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THE

WORKS

808

OF

VIRGIL,

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

The ÆNEID Translated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT,

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

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M.DCC.XC.

THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.

Vol. II

## A R G U M E N T.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which *Æolus* raises at *Juno's* request. The tempest sinks one ship, and scatters the rest: *Neptune* drives off the winds, and calms the seas. *Æneas* with his own, and six more ships, arrives safe at an African port. *Venus* complains to *Jupiter* of her son's misfortunes. *Jupiter* comforts her, and sends *Mercury* to procure him a kind reception among the *Carthaginians*. *Æneas*, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to *Carthage*; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. *Dido*, by a device of *Venus*, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of *Troy*; which is the subject of the two following books.

## VIRGIL ÆNEID.

THE

## FIRST BOOK.

ARMS, and the man I sing, the first who bore  
 His course to Latium from the Trojan shore;  
 By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,  
 Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast:  
 Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage, 5  
 And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;  
 Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,  
 His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.  
 Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,  
 And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome. 10

Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense  
 Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence  
 That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose  
 On such a pious prince a weight of woes,  
 Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppress? 15  
 Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly breast?

Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame  
 A city rose, and Carthage was the name;

A Tyrian colony; from Tyber far;  
 Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war. 20.  
 Which Juno far above all realms, above  
 Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.  
 Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,  
 Here she design'd, would destiny give way,  
 Ev'n then the seat of universal sway. 25 }  
 But of a race she heard, that should destroy  
 The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,  
 Who proud in arms, triumphant by their swords,  
 Should rise in time, the world's victorious lords;  
 By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue, 30  
 And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.  
 This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore  
 The late long war her fury rais'd before  
 For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,  
 But every cause hung heavy on her mind; 35  
 Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll  
 Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;  
 Th' immortal honours of the ravish'd boy,  
 And last, the whole detested race of Troy.  
 With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far 40  
 She drove the relics of the Grecian war:  
 Fate urg'd their course: and long they wander'd o'er  
 The spacious ocean tost from shore to shore.  
 So vast the work to build the mighty frame,  
 And raise the glories of the Roman name! 45

Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train  
 Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy main;  
 When

When haughty Juno thus her rage exprest;  
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.

Then must I stop? are all my labours vain? 50

And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?

Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;

And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,

Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,

And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps? 55

She, for the crime of Ajax, from above

Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;

Dash'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempest flew,

Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.

Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires 60

Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,

Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,

She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.

But I, who move supreme in heaven's abodes,

Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods, 65

With this one nation must a war maintain

For years on years; and wage that war in vain!

And now what suppliants will invoke my name,

Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?

Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now she flies 70

To dark Æolia from the distant skies,

Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds

The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.

Their rage imperial Æolus restrains

With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains. 75

The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,

Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.

From his high throne, their fury to assuage,  
 He shakes his sceptre, and controuls their rage ;  
 Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n 80  
 Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.  
 But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,  
 In gloomy caves th' ærial captives pent ;  
 O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,  
 And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head ; 85  
 And gave a king, commission'd to restrain  
 And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen address'd : Since mighty Jove,  
 The king of men, and fire of gods above,  
 Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise 90  
 Storms at thy sovereign will, or smoothe the seas ;  
 A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,  
 Waft to Hesperia the remains of Troy.  
 Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,  
 Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods. 95  
 Wing all thy furious winds ; o'erwhelm the train,  
 Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.

Twice sev'n bright nymphs of beauteous shape are  
 mine ;

For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,  
 The charming Deiopeia shall be thine : 100  
 She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,  
 And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis your's, great queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay  
 The task, and mine to listen and obey.

By you, I sit a guest with gods above, 105  
 And share the graces and the smiles of Jove :

By

By you, these realms, this scepter I maintain,  
And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th' obsequious god; and, while he spoke,  
Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.

The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent, 111  
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent;

Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,  
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep;

East, West, and South, all black with tempests, roar,  
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore. 116

The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries  
The Trojans mourn; while sudden clouds arise,  
And ravish from their sight the splendors of the skies. }

Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires; 120  
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires;

Loud thunders shake the poles; from ev'ry place  
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

In horror fix'd the Trojan hero stands.

He groans, and spreads to heav'n his lifted hands. 125  
Thrice happy those! whose fate it was to fall

(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.

Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,  
To die, so bravely, in their parents' fight!

Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand, 130  
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,

Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,  
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,

Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,  
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war; 135

Where Simois' streams, incumber'd with the slain,  
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blast prevails,  
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;

The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side 140  
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;

While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,  
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.

These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground  
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound. 145

Three shatter'd gallies the strong Southern blast  
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;

Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood  
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.

Three more, fierce Eurys on the Syrtes threw 150  
From the main sea, and (terrible to view)

He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,  
Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.

Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,  
From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew 155

Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:

Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,  
Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:

The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,  
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160

Some from the dark abyss emerge again;

Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.

And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,

Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;

Nor

Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves; 165

Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:

The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,

Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.

Mean time th' imperial monarch of the main

Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign, 170

And saw the furious tempest wide around

Work up the waters, from the vast profound.

Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god

Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,

Majestic and serene: he rolls his eyes, 175

And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,

Oppress'd by waves below, by thunders from the skies. }

Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,

Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.

To Eurus, and the Western blast, he cry'd, 180

Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,

Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,

To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea?

Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?

Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again. 185

But if you tempt my rage a second time,

Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime.

Hence; fly with speed; from me, your tyrant tell,

That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.

Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons keep, 190

Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.

There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,

And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.

He

He spoke, and speaking chac'd the clouds away,  
Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day. 195

Cymothoë guards the vessels in the shock,  
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.  
With his huge trident, the majestic god  
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;  
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides, 200  
And wheels along the level of the tides.

As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,  
And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood:  
Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,  
With all the sudden arms that rage supplies: 205

If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,  
In morals strict, and innocence of life,  
All stand attentive; while the sage controuls  
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.  
So did the roaring deeps their rage compose, 210  
When the great father of the floods arose.

Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,  
Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore  
The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore. 215

Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides  
An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,  
And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,  
The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.

Oh either side, sublime in air, arise 220 }  
'Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies; }  
Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies;

Crown'd

Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,  
Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.  
Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands, 225  
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;  
Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,  
And limpid rills that tinkle as they run.  
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds  
The floating vessel harrafs'd with the winds. 230  
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat  
Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relicts of his fleet.  
With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,  
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,  
And, drench'd in brine, lie stretch'd along the sand. }  
Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke 236  
The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;  
The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,  
Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.  
Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine, 240  
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys  
The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;  
Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,  
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind; 245  
And now, Caicus' glitt'ring arms to spy,  
Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.  
The chief could view no vessel on the main;  
But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain;  
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd; 250  
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.  
The

The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,  
Stop'd short—then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and bow,  
Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;  
And first he laid the lordly leaders dead; 255  
Next all th'ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,  
And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood;  
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his feet,  
Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.  
Back to the port the victor bends his way, 260  
And with his friends divides the copious prey.  
The generous wine to crown the genial feast,  
Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,  
Next to his sad associates he imparts; 264  
And with these words revives their drooping hearts.

Friends! we have known more toils, than now we  
By long experience exercis'd in woe; [know,  
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n  
A certain period by relenting Heav'n.  
Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore, 270  
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.  
Dismiss your fears; on these misfortunes past  
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.  
Thro' such varieties of woes, we tend  
To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end: 275  
Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,  
And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.  
With manly patience bear your present state,  
And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart; 280  
Hope smooth'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his heart.

The

The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,  
To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.  
Some from the body strip the smoking hide,  
Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide; 285  
These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;  
Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.  
Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,  
The brazen cauldrons smoke along the shore.  
Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline, 290  
Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they pass'd away.  
In long and melancholy talk the day;  
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,  
Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead.  
Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most, 296  
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost:  
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,  
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys 300  
The nations, shores, and navigable seas;  
There, as he sate, inthron'd above the skies,  
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.  
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;  
Her starry eyes were dim'd with streaming tears; 305  
Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,  
The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,  
Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and gods obey;  
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done? 310  
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?

Still,

Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd  
 All other regions, all the world beside ?  
 Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine  
 Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line ;  
 The world in future ages to command, 316  
 And in the empire grasp the sea and land.  
 Oh ! sov'reign father, say ! what cause could move  
 The fix'd unalterable word of Jove ?  
 Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom ; 320  
 And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.  
 But see ! their fortune still pursues her blow ;  
 When wilt thou fix a period to their woe ?  
 In safety, bold Antenor broke his way  
 Thro' hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay, 325  
 Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,  
 Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores ;  
 The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars ;  
 Yet with his colonies, secure he came,  
 Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name. 330  
 Then fix'd his Trojan arms ; his labours cease ;  
 And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.  
 But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,  
 And share th' eternal honours of the skies,  
 To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost, 335  
 Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.  
 Are these the palms that virtue must obtain,  
 And is our empire thus restor'd again ?

The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd  
 On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child. 340  
 Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,  
 And calm the raging tempest, he replies.

Daughter,

Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine  
Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.  
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see, 345  
And here we ratify our first decree.  
Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,  
Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.  
To soothe your care, these secrets I relate  
From the dark volumes of eternal Fate: 350  
The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there  
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,  
New cities raise, the savage nations awe,  
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.  
The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword, 355  
Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.  
Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,  
(Now called Iulus, since the fall of Troy)  
While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,  
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat 360  
Transfer the kingdom, and, of mighty length  
Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.  
There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,  
And fill the throne three hundred winters more.  
Ilia, the royal priestess, next shall bear 365  
Two lovely infants to the god of war.  
Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,  
Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;  
From his own name, the people Romans call,  
And from his father Mars, his rising wall. 370  
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,  
To the vast empire of the godlike race.

Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,  
 Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;  
 And join her friendly counsels to my own, 375  
 With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,  
 The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown. }  
 This word be fate — an hour shall wing its way,  
 When Tróy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.  
 In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign, 380  
 And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.  
 Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iulus name,  
 (Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)  
 Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise  
 Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the skies.  
 Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes; 386  
 Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.  
 From that blest hour all violence shall cease,  
 The age grow mild; and soften into peace.  
 With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign, 390  
 Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;  
 With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,  
 Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.  
 Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,  
 With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around; 395  
 Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load  
 The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.

The Thund'rer said, and down th' ærial way  
 Sent with his high commands the son of Mây;  
 That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,  
 And grant her guests the freedom of her shores; 401  
 Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,  
 Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.

Swift

Swift on the feather of his wings he flies,  
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies. 405  
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,  
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms  
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd  
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay, • • 410  
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,  
To view the coast, the country to explore,  
And learn if men, or beasts possess'd the shore,  
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends) • •  
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends. 415  
Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,  
With waving woods and awful shades inclos'd,  
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,  
And forth he march'd; Achates at his side.

As thro' the wilds the chief his course pursu'd, 420  
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;  
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd  
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;  
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed  
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.  
Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride 426  
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.  
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;  
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.

Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld 430  
One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,  
Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,  
A painted quiver rattling at her side?

Or have you seen her with an eager pace  
 Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace? 435  
 None of your charming sisterhood (he said)  
 Have we beheld, or heard, oh ! beauteous maid.  
 Your name, oh ! nymph, or oh ! fair goddess, say ?  
 A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,  
 You draw your birth from some immortal line, 440  
 Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,  
 Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown ?  
 Alike the natives and the lands unknown;  
 By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,  
 We wander strangers on a foreign coast. 445  
 Then will we still invoke your sacred name,  
 And with fat victims shall your altars flame.

No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear ;  
 For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here  
 The purple buskin, and a quiver wear. 450

Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire ;  
 The Punic realms ; a colony from Tyre.  
 See ! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,  
 Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.  
 From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,  
 From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign : 455  
 The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long ;  
 Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.  
 Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest  
 Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest ; 460  
 Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led  
 Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.  
 Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne  
 Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.

Ev'n at the sacred altar in a strife 465  
By stealth the tyrant shed his brother's life ;  
Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,  
Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.  
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,  
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime. 470  
But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,  
Rose in a frightful vision of the night :  
Around her bed he stalks ; grim ! ghastly ! pale !  
And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale  
Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around ; 475  
Then bares his breast, and points to every wound ;  
Warns her to fly the land without delay ;  
And to support her thro' the tedious way, }  
Shews where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay. }  
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends, 480  
Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends :  
They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,  
All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.  
Some ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd  
Their sides with gold ; then launch'd into the flood. 485  
They sail ; the bold exploit a woman guides :  
Pygmalion's wealth is wasted o'er the tides.  
They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,  
And yon proud citadel invade the skies.  
The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground 490  
Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compass'd round ;  
Hence Byrsa nam'd : but now, ye strangers, say,  
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?  
C 2 Deep,

Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,  
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies. 495  
Shou'd I, O goddess, from their source relate,  
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,  
The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,  
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.  
By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came, 500  
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)  
Thro' various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,  
And raging drives us on the Libyan shores.  
The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my fame,  
And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame: 505  
From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,  
Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.  
In search of ancient Italy I rove,  
And draw my lineage from almighty Jove.  
A goddess-mother and the fates, my guides, 510  
With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,  
Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,  
Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.  
Myself, from Europe and from Asia cast,  
A helpless stranger rove the Libyan waste. 515  
No more could Venus hear her son bewail  
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.  
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,  
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;  
Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud palace bend 520  
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.  
Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,  
Or all my skill in augury is vain!

See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,  
Whom lately shooting from th' etherial sky, 525  
Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,  
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.  
As these returning clap their sounding wings,  
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;  
So have your friends and ships possess'd the strand, 530  
Or with full-bellied sails approach the land.  
Haste to the palace then, without delay,  
And, as this path directs, pursue your way.  
She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,  
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd. 535  
Her waving locks immortal odours shed,  
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.  
Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,  
And her majestic port confess'd the god.  
Soon as he knows her thro' the coy disguise, 540  
He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd?  
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?  
Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?  
And why, ah! why those accents not your own? 545

He said; then sought the town; but Venus shrouds  
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds;  
That none may interpose to cause delay,  
Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.  
Thro' air sublime the queen of love retreats 550  
To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats;  
Where to her name an hundred altars rise;  
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,  
Whence all the rising town in prospect lay, 555  
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow  
Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.  
Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprize  
The prince beholds the stately palace rise;  
On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,  
And all the crowd and tumult of the town. 561  
The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan  
These roll, or heave some huge unwieldy stone;  
Those bid the lofty citadel ascend;  
Some in vast lengths th' embattled walls extend; 565  
Others for future dwellings choose the ground,  
Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.  
Some useful laws propose, and some the choice  
Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.  
These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea, 570  
Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;  
Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,  
Of future scenes an ornamental pride.  
Thus to their toils, in early summer, run  
The clust'ring bees, and labour in the sun; 575  
Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,  
Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.  
The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,  
And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;  
A chosen troop before the gate attends, 580  
To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;  
Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive  
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

The prince surveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,  
Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise: 585  
Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,  
And pass'd, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd  
A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.  
Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found 590  
A courser's head within the sacred ground;  
An omen sent by Juno, to declare  
A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.  
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd  
To heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd; 595  
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,  
By her own presence hallow'd and divine.  
Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,  
The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.  
Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears, 600  
To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;  
Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:  
And finds a glimmering prospect of success.  
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,  
O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd; 605  
While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands  
At the rich labours of the artists' hands;  
Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,  
In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;  
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around, 610  
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.  
There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,  
And Pelus' wrathful son, to both severe.

Struck with the view, oh ! friend, the hero cries,  
 (Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes) 615  
 Lo ! the wide world our miseries employ ;  
 What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy ?  
 See ! where the venerable Priam stands !  
 See virtue honour'd in the Libyan sands !  
 For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow ; 620  
 And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.  
 Now banish fear, for since the Trojan name  
 Is known, we find our safety in our fame.

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,  
 A show'r of tears the groaning hero shed. 625  
 For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd ;  
 And there the Trojans to their walls pursu'd  
 By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,  
 Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war. 629  
 Not far from thence, proud Rhaesus' tents he knows  
 By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,  
 Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,  
 And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain ;  
 Who drove his courfers from the scene of blood,  
 Ere the fierce steeds had tasted Trojan food, 635 }  
 Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus flies disarm'd (unhappy boy !)  
 From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy :  
 Unequal he ! to such an arm in war !  
 Supine, and trailing from his empty car, 640  
 Still, tho' in death, he grasps the flowing reins,  
 His startled courfers whirl him o'er the plains ;

The

The spear inverted streaks the dust around ;  
His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.  
Mean time a pensive supplicating train 645  
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane  
In sad procession with a robe repair,  
Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.  
Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,  
And fix'd her eyes, relentless on the ground. 650  
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,  
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy :  
Then to the mournful fire, the victor sold  
The breathless body of his son for gold.  
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed, 655  
To see the spoils and chariot of the dead,  
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,  
And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.  
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train,  
Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain : 660  
And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,  
His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.  
All furious led Penthesilea there,  
With moony shields, her Amazons to war ;  
Around her breast her golden belt she threw ; 665  
Then thro' the thick-embattled squadrons flew ;  
Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,  
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.  
Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,  
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd, 670  
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,  
Ascends the dome, majestically slow.

