His mount was a Thracian pegasus and he wore
A golden helmet with a scarlet crest.)
"My warriors! who will be first of you
To attack the foe with me?" he cried, "Now, look!"
And spun his javelin hurtling through the air
As overture to battle, and himself
Cavorted over the plain. His comrades seconded

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his challenge with a yell and, following him,
Unleashed blood-curdling cries. They were astonished
At the Trojans' lack of spirit—were they warriors
And dared not face them in the open field?
Nor meet them man to man but skulked in camp?
Round and round the walls, seething with rage
Rode Turnus probing for an opening
But there was none.

As a wolf lying in wait
By a fold full of sheep comes snarling up
To the very hurdles, at midnight, undeterred
By wind or rain, and the lambs bleat and bleat
By their mothers, and he in a baleful fury
Sung by their teeth at the prey out of his reach,
Grinds his teeth at the prey out of his reach,
While a long and increasing hunger nags his dry
And bloodless jaws—so it was with Turnus.
His anger blazed as he eyed the walls and the camp,
Frustration burned him to his iron marrow
As he wondered by what means to force an entry
And how to winkle the Trojans from their rampart
And spill them into the open.

Close by the camp,
Concealed by an earthwork and the river's channels
The fleet lay: something Turnus could attack.
He hid his exulting friends bring fire, in a gust
Of passion he clutched a flaming brand himself
And every one fell to with a will, urged
By his powerful presence—every one of his band
Somehow equipped himself with a smoking torch,
Hearths were stripped and fuming pine-brands threw
A resinous glare, and Vulcan waits to the stars
A cloud of sparky smoke.

What God averted
So dire a conflagration from the Trojans?
Who kept off from the fleet so vast a blaze?
Tell me: *O Muses*. That the tale is true
Is a very old tradition—true or not,
It is ever new in the telling.

At the time
When first Aeneas began to build his fleet
On Phrygian Ida and was making ready
To sail the deeps of the sea, the Berecyntian
Mother and Queen of the gods, so the story goes,
Addressed these words to Jove, "My son, great Lord
Of Olympus now give heed to your mother's prayer
And grant her what she asks. I had a forest

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Of pine trees which I loved for many years,
 It was a grove on the heights of my demeane
 Where worshippers brought offerings, and dark
 With pitch-trees and the trunks of maple: but when
 The Dardan youth had need of a fleet it pleased me
 To give him them: but now I am wracked with fear.
 Now, set my fears at rest and let the prayers of a mother
 Avail this much at least: that never never
 By any shattering voyage or battering gale
 May these ships be overmastered: let them have
 The fortune of their origin on my mountain."
 Answered her Son who rules the wheeling stars:
 "O mother, what are you asking the fates to perform?
 What do you seek for your ships—are hulls built
 By mortal hands to have immortal license?
 Would you have Aeneas journey scathelessly,
 Impervious to peril? To what god
 Are powers so great permitted? No, but when
 Their journey done they reach an Ausonian haven,
 Then from each ship that has escaped the waves
 And brought the Dardan chief safe to the soil of Laurentum,
 I shall slough off its man-made shape and bid
 Each be a goddess of the mighty sea,
 Like Doto and Galatea, Nereids
 That cleave the foaming wave-tops with their breasts."
 So he spoke and by the stream of his Stygian brother,
 By the pitch-black banks that yawn on the pitchy torrent
 He ratified his words with a nod of his head
 That made Olympus shudder through and through.
 So now the promised day had come and the Fates
 Had fulfilled the appointed time and Turnus' threats
 Warned the Great Mother to ward off the brands
 From her holy ships. So now, all in a moment,
 A strange new light flashed before every eye
 And a huge cloud, gathering from the East,
 Came streaming across the sky and in its wake
 Mount Ida's troupes of dancers: then through the air,
 Rang out an awesome voice that filled the lines
 Of Trojan and Rutulian: "Be not alarmed
 O Trojans!—nor is there any need to rush
 To the defense of my ships, nor arm yourselves.
 Sooner shall Turnus be let burn the ocean
 Than burn my sacred pines—you, ships of mine,
 Go free! Go, my sea goddesses—your mother
 Bids you go free!"

Immediately each ship

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Snapped her stern hawsers and, like a dolphin, tipped
 Her prow and dived to the bottom—and re-emerging,
 Her marvelous sight came forms of maidens, as many
 O marvelous sight! came forms of maidens, as many
 As a moment ago were ships with their bronze prows
 Laid up on the shore, and now they swam in the sea.
 The Rutulians stood paralyzed, Messapus
 Was pained-stricken as his horses, and the river—
 Their himself—with a grating roar checked
 His seaward flow and drew his waters back.
 But Turnus never blanched, and confidently
 Inspired his men and even upbraided them.
 "Is the Trojans this miracle singles out—
 For Jove himself has robbed them of their ships,
 Main source of their safety, even before we
 Rutulians with fire and sword could so do!
 The seas are now impassable for the Trojans—
 No hope of escape there—they have lost half their world,
 But the land is in our hands—the peoples of Italy
 Thousand on thousand march with us in arms.
 Let the Phrygian boast of divine oracles—
 Whatever they are, I have no fear of them!
 Enough for the Fates and Venus that the Trojans
 Have landed on our fertile Ausonian fields.
 But I have a Destiny tool—with my own sword
 To hew to pieces the vile people who
 Have stolen away my bride: such a disaster
 Is not exclusive to the sons of Atreus,
 Nor to take arms the sole right of Mycenae,
 And if they say, "To have perished once is enough!"
 I answer, was not that one crime enough?
 Must they then loathe the entire sex of women?—
 These men who draw their courage from their trust
 In the wall and ditch, death's narrow distance from them,
 Did they not see the walls of Troy sink
 Into the flames, though built by Neptune's hand?
 But you, my comrades, which of you is ready
 To raze the rampart and join me in the assault
 On the covering camp? I need no arms from Vulcan,
 No thousand ships to launch against these Trojans.
 —Let all the Etruscans come and join their alliance!
 Nor need they fear the cowardly thief by night
 Of their secret image after the massacre
 Of their sentries in the citadel—Nor shall we
 Crouch in the belly of a horse unseen.
 No! By the light of day, in the sight of all
 My purpose stands—to ring their walls with fire.

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To replace them at their post and he in step
At Nisus' side withdrew, and together they went
To seek their prince.

Throughout the entire world
All nature else was sleeping freed from care,
Their hearts forgetful of their toils, but the Trojan leaders,
The flower of her manhood, were debating
Upon the gravest issues of the state,
Discussing what to do and whom to despatch
With news to Aeneas. So they stood leaning
On their long spear-shafts, with their shields
Still in their hands in the middle of the camp.
Then Nisus and Euryalus arrived
In eager haste and begged to be admitted:
The matter was important and well worth
The interruption—Julius was the first
To welcome them and calm their agitation,
Then he bid Nisus speak.
Then said the son of Hytracus "O men of Aeneas,
Listen to us with your minds and judge not
Our proposition by our youth. The Rutulians
I lie slumped asleep in drunken stupor. We
Have spotted for ourselves an ideal place
For a surprise attack—where two ways meet
By the gate nearest the sea; their fires are out there—
Only black smoke is coiling up to the stars.
If you will let us take our chance to go
To the walls of Pallanteum to seek Aeneas
You will soon see us back here with our spoils,
A mighty slaughter done. Nor shall we lose
Our way as we go—We have glimpsed the city
Already from the cover of the valleys
Where we are always hunting and we know
The whole course of the river." Aletes answered,
"A man whose judgment matched his many years,
"Gods of our fatherland, under whose tutelage
They lives for aye, not yet is it your purpose
To destroy us Trojans utterly, when you breed
Youth of such spirit and such steadfast heart!"
And as he spoke he clapped them on the shoulder
"What possible reward can I conceive
Fit for the heroes of a deed beyond
The scope of mortal praise—the gods and the glow
Of your own hearts will give the first and sweetest;
Then good Aeneas will grant you all your due

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And young Ascanius, who will never forget
So great a service"—Ascanius here burst in
Crying, "Let me speak! for my one hope and safety
Lies in my father's return: I adjure you, Nisus,
By our great Household Gods and the Deity
To Assaracus dear and the shrine of white-haired Vestas;
To Assaracus dear I deliver all my trust
And all my fortune—summon home my father
And restore him to my sight—for once restored
I have nothing left to fear. And I will give you
Two cups of solid silver wrought with relief—
My father won them when he conquered Arisba—
And a pair of tripods and two great talents of gold
And an ancient mixing bowl Sidonian Dido gave him.
But if it be our fortune to conquer Italy
And seize the scepter of power and be arbiters
Of the division of spoils—well, you have seen
The charger Turnus rode and the golden armor
In which he is caparisoned—I shall single
That very steed out from the rest of the booty
And his shield too and his scarlet-crested helmet
And you shall have them, Nisus, for your reward!
My father shall also allot you twelve of their women
All hand-picked, and captive warriors too
Each with their arms, and in addition to these
The regions that Latinus now is king of.
But you, revered youth, you who are not
So very much older than I am, with my whole
Heart I embrace you and take you as my comrade
In every enterprise, whatever befalls.
Never shall I seek glory on my own
Apart from you, whether in peace or war
And I shall trust your judgment above all others
In what I do and say!" Then Euryalus answered,
"The day will never come that finds me false
To my present bold designs if only fortune
Favors and not thwarts us. But I beg
One further boon to add to all your gifts.
I have a mother, of Priam's ancient lineage,
Nor could the land of Troy nor the ramparts of King
Acetes
Withhold her, wretched soul, from coming with me.
And now I am leaving her and she knows nothing
Of all our danger, whatever it chance to be,
I leave her without a greeting—may the night
And your right hand be witness—for I know

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I could not brook a parent's tears. Oh I beg you,
 Consider her in her need and help her if she be helpless.
 Let me be certain—sure you will not fail me
 And I shall go to meet whatever befalls
 In bolder spirits." Touched to the heart the Trojans
 Gave themselves up to tears—and more than any
 The fair Iulus—as upon his mind there flashed
 A vision of his own love for his father:
 So then he said: "You may rest assured of this:
 All shall be done as your mighty deed deserves.
 Your mother shall be as my own mother wanting
 Only the name Creïssa—for such a son
 No little gratitude is owed her. And now I swear,
 Whatever happens, I swear by my own head
 As by *my* head my father used to swear,
 That all I promise to you if all goes well
 And you return, that the very same reward
 If things go ill, shall be in all its fullness
 Retained for her and for your family."
 So weeping at his need to speak such words
 He unsling from his shoulder a golden sword
 Fashioned with wonderful skill by Lycæon of Cnossus
 And fitted for easy port in an ivory scabbard.
 Minætheus gave to Nisus a shaggy lion-skin,
 And faithful Aletes exchanged his helmet with him.
 So armed they started out, and as they went to the gates
 They were escorted by the entire body
 Of Nobles young and old, and godsped with their prayers.
 And there was fair Iulus, in mind and manly poise
 Far older than his years, to give them many
 A message to be carried to his father.
 —But the winds would scatter every one of them
 And sow them on the deaf ears of the clouds.

