

He spoke these words. Then, knowing all, he received
The sword-gut to his throat, and let the lifeblood
Gush over all his arms and drain away.

BOOK XI

Meanwhile the Goddess of dawn had left the ocean and
risen,

And the thoughts of death preyed on Aeneas' mind
And he wished for leisure to bury his companions.

The first ray of the dawn lit on him paying

Vows to the gods, as befits a conqueror.

He lopped its branches from an enormous oak

And set it up on a mound and hung upon it

The spoils of Mezentius the chief, the bulk of his shining
armor—

A trophy, God of War, to your majesty.

He fixed the crests still dripping blood and the broken

Weapons, the dinted cuirass twelve times pierced,

He bound the brazen shield to the left-hand side of the
trophy

And hung from its neck the ivory-hilted sword.

Then he began to exhort his cheering friends,

For his whole band of captains was close around him,

"My friends we have won a resounding victory!

Put from your minds all fear of future trials,

These are the spoils of a proud king, the first fruits—

See what my hands have made of Mezentius!

Now we must march to the very walls of Latium

And King Latinus. Be ready in fighting trim,

Look to the coming clash with hope in your hearts,

Let there be no delays through lack of forethought,

No dilatory halfheartedness when the Gods

Give us the sign to pluck our standards up,

Strike camp, and march. But meanwhile let us consign

The unburied bodies of our friends to earth—
The only honor that avails them now
In the deep pit of Acheron. Go!" he cried,
"Pay your last tributes to these glorious souls
Who have bought us our new country with their blood.
And first let Pallas be borne to Evander's sorrowing city,

And a warrior carried off by an evil day

And drowned before his time in the dark of death,

Though he had no lack of valor." He spoke weeping,

And turned to his tent door again where the body

Of lifeless Pallas was laid out, watched over

By the veteran Acetes, who in the old days

Was Evander's armor-bearer in Arcadia

And later, under less auspicious stars,

Had been appointed guardian of his beloved

Young protégé. Around the bier was gathered

The whole of Aeneas' retinue and a crowd

Of Trojans and with their hair unbound

In mourning mode women of Ilium.

But when Aeneas entered the tall doors

They beat their breasts and raised the keen to the stars

And the royal-dwelling echoed the bitter woe.

Aeneas gazed on the pillowed head of Pallas

And his snow-white countenance; and the gaping wound

Cleft in his marble breast by the Ausonian spear.

Tears started to his eyes and he began,

"Did Fortune envy you, poor luckless boy,

That she bereft me of you when she came

To me and smiled her favors, forbidding you

To see my kingdom or ride home in triumph

To your father's home? Not such were the promises

I gave on your behalf when I left Evander

And he embraced me, speeding me on my way

To a great empire, and warned me anxiously

That we should find our enemies fierce, and fight

Grim battles with an obdurate race. And now

In the grip of hopeless hopes perhaps even now he is of-

fering

Vows to the gods, heaping the altars with gifts,

While we with the vain office of our griefs

Dead-march with the dead boy who owes

No debt to heaven's powers; now or henceforward

O wretched father to see with your own eyes

The agonizing funeral of your son!

Is this the promised, this the returning triumph?

This, all my pledge was worth? Ah yet, Evander,

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It is no coward you shall look upon
With despicable wounds—you shall not be
A father craving death for the dishonor
A living son has brought so safely home.
Italy, cry alas for the great defender
Lost to you now, and lost to you, Iulus!

When he had wept his fill Aeneas ordered
The poor corpse to be lifted up, and picking
A thousand mourners from his whole array
He sent them to attend the final rites,
And with their presence soothe a father's tears—
Scant solace for such weight of grief, but the due
Of the wretched parent. Others with quick fingers
Plaited the pliant framework for a litter
From shoots of strawberry-tree and twigs of oak
Shading the raised-up bed with sprays of leaves.
High on the rustic bier, they laid the boy
And he lay there like a flower plucked by the fingers
Of a young girl, a delicate violet
Of a wilting fleur-de-lis before their hue
And living form are lost to them, though the earth
No longer gives them strength and sustenance.
Aeneas next brought forth two garments stiff
With gold and purple which in a day gone by
Had been a labor of love to Sidonian Dido.
As she made them for him, working the thin threads
Of gold along the hems with her own hands.
As a last act of homage sadly Aeneas
Wound the young warrior's body in one of these
And with the other muffled up his head
So soon to be consumed on the funeral pyre.
Also he piled the many spoils of battle
Pallas had won in Laurentum, and commanded
The long train of his loot to be led forth.
He added also the horses and the weapons
Stripped from the foe. There stood the victims too,
Hands bound behind their backs, whose doom it was
To appease in death the spirit of the dead
And with the blood of sacrifice imbue
The holy flames. Then next he ordered the leaders
To carry tree trunks hung with enemy arms
Each labeled with its owner's hated name.
Accetes was led tottering along
Worn out with age and grief, beating his breast,
Clawing his cheeks till he collapsed and lay

Full length, on the ground. They also pulled along
Chariots soaking in Rutulian blood,
Then came his charger Aethon, stripped of his trappings,
Tears pouring down his face. Then other bearers
Carried his spear and helmet—his conqueror Turnus
Had kept the rest of his arms. Then came the whole
Host of the Trojan mourners, all the Etruscans,
And the Arcadians, arms reversed, and finally
When the whole cavalcade had passed in its long procession
Aeneas paused and said with a heavy sigh,
"The Fates call me away to other tears,
I bid you hail for ever, heroic Pallas,
For ever farewell!" There was no more to say.
He turned back to his own high ramparts, he strode
Back into camp.

And now from the city of Latium
Ambassadors arrived, with olive branches,
Begging a favor from Aeneas: *would he return
The dead who lay about the plain as the sword
Had strewn them, and allow their burial
In proper graves? Nobody may sustain
A quarrel with the dead and lost-to-light.
Let him show mercy to his onetime hosts
And kinsmen of the bride betrothed to him!*
This was no prayer to merit a rebuke
And generously Aeneas granted it
Adding these words: "What utter ill luck led you
So undeservedly to become embroiled
In a war so terrible, men of Latium—you—
And forced you to abjure your friendship with us?
Is it you that ask for peace for the dead, for the losers
In the grim hazard of war? For my part I
Had rather grant it to the living! Indeed
I would never have come here had not destiny
Allotted me this land to be my home.
It is not on your nation I make war.
It was the King abused our proffered friendship
Fairest if Turnus himself had faced the death
That these have suffered; if he means to end
The war by force of arms and expel the Trojans
It would become him better to meet me
In single combat—and let that man survive
Whose life was earned from Heaven or by his prowess!
But now depart and kindle the funeral fires

Under your wretched fellow citizens!"
He ended there and they, eying each other,
Stood in dumfounded silence. Finally Drances,
An older man who never forewent a chance
To smirch young Turnus with taunts and oburgations,
Opened his mouth and answered, "Man of Troy!
By repute so mighty, mightier in the deeds
We have known you do, what words of praise shall I use
To exalt you to heaven? Shall I admire first
Your love of justice or your exertions in war?
On our side we are delighted to be the bearers
Of such an answer to our native city
And, if we light on an auspicious moment,
To ally you to our King Latinus—Indeed,
Let Turnus try to make peace for himself!
We would be proud to help raise up those fated walls
To their full height and hump on our own shoulders
The stones of your new Troy!" These sentiments
Drew from the rest a murmur of assent.
Twelve days were set for truce, and under the warrant
Of peace the Trojans and the Latins wandered,
Mutually harmless, mingling in the woods
Or on the mountain slopes. The tall ash trees
Rang to the stroke of the two-edged ax, and pines
With tops among the stars came crashing down.
Incessantly they drove their wedges in
To oak and resinous cedar tree and hauled
The trunks of rowans on their groaning wagons.

Now flying Rumor, but a moment ago
Proclaiming Pallas Latinus's conqueror,
Was harbinger of grief unbearable
And now the news came to Evander's ears,
Then to his household, then to all the city.
The Arcadians rushed to the gates and as they went
They snatched up funeral torches in accordance with an-
cient custom,
The highway glowed with the long lines of flame
That clove the countryside in two. To meet them
Came the cortege of Trojans and they mingled
Into a single mourning throng. And as soon
As the elder women saw them approach the houses
They kindled the whole city with their keening.
There was no power could hold Evander back.
He rushed into their midst and directly the bier
Was set upon the earth he hurried himself

On Pallas and clung to him, weeping, groaning,
Till, at long last, he forced out through his grief:
"O Pallas, Pallas, this was not the promise
You gave me once. You swore you would take care,
Nor blindly fling yourself into the arms
Of the savage God of War! But well I know
That yearning for the first day of glory in action,
The ineffable taste of honor won in a first engagement!
Alas the ill-starred first fruits of your youth!
The bitter lesson of a war so near!
And not one god of all the gods gave heed
To my vows and prayers! O my most blessed wife,
Lucky the death that spared you of these sorrows!
An opposite fate is mine; by living on
I have defeated my destiny, only to be
A father left in solitariness.
Had I but followed the friendly flag of Troy
And fallen to a hail of Rutulian weapons!
If only it had been my life in forfeit,
My body borne in this procession home,
Not Pallas. But I lay no blame on you
My Trojan friends, nor on our mutual treaty,
Nor in the hands we joined to seal it with.
This was the lot inevitably destined
To fall on my old age. But if my son
Was doomed to an early death what better death
Could I wish for him than falling as he led
His Trojans against Latinus, having killed
The Volscians in their thousands?
I could not ask for a nobler funeral
Than good Aeneas and the Phrygian nobles
And the whole Etruscan army and their leaders
Have accorded to you. They have brought mighty trophies,
Those whom your strong right arm despatched to Death.
And you too, Turnus, would have found your place there,
Yes, as a mighty tree-trunk hung with your armor—
Had Pallas been your equal in age and strength.
And let no grief of mine delay you Trojans
From waging the war. Go now, and bear this message
Back to your King: If I prolong a life
That is hateful to me now that Pallas is dead,
It is because of your sword-arm which, you admit
Owes us, father and son, the death of Turnus.
This is the one, the only, deed undone—
The key to your success and my deserts.
I seek no joy in life (nor rightly should I):

But to my son, down there among the shades,
I would be glad to bear some joyful news."

Meanwhile the dawn had raised her tonic light
For suffering mortals, bringing back the round
Of task and toil. And now Aeneas the leader
And Tarchon built their funeral pyres along
The winding shores: and here the living brought
Each man the bodies of his dead according
To the custom of his ancestors. Thickly smoking
The torches were applied and the whole sky
Became one pall of smoke, black and opaque.
Three times they circled round the blazing pyres
Their armor glittering; three times they rode
Their horses round the grievous funeral fires
Uttering lamentations. The earth was wet
With tears, their weapons dripping with their tears.
Their cries and trumpet-peals rose to the sky.
Some tossed on the fires spoils stripped from the Latin dead,
Helmets and elegant swords, bridles and chariot wheels:
Others brought offerings of personal gear,
Things dear to the dead, their helmets and the weapons
That had not saved them. Many the carcasses
Of oxen immolated there to Death:
They slit the throats of bristly boars and cattle
Seized out of every field, and gouts of blood
Were poured onto the flames. And now along
The whole length of the shore they stood and watched
The burning of their comrades and kept guard
Over half-burnt pyres and nothing could tear them away
Till dewy night fell and the sky was studded
With the cold fires of the stars.

The unhappy Latins

In a different quarter were no less engaged
In building countless pyres. Of the many bodies
Of their warriors some they buried in earth, some
They carried away to fields nearby to send them
Home to their cities; the rest, an enormous heap
Of entangled corpses, they then and there cremated
Uncounted and unhonored. Everywhere
For miles the countryside gleamed with the flare
Of more and yet more fires.

And now the third
Daybreak had lifted from the sky its chilling shadows.
And the mourners came to level the piles of ashes
And muddle of bones from the beds of the funeral fires

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A heap upon them mounds of earth which their heat
Still had the power to warm.

But within the walls
Of rich Latinus' palace, within the city—
Here grief could give no deeper nor lamentation
Touch greater heights. Here were stricken mothers
And their sons' wretched brides, here breaking hearts
Of loving sisters, here were children orphaned,
All cursing the insufferable war
And Turnus' purposed wedding. They demanded
That he and he alone should put the issue
To the test with his own sword since it was he
Who claimed the throne of Italy and the position
Of highest honor. The bitter tongue of Drances
Was loud in their support and he added weight
By swearing that Aeneas challenged only
Turnus in single combat: Turnus only.
But Turnus had supporters who put forward
Many an argument too; and added to that
Was the protection of Her Majesty
And his own great reputation evidenced
In the trophies he had won.