As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,  
A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,  
While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,  
She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance; 676  
She moves in pomp superior to the rest,  
And secret transports touch Latona's breast.  
So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,  
To speed her labours and her future reign. 680  
Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,  
Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she fate.  
She shares their labours, or by lots she draws;  
And to the crowd administers the laws.  
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies, 685  
Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprize,  
Approach the throne, attended by a throng  
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;  
Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,  
And widely scatter'd on a distant shore. 690  
Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,  
And with Achates longs to join their hands:  
But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,  
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;  
Anxious, and eager till he knew their state, 695  
And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.  
With cries, the royal favour to implore,  
They came, a train selected, from the shore:  
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,  
And, with their common suit, address the throne. 700  
Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs  
And this proud town to raise on Libyan shores,

With

With high commands, a savage race to awe,  
And to the barb'rous natives give the law,  
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race, 705  
Toft round the seas, implore your royal grace ;  
Oh ! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,  
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.  
Oh ! save a pious race ; regard our cry ;  
And view our anguish with a melting eye. 710  
We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,  
With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,  
To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore :  
No—to fuch thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.  
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place, 715  
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,  
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)  
But since Italia, from the leader's name ;  
To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,  
When sudden, dire Orion rouz'd the sea ; 720  
All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,  
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war ;  
With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,  
Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide :  
The few sad relics of our navy bore 725  
Their course to this unhospitable shore.  
What are the customs of this barbarous place ?  
What more than savage this inhuman race ?  
In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,  
From the last verge, and limits of the land. 730  
Know, if divine and human laws you slight,  
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite ;  
Vengeance is their's ; and their's to guard his right. }

Æneas was our king, of high renown ;  
 Great, good, and brave ; and war was all his own. 735  
 If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,  
 Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair ;  
 Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ  
 Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.  
 Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar, 740  
 And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore ;  
 Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,  
 Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.  
 Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars  
 To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores ; 745  
 That, if our prince and friends return again,  
 With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.  
 But if these hopes are vanish'd quite away,  
 If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,  
 You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state, 750  
 And young Iulus shares his father's fate ;  
 Oh ! let us seek Sicilia's shores again,  
 And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.  
 He spoke ; a loud assent ran murmuring thro' the  
 train. }

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies, 755  
 While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes :  
 Trojans, be bold ; against my will, my fate,  
 A throne unsettled, and an infant state,  
 Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,  
 And guard with these severities my shores. 760  
 Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,  
 Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame ?

We

We know the war that set the world on fire ;  
Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre ;  
For here his beams indulgent Phoebus sheds, 765  
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.  
Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,  
Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns ?  
With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,  
Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores. 770  
Or would you stay to raise this growing town :  
Fix here your seat ; and Carthage is your own.  
Haste, draw your ships to shore ; to me the same,  
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.  
And oh ! that great Æneas had been tost, 775  
By the same storm, on the same friendly coast !  
But I will send, my borders to explore,  
And trace the windings of the mazy shore.  
Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,  
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods. 780  
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood ;  
And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.  
Oh ! goddess-born ! cry'd brave Achates, say,  
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay ?  
All safe you see ; your friends and fleet restor'd ; 785  
One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.  
Lo ! with the rest your mother's words agree,  
All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea.  
Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,  
Dissolve in æther, and refine to day. 790  
Radiant in open view, Æneas stood,  
In form and looks, majestic as a god.

Flush'd

Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,  
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.  
The Queen of love the glance divine supplies, 795  
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.  
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,  
Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,  
Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man :  
All stood surpriz'd ; and thus the prince began. 800  
Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey ;  
Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,  
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone  
The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own ;  
And shelter in your walls, with pious care, 805  
Her sons, the relics of the Grecian war ;  
Who all the forms of misery have bore,  
Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore ;  
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd  
Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world,  
But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay 811  
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they ;  
(If pious acts, if justice they regard ;)  
And your clear conscience stands its own reward.  
How blest this age that has such virtue seen ? 815  
How blest the parents of so great a queen ?  
While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades  
With awful pomp surround the mountain heads ;  
While æther shines, with golden planets grac'd,  
So long your honour, name, and praise shall last : 820  
Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,  
Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends  
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends :  
His left Sergestus grasp'd with vast delight, 825  
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.  
Cloanthu's, Gyas, and the Dardan train,  
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,  
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more. 830  
What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost  
So brave a hero on this barbarous coast ?  
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove  
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love  
By Simois' streams ? and now I call to mind, 835  
When Teucer left his native shores behind ;  
The banish'd prince to Sidon came, to gain  
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign ;  
Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike fire  
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire. 840  
From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,  
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name :  
He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy  
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.  
Come to my palace then, my royal guest, 845  
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.  
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,  
At length I settled on these Libyan shores ;  
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,  
I view, with pity, woes so like my own. 850

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,  
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.

Twice

Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,  
 And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends :  
 A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine ; 855  
 With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.  
 The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,  
 The splendid feasts in ample halls are made ;  
 Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,  
 That glow refulgent with the purple dye. 860  
 The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould ; }  
 And their forefather's deeds, in times of old, }  
 Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold. }

No more the prince his eager love suppress,  
 All the fond parent struggled in his breast. 865  
 He sends Achates to inform his son,  
 And guide the young Ascanius to the town ;  
 (On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,  
 The father's cares are center'd in the boy ;)  
 To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre, 870  
 And relics, rescu'd from the Trojan fire.  
 A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round ;  
 And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd ;  
 Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,  
 She left her native walls to ruin Troy, 875  
 (Her mother's present in the bridal hour ;)  
 With gold a shining scepter studded o'er,  
 That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace,  
 The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race ;  
 Her necklace, strung with pearls ; her crown, that glows  
 Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows. 881

To

To bring the splendid gifts without delay,  
Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd  
New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind, 885  
That winged Cupid to the court should come  
Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room;  
With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,  
And kindle in her veins the raging fire.

Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place, 890  
Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,  
Break, each revolving night, her golden rest:  
And thus the suppliant queen the god address'd.

Oh son! my strength! supreme in heav'n above!  
Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove: 895

To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,  
Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.

To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost  
Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,  
Is but to mention what too well you know, 900

Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.

Him, in her town, the Tyrian queen detains,  
With soft seducements, from the Latian plains.

But much I fear that hospitable place,  
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race: 905

And lest this fair occasion she improve,  
Know, I design to fire the queen with love;

A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;  
A love as strong, and violent as mine.

But how the proud Phœnician to surprize 910  
With such a passion, hear what I advise.

The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,  
Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;  
With costly presents charg'd he takes his way,  
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea; 915  
But to prevent suspicion, will I steep  
His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,  
Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,  
Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.  
This one revolving night, thyself a boy, 920  
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;  
And when the queen, transported with thy charms,  
Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,  
The gentle poison by degrees inspire  
Thro' all her breast; then fan the rising fire, 925  
And kindle all her soul. The mother said,  
With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.  
Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,  
And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws 930  
A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;  
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love  
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.  
There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,  
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade. 935  
Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,  
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.  
He came, and found on costly carpets spread  
The queen majestic midst her golden bed.  
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie 940  
On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian die :

Soft

Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,  
And limpid water from the cryſtal ſpring.

They waſh; the menial train their tables ſpread;  
And heap in glitt'ring caniſters the bread. 945

To dreſs the feaſt, full fifty handmaids join,  
And burn rich incenſe to the pow'rs divine;

A hundred boys and virgins ſtood around,  
The banquet marſhall'd, and the goblet crown'd.

To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come 950  
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.

The gueſts the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,  
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;

The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,  
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold: 955

But chief the queen, the boy and preſents move,  
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.

Infatiate in her joy, ſhe fate amaz'd,

Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as ſhe gaz'd,

Fiſt, his diſſembled father he careſt, 960

Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breaſt;

Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;

She look'd, and ſent her ſoul at ev'ry view:

Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;

Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms, 965 }

How great a god ſhe fondled in her arms.

But he, now mindful of his mother, ſtole

By ſlow degrees Sichæus from her ſoul;

Her ſoul, rekindling, in her huſband's ſtead,

Admits the prince; the living for the dead. 970

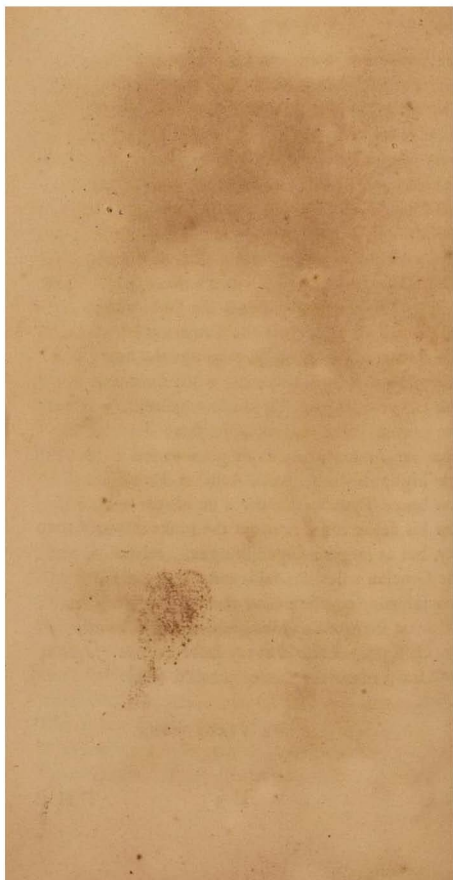
Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls  
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.  
Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,  
'The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.  
The blazing torches, and the lamps display, 975  
From golden roofs, an artificial day.  
Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,  
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.  
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold,  
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd gold.  
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair, 981  
Thus to the gods address her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove ! who plead'st the stranger's cause;  
Great guardian god of hospitable laws !  
Oh ! grant this day to circle still with joy, 985  
Thro' late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.  
Be thou, O Bacchus ! god of mirth, a guest;  
And thou, O Juno ! grace the genial feast.  
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,  
And shew your guests benevolence and love. 990  
She said, and on the board, in open view,  
The first libation to the gods she threw :  
Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand :  
He rose, obedient to the queen's command ;  
At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole, 995  
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.  
Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd,  
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.  
With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,  
Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre ; 1000

The

The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he sings,  
And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.  
Why Cynthia changes ; why the sun retires,  
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;  
From what originals, and causes, came 1005  
Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame;  
Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;  
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car ;  
Why suns in summer the slow nights detain,  
And rush so swift in winter to the main. 1010  
With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,  
And in the loud applause the Trojans join.  
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,  
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;  
This moment longs of Hector to enquire, 1015  
The next of Priam, his unhappy fire ;  
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son ;  
How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone ;  
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car ;  
How his fierce courfers swept the ranks of war. 1020  
Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate  
The Grecian wiles, she said, and Ilion's fate ;  
How far your course around the globe extends,  
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends :  
For, since you wander'd every shore and sea, 1025  
Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.





THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.

## “ A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it : at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

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 THE  
 SECOND BOOK.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look ;  
 Then from the golden couch the hero spoke.  
 Ah mighty queen ! you urge me to disclose,  
 And feel, once more, unutterable woes ;  
 How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd, 5  
 And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground ;  
 Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,  
 Those wars in which so large a part I bore,  
 The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,  
 And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale : 10  
 And lo ! the night precipitates away ;  
 The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,  
 Call to repose ; but since you long to know,  
 And curious listen to the story'd woe ;  
 Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell, 15  
 But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,  
 Repell'd by fate, and harrafs'd by the war ;)

By

By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose  
A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose : 20  
This they pretend their common vow, to gain  
A safe return, and measure back the main :  
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides  
Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides;  
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,  
And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb. 26

An isle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,  
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;  
Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,  
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay : 30  
Thither their unsuspected course they bore,  
And hid their hosts within the winding shore.  
We deem'd them sail'd for Greece; transported Troy  
Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy;  
Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train, 35  
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.  
Here the Dolopian troops their station held;  
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;  
Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there  
In conflicts join'd the furious sons of war. 40  
Some view the gift of Pallas with surprize,  
The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.  
And first Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead  
And lodge within the tower the lofty steed;  
Or, with design, his country to destroy, 45  
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.  
But hoary Capys, and the wise, require  
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,

Or

Or whelm the mighty monster in the tides,  
Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides. 50  
Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,  
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;  
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,  
From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain;  
And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd— 55  
What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd?  
Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the wind?  
Think you these presents safe, they leave behind?  
And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind? }  
Or this prodigious fabric must inclose, 60  
Deep in its darksome womb our ambush'd foes:  
Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down  
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;  
Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd;  
Her gifts are more destructive than her sword. 65  
Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;  
Against the sides the furious javelin flew,  
'Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,  
And shook with long vibrations in the wound.  
The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore; 70  
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders  
roar.

Then, had not partial Fate conspir'd to blind,  
With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,  
The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,  
And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword; 75  
Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,  
And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!

Mean

Mean time, before the king, the Dardan swains,  
With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,  
A willing captive to the Trojan hands, 80  
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;  
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;  
Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.  
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,  
To see the captive, and insult his woe. 85  
Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train;  
All, all in one; a nation in a man.  
For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,  
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,  
Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd) 90  
Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?  
Not only banish'd from the Grecian state;  
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs controul  
Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul. 95  
We bid him tell his race, and long to know  
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.  
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,  
And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess, 100  
And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;  
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy  
The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lye.  
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,  
Thro' many a distant realm renown'd by fame; 105  
Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,  
Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.

Tho'

Tho' false the charge, the glorious hero bled,  
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.  
Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share 110  
With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.  
Long as that hero stood secure from fate,  
Long as his counsels prop'd the Grecian state,  
Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,  
And claim some title to a share of fame; 115  
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,)  
By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;  
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,  
I drag'd my days in darkness and despair.  
And, if kind heav'n shou'd give me back once more  
Safe and triumphant to my native shore, 121  
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,  
Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.  
This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose  
My past misfortunes, and my present woes. 125  
Eager he sought the means, and watch'd the time  
To charge me too with some pretended crime.  
For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,  
And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.  
At length with Calchas he concerts the scheme— 130  
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?  
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?  
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.  
Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,  
And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy. 135  
Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know  
With fond desire the causes of his woe;

Who

Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,  
Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.

Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ 140  
Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,  
Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,  
And the long labours of a ten years war.  
And oh! that they had fail'd!—as oft' the force  
Of southern winds, and tempests stop'd their course. 145  
But since this steed was rais'd; strait, bellowing loud,  
Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from ev'ry cloud.  
We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,  
Who brought this sentence from the voice divine;  
When first ye sail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main 150  
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;  
And ere you measure back the foamy flood,  
Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.  
These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart  
Surprize and dread, and chill the bravest heart; 155  
To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,  
Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.  
Ulysses then, importunate and loud,  
Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,  
Bade him the secret will of Heav'n relate— 160  
And now my friends could prophesy my fate;  
And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,  
Were levell'd all at my devoted head.  
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,  
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd. 165  
So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,  
And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;

At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,  
Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head.  
All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see 170  
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.  
And now the dire tremendous day was come,  
When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom;  
The salted barley on my front was spread,  
The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head: 175  
I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,  
And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,  
Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,  
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.  
And now these eyes shall view my native shore, 180  
My dear, dear children, and my fire no more;  
Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,  
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.  
But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore  
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred pow'r, 185  
Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,  
With truth inspire me to declare my fate;  
By all the solemn sanctions that can bind  
In holy ties the faith of human kind;  
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe, 190  
O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!  
His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,  
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;  
And, melting first, the good old king commands,  
To free the captive, and to loose his hands. 195  
Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,  
Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

Henceforth

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,  
But live a subject and a son of Troy;  
With truth and strict sincerity proceed, 200  
Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed;  
Who was its author, what his aim, declare;  
Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears  
His hands unshackled to the golden stars; 205  
You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims,  
And you divine inviolable flames,  
Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,  
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;  
All, all, attest! that justly I release 210  
My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,  
Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay  
Their inmost counsels open to the day.  
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,  
Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state.  
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, 216  
Since first the labours of the war begun.  
But from that execrable point of time,  
When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,  
With Tideus' impious son, the guards had slain, 220  
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,  
Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,  
Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;  
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,  
And their full tide of conquest sunk again; 225  
Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign  
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.