They crossed the fosse and were out making their way
 Towards the enemy camp, the destined ground
 Of many an enemy death now—everywhere
 They saw splayed on the grass in drunken sleep
 The bodies of men, and chariots tipped over
 Upon the shore, and among the wheels and the harness
 Their drivers lying slumped among piles of armor
 And pools of wine. Then hissed the son of Hyrtæus,
 "Euryalus, this is our moment; here is our way;
 We must brace our arms for the utmost action. You
 Must keep our rear with close and wary cunning.
 While I do devastation among these files

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And hew a high road for you." He was silent
 And took to the sword, attacking proud Rhæmnes
 Who lay exposed on a high pile of rugs,
 Plowing with all his lungs fanfares of sleep.
 He was a king indeed and indeed the prophet most pleasing
 To Turnus the King but powers of prophecy
 Averted him not to avoid his own death.
 Three of his servants next, slumped down among their
 weapons,
 He did to death, and Remus's armor-bearer
 And his charioteer close under his horses' flanks—
 He slit their lolling throats with his sword, then lopped
 Their master's head off leaving the trunk to spout
 With bubbling blood and saturate the earth
 And the bedding too, in its black gory flood.
 Then he made an end of Lamyrus and Lamus
 And Serranus, the young and beautiful,
 Who most of the night had gambled and now lay
 In a full-drunken stupor—luckier he,
 Had his play lasted nightlong, had he kept
 Going until the day. Like a famishing lion
 Starvation spurs to run amok through a fold
 Teeming with sheep and he mangles and drags them out,
 The soft beasts dumb with terror, and roars from slaverling
 jaws—
 So Nisus slew, and Euryalus no whit less—
 In his flare of steady fury he despatched
 A host unknown to fame—Fadus, Herbeus,
 Rhoetus and Abartis—all unaware save Rhoetus
 And he was awake and he saw everything.
 But in his terror he only could cringe behind
 A wine-jar and then, as he rose to engage,
 Euryalus drove the whole length of his sword
 Into his breast and drawing it out again
 Let loose the flood of death. The dying man
 Retched his spirit away in a bloody flux
 Still mixed with the wine he drank. Euryalus
 Went pressing upon his silent murderous way.
 And now he was nearing the pitch of Messapus
 And his henchmen, where the last campfire lay dying,
 And he saw the tethered horses cropping the grass
 When Nisus, perceiving he was being carried away
 By the sheer lust for a holocaust, rapped out
 "We must stop now! dangerous dawn is near.
 We have had vengeance enough. Our way through the foe is
 open."

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Many the warrior's weapons of solid silver
They had to leave behind and mixing bows
And beautiful coverlets. But Euryalus
Seized on the trappings of Rhanmes and his sword-belt
With golden studs, that once in times long past
The wealthy Caedicus had sent as a present
To Remulus of Tibur in earnest of offering friendship.
He, when he died, bequeathed them to his grandson
After whose death the Rutulians won them in battle,
And these Euryalus now slung on his strong shoulders,
Though all to no purpose: then fitted Messapus' helmet
With its gay crest on his own head and wore it.
They left the camp then, heading for safe regions.

Meanwhile a band of horse sent on from the city of Latium
(While their main forces waited in the plain
In battle order) was on the move bringing
An answer to King Turnus—three hundred men,
All bearing shields, and Volscens was their leader.
They were just nearing camp, they were almost under
The walls when in the distance they caught sight
Of the two warriors veering to the left—
And it was the helmet, glinting in the night-shade
And glittering as the moonlight fell full on it,
Betrayed Euryalus, unwitting as he was.
The significance of the sight was not mistaken.
Volscens roared from his place in the column, "Halt,
You warriors! What's your business? Why are you armed?
Who are you? Where are you going?" They made no move
To answer but fled full-tilt into the woods,
Trusting the darkness to save them. But the horsemen
Stationed themselves at every familiar track-way
And left and right blocked every possible egress.
The wood stretched widely away in a tangled blackness
Of thicket and ilex and on every side
Was choked with briars—but vestiges of a path
Just glimmered through the shock of undergrowth.
The darkness cast by the boughs and his weight of body
Hampered Euryalus and panic mazed him
To miss his path. But Nisus got clean away
And, forgetting his friend, he had escaped the foe
And reached the spot that later was called Alban
From the name of Alba; (but then King Latinus
Had a corral there:) then he halted and in vain
Looked back for his friend: he was nowhere to be seen.
"My poor Euryalus! Where did I leave you?"

What shall I begin to search for you,
Unwinding all the twists and turns of the way
Through this deceiving wood?" Even as he spoke
He began to trace his backward tracks and wandered
Through the still thickets. Suddenly he heard
Horns, halloos, and signals of pursuit.
Then, in a moment, a shout came to his ears
And he saw Euryalus, overcome at last
By the wiles of darkness and the treacherous terrain
And the sudden bewildering clamor, seized,
In the hands of the whole melee, and hustled off
Despite the utmost of his futile struggles.
What should he do? What force, what feat of arms,
Dispose to save his friend? Should he dash to a certain
Death in the bristling thicket of swordpoints
And speed to a glorious end in a welter of wounds?
Firmly he braced his arm and flexing his spear-shaft
He looked to the moon on high and made this prayer
"Thou, goddess, glory of stars and guardian of the woods,
Latona's daughter be near and help these my endeavors,
If ever my father Hytracus brought gifts on my behalf
To deck your altars, if ever by my hunting
I added my share and hung my offerings from your dome
Or fastened them upon your holy roof-tree,
Let me confound this band, O guide my weapons
Straight through the air." He spoke and with the whole
Cailed might of his body he despatched the spear:
The flying steel seared through the shades of night
And struck right home into the back of Sulmo,
Snapped short and pierced his heart with splaying splinters!
Over he rolled, the warm stream of his life
Upgushing from his breast and his sides shuddered
With long and choking gasps and he went cold.
The others looked round everywhere. While he,
The fiercer for this blow, leveled another
Spear and, seal he held it ready poised by his ear
And while confusion reigned the spear went whizzing,
Bored through both temples of Tagus and bit there,
Warm clenched in the brain. But wild with fury Volscens
Could nowhere see the discharger of the weapon,
Nor anyone to vent his rage upon.
So turning on Euryalus he swore:
"But you, meanwhile, shall pay the debt for both
With your warm heart's blood and give me my due
vengeance!"
With his sword drawn he turned upon Euryalus.

Then truly out of his mind, in a frenzy of horror,
 Nisus cried out for he could no longer bear
 To hide in the shadows with such weight of grief,
 "It is I who did it, Il and here I stand!
 Rutulians turn your swords on me, the blame
 Is wholly mine—the boy had not the resource
 Nor power to do you harm. I appeal to the sky and
 To all the stars above to be my witness;
 He simply loved his luckless friend too well!"
 But even as he pleaded the sword was driven
 With all its power and pierced the ribs and rent
 The snow-white breast, and shuddering down to death
 Euryalus fell and the blood spread out
 Over his beautiful limbs and his head went limp
 And sank upon his shoulders: just as when
 A shining flower is severed by the plough
 And withs to death, or poppies troop their heads
 On feeble necks, weighed down by a sudden shower.
 But Nisus charged into the thick of the foe,
 His sole aim Volscens, seeking him alone—
 He had no other object and though hemmed round
 By a mass of hostile bodies he forced his way
 Whirling his lightning sword until he plunged it
 Deep in the shrieking face of Volscens, and dying
 Took the life of his foe and flung himself,
 Pierced through and through, upon his breathless friend
 And there at last found calm in peaceful death.
*O happy pair! If there is any power
 In poetry of mine no day shall ever dim
 Your memory in Time, while the royal house of Aeneas
 Dwells in the Capitol's immovable rock,
 And a Roman father holds the rule of the world!*
 The Rutulian victors, having gained new spoils
 And regained what was lost, with weeping bore
 The lifeless body of Volscens back to camp.
 Nor was the lamentation less in the camp.
 The murdered body of Rhamnes had been found
 And all those chiefs despatched in that one great slaughter,
 And Serranus and Numa. A large crowd
 Gathered about the dead and the near-dead
 Where the ground still reeked with the slaughter
 And streams of blood were fully foaming still.
 They passed the spoils from hand to hand, they noted
 The glistening helmet of Messapus the trappings
 It had cost such sweat to recover.

204

But now the Goddess of dawn was already arising
 From Ithonus' saffron couch and sprinkling the light
 Of a new day; and sunlight streaming out
 Revealed all things afresh. Now, fully armed
 Turnus aroused his warriors to arms,
 And each commander mustered his own men
 In their brazen armor, and used every sort
 Of anti-Trojan speech to whip up their fury.
 Now more—and a pitiful sight it was—they impaled
 The heads of Nisus and Euryalus
 O spear-points, and then followed them, shouting madly.
 Aeneas' doughty men took up position
 On the left flank (for the river guarded the right)
 Holding the great moats, and standing to
 In the high towers, grieving, for at once
 They saw the brandished visages of their friends,
 Known all too well, and dripping with dark blood.

Meanwhile through the fearful camp winged rumor rushed
 Her message straight to the ears of Euryalus' mother
 And suddenly she went cold to the marrow, the shuttle
 Leap from her hands and the skein unwound from its spool,
 With a woman's wail of anguish, tearing her hair,
 She rushed out in her grief and madly sought
 The front ranks on the wall oblivious
 Of warriors or the dangers of flying weapons
 And there she filled the heavens with her keening.
 "Euryalus, is it you that I see? How could you leave me?
 You that have been the one last solace of my age—
 O cruel one! O wretched me, could you not
 Even allow me to speak my last farewell
 As you set out upon such a perilous venture?
 Alas you lie in an unknown place abandoned
 To the curs and carrion crows of Latium
 And I, your mother, have not walked in mourning
 Beside your bier nor closed your eyes nor laved
 Your wounds nor wrapped you in the shroud I struggled
 By night and day to finish for you; a task
 To solace an old woman such as I
 Where shall I seek you? In what land are lying
 Your severed limbs and mutilated body?
 O son of mine is this all of yourself
 You can bring back to me? And is this all
 I followed by land and sea?

If you have any pity
 Transfix me, O Rutulians, shower on me

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The weight of all your weapons, let your steel
Sup first on me. . . .

Or, Father of the Gods,
Do you have mercy and strike down to Tartarus
This hated existence, if in no other way
I may cut short this torture of a life!"

All hearts were moved to tears and a groan of sorrow
Rose from the ranks; their zest for battle flagged,
Their strength was broken. Then as the pyre of her grief
Burned fiercer Idaeus and Actor hidden
By Ilioneus and by Iulus wracked with sobs,
Supported her between them and took her off
Back to her own dwelling.

But now, from afar,
The trumpet from its brazen throat blared out
Its terrible call. A shout rang out and the sky
Volleyed the echo back. The Volscians swiftly advancing
Under a level carapace of shields
Meant to contain the moat and from there rip down
The palisade. One party sought directly
To scale the walls with ladders where it seemed
The line was thinly manned and the light showed
Through gaps in the defense. Against them the Trojans
Poured every sort of weapon and prodded them back
With heavy poles, being experienced,
After their long siege, in the defense of walls;
And they kept rolling down stones of a killing weight
In hopes of breaking through the enemy armor
Although it seemed the carapace of shields
Could happily withstand whatever it had to.
But not for ever: for where a solid wedge
Threatened the rampart the Trojans heaved into place
And let fly a colossal boulder that crashed through
The Rutulian shields and crushed a mass of men.
And after that the Rutulians had less fancy
For close fighting under cover but attempted
To drive them from the ramparts at long range.
In another sector, a terrifying sight,
Mezentius brandished an Etruscan pine-brand
Bringing fire and smoke to bear. But Messapus,
The tamer of horses, the begotten of Neptune,
Tore at the palisade and called for ladders
To scale the ramparts.

O Calliope!

Bring all your muses to assist my song,
As I tell what a holocaust the sword of Turnus

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Wrought in their places, what death, what fate
Each warrior despatched to the land of death!
Help me unfold in its entirety
The pattern of this war for you, O Goddess,
Give power to paint the scenes you know full well.