In the middle of this uproar,
As the quarrel reached white heat, the ambassadors
To the mighty city of Diomedes returned.

Their gloom was plain to see: a crowning blow.
From all their efforts nothing had resulted;
The gifts, the gold, the earnest prayers had gone
For exactly nothing. They must seek alliance
In arms from somewhere else or sue for peace
From the Trojan King. It was the last straw
And left them—even King Latinus—crushed.
The anger of the gods, so manifest

In the new-made gravemounds there before their eyes
Prompted a new awareness that Aeneas
Was by the will of the gods a man of destiny.
Therefore Latinus, under royal decree,
Convened a council of his foremost citizens
To meet within his high walls. They poured in
Through the crowds on the streets and assembled in the
palace.

Latinus by reason of his age and his supreme position
Sat gravely in the midst with serious mien.
Immediately he bade the ambassadors
Scut back from the city of Diomedes to report
And answer in fullest detail his every question.

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Then silence was proclaimed and Venus
Obeying his command began to speak.
"Citizens, we have seen Diomedes, we have seen
His camp of Argives. We survived the journey,
Surmounted every hazard and touched the hand
Of the man who brought down Troy. This conqueror
Was busy building this city called Argyrupa,
After his ancestors, by Garganus
In Iapygian country. Then as soon
As we were admitted and given leave to speak
We proffered our gifts, we stated our name and country,
We informed him who was our invader, we
Made clear the reasons for our coming to Arpi.
He heard us out, and tranquilly answered us:
'O happy people, subjects of Saturn, Ausonians
Of an ancient race, what strange caprice of chance
Disturbs you in your peace and goads you on
To provoke war—when you know nothing of war?
Why, all of us who ravished with our swords
The land of Ilium have paid and paid to the full
In unutterable torments everywhere
In the whole world (of the hardships we endured
Warring under those lofty walls, of the heroes
Simois clamps down to his watery bed
I will say nothing). We are a band of men
Whom even Priam might find pity for—
As may the blighting star of Minerva witness
And that Euboean reef, Caphereus the avenger.
Disbanded from that nation we were driven
To the ends of the earth. Menelaus the son of Atreus
In exile to the pillars of Hercules—
Ulysses to see the Cyclops tribes of Aetna—
Need I recall how Neoptolemus found
His kingdom? How Idomeneus' home
Was shattered? How the Locrians now lodge
On the Libyan coast? Even the King of Mycenae
The grand commander of the mighty Greeks
Met death at his own doorway by the hand
Of his evil queen— He who had vanquished Asia
Vanquished by the adultery in his home!
Oh jealousy of the gods! debarring me
From my ancestral home, never to see
The wife I craved nor Calydon my fair city!
But worse was yet to come—terrible portents
Pursued me—I was reft of all my comrades:
They took to the air on wings, and as water-birds

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Hunted the streams (alas for the glassy fate
Of my own folk) and made the rocks resound
With their dismal cries. Yes, from that very day
When, out of my mind, I drew my sword and assailed
The fleshly forms of the gods inflicting a wound
On the right hand of Venus—from that day
I had no other lot to look for. No, no, friends,
Do not induce me towards wars like these.
Since Pergamus was razed, I have had no quarrel
With any Trojan—nor does the memory
Of those old evils give me any pleasure!
Far better offer Aeneas the gifts you have brought
From your fatherland and meant to offer me!
We have clashed spear to cruel spear, we have clinched
In combat hand to hand: trust me, I know
How great his towering might behind his shield,
And with what whirlwind force he huris his spear!
Had Ida's land but borne another two
Such heroes, Dardanus could have sallied out
To attack the cities of Inachus in his turn,
And, fate reversed, it would be Greece to mourn,
In all that time of fret before the walls
Of obdurate Troy it was Hector and Aeneas
Whose hands alone denied the Greeks their victory
And kept it out of reach till the tenth year.
Both men a model of courage, masterly
In their exercise of arms; but Aeneas the nobler
By reason of his piety.
Whatever the terms,
Clasp your right hands in treaty; but beware
Of a clash of arms with him.
So you have heard,
O noblest majesty, both his princely answers
And his opinion of this mighty war."
Scarce had Venulus ceased when a mouth-to-mouth
Muttering of various comment arose
Among the Ausonians, like the sound of the water
When boulders block the swift course of a river
And caught in swirls and eddies it clucks and gurgles
And the nearby banks echo the burbling babble.
But as soon as their minds were at ease and their anxious
mouths
Silent once more the King from his high throne
Invoked the gods and then began:
"My wish
Would have been (and better it would have been)

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To have come to a decision on this matter
Affecting the whole state some time ago,
And not to summon a council at such a moment
When the enemy is camped before our walls.
My friends, we are engaged in a grievous war
With progeny of gods, unconquered heroes
No battles tire, nor in defeat even
Can they lay down the sword. If you had hopes
Of an Aetolian alliance put them away.
Let each hope as he may but you see how slender
Hope has become. As for the rest, the wreck
And ruin lies there obvious to the eye
And for the hand to touch. I blame no one.
What the utmost bravery *could* do has been done;
We have thrown the resources of the entire realm
Into this conflict. But now let me express—
Though tentatively—what is in my mind.
I will be brief, so give me your attention.
I own an ancient territory close
To the Tuscan river, the length of it extending
Westward as far as the Sicilian frontier
And beyond that. The Auruncans and Rutulians
Have sown it and reclaimed the stony hillsides
With the plough, and pasture sheep on the roughest slopes.
Let us give all this acreage to the Trojans,
And the pine forest in the mountain heights
As a gift of friendship: let us propose a treaty
With mutual obligations and let us invite them
To share our realm as allies. Let them settle
And build a walled city—if indeed this be
Their brookless passion—but if they have in mind
To canvas another nation for other space
(They are free to quit our country if they choose to)
Let us build them twenty ships of Italian oak,
Or more if they can man them: there are planks
All ready stacked down by the river—they themselves
Can decide the design and number of ships they want—
Let us provide them bronze, shipwrights, and fittings.
In addition it is my desire that an embassy
Of a hundred men of noble Latin blood
Should go with olive-branches in their hands
Carrying also gifts—talents of gold and ivory,
A chair of state and a robe that are the symbols
Of this our majesty. Debate the matter
How we can best restore our falling fortunes!
Then up sprang Drances, hostile as before.

The fame of Turnus tortured him—he was wracked
With bitterness, he was warped with envy. Drances
Was rich, and readier to use his tongue
Than his sword in battle, but had the reputation
Of being a sound adviser in debate
And powerful in intrigue (on his mother's side
He was of noble lineage but none knew
His father's antecedents) and now he rose
And spoke with a measured spiteful emphasis.
"O gracious majesty, what you put forward
Is a matter clear to every one of us:
I need not enlarge upon it. Everyone
Knows in his heart what state the state is in,
But mutters under his breath and will not speak out.
Let him stop threatening us, let him allow us
Freedom of speech—and I speak of that man
Whose ill-starred leadership, whose crooked temper,
(Yes, speak I will, and let him threaten me
With a duel or death)—has led to the destruction
Of so many of the finest of our leaders.
We have seen this happen, seen the entire city
Deep in its desolation—and all the while
He makes his sorties against the Trojan camp,
Whirling his arms enough to make heaven cringe—
Because he knows he can safely turn to flight.
Most gracious Majesty, do but add one more
To all those many gifts you have bidden be sent
Of promised to the Trojans—nor let the violence
Of any man constrain you: give your daughter
In marriage to this most estimable man,
As it is your right as a father, and seal this peace
With a bond that will abide for evermore.
But if our hearts and minds are possessed wholly
By terrors so absolute, let us present
Ourselves to Aeneas in person and appeal
For clemency from him, and beg him to yield
And grant their sovereign rights to king and country.
Why do you hurl your wretched citizens
Time and again into the open arms
Of danger—you, the very source and spring
Of the evils come upon us Latins? War
Offers no hope: it is peace we all demand,
Yes, Turnus, and the one inviolable
Guarantee of that peace. And I am the first
—whom you seem to imagine your enemy,
And indeed I may be—see! I kneel before you.

Pity your own people, abate your pride
And accept defeat. We have had our fill of defeat,
We have seen deaths enough and the broad acres
Bereft and bare of people.

Or if it is glory
That spurs you, if your spirit is adamant
In its resolve, if your whole heart is fixed
Upon a palace and a dowry—Dare!
Go out and meet your enemy breast to breast!
Must we then strew the plains in herds unwept and unburied,
We worthless creatures, simply so that Turnus
May make a royal marriage? As for you,
If you have any spunk, if your warlike father
Bequeathed you any blood: Go, face your challenger!

Turnus was stung to fury at this speech,
He gave a growl and then a flood of words
Burst from the depths of his heart,

“As usual, Drances,
You have plenty enough to say—just at a time
When it is swords we want not words. When it is a council
You are the first to come. But while our earthworks
Keep off the foe and the moats are not overflowing
With blood, it is not the moment to fill the council chamber
With your mighty mouthings—spoken in absolute safety.
Accuse me of cowardice, Drances, yes, let fly
In your usual vein—when your right hand has piled
As many heaps of Trojan slain as mine has,
And studded all the fields with splendid trophies!
Nothing prevents your trying for yourself
What shining valor can do. And the enemy
Is hardly far to seek—they are everywhere
All round the walls. Shall we march out to meet them?
What are you waiting for? Is your martial ardor
In the hot air of your windy tongue alone?
And the speed of your feet as you flee? So I am beaten?
Vilest of liars! who dares brand me beaten,
Seeing the Tiber swollen and swelling with Trojan blood
And the whole house of Evander, Pallas and all,
Brought down to the dust and the Arcadians
Stripped of their arms. Was I beaten?—ask Bitias
And mighty Pandarus—ask the thousand heroes
I conquered and despatched on a single day,
Though I was shut within their walls and penned
Within their ramparts. “*War offers no hope*”
You are out of your mind! Apply your words of sooth

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To the Trojan state and to your own—! Continues
To spread panic and extol the strength of a people
Already conquered twice, at the same time
As you belittle the arms of King Latinus.

It seems the chiefs of the Myrmidons now tremble
At the Trojans' feats, that Diomedes is aghast
And Iarissæan Achilles—and the Aulidus
Flows backwards from the advancing Adriatic!
See how the cursing crook pretends to cringe
And uses his fear of facing me to barb
His accusations with! You can stop all that.
This hand of mine would never demean itself
To take a life like yours—you are welcome to it!
Your breast is the right and proper place for it.
But now, Sire, let me return to you and the serious matter
Under discussion. If it be true that you place
No hope whatever in any further engagements,
If we are so completely cowed and forlorn,
And after one defeat, and only one

We have collapsed never to rise again,
And our star is set for ever, then let us wave
Our strengthless beggars' hands and whine for peace.
But oh! if a grain was left of our old valor—
Lucky the man, I hold, above all others
Blessed in his acts and noblest in his spirit
Who rather than see such a day as this, would fall
And dying bite the dust once and for ever!

But if we still have a reserve, if still
Some source of our young manhood is unsullied,
It still there are cities and nations of Italy
Left to come to our help—and if the Trojans
Have won their glory not without loss of blood
(The storm of war swept over us all alike)
Why do we tamely wilt on the mere threshold?
Why do our knees begin to knock even
Before the sound of the trumpet? Days go by
And in their whirling bring the unlucky
To better times and turn and turn about
The throws of Fortune set us up or down
And then establish us on solid rock.
We will get no help from Arpi, from the Aetolians,
But Messapus is for us and Totumnus
The fortunate, and so are other chieftains
These many peoples have sent. No little glory
Will be the lot of those, the chosen flower,
Of Latium and Laurentum and that noble lady

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Camilla with her troops of Volscian horsemen,
Her squadrons bright with bronze.

But if indeed

The Trojans demand me and me alone
In single combat—and if that is your pleasure
And I am the stumbling-block to the common good,
Victory has not so far recoiled from me in loathing
That I should refuse to venture for hope so fine.
I shall go boldly out to meet him though his might
Is greater than Achilles and he wears armor
Of a like nature and forged by Vulcan too.
Turnus am I, and I yield place to none
Of the heroes of old times, and I am dedicated
To you and Latinus father of my betrothed!
For me Aeneas' challenge and me only?
I crave his challenge! And the gods' displeasure
Becomes apparent at the core of this.
I do not care for Drances to pay forfeit,
His death for mine, and, if it be but a question
Of honor and glory, to flch what is mine by right."