Scarce

Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,  
When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;  
A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, 230  
And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;  
Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield  
Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.  
With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train  
To fly, and measure back the deeps again; 235  
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy  
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,  
Till they should bring from Greece those favouring  
    gods,

Who smil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods;  
With more auspicious signs repass the main, 240  
And with new omens take the field again.

Now to their native country they repair,  
With gather'd forces to renew the war;  
The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host  
Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast. 245

All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,  
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed;  
But Calchas order'd this enormous size,  
This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,  
Lest Troy should lead it thro' her opening gate, 250

And by this new palladium guard her state.  
For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd  
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,  
Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed  
With all your vengeance on its author's head!) 255

In one prodigious ruin would destroy  
Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.  
But would you join within your walls to lead  
This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed;  
Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, 260  
And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war;  
Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn;  
Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;  
Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale; 265  
And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain  
Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,  
A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,  
Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to sight, 270  
And shook our souls with horror and affright.  
Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design  
Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine  
Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,  
A stately steer, in honour of the god. 275  
When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide  
And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,  
Advancing to the shore; their spires they raise  
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.  
Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow, 280  
Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below;  
O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,  
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;  
Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,  
And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore; 285

Their

Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,  
And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.  
Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;  
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;  
And first in curling fiery volumes bound 290  
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,  
Devour'd the children in the father's view;  
Then on the miserable father flew,  
While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;  
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd : 295  
Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear  
Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.  
His sacred wreath the livid poisons stain,  
And, while he labours at the knots in vain, }  
Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain. 300 }  
So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his skull,  
Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull.  
But each huge serpent now retires again,  
And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane;  
Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, 305  
And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.  
Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess,  
A holy horror pants in every breast;  
All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,  
Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. 310  
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,  
And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r;  
All to the fatal labour bend their care,  
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;

Some round the lofty neck the cables tye, 315  
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply ;  
The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,  
Mounts o'er the wall ; an army in the womb :  
Around the moving pile the children join  
In shouts of transport, and in songs divine ; 320  
They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,  
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy !  
In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,  
And thund'ring gains the center of the town.  
Oh Troy, renown'd in war ! Oh bright abodes ! 325  
Oh glorious Troy ! the labour of the gods !  
Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,  
And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate ;  
But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,  
Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. 330  
Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares  
(So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears ;  
We, thoughtless wretches ! deck the shrines, and waste  
In sports the day, which Heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, 335  
And from the caves of Ocean rush'd the night ;  
With one black veil her spreading shades suppress  
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.  
The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,  
And lost in sleep the labours of the day. 340  
When lo ! their course the Grecian navy bore,  
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known  
shore,

By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;  
And the proud admiral a flame display'd.  
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, 345  
Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes;  
His peopled caves pour fourth in open air  
The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.  
Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy  
Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy; 350  
Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,  
Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear;  
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed;  
Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.  
Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep 355  
In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep;  
They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join  
Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

'Twas now the time when first kind Heav'n bestows  
On wretched man the blessings of repose; 360  
When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise,  
A mournful vision! to my closing eyes.  
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car  
And fiery couriers whirl'd him thro' the war;  
Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd, 365  
His beauteous body black with dust and blood.  
Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy  
Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy;  
Flung at the ships, like Heav'n's almighty fire,  
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire. 370  
Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,  
His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore.

With tears and mournful accents I began,  
And thus bespoke the visionary man !

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy, 375  
What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy ?  
Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,  
Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again ?  
After such numbers slain, such labours past,  
Thus is our prince ! ah ! thus return'd at last ? 380  
Why stream these wounds ? or who could thus disgrace  
The manly charms of that majestic face ?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,  
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs ;  
Fly, fly, oh ! fly the gathering flames ; the walls 385  
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls ;  
Enough to Priam and to Troy before  
Was paid ; then strive with destiny no more ;  
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,  
This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state. 390  
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods ;  
With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods  
To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,  
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waste.  
This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire 395  
The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise  
Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.  
And (tho' remote my father's palace stood,  
With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood) 400  
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms ;  
The voice of woe ; the dreadful din of arms.

Rous'd

Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,  
I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.  
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, 405  
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;  
Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,  
Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,  
O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,  
And headlong sweeps the forests to the main; 410  
Stun'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears  
From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,  
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;  
The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, 415  
And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire;  
Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,  
And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round.  
Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays;  
The surges redden with the distant blaze. 420  
Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms;  
And, tho' twas vain, I madly flew to arms:  
Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour  
In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;  
Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, 425  
Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.  
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,  
Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,  
The sage his vanquish'd gods and reliques bore,  
And with his trembling grandson fought the shore. 430  
Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?

Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?

He thus with groans ;—Our last sad hour is come,  
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.

Troy once was great, but oh ! the scene is o'er, 435

Her glory vanish'd, and her name no more !

For partial Jove transfers her past renown

To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town ;

And the huge monster from his op'ning side

Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide ; 440

With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,

Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire ;

Here thousands pouring through the gates appear,

Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.

Some seize the passes, groves of spears arise, 445

That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.

The guards but just maintain a feeble fight

With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,

I flew to arms, and rush'd amidst the fires, 450

Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries

Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.

Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,

With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years ;

And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known 455

By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon ;

With these Choræbus, Mygdon's generous boy,

Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy ;

Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,

To aid her fire with unavailing arms ; 460

Ah brave unhappy youth !—he would not hear

His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war !

These

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,  
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;  
With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train: 465  
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain!  
If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare  
With me to try th' extremities of war;  
You see our hopeless state; how every god,  
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode; 470  
You aid a town already sunk in fire;  
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire;  
Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,  
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.  
Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew, 475  
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew  
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,  
Rush from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,  
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,  
Stretcht in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood; 480  
So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,  
Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,  
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,  
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.  
What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose?  
Or oh! what tears could answer half our woes? 486  
The glorious empress of the nations round,  
Majestic Troy, lay level'd with the ground;  
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,  
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods. 490  
Nor Ilium bled alone: her turn succeeds;  
And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;

Death

Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,  
And woe, despair, and horror, rag'd around.

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, 495  
With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends ;  
Haste, brave associates, haste ; what dull delay  
Detains you here, while others seize the prey ?  
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste,  
And you come lagging from your ships the last. 500

Thus he ; but soon from our reply he knows  
His fatal error, compass'd round with foes ;  
Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,  
Stops short ;—and startles at the dreadful sight.  
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake, 505  
Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,  
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,  
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.

Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,  
And lay the wretches breathless on the ground : 510  
New to the place, with sudden terror wild ;  
And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune smil'd.

Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,  
His warlike train the brave Choroëbus fir'd :  
Lo ! friends, the road of safety you survey ; 515  
Come, follow fortune, where she points the way ;  
Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,  
And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies ;  
For if success an enemy attends,

Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends ? 520  
This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore ;  
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore

With

With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride ;  
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.  
Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, 525  
Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.  
With gods averse, we follow to the fight,  
And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,  
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,  
And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell.  
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat, 531  
Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet ;  
Some climb the monstrous horse, a frightened train,  
And there lie trembling in the sides again.  
But, Heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, 535  
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail ;  
For lo ! Cassandra, lo ! the royal fair  
From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevel'd hair  
Dragg'd by the shouting victors ;—to the skies  
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes ; 540  
Her eyes—she could no more—the Grecian bands  
Had rudely manacled her tender hands ;  
Choræbus could not bear that scene of woes ;  
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes ;  
As swift we follow to redeem the fair, 545  
Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.  
Here from the temple on our troop descends  
A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,  
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes ;  
And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose. 550  
Then all the Greeks our slender bands invade,  
And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid ;

Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,  
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.  
So when the winds in airy conflict rise, 555  
Here south and west charge dreadful in the skies;  
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,  
Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn;  
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;  
With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods: 560  
Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,  
Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.  
Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,  
Now boldly rally, and appear again.  
To them our Argive helms and arms are known, 565  
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.  
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel  
First at Minerva's shrine Chorcæbus fell.  
Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all  
The sons of Troy; yet Heav'n permits his fall. 570  
The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends,  
And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.  
Nor thee, sage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could save,  
Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave.  
Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare 575  
If once I trembled or declin'd the war:  
Midst flames and foes a glorious death I fought,  
And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.  
Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,  
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone; 580  
This slow with age, and bending to the ground,  
And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound.

Now

Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring  
The shouts, and call us to defend the king;  
There we beheld the rage of fight, and there 585  
The throne of death, and center of the war;  
A Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,  
Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.  
Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,  
To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs; 590  
Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,  
And fix their scaling engines in the walls.  
High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,  
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;  
Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw, 595  
A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;  
Catch for defence the weapons of despair,  
In these the dire extremes of death and war.  
Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,  
By Troy's first monarchs crusted round with gold. 600  
Here thronging troops with glitt'ring faulchions stand,  
To guard the portals, and the door command.  
Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go  
To aid the vanquish'd, and repel the foe.  
A secret portico contriv'd behind, 605  
Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,  
By which his hapless princess oft would bring  
Her royal infant to the good old king.  
This way the topmost battlements I gain,  
Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain.  
Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears 611  
Her stately head unrival'd to the stars;

From

From hence we wont all Ilion to survey,  
The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling sea.  
With steel the yielding timbers we assail'd, 615  
Where loose the huge disjointed structure fail'd ;  
Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd walls,  
We push the pile : the pond'rous ruin falls  
Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring sound,  
Down headlong on the foes, and smokes along the  
ground. 620

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply ;  
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.  
Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms  
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.  
So from his den, the winter slept away, 625  
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake, in open day ;  
Who, fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,  
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again ;  
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,  
And darts his forky sting, and glitters on the sun. 630  
To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,  
And the bold chief who drove his father's steeds ;  
With these the Scyrian bands advance, and aim  
Full at the battlements the missive flame.  
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway 635  
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away ;  
The solid timbers from the portal tore,  
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.  
At last the chief a mighty op'ning made,  
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length display'd :  
The

The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie, 641  
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;  
In arms the centries to the breach repair,  
And stand embody'd, to repel the war.

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose, 645  
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;  
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,  
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.

The trembling matrons fly from place to place,  
And kiss the pillars with a last embrace; 650

Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire;  
The barriers burst; the vanquish'd guards retire;  
The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;  
The bolts leap back; the sounding hinges fly;  
The war breaks in; loud shout the hostile train; 655

The gates are storm'd; the foremost soldiers slain:  
Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,  
And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.

Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,  
And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds; 660  
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,  
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,  
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;  
Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene, 665

The hundred daughters with the mother queen,  
And Priam's self polluting with his gore,  
Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before.

The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!  
(Such were his hopes of a long regal line) 670

Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,  
Sunk with their proud support of pillars round ;  
And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the  
ground.

And now, great queen, you haply long to know  
The fate of Priam in this general woe. 675  
When with sad eyes the venerable fire  
Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire ;  
His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,  
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe ;  
In arms, long since disus'd, the hoary sage 680  
Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age ;  
Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,  
And runs on death amidst the hostile train.  
Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,  
An altar rose ; an aged laurel by ; 685  
That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd  
A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade :  
Hither, like doves, who close-embody'd fly  
From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky,  
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran, 690  
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.  
But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,  
Alas ! my poor unhappy lord ! she cry'd,  
What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms,  
Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms ? 695  
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,  
But asks far other strength, far other hands.  
No ! could my own dear Hector arm again,  
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain.

Come

Come to these altars ; here we all shall have 700

One common refuge, or one common grave.

This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,

And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo ! Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus runs ;

Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome, 706

Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to  
room :

Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,

Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow ;

Soon as within his parents fight he past, 710

Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last :

He fell ; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,

The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.

The king that scene impatient to survey,

Tho' death surrounds him, gives his fury way ; 715

And oh ! may ev'ry violated god,

Barbarian ! thank thee for this deed of blood ;

(If gods there are, such actions to regard,)

Oh ! may they give thy guilt the full reward ;

Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd 720

With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child !

Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine !

(But sure Achilles was no fire of thine !)

Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear

The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r ;

To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain, 726

And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.

This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw  
The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe;  
The weapon languishingly lagg'd along, 730  
And guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.  
Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go  
With these sad tidings to his ghost below;  
Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,  
And tell my fire of his degenerate boy. 735  
Die then, he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,  
Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from his son,  
Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,  
And to the shrine the royal victim bore;  
Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs, 740  
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,  
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,  
He plung'd the ruthless faulchion in his side.  
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,  
Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground; 745  
He, who round Asia sent his high commands,  
And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands,  
Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,  
The man, the monarch, and the name no more!  
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe, 750  
Struck with that scene of unexampled woe;  
Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire:  
His old compeer, my venerable fire,  
My palace, son, and comfort left behind,  
All, all, at once came rushing on my mind. 755  
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;  
My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,

Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,  
Tir'd with their toils ; or plung'd amidst the fires.

Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey 760  
Where trembling Helen close and silent lay  
In Vesta's porch ; and by the dismal glare  
Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair ;  
The common plague ! by Troy and Greece abhor'd ! }  
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword, 765 }  
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord !  
Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,  
And all my soul was kindled into flame :  
My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood  
In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood. 770  
Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,  
A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,  
And see, attended by her Phrygian train,  
Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again ?  
For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy 775  
The stately structures of imperial Troy ?  
So many slaughters drench the Dardan shore ?  
And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore ?  
No !—she shall die—for tho' the victor gain  
No fame, no triumph for a woman slain ; 780  
Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,  
The world consenting will applaud the deed :  
To my own vengeance I devote her head,  
And the great spirits of our heroes dead.  
Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise, 785  
Confess'd a goddess, to my wond'ring eyes,

In pomp unusual, and divinely bright ;  
Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night ;  
Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes  
She shines in all her glories to the gods. 790  
Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,  
Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.

What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee on ?  
Are we no objects of thy care, my son ?  
Think of Anchises, and his helpless age, 795  
Thy hoary fire expos'd to hostile rage ;  
Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,  
Think if thy child, the young Iulus live ;  
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks inclose,  
From every side endanger'd by the foes ; 800  
And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword  
Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.  
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,  
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame ;  
The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy 805  
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.  
Hence then retire, retire without delay,  
Attend thy mother, and her words obey ;  
Look up, for lo ! I clear thy clouded eye  
From the thick mist of dim mortality ; 810  
Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,  
Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies,  
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind  
flies :

There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,  
There, from her basis heaves the trembling town ; 815  
Heav'n's

Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,  
Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate:  
Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,  
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.  
On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold, 820  
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.  
Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,  
Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.  
Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes, 824  
See! where the Thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.  
Strive then no more with Heav'n;—but oh! retreat,  
Ourself will guide thee to thy father's seat;  
Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.  
She said, and sunk within the shades of night;  
And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd, 830  
And lower'd, majestically stern, around.  
Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires;  
Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.  
So when an aged ash, whose honours rise  
From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies, 835  
With many an ax by shouting swains is ply'd,  
Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;  
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,  
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:  
At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal, 840  
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,  
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies, [lies.  
And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd ruin  
Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way,  
Tho' javelins hiss, and flames around me play; 845

With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,  
 The glancing darts turn innocently by.  
 Soon as, these various dangers past, I come  
 Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,  
 Whom first I fought, to bear his helpless age 850  
 Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage;  
 An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,  
 He stands determin'd to expire with Troy:  
 Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength maintain,  
 You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein; 855  
 For me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,  
 Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state;  
 Too much of life already have I known,  
 To see my country's fall prevent my own;  
 Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell, 860  
 And take, oh! take your solemn last farewell:  
 For death—these hands that office yet can do;  
 If not—I'll beg it from the pitying foe.  
 At least the soldier for my spoils will come;  
 Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb. 865  
 Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,  
 Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,  
 Since, in his wrath, high Heaven's almighty fire  
 Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire.

Thus he; and obstinately bent appears: 870  
 The mournful family stand round in tears.  
 Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,  
 Friends, servants, all, intreat him to be gone,  
 Nor to the general ruin add his own;

Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,  
Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.  
Unmoved, he still determines to maintain  
His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

875

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,  
To end a miserable life in arms ; 880  
For oh ! what measures could I now pursue,  
When death, and only death, was left in view :  
To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,  
Could such a fire propose to such a son ?  
If 'tis by your's and Heav'n's high will decreed, 885  
That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed ;  
If not her least remains you deign to save ;  
Behold ! the door lies open to the grave.  
Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er  
And red from venerable Priam's gore ; 890  
Who stab'd the son before the father's view,  
Then at the shrine the royal father flew.  
Why, heavenly mother ! did thy guardian care  
Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war ?  
Within these walls to see the Grecians roam, 895  
And purple slaughter stride around the dome ;  
To see my murder'd consort, son, and fire,  
Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire !  
Arms ! arms ! my friends, with speed my arms supply,  
'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die ; 900  
My arms !—in vain you hold me,—let me go—  
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.  
'Tis well—we will not tamely perish all,  
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.

Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield 905  
The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.  
When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,  
The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,  
And clinging round them, with distraction wild,  
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child: 910  
And oh! she cries, if bent on death thou run,  
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son;  
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,  
Defend these walls, and try thy valour here;  
Ah! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art slain,  
Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain? 915  
Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies  
To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,  
For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears, 920  
Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread  
With beams refulgent round Iulus' head;  
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,  
And harmless fires around his temples blaze.  
Trembling and pale we quench with busy care 925  
The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.  
But bold Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,  
His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,  
This once regard us with a gracious eye; 930  
If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,  
Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.  
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,  
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;

A star shot sweeping through the shades of night, 935  
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,  
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,  
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove ;  
Then left a long continu'd stream in view,  
The track still glittering where the glory flew. 940  
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,  
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend fire,  
Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire.  
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay, 945  
But instant follow where you lead the way.  
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain  
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,  
To light and life, a glorious second Troy ;  
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy ; 950  
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,  
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.  
Thus he—and nearer now in curling spires  
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.  
Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend, 955  
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend ;  
Together will we share, where-e'er I go,  
One common welfare, or one common woe.  
Ourself with care will young Iulus lead ;  
At safer distance you my spouse succeed : 960  
Heed too these orders, ye attendant train ;  
Without the walls stands Ceres' vacant fane,  
Rais'd on a mount ; an aged cypress near,  
Preserv'd for ages with religious fear ;

Thither,

Thither, from different roads assembling, come, 965  
And meet embody'd at the sacred dome :

Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear ;  
These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,  
Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,  
When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away. 970

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take  
My fire, a pleasing burthen, on my back ;  
Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,  
With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by ;  
Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way ; 975  
'Through every lonely dark recess we stray :  
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,  
Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,  
Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,  
At every breeze, and start at every sound. 980  
With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild  
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,  
I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.  
Alarm'd my fire look'd forward thro' the shade, 985  
And, Fly my son, they come, they come, he said ;  
Lo ! from their shields I see the splendors stream ;  
And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.  
And here, some envious god, in this dismay,  
This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away. 990  
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,  
Studious to wander from the beaten road ;  
I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell  
From that sad moment, if by fate she fell ;

Or sunk fatigu'd ; or straggled from the train ; 995

But ah ! she never blest these eyes again !

Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,

Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.

There all the train assembled, all but she

Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me. 1000

What men, what gods did my wild fury spare ?

At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.

In Troy's last ruins did I ever know

A scene so cruel ! such transcendant woe !

Our gods, my son, and father to the train 1005

I next commend, and hide them in the plain ;

Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.

Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,

And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before.

Now to the gate I run with furious haste, 1010

Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past :

Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,

And tread my former footsteps o'er again.

Surrounding horrors all my soul affright ;

And more, the dreadful silence of the night. 1015

Next to my house I flew without delay,

If there, if haply there she bent her way.

In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there ;

High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air ;

Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies, 1020

Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.

Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,

And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.

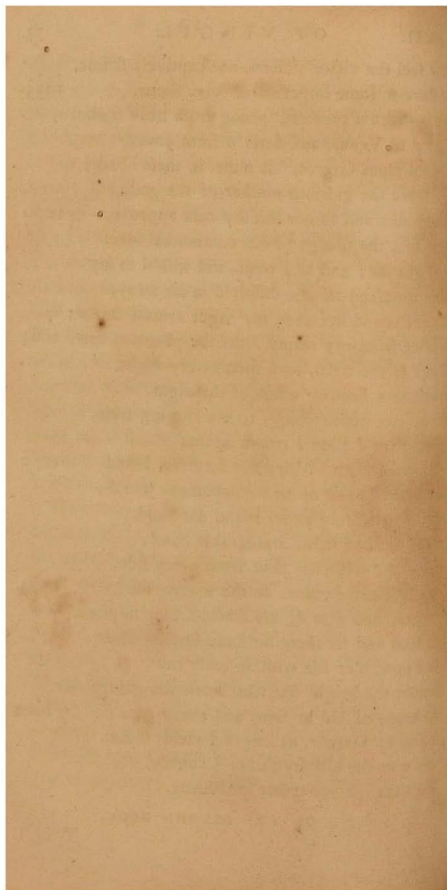
Ulysses

Ulysses now and Phœnix I survey,  
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey; 1025  
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,  
Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;  
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,  
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods;  
A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound, 1030  
Stood with their captive children trembling round.  
Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,  
And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry;  
Call on her name a thousand times in vain,  
But still repeat the darling name again. 1035  
Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,  
Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,  
The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along;  
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue;  
Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair 1040  
With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.

Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain  
My dearest Lord, at what the gods ordain?  
Oh could I share thy toils!--but fate denies;  
And Jove, dread Jove, the sovereign of the skies.  
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep 1045  
Seas after seas, and plow the watry deep.  
Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides  
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides.  
There shall thy fates a happier lot provide, 1050  
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.  
Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease;  
For know, I never shall be led to Greece;

Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame,  
A slave to some imperious Argive dame. 1055  
No!—born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,  
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,  
Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,  
To serve the glorious mother of the gods.  
Farewell; and to our son thy care approve, 1060  
Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say  
Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.  
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;  
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew, 1065  
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,  
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.  
Now, day approaching, to my longing train,  
From ruin'd Ilion I return again;  
To whom, with wonder and surprize, I find 1070  
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;  
A host of willing exiles round me stand,  
Matrons, and men, a miserable band;  
Eager the wretches pour from every side,  
To share my fortunes on the foamy tide; 1075  
Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,  
To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:  
And now, o'er Ida with an early ray  
Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day.  
No hopes of aid in view, and every gate 1080  
Possess'd by Greece, at length I yield to fate.  
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,  
And bear the venerable load away.





THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.

## A R G U M E N T.

Æneas proceeds in his relation : he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace : from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## THE

## THIRD BOOK.

**W**HEN Heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,  
 The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian state,  
 When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,  
 The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground;  
 We fought in vacant regions new abodes, 5  
 Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.  
 Secret, a sudden navy we provide,  
 Beneath Antandros and the hills of Ide.  
 Doubtful, where Heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,  
 Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main. 10  
 Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray;  
 My fire commands the canvas to display,  
 And steer wherever Fate should point the way. }  
 With tears I leave the port, my native shore,  
 And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before. 15  
 An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods  
 My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,  
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;  
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause; 20  
The same their gods and hospitable laws;  
Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,  
And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.  
Then from my name the rising city call,  
And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall. 25  
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,  
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods:  
But slew a stately bull to mighty Jove,  
Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh, 30  
And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.  
With verdant boughs to shade my altars round,  
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.  
When lo! a horrid prodigy I see;  
For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree, 35  
When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore,  
Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable shore.  
Amaz'd, I shook with horror and affright,  
My blood all curdled at the dreadful sight;  
Curious the latent causes to explore, 40  
With trembling hands a second plant I tore;  
That second wounded plant distill'd around  
Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.  
Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd  
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god, 45  
These omens to avert by pow'r divine,  
And kindly grant a more auspicious sign.

But

But when once more we tugg'd with toiling hands,  
And eager bent my knees against the sands;  
Live I to speak it?—from the tomb I hear 50  
A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend  
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend?  
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree  
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee. 55

Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,  
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.

This grove of lances, from my body slain,  
Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung, 60  
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.

Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs  
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,  
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,  
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy, 65

With mighty treasures, to support him there,  
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.

This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,  
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;  
Broke thro' all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd 70  
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.

Curs'd gold!—how high will daring mortals rise  
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?

Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,  
Before my father, and the gather'd peers, 75

I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;  
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;

To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,  
And spread our op'ning canvas to the wind.  
But first we paid the rites to Polydore, 80  
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.  
Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs,  
And fable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;  
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,  
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around. 85  
Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,  
To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;  
Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,  
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea, 90  
And the soft breeze had smooth'd the wat'ry way;  
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,  
Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.  
Swift from the port, our eager course we ply,  
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,  
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;  
Which Phoebus fix'd; for once she wander'd round  
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.  
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves 100  
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.  
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle  
Receiv'd us, harrafs'd with the naval toil.  
Our rev'rence due to Phœbus' town we pay,  
And holy Anius meets us on the way; 105  
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,  
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.

Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,  
He flew to meet my fire, his ancient friend:  
In hospitable guise our hands he prest, 110  
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.  
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,  
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:  
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam, ,  
Grant, O Thymbræan god, a settled home; 115  
Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,  
A race to flourish, and a town to last;  
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,  
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece;  
Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign; 120  
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,  
Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide  
To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?  
Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;  
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook. 125  
Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display  
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.  
Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,  
We hear these accents in an awful sound:  
Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore 130  
Your mighty ancestors to light before,  
Once more their great descendants shall embrace;  
Go—seek the ancient mother of your race.  
There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,  
And down from son to son, th' imperial power convey,  
Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd 136  
The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,  
What

What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,  
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?  
'Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er 140  
The long, long records of the times before;  
Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me,  
'The happy realm the laws of fate decree;  
Fair Crète sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,  
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods. 145  
There ancient Ida stands, and thence we trace  
The first memorials of the Trojan race;  
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,  
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.  
Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore 150  
His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætëan shore,  
There the great chief the seat of empire chose,  
Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;  
Till then, if rightly I record the tale,  
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale, 155  
From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,  
Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:  
Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,  
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.  
Then fly we speedy where the gods command, 160  
Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:  
Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,  
Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.

This said; he slays the victims due, and loads  
In haste the smoking altars of the gods. 165  
A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain  
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:

A milk

A milk-white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,  
A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.  
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat, 170  
Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;  
Free from the foe the vacant region lay :  
We leave the Delian shore, and plow the watry way.  
By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,  
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply; 175  
By green Donyfa next and Paros steer,  
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.  
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,  
Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.  
Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly; 180  
To Crete our country, was the general cry.  
Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,  
And on the Cretan shore descends at last.

With eager speed I frame a town, and call  
From ancient Pergamus the rising wall. 185  
Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command  
To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.  
Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,  
And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,  
Some join the nuptial bands : with busy toil 190  
Their fellows plow the new-discover'd soil.  
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,  
Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.  
When lo ! from standing air and poison'd skies,  
A sudden plague with dire contagion flies. 195  
On corn and trees the dreadful pest began;  
And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.

They breathe their souls in air ; or drag with pain  
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain ;  
Their wonted food the blasted fields deny, 200  
And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky.  
My fire advis'd to measure back the main,  
Consult, and beg the Delian god again  
To end our woes, his succour to display,  
And to our wand'rings point the certain way. 205

'Twas night ; soft slumbers had the world possess'd,  
When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,  
Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise  
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes :  
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright, 210  
And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,  
Then, to dispel the cares that rack'd my breast,  
These words the visionary Pow'rs address'd :

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,  
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete ; 215  
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,  
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.  
Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,  
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.  
Then build thy city for imperial sway, 220  
And boldly take the long laborious way.  
For sake this region ; for the Delian pow'r  
Assign'd not for thy seat the Gnosian shore.  
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,  
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race ; 225  
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame ;  
But since, Italia, from the leader's name.

These

These are the native realms the fates assign,  
Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line;  
The great Iäsius, sprung from heaven above, 230  
And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.  
Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,  
These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.  
Begone—the fair Ausonian realms explore,  
For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore. 235

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,  
No common dream, or vision of the night;  
I saw the wreaths, their features; and a stream  
Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.  
I started from my bed, and rais'd on high 240  
My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.  
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)  
The scene divine before my fire I laid.  
He owns his error of each ancient place,  
Our two great founders, and the double race. 245

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,  
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!  
Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine  
Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.  
But who surmiz'd, the sons of Troy should come 250  
To fair Hesperia from their distant home?  
Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,  
Doom'd by the fates to prophecy in vain?  
Pursue we now a surer, safer road,  
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god. 255  
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;  
Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind;

Forfake

Forfake this realm ; the sparkling waves divide,  
And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.

Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground ;  
And all the wide horizon stretching round, 261  
Above was sky, beneath was sea profound :  
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,  
Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the  
flood,

And darken'd all the main ; the whirlwinds roar, 265  
And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.

Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep  
Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep :  
The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly ;  
And in a burst of rain descends the sky. 270

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,  
And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.

Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,  
So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day ;  
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way. 275

Three nights, without one guiding star in view,  
Three days, without the sun, the navy flew ;

The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,  
See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,  
And blueish hills just opening on the eye. 280

We furl the sails, with bending oars divide  
The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.

Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,  
Incircled by the vast Ionian main,  
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train ; 285  
Since

Since Boreas' sons had chac'd the direful guests  
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.  
But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,  
Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell;  
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obscene,  
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean; 291  
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws :  
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.

The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld  
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field, 295  
And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,  
That range at large, and bound along the plain;  
We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast  
Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.

Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd, 300  
And sate indulging in the rich repast ;

When from the mountains, terrible to view,  
On sounding wings the monster Harpyes flew.  
They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,  
Or snatch the smoking viands from the board. 305

A stench offensive follows where they fly,  
And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.

Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,  
And the close shelter of a shady grove.  
Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise; 310  
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.

Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,  
But from a different quarter of the sky ;  
With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,  
Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey. 315

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,  
And with the direful monsters wage the war.  
Close in the grass, observant of the word,  
'They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.  
Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more 320  
Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,  
On his high stand Misenus sounds from far  
The brazen trump, the signal of the war.  
With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay  
The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea. 325  
But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;  
We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,  
Who from the fragments wing th' ærial way,  
And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey;  
All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock 330  
Where perch'd she fate, the boding Fury spoke:  
'Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,  
Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?  
But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,  
And drive the Harpyes from their native reign? 335  
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,  
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;  
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,  
And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.  
'To promis'd Italy your course you ply, 340  
And safe to Italy at length shall fly;  
But never, never raise your city there,  
'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,  
Imperious hunger urge you to devour  
'Those very boards on which you fed before. 345  
She

She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.  
With hearts dejected my companions stood,  
And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood. }  
Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we cease,  
And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace; 350  
And whether goddeffes, or fiends from hell,  
Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.  
But old Anchises, by the beating floods,  
Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;  
And rais'd his hands and voice:—ye pow'rs divine,  
Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line. 356  
Then he commands to cut the cords away;  
With southern gales we plow the foamy sea.  
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,  
With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides. 360  
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods  
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.  
Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills we spy,  
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.  
Rough Ithica we shun, a rocky shore, 365  
And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.  
Then dim Leucate swell'd to fight, who shrouds  
His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds;  
Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,  
The dread of sailors on the wintry main. 370  
To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste;  
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.  
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,  
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.

All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ 375 }  
 Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy }  
 On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy.  
 Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace  
 Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.

Mean time the sun his annual race performs, 380  
 And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms;  
 I hung the brazen buckler on the door,  
 Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;  
 And thus inscrib'd—These arms with blood distain'd,  
 From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd;  
 Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep 386  
 And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.  
 Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,  
 And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores.  
 On the Chaonian port at length we fall; 390  
 Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.  
 Astonish'd here a strange report we found,  
 That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.  
 The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead,)  
 At once succeeded to his throne and bed; 395  
 And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,  
 Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.  
 With eager joy I left the fleet, and went  
 To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange event.  
 Before the walls, within a gloomy wood, 400  
 Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;  
 By chance, Andromache that moment paid  
 The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.

A tomb,

A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose  
Of living turf; and two fair altars rose. 405

Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;  
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.

When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,  
She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;  
So strange a sight astonish'd to survey, 410

The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.

Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,  
And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke:

Ha!—is it true?—in person? and alive?  
Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive? 415

Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,  
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?

Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,  
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.

Few words to soothe her raging grief I say, 420  
And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.

Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose;  
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.

Say then, oh say, has fortune yet been just  
To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust? 425

Or oh! is that great hero's comfort led  
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?

To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,  
While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes:

Thrice blest Polyxena! condemn'd to fall 430  
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;

Stabb'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,  
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.