There was a tower, a vast sight from below,
On a point of vantage, with high companion-ways,
And this the entire Italian force was trying
With every means in its power to take by storm
Or overturn, and on their side the Trojans
Were defending it with stones and, concentrating
In its apertures, hurled weapons through at their foes
Whom Turnus led. He flung a blazing torch
And set fire to the tower-side; fanned by the wind
The flames licked through the planks and catching the up-
rights
Took firm control. Its inmates were panic-stricken
And vainly they craved to escape their terrible plight.
They bunched together and cringed back to a part of the
platform
As yet unscathed and under their weight the tower
Suddenly fell, and with its mighty fall
The sky reverberated. Down to earth
Pierced by their own spears, their breasts impaled
By the hard splinters half-dead the victims crashed
And the huge structure crumbled on top of them.
Helenor alone and Lycus with him
Barely escaped. In the prime of his youth
Helenor was the man the slave Licymnia
Hád borne in secret to the King of Maeonia
And she had sent him to Troy in arms, though forbidden,
Bearing simply a naked sword and a plain
Unblazoned shield. And when he found himself
In the midst of Turnus' thousands, the embattled
Ranks of the Latins closely surrounding him,
Like a wild animal close hemmed in a ring of hunters
That fronts their darts with fury and then deliberately
Leaps to its death full onto the hunting spears,
So into the heart of the foe rushed Helenor
And made for the place where he saw their weapons thickest.
But Lycus was a better runner by far
And snaked his way through his enemies and their weapons,
He gained the wall and tried to clutch its top
And got a hand to the outstretched hands of his friends
But Turnus had followed him, up, casting his spear,

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And mocked him in triumph. "Fool did you really hope
 You could escape me?" And as he hung there seized him
 And tore a great part of the wall down with him.
 —just as that bird, the armor-bearer of Jove
 When clenched in his hooky talons he has a hare
 Or a snow-white swan and soars up into the sky;
 Or as from the fold a wolf, the War God's brute,
 Snatches a lamb whose mother bleats and bleats
 As she seeks it. From all sides a shout arose
 And Turnus' men rushed up to fill the moat
 With broken earth while others tossed up firebrands
 Onto the tower-roofs. And Ilioneus
 Destroyed Luceius with a rock as huge
 As a mountain spur just as he reached a gate,
 His torch in hand. Emathion fell to Liger:
 Corynaeus finished Asilas; Liger was sure with the javelin,
 Corynaeus with the arrow shot from a distance
 And flying unseen. Then Caeneus killed Ortygius
 And Turnus slaughtered Caeneus as he did so,
 And Ilys also, Clonius, Dioxippus,
 Promachus, Segaris and Idas as he stood
 On the top of a turret. Capys shot Privermus;
 He had just been grazed by a light spear of Themillas'
 And the poor fool had dropped his shield and put
 His hand to the wound, and so the speeding arrow
 Plunged his hand to his left side and burst
 The inmost source of breath with a mortal wound.
 There stood the son of Arcens in splendid armor
 And an embroidered mantle of brilliant purple
 With Spanish dye—a man of magnificent mien,
 His father Arcens had sent him to war, who had reared him
 In his mother's groves beside the river Symaethus
 Where stands Palicuis' altar, rich with gifts.
 Mezentius put his spears down: loaded his sling
 And whirled it whistling three times round his head
 And with the leaden missile now grown hot
 He split his enemy's temples clean in two
 And laid him low full-length upon the sand!
 And then it was, they say, that Ascanius
 Who up till then had only used his arrows
 To flush wild beasts and send them scattering;
 Used a swift shaft in warfare and overthrew
 With his own hand the brave Numanus, Remulus
 (His second name) was a man who had lately married
 A younger sister of Turnus. This Numanus
 Went strutting in front of the front of the front rank

blatantly blurring words both meet and unmeet
 For me to tell, blown out with his self-conceit
 In his new relations with royalty, making himself
 Mighty in his own eyes by the noise he made:
 Twice-captured Phrygians are you not ashamed
 To be besieged and pent a second time
 Behind a barricade, to put your walls
 Between you and death? And behold the very men
 Who demand our wives from us at the point of the sword!
 What god drove you to Italy, or what madness?
 There are no Atridae here; no forger's lips like Ulysses'—
 We are a tough people, we temper our newborn sons
 In the ice-cold of relentless river-water!
 Our boys hunt on, without sleep; they exhaust the woods;
 Their play is the breaking of horses, and archery practice.
 Our youths are trained in the school of want and hardship,
 Either subduing the soil with the rake or shaking
 A city with warfare; at every stage of life
 We are close to iron: to goad our bullocks we use
 The butt of a spear; old age may slow us down
 But does not impair the force of our spirit or
 Diminish our vigor: we thrust our whitening hair
 Into a helmet and ever it is our pleasure
 To bring home booty and live on what we plunder.
 But you, you are cluttered with clothes, tricked out in saffron
 And farding purple, you relish a life of sloth,
 You delight to indulge in dancing, your very tunics
 Have sleeves and your headgear tie-strings. Phrygian
 women,
 Not Phrygian men,—go run to the heights of Dindyma
 Where you will hear the two-stopped pipes you know;
 The Beryntian drum and the flute of Ida's mother
 Summon you—leave arms to men, let be the sword!
 Ascanius could no longer brook such boasting
 Ill-omened words and drawing his horsehair bowstring
 He stood with arms apart his arrow nocked,
 But first he prayed in humble supplication
 This prayer to Jove: "I shall set before your altar
 A snow-white bullock, his horns gilt, his head
 Up to his mother's in height already ripe
 To but and paw the sand up with his hoofs."
 The All-Father heard and thundered on the left
 Out of a clear blue sky, and in unison
 The fatal bowstring twanged. The arrow flew
 Whizzing horribly from the back-drawn string.
 It clove the head of Remulus clean through

And the tip pierced to his brain and Ascanius cried
"Go, then, make mock of valor with your boasts!
This is the answer we twice-captured Phrygians
Make the Rutulians!" That was all he said
And the Trojans backed him with a joyful roar
And their spirits leapt heaven-high.

Now it so happened
That from a county of heaven long-haired Apollo,
Throned on a cloud, was looking down upon
The Italian forces and the Trojan camp
And thus he addressed victorious Iulus:
"Rejoice in your new powers, brave boy begotten
Of gods, and father of gods to be—it is so
Men starward fare! Justly has Fate decreed
That every war-to-be shall find its peace
Under the sway of the house of Assaracus.
The limit of your prowess is not Troy!"
He spoke these words and as he did he dived
From the heights of heaven, cleaving the swirling air
Straight for Ascanius. And he changed his features
To a semblance of old Butes who had been
Anchises' armor-bearer and faithful keeper
Of the gate at Troy, and afterwards Aeneas
Had made him his son's guardian—as he went
Apollo seemed his ancient image in every particular:
His voice, his color, his white hair and the savage
Clank of his armor, and at once he spoke
To Iulus who was blazing with excitement.
"Enough, O Son of Aeneas, that unavenged
Numanus lies the victim of your bow.
Mighty Apollo grants you this first feat
Of glory, nor is envious of arms
That are not unlike his own. But for the rest,
Brave boy, abstain from the war, as befits your youth!"
Even as he spoke he faded from men's eyes
Into thin air and vanished far from sight,
But the Trojan chieftains recognized the god
For they knew his weapons and heard his quiver rustle
As he flew off. And therefore at Apollo's
Express injunction they restrained Ascanius
From further battle, keen though he was to fight.
But they advanced again into battle and hazarded
Their lives to utmost danger. Along the walls
From point to strong point rose a shout, and keenly
They bent their bows and whirled their tautened slings.
Everywhere the ground was piled with weapons.

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Now shield and hollow helmet rang as they clashed;
The fight grew fiercer; as when a storm breaks
Out of the west at the setting of the rain-fraught
Stars of the Kid and lashes the earth, or as heavy
Sails hurled into the sea when Jove unleashes
As hail hurled into the sea when Jove unleashes
The bleakness of his blasting southerly tempest
And bursts the cloudy hollows of the sky.
Then Pandarus and Bitias the sons of Idaeus Alcanor
Raved in Jove's holy glade by Iadera the wood nymph,
Young warriors tall as the pines and the mountains of their
hitherplace,

They open the gate their commander had put them in charge
of
And wholly upon their own initiative
And trusting their own prowess invited the enemy
Into the fortress: they themselves stood sentry
In front of the gate-towers to the left and right
Armed to the teeth, the plumes tossing upon their helmets
Even as high in the air beside flowing rivers—
Perhaps on the banks of the Po or by pleasant Athesis—
As twin oak-trees raise to the sky their unshorn foliage
And nod their lofty heads.

In rushed the Rutulians
Seeing a way open. But immediately Quercens
And fair Aquicolus and headstrong Tmarus
And Haemon, scion of Mars, and all their henchmen
Either turned tail and fled or lost their lives
On the very threshold. Then the fury of all
Seethed even stronger and the Trojans massed
To the spot and took to fighting hand to hand
And even dared to sally out into the plain.
A message was brought to Turnus the leader-in-chief
As he raged and hawcocked in another quarter
That the enemy had got new heart from his recent
Successful slaughter and was even daring
To open the gates and offer entrance. Turnus
Broke off his present engagement and rushed headlong
With a giant's fury towards the Trojan gate
And these arrogant brothers. Antiphates was first
To stand in his way so he was first to die,
The bastard son of Sarpedon born of a Theban woman,
Killed by a javelin—the shaft of Italian cornel
Winged through the yielding air and biting deep
Into his belly gouged its way up into his chest.
The cavernous black wound gushed out its flood
And the iron lodged in the lung grew warm with it.

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Then Menopetes and Erymas and Aphidimus
 Felt the force of his hand and then Bithas—
 With his blazing eye and the torrent of his valor—
 But not with a javelin, he would never surrender
 His life to a javelin wound—but now there flew,
 Fired from its sling with the force of a thunderbolt,
 A hurtling burning plummet and not two layers
 Of bullhide nor his trusty corslet doubly
 Inforced with golden scales could stay its impact.
 The vast limbs wilted and sank; and the earth groaned;
 The massive shield rang thunderously down
 On top of the body. So it is, sometimes,
 At Baise, on the Euboean coast, where men
 Heap up a huge pile of rocks and then
 Lever away and let it go with a crash
 To fall into the sea and it plunges down
 With a long wake of wreckage, cleaves the shallows
 And settles on the seabed and the sea
 Is all churned up and aswirl with murky sand.
 Then high Prochlyta trembles with the noise
 And the island of Inarime that pins down
 Typhoeus, at Love's command, to his painful bed.

And now Mars, Lord of Arms, inspired the Latins
 With added strength and courage and screwed their hearts
 To even more, and implanted in the Trojans
 A spirit of flight and terror. From all sides
 The Latins gathered and the Warrior God
 Entered their souls as scope for battle grew.
 When Pandarus saw the body of his brother
 And saw how the day went, and the turn of fortune,
 With a great heave he swung the gate on its hinges
 Putting his mighty shoulder to the effort
 And cutting many of his comrades off
 To face their fortunes in the field outside,
 But many others in full flight he secured:
 Yet the poor fool never discerned that Turnus,
 King Turnus, was included in the rabble
 Pent in the fortress by this act of his—
 A monstrous tiger pent with a herd of helpless cattle!
 Immediately new fire flashed from his eyes,
 His armor rang with a grisly resonance,
 His crest quivered blood-red upon his helmet,
 And he made lightning flashes leap from his shield.
 Then suddenly the men of Aeneas blanched
 To recognize that hated face and the huge

212

Frame of the man. But mighty Pandarus
 Sprang out and burning with his brother's death
 He cried: "This place is anything but the palace of Amata,
 Your dowry-dwelling—nor is the city of Ardea
 Embracing you now with its friendly walls of home.
 You see your enemies' camp. There is no chance of escape!"
 You see your enemies' camp. There is no chance of escape!"
 But confidently Turnus answered smiling
 With quiet assurance, "Very well, begin,
 If you have the courage, come, begin the fight!
 You will soon be telling Priam that here also
 You have found an Achilles." He said nothing more.
 Then Pandarus flung a rough-hewn spear at him
 Still with its green bark and knobbed with knots,
 But the air stalled it and Saturnian Juno
 Glanced off the wound to be and the spear stuck
 Hard on the gate.