So they crossed swords—in bitter debate—but Aeneas
Was moving out of camp into position
And see! a messenger came bursting in
Cramming the palace from end to end with his news—
Uproar prevailed, panic straddled the city:
The Trojan forces in full array and the Tuscan
Supports were sweeping from the river Tiber
And brimming all the plain! Immediately
With shattered minds and shaken hearts the people
Were shocked into unbalanced belligerence.
They snatched up arms in haste, the cry went up
"To arms!" The young men yelled for arms, arms, arms,
Their elders sadly whispered to each other.
From everywhere a tangled dissonance
A hurry-burry arose to heaven like
The mingled murmurations of flocks of birds
Settled by chance in a high wood, or like
Harsh honkings of swans about the fishy pools
Of the river Padusa. Seizing his moment Turnus
Mocked, "Citizens! It is time to convene your council!
Sit yourselves down and commend us peace—the invaders
Are at our gates!" Without another word
He started up and hustled from the palace.
"You Volusus" he ordered "go bid the Volscians
Fall in their companies! Lead the Rutulians out!"

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Messapus, you, Coras with his brother,
Deploy the cavalry in breadth over the plain.
Let a squad guard the approaches to the city
And man the towers; as for the rest of you,
You will attack where I direct and lead you."
They mustered to the walls from every part of the city
And King Latinus abandoned the debate
With all its deepest decisions undecided.
He was moithered by the ill turn of events
And bitterly self-reproachful for refusing
Freely to welcome Dardan Aeneas and make him
His son-in-law and ally to the city.
Meanwhile they were digging dikes in front of the gates
And hoisting stones and stakes into position.
The trumpet blared the bloody call to war.
Then a conglomerate crowd of boys and old warriors
Stood to the walls. For now the supreme effort
Was asked of everyone. The queen herself
Was drawn to the temple on the heights of Pallas
Attended by a great throng of older women.
She brought with her gifts, and at her side the maiden
Lavinia cause of the whole disaster guided
With her beautiful eyes downcast. The women pressed
Into the temple and soon the incense billowed
And the sound of their sorrow poured from the high doors.
"Lady of arms, Tritonian maiden, mistress of war,
Shatter the spear of the Trojan plunderer
With your own hand, and hurl him to the ground
And stretch him splayed under your own high gates."

Charged with his fury Turnus prepared for battle.
He was already accoutered in his corslet
Glowing stiffly with its red-bronze scales;
His golden greaves were on, his head was bare,
He had girded on his sword and it shone golden
As he bounded down from the height of the citadel
To launch himself upon the enemy.
His heart and hope as high as they could be.
He seemed like a stallion that has burst his tether,
Escaped his stall, and free at last to gallop
Has all the plain to choose and either he makes
For the mares' crowded pastures or goes to bathe
In a long-loved river-pool and coming out
Cavorts and whinnies, tossing his head, his mane
Shivering over his shoulders in his joy.
And as he went Camilla rode to meet him,

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Her Volscian fighters with her, and with the grace
Of the queen she was dismounted under the shadow
Of the very gates. And following her lead
Her whole band slipped from their horses. Then she hid
dressed him,

"O Turnus, if the brave may fitly feel
Confident of themselves I am confident.
I offer therefore boldly to oppose
The Trojan cavalry forces and I myself
Will ride alone against the Etruscan horsemen,
Let my hand strike the first blow of the perilous battle;
Do you dismount and stand-to by the walls
And guard the ramparts." Turnus fixed his gaze
On the awe-inspiring maid and answered her:
"Glory of Italy! maiden, what can I say
To express my thanks, or make fit recompense?
But since your spirit soars beyond all compare,
Then share the toil with me. The rumor goes,
And the scouts that I sent out confirm as fact,
That Aeneas has shrewdly sent his light-armed cavalry
Forward to engage the plains while he himself
Comes by the steep and undefended path
Over the mountain and straight down on the city.
I have in mind a stratagem of war.

There is a wooded gorge up there—my plan is
To post an ambush at each end and block it.
Your role is to be set ready to receive
The onslaught of the Etruscan cavalry:
Messapus will be with you in keen support
And the Latian squadron and Tiburtus' troop.
You are to be in joint command with me!"
Such were his words and with similar exhortations
He screwed up Messapus and his allied leaders
To battle-pitch, then moved to meet the foe.
There is a tortuous narrow glen ideal
For ambush and the sleights of war, both sides
Shelve steeply down in a dark tangle of foliage,
And the path is scarcely visible into it.
Its jaws are narrow, its entrance fraught with menace.
Above it, among the tops and vantage-points,
There lies a hidden level, safe out of sight,
The perfect spot from which to mount an attack
Either from left or right, or holding it,
To roll great boulders down. And hither Turnus
Hastened along the paths he knew so well
And occupied the place and settled down

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In the cramped confines of the woods. Meanwhile,

Lavinia's daughter in the Halls of Heaven
Was having speech with one of the maiden members
Of her sacred retinue, swift Opis. Her words
Were full of dole: "O maiden mine, Camilla
Is off to a brutal war. Beyond all others
She is dear to me and now in vain she is girding
Our weapons on—oh, it is no new thing,
This love that I, Diana, bear for her,
No sudden tenderness that has stirred my soul.
When Metabus was driven from his throne
Because of the hatred his tyranny had aroused,
When he was forced to flee from his ancient city
Privatum, he bore his baby daughter with him
Clean through the heart of the insurrection he bore her
To share his exile, and after her mother Casmilla,
Changing one letter, he called the child Camilla.
He clasped her to his breast as struggling onwards
He made for the high mountain ridges clothed
In their solitude of forest, while from all sides
The hostile weapons hailed as the Volscians threw
A cordon of troops around him. And suddenly
There was the Amasenus barring the way,
Pouring in flood above its broken banks,
So great a cloudburst had come battering down.
He was prepared to swim for it, but his love
For his baby checked him, and in his mind he rehearsed
For his precious burden, and in his mind he rehearsed
Every conceivable angle of action and suddenly
Made his decision though he doubted its wisdom.
He chanced to have in his strong hand a war-spear
Knotty and tempered tough, and swathing his daughter
In a sheath of cork-tree bark he bound her to it
Just in the middle to balance, and poised the spear
In his giant hand and spoke to heaven this prayer:
'Diana, maiden goddess, kindly dweller
In the woods, I vow my daughter, I her father,
To be your handmaid—yours is the first weapon
She has ever held as, whirling through the air,
She flies from her enemies your suppliant.
'Take her, O goddess, I beg you, for your own—
As I entrust her now to the trustless wind.'
He spoke and drew back his arm and hurled the spear.
Loud roared the flood and over the racing river
Whirled poor Camilla strapped to the whizzing spear.

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And Metabus, as the main body of his enemies
Pressed ever closer, took to the flood himself,
Won his way over, and plucked from the grassy bank
The spear with his daughter, Diana's novice now.
No city would admit him to its houses
Nor even within its walls, nor would the wildness
Of his nature ever bow to discipline.
He lived his life at the solitudinous heights
Of mountain shepherds. And there among the thick
Of savage thickets gave his daughter suck
At the teats of a wild mare, kneading its udders
Into her tiny lips. And when she tottered
Her first few steps on her own he thrust a javelin
Into her hand and hung from her infant shoulder
A bow and arrows. Instead of a golden hair-clasp,
Instead of a mantle falling to her feet,
A tiger-skin was flung around her neck
And huddled down her back; with her tiny hand
She threw her miniature weapons; she could whirl
A sling around her head on its leather thong
And bring a crane from Strymon down to earth
Or a white swan. Indeed there were many mothers
In every Etruscan town who yearned to bring her
To their son's marriage-bed—in vain. She was utterly
Content to dedicate her being to Diana
And cherish for ever her chastity and her weapons
Inviolate. How I wish she had never been
Dragged into such a war—had never tried
To challenge the Trojans: she might still have been
My votress, my beloved intimate.
But come, Opis my nymph, since destiny
Dives crushing down upon her, glide from heaven
To the bounds of Latium where even now
The bitter battle is joined in a cloud of doom.
Take these: and from this quiver draw the arrow
Of my vengeance and extract the penalty
Of blood for blood from any man, Italian
Or Trojan, it matters not, if he inflict
A deathly wound upon her sacred flesh.
Afterwards I will bear her body off—
The body I must mourn so piteously—
In a hollow cloud, all undespoiled her body,
And lay her down for burial in her homeland.”
She spoke; and swiftly Opis plummeted,
Through the light airs of heaven her body wound

In a dark whirlwind.

Meanwhile the Trojans
Drew near the walls and the Etruscan leaders
With all their cavalry disposed in squadrons
Of equal numbers. Over the whole expanse
The horses jockeyed and pulled against the bit,
Nighting and prancing now this way now that.
The whole field far and wide was ripe with an iron harvest.
The plains were a blaze of weapons uplifted high.
Against them Messapus and the speedy Latians
And Coras with his brother, and the force of the maiden
Camilla
Advanced to meet them over the plains their spears
At the ready with quivering points, as they drew back
Their strong right hands as far as they could go.
The armies closed; the horses neighed; the tension
Began to grow and now they came to a halt
Facing each other within the range of a spear-throw.
Then with a sudden shout they dug their spurs
Into their horses and set them to the charge.
And as they charged they poured a shower of weapons
As thick as snowflakes and the sky was darkened
With the shadow of them. Immediately Tyrrhenus
And fierce Aconteus, leveled spears in hand,
Charged at each other—and first they were to fall
With a terrible crash as the breasts of their horses burst
In the shock of collision. Aconteus, shot far
Like a thunderbolt or a stone from a siege-engine,
Fell headlong, scattering his life to air.
At once the line was broken, the Latins turned
Slinging their shields behind them and rode for the city.
The Trojans gave them chase, Asilas leading
His own men in the van. But as the Latins
Drew near their gates they raised a rallying-cry
And turned the pliant necks of their horses round.
The Trojans in their turn gave their horses rein
And fled far off: they ebbed and flowed like the sea
That now comes flooding in towards the land
And bursting over the rocks with clouds of spray
And sopping all the sand to the last inch,
Then swiftly turns to ebb and rolls the shingle
Back with its sucking undertow, and the waves
Withdraw in sliding series from the shore.
Twice the Etruscans routed the Rutulians
And drove them to their walls; twice in their turn
They were repulsed and looking over their shoulders

Covered their backs with shields. But the third time
The whole of the fine engaged and was locked in battle.
And each man picked his adversary—then indeed
The groans of the dying rose; bodies and weapons
Lay sodden in pools of blood and half-dead horses
Were churned around in the welter of human carnage.
The battle rose to a new pitch of violence.
Orsilochus flung his spear at Remulus' horse—
He was afraid of its rider at close quarters—
And he left the spearhead lodged under its ear.
The charger was maddened by the blow and reared
Heaving his breast up sawing the air with his forelegs
In uncontrollable agony at the wound.
Remulus unseated rolled on the ground.
Catillus unhorsed Iollas and Herminius
A man of mighty courage and mighty frame.
His hair shone yellow-gold on his bare head,
His shoulders were bare, wounds held no terrors for him
So potent were his powers in battle—yet now
A spear was thrust between his mighty shoulders
And stuck there quivering and made the hero
Bend double in agony. Blood streamed everywhere;
The combatants dealt out death with the steel, and sought
To die in the glory of their many wounds.
But through the midst of the slaughter ramped Camilla
Her quiver on her back like an Amazon,
One breast laid bare for ease in the fight—now see her
Volleying showers of javelins with all her strength
Or wielding a heavy two-edged ax in a hand
Nothing could weary; and vibrant on her shoulder
A golden bow, the armament of Diana.
And even, as sometimes happened, if she were forced
To retreat she turned in flight and loosed from her bow
A stream of arrows. Her chosen intimates
Were round her—Larina, Tulla and Tarpeia
Who flourished a brazen ax, Italy's daughters,
All chosen by Camilla devotee of Diana,
To be her pride and joy, her attendant spirits
In peace or war—they were like Amazons
Of Thrace who make the banks of the Thermodon
Ring with their hoofbeats as they ride to battle
With their painted arms, following it may be
Hippolyta, or warlike Penthesilea
When she drives back in her chariot surrounded
By leaping yelling crowds of women warriors
Exulting as they shake their crescent shields.