Nor

Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,  
A wretched captive, drag'd from sea to sea ! 435  
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave  
A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave.  
From me, to fair Hermione he fled  
Of Leda's race, and sought a Spartan bed ;  
My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd, 440  
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.  
But fierce Orestes, by the Furies tost  
And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,  
Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,  
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar flew. 445  
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain,)  
A portion of the realm, a large domain :  
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,  
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.  
But oh ! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,  
Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores ? 451  
Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy ?  
Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy ?  
Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,  
To match my Hector's or his father's fame ? 455  
So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,  
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.  
When lo ! in royal pomp the king descends  
With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.  
Then to the town his welcome guests he led ; 460  
Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.  
Here in a foreign region I behold  
A little Troy, an image of the old ;

Here

Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,  
That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name: 465  
A second Scæan gate I clasp with joy,  
In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.  
With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,  
Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,  
Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold; 470  
And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.

Two days were past, and now the southern gales  
Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.  
A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,  
And thus the royal prophet I address'd: 475  
Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,  
To speak events, and search the will of Heav'n,  
The secret mind of Phœbus to declare  
From laurels, tripods, and from every star:  
To know the voice of every fowl that flies, 480  
The signs of every wing that beats the skies;  
Instruct me, sacred seer; since every god,  
With each blest omen, bids me plow the flood,  
To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er  
A length of ocean to the destin'd shore: 485  
The Harpy queen, and she alone, relates  
A scene of sad unutterable fates,  
A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,  
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:  
Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose, 490  
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.

Now, the due victims slain, the king implores  
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;

Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,  
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led 495  
His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,  
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.  
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,  
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:  
Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides, 500  
With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,  
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,  
The firm decree of him who reigns above:  
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,  
Your future course with safety to pursue; 505  
And, all these foreign floods and countries past,  
To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.  
The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,  
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.  
First then, that Italy, that promis'd land, 510  
Tho' thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,  
(Tho' now she seems so near,) a mighty tide,  
And long, long regions from your reach divide.  
Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;  
Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores, 515  
And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode  
Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,  
Before your fated city shall ascend.  
Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:  
When, lost in contemplation deep, you find 520  
A large white mother of the bristly kind,  
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain  
Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:  
There,

There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,  
And all thy labours find their destin'd end. 525  
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,  
That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.  
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,  
And fate the mystic riddle shall display.  
But these next borders of th' Italian shores, 530  
On whose rough rocky fides our ocean roars,  
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train  
Possess those realms that stretch along the main.  
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful feat;  
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete, 535  
Has fix'd his armies on Salentine ground,  
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.  
Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,  
Rears strong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.  
Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods, 540  
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;  
When on the shore the smoking altars rise,  
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;  
Left hostile faces should appear in fight,  
To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite. 545  
Observe this form before the sacred shrine,  
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.  
When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails  
At length convey thee with the driving gales;  
Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees; 550  
Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.  
Far to the left thy course in safety keep,  
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.

That realm of old, a ruin huge ! was wrent  
In length of ages from the continent ; 555  
With force convulsive burst the isle away ;  
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring sea :  
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,  
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore ;  
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides  
With scanty channels, and contracted tides. 561  
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,  
Charybdis on the left the flood devours :  
Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,  
Deep, deep as hell ; and thrice she spouts away 565  
From her black bellowing gulphs, disgorg'd on high,  
Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.  
Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,  
High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head :  
Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks, 570  
She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.  
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,  
With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.  
But oh ! 'tis far, far safer with delay  
Still round and round to plow the watry way, 575  
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes  
'To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies ;  
The dire tremendous fury to explore,  
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monsters  
roar.

Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires, 580  
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires ;

One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,  
Tho' oft repeated, I must urge again.  
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,  
And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r.  
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er, 586  
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore;  
There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,  
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,  
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave, 590  
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.  
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,  
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.  
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,  
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid; 595  
There they repose in ranks along the floor;  
At length a casual wind unfolds the door;  
The casual wind disorders the decrees,  
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.  
She scorns to range them, and again unite 600  
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.  
Then back retreat the disappointed train,  
And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.  
But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,  
Though thy rash friends should summon thee away;  
And wait with patience, though the flattering gales 606  
Sing in thy shrowds, and fill thy opening sails.  
With suppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,  
In vocal accents all thy various fate.  
Her voice the Italian nations shall declare, 610  
And the whole progress of thy future war.

Thy numerous toils the prophets shall show,  
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.  
 With reverence due, her potent aid implore,  
 So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore: 615 }  
 Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.  
 Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,  
 And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,  
 He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold; 620  
 Within my navy's sides large treasures stow'd,  
 And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.  
 To me the monarch gave a shining mail,  
 With many a golden clasp, and golden scale;  
 With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore 625  
 A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.  
 My father too with costly gifts he loads,  
 And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,  
 And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,  
 With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main. 630

And now my fire gave orders to unbind  
 The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind;  
 Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage  
 Address'd with all the reverence due to age.  
 O favour'd of the skies! whom Venus led 635  
 To the high honours of her genial bed,  
 Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,  
 And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy:  
 Lo! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear;  
 Go—to that realm your happy voyage steer. 640  
 But far beyond those regions you survey,  
 Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.

Still,

Still, still at distance lies the fated place,  
Assign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.  
Go then, he said, with full success go on, 645

Oh blest ! thrice blest in such a matchless son.  
Why longer should my words your course detain,  
When the soft gales invite you to the main ?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,  
With costly presents takes her sad farewell. 650

She gave my son a robe ; the robe of old  
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold :  
With precious vests she loads the darling boy,  
And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.  
Accept, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove 655  
In happier days, memorial of my love.

This trifling token of thy friend receive,  
The last, last present Hector's wife can give.  
Ah ! now, methinks, and only now, I see  
My dear Astyanax revive in thee ! 660

Such were his motions ! such a sprightly grace  
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face !  
And had it pleas'd, alas ! the pow'rs divine,  
His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus then the mournful last farewell I took, 665  
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke :

Live you long happy in a settled state ;  
'Tis our's to wander still from fate to fate.  
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,  
Not doom'd to plow th' immeasurable seas ; 670  
Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,  
A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.

Here you a new Scamander can enjoy ;  
Here your own hands erect a second Troy :  
With happier omens may she rise in peace, 675  
And less obnoxious than the first to Greece !  
If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,  
Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain ;  
Or if I live to raise our fated town ;  
Our Iatian Troy and your's shall join in one ; 680  
In one shall center both the kindred states,  
The same their founder, and the same their fates !  
And may their sons to future times convey  
The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.

We take to Italy the shortest road, 685  
By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.  
Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,  
The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night ;  
When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,  
Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores : 690  
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep  
Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.  
Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,  
When careful Palinure forsakes his bed ;  
And every breath explores that stirs the seas, 695  
And watchful listens to the passing breeze ;  
Observes the course of ev'ry orb on high,  
That moves in silent pomp along the sky.  
Arcturus dreadful with the stormy star,  
The watry Hyads, and the northern car, 700  
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,  
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.

When

When all serene he saw th' etherial plain,  
He gave the signal to the flumb'ring train.  
We rouse; our opening canvas we display, 705  
And wing with spreading sails the wat'ry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,  
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies:  
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,  
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood. 710  
Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries;  
And Italy, with shouts, the crowd replies.  
My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,  
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:  
Ye gods! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas, 715  
Besfriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.  
Up sprung th' expected breeze; the port we spy,  
Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high, }  
With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye.  
Our sails are furl'd; and from the seas profound, 720  
We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.

Where from the raging east the surges flow,  
The land indented bends an ample bow,  
The port conceal'd within the winding shore,  
Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar. 725  
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,  
With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.  
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,  
And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld; 730  
Four milk-white courfers graz'd the verdant field.

War,

War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare;  
Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.  
But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,  
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain. 735  
Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid  
Our first devotions to the martial maid.  
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,  
We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine;  
And fought Heav'n's awful queen with rites divine. }  
'This done;—once more with shifting sails we fly, 741  
And cautious pass the hostile regions by.  
Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,  
Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.  
Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high, 745  
And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.  
Then, near the rocky Scylacæan bay  
For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.  
Now we behold, emerging to our eyes  
From distant floods, Sicilian Ætna rise; 750  
And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar  
Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.  
The smoking waves boil high, on every side,  
And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.  
Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold! 755  
The direful rocks the royal seer foretold;  
Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke:  
Swift as the word, their ready oars they took;  
First skilful Palinure; then all the train  
Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain. 760  
Now

Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,  
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.  
Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,  
We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.  
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears; 765  
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.

The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,  
Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way;  
We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms  
An ample port, impervious to the storms. 770  
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,  
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,  
Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;  
With loud dislosion, to the starry frame  
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775

Now from her bellowing caverns burst away  
Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.  
Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,  
And deep as hell her burning center glows.  
On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load 780

Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;  
Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,  
Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;  
Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;  
With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er, 785  
And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.

That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,  
The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;  
While in the shelt'ring wood we sought repose,  
Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose. 790  
For

For not one star displays his golden light;  
The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;  
The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds  
In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.

Now fled the dewy shades of night away, 795  
Before the blushes of the dawning day;

When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view  
A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.

The human form in meager hunger lost;

The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost, 800  
Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.

We turn'd to view the sight;—his vest was torn,

And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.

His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,

And scarce the shadow of a man remains. 805

In all besides, a Grecian he appears,

And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.

Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,

In fear suspended for a space he stood;

Stood, stop'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth, he flies

All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries: 811

Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,

By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!

Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;

But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore. 815

I own myself a Grecian, and confess

I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.

If that offence must doom me to the grave,

Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.

I die

I die contented, if that grace I gain ; 820

I die with pleasure, if I die by man.

Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around  
My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.

Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate

His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate : 825

Then by the hand my good old father took

The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.

Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,

I left my native Ithaca for Troy :

My sire, poor Adamaſtus ſent from far 830

His ſon, his Achaemenides, to war ;

Oh ! had we both our humble ſtate maintain'd,

And ſafe in peace and poverty remain'd !

For me my friends forgetful left behind,

In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd. 835

Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome

Lies wide and waſte, a ſolitary gloom !

With mangled limbs was all the pavement ſpread ;

High as the ſtars he heaves his horrid head.

The tow'ring giant ſtalks with matchleſs might ; 840

A ſavage fiend ! tremendous to the fight.

(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell

A fiend ſo direful to the depths of hell !)

For ſlaughter'd mortals are the monſter's food,

The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood. 845

Theſe eyes beheld him, when his ample hand

Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.

Stretch'd o'er the cavern with a dreadful ſtroke,

He ſnatch'd, he daſh'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.

In

In one black torrent swam the smoking floor ; 850  
 Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore ;  
 The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey !  
 Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.

But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,  
 Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore. 855  
 For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,  
 Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine ;  
 And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load  
 Of human offals mixt with human blood :  
 Trembling, by lot we took our posts around, 860  
 Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.  
 Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)  
 Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye ;  
 His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,  
 Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun. 865  
 Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost :  
 But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.  
 For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more  
 Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,  
 As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain, 870  
 Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.  
 Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,  
 Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,  
 Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,  
 In dens of beasts, and savages of prey, 875  
 Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,  
 Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,  
 With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the  
 found.

Here

Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,  
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood. 880  
While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,  
'The first that touch'd on this detested shore;  
To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy  
To meet your navy, tho' it sail'd from Troy.  
If I but shun the cruel hands of these; 885  
Do you destroy me by what death you please.

Scarce had he said; when lo! th' enormous swain,  
Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,  
A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow  
Descends terrific to the shore below: 890  
A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;  
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!  
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,  
To guide his footsteps as he tow'rd along.  
His flock attends, the only joy he knows; 895  
His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.  
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,  
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood  
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,  
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain. 900  
Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides;  
And scarce the topmost surges reach his sides.  
Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,  
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook;  
Cut every cord with eager speed away, 905  
Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.  
The giant heard; and, turning to the sound,  
At first pursu'd us through the vast profound;  
Stretch'd

Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;  
 Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main. 910  
 With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,  
 That Ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood;  
 Trembled all Italy from shore to shore;  
 And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.

Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopien train 915  
 Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the main;  
 Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,  
 A dire assembly! covering all the strand.  
 In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;  
 In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy, 920  
 A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.

So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove  
 Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;  
 The ærial pines in pointed spires from far,  
 Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air. 925

Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales  
 And speeding winds direct the flutt'ring sails.  
 But Helenus forbids to plow the waves  
 Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.  
 As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road, 930  
 With backward course we plow the foamy flood;  
 When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze  
 Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;  
 First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,  
 Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew: 935  
 Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,  
 And lowly Tapsus cut the watry way.

These

These coasts by Achæmenides were shown,  
 Who follow'd, late, Laërtes' wand'ring son :  
 Familiar with the track he past before, 940  
 He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.

An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides  
 Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.  
 Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus, from his source  
 In Elis' realms, directs his watry course : 945

Beneath the main he takes his secret way,  
 And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day :  
 Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,  
 And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.  
 Admonish'd, I adore the guardian gods, 950

Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.  
 Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,  
 Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.  
 The Camarinian marsh I now survey,  
 By fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955

Then the Geloan fields with Gela came  
 In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.  
 With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds ;  
 A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.  
 From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind 960

We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind ;  
 By Lilybaeum's sides our course pursu'd,  
 Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood :  
 And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)  
 The fatal port of Drepanum at last. 965

Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,  
 The chief support of all my woes, I lost ;

My dear, dear father—fav'd, but fav'd in vain  
From all the tempests of the raging main.  
Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell; 970  
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell  
Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow  
This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.  
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,  
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore. 975  
Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates  
The wond'rous series of his various fates;  
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:  
Then ceas'd; and sought the blessings of repose.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE  
FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.

## A R G U M E N T.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for *Æneas*, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives *Æneas* and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to *Æneas*, to warn him from Carthage. *Æneas* secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE  
FOURTH BOOK.

**B**UT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain  
 Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.  
 Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,  
 And much the glories of his godlike line;  
 Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,      5  
 Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.  
 The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,  
 And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;  
 When to her sister thus the royal dame  
 Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.      10  
 Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest?  
 Who is this hero, this our godlike guest?  
 Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms;  
 How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!  
 Sure he descends from some celestial kind;      15  
 For fear attends the low degenerate mind.  
 But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!  
 How long he struggled with his adverse fates!

Did not my soul her purpose still retain,  
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20  
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword  
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;  
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,  
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—  
Forgive my frailty—but I seem inclin'd 25  
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.  
For oh ! my sister, unreserv'd and free  
I trust the secret of my soul to thee ;  
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,  
Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane, 30  
And stain'd the gods ; my firm resolves, I own,  
This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.  
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,  
Too like the tokens of my former flame.  
But oh ! may earth her dreadful gulph display, 35  
And gaping snatch me from the golden day ;  
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,  
Transfix'd with thunder, and involv'd in fire,  
Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,  
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night ; 40  
Ere, sacred honour ! I betray thy cause  
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.  
No !—my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,  
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.  
My love he had, and ever let him have, 45  
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.  
Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd :  
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.  
Sister,

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above  
The light of heav'n, or life itself I love ; 50  
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,  
And waste your youth in solitude away ?  
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ ?  
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy ?  
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55  
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead ?  
What though before, no lover won your grace,  
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race ?  
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,  
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore. 60  
But will you fly the hero you approve ?  
And steel your heart against a prince you love ?  
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound  
Your infant empire, and your walls surround ?  
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65  
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war ;  
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,  
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain ;  
Here parch'd with thirst a smoaking region lies,  
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70  
Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire ?  
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre ?  
Sure every god, with mighty Juno, bore  
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.  
From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes 75  
Shall see a potent town and empire rise.  
What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,  
When our confederate arms unite with Troy ?

Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;  
Carefs, invite your godlike gueſt to ſtay, 80  
And ſtudy ſtill new cauſes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,  
Orion rages on the wintry main;  
That ſtill unrigg'd his ſhatter'd veſſels lie,  
Nor can his fleet endure ſo rough a ſky. 85

Theſe words ſoon ſcatter'd the remains of ſhame;  
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the riſing flame.

With ſpeed they ſeek the temples, and implore  
With rich oblations each celeftial pow'r;  
Selected ſheep with holy rites they ſlay 90

To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.

But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,

To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.

The queen before the ſnowy heifer ſtands,  
Amid the ſhrines, a goblet in her hands; 95

Between the horns ſhe ſheds the ſacred wine,

And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;

Moves round the ſane in ſolemn pomp, and loads,

Day after day, the altars of the gods.

Then hovering o'er, the fair conſults in vain 100

The panting entrails of the victims ſlain:

But ah! no ſacred rites her pain remove;

Prieſts, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?

With paſſion fir'd, her reaſon quite o'erthrown,

The hapleſs queen runs raving thro' the town. 105

Soft flames conſume her vitals, and the dart,

Deep, deep within, lies feſtering in her heart.

So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow  
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;  
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110  
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;  
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,  
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound!