"You shall not escape my steel!"
 Cried Turnus, "and the full force of my blow
 Or I am not the source of wound and weapon!"
 And so he spoke and lifted up his sword
 And rose to the stroke and dealt a terrible blow;
 He cleft in two the temples and cut through
 To the young beardless chin. There was a crash
 And the earth trembled with the mighty weight.
 Pandarus fell at the point of death, his limbs
 Splayed out, his arms brain-spattered and blood-spattered
 And his divided head flopped equally
 Upon each shoulder. The Trojans turned and fled
 Crazy with fear and if at that moment of victory
 Turnus had thought of smashing with his fist
 The bolts of the gate and letting in his comrades
 That day would have been the last of the war and the Trojan
 Nation.

But rage and an insensate lust for slaughter
 Impelled him on, and first he surprised Phaleris,
 Then hamstring Gyges; then seized their spears and hurled
 them

At the backs of the fleeing Trojans. Juno imparted
 The strength and courage to him. He added Halys
 And Phlegens to his toll, stabbed through his shield;
 Then he surprised at their zealous sentry-go on the turrets
 Alexander, Halius, Noemon and Pryanis.
 Then Lynceus made for him, calling for support,
 And he with a sweep from the rampart on the right
 Beheaded him with a single close-struck sword-stroke
 And his head, with its helmet on, lay far away.

213

Next fell Amycus, the bane of the wild, and no man
Was more expert than he at using poisons
To tip the dart and reinforce the sword;
Then Clytus, Aeolus' son, and Cretheus friend of the Muses,
The Muses' own companion to whom songs
And verses set to the lyre were heart's delight,
For ever he sang of warriors and of charges
And all their arms and battles.

Now at last

The Trojan leaders, Menestheus and fierce Serestus
Heard of the scourge among their men and saw
Their friends in flight and the enemy in the camp.
Menestheus shouted, "Where are you fleeing, men?
What other wall, what further fortress have you?
My friends, shall it be said that a single man
Surrounded on every side by your own fortifications
Has spread such devastation through the camp
And survives unavenged—a man who has sent
So many of the best of your warriors to their deaths?
O cowards, do you feel no shame? Do you feel
No pity for the ancient gods of your country,
Nor for your great Aeneas?" Kindled thus
They rallied and formed up into close array.
Little by little Turnus backed from the fight
And made for the river and that region where
The water flowed. The Trojans pressed more hotly,
Shouting and bunched together. It was like
Hunters advancing on a savage lion,
Their weapons poised and he afraid yet furious
Gives ground with glaring eyes, for wrath and valor
Forbid him to turn tail, nor dare he charge,
For all he wants to, through the spears and hunters,
Just so did Turnus doubtfully draw back
Unhurriedly, his heart boiling with rage.
And even so he twice charged into the thick
Of his foes and twice put them to ragged flight
Around the walls—but now from the camp all the warriors
Hurried together and formed into close order
Nor dared Saturnian Juno to supply
Renewed strength to oppose them, for Jove had sent
Iris from heaven down to his sister's ears
Bearing a stern ukase should Turnus not
Retire from the high ramparts of the Trojans.
So the young lord no longer had the strength
To hold his own with shield or sword, and weapons
Showered upon him hurled from every side.

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Around his hollow brow his helmet rang
With ceaseless dinging and his armor's plates
Yawned from the showers of stones; from off his head
The plumes were razed, his shield boss could not bear
The weight of blows. And all the more the Trojans,
Menestheus the foremost, redoubled the rain of spears.
Then he broke out in sweat all over his body
And poured in streams (he had no chance to breathe)
And his trembling limbs were racked with feeble gasping.
So then, at the end of his tether, he dived headlong
Into the river with all his armor on
And the river took him to its yellow breast,
Bugged him on kindly waves and washed his blood,
And bore him back to his comrades, full of joy.

BOOK X

Meanwhile the doors of the palace of powerful Olympus
Were flung wide open and the Father of Gods
And King of men summoned a council to sit
In the starry dwelling, whence he could gaze down
On the whole world and on the camp of the Dardans
And on the people of Latium. The gods
Took up their seats in the twin-entranced chamber.
Then he himself opened the meeting, "Oh mighty
Sky-inhabiting gods, what is the reason
To reverse your judgment and so to engage
In such a violent clash of opposing interests?
I had forbode that Italy warred with the Trojans.
Why has my veto been flouted in this flagrant manner?
What fears have prompted one side or the other
To take up arms and to unsheathe the sword now?
In its due course shall come the time for battle—
Hasten it not—the time when violent Carthage
Shall force the passes of the Alps and wreak

215

Appalling havoc among the Roman strongholds,
 Then may your harrets be permitted, then
 May you plunder as you please—but now, let bel
 And rattle in good faith the peace that is my pleasure,
 Brief was the speech of love but not the answer
 Of golden Venus. "O Father, O everlasting
 Lord over men and all things on the earth,
 —For where else can we turn, to whom else implore?
 Do you not see how the Rutulians insult us,
 How haughty Turnus drives his charging steeds
 Right through our ranks, puffed up with the favors of Mars?
 No longer do their walls keep safe the Trojans—
 The enemy is within their gates and fighting
 Among the very earthworks of the defenses
 And filling the dikes with blood. And all this time
 Aeneas is away and he knows nothing.
 Will you never grant them rest from siege?
 Once more an enemy threatens the walls of a Troy
 Just striving for new birth, once more an army,
 Once more a Diomedes rises against the Trojans,
 This time from Aetolian Arpi. And, as I think,
 My wounds are still to come and I, your daughter,
 Hold in suspense some mortal encounter in battle—
 If it was truly without your leave and against
 Your divine ordinance that the Trojans made
 Landfall in Italy—let them atone
 For their offenses, and let you withdraw
 Your aid from them. But if indeed they followed
 So many oracles both from the Gods above
 And from the Gods below, then how can anyone
 Have power now to reverse your ordinance
 And plot for them a quite new course of fate?
 Must I remind you how their fleet was burned
 To ruins on Eryx shore? Or how the King
 Of Tempest roused his raving hurricanes
 Out of Aeolia? Remind you of Iris sent
 Posting down from the clouds? Now, what is more,
 Juno has routed out the Underworld to her aid
 (A part of nature never before exploited)
 And suddenly, launched on the upper world
 Allecto lurching rampant through the cities
 Of Italy. No longer have I any
 Desire for sway—while fortune favored us
 I had such hopes: now let win whom you will.
 But if there is no place anywhere in the world
 Your implacable consort will concede to the Trojans

216

Iadine you, Father, by Troy's smoking shambles
 Let me despatch Ascanius my grandson
 Safe from the war: let him survive. Let Aeneas
 Indeed be tossed on unknown seas and follow
 Whatever fortune lead him—but Ascanius—
 May I have power to shield him and withdraw him
 From the horrors of battle. But the city of Amathus
 Belongs to me, as do the heights of Paphos,
 Cythara and the temple of Ialium—
 Let him lay down his arms in one of my holdings
 And take his life out reputationless,
 Then be your command that Carthage crush Italy
 Under her iron heel: The Tyrian cities
 Need fear no hindrance from Ascanius.
 Of what advantage has it been to him
 To escape the scourge of war, to have fled unscathed
 Though the heart of burning Troy, to have had his fill
 Of every danger the sea and the broad land offer
 While the Trojans seek in Latium Troy restored?
 Had he not better have settled on the last
 Smarts of his home, the cinders where Troy stood?
 O ye Xanthus back, I beg, give back Simois
 To that wretched race, O Father, let the Trojans
 Once more enact the tragedy of Troy."

Then Queenly Juno flared in a passion of absolute fury.
 "Why do you force me to break silence, to make known
 To all, the secret springs of my bitterness?
 What man, what god, I should like to know compelled
 Your Aeneas to make war, and impose his enmity
 Upon the king of Latium? And you say
 The Fates constrained him to seek Italy—
 (Or was he not gulled to go by Cassandra's frothings?)
 Let it be what it may! Did I exhort him
 To leave his camp and trust his life to the winds?
 —To hand over the supreme command of the war
 And the defense of his fortress to a boy?
 —To pothet Etruscan loyalties and trouble
 A nation's quiet? What god, what brookless power
 Led him to do this ill? Can you detect
 The hand of Juno or of Iris posted
 Down from the clouds in any of these events?
 So it is monstrous that the Italians ring
 This nascent Troy with fire? Monstrous that Turnus
 Whose grandaunt was Pliunus and whose mother
 The goddess Venilia, should take his stand

217

On his own country's soil?—Then what do you say
When the Trojans with their pithy brands assail
The Latin people, and crush them, farm and field,
Under an alien yoke and plunder them—
Choose, at their whim, what girls to wed, and rape
The betrothed from their lovers' arms?—And these are they
Who stretch their hands out suppliant for peace,
But bristle their ships with arms!

And you have power
To wile away Aeneas out of the clutch of the Greeks,
And substitute for your champion wreaths and currents of
vapors,

And you can transform his navy into a bevy of nymphs—
Is it so shocking, then, that I succor the Rutulians?
"Aeneas is away and he knows nothing"
Let him remain away and knowing nothing!
You have, you say, your Paphos and Idaliium,
You have Cythera's heights—why do you meddle
With a city ripe for wars and fierce in spirit?
Do you think it is I who have tried to overturn
From their foundations your fading Phrygian fortunes?
Is it I or the mortal who dragoned luckless
Trojans to fight Greeks? What was the reason
Europe and Asia rose against each other,
Their pact of peace broken by treachery?
Was I the guide of that adulterous Dardan
When he stormed Sparta? Did I supply him weapons,
Or foment war with his lust? Then, indeed,
Fears for your people had befitted you—
But now it is far too late to raise objections:
Your objections are ill founded and the abuse
You hurl at my head mere baseless rhetoric."

So Juno spoke and all the immortals murmured
Assent to one or other party, a sound
Like the first rustles deep down in the forest,
Strange and invisible, that warn the sailor
Of an oncoming gale, though all seems still.

Then the Almighty Father, the primal Power
In all the universe began to speak.
The high hall of the gods with his first utterance
To silence fell, earth shuddered to its core,
The sky to its utmost height was still, and the winds
Lulled into rest and the sea calmed all its waves.
"Take my words to your hearts; engrave them there."

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since it is not permitted that the Aeneasians
And Trojans sink their differences in a treaty,
Nor can your wranglings come to a conclusion,
Let each man's fortune be as it stands today;
Let him plough whatever furrow of hope he may!
I will show favor to no man, neither Rutulian
Trojan, whether it be through destiny
Nor the Italians encompass the Trojan camp
The whether it spring from the doom of errant Troy
Or whether it spring from the doom of errant Troy
And anolevolent oracles. Nor do I absolve
The Rutulians. Let every man work out
By his own exertions his own destiny
For good or evil. I, Jove, am king of all;
To all alike. The Fates shall find a way."
And swearing by the streams of his Stygian brother
And their banks of boiling pitch and the abyss
Yawning in muck between them, with his nod
He made Olympus quake to its foundations.
This was the end of the debate. Jove rose
From his golden throne and the sky-inhabiting gods
Conducted him in their midst towards the threshold.