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Orsilochus fierce as fire, who was the first
Your dart unhorsed and who the last? How many
The bodies you made measure their last length?
Remulus son of Clytius was the first.
As he shaped up to her she gouged her way
Through his unguarded breast with her pinewood spear.
Vomiting streams of blood he fell and clenched his teeth
In the bloodstained earth as he writhed on his wound
And died. Then it was Liris' turn and down
On top of him went Pagasus—the former
Had been unhorsed when his mount was stabbed in the
belly
And he was gathering his reins, and Pagasus
As he ran to help and stretched his unarmed hand
To his falling comrade: but both alike went headlong.
To these she added Amastrus, son of Hippotas,
Then at long range and bending to the effort
She cast at Tereus and Harpalycus
Dámophoön and Chromis. For every spear
She spun from her maiden hand, a Phrygian fell
In the distance on an Iapygian horse
There rode Ornytus: Ornytus was a hunter
And quite unused to war—but now turned warrior
He wore on his broad shoulders a bullock-skin
And on his head for helmet a huge wolf-mask
With gaping jaws and a snarl of snowy fangs;
His only weapon was a rustic hunting spear.
As he moved through the midst of his fellow horsemen
He was taller by a head than any of them.
She singled him out, nor was it hard to do so
When all were in full flight, and ran him through.
Then standing over him hissed these words of hatred.
"Etruscan, did you suppose you were still in the woods
Hunting wild beasts? The day has come to prove
To you and your friends the folly of your thoughts—
A woman's weapons are proof: yet you shall bear
Down to the spirits of your ancestors
No name to trifle with—for you were killed
By Camilla's spear."
Next she despatched Orsilochus
And Butes, two of the toughest of the Trojans.
Butes she speared from behind between his corslet
And helmet where a rider's neck shows white
And his shield hangs from his left arm—as for Butes
She fled from him at first, in a wide circuit,
Then narrowing inward tricked him and the hunted

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Became the hunter, and raising in her stirrups
 She took her heavy battle-ax and hacked
 Time and again cleaving his armor and cleaving
 Clean through his bones, for all his prayers for mercy:
 Her butchery splayed his face with brains still warm.
 Next met her and stood rooted to the spot
 In terror of her mien the warrior son
 Of Aunus, who lived in the Appenines,
 Not least of the Ligurians while fate
 Allowed him scope for deceit. But when he saw
 He had no chance to wriggle out of a fight
 However fast he fled, nor turn aside
 The onset of the queen, he had it in mind
 To insure his line of escape by a trick, and began,
 "What is so wonderful in a woman fighting
 If she merely relies on the mettle of her horse?
 Now set aside your means of flight and brace yourself
 For a hand-to-hand fight on an equal footing.
 You will soon see to whom such windy vanity
 Brings its deserts." But she blazed up in fury
 At the bitter insult and handing her horse to a comrade,
 Stood her ground fearlessly equipped as she was
 With naked sword and a bare shield—but the youth
 Thinking his trick had succeeded, on an instant
 Reined round his horse and galloped away in flight.
 Goading his wretched charger with his spurs.
 "Ligurian fool! It is you that have vaunted in vain
 Your arrogance, and conceit, you slippery fool!
 Tying your father's tricks has been no use,
 No wiles will bring you safely back to Aunus
 Your wily father!" So shouted the maiden
 And quick as a flash she whipped to the horse's head
 And seized the reins and turned to the encounter
 And slaked her vengeance with his hated blood—
 As easily as a falcon the bird of augury
 Flies up from a lofty rock and stoops on a dove
 High in the clouds and clamps it in its grip
 And disembowels it with its hooky talons,
 And blood and plucked feathers fall down from the sky.

Meanwhile the Father of Gods and men enthroned
 On high Olympus was no blind observer
 Of all these deeds, and He it was who roused
 Etruscan Tarchon into the ruthless battle
 And goaded his anger with no gentle goads.

Thus, Tarchon spurred his war-horse into the thicket of the
 slaughter
 Where the ranks were in retreat and rallied them
 Using every means he had to appeal to them,
 Calling each man by name, and rousing the routed
 To return to the fight: "What do you fear, Etruscans?
 Oh my Etruscans, will nothing ever shame you?
 Will nothing ever spur you into action?
 What new despond of cowardice are you sunk in?
 So a woman can put you all in a panic of flight?
 What are your swords for? Why are these weapons lying
 Unproven in your hands—you are not so slow
 When love enlists you in her midnight sorties:
 Or the curved pipes call you to Bacchic revelries:
 Or when there is a feast and plenty of wine in view
 (For there's your bent and your true passion) and
 The priest has prosperous omens to report
 And the meaty victim summons you to the stately
 Trees of the sacred grove!" With these hard words
 He spurred his horse into the fray prepared
 To do or die, and madly charged at Vennulus
 And grabbed him off his horse and grappled him
 To his chest with an iron right arm and galloped off.
 A shout rose to the sky and all Latin eyes
 Were riveted on the deed as Tarchon flashed
 Over the plain bearing the armored hero.
 Then snapping off the point from his own spear
 He probed for a vulnerable place to plant
 A mortal wound; and his foe wrestled with him
 Striving to keep his right hand off his throat
 And countering force with force. As a golden eagle
 Soars in the air with a snake secure in the clutch
 Of his clenching talons and the wounded snake
 Withes in its coils and ruffs its stiffening coils
 And hisses from its mouth, wriggling and thrashing
 And none the less the eagle strikes at its struggles
 With his hooked beak and his wing-beats pulse on the air—
 So in his triumph Tarchon carried off his prey
 From the Tibertine lines. And emulous
 Of their leader's splendid lead the Etruscans charged.
 Then Arruns, a man already pledged to fate,
 Went circling round Camilla, for all her swiftness
 And her javelin poised, forestalling her every move
 And sparring for the easiest opening.
 Whatever the maiden threaded her fury through
 The tangle of battle he silently drew nearer.

And dogged her steps. And whether she turned in triumph
Or whether she had to flee, the young man stealthily
Kept edging his horse towards her, sliding up.
He tried from the left, he tried from the right, he tried
Every approach—he still went circling round her
His unwavering hatred poised in his quivering spearhead.
It chanced that Chloereus, sacred to Cybele
And once her priest, a cynosure from afar
In his Phrygian armor, was eagerly spurring on
His lathering horse: and this had a covering
Where a pattern of bronze scales in the shape of a plume
Was knitted together with gold. And he himself
Conspicuous in his red and his foreign purple
Was firing Cretan shafts from his Lycian bow—
A bow embossed with gold that twanged at his shoulder,
And gold was his prophet's helmet, and gold the brooch
That gathered the rustling folds of his saffron mantle,
His tunic was golden-threaded, his legs gaudy
In barbaric gaiters. He it was that the maiden,
With the blind concentration of the hunter,
Picked out from the whole ruck of battle (whether
To adorn the temple with a Trojan trophy
Or wishing to flaunt herself in captured gold)
And recklessly she tracked him through the ranks,
Her woman's heart aglow for possession and plunder.
At last the moment came, and Arruns sniped her
With a spear she never saw, praying aloud:
"Highest of gods, Apollo, guardian of holy Soracte
You know us to be your foremost worshippers:
For you the pine is fed to the holy pile;
For you we devotees, firm in our faith,
Pass through the heart of the fire and traverse the living
embers,
O grant all-powerful Father that my arms
May rid us of this disgrace. I seek no spoils,
No trophy if the maiden falls to me,
Nor any plunder, let my other deeds
Bring me what fame they may—but only grant
This pestilent woman vanquished by my wound
And I shall return to the cities of my homeland
In happy obscurity."
Apollo heard him
And in his heart decided to vouchsafe
A part of his prayer—the other part he left
To the will of the wandering winds—he granted
To shock Camilla down in sudden death:

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But did not grant his noble land to see
The day of his return—and the gusts dispersed
His prayers into the breezes of the south.
And so, when his hand had done its work and the spear
Went whistling through the air the Volscians all
To a man had eyes for no one but their queen
And all their thoughts were on her.
But she was utterly unaware of the whirr
Of the spear as it whirled towards her through the air
Until it struck her just below that breast
She had bared for battle and there lay fast embedded
Drinking her maiden blood. Her anxious comrades
Rushed to support their mistress as she staggered.
Arruns bolted away: he was more appalled than any,
Joy and horror conflicting in his heart.
No longer did he dare to trust his spear
Or face the darts of the maiden, as when a wolf
Has killed a shepherd or fat bullock and beats
A speedy retreat to the trackless tops of the mountains
Before any weapons can be thrown to stop him,
And well aware of the boldness of his deed
He lets his tail droop and then claps it quaking
Between his legs and onto his belly and makes
Straight for the woods—so Arruns his mind in a turmoil
Was glad enough to escape and hide himself
In the thick of the battle. Camilla plucked at the spear
With dying fingers, but the iron point was fast
In the deep wound between the bones of the ribs.
Drained of her blood she sank to the ground and her eyes
Glazed with the chill of death; and all the bloom
Fled from her cheeks. Then with her dying breath
She murmured to Acca, one of her companions,
Who beyond all the rest was near to her
And shared her inmost thoughts: "Acca my sister
Thus far have I wrought: but a bitter wound
Has overcome me and all the world around me
Grows shadowy and dark. Escape from here,
Go straight to Turnus and take him my last message.
Let him take my place in the battle and fend the Trojans
From the town. And now, farewell." Even as she spoke
She let slip the reins and could not help but slump
Down to the ground: and gradually she was loosed
From her body as the cold crept through her limbs,
Her neck lolled limp and in the grip of death,
Dropping her armor, she laid down her head,
And gridding bitterly and loath to go

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Her soul fled to the shades. Then truly the roar
That struck to the golden stars as it arose
Was measureless. And with Camilla fallen
The battle grew yet fiercer: the whole force
Of Trojans and Etruscans, and the Arcadian
Cavalry of Evander charged in a body.

Diana's sentinel Opis had for long
Been at her lookout high among the peaks
Calmly watching the battle. And when far off,
Among the mill of frenzied warriors
She saw Camilla amerced by cruel death,
She sighed and from the depths of her heart she mourned:
"Alas, poor maiden, too heavy and too bitter
The penalty you have paid for trying to challenge
The Trojans in war. And nothing have you gained
From lonely worship of the woodland goddess
Nor from the quiver of our cult you wore
Slung from your shoulder. But, even in death's extremity,
Your Queen has left you not unhonored, your end
Shall not be without fame throughout the world,
Nor shall you suffer the taint of the unavenged."
At the high mountain's foot was a huge mound
Of heaped earth—the tomb of Dercennus king
Of Laurentum in days gone by and ilex-trees
Shaded the place, and here the goddess halted
Most beautiful in her grace of speed, and standing
Upon the top of the mound marked Arruns coming.
And as she saw him gleaming in his armor
And swelling with vanity she accosted him:
"Why do you turn? Come, guide your steps this way,
Come here and die and take requital fit
For Camilla! O, it demeans Diana's weapons
To taste such blood as yours, but die you shall!"
The Thracian goddess drew a speedy arrow
From her gilded quiver and with deadly aim
She bent her bow drawing the bowstring back
Till the curving bow-ends almost touched, and applied
Her hands with equal power till the iron barb
Of the arrow touched her left, and her right had drawn
The bowstring back to touch her breast. And
In the same instant he heard the whizz of the arrow
And felt the barb strike home into his flesh.
Forgotten by his comrades he lay dying
Gasping his life out and left groveling
In the dust of a hidden coign of the battlefield.

Opis took wing and was wafted up to Olympus.

Their mistress lost, Camilla's light-armed squadrons
Were the first to fly; the Rutulians panicking followed;
And tough Atinas quitted the field—captains
Cut off from their men and men cut off from their captains,
All sought the safety of the walls and galloped
Full-tilt for the ramparts. Nobody could withstand
The Trojan assault or hold their deadly onset
With any counter-fire but slack bows slung
From their bowed shoulders fled: their hooves' four-footed
fight

With rumble of thunder drummed on the crumbling plain.
Dust rolled towards the walls in a blanketing darkness
And from their lookout posts the women raised
The women's wail to the stars and beat their breasts.
The first of the rout to pour through the open gates
Had the enemy horde so close upon their heels
That on the very threshold, with the walls
Of their native city about them, as the open doors
Of their very houses signaled "safety"—no escape
From a wretched death was offered them. Run through,
They breathed their last. Then it appeared essential
To bar the gates, nor did they dare admit
Their friends for all their begging, and there ensued
A most tragic intermezzo strife between
The guardians of the gate and their routed friends
Who fought for entry. Before the very eyes
Of their sobbing parents some were bundled headlong
Into the moat by the press of the retreat,
Some blindly frenziedly spurred on their horses
To charge the posts of the gates that barred their way.
O love of country burning bright! On the walls
Some women in the utmost throes of the struggle,
Themselves hurled weapons from their trembling hands,
Emulous of Camilla, improvising stakes
Of oak, fire-pointed, to do the work of steel,
Burning to be the first to die in defense of the city.