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,  
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town; 115  
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,  
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;  
Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,  
Stops short,—and falters, check'd by conscious shame:  
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120  
To share the banquet, and renew the feast:  
She fondly begs him to repeat once more  
The Trojan story that she heard before;  
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung  
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125  
But when the setting stars to rest invite,  
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;  
When all the guests retire to soft repose;  
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,  
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130  
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears  
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.  
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,  
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,  
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd; 135  
In vain!—the father charms her in the child.

No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air :  
 The youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare  
 Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ;  
 The works and battlements neglected lie, 140  
 And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,  
 That fir'd her soul ; and honour pleads in vain.  
 This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove  
 In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145  
 A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,  
 Unfading trophies and eternal fame,  
 You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !  
 Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !  
 To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150  
 And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.  
 But why, why goddess, to what aim or end  
 In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?  
 Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,  
 And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155  
 To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire  
 Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.  
 Let us with equal sway protect the place,  
 The common guardians of the mingled race.  
 Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160  
 And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen ; (who mark'd with piercing eyes  
 The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,  
 To Libyan shores from Latium to convey  
 The destin'd seat of universal sway ;) 165  
 Who

Who this alliance madly would deny ?  
Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?  
And oh ! that fortune in the work would join,  
With full success to favour the design !  
But much I doubt, O goddesses ! if the fates,  
Or Jove permit us to unite the states. 170

You, as his consort, your request may move,  
And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.  
Go then—your scheme before the father lay ;  
Go ;—and I follow, where you lead the way. 175

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,  
To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies.  
Then heed my counsel—when the dawning light  
Drives from the opening world the shades of night ;  
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,  
Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game : 181

There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,  
Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net ;  
The skies shall burst upon the sportive train  
In storms of hail, and deluges of rain : 185

The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,  
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.  
On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,  
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.  
To the same cave for shelter shall repair 190  
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.

The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,  
Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.  
The goddesses gave consent, the compact bound,  
But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found. 195  
Scarce

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,  
 And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,  
 When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,  
 Massylian hunters with the steely spear, 199  
 Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war.  
 The queen engag'd in drefs,—with reverence wait  
 The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.  
 Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,  
 Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.  
 At length she comes, magnificently drest 205  
 (Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:  
 Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;  
 A golden quiver rattles at her side;  
 A golden clasp her purple garments binds,  
 And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210  
 Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport  
 The fair Ascanius issues from the court.  
 But far the fairest, and supremely tall,  
 Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.  
 As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost, 215  
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,  
 The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,  
 And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;  
 The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,  
 And painted Scythians round his altars dance; 220  
 Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,  
 His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;  
 The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,  
 His golden quiver rattling as he goes:

So mov'd Æneas ; such his charming grace ; 225  
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.

Soon as the train amid the mountains came,  
And storm'd the covert of the savage game ;  
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow  
From rock to rock, and fought the fields below. 230  
Here the fleet stags, chas'd down the tow'ring steep,  
In clouds of dust through the long valley sweep:  
While there, exulting, to his utmost speed  
The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,  
Outstrips by turns the flying social train, 235  
And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain :  
The hopes of glory all his soul inflame ;  
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,  
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore  
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar. 240

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,  
And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly ;  
While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,  
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides.  
The young Ascanius, and the hunting train, 245  
To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.  
To the same gloomy cave with speed repair  
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.  
Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs ;  
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines :  
With lightnings all the conscious skies are spread ; 251  
The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.  
From that sad day, unhappy Dido ! rose  
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.

Nor

Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255  
No more she labours to conceal her love.

Her passion stands avow'd ; and wedlock's name  
Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend ! without delay  
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way. 260

Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,  
And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.

First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,

And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies ;

Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265

Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth ;

A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,

With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.

Beneath her plumes the various fury bears

A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears ; 270

And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues

appears.

Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies ;

No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes ;

On tow'rs of battlement she sits by day,

And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay ; 275

Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,

Reports a truth, or publishes a lye.

Now both she mingled with malignant joy,

And told the nations, that a prince from Troy

Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led 280

The godlike stranger to her bridal bed ;

That both, indulging to their soft desires,

And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires ;

From

From every thought the cares of state remove,  
And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285

This tale the Fury glories to display,  
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;  
With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,  
And all his soul with indignation fires.  
This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace  
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race. 291  
The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;  
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,  
Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;  
And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire; 295  
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,  
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.  
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,  
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,  
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300  
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish line  
In large libations pour the generous wine,  
And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,  
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305  
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,  
When thro' the skies the pealing thunders roar?  
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,  
And rattle thro' the dark ærial hall?  
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310  
Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;  
On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain  
A barren tract that runs along the main;

The

The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd ;  
 But to her throne receives a Dardan lord. 315  
 And lo ! this second Paris come again,  
 With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,  
 In scented tresses and a mitre gay,  
 To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away ;  
 While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 320  
 And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd  
 His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard ;  
 Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,  
 Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325  
 The god, that scene offended to survey,  
 Charg'd with his high command the son of May :

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform ;  
 Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm ;  
 Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear 330  
 Our awful mandate through the fields of air,  
 Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,  
 Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.  
 Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love  
 (When twice she fav'd him) promis'd him to Jove ;  
 A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine 336  
 Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line ;  
 Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,  
 A warlike realm ! and give the world the law.  
 If no such glories can his mind inflame, 340  
 If he neglects his own immortal fame ;  
 What has his heir the young Ascanius done ?  
 Why should he grudge an empire to his son ?

What

What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,  
So long to loiter with a race of foes ? 345

The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,  
And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore ?  
Haste—bid him fail—be this our will; and bear  
With speed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift at the word, the duteous son of May 350  
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey ;

First round his feet the golden wings he bound,  
That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,  
On earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,  
Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies. 355

Then grasp'd the wand ; the wand that calls the ghosts  
From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,  
Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,  
And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.

Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode 360  
Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.

From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,  
Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies :  
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds  
His shady forehead in surrounding clouds ; 365

With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er ;  
From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour ;  
Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below  
The hoary piles of everlasting snow.

Here on pois'd pinions stop'd the panting god ; 370  
Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.

As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,  
In low excursions skims along the sea,  
By rocks and shores, and wings th' ærial way ;

So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies 375  
Between th' extended earth and starry skies ;  
Thus through the parting air his course he bore,  
And, gliding, skim'd along the Libyan shore.  
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,  
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame : 380  
The rising domes employ his idle hours,  
Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.  
A sword all starr'd with gems, and spangled o'er  
With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore ;  
A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd, 385  
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd ;  
The work of Dido ; whose unrivall'd art  
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god :—These hours canst thou employ  
To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy ?  
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town 391  
And form a state, forgetful of thy own ?  
The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,  
With this command dispatch'd me from above ;  
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay ? 395  
Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away ?  
If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,  
Or the fair prospect of immortal praise ;  
Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy ;  
The last, the best surviving hope of Troy ; 400  
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,  
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.  
He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;  
And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung ; 405  
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue :  
Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,  
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.

But ah ! with what address shall he begin,  
How speak his purpose to the raving queen ? 410  
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,  
That turns each way, and strains on every side :  
A thousand projects labouring in his breast,  
On this at last he fixes as the best :

Mineſtheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415  
To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands  
In secret silence to the shore, and hide  
The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.

Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,  
Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420

Himself the proper measures will prepare  
To move the queen, and seize with watchful care }  
The softest moments to address the fair.

With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,  
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 425

But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies ;  
(For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,  
Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright ?)

She first discern'd the meditated flight ;  
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430

The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.

Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,

Around the city raves the royal dame :

So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,  
 Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies, 435  
 And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,  
 While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.  
 At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,  
 The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd:

And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my flight,  
 Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight? 441  
 In such base silence from my realms to fail?  
 Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,  
 Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?  
 For death, death only can relieve my pain: 445  
 And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps  
 With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?  
 Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,  
 Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,  
 Wouldst thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, 450  
 And brave the surge to gain thy native 'Troy?  
 Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?  
 Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;  
 (For these still mine, and only these remain;  
 The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!) 455  
 By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,  
 By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;  
 If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,  
 You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms:  
 If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, }  
 Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye 461  
 A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.

For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire ;  
For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre ;  
For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465  
That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.  
Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore ?  
My barbarous guest !—but ah !—my spouse no more !  
What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours  
From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs ? 470  
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led  
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed ?  
Ah !—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,  
Some little offspring of our loves to light ;  
If in my regal hall I could survey 475  
Some princely boy, some young Æneas play ;  
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone !  
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said ; the prince stood still in grief profound,  
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground ; 480  
By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies ;  
At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget,  
And never, never pay the mighty debt ;  
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485  
My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.  
Then hear my plea :—By stealth I ne'er design'd  
To leave your hospitable realm behind ;  
Forbear the thought ;—much less in Libyan lands,  
A casual guest, to own the bridal bands. 490  
Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,  
To live and settle on what terms I please ;

Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy  
 The dear, dear relics of my native Troy :  
 Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again, 495  
 A second Ilion for my vanquish'd train.  
 But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command  
 Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land ;  
 Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,  
 There lies my country, and there lies my love. 500  
 If you your rising Carthage thus admire  
 In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,  
 Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain  
 The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain ?  
 Oft as the stars display their fiery light, 505  
 And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,  
 My father's angry spirit blames my stay,  
 Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.  
 Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,  
 By me defrauded of his destin'd reign. 510  
 And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove  
 (Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above :  
 Charg'd with the Thunderer's high commands he flew,  
 The glorious form appear'd in open view :  
 I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear 515  
 His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.  
 Then cease, my beauteous princess to complain ;  
 Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain :  
 From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away ;  
 'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520  
 Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride  
 She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,

That

That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,  
And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:

Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more; 525  
No hero got thee, and no goddess bore.

No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,  
By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey;  
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they. }

For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare? 530  
What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?

Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes?  
Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs?  
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries? }

Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst. 535  
Which, which of all his insults was the worst?

And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky  
Behold his treason with a careless eye;  
Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.  
The needy wretch just cast upon my shore, 540

Fool as I was! with open arms I led  
At once a partner to my throne and bed;  
From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,  
His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.

But ah I rave;—my soul the furies fire; 545  
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;

With all his oracles forbids to stay;  
And now through air with haste the son of May  
Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;  
A care well worthy to disturb the gods! 550

Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;  
Go, seek new kingdoms through the watry way:

But there may every god, thy crime provokes,  
Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks ;  
Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main, 555  
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain ;  
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,  
Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.  
When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,  
My ghost in every place shall wait on thee : 560  
My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,  
And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight ;  
Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light ;  
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say 565  
Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;  
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led  
The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious hero tries with care,  
And melting words, to soothe her fierce despair, 570  
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,  
Still he regards the high commands of Jove ;  
Repairs the fleet ; and soon the busy train  
Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.  
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood ; 575  
Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,  
And leafy saplings to supply their oars,  
Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.  
So when the pismires, an industrious train,  
Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain, 580  
Studious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay  
Safe in their darksome cells the treasure'd prey ;

In

In one long track the dusky legions lead  
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead :  
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng 585  
With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along :  
Some lash the stragglers to the task assign'd,  
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind :  
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,  
Glow at the work, and darken all the way. 590

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,  
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen !  
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r  
Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore ;  
When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train 595  
Plow with resounding oars the watry plain ?  
To what submissions, of what low degree,  
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee ?  
Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move  
Th' obdurate prince ; and anger melts to love ; 600  
Tries all her suppliant female arts again  
Before her death ;—but tries 'em all in vain :

Sister, behold, from every side they pour  
With eager speed, and gather to the shore. 604  
Hark—how with shouts they catch the springing gales,  
And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails.  
Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,  
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.  
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make  
For thy despairing, dying sister's sake. 610  
For ah ! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,  
Lays open all his secret soul to thee.

In

In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,  
You know the nearest passage to his heart.  
Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go, 615  
Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,  
I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,  
With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;  
Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,  
Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust. 620  
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,  
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?  
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?  
I beg but this one grace before I die,  
To wait for calmer seas and softer gales 625  
To smoothe the floods, and fill his opening sails.  
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore  
The name of wedlock he disclaims no more:  
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain  
From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign. 630  
For some small interval of time I move,  
Some short, short season to subdue my love;  
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,  
I grow at last familiar with my fate:  
This favour if he grant, my death shall please 635  
His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Thus pray'd the queen; the sister bears in vain  
The moving message, and returns again.  
He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,  
For Jove and Fate had stopp'd the hero's ears. 640  
As o'er th' ærial Alps sublimely spread,  
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;

This

This way and that the furious tempests blow,  
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;  
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the fount, 645  
Tho' all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,  
Safe in his strength, and seated on the rock,  
In naked majesty defies the shock:

High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,  
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650

Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs:  
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,  
Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,  
And tears are shed, and vows preferr'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows; 655  
Now bent on fate, and harrafs'd with her woes,  
She loathes the day, she sickens at the sky,  
And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.

To urge the scheme of death already laid,  
Full many a direful omen she survey'd: 660

While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd  
The pure libation turn'd to fable blood.

This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,  
Ev'n from her sister's ears she kept conceal'd;  
Yet more—a temple, where she paid her vows, 665

Rose in the palace to her former spouse;  
A marble structure; this she dress'd around  
With snowy wool; with sacred chaplets crown'd.

From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,  
Her husband seems to summon her away. 670

Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,  
In one sad length of melancholy strains;

Now

Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold  
By prescient fages, and the seers of old;  
Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme, 675  
Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream;  
In slumber now she seems to travel on,  
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;  
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,  
And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 680  
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,  
He saw the Furies from the deeps arise;  
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,  
And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.  
So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 685  
With looks distracted, from his mother's rage;  
Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,  
And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son;  
He flies, but flies in vain;—the Furies wait,  
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate. 690  
At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,  
Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom;  
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,  
And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.  
Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695  
Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast:  
Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find  
The sole expedient that can cure my mind,  
Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,  
Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700  
Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,  
Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies;

There

There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,  
The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane;  
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed 705  
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy feed,  
That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd  
To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.  
By magic charms the matron can remove,  
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love; 710  
Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;  
And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.  
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;  
Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:  
But witness thou, and all ye gods on high, 715  
With what regret to magic rites I fly.  
Go then, erect with speed and secret care,  
Within the court, a pile in open air.  
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread  
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720  
The sacred dame commands me to destroy  
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.  
Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke:  
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.  
Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725  
These rites could cover such a dire design,  
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows  
Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;  
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,  
Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730  
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round;  
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:

Next

Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,  
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevel'd hairs, 735  
Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.

Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,  
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;  
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,  
(The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods. 740

The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,  
With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,  
And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down  
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.

Then crops the potent knots of love with care, 745  
That from the young estrange the parent mare.

Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,  
All bent on death, before her altar stands

The royal victim, the devoted fair;  
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare. 750

She calls on every star in solemn state,  
Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:

She calls to witness every god above,

To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day, 755  
In soft repose the whole creation lay.

The murmurs of the groves and furies die,

The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;

Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,

The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains; 760

The furious savages that haunt the woods,

The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;

All,

All, all, beneath the general darkness, share  
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;  
All but the hapless queen ;—for love denies 765  
Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.  
Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns  
With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.  
The struggling tides in different motions roll,  
And thus she vents the tempest of her soul : 770  
What shall I do ?—shall I in vain implore  
The royal lovers I disdain'd before ?  
Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,  
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd ?  
Shall I the Trojans base commands obey, 775  
Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way ?  
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid  
By Troy already stand so well repaid !  
And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go ;  
The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780  
Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known  
The perjurd sons of proud Laomedon ?  
What !—shall I follow through the roaring main,  
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,  
Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire,  
With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre ? 786  
But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands  
I drew reluctant from their native lands ?  
Die then as thou deserv'st ; in death repose ;  
The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790  
You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,  
Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd ;

Your

Your prompt obedience, and officious care  
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.  
Oh ! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795  
And never known the woes of bridal love !  
I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,  
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows !

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,  
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800  
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,  
In thoughtless sleep the hero past the night.  
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,  
His youthful figure, looks and voice the same,  
And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more ; 805  
What—can'st thou sleep in this important hour ?  
Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey ?  
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea ?  
Mad as thou art !—determin'd on her doom,  
She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810  
Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,  
Before Aurora gilds the purple sky ;  
Fly—or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er  
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,  
And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815  
Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.  
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing ;  
Rise, prince ; a woman is a changeful thing.  
This said, at once he took his rapid flight,  
Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprize,  
Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,

And

And rouses all the train : Awake, unbind,  
And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind ;  
Seize, seize your oars ; the god descends again, 825  
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,  
Thy course we follow through the foamy tide ;  
With joy thy sacred orders we obey ;  
And may thy friendly stars direct the way ! 830

Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,  
And cut the haulsers with the flaming blade ;  
With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train  
Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.