Meanwhile the Rutulians surged around at the gates
Rager to slaughter the foe and ring the defenses
With a ring of fire. But the whole force of Aeneas
Was cooped and cribbed within their fortifications
With no hope of escape. In wretched plight
They stood on their high towers or formed
A tenuous line of defense along the walls.
Aeneas son of Imbrasus, Thyraetes
Hicetaeon's child, and the two Assaraci,
And aging Thymbris, Castor at his side—
All these were to the fore—and by their side
Sarpedon's two brothers, Clarus and Theannon,
From noble Lycia. Acmon of Lyonesus,
No lesser hero than his father Clytus
Or his brother Mnesteus, bent all the strength of his body
To carrying a colossal rock, a sizable
Piece of a mountain. So they struggled on
With javelins some, others with stones—some
With fire, and others arrows shot from the bow.

And see, in their midst stood the young Prince himself,
(Truly for Venus' attentions the fitting object)
His beautiful head bare and like a jewel
In a gold setting—an ornament designed

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To be worn on the neck or head, just so he sparried,
 Or as a skillful inlay of ivory gleams
 In boxwood or Orichan terebinth.
 His hair below its clasp of malleable gold
 Flowed down his snow-white neck. You, too,
 The noble-hearted tribes could see you, Ismarus,
 Tipping your bolts with poison and dealing wounds,
 Scion of noble Lydian stock from the land
 Men till for its rich harvest, a land watered
 By Pactolus' golden stream. There stood Menestheus
 In the full flush of his triumph of yesterday
 When he had driven Turnus from the ramparts;
 And there was Capys from whom Capua
 Derives its name.
 So the two armies lay locked close in combat
 Of bitter war. And now at midnight Aeneas
 Was cleaving the ocean. For after he left Evander
 He broached the Etruscan camp and approached their king.
 Told him his name and his race, what he had to offer
 And what he needed, explained to him what forces
 Mezentius had caused to muster and why,
 Expatriated on Turnus' violent nature,
 And on the mutability of fortune,
 And seconded reason with entreaty—Tarchon,
 Without a moment's pause, joined forces with him
 And made alliance. So the people of Lydia
 Fulfilled their fated destiny and embarked
 According to the ordinance of heaven
 Committing themselves to the care of a "foreign leader."
 Aeneas led the line, his vessel embellished
 With Phrygian lions harnessed on the prow,
 Mount Ida towering above them, a truly enspiriting
 Sight for the exiled eyes of the Trojans. Great Aeneas
 Sat in the bows brooding upon the war
 And all the doubts concerning its outcome, Pallas
 At his left side stood guard and questioned him
 About the stars by which their course was plotted
 Through the dark night, or about all the toils
 Aeneas had endured by land and sea.

*Now, Goddesses of Song, fling Helicon wide.
 Inspire my muse to tell of the force that followed
 Aeneas from the Etruscan shore, that manned
 The warships—sailing over the sea.*

Massicus

Led the flotilla in his ship the *Tigress*,
 220

A bronze-bound vessel with a keel in her teeth,
 A body of a thousand warrior-youths
 From Cosae and the walls of Clusium
 Was under his command, whose arms consisted
 Of lethal bows and arrows carried in quivers
 Light on the shoulder; with him fiery Abas,
 Whose complement was clad in splendid armor,
 The stern of whose ship gleamed with a gilded Apollo.
 Populonia was the mother-city that sent him
 Six hundred of her sons, all skilled in warfare;
 Three hundred came from Ilva an island rich
 In inexhaustible mines of iron ore.
 Third came Asilas the great mediator
 Between men and the gods, a magus wise in the lore
 Of artificial entrails, whom the stars
 And the flashes of prophetic thunderbolts.
 He urged on a thousand close-packed troops,
 A brigade of spears,—the Etruscan city Pisae
 Sprung from its sister on Alpheaus banks
 Had set him over them. There followed Astur,
 Most fair of all men Astur, trusting his charger
 And many-colored armor. Three hundred men,
 All of one mind in following his service,
 Were rallied from the inhabitants of Caere,
 And the farms by the Minio, from ancient Pyrgi,
 And the foul airs of Gravisca.

And Cynius, you—

Shall I omit you, bravest Ligurian leader?
 Or you Cupavo with your little handful
 And your swan-feather crest?—Symbol of love,
 Symbol of guilty love, and your father's change.
 For, so the story goes, Cynus in grief
 For his beloved Phaethon, assuaged
 His broken heart by singing in the shade
 Among the poplars, Phaethon's sisters once,
 And as he sadly sang he softly drew
 An old age of white feathers over him
 And left the earth, singing towards the stars.
 His son, now, with a great press of his peers
 Drove on his ship with oars, the mighty *Centaur*:
 She, with a great stone for figurehead,
 Threatening the wavetops, ploughing through the ocean
 With the long colter of her keel.

See Ocnus,

Another who had raised a native troop,
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Son of the prophetess Mantus and the river
 Of Tuscany, who gave to Mantua
 Her walls, her name, O Mantua so rich
 In diverse glories of diverse ancestry!
 —Three separate strains she has, and every strain
 Is parceled into four aboriginal peoples,
 Yet she is their capital city and her strength
 Drawn from Etruscan blood. From this same district
 Merentius had roused against himself
 Five hundred men, whom Minicius clad in gray
 Vestments of reed, own son of Benacus Lake,
 Led in their pine-built ships to the high seas.
 Sluggish and slow Aulestes struck the sea
 With a hundred oars as ponderous as trees,
 And the wave-tops whitened with the churn of water.
 His ship was the Triton an enormous ship
 Whose figurehead with its conch appalled the waves—
 Its hairy torso down to the hips was human
 But there the belly merged into a monster's,
 A sea-monster's, and underneath
 The water frothed and muttered.
 Such was the tally of the chosen chiefs
 Sailing in thirty ships to the help of Troy,
 Their brazen prows cleaving the briny plains.

And now the day had faded from the sky
 And Phoebè the benign in her nightwandering chariot
 Was trampling the midheaven. But Aeneas,
 Whose anxious thoughts would give his limbs no rest,
 Was himself seated at the tiller, his hand
 On the main sheet, piloting the ship.
 But suddenly beheld full on his course
 A band of friends appeared to him—the Nymphs
 Gracious Cybele caused to be transformed
 From ships into sea-goddesses—and now
 They swam abreast of the ship and cut the waves,
 As many nymphs as there had been brazen keels
 Beached on the shore. They gamboled round their king
 Whom they had recognized from far away.
 Cynodoce, most skillful in speech among them,
 Swam in his wake, and holding onto the stern
 With her right hand she heaved her body half
 Out of the water padding with her left
 And thus to Aeneas, still bemused, she spoke:
 "Aeneas, son of the gods, are you awake?
 Awake! Slack off the sheet! You see in us your fleet—

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Once plies from Ida's sacred summit—now
 Nymphs of the sea. For when the treachery
 Of Turnus menaced us with fire and sword
 Against our will we slipped our mooring chains
 And sought you through the deep. And Cybele, in pity,
 Rannled us, our mother, in this fashion
 And granted us to be sea goddesses,
 And live our lives beneath the ocean swell.
 But young Ascanius meanwhile is contained
 Within his walls and dikes and the Latins abristle with battle
 Swamp him with weapons. Already Arcadian cavalry
 And a body of brave Etruscans are in position
 And poised for action and it is Turnus' intention
 To interpose the weight of his own forces
 And cut them off from joining the Trojan camp.
 Come, then, rise up and at the first hint of dawn,
 Order your comrades to stand to, under arms,
 And take your shield which the Master of Fire made
 To be invincible, rimmed with red gold,
 And gave to you himself. Tomorrow's sun
 Will see great heaps of slain Rutulians
 If you will but believe my words are true."
 She spoke and as she left she gave a thrust
 Against the high stern with her hand well knowing
 What power of onward impulse to impart.
 Then swifter than a javelin sped the ship,
 Swifter than arrow swift as the very wind.
 The rest of the fleet came speeding equally after her.
 Not knowing what to think, the Trojan the son of Anchises
 Sat stunned, but spurred his spirit with the omen.
 Then looking up to the vault of heaven he prayed:
 "Gracious Mother of Gods, mistress of Ida,
 Who hold dear to your heart the height of Dindyma
 And to every cities, and lions yoked in pairs,
 Be now my leader in the fight, fulfill
 This prophecy aright, be at the side
 Of the Phrygians, goddess with your favoring footfall."
 Such was his prayer. And now the dawn was up
 The full light quickened and the night had fled.
 So first he gave the order to his comrades
 To rally to their standards and steel themselves
 For combat and prepare for a pitched battle.
 And now from his lookout on the lofty stern
 Aeneas could already see the camp
 And his fellow Trojans—immediately he raised
 His sunbright shield on high in his left hand.

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And from their walls the Dardans raised a cheer
That rang to heaven, in a new flush of hope
Their martial fury quickened and they hurled
A flight of weapons, like a flight of cranes
From Strymon, silhouetted against black clouds
Blown helter-skelter before a southerly gale
Crying their cries and haunting the after-air
With the clamor of their passing.

To King Turnus
And his Ausonian leaders it seemed unbelievable
Until they looked and saw the fleet already
Making inshore and the whole sea a sliding
Pattern of warships.

Aeneas' helmet blazed,
A stream of fire poured from his plumed crest,
A golden fount gushed from the great shield-boss,
—As on a clear night comets glow with a grim
And blood-red gleam, or as the glare of Sirius,
The star that brings to frail mortality
Disease and thirst and rises sicklying heaven
With boding light.

But Turnus never wavered
Entirely confident that he could seize the shore
And drive the invaders off.

"Your prayers are answered"
He cried to his men, "to break through at the swordpoint—
The heart of Mars lies in a brave man's hand!
Let every one of you think of his wife and children
And recollect the imperishable deeds
That keep your forbears' memory green. Forward!
And meet them at the water's edge, before
They have got firm foothold, while the first
To disembark are hesitant and unsure.

The bold are favored by Fortune."
So he spoke, and debated in his mind
Whom he should lead to the assault and whom
Entrust with the continuance of the siege.
But even while he spoke Aeneas was landing
His men from the high sterns. Many leapt
Into the breakers as they withdrew and trusted
Their luck to the shallows, some used the oars as gangways.
Tarchon examined the shore and chose a place
Where no waves broke, where burst no battering backwash
But gently the sea surged with the rising tide,
And suddenly there he steered his ships and invoked his
comrades,

"Now, my chosen band, strike with your doughy oar!
Lift us, carry us home! Let us plough up
The enemy's homeland with our prows, each keel
Cutting his own furrow! To land here,
To be ashore, I would not shrink from shipwreck!"
So Tarchon spoke and his comrades stretched to the stroke
And charged their ships, all bow-wave, on Latin land
And every ship was safely beached—alas!
Save Tarchon's, yours, which ran onto a shoal
And rocked on a reef, in trouble, to and fro
Until the waves had had their way and it broke up
And into the breakers went its crew in a bungle
Of broken oars and floating gear and the ebb
At the same time swept their feet from under them.