Meanwhile in his forest ambush the shattering news
Was brought to Turnus: Acca informed the prince
Of the scope of the disaster; the utter wreck
Of the Volscian ranks, the downfall of Camilla;
The irresistible all-conquering advance
Of the enemy, striking panic to the city . . .
In a fever Turnus quitted his ambush in the mountain

(For Jove's demands are brookless and inexorable)
And left the woodland wilderness—and scarcely
Had he withdrawn from his position and moved
Down to the plain, when lord Aeneas entered
The unguarded glen, traversed the watershed
And came out of the darkness of the forest.
So both pressed on towards the city walls
With all their forces, and not far apart.
At one and the same moment Aeneas peering
Across the plain aswirl with dust saw Turnus
With his Laurentine column and Turnus saw
Aeneas rampant with his full array
And heard the tramp of feet and snort of horses.
And then and there they would have closed in combat
And the arbitrament of battle, had not the sun
The reddening sun, begun to bathe his team
His weary team, in the western seas of Spain
And brought the night back on the heels of day.
So they encamped before the city walls
And reinforced their ramparts of defense.

BOOK XII

Mars was against them: Turnus could see the Latins
Beginning to back down and everyone looking his way:
It was his to make good his promise. Now said their eyes.
A natural fiery fury burst from his breast
Implacable as an African lion's frenzy
Hunters have hurt to the heart, but he is fortified
In his last foray by the feel of death—
He ruffs up his mane in delight from his stricken neck,
Snaps off the hunter's spear flush with his wound,
And roars defiance from his bloody mouth.
So it was with Turnus boiling over with bile,
And so he spluttered his fury to the king:

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"I am Turnus!—I am not waiting—Those cowards
Aeneas' crew can withdraw their challenge; they
Can go back on their words—but as for me—I fight!
Well, father, fetch the fitting sacrifice,
Draw up your treaty— You may sit and watch,
You Latins, I with my right arm shall rout
This rat from Asia and despatch him headlong
To Tartarus and with my single sword
Expunge our nation's shame—or if I am beaten
Let us acknowledge our lord and let Lavinia
Mate with our master!" And Latinus answered
With all the self-control he had, "Turnus!
Nobody doubts your daring, but as it waxes
The more I must take note and weigh my foresight
In the cold scales against your impetuous valor.
Your father Daunus left you a kingdom, you
Have added cities to it by your sword,
And I have a fortune, and I uphold your cause.
There are other girls—girls of good lineage
In Latium and Laurentum. Let me speak
My mind straight, though you may not like what I say.
But take it to heart, please. I could not engage my daughter
To any one of her earlier suitors—every
Warning of God and man was against it— But I did so.
My love for you, our being kin, the tears
Of the queen, made me throw all to the winds.
I broke my word to the man she was betrothed to,
I embarked on an unjust war. O Turnus, do you not see,
You most of all, what disasters we have suffered,
What this war has brought us? Utterly defeated
In two great battles, what hope have we left
Of holding our city, the key to Italy?
The Tiber steams with our blood, the plains are snowed
with our bones:
Must I go on harping on this? What madness moils my
mind?
If you were dead Turnus . . . would not I welcome these
Trojans
As allies? I would. Then why not end this struggle
While you are still alive? What is the point of it?
What will your kinsfolk say, the Rutulians, if I send you
To death (God grant I do not) simply as one seeking
To be allied by marriage. Think of the chances of war.
Pity your aged father, so far away,
Sad in his house in Ardea, mourning your long absence!
But Turnus' frenzy could not be budged by words,

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Not by a hairsbreadth. In fact the voice of reason
Only enraged him the more (since he saw its point).
As soon as he could utter he snarled out:
"Thank you for your kind solicitude,
My dearest friend, but you can count that out!
I am grateful for the fine anxiety
You feel on my behalf but still I will thank you,
My dearest friend, to leave me alone to pledge
My life for Honor! Look, I can cast a javelin,
I can stab with the best of them, the wounds I inflict
Bleed to the death. Aeneas' mother-goddess
Will not be there to shroud her son's retreat
In mist—a typical woman's trick—or hide themselves
In empty shadows."
But the queen was appalled at the new risk of battle
And clutched the raving boy, her daughter's lover,
As if she were at the point of death and sobbed,
"Oh Turnus if my tears move you, if you have a spark
Of love left for Amata—you are the only hope,
The balm of my wretched old age—you hold in your hands
Our Power and Glory, the whole house of Latinus
Relies on you, you are the only prop!
One thing I beg you: Do not cross swords with the Trojans,
For whatever the outcome of this fight my fortune
Will be the same as yours—if you die Turnus,
I shall die too. I could not bear to see,
With captive eyes, my daughter wed to Aeneas."
At her mother's words Lavinia burst into tears,
Her cheeks suffused with a scarlet fever-flush—
As when a worker of Indian ivory
Has stained it with scarlet dye or where pale lilies
Are mingled with roses and glow with reflected color,
So did the colors come and glow in her face.
Wild with passion Turnus gazed in her eyes
But all the more was he absolute for arms.
He answered Amata curly. "No tears, please.
No such glum harbingers shall be my escort
Onto the grisly field, my dearest mother!
I am not free, I Turnus, to put off death!
Here, Idmon! Go and take to the tyrant Aeneas
This message which will not please him. Tell him this:
As soon as dawn tomorrow lights the sky
With her glowing wheels, let him make this command:
No Trojan may go into action against Rutulian.
Let Trojan and Rutulian rest suspended in truce,
And let us two alone decide this war

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With our own blood. The hand of Lavinia
Upon that field alone must be sought and won!"

He spoke these words, then rushed into the palace,
Called for his horses, and reveled in their restive
And lively mettle—these were the horses given
By Orithyia herself to Pylumnus, they were his pride—
They were whiter than snow and speedier than the wind.
Around them bustled the busy charioteers
Patting their chests with the hollows of their hands
And grooming their long manes. Now Turnus fitted
Onto his shoulders a hauberk stiff with scales
Of gold and golden-bronze, and got his sword,
His shield, and his helmet with its red-plumed horns
Adjusted comfortably,—the very sword
The Fire God forged for his father Daunus and held
White-hot, to anneal it in the waters of Styx.
Next he snatched his sturdy spear which was leaning
On a tall column in the palace-hall,
Spoil from Auruncan Actor, and brandished it
Till the shaft quivered; and he cried out. "Now!
My good spear that has never failed me yet—
The time has come! The famous Actor once
Wielded you, now in his right hand it is Turnus
Who wields you! —Oh grant me to lay him low—
This softy Phrygian and strip him of his armor;
And rub his crimped and oily hair in the dirt!"
And so he fulminated, his eyes flashing,
His whole face blazing in a passion of fury
Just as a bull bellows before a fight
And makes a passing pass at a tree with his horns,
And tosses the wind and scatters the sand, sparring
Before the fight for life begins in earnest.

Not a whit the less did Aeneas indulge his fury
And edge for battle, rampant in the armor
His mother had given him, delighted at this truce,
And the chance of ending the war. Then he soothed the
fears
Of his comrades, and of nervous Iulus, expounding
The workings of fate and bid an answer be taken
To King Latinus stating his terms of peace.
Scarce had the day begun to spangle the mountain peaks
With glittering light, and the horses of the sun
Arisen from the deep, the breath from their nostrils bursting
In fiery steam, when the Trojans and Rutulians

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Set out the grand Lists in a measured space
Beneath the walls of the mighty city; with hearths
And altars of turf set in the middle to gods
They honored in common. Some brought fire, some water,—
Priests these, in their ritual robes and wreathed with ver-
vain.

The Italian host poured out in a flood from the gates,
Their javelins ready. From the other camp the whole
Of the Trojan and Tuscan force came headlong out,
With their varying weapons, no less fully armed
Than if the War God summoned them to battle.
Their commanders proudly flaunting their gold and purple
Streaked through the ranks of their thousand warriors—
Minstheus, seed of Assaracus, brave Asilas,
Messapus tamer of horses, son of Neptune . . .
Then at a given signal each side turned back
To a sphere allotted. They drove their spears in the earth
And leant their shields against them. Then in a mob
Came the mothers, the unarmed crowd, the feeble old men,
And squatted on the towers and rooftops and took their
stand

By the tall gates.

But Juno from the heights—

(The hill is called the Alban hill today
But then it had no name nor honor nor glory)
Let her eyes range the plain and saw both armies,
Laurentine, Trojan; and saw Latinus' city.
Immediately she addressed herself to Juturna,
The sister of Turnus a goddess like herself
Whose sway was over the pools and the sounding rivers.
(The high King Almighty Jove had given her
This office as a sop for the maidenhead
He took from her.)

"Dear Nymph, grace of all rivers,
And very close to my heart—you are the dearest
Of all the nymphs of Latium whom the lust
Of Jove has forced to pleasures pleasureless,
Freely I gave you your due place in the Heavens—
Now learn from me the sorrows you must bear—
They are none of my making: lay no blame on me.
When fortune seemed to favor the Latian cause
And the Fates allowed it, I defended Turnus
And your city's walls—but now I see the boy
Involved in affairs beyond his power to control.
The day of doom and his enemy's triumph are near.
I cannot look on this combat or this treaty

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With my own eyes—but you indeed may go
If you have the courage and bring your brother help
Greater than I can—and it is your sister's duty.

Juturna burst into tears and beat her beautiful breast.
"This is no time to weep!" cried Saturnian Juno—
"Hurry, and snatch your brother from death if
You can find any way, or break this treaty
And rouse the hosts to general war once more.
I am behind you to bolster your resolution!"
So saying she left her, wretched and perplexed.

Meanwhile the Kings came out. Latinus driving
A heavy four-horse chariot—his brows ablaze
With a circlet of twelve golden rays in token
Of the Sun his avatar. And Turnus rode
Behind a pair of white war-horses, and grasping
A pair of wide-bladed and iron-pointed spears.
Then lord Aeneas, root of the Roman race,
Refulgent with his starry shield and arms
Of heaven's making and after him Ascanius
Great Rome's next hope, came riding from the camp.
A priest in a snow-white robe drove in the young
And drove them to the altar already afire.

The heroes turned their eyes to the rising sun
And offered the salted grains and marked the animals'
Brows with their swords and poured the due libations.
Then reverent Aeneas prayed on his drawn sword,
"Let now the sun be witness and this very land
For whose sake I have endured so many trials,
Eternal Father and your Saturnian Consort,
O Goddess kindlier to us now, I pray;
Incomparable Mars, whose nod decides the battle;
On springs and rivers I call and every Power
Of the blue sky above, and of the blue sea below,
If the chance fall on Turnus the Italian
It is agreed the defeated shall depart
To Evander's city; Iulus shall resign
His claims upon this land and never again
Shall children of Aeneas come in arms
Or threaten this land with war. But, if (as I
Am disposed to believe, and may the gods confirm it)
Victory prove the favor of Mars to be mine—
I shall not bid Italian truckle to Trojan,
Nor seek a crown for myself—let our two peoples
Unconquered and on equal terms combine

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Confederate for ever. I tender my own
 Gods and their rituals. Latinus, as lord of both nations,
 Shall have all Power civil and military:
 My Trojans shall build and fortify me a city:
 And Lavinia shall give her name to it."
 First spoke Aeneas and then Latinus stretched to the stars,
 His eyes on heaven, his right hand stretched to the sea,
 "I, too, Aeneas, swear by land and sea,
 By the heavens above and by the twins of Latona,
 By two-faced Janus, by the Infernal powers,
 And by the shrines of that implacable Pluto:
 Let our Great Parent hear whose thunderbolt
 Confirms all treaties; I lay my hand on the altar,
 I call to witness the gods and these fires between us—
 Never shall come the day, I speak for all Italians,
 That breaks this Treaty of Peace, whatever befall.
 No Power on earth shall turn aside my purpose
 Not though it plunge the world in a flood of waters
 And shiver the heavens and crush them down to hell!
 —Even as this scepter (for it happened he held
 A scepter in his hand) even as this scepter never
 Could break into new leaf nor offer shade
 From the moment it was cut from the living wood
 And the ax lopped its foliage and its limbs,
 And a craftsman worked it, sheathing it with bronze
 And gave it for the Latin leaders to wield!"
 With words like these they ratified the treaty
 In the sight of all the nobles. Then performed
 The ritual slaughter of the hallowed beasts,
 Tore out their entrails, throbbing yet, and piled them
 In sacred dishes and laid them on the altar.