At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835  
And not one Trojan left upon the shore ;  
All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep  
The whitening surge, and plow the smoking deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread  
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840

Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld  
The navy move along the watry field,  
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r ;  
And saw th' abandoned port, and empty shore ;  
Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845  
Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods ! (she said)  
And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed ?  
And shall not Carthage pour in arms away ?  
Ran there, and launch my navies on the sea. 850  
Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre ;  
Hurl flames on flames ; involve his fleet in fire.

What have I said?—ah! impotent and vain!  
I rave, I rave—what madness turns my brain?  
Now can you, Dido, at so late a time, 855  
Reflect with horror on your former crime?  
Well had this rage been shown, when first you led  
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.  
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore  
His gods and relics from the Phrygian shore! 860  
And safe convey'd his venerable fire  
On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire!  
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,  
Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?  
Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865  
And to his table serve the murder'd boy?  
For, bent on death, and valiant from despair,  
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?  
No—but my flames had redden'd all the seas;  
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze; 870  
Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,  
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.  
Thou, glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey  
These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,  
And thou, O Juno! bend thy awful head, 875  
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;  
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,  
Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,  
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait  
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate! 880  
If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,  
If such be Jove's unalterable doom:

Still

Still let him wander, tofs'd from place to place,  
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace,  
 By barbarous nations harrafs'd with alarms; 885  
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;  
 For foreign aid to distant regions fly,  
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;  
 And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,  
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat; 890  
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,  
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,  
 And lie unburied on the naked plain !  
 This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,  
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath ! 895  
 Oh !—in the silent grave when Dido lies,  
 Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise !  
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,  
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire !  
 And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate, 900  
 In future times, pursue the Dardan state.  
 No peace, no commerce with the race be made :  
 Pay this last duty to your prince's shade ;  
 Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage ;  
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age ; 905  
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,  
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war !  
 This said, she bends her various thoughts to close  
 Her hated life, and finish all her woes.  
 Then to her husband's nurse she gave command, 910  
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land)

Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring  
The fable victims for the Stygian king,  
But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring. }  
Thus let her come ; and, while I pay my vows, 915  
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.

Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,  
And see the Trojan image sink in fire,  
Thus I compleat the rites to Stygian Jove,  
And then farewell—a long farewell to love ! 920  
She said ; the matron, studious to obey,  
With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,  
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes ;  
Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925  
And every dreadful thought of death to come :  
Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,  
Glow on her cheek, and kindles in her face.  
Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,  
The fatal present of the Dardan lord ; 930  
For no such end bestow'd ;—the conscious bed,  
And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;  
Stood still, and paus'd a moment—then she cast  
Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd ! 935  
While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,  
Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,  
Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.  
My fatal course is finish'd, and I go  
A ghost majestic to the realms below. 940  
Well

Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town  
Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;  
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,  
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.  
Happy ! thrice happy ! if the Dardan band 945  
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,  
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd ? (she said)  
Yet die I will—and thus, and thus, I go—  
Thus—fly with pleasure to the shades below. 950  
This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the sea,  
This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,  
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.  
At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955  
And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.  
Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round ;  
The length'ning cries from street to street resound ;  
To female shrieks the regal dome replies,  
And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies ; 960  
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,  
Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire ;  
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,  
With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965  
And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.  
Pierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,  
And on her dying dear Eliza cries,  
Was this, my Dido, ah ! was this the way  
You took, your easy sister to betray ? 970

Was

Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,  
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?  
 Where shall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch undone  
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!  
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath, 975  
 And share thy sweet society in death?  
 Me, me, you should have call'd your fate to share  
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.  
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?  
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows? 980  
 Only—ah cruel! to be sent away  
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?  
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,  
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.  
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death 985  
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.  
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest  
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;  
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,  
 To staunch the blood that issu'd from the wound. 990  
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,  
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,  
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again. }  
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,  
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed; 995  
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,  
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.  
 Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,  
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;

And


And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole,  
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:  
For as she dy'd by love before the time,  
Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,  
Nor yet had Proserpine, with early care,  
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair; 1000  
The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,  
To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.  
Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew  
A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:  
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair; 1010  
And lo! this consecrated lock I bear  
To Stygian Jove: and now, as Heav'n ordains,  
Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.  
The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,  
And clipt the sacred honours of her head; 1015  
The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,  
Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.





THE  
FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.



## A R G U M E N T.

Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

# VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## THE

## FIFTH BOOK.

NOW with a prosp'rous breeze, Æneas held  
 His destin'd course, and plough'd the watry field;  
 Unhappy Dido's funeral flames surveys,  
 That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze;  
 But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd 5  
 From the known transports of a female mind;  
 With such a whirl their fiery passions move,  
 In the mad rage of disappointed love!

Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,  
 And the vast round was only wave and sky. 10  
 A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,  
 Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.  
 Aloud the careful Palinurus cries;  
 Lo! what a dreadful storm involves the skies!  
 Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main! 15  
 What tempests threaten from thy watry reign?  
 Then he commands to furl the sails, and sweep  
 With every bending oar the foamy deep.

Himself,

Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,  
And fled obliquely with the driving wind. 20

Oh ! mighty prince, the trembling master cry'd,  
Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,  
'To reach Hesperia and surmount the flood,  
'Tho' Jove had past the promise of a God.  
See ! from the west what thwarting winds arise ! 25  
How in one cloud are gather'd half the skies !

In vain our course we labour to maintain,  
And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.  
Let us, since fortune mocks our toil, obey,  
And speed our voyage, where she points the way. 30  
For not far distant lies the realm, that bore  
Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian shore,  
If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care  
Have watch'd the heav'ns, retracing every star.

I see, reply'd the prince, thy fruitless pain, 35  
That long has struggled with the winds in vain.  
Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,  
And steer with open sails a different way.  
Oh ! to what dearer land can I retreat ?

There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet : 40  
That land my father's sacred dust contains,  
And there my Trojan friend, Acestes reigns.

This said, they steer their course ; the western gales  
With friendly breezes stretch their belying sails ;  
Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past, 45  
And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at last.

The king with wonder from a mountain's brow  
Beheld the fleet approach the coast below ;

Then,

Then, with a javelin in his hand, descends,  
Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet his friends, 50

This monarch sprung from great Crinifus' flood;  
His Trojan mother mingling with the god.

With due regard he hails the kindred train,  
Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;

With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd; 55  
And rural viands crown'd the generous board.

Now the diminish'd stars had fled away  
Before the glories of the dawning day.

His friends Æneas summon'd from the coast;  
Then from a rising point bespoke the host: 60

Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, a race divine,  
Whose fathers sprung from Jove's immortal line,

Now the full circle of the year runs round,  
Since we dispos'd my fire in foreign ground,

Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade, 65  
And paid all funeral honours to the dead:

And now the fatal day is just return'd, }  
By me (so Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,

For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd; }  
Tho' banish'd to the burning Libyan sand, 70

Tho' led a captive to the Argive land,  
Tho' lost and shipwreck'd on the Grecian sea,

Still would I solemnize this sacred day.  
Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,

To the dear relics of my reverend fire. 75  
Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,

And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;  
Implore

Implore a city, where we still may pay,  
In his own fane, the honours of the day.  
On every ship two oxen are bestow'd 80  
By great Acestes of our Dardan blood;  
Call to the feast your native Phrygian pow'rs,  
With those the hospitable king adores.  
Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light  
Shall glad the world, and chase the shades of night, 85  
Then to my Trojans I propose, to grace  
These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;  
Then all, who glory in their matchless force,  
Or vaunt their fiery swiftness in the course,  
Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow, 90  
Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,  
Attend; and each by merit bear away  
The noble palms, and glories of the day.  
Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he said;  
Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head. 95  
Like him, Acestes, and the royal boy  
Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.  
Now to the tomb surrounded with a throng,  
A mighty train, the hero-past along.  
Two bowls of milk, and sacred blood he pours; 100  
Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.  
Then thus—Hail, sacred fire, all hail again,  
Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!  
'Twas more than envious Fate would give, to see  
The destin'd realms of Italy with thee; 105  
Or mighty Tyber's rolling streams explore,  
The sacred flood, that bathes th' Ausonian shore.

Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold !  
From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold, 109 }  
An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd with gold : }  
Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties shone,  
That draws a thousand colours from the sun :  
Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,  
His glittering length of volumes trails behind.  
The chief in deep amaze suspended hung, 115  
While through the bowls the serpent glides along ;  
Tastes all the food, then softly slides away,  
Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey ;  
Astonish'd at the sight, the hero paid  
New rites, new honours to his father's shade, 120  
Doubts if the dæmon of his fire rever'd,  
Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.  
Five fable steers he slew with rites divine,  
As many snowy sheep, and bristly swine ;  
And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade, 125  
Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.  
Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,  
Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave.  
The altars blaze ; the victims round expire ;  
Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire : 130  
Some o'er the grass the glowing embers spread ;  
Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.  
Now bright the ninth expected morning shone ;  
Now rose the fiery coursers of the sun.  
When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd 135  
From all the wide dispeopled country round.

Some

Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,  
 Some to behold the Trojan strangers came,  
 Some to contend, and try the noble game,

}

In view, amid the spacious circle, lay  
 The costly gifts, the prizes of the day. 140

Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,  
 With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.  
 Silver and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,  
 Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold; 145  
 And from a mount the sprightly trump proclaims  
 To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd  
 Drawn from the navy, took the watry field.  
 In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came, 150  
 Mnestheus, the founder of the Memmian name.  
 Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps  
 (Huge as a town) the hoarse resounding deeps:  
 Three rows of oars employ the panting train,  
 To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main. 155

Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,  
 The glorious father of the Sergian race.  
 In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,  
 The noble source of our Cluentian blood;  
 Far in the main a rock advances o'er 160  
 The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,  
 That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,  
 When the black storms involve the starry skies,  
 But in a calm its lofty head displays  
 To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas. 165

Here

Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,  
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow ;  
To teach the train to steer the backward way,  
And fetch a shorter circle round the sea :  
Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood, 170  
The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.  
The youths green poplars round their temples twine,  
And bright with oil their naked bodies shine,  
Eager, they grasp their oars, and lift'ning wait the sign. }  
Thick in their hearts alternate motions play, 175 }  
Now prest with beating fears they sink away, }  
Now throb with rising hopes to win the glorious day. }  
Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew,  
All, in a moment, from the barrier flew :  
Turn'd by their labouring oars the surges rise, 180  
And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,  
The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep ;  
And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.  
Not half so swift the fiery courfers pour,  
And, as they start, the distant plain devour ; 185  
Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,  
Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,  
Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,  
Shout, lash, and send their souls at every stroke.  
The crowds in parties join ; and, to the cries 190  
And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies ;  
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,  
And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.  
With peals of loud applause from every side  
First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide. 195

Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,  
Tho' better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.  
Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,  
At equal distance, on the watry way :  
Now darts the rapid Dolphin o'er the main, '200  
Now the vast Centaur wins the day again :  
Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,  
And plow in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.  
And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,  
Awhile the victor of the watry race ; 205  
Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,  
To leave the right, and steer against the land ;  
Let others plow the deep ;—in vain he spoke ;  
The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,  
And turns his prow, and steers a different road, 210  
And leaves the shallows for the open flood.  
Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,  
And lo ! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd }  
Close at his back, who plow'd the nearer tide. }  
The dangerous way the daring hero took 215  
Between bold Gyas and the sounding rock.  
Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,  
Clear of the goal, and gains the roomy sea.  
Then Gyas wept ; and grief and rage enflame  
The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame, 220  
From the high stern, with anger and disdain,  
He hurl'd the hoary master in the main ;  
Then madly took himself the sole command,  
And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.

Hoary

Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain, 225

With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again;  
Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd  
His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.

Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,  
Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea. 230

At distance Mnestheus and Sergestus lie;  
Both hope to pass the fiery Gyas by.

The 'vantage first the bold Sergestus took,  
With rapid speed, advancing to the rock;  
But not a length before: the Dolphin rides 235  
With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.

Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,  
As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,  
My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,  
You, whom I chose, when Ilion sunk in dust, 240

Now shew the strength and spirit once you shew'd,  
When raging storms, and Syrtes you withstood,  
Plow'd Malea's tide, and stem'd th' Æonian flood: }

Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,  
Rise to your oars, and sweep the wat'ry way: 245

Nor strive we now the victory to gain,  
Tho' yet!—but ah! let those the palm obtain,  
Those whom thy favours crown, great monarch of }

the main!

But to return the lags of all the day!

Oh! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away! 250

Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;

Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.

With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream ;  
'Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.  
All bending to their oars the labour ply ; 255  
The sea rolls backward, and the surges fly.  
Now, with the wish'd success they toil to gain,  
Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train ;  
For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,  
And in a scanty space too rashly flew, 260  
(His road still narrower) with a mighty shock  
He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.  
'Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,  
And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.  
To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries, 265  
All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise.  
Fir'd with success, along the open seas  
Proud Mnestheus shoots, invoking every breeze.  
As in her nest, within some cavern hung,  
The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young, 270  
Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,  
She starts surpriz'd, and beats around the rock ;  
Then to the open field for refuge flies,  
And the free bird expatiates in the skies ;  
Her pinions pois'd, thro' liquid air she springs, 275  
And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings :  
So joyful Mnestheus darts without controul  
O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal ;  
So the swift Dolphin flies in open view,  
And gain'd new strength, new swiftness as she flew. 280  
First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,  
That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung ;  
With

With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,  
And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.  
Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd, 285  
Who, in the huge Chimæra stem'd the flood;  
She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;  
And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.  
Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains  
To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains. 290  
The doubling shouts inspire him as he flies,  
And the long peal runs rattling round the skies:  
These, flush'd with pride, would cast their lives away,  
Ere they resign the glories of the day:  
Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise, 295  
And their fierce hopes already win the prize.  
Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd  
The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;  
But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods  
Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods:  
Ye pow'rs! on whose wild empire I display 301  
My flying sails, and plow the watry way;  
Oh! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;  
Then on these shores a milk white bull shall bleed;  
And purple wine your silver waves shall stain, 305  
And sacred victims glut the greedy main.  
Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,  
With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below,  
And great Portunus, with his ample hand,  
Push'd on the rapid galley to the land. 310  
Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,  
Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.

And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud  
Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.  
The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs 315  
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.  
Three steers, and one large talent are bestow'd  
On every rival crew, that plow'd the flood.  
But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,  
The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave. 320  
A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,  
Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.  
There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,  
O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;  
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold! 325  
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:  
From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,  
And bears him struggling thro' the clouds above;  
With outstretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,  
And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky. 330  
On Mnestheus next, the chief who bore away  
The second glorious honours of the day,  
A shining mail the generous prince bestows,  
That, rich with clasps of gold, refulgent glows,  
Who stript Demoleus of the costly load 335  
In Trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood:  
Two labouring servants, with united toil  
And strength conjoin'd, scarce heav'd th' enormous  
    spoil:  
Yet in these arms of old, with matchless might,  
The swift Demoleus chac'd his foes in fight. 340

This

This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,  
A sure defence and ornament in war.

The next rich presents mighty Gyas grace,  
Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent brass;  
Two silver goblets, wrought with art divine, 345  
That rough, and bright with sculptur'd figures shine,  
Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,  
And purple fillets glitter on their head.

When, from the rock scarce disengag'd with pain,  
Sergeſtus brings his ſhatter'd ſhip again. 350

One ſide all maim'd ſhe ſlowly moves along,  
Spoil'd of her oars amid the hooting throng :  
As when a lingring fate the ſerpent feels,  
Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,  
Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel ſwain 355 }  
With ſome huge ſtone, writhes with the ſhooting pain, }  
And rolls and twiſts her ſcaly folds in vain.

Above, all fierce her glittering volumes riſe,  
Flames in her creſt, and lightning in her eyes ;  
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound, 360  
Her train unfolded drags along the ground.

So maim'd and ſlow the ſhatter'd galley paſt,  
But aided by her ſails, ſhe reach'd the port at laſt.  
Pleaſ'd with the veſſel and the crew reſtor'd,  
The generous prince rewards their hapleſs lord. 365

The promis'd preſent to the chief he gave ;  
Pholoe, the beauteous female Cretan ſlave,  
In works of art ſuperior to the reſt,  
And proud of two fair infants at the breaſt.