No idle sloth had Turnus in his grip,
But quickly he deployed his whole attack
Against the Trojans fronting them on the shore.
The trumpets sounded. Aeneas was in the fore,
A good omen, to charge the country levies,
The first to get to grips, and he killed Theron,
The giant who first pitted his strength against him—
Thrust through his mail of bronze and his tunic armored
With gold and opened a gaping wound in his flank.
Then he killed Lichas, cut out from the womb
Of his dead mother and, Phoebus, dedicated
To you because he had been let escape
The knife in infancy. And not long after,
As brawny Cisseus and the enormous Gyas
Were felling his ranks with clubs, he crashed them down
To death—the arms that Hercules affected
Avalled them nothing nor that their sire Melampus
Had been the stalwart henchman of Hercules
So long as he had labors to perform.
See Pharus, idly boasting and doing nothing!
Aeneas scored a bullseye in the braggart's mouth
With a well-cast javelin! And you, unhappy Cydon,
Trailing your newest light-of-love young Clytius,
His cheeks blooming with their first golden down,
You might have fallen, at the Dardan's hand,
Free from the loves of boys that so beset you,
You might have lain pitifully low,
If the tight knot of your brothers, sons of Phorcus,
Your seven brothers had not barred the way
And thrown their seven spears: and some rebounded
Harmlessly from his shield and helmet, some

His guardian Venus deflected as they grazed him.
Aeneas spoke to loyal Achates and said:

"Bring me a pile of weapons—every weapon
That found its mark in a Greek on the plain of Troy—
None, you will see, shall miss a Rutulian now."
With that he snatched a mighty spear and threw it
And, flying, it pierced the bronze of Maeon's shield
And burst in one instant his breastplate and his breast.
His brother Alcanor rushed up to support
The falling man with his arm—another javelin
Shattered his arm in passing on its flight,
Now dripping blood, and the arm hung by its tendons
As good as dead from the shoulder. Numitor
Snatching a javelin from his brother's body
Made at Aeneas—but it failed to strike
Full on the body of supporting Achates
But merely grazed his thigh. Then up came Clausus of

Cures
In the self-confidence of his youth and struck
Dryops under the chin with a long lunge
Of his unbending spear and pierced his throat
And robbed him of his life and breath in the middle
Of a word, and he struck the earth with his forehead and
vomited
Clotted blood from his mouth. Aeneas also
Despatched three Thracians of the most noble line
Of Boreas, and another three, whose father
Idas had sent to war from their country Ismara,
By various means he killed. Then next Halaeus
With a group of Aurancaean men closely engaged him;
Then Messapus, far-famed for his horses, the son
Of Neptune. All in turn strained to the utmost
To drive out the invader: the very threshold
Of Italy became the field of battle.

Just as the winds run counter in the firmament
And clash together with equal strength and purpose,
And neither yields, nor do the sea or the storm-clouds,
But the battle hangs in the balance for long and they strive
In total deadlock; so the Trojan army
And the army of Italy were locked in battle
Foot to foot, man to man, milling together.

But in another part of the field a torrent
Had scored and scoured its course over a wide
Tract of the plain with trundled boulders and trees
Uprooted from its banks. And Pallas saw

That his Arcadians who were unconstrained
To fight on foot and who had been compelled
To discard their horses because of the rough going
Had turned their backs on the pursuing Latins.
In such straits there was only one course left,
And now with prayers and now with bitter jibes
He tried to rouse their ardor: "Comrades! where
Are you flying to? By your own brave deeds, I implore you,
By the name of your chief Evander and the victories
Won under his command, by my own passion
To be my father's rival in renown
Upon this field, trust not your feet in flight.
Your way lies through the enemy ranks, a way
To be hewn with steel! There where the press is thickest,
There lies the way your noble fatherland
Demands of you, and me your leader Pallas!
It is no gods that harry us—but men.
We are harried by men as mortal as we are—
We have as many lives, as many hands!
Look! with its whole great barrier the sea
Is hemming us in—and where is there land open
For our retreat? There is none. Troy or the sea?
Which shall we seek my friends?" He cried and charged
Headlong into the ruck. It was Lagos first
Whom some unlucky fate put in his way,
And he was pierced with a javelin through the spot
Where the spine divides the ribs, in the very act
Of trying to heave up a weighty stone.
And Pallas retrieved his spear from where it lay
Jammed in the bones. Alas for the hopes of Hisbo
Whose plan was to surprise him in the act!—
For as he charged in a blind fury wild
With the bitter death of his companion, Pallas
Was ready for him and took him with a sword-thrust
Home to his swelling lung. Then he attacked
Sthenelus and Anchemolus, a man
Of the ancient house of Rhoeteus who had once
Dared to defile his own stepmother's bed.
And you, twin brothers, you Larides and Thymer,
The sons of Daucus so entirely alike
Not even your parents in loving perplexity
Could tell apart—you fell in Rutulian fields.
But Pallas marked you with a brutal difference:
For, Thymer, you he beheaded with the broadsword of
Evander;
Your hand, Larides, hacked from its right arm

Now sought in vain its master, the half-dead fingers
 Skill twitching as they tried to clutch the steel.
 Then the Arcadians stung by the rebuke
 Of their heroic leader and seeing his marvelous feats
 In mingled shame and rage turned on the enemy.
 Then Pallas struck through Rhoeteus as he fled
 Past in his two-horse chariot. And by this chance
 He gained just so much breathing space, for his stalwart
 Spear, flung from afar, was aimed at Ilius,
 And Rhoeteus it intercepted in mid-flight
 As he fled from noblest Teuthras and his brother
 Tyres; and toppling from his chariot rolled
 And drummed with nerveless heels the Rutulian soil.
 — And as a shepherd has his will and the winds
 Obey his want and he touches here and there
 The summer woods with fire and suddenly
 They merge and grow into a single front
 And Vulcan's sparkly hordes are on the march
 Across the width of plain, and the shepherd squats
 Hugging his reliquish of the triumphant flames:
 So, Pallas, all your comrades linked their sparks
 Of courage to a single blaze to aid you.
 But swift Halaesus dashed into the fray
 And primed himself with arms to attack the Arcadians,
 Ladon he slew, and Pheres and Demodocus,
 And with his flashing sword flicked off the hand
 And Strymonius had put up to his throat,
 Then smashed the skull of Thoos with brains and blood.
 And laced the ground-in bones with brains and blood.
 His father, foreseeing Fate, had hidden him
 In the woods but when white-haired he came
 To easeful death, Fate seized on his victim son
 And offered him up to the javelins of Ewander—
 So Pallas, now, drew a bead on him and prayed:
 "Grant, O Father Tiber, to the weapon
 I am now poised to throw a prosperous highway
 Through the resistant breast of hard Halaesus,
 And then your sacred oak shall have his arms
 And the warrior's spoils." The god gave ear to this.
 So as Halaesus strove to shield Imaon,
 Leaving himself exposed, the unlucky man
 Defenseless fell to the Arcadian thrust.
 But Lausus, a staunch warrior in the war,
 Refused to let his troops be thrown in panic
 By such a riot of slaughter: and despatched
 Absas, the first man in his path, the ban

And fair to a battle whose red harvest reaps
 Sons of Arcadia, sons of Etruria, sons
 Of Iov whose Ives the Greeks had failed to take.
 The hosts were clinched in combat, both in strength
 And leaders equally matched. The rear pressed up
 In neither side had elbow-room to maneuver.
 On one side Pallas cheered and urged his men on,
 On the other Lausus, almost one in age,
 On both a nonpareil of manhood—yet
 And both forbidden to both ever to see
 Their native land again—but He who reigns
 On high Olympus suffered them not to meet
 In single combat—each had his doom ordained
 At the hand of a mightier foe.
 Meanwhile Turnus,
 At the fond prompting of his gracious guardian,
 Was warned to come to Lausus's help and carved
 His way through the host in his swift chariot.
 As soon as he saw his comrades he said to them:
 "Stop fighting now! Pallas is my preserver:
 He is mine alone to attack—I wish his father
 Were here to see!" He spoke and at his order
 His friends withdrew.
 And Pallas was amazed
 At their withdrawal and these arrogant words.
 Strung Turnus up he let his eyes
 Tread the length and breadth of the monstrous frame
 Canning each feature with an implacable glare
 Across the space between. And into the teeth
 Of the prince he threw this challenge of his own.
 "A fig for your threats! Soon I shall have my fame
 Either by seizing spoils from a king or gaining
 Glory in death—in either event my father
 Can bear the outcome!"
 So he spoke and marched
 Into the ring of challenge—Arcadian hearts
 Went cold, their blood froze. Turnus vaulted
 Down from his chariot and disposed himself
 To the assault on foot, just as a lion
 When he sees from some high lookout a bull pawing
 The plain and rehearsing fight, leaps down to answer,
 Such was the vision of Turnus' answering onset.
 When Pallas judged him within scope of a spear-throw
 He edged forward, his purpose to compensate
 The difference of their strengths by sheer daring,
 And he trusted to luck; and offered this prayer to heaven:

"O Hercules, by your friendship with my father
 And the bond you shared, though you came as a stranger,
 Stand by me in my great design, I pray you.
 Let Turnus see me strip his bloodstained armor
 From his body as he dies and his glazing eyes
 Endure the sight of his conqueror." Hercules
 Heard the young Pallas and stifled a heavy sigh
 Deep in his heart and shed unavailing tears.
 Then the Great Father spoke these well-meant words
 To soothe his son. "For every man is ordained
 His appointed day; For every man the sum
 Of his days is short and none can have them again.
 But to prolong your fame by mighty deeds—
 That is the office of valor. So many sons
 Of the Gods lie fallen under the high walls
 Of Troy—even Sarpedon my own son.
 And Turnus, too, is summoned to his fate;
 He has reached the end of his allotted years."
 He spoke and turned his eyes away from the Rutulian pas-
 tures.
 But Pallas hurried his spear with all his might,
 Then drew his gleaming sword from its hollow sheath.
 The spear in its flight forced through the edge of the shield
 And struck the topmost part of the shoulder-armor
 And finally scored a scratch on the mighty body of Turnus—
 Who then discharged the spear he had long held poised,
 A shaft of oak shod with an iron point.
 A shaft of oak shod with an iron point.
 Shouting these words "See if my weapon now
 Is not the sharper!" And the spearhead plunged
 With quivering penetration through his shield
 Despite its plates of iron and bronze, and smashed
 The thickness of its bulhide bindings, and smashed
 Clean through his corset home to his mighty breast.
 In vain he plucked the weapon warm from its wound,
 For after it from that very rent poured out
 His blood his lifeblood and he toppled over
 Onto his wound and his arms changed above him.
 In his death-throes he bit at the enemy earth
 With bloody mouth, and Turnus straddling over him
 Cried out "Arcadians! See that you remember
 My words and take them back to King Evander:
 I send him back the Pallas he deserves!
 Whatever honor there may be in a tomb
 Whatever comfort in a burial
 I grant him gladly. Yet he will find the welcome
 He gave Aeneas not a little costly!"