But in fact the Rutulians had for a long time
 Felt dubious about this fight and now the more so.
 As they saw how unequally matched the combatants were,
 Turnus confirmed their fears as he softly stepped
 Up to the altar and prayed with downcast eyes
 And they saw his wasted cheeks and the color drained
 From all his youthful body—and Juturna
 Immediately she saw the drift of their talk
 As it spread from mouth to mouth among the ranks,
 And everyone uneasy and uncertain,
 Put on the form of Camers—he was a hero
 Of famous ancestry (the fabulous valor
 Of his father no less evident in himself)—
 As Camers, she threaded her way through the army,

Knowing exactly what her purpose was,
 Sowing the seeds of various rumors, saying:
 "Do you feel no shame, Rutulians, to sacrifice
 This single life for all-of yours? Are we not
 Of equal strength and number? Look, there at the Trojans,
 The Arcadians too, and that infamous band of Etruscans,
 The foes of Turnus; why, if but half of our army
 Went into action we would scarcely have foes enough!
 Turnus indeed will go to the gods at whose altars
 He kneels, and his fame is sure; he will live on the lips
 Of all men—we who now sit on, so inert and passive
 On the very fields we may lose, our country lost—
 We shall be forced to obey these insolent masters!"
 With words like these she roused the young soldiers' hearts
 To a fever pitch and more and more the murmur
 pervaded the ranks—both Latin and Laurentine
 Were utterly changed. And men whose only thought
 Was rest for battle and hope for peaceful times
 Now called for arms and wished the treaty undone
 And had sympathy for the unfair fate of Turnus.
 And now Juturna added the final touch—
 A sign from heaven, a sign which could not more
 Completely confuse the minds of the Italians
 And make them dupes of its supernatural meaning,
 For the Bird of Jove, an eagle red-gold on the wing
 In the glowing sky was harrying the shore-birds
 And the whole screaming flock of birds in the air,
 When suddenly he stooped to the wave-level
 And snatched a magnificent swan in his cruel talons.
 The Italians watched intently and saw a marvel,
 For all the birds with a cry turned flight into attack!
 They darkened the air with their wings and like a cloud
 Mobbed him so fiercely he could not sustain their insistent
 pressure
 And the swan's weight, and let it fall from his claws
 Into a stream and fled into the clouds.
 The Rutulians greeted the augury with a roar
 And made ready for action. Tolumnius the prophet
 Was first to put his feelings into words:
 "This O this is what I have often prayed for!
 I embrace it, I see in it the hand of heaven!
 I will lead you, even I! Take up your arms
 O my unhappy people whom an invader
 Cruelly menaces with the threat of war
 And holds your shores by force—as if you were
 A feeble flock of birds—but it is *he*

Who shall hoist his sails and seek escape far
Over the deep sea! Be single-hearted!
Close up your ranks and rally to the prince
This fight would rob you off!" And rushing forward
He hurled a spear into the heart of the foe.
The cherry-wood shaft whistled as it clove the air.
And as it flew a colossal shout arose.
In all the ranks was uproar and hearts beat wildly.
The spear whirled on and directly in its path
There stood by chance nine brothers, splendid sons
Whom one devoted Tuscan mother bore
To Gylippus the Arcadian. One of these
It was whom the spear struck at the waist
Just where the braided belt chafes and the buckle
Presses the sides—he was a fine pattern
Of young manhood in his glittering armor,
But now transfixed through the ribs he fell, stricken
Full length on the yellow sand. And now his brothers
In a single body of grief and fury charged
Blindly with swords and iron weapons: against them
Advanced the Laurentines—then all the melee:
Trojans, Etruscans, Arcadians in painted armor
Poured like a flood, obsessed by one single passion—
To settle the issue with steel. The altars were stripped—
(A shower of weapons blackened all the sky)
They took the hearths and votive cups away—
(A storm of deadly metal came lashing down).
Latinus now the truce was broken fled
With his discomfited gods: some of his men
Harnessed war-chariots, others leaping on horseback
Paraded with drawn swords and fiery Messapus craving
To break the truce spurred his war-horses on
Against the king Aulestes a Tuscan king
In full regalia, and the wretched fellow
Retreating tripped on the altars set behind him,
And fell flat down on his head and shoulders, Messapus
Rearing above him brandishing his spear,
Thrust home as he prayed for mercy, shouting out:
"He has his answer! This is a better offering
To the almighty gods!" The Italians rushed
To despoil his body still warm as it lay.
Corynaeus snatched a firebrand from an altar
Anticipating Ebythus as he closed,
And set his beard afire—and his heavy beard
Flared up and smelt of its singeing hair and flesh,
And Corynaeus followed his first thrust up,

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And grasping his dazed enemy by the hair
With his left hand and digging his knees in his back
With all his weight pinned him down to the ground
And knifed him. Podalirius overran
Asus the shepherd as he threaded through
The maze of front-line weapons and stood over him
With naked sword: but he drew back his ax
And split him neck and chine and the blood spurted
All over all his arms; and a grim repose
Crushed on the light and eternal darkness pressed
Down on his eyes, a heavy iron sleep.
But good Aeneas, his head bare, stretched out
His hand unarmed and shouted to his men:
"Where are you rushing off? Why this sudden uproar?
Oh, curb your wrath: the treaty is made already
And all its terms agreed! It is my right
And mine alone to fight—I will ratify
This treaty with my strong arm—then please allow me
My right and have no fears—Turnus is mine
In accordance with the sacrifice, he is mine alone!"
But even in the midst of those adjurations
See, where an arrow came whistling through the air
Straight for the hero—none knew who was the archer,
Or on what airs let loose, nor who should win
Such renown for the Rutulians—was it a god?
Was it sheer chance? The author of the glory
Remained unknown or hidden—none ever boasted
Of wounding Aeneas.

Turnus saw Aeneas
Leaving the field, his captains in dismay,
And a sudden spark of hope flared in his heart.
Exulting he called for horses, arms, with a leap
He was in his chariot, ready, and grasped the reins.
Many a hero fell to his whirlwind onset,
Many were bowled over to live or die as the chariot
Mowed through the ranks, or as he gathered up
New spears to hurl at the backs of fleeing men.
He seemed like bloodstained Mars as he churns along
By the icy Hebrus, clanging on his shield,
Giving his horses rein as they scent a battle;
(Faster than southern or western wind they course
Over the plains, Thræce shudders at the pulse
Of the hoofbeats and around him loom the figures
Of Fear, black-visaged, and Wrath, and Treachery,
His henchmen). So through the thick of battle Turnus
Flashed at full tilt, lashing his sweating horses,

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Trampling his wretched foes, and the flying hoofs
Showed a bloody dew till the sand was caked
With Trojan blood—

The blood of Sthenelus,
Thamyrus, Pholus—these two in close combat—
All done to death. And from afar, like Sthenelus,
Glaucus and Lades, Imbrassus' two sons.
He had brought them up in Lycia and trained them for battle
Both in close combat and in horseback tactics,
To outstrip the wind in speed and he had equipped them.
—And now Turnus had killed them. On another
Front of the battle Eumedes rode out,
The famous warrior-son of ancient Dolon,
Taking after his grandfather in his name;
In his courage and bodily skill after his father
Who once had dared to demand Achilles' chariot
As his reward for going out to spy
On the Greek camp—but Diomedes saw that he got
A reward far other—he had no pretensions now
For Achilles' chariot. . . . And so Turnus
Saw him, from far away across the plain,
Took a long shot with a javelin and closed in,
Jumped from his twin-horsed chariot, stood over him,
Put his foot on his half-dead neck and wrenched
The sword from his enemy's flaccid hand and plunged it
Flashing into his throat and mocked him crying:
"Trojan! this is a bed of western land you lie on,
This is the measure of your conquest—you who try
To try *me* with the sword! Your bones are your city's founda-
tions!"
And his next spear-thrust sent Asbytes to join him.
And Chloereus and Sybaris, Dares and Theriloachus
And Thymoetes thrown from his bucking horse,
And just as the blast of the north wind from Edonia
Ruffles the Aegean, and blows back the breaking wave,
So, wherever he cuts his path, the waves of warriors
Yield and turn back and his impetus bears him onward,
The winds blowing his plume back in his chariot wake.
But Phegeus would not budge in his obstinate enmity,
He hurled himself at the foaming horses' heads
And with his strong right hand he turned them aside,
Then he hung on, was dragged as he clung to the harness,
And Turnus speared him through his twin-plated mail,
Hung on and tried to bring his sword to bear
When the chariot wheel in its headlong revolution

struck him and laid him flat, and Turnus following up
With a sword sweep, exactly between breastplate and helmet,
Cut off his head and let his trunk rot in the sand.
But now while Turnus ramped death-dealing about the plain,
Mnestheus, Ascanius and loyal Achates
Supported Aeneas bleeding and lurching back
To camp, his limping weight leant on a long spear.
In a frenzy he tugged at the broken arrow-shaft
Then bid them enlarge the wound with a broad sword
Down to the hidden barb as the readiest method
Of easing the pain and getting him back to the fight.
Lapvix, now, Iasus' son came to his side,
Whom Apollo adored—to whom, so infatuated,
The god would willingly have given the bent of his being.

And his arts: the lyre, his powers of prophecy,
His speed as an archer. —But Lapvix was set
On keeping his dying father from the grave,
And he preferred to know the properties
Of herbs and the technique of healing and quietly
To ply his quiet art. Aeneas, propped
On his long spear, cursed and swore indifferent
To the crowd of anxious warriors around him,
Deaf to Iulus' grief. And the old doctor,
His garments taut about him in the manner
Of Paeon the God of doctors, tried his skill,
Tried everything he knew, every single one
Of Apollo's potent herbs—but nothing worked.
He tried to ease the arrowhead with his fingers
And then with his forceps—neither worked at all.
Nor Fortune favored him, nor his patron Apollo.
And all the time nearer and louder, louder
And nearer grew the louing threat of arms
Over the plain. The sky thickened with dust,
The horsemen closed at the gallop: their darts rained down
Into the midst of the camp. The sour cry
Of young men battling, of young men fallen
In the throes of battle rose and filled the sky.
But Venus, seeing her son's unmerited woes
Picked from Mount Ida in Crete the plant Dictamnus—
Its stalk stands high with leaves, its flower is purple,
And the wounded wild goats eat it when they have arrows
Stuck in their backs—and, cloaked in a cloud of mist,
She carried this plant down and infused with it
The waters they had poured into an urn,
And added tonic ambrosia, a scented panacea,
And nobody knew it. Old Lapvix knew nothing.

Long he invoked Jove and the altar of the broken treaty,
Then flung himself into the thick of things
And with the help of Mars began to inflict
A ruthless wholesale slaughter, giving free rein
To all his fury.

What god shall sing of the bitter strife, of the different
Ways to their doom of the slaughtered chiefs as now
Aeneas here and Turnus there quartered the battlefield?
O Jove, was it indeed your will that nations
Who were to live together in peace for ever
Should meet in such a clash? Aeneas confronted Sucre
The first Rutulian to stem the Trojan onrush—
But not for long—the hero drove his sword
Death's swiftest way to the heart through its fence of ribs.
Thrown from his horse Amycus fell foul of Turnus,
And fought on foot, and so did his brother Dioreas—
The one was slain with a long spear, the other
With the sword-blade, then Turnus cut their heads off
And hung them from his chariot, and bore them off
Dripping their bloody dew. Aeneas despatched Talo
Tanais and brave Cethegus, the three together,
And sad Onites too he sent to his death,
A son of the house of Echion, Peridia's son.
Some brothers from Lycia, from Apollo's lands,
Were killed by Turnus and so was poor Menoetes
A youth who hated war—in vain—an Arcadian
Whose craft it had been to fish the well-stocked waters
Of Lernæ, who lived in poverty and knew nothing
Of power and place, whose father rented ground there
And sowed his crops. But now like fires let loose
From different aides to consume a bone-dry forest
Where the bay-bushes spit and crackle; or like two streams
Roaring in foaming cataracts from the peaks
That rush to the sea, each scouring its own channel—
So no less swiftly did Turnus and Aeneas
Tear through the battle, their fury in full spate,
Now, now, as never before—their invincible hearts
Swollen to bursting, the sum of all their strength
In every blow. Aeneas felled Murranus
With the whirling hurl of a large chunk of rock—
Murranus, chanting ever the ancient names
Of sire and grandsire, all his lineage traced
Through the line of Latium's kings, stretched now
With the reins and the yoke of his chariot above him—
And the wheels rolled him forward to be trampled

Under his horse's hoofs all heedless of their master.
Turnus disposed of Hylus as he charged
In wild overweening fury, his dart struck home
On the golden forehead-guard of his helmet, pierced it,
And stayed fixed in his brain. And you, Cretheus,
Bravest of Greeks, not even your strong right arm
Could save you from Turnus; nor could Cupencus' gods
Protect him from the onset of Aeneas.