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And with these words he trod with his left foot
 On the dead body and ripped off the huge belt:
 On which was engraved with a picture to strike terror:
 A band of young men on their wedding night
 Brutally murdered and the bridal chambers
 Repeated with blood, which Cloonus son of Eurypus
 Had chased on the spoil and exulted in his trophy.
 Gloated over the minds of men are blind to fate and the future
 Nor do they know how to control themselves
 And keep their balance when the luck is with them.
 A time will come for Turnus when he would
 Willingly pay a fortune to have Pallas
 Safe and unharmed, when he will hate the spoils
 And the day he won them.
 But now Pallas' comrades
 Crowded around with many a groan, and tear,
 And placed him on a shield and bore him off!
*Alas, the grief that your return to your father
 Will bring and the high glory! This first day
 Gave you to war, this very same first day
 Reaves you away, albeit you leave behind
 A mighty heap of the Rutulian dead.*
 And now there flew to Aeneas no mere idle rumor
 But intelligence impossible to question.
 The message warned him that his army stood
 A hairsbreadth from destruction; that it was vital
 To help the routed Trojans immediately.
 Laying about with his sword on every side
 He hacked a wide path through the enemy line
 Seeking for Turnus proud of his new conquest.
 In his mind's eye Aeneas saw Evander,
 Pallas, and the board where first as a stranger
 He tasted hospitality and shook
 The hand of friendship.
 Now he took alive
 Four stripling sons of Sulpino and four others
 Brought there by Ufens, having it in mind
 To sacrifice them to the ghost of Pallas
 And lace with captive blood the flames of the pyre.
 Next he leveled his spear for a long cast
 At Magnus who ducked adroitly, and the spear
 Whizzed quivering overhead and, coming close,
 He cringed and clutched Aeneas' knees and whined:
 "By your dead father's spirit, by your hopes
 For Iulus as he grows, Oh spare my life,
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For my father and my own son, I have
 A lofty palace and buried in its vaults
 Are talents of chased silver and gold ingots
 Both worked and unworked. The victory of the Trojans
 Does not depend on me. One single life
 Will not make so much difference. . . ." So he prayed.
 Aeneas answered, "Spare for your sons the many
 Talents of gold and silver you tell me of.
 When Turnus slaughtered Pallas he put an end
 To such negotiations as are possible
 In a chivalrous campaign. Anchises' spirit
 And young Iulus speak their thoughts through me."
 And as he spoke he gripped the suppliant's helmet
 In his left hand and even as he pleaded
 Bent back his neck and thrust his sword blade in
 Up to the hilt. Nearby was Haemonides
 His temples wound with the sacred ribands, the priest
 Of Phoebus and Trivia, and dressed from head to foot
 In brilliant white with shining insignia.
 The Trojan met him and drove him over the field,
 And when he stumbled Aeneas towered above him,
 Slaughtered his victim and whelmed him in vast darkness.
 Serestus took off his arms and bore them away
 Over his shoulders—a trophy, Mars, for you.
 But Caeculus, of Vulcan's lineage,
 And Umbro, he who hailed from the Volscian Hills,
 Rallied the ranks. And opposite them fumed
 The Dardan chief. He had just sliced off with his sword
 Anxur's left arm and the whole round of his shield—
 That man had uttered, maybe, some great boast
 Believing he could bolster word with deed
 And, puff'd up to the sky, had promised himself
 Gray hairs and a long life. And now Tarquinius
 Leapt out against him in his glittering armor,
 Whom the nymph Dryope had born to Faunus
 God of the woods. He barred his fiery progress:
 Aeneas drew his spear back and then skewered
 The boy to his breastplate and the cumbersome weight
 Of his own shield—and as a stream of prayers
 Poured from his lips and even as he thought
 Of many more his head was swept to the ground.
 Aeneas spurned the warm trunk with his foot
 And rolled it over and over, muttering
 In the fury of his heart as he stood above him.
 "So we must fear you, must we? Then, lie there!
 And never shall your loving mother bury you

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Nor is your limbo to rest in your father's tomb.
 You shall be left to the wild birds of prey
 Or tossed and swallowed in the swirl of waters,
 Or the hungry fish will mumble at your wounds!"
 The hungry fish will mumble at your wounds!
 Then next Aeneas hunted down Antaeus
 And Enca, front-rank warriors of Turnus,
 And bold Numa, and Camers the yellow-haired,
 Son of the noble-minded Volscens wealthiest
 In land of all the Italians, and he reigned
 In still Amyclae.
 And like Aegaeon
 Of whom the legend tells, who had a hundred
 Arms and a hundred hands and belched out fire
 From fifty mouths and fifty breasts, and brandished
 Fifty identical shields and fifty swords
 As he faced Jove's thunderbolts—so seemed Aeneas
 As over the whole battlefield he ranged
 In an orgy of slaughter once his blade was warm
 With blood.
 Now see him threateningly advance
 Against the four-horse chariot of Niphaeus.
 But when the horses saw his menacing mien
 And his loping strides they turned and, terrified,
 Ran away at the gallop tipping out their master
 And whirled the chariot away to the seashore.
 But Lucaeus meanwhile was moving up
 Into the fray, he and his brother Liger
 Who held the reins of the two white chariot-horses
 While lusty Lucaeus swept his naked sword
 In winging circles. Aeneas could not brook
 The fiery impulse of their charge—he rushed
 Against them looming large his spear upraised:
 Then Liger cried, "These horses you see here—
 They are not Diomedes', nor is this chariot
 The chariot of Achilles nor these plains
 The plains of Troy! This is our land, and here
 And now the war shall end—and your life with it!"
 Such were the words that in his madness Liger
 Scattered broadcast. But it was not a word
 The Trojan here flung back at him in answer—
 It was a spear. As Lucaeus leant forward
 To goad his horses onward with his sword,
 His left foot forward ready for instant action,
 The spear tipped through the very bottom edge
 Of his glinting shield and entered his left groin.
 Picked from the chariot he rolled in his dying agony

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Over the earth and good Aeneas mocked him
 With bitter words: "No Lucagus, it was
 No panic-flight upon your horses' part
 Betrayed your chariot, no shying at empty shadows
 Turned them away for the enemy—it was you,
 You who deserted them and jumped down from the wheels!"
 So saying he took hold of the horses' harness
 While wretched Liger slid down from his seat
 And stretched his hands in helpless supplication:
 "O man of Troy by your own self I beg you,
 And by the parents who begot your greatness,
 Take pity on my pleas and spare my life."
 He had more to say but Aeneas cut him short.
 "Just now you spoke a different tune. Now die!—
 It is not brotherly to forsake a brother!"
 He took his sword and striking through the breast
 Laid bare his very vitals.

—Such were the deaths
 The Dardan leader dealt about the plan.

His fury seemed the fury of a torrent
 Or a black whirlwind. And at last the Trojans
 Broke out and quitted the camp—the young Ascanius
 And all the flower of youth. The siege was over.

And Jove meanwhile addressed himself to Juno,
 "My sister and my well-beloved queen,
 You were not deceived in your opinion. Venus,
 As you supposed, upholds the Powers of Troy:
 It is not the prowess of their own right arms,
 Keen though they be, it is not their dauntless spirit
 That braves all danger. It is indeed Venus."
 And Juno meekly answered, "Fairest lord,
 Why do you vex me? I am sick and afraid
 Of your ruthless bidding. Oh, but if there were
 That influence in my love which once there was,
 And it is right there should be still, All-Powerful,
 You would not have denied me this at least—
 The power to extricate Turnus from the battle
 And keep him safely for his father Daunus.
 As it is, let him perish. Let him give
 His sinless blood to alake the Trojan vengeance.
 Yet he derives his name from our own lineage,
 Pluinnus was the grandsire of his grandsire,
 And often he has piled your temple-threshold
 With gifts from his own generous hand."

The King

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Of a yey Olympius answered Juno shortly:
 "If your entreaty for the youth concerns
 No more than a reprieve from present death
 And breathing space—for he is doomed to die—
 And you accept that this is my decree,
 Then see to his escape and snatch him off
 From his approaching destiny. So far
 It is permitted to indulge your prayers.
 But if some deeper hope of remission lie
 Hidden under these prayers, if you imagine
 The course of the whole war can be changed or altered
 You nurse a foolish hope." Then Juno wept
 And said: "Only suppose your heart might grant
 What your words grudge and Turnus be given grace
 To live a longer span? For as things stand,
 A ghastly end awaits him though he is guiltless—
 Or I am void of the truth and all astray?
 If only I were mocked by unfounded fears
 And you—for you alone have power to do so—
 Would lead your counsels back to better courses . . . ?"
 When she had spoken thus, cloaked in a cloud
 And driving a storm before her Juno launched
 From the heaven's height and sought the Trojan host
 And the Laurentine camp.

Then, being divine,
 She molded in her hands a tenuous strengthless
 Wreathing of hollow cloud into the shape
 Of Aeneas, a miraculous sight, and equipped it
 With Dardan weapons and with counterfeits
 Of the shield and helmet-crest of the goddess-born.
 She gave it words that were insubstantial, sounds
 That had no governing mind behind them, rendered
 His gait and carriage to the life; the wraith
 Was such as fit when death is past, they say,
 Or such as mock our senses deep in dream.
 So now the phantom strutted gaily to the fore
 And goaded Turnus with its show of arms
 And words of challenge. Turnus made a sally
 And from afar despatched a whizzing spear:
 It wheeled in its tracks and fled. Then truly Turnus,
 Believing he had Aeneas on the run,
 Let a vain hope take hold of his turbid heart:
 "Where are you fleeing Aeneas?" he shouted out,
 "Do not desert your promised bridal bed:
 The soil you came to seek across the ocean
 This hand shall give you—this right hand of mine!"

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So bellowing and waving his drawn sword
 He followed, nor had he the wit to see
 That the source of his joy was a mere wind-born wraith.
 It happened that a ship was lying moored
 To the edge of a high rock, its ladder down,
 Its gangway in position—the ship on which
 Kingly Osinius had been borne from the borders of Cnium,
 Hither the wrath of flying Aeneas hastened
 And shrank into hiding. Turnus was on its heels,
 Full-tilt over every snag and he bounded across
 The high-raised gangway. Scarcely had he touched
 The prow when Saturn's daughter loosed the moorings
 And swept the drifting ship out on the ebb.
 Aeneas meanwhile hunted for his enemy
 Demanding combat, and sending down to death
 Many a valiant man who crossed his path.
 But now the airy phantom sought no longer
 For hiding place, but soaring into the sky
 Dissolved in a dark cloud. But as for Turnus
 He was drifting at the mercy of the wind
 Out into mid-ocean. He looked around him
 He could neither apprehend nor comprehend
 The course of events but he was far from pleased
 At his escape and lifted up his hands
 And voice to heaven and cried, "Almighty Father,
 Have you indeed considered that I have done
 So great a wrong? Do you wish me truly to suffer
 So great a punishment? Where am I going?
 Where have I come from? Why am I in flight?
 What am I? Shall I ever see the camp
 Again? or Laurentum's walls? What of my men
 Who followed me and my cause to war? Oh horror!
 And it is these men that I have abandoned
 To deaths unspeakable—I see them scattered,
 I hear the groans of the fallen. What can I do?
 What deepest gulf of earth will swallow me?
 No, winds, you pity me! drive the ship
 On reef or rock (I Turnus freely implore you)
 Dash me on quicksand or cruel sucking shoal
 Where none that know my fame, where no Rutulian
 May ever follow me!"

Swithering in his mind,
 Now one way now the other, beside himself,
 He wondered if for such a foul disgrace
 He should impale himself upon his sword
 And force the merciless iron through his ribs,

Or throw himself into the sea and swim
 For the curving shore and offer himself again
 To Trojan arms. And thrice he tried each course:
 And thrice the powers of Juno held him back
 And struck to the soul with pity, she restrained him,
 So cleaving through the deep, with tide and current
 Setting his way, he drifted and was borne
 To the ancient city of his father Daunus.
 But in the meanwhile, warned by Jove, Mezentius
 Took up the fight with burning ardor and charged
 The triumphant Trojans. The Etruscan forces
 Closed in, and on this man, on this one man,
 They concentrated all their fire and fury.
 He stood like a rock that juts into the welter
 Of open water, exposed to the lash of the wind
 And the smash of breakers and withstands the onset
 Of every sea and sky however threatening
 And yet remains unmoved.

First he laid low
 Hebrus the son of Dolichaon, with him
 Went Latagus and Ily-livered Palmas.
 Anticipating Latagus he struck him
 Full in the mouth with an enormous boulder,
 Palmus he hamstringed and left him to lie there helplessly
 twitching.
 He handed over their armor for Lausus to wear
 On his shoulders, and fixed their plumes in his own helmet.
 He slew Evanthes, the Phrygian, he slew
 Minas the friend of Paris and coeval—
 For on the selfsame night as his mother Theano
 Bore him into the world to his father Amycus,
 Cisseus' queenly daughter, great with a firebrand,
 Bore Paris—and he lies dead in his father's city,
 But Minas lies in Laurentum's foreign fields.
 Mezentius was like a fierce wild boar
 That after many years of living safely
 In the pinewoods of Vesulus or the Laurentine
 Marshes, browsing among the tangle of reeds,
 Is flushed from mountain-heights by the fangs of the hounds
 And stands at bay now, in a ring of nets,
 Roaring defiance, all his bristles up:
 And no one has, in his anger, quite enough
 Courage to come to closer quarters—but
 Keeps a safe distance, throwing his weapons and shouting—
 Even so, among those who hated Mezentius
 With justifiable hatred not one man

Had courage enough to draw his sword and close—
But shouting and yelling they harried him at long range:
He faced them every way with dauntless heart
And grinding his teeth he shook the hail of weapons
Off from his shield.