Poor wretch, his brazen shield afforded him
No check to the thrusting steel and he took the blow
Full in the breast. You too, O Aeolus,
The Laurentine plains saw fall and lie spreadeagled
Upon their floors. You fell, whom the ranks of Greeks
Could never overthrow, no, nor Achilles
The wrecker of Priam's empire—and here was your end:
Of Lynesus: your tomb is here, on Laurentine soil.
But now in their full strength the two armies clashed,
All the clans of Latins, all the Dardanids,
Mnestheus, and fierce Serestus, Messapus tamer of horses,
Valiant Asilas, the whole contingent of Tuscans,
Evander's Arcadian horsemen, and every man
Strained to the uttermost, the uttermost peak
Of his resources, without rest or respite,
Were locked in the throes of all-embracing battle.

Then Venus, most beautiful mother of Aeneas,
Put in his mind this thought: to march to the walls,
To switch his forces suddenly onto the city
And stun the Latians in a surprise attack.
And he, as he tracked Turnus through the battle
Hither and thither, cast his hunting eye
On the safe city basking in its immunity
From the turmoil of the battle, aloof and quiet.
The vision of a more telling feat of arms
Immediately gripped his mind: he summoned his captains
Mnestheus, and Sergestus, and bold Serestus,
And standing on a mound to which the rest
Of the Trojan forces rallied in close order
Their weapons at the ready, standing there
On the top of the mound he spoke these words to them.
These are my orders: to be obeyed at once.
Jove is with us. Let nobody be the slower
Because this change of plan is a sudden one:
Today I propose to raze this city, the cause
Of the war, Latium's capital.—Unless

Lavinia her daughter was the first
To rend her yellow hair and her rosy cheek
With her own hand and everyone about her
Went wild with grief and the palace rang with lament.
And soon the ghastly story spread outside
Through all the town, hearts sank, Latinus rent
His robes in shreds, numb'd with his wife's end
And the ruin of his city, mating his white hairs
With a thick scurf of dust and cursing himself
For not receiving Aeneas from the first,
And freely fostering his daughter's marriage.

Meanwhile right at the far end of the plain
Fire-eating Turnus was chasing a few stragglers,
but his ardor was waning fast; and his zest and relish
In the onrush of his horses lessened and lessened,
Borne on the breeze he heard a confused clamor,
Reboding unknown terrors, the joyless swell
Of the city's wailing— "Alas for me!" he cried,
"What grief is this so great that it shakes the walls?
What is that cry that strains here for the city?"
He tugged the reins and halted, torn in mind.
And then his sister, still rigged as Metiscus
Guiding the chariot, at the reins made answer:
"Let us hunt these Trojans here, where our success
Shows us it is our way—there are many others
Perfectly able to defend our homes:

Aeneas attacks the Italians, and gives battle:
Then let us deal as ruthless death to the Trojans—
Shall you take second place in number of slain,
In prowess and in honor?" And Turnus answered,
"Sister I knew you from the very moment
Your cunning wrecked the treaty and you launched
Yourself to war, and now it is in vain
That you disguise your godhead— But what God
Upon Olympus willed that you should come
And bear such heavy toil? Was it to see
The cruel death-throes of your wretched brother?
For what can I do? What turn of luck can offer
Me safety? I have seen before my eyes
Murrinus die calling upon my name—
My dearest friend, nor could there be a dearer,
His mighty body felled with as mighty a wound.
Poor Ufens is dead too—at least to be spared
The sight of my disgrace— The Trojans hold

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They acknowledge defeat and willingly submit
I will level its smokingurrets with the ground.
Am I going to wait for Turnus till he is pleased
To fight me?—and, beaten, ask for a second chance?
O Countrymen, here is the root and branch
Of this evil war! Fetch faggots! Exact with fire
The restoration of the broken treaty!"
Such were his words, and all his troops massed
Into a wedge and advanced to the city walls.
Suddenly, in a flash, scaling ladders and torches
Appeared and some of his men surprised the gateposts kill-

ing
The sentries, others discharged their spinning darts
And blackened the sky with weapons. Among the first,
Aeneas shook his fist beneath the ramparts
And calling the gods to witness cursed Latinus
For forcing him a second time to battle
And breaking the new treaty like the old.
The dithering citizens gave way to panic:
Some bade the city and its gates be opened
To the Trojan invaders, and dragged the king himself
Onto the walls; but others seized up arms
Obdurate in defense—as when a shepherd
Has traced a swarm of bees to their hidden hive
In a hollow of volcanic rock and fills it
With acrid smoke and the desperate bees inside
Whirl round their waxen citadel and whet their wrath
With violent buzzings and the black smoke hums
Through every cell and the whole rock hums
With the pent noise within, and the smoke rises
Into the empty air.

—Then another blow
Fell on the weary Latins and shook the city
To its foundations. For when the Queen from her palace
Saw the enemy advance, the walls assailed,
Fire leap to the rooftops, and nowhere any counter,
No Rutulian stand, no sign of Turnus' troops,
The unhappy woman assumed her son had been
Killed in the battle, and her mind gave way.
In an access of sudden agony she shrieked
That she was the cause and fountainhead of these evils
And wildly pouring words in her frenzy of grief
She tore her purple robes with desperate fingers
And, fixed on a horrible death, knotted a noose
From a high beam. And when the unhappy women
Of Latium became aware of this tragedy,

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As he bathed the wound with the water ignorant
Of his powers—but suddenly all the pain Aeneas
Had felt vanished, and the wound's bleeding stanch'd.
Then of itself, without anyone freeing it,
The arrowhead fell out into his hand
And Aeneas was restored to his full strength.
"Quickly!" Iapyx shouted, "bring the hero his arms!
Can nobody move?" (and he was the first to rouse
Their spirits to fight the foe). "This was not done
By human agency nor medical skill,
Nor was it my right hand healed you, Aeneas;
Some greater power, some god it was and he
Is sending you back to even greater deeds!"
Eager for battle, he donned his golden greaves
And shook his glittering spear chafing
At these delays, and as soon as his shield was adjusted
And his cuirass on his back he embraced Ascanius
And kissed him through his vizor and said to him:
"Learn from me what is valor and true endeavor.
That shall keep you safe in battle—and it shall lead you
To great rewards—now see to it, my son,
When you have grown to manhood that you keep
The example of your kinsman clear in mind—
I am Aeneas, I am your father, Hector
Your uncle—let us be your inspiration!"
So saying, out through the gates of the camp he bore
His mighty frame shaking his huge spear.
At the same time Antheus and Mnestheus,
Their companies in close order, hurried out.
The camp was emptied, the whole force streamed to the field,
The plain was blind with dust, the earth quivered
And quaked with the beat of their feet. And Turnus saw them
From his rampart opposite, his Ausonians saw them
And a chill shudder shook them to the marrow.
And first, of all the Latins, Juturna heard
And understood the sound, and shrank back trembling.
Over the plain sped Aeneas urging his threatening forces,
Like a storm-cloud he came that bursts from heaven,
Bred in the mid-sea sweeping towards the land,
And far inland the wretched farmers' hearts
Beat in foreboding—it will uproot and wreck
Their fruit-trees, it will dash everything flat
And the winds are its harbingers—bearing its sound to the
shore.

—Even so, as he urged his forces against the foe,

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was the Trojan Leader and his men massed together
to form a single body. And Thymbraeus
Pit vast Osiris to the sword. Mnestheus
Accounted for Archetius, Achates
Cut Epulo to pieces, Gyas Ufens,
Tolumnius the prophet who had been
The first to throw his dart against the Trojans
Himself fell, and a shout was raised to heaven
Aid now it was the Rutulians' turn to break
And flee across the plain in whirls of dust.
Aeneas would not stoop to kill these flyers
Nor to engage any that offered combat
Foot to foot with weapons poised—through the thick murk
He was on the track of Turnus, none but Turnus,
No other foe did he claim to fight but Turnus,
Demanding him for combat and none else.
Appalled with fear at thought of such a battle
Juturna brave as a man, pitched out Metiscus,
Turnus' charioteer, as he stood with the reins gathered,
And left him far behind in the chariot's wake.
Taking his place she gripped the flexing reins
And drove the chariot in Metiscus' guise—
Voice, body, armor—as a coal-black swallow
Flits through the wide rooms of some wealthy squire
Poking up tiny scraps for her clamoring nestlings,
Now twittering in the empty barns, now round the farm-
ponds,
Just so Juturna jinked her way through the enemy
And traversed the whole plain at full tilt.
Sometimes she let them see her glorying brother
But never enough for a blow: she whirled over the plain.
No less Aeneas tracked his twisting path
And clamored for Turnus through the general welter.
Often he sighted him, and on foot strove
To pace the horses, as often Juturna wrenched
The chariot aside. What could Aeneas do?
Fifther and thither he lunged, all to no purpose,
His mind distracted with conflicting aims.
Then suddenly Messapus, running lightly,
With a couple of tough spears in his left hand
Aimed at Aeneas and shot a spinning throw
That seemed sure to strike him, but Aeneas ducked
Onto one knee shrugging close his armor
And the spear lopped the top off the crest of his helmet:
His anger boiled. He felt riled by the enemy treachery
As he saw the chariot and its horses whirl away.

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His body and arms, and must I suffer our homes
To be razed—the one disaster lacking yet—
And not avenge with my sword the taunts of Drances?
Shall I turn tail, shall this country see me fleeing?
Is death so bitter then? O, you Powers of Death
Be gracious to me, since the Gods above
Have left me, I shall come down to you
A stainless soul and guiltless of cowardice
Worthy in all my deeds of my famous forbears!"
He hardly had time to finish when, behold!
Through the midst of the enemy ranks, his horse lathered,
Saces came tearing, an arrow fixed in his face,
Imploring Turnus—"Turnus our last hope
Is in you! Have pity on your people! Aeneas
Lours with thunderous arms and threatens to raze
Our citadel to the ground, our tall Italian stronghold!
Already the firebrands fly roof-high and every Latin—
Head, heart, and eye is turned towards you—Latinus,
Our very king, but mumbles wondering whom
To call his daughter's lord, and with whom is his alliance.
The Queen too, your most trustworthiest ally,
Has died by her own hand in terror of the times:
It is only Messapus and fierce Atinas
Who have kept our line together before the gates
And they are ringed with a thick hedge of steel,
While you range in your chariot wide about
A plain the war has ebbed from!"
Turnus stood dumfounded in a silent moil of thoughts,
A deep shame seared his heart, but mingled with it
Was grief and madness, passion fanned to frenzy
And consciousness of Right. And when his thoughts
Returned to the actual present his burning gaze
Focused upon the city walls and anxiously
He surveyed the mighty city from his chariot . . .
Oh, and a plume of flame reared up over the roofs
And leapt sky-high and licked the top of a tower,
A tower which he himself had built up high,
Founded on wheels with reinforcing beams
And a drawbridge at each story. And he said,
"O sister now is the moment, now the triumph of Fate,
Do not attempt to delay me. Wherever the Gods
And cruel fortune bid, there must we follow.
I am set upon meeting Aeneas, face to face.
Of death I must, but never more, my sister,
Shall you see me disgraced. But first, I beg you,

Let me indulge my frenzy before I die
In one last deed!" So saying, he leapt down
From his chariot and rushed through the rain of enemy
weapons,

Leaving his sister grievous, and burst full-tilt
On the enemy lines. He came like a rock
That from a mountain peak comes suddenly headlong
Nudged by the winds, or washed out by a storm
Or by the long loosening of time. Sheer down
The grim rock borne by its own huge impetus
Flung and rolls men, trees, and beasts in its track.
—So Turnus shattered the ranks and tore his way
To the city walls where all the earth was deepest
In bloody slush and the air was shrill with spears.
He made a sign with his hand and shouted loud,
"Rutulians cease! Latins put up your weapons!
Whatever fortune brings, the lot is mine—
Just it is that I alone should expiate
The truce for all of you, and settle this with the sword!"
Then all his men drew back, and left a space in the middle.