Now Acron was a warrior,
A Greek from Corythus, that ancient region,
Who had been expelled when on the point of marriage:
And when Mezentius saw him, he saw him proud
In the crimson of his plumes and the purple robe
His bride-to-be had given him—and he
Was creating havoc in the center of the battle:
Was creating havoc in the center of the battle:
And just as, often, a famished lion goes prowling
Through high-fenced cattle pens, frantic with hunger
And if he happens to glimpse a fleeing goat
Or a stag with branching antlers licks his chops
With certain relish, his jaws agape, and later
With ruffed-up mane lies crouched over the entrails
While the blood drips grimly from the murderous jaws:
Just so it was that swift Mezentius sprang
Into the heart of the foe. Unlucky Acron
Was felled and with his dying gasp he drummed all
The blackened earth with his heels and bloodied all
His broken arms. Then as Orodes fled
Mezentius did not deign to strike him down
With an unseen stab in the back, but overtook him
And met him face to face; he meant to show
He was the better in fair fight, not guile;
Then with his foot on the body and lunging down on
His spear, he cried: "Here lies Orodes the mighty,
A man we dared not despise, a man who was
A linchpin in the war—and here he lies!"
His followers roared triumphant affirmation.
Then, as he died, Orodes answered him:
"Whoever you are, my victor, your rejoicing
Shall not last long: I shall not lie for long
Before vengeance comes: as dire a fate as mine
Is on the watch for you and soon you will lie
On this same field." Mezentius answered smiling
With an undertone of anger: "Die, now! As for me—
That . . . Begetter of Gods and King of men can cope!"
So saying he plucked his spear from Orodes' body:
Grim quiet of iron steep clamped on his eyes,
Their light was quenched by darkness without end.

Caedicus slew Alcaethous, and Sacerator

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Shan gathered Hydaspea, Rapo finished off
Pardhenius and Orses, toughest of men:
Messapus cut up Clonius, killed Erichaetes
Son of Lycæon—Clonius as he cringed
On the ground unhorsed, the other foot to foot.
Alys the Lycian trotted fainting forward
But Valerius, not less valorous than his grand sire,
Hugged him to earth; and Thronius was felled
By Salius, Salius by Nealces, expert
In javelin-throw and arrow unforeseen
Fired at long range.

And the God of War dealt
An equal dole and death to either side:
Alike they slew and were slain, victors and vanquished,
And neither side harbored a thought of flight.
The gods in the halls of Jove looked down in pity
On the pointless strife, the needless sufferings
Of mortal men inevitably doomed.
On one side Venus watched and on the other
Saturnian Juno; the ghoul Tisiphone
Among the thousands of warriors on the field
Swilled more blood than her due. . . .

But now Mezentius
Shaking his massive spear strode furiously
Into the vortex. He seemed like huge Orion
As he ploughs his way on foot, on the ocean bed,
Through Nereus' deepest deeps, but head and shoulders
Above the surface; or as he carries home
An aged rowan-tree from the mountain tops,
His foot on the valley-bottom, his head in the clouds—
So seemed Mezentius in his mammoth armor.
Aeneas saw him from afar as he
Surveyed the long line of battle and disposed himself
To meet him in combat. Still Mezentius
Was undismayed and steadfast and solidly
Stood waiting his great-spirited enemy.
Then shrewdly judging with his eye the range of a spear-
throw
He prayed: "Oh my right hand, the only god of my worship,
Oh weapon poised to strike, be with me now.
I vow to my son, Lausus, as trophy of Aeneas,
The spoils that I shall strip from his robber's carcass!"
Such were his words and from long range he cast
The whirling spear: it glanced from Aeneas' shield
And traveled on to strike the fair Antioes,
Who was standing near, between his thigh and groin,

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Ankores, friend of Hercules, who was exiled
From Argos, and had tagged on to Evander
And settled in an Italian city. Ill fated,
He fell to a stroke intended for another
And stared at the sky, and saw in his dying eye
A vision of his beloved Argos. Then
The good Aeneas threw his spear. It pierced
The hollow disk of triple-plated bronze,
The threefold thickness of bulls-hide and linen,
And made a flesh-wound low down on the groin,
But nothing more. Aeneas whipped out his sword,
Delighted at the spurt of Etruscan blood,
And darted towards his unnerved enemy.
When Lausus saw this he groaned in agony
For love of his father, and tears gushed down his cheeks.
And here, O gallant boy, if deeds of old
Can win their way to glory in our hearts
I shall not let the bitter chance of your death
Go by untold nor your supreme valor,
For you are truly memorable and should be.

Mezentius was retreating, scotched and disabled,
Dragging his enemy's spear back, stuck in his shield,
When out his son sprang and took up the fight—
Just as Aeneas wound himself up to strike
The death blow with his sword he parried it
And held him off. His comrades rallied cheering
And kept the foe at distance with a shower
Of whirling weapons, while Mezentius
Covered by Lausus' shield withdrew from the fray.
Aeneas glowered but kept himself covered too.
And as it happens when a flurry of hail
Hurls down and every ploughman and laborer
Breaks from the open fields and every traveler
Shrinks into some safe niche of shelter—the bank
Of a river, or an overhanging rock—
While the rain pelts down, and hopes the storm will pass
And the sun will shine again and give the chance
To carry on with the day's work: even so,
Aeneas braved the storm of weapons pouring
From every side until its force was spent,
But kept on girding at Lausus, threatening Lausus:
"What are you doing—throwing your life away
In a deed beyond your strength? Your love for your father
Has made you reckless." None the less the boy
Madly persisted: and a savage anger

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swelled in the Trojan leader's heart and the Fates
Gathered the final threads of Lausus' life:
Aeneas plunged full-force with his great sword,
Spear flung the midriff, right up to the hilt.
The sword-point traveled searing through his buckler,
The fight defense for his defiant temper,
And through the tunic his mother had embroidered
With golden thread, and the blood gushed into its folds.
Then sadly Lausus bequeathed his life to the breezes
And his body to the Shades. But when he saw
That pallid face and the mysterious
And changing hues of the approach of death,
The son of Anchises heaved a sigh of pity,
And stretched a hand out, seeing in his heart
An image of his own love for his father:
"O hapless boy what gift shall good Aeneas
Bestow on you? What gift can be in keeping
With such a glorious feat, with such a spirit?
Retain the arms you so delighted in!
And I myself shall restore you to the Shades
And Ashes of your fathers—if that be
Anything to you—but this at least should solace
The misery of your disastrous death:
You fall at the right hand of great Aeneas!"
Then, on the instant, he upbraided the slackness
Of Lausus' comrades, and was the first to lift him
From where he lay defiling his neat hair
With his own blood.

Meanwhile, by the river Tiber,
Mezentius lingered stanching his wounds with water
Leaning against a tree, to relieve his body.
His golden helmet hung from a distant branch,
His heavy armor lay slumped on the grass.
Around him stood his chosen bodyguard
While gasping with the pain he flexed his neck
And his combed beard flowed down to cover his breast.
He kept enquiring for Lausus, he kept despatching
Messengers with orders to recall him—
The orders of a grieving father. Alas,
His weeping comrades even then were bearing
The lifeless body of Lausus on his shield,
A mighty hero felled by a mighty wound.
His heart full of foreboding Mezentius knew
The sounds of grief far off for what they were.
He heaped his hoary hairs with dust, he raised
Both hands to heaven, then cling to the body.

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"My son, has such a just for life possessed me
 That I could let you, my own begotten son,
 Take up the challenge in my place and meet
 The foe man's hand. And is it through your wounds
 That I am preserved, your father? through your death
 That I am alive? Alas I am in despair,
 Oh, now I know the uttermost of exile,
 The wound is driven deep! It is I, my son,
 Who have fouled your name with guilt—my guilt!—It is I
 Was driven hated from the throne and realm
 Of my own fathers—a hatred justly incurred
 By my own acts—And retribution was due
 To my country and my people's hatred: I should have given
 My forfeit soul to every sort of death,
 And willingly given—but still I am alive
 And still I am slow to leave the light of day,
 And the world of men. But leave them I will!" So saying
 He raised himself on his wounded thigh, and though
 The deep wound sapped his strength, he resolutely
 Ordered his horse to be brought—his pride it was,
 And solace—it had borne him home victorious
 From many a war. And now, as it seemed to grieve,
 He spoke to it, beginning with these words:
 "Rhaebus, we two have lived long lives, if anything
 May be called 'long' to mortals bound to die,
 Today you shall either bear victoriously
 The head of Aeneas back and the spoil bedewed
 With his own blood and join me in avenging
 The sufferings of my Lausus, or if our force
 Is not enough to open up a way
 We will lie together, you and I, for I know,
 My bravest one, that you will never deign
 To obey a foreign spur or a Trojan master!"
 He spoke and levered his body into the saddle
 And settled himself into his usual position
 Cramming both hands with sheaves of pointed javelins,
 His helmet glittered upon his head with its tufts
 Of horsehair plume. So into the fray he charged,
 And in his heart there seethed a terrible shame
 Mixed with a mad agony of grief
 And love driven to frenzy and an awareness
 Of bravery unswayed. And three times
 At the top of his voice three times he called on Aeneas
 And Aeneas heard and joyfully prayed this prayer:
 "May the All-Father of Gods, may noble Apollo,
 Grant you to come to the issue with me now!"

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ing he advanced upon his enemy
 so saying his spear poised to strike. Then said Mezentius,
 with his spear poised to strike. Then said Mezentius,
 "O crassest of men, now you have killed
 My son, do you suppose you have any power
 To terrify me? You have already found
 The one means of destroying me and used it.
 Death holds no horror for me! nor have I any
 Respect for any god! Enough then, I have come
 To die; but first here are the gifts I bring you!"
 Saying these words he hurled a javelin at him,
 And it came another and another after it,
 As he galloped in a great ring round Aeneas.
 Five the gold shield-boss withstood every shock.
 Three times Mezentius rode left-handed circles
 Around him as he faced him in the center
 Hurting his javelins. And three times Aeneas,
 Turning to front him, bore a porcupine,
 Or spears in his bronze shield. Then, at last,
 Lured by the long delay and the plucking out
 Of endless weapons and the strain of fighting
 On such unequal terms beginning to tell,
 He considered many courses and finally
 Jumped in, and saw his well-armed spear strike home
 Into the hollow temples of the war-horse.
 It reared upright and pawed the air with its forefeet
 Throwing Mezentius and then crushing him
 Under it as it fell headfirst to earth,
 And lay with its shoulder broken.
 The sky rang
 With the wild shouts of Trojan and Latin warriors.
 Aeneas darted in and drawing his sword
 Swooped over him. "Where now is fierce Mezentius?
 Where is that raging impetuosity of spirit?"
 When the Etruscan opened his eyes again
 And recovered his senses he replied, "Templacable
 Enemy, why do you mock me, why make menace
 Of death?—You commit no crime in killing me—
 Such thoughts were never in my mind as I came
 To give you battle nor did my Lausus make
 Any such pact with you on my behalf—
 But this one thing I ask, if a conquered foe
 Has any mercy owed him; grant my body
 Its covering of earth. I am surrounded—
 (And well I know it) by the bitter hatred
 Of all my people—protect me from their fury,
 I beg, and grant me a share of my son's tomb."

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