But hearing Turnus' name Aeneas the leader
Quit the high citadel, quit the walls, brushed off
All hindrance, broke off his whole assault,
Shouted for joy, struck thunder from his armor,
As huge as Athos or Eryx or Father Appennine
When he throbs loud with his quivering holm-oaks
And lifts his snowy head with joy to the sky.
At this fell moment Rutulians and Trojans
And all the Italians fixed their eyes upon him,
Those who were holding the high towers, those
With battering rams beating at the foundations—
All took their armor off. Even Latinus
Stared in amazement at the two great heroes
Born in such different quarters of the world,
Now met together to contest the issue
At the point of the sword. As soon as a space was cleared
The two advanced throwing their spears from a distance,
Then closing with a brazen clang of shields.
Earth groaned; their swords clashed faster and faster clashed,
Each had his mingled share of luck and skill.
As when on mighty Sila or Taburnus heights
Two bulls in bitter rivalry charge at each other
With lowered horns and their terrified herdsmen shrink
And the whole herd stands dumb with fear while the heifers
Await in silence who will be the leader

Whom all the herds are to follow: and they clash
In violent onslaught themselves with lowered horns,
And neck and shoulder stream with goutis of blood
While the whole grove resounds with their bellowing—
So did Aeneas of Troy and Daunian Turnus
Clash with their shields, and the colossal din
Filled all the firmament. Almighty Jove
Balanced the two heroes in his scales
To see which would be doomed and sink to death.
Thinking the time propitious Turnus led
And put his whole weight behind a single sword-thrust.
The Trojans and anxious Latins yelled, both armies
Tensed with excitement. But the treacherous sword
Shivered to bits in mid-stroke and his doom was sealed
If he could not flee for respite. Faster than east wind
He fled, as he saw the hilt of a strange sword
In his helpless hand. Was it his charioteer's
Metiscus' sword he had snatched up in his haste
As headlong for the battle he boarded his chariot
Leaving his father's sword behind? So went the story.
Retreating Trojans—but faced with a sword forged
By Vulcan himself the mortal blade splintered
Like brittle ice at the first blow, and now
Its fragments glittered from the yellow sand.
And Turnus panicked at the sight and tried
To escape into open country, now here, now there,
Weaving a fruitless course, for all around him
The encircling Trojans stood in a ring unbroken,
And one way lay a wide marsh and the other
The city's ramparts frowning barred his way.
Although the arrow-wound slowed him at times,
Aeneas pressed in pursuit of his frightened foe
—He was like a hound that has its stag penned
By a river or shied by a line of scarlet feathers,
And closes up in full cry and the poor beast
Caught between riverbank and snare, in terror
Doubles a thousand ways and the Umbrian hound
Keen for the kill snaps empty jaws in the air
By a hairsbreadth missing his hold. And then the shouting
Grew to a roar and the river banks and pools
Re-echoed round about and the heavens rang.
And Turnus as he fled chid all the Rutulians,
Calling on each by name and clamoring
For his own sword: but Aeneas threatened death

And total destruction of the city if anyone
Dared to produce it, so none dared, for terror.
And on he thrust despite the wound. Five times
They circled, to and fro five bitter times,
This was no exhibition match for a prize,
They were fighting for Turnus' life, for his lifeblood.
It happened a bitter-leaved wild olive tree
Sacred to Faunus once had flourished here;
Now it was just a stump revered by sailors
Who, saved from the sea, were used to fasten to it
Their votive offerings to their Laurentine God,
Their dedicated robes, but the gross Trojans
Having no reverence for this god had felled it
To level the Lists for the fight—and in this trunk
Aeneas' spear stuck fast, as it had flown
Of its own momentum; now it was stuck fast.
And Aeneas stood over it and heaved and wrenched,
Necking to throw it after a foe too fleet
For him to close with. Turnus mad with fear
Prayed to the god. "O Faunus pity me;
And you, dear native soil, hold fast the spear,
If I have kept you in reverence when these Trojans
Impiously have defiled you by this invasion."
His prayers were not in vain, the god came to his aid.
Nothing Aeneas could do with all his might
Could budge the spear from the vise of the holy wood.
And while he wrenched and heaved at it, Juturna
Once more in the guise of Metiscus darted up
And gave her brother his proper sword again.
Venus, furious at the license given
This minor goddess, loosed the spear from the bole
And the two heroes, refreshed in body, rearmed,
Turnus wielding his sword, Aeneas his long spear,
Bristled opposed again under the sway of Mars.
In the meanwhile the all-powerful King of Olympus
Addressed Juno as she watched the battle
Wrapped in a cold cloud, "My wife, my Queen,
What is the end of this to be? What coup de grâce
Have you in mind?—You know, and admit you know,
That Aeneas has his niche as a god in heaven—
What is your place in that cold cloud, what are you plotting?
Was it right a mortal should mar a god with a wound?
(And saving Juturna's aid would he have his sword back?)
Should beaten Turnus have a new lease of life?
Now at the last gasp, listen to my entreaties,

Beat her breast, and plucked at her loosened hair:
"What help can your sister bring you now Turnus?
And what is to be my fate, after such long endurance?
What art have I to prolong your life? Can I range
My powers against such a monster? Now, now,
I must quit the field. You disgusting birds of ill omen
Do not appall me more; I am afraid already.
I know the beat of your wings with its sound of death—
It is the overmastering will of Jove,
I cannot fail to see it. Is this the reward
For my lost virginity? Why did he give me the gift
Of eternal life? O why was the law of death
Annulled for me? Else I could put an end
To this tale of anguish, now at this very instant,
And hand in hand with my wretched brother go
To Death's dark house! Is this my immortality?
Will there be any joy in life bereft
Of you my brother? O that a gulf might open
Deep enough in the earth to swallow me,
For all I am a goddess, down to the Shades!"
Such were her words. And then she swathed her head
In a gray veil and shaken with heavy sobs
Plunged to the depths of her stream and hid her godhead.

As for Aeneas he was closing in
Brandishing his spear huge as a tree-trunk,
And from his iron resolve he roared out: "Turnus!
What new delay can you make? Do you still retreat?
This is no foot-race, is it?
This is a hand-to-hand fight—a fight to the death.
Take any disguise you may, summon whatever
Reserves of strength or cunning you possess,
Take wings to the starry heights, if you like, or hide
In the cavernous depth of the earth!" And Turnus
answered
With a toss of his head: "Fierce man, I am not afraid
Of your violent words—it is the gods I fear,
And my enemy Jove." He said not a word more,
But suddenly catching sight of a huge stone,
Ancient and huge, that lay by chance on the plain,
(An old mere-stone to mark a boundary
And save disputes) and scarcely could a dozen
Men of our own day have raised it to their shoulder
So puny are the frames our world produces—
Yet he, great hero, snatched it up in his hand,
Drew himself up and taking a run to do it

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Hurled it against his foe—but had no feeling
Of heaving or hurling, running, or moving the missile.
His knees gave, his blood froze. And the stone
Lobbed through the empty air and fell short
Doing no damage.

Just as it is in dreams
At the time of night when we are deepest asleep,
We seem to want to exert our utmost efforts
But cannot move and in the very midst
Of our greatest striving helplessly sink down,
Our tongues cleave, we cannot move a muscle
Though knowing our bodies' powers, we cannot utter
A word or a sound—just so it was with Turnus.
Whatever outlet of his powers he sought
The baleful Fury banned. Then through his mind
Passed a succession of changing images.
He looked to his Rutulians and to his city:
Faltering in fear, shrank from the imminent spear,
Found no escape, could summon no strength to attack,
Nor could he see the chariot with his sister.

Aeneas, as Turnus shrank, stood poised to strike
With the fatal spear, judged the range with his eye,
And then with all his strength behind it, hurled!
Never did block of stone shot from a siege-engine
So loudly whirr, never did thunder-peal
So loudly crash after the lightning-stroke;
Like a black whirlwind on whistled the spear
With its load of dreadful death and penetrating
The edge of the sevenfold shield, then the cuirass,
Skewered the hero's thigh, and down he sank
His knee doubled under him. The Rutulians rose
With a groan that the hills and groves re-echoed
Far and wide. Stretched on the ground Turnus
Looked up at Aeneas and raised an entreating hand,
"This is my due," he said, "I make no appeal.

Use what your fortune proffers. Only this.
If you can feel for a father's misery
(Anchises was a father such as mine)
Pity my father Daunus, he is old,
Restore me alive, or dead if death you choose,
To my own kin. You are the conqueror.
The Ausonians have seen my conquered hand
Upstretched. Lavinia is your bride to wed.
Let your hate reach no further."

Aeneas stood

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Beat her breast, and plucked at her loosened hair:
"What help can your sister bring you now Turnus?
And what is to be my fate, after such long endurance?
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Aeneas stood

Do not, I beg you, bite your lips and swallow
Resentment down so often in silence. Now
Is the moment of decision. You have had power
To harry the Trojans, land and sea, to induce
This loathsome war, to smirch a house and taint
A wedding with pain. More I forbid completely!
So Jove pronounced, and Juno with downcast eyes,
"Indeed, great lord, because I know it to be
Your will I unwillingly withdraw my favor
From Turnus—or you would not see me aloof
Aloft alone, enduring whatever I must,
Deservedly or no; but girt with flame
I would take my stand in the very battle-line
And force the Trojans into their enemies' hands!
As for Juturna, I confess I urged her
To go to the help of her hapless brother approving
Deeds even greater if she could save his life,
But never that she should wield a bow or spear.
And now I swear by the source of the river Styx,
That unappeasable spring, the one sanction
That binds us gods above. I, for my part, withdraw
And quit this detestable battle. But I beg
One boon forbidden by no laws of Fate.
I sue for Latium and the dignity
Of a race that is your own, when peace at last
Is ratified by a happy marriage, and a treaty
Of mutual alliance made, so be it.—Then, my lord,
Let it not be your will to force the Latins
To change their ancient name in their own land,
Let them not be Trojans. Let them not change
Their language or their way of dress. Let Latium
Still stand, and sturdy from Italian stock
Reign there, and sturdy from Italian stock
A breed of Romans arise. But Troy has fallen.
So let her lie fallen, her name with her!
Smiling, the Father of Mankind and the World
Made answer, "Own true sister of Jove indeed,
And child of Saturn also, so high the seas
Of passion surging in your breast! But come,
Quell this frenzy that you have indulged in vain.
I grant your petition, you have gained your way,
And willingly I obey you. The Ausonians
Shall keep the speech and customs of their forefathers,
Their name shall be as it is. As for the Trojans
They shall but blend and mingle with Latin blood.
I shall direct them in their modes of worship

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And sacred rites, I shall see they are all Latins
And speak one tongue. The race that shall arise
From this infusion of Ausonian blood
In piety shall transcend all men on earth
And even the gods; no nation, you will see,
Shall worship you more reverently than they."
Juno nodded assent and her stullen mood
Was turned to joy, and in that very instant
Quitting her cloud she departed from the sky.

This done the Father communed with himself
Weighing in mind a plan to wean Juturna
Away from her fighting brother.

There are twin fiends
Known as the Furies born of the blackest midnight,
Megera of Tartarus with them, at one birth,
And their dam enwound them in serpents and gave them
wings

With the speed of the wind. And these two lie by the
throne

To wait on His royal wrath and twist the knife-point
Of fear into weak mortality whenever the King of the Gods
Wreaks pestilence or death, or terrorizes
Cities deserving his censure with threats of war.

From the height of heaven and bade her confront Juturna
As earnest of his will And down like a whirlwind
She stooped to earth, like an arrow shot through a cloud
By a Parthian or Cydonian—an arrow tipped
With poison for which no antidote exists—
Whirring through wreathing mist, impossible to foresee,
Yet suddenly striking home—and even so

This daughter of Night dived headlong to the earth.
Soon as she saw the Trojans, and Turnus' army,
She suddenly shrank into the shape of the bird
That sits by night on tombs and deserted roofs
Croaking late song amid the gathering gloom.
Again and again in this disguise the fiend
Flutters in Turnus' face, flapping aside his shield
With her wing-beats.

Turnus was paralyzed
With a strange terror: his hair stood on end
And his voice stuck in his throat.
But when Juturna recognized from afar
The pulse of the Furies' wings the wretched nymph
In a sister's throes scored her cheeks with her nails,

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Vital and still and fierce in his array,
His eyes darted about, his right hand stayed suspended.
And now it was, yes now, that Turnus' plea
Working upon him might have wheedled him
But suddenly a glitter caught his eye:
Turnus was flaunting on his conqueror's shoulder
The belt of his friend Pallas—with those shiny fastenings
He knew so well, before the boy was killed
By Turnus—this Turnus! wearing upon his shoulder
Spoils fatal now to himself. Aeneas' eyes
Drank in the sight—emblem of bitter grief,
His fury overflowed and in a terrible voice,
"Do you think to sink from my grasp—you, you
Glad in the spoils of my friend? It is Pallas, Pallas
Who with this blow makes you his sacrifice!
It is he who exacts his vengeance with your blood,
You accursed fiend!" As he spoke he plunged his sword
In fury deep into his enemy's heart.
But as for him his limbs lay slumped and chill
And his soul flew, resentful of its fate,
Down to the Shades, with many a sigh and groan.