This contest o'er; with thousands in his train, 370  
Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.  
High hills the verdant theatre furround;  
And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.  
Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,  
And took his sylvan throne in open view. 375  
Here costly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace  
The spritely youths that urge the rapid race.  
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;  
And first Euryalus and Nisus stand;  
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy; 380  
This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy.  
Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,  
Of Priam's royal race, Dioreas came,  
Salius and Patron then in order past;  
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd. 385  
Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed;  
Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;  
Who with Acestes drove the savage race  
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chace.  
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame, 390  
Advance in crowds to share the glorious game.  
High in the midst Æneas rear'd his head,  
And oh! attend, ye generous youths, (he said;)  
Of all who try the fortune of the day,  
Not one shall go without a gift away. 395  
With two bright Cretan lances, each shall share  
An ax with silver grav'd, to shine in war.  
Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace  
The three triumphant victors of the race.

On the first youth a courser I bestow, 400  
Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow :  
The next a quiver charg'd with shafts shall claim,  
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame ;  
Clasp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,  
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold. 405  
On the proud youth this gift shall be conferr'd :  
And this fair Argive helm shall grace the third.

This said, they took their place ; the trumpet blew ;  
And all impetuous from the barrier flew :  
Fierce as a tempest, o'er the plain they past 410  
From the first space, and gain upon the last.  
First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,  
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.  
Next, but the next with many a length between,  
Young Salius skim'd along the level green. 415  
Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain ;  
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran ;  
But, hovering o'er him, runs Dioreas nigh ;  
Now side by side, and foot by foot they fly.  
The youth had conquer'd in a longer way, 420  
Or undecided left the honours of the day.  
And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,  
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,  
When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,  
Drench'd with the copious blood of victims slain. 425  
His feet no more the shouting victor held ;  
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.  
Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,  
And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.

Yet,

Yet, as he welter'd on the ground, he strove 430  
To shew Euryalus his ardent love.

For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw  
Before his rival Salius, as he flew :

He fell, and on the ground extended lay ;  
'Thus favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away 435 }  
The young Euryalus, and won the day.

At once beyond the goal the victor flies ;  
Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.

Next Helymus, and next Dioreas came  
With eager ardor, now the third in fame. 440

Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries ;  
By turns to every hoary judge applies,  
Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize. }

But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,  
Plead for the boy, the victor of the race. 445

Dioreas too, before the partial crowd,

Defends the young Euryalus aloud ;

Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain

The first proud honours, to the third in vain.

Thus then the prince—In order shall we pay. [450

To each brave youth the prizes of the day :

Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend

One proof of pity to a hapless friend :

This said, on Salius generous he bestow'd

A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load !) 455

With martial pride his shoulders to infold ;

Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd  
in gold.

When

When Nifus thus—If such high presents grace  
Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,  
What gift shall I receive, who bore away, 460  
And still had held the honours of the day,  
Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,  
Befall'n unhappy Nifus as he flew?  
Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd:  
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd, 465  
And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,  
With art divine by Didymaon wrought;  
Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,  
Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.

These gifts bestow'd; the hero cries aloud, 470  
Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;  
Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,  
And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.  
Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,  
A bull, to grace the victor of the day. 475  
Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,  
Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.  
Strait with a shout, supremely tall and strong,  
Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;  
The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand 480  
The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,  
Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might  
At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;  
(Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian strain,  
And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain. 485  
Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view  
His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,

Stalk'd

Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,  
And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.  
His match was fought; thro' all a terror ran; 490  
All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.  
Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands;  
And now before the prince the champion stands;  
Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,  
And in proud triumph to the hero spoke: 495  
Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,  
Why for his coward foe must Dares stay?  
Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away. }  
The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,  
And for the youth demand the promis'd prize. 500  
Then to Entellus old Acestes said,  
Who fate beside him on the flow'ry bed;  
Entellus!—once the bravest on the plain,  
But ah! the bravest, and the best in vain!  
With such tame patience can my friend survey 505  
This prize, without a contest, borne away?  
Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name; }  
The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game,  
The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former }  
fame?  
I am not dead, replies the chief, to praise, 510  
Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.  
My nerves unstrung, my strength no more remains,  
And age creeps shiv'ring thro' my icy veins.  
Had I that vigour still, my youth could boast,  
Or yon' vain champion vaunts to all the host, 515  
Soon

Soon should this arm that insolence chastize,  
For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.  
Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline;  
The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!

"This said; amid the ring, in open view, 520  
Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:  
These grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,  
And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:  
Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dispread,  
Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead. 525  
The host stood all astonish'd at the sight,  
But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight:  
The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,  
And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.  
How had you wonder'd, the bold champion said, 530  
Had you the huge Herculean arms survey'd?  
Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,  
And the stern combat on this fatal field?  
These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,  
Lo! you behold 'em still distain'd with gore. 535  
With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,  
And these I brandish'd, while my strength remain'd,  
Ere the cold hand of envious age had shed  
These marks of winter on my hoary head.  
Yet, if your champion trembles at the fight, 540  
Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight;  
If so Æneas and the king incline;  
Lo! to his fears these weapons I resign:  
With equal arms the combat we will try;  
And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by. 545

This

This said, the hero strait his robe unbound,  
 And cast the double garment on the ground;  
 Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,  
 Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.  
 'Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound 550  
 Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around:  
 Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe  
 Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow;  
 And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,  
 Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous stroke.  
 This on his youth and active speed relies, 556  
 That on his bulk and tall gigantic size:  
 But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age;  
 And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.  
 Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bestows; 560  
 Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.  
 With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round  
 Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws resound:  
 Unmov'd Entellus, with a stedfast look  
 And watchful eye, avoids the furious stroke. 565  
 The youth invests his foe with all his pow'r,  
 As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,  
 When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,  
 And plants his engines round th' embattled walls:  
 On every side with fruitless skill and pain, 570 }  
 Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,  
 And storms the rocky battlements in vain.  
 And now his aim the bold Entellus took,  
 With his huge hand, high brandish'd for the stroke;

The

The youth observ'd the long-descending blow, 575  
And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe:

The stroke was spent in air; with dreadful sound  
Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.

A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,  
From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow. 580

At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,  
And with divided clamours rend the skies.

And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran  
To raise his friend and old compeer again.

Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might 585  
Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight;

Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,  
While conscious valour sets his soul on flame,  
Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with shame. }

Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe, 590  
And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.

Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,  
Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies;

With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,  
And turn'd his giddy foe on every side. 595

Then flew the good Æneas to assuage  
The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage:  
From death he snatch'd the champion, and began  
To soothe the sorrows of the vanquish'd man:

What madness, hapless Dares, has possess'd 600  
Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast?

Thy rival see, sustain'd by pow'r divine,  
By other strength, and mightier force than thine!

Cease

Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er;  
Cease, and oppose the hand of Heav'n no more ! 605

The youth now drags his trembling legs along;  
His loose head tott'ring o'er his shoulders hung,  
Giddy with pain; he now ejects the blood,  
His loosen'd teeth come mingled in the flood:  
While in their arms his sad associates bore 610  
The batter'd champion groaning to the shore,  
The dear-bought sword and helmet brought away,  
And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,  
And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries; 615  
Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,  
What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine;  
From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,  
Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.  
With that the chief, collected in his might, 620  
Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;

Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,  
With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove  
Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,  
And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull. 625  
The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,  
Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.

Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,  
Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;  
A nobler victim than my Trojan foe ! 630  
To younger champions now the game I yield; [field.  
Here hang my conquering arms; and here renounce the

Next

Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,  
Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.  
Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd 635  
Sublime in air, Sergestus' lofty mast;  
Around the tapering top a dove they tie,  
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;  
Hither to try their skill the warriors haste;  
And in a brazen helm the lots are cast. 640  
First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,  
The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.  
Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,  
The second victor in the naval race.  
Then the third chance to great Eurytion came, 645  
Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,  
Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,  
To break the truce against the Grecian foe.  
Last in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;  
Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game. 650  
Then every chief, with all his strength and art,  
Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.  
Thro' yielding air first vanish'd with a spring  
Hippocoon's arrow from the sounding string:  
Full in the mast impell'd with vigour stood 655  
The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.  
The dove affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;  
And with applause the vales and mountains ring.  
Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high  
The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye; 660  
Nor thro' the mark the luckless arrow drove,  
But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.

Swift thro' the clouds the bird unshackled flies,  
And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.  
Already had Eurytion bent his bow, 665  
And to his brother god address'd his vow :  
The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he flew,  
And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew.  
High in the skies she feels the deadly wound,  
And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground. 670  
And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,  
The venerable prince alone remain'd.  
Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show  
His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.  
When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 675  
A dire portentous omen in the skies.  
Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,  
Too late they clear the dread event in vain !  
For, flying thro' the clouds in open view,  
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew ; 680  
Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,  
That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind :  
So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,  
And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.  
Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood ; 685  
And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.  
The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,  
Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke :  
Father ! accept the prize ; the will divine  
Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign, 690 }  
Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.

Accept

Accept this goblet, which my fire of old  
Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;  
Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove  
A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love. 695

Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud  
Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.  
Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,  
Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;  
Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd;  
And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last. 701

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,  
The hoary guardian of his royal son,  
And gently whispers in his faithful ear,  
To bid Ascanius in his arms appear, 705

And with his youthful band and courser come,  
To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.  
Next he commands the huge assembled train  
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.  
Strait on their bridled steeds, with grace divine, 710  
The beauteous youths before their fathers shine.

The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,  
And gaze with wonder as they march along.  
Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;  
Two glitt'ring lances tipt with steel they bore: 715

These a light quiver stor'd with shafts sustain,  
And from their neck depends a golden chain.  
On bounding steeds advance three graceful bands,  
And each a little blooming chief commands.  
Beneath each chief twelve sprightly striplings came,  
In shining arms, in looks and age the same. 721

Grac'd with his grandfire's name, Polites' son,  
 Young Priam, leads the first gay squadron on;  
 A youth, whose progeny must Latium grace:  
 He press'd a dappled steed of Thracian race: 725

Before, white spots on either foot appear,  
 And on his forehead blaz'd a silver star.  
 Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,  
 Atys the source of the great Attian line:  
 Iulus' friendship grac'd the lovely boy: 730

And last Iulus came, the pride of Troy,  
 In charms, superior to the blooming train;  
 And spurr'd his Tyrian courser to the plain;  
 Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove  
 A lasting pledge, memorial of her love. 735

Th' inferior boys on beauteous coursers ride,  
 From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd.  
 Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,  
 Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear;  
 The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace  
 Their parents lines in every lovely face. 741

Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride  
 The boys, in all their military pride.  
 Till Periphantes' sounding lash from far  
 Gave the loud signal of the mimic war; 745

Strait, in three bands distinct, they break away,  
 Divide in order, and their ranks display:  
 Swift at the summons they return, and throw  
 At once their hostile lances at the foe;

Then take a new excursion on the plain; 750 }  
 Round within round, an endless course maintain; }  
 And now advance, and now retreat again;

With

With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,  
And please the crowd with images of war.

Alternate now they turn their backs in flight, 755  
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight:

Then in a moment from the combat cease,  
Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace.

So winds delusive, in a thousand ways

Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze; 760

Round within round, the blind mæanders run,  
Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.

The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply  
Their shifting course; by turns they fight and fly:

As dolphins gambol on the watry way, 765

And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.

This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length

He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,

Taught the first fathers of the Latian name,

As now he solemniz'd the noble game. 970

From their successive Alban offspring come

These ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome;

Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy

Deriv'd thro' ages from the princely boy.

Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid 775

To great Anchises' venerable shade.

But soon the prince his changing fortune found,

And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.

For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,

Heav'n's mighty empress, to the Trojan fleet, 780

(Her ancient rage still glowing in her soul)

Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.

Big with revengeful schemes, herself supplies  
 The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.  
 Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew, 785  
 As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew :  
 And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,  
 The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.

Mean time, retir'd within the lonely shore,  
 Anchises' fate the Trojan dames deplore ; 790  
 Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep  
 To see the wide-extended watry deep :  
 Yet, must we yet, alas ! new labours try,  
 More seas, more oceans ? was the general cry.  
 Oh ! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods ! 795  
 To wretches harrafs'd with the winds and floods.

'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,  
 Amid the train shot Iris from above.  
 Aside her heav'nly charms the goddess threw,  
 And like old Beroë stood in open view ; 800  
 (Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame,  
 Fam'd for her off-spring, and illustrious name ;)  
 And thus the goddess fans the rising flame :  
 Ah ! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall  
 By Grecian swords, beneath our native wall ! 805  
 Toft round the seas, o'er every region cast,  
 Oh ! to what fate are we reserv'd at last !  
 Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,  
 Have sev'n successive summers roll'd away.  
 Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly, 810  
 And sail by every star, in every sky.

So long we chase, o'er all the boundless main,  
The flying coasts of Italy in vain.

Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,

The hospitable king, Acestes reigns:

815

What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,

To raise a city in these friendly lands?

Ye gods preserv'd from hostile flames in vain!

Shall our dear Ilion never rise again!

A second Simois shall we view no more,

820

Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore?

Rise then, rise all; assist, ye mournful dames,

To set this execrable fleet in flames.

For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,

In visions of the night, with blazing brands:

825

Seek Troy no more, she said: this destin'd place

Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.

Fly, fly we then, the omen to compleat;

The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet;

Lo! where to Neptune four proud altars rise!

830

Lo! his own fires the ready god supplies!

She said;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw;

Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.

At the bold deed, with deep surprize amaz'd,

The dames all wond'ring on the goddesses gaz'd.

835

At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke

The general silence, and the train bespoke:

This was no Beroë, whom we saw appear,

But some bright goddesses from th' ætherial sphere

Mark her majestic port! her voice divine!

840

O'er all her form what starry splendors shine!

She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,  
Breathes, looks, and moves, a sister of the skies!

Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,  
Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd. 845

The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,  
First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld;  
In choice suspended for a space they stand,  
Between the promis'd and the present land:  
When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies, 850  
And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.

Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking dames,  
From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames;  
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands  
To feed the fires; and hurl the blazing brands. 855

Fierce thro' the ships, the decks, the crackling oars,  
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars.

And now Eumelus to the host conveys

The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze:

The crowds grow pale; they look behind and spy 860  
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.

And first Ascanius, as he led the band,

Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand;

Nor can his panting guardians check the speed

Of the young hero, and his fiery steed: 865

Oh! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames?

To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames?

Behold, your own Ascanius—you destroy

No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.

With that he threw his helmet on the shore, 870

In which he led his youthful bands before.

Next

Next came Æneas, and the Trojan host.  
Th' affrighted dames dispersing o'er the coast,  
To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,  
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light; 875  
With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,  
And the fierce goddesses fled from every breast.

Not so the furious flames; they spread the more;  
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.  
Close in the cordage works the fullen fire, 880  
And thro' the ribs the heavy smokes expire.

Within the keel the subtle vapours lie;  
Thence the contagious flames thro' all the vessel fly.  
The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain,  
And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain. 885

The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,  
Rais'd high his hands; and thus address'd his pray'r;  
Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan state  
Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;  
Oh! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace 890  
Behold the miserable mortal race;

Suppress these fires; forbid them to destroy;  
And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy!  
Or if my crimes, almighty fire! demand  
The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand, 895

On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,  
And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead!  
Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours  
A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs;  
Black with the southern winds the tempest flies, 900  
And in a moment bursts from all the skies

In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain ;  
And the loud thunders shook the mountain and the plain.  
Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way ;  
And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay. 905  
Four gallies lost ; at length the flames retire,  
And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.

Meantime the hero by the loss oppress'd,  
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,  
If still to seek the Latian realm debates, 910  
Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.

Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,  
(For Pallas taught the venerable sage,  
What great events the fates and gods ordain ;)  
Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain. 915

'Tis best, illustrious hero, to obey,  
And still pursue where fortune leads the way ;  
By patience to retrieve our hapless state,  
And rise superior to the strokes of fate.  
Let great Acestes in your councils join, 920  
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.

Your vessels lost ; those numbers who remain,  
A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,  
The hoary fires and dames, unfit to bear  
The perils of the sea, or toils of war, 925 }  
Select ; and trust to his paternal care.

The weary wretches here their walls may frame,  
And call their city by the monarch's name.  
The prince approv'd th' advice his friend address'd,  
But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast.

Now

Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light, 931

High in her fable chariot rode the night;  
When to the godlike hero, from the pole  
Descends, and speaks his mighty father's soul:

My son! in all the fates of Troy approv'd, 935

Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;

Lo! I am sent by heav'n's almighty fire,

Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.

The prudent counsel of thy friend obey, 939

Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way:

With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there

Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.

Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,

And meet thy father in the realms below;

For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell 945

In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,

But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,

In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.

But thou the blood of fable victims shed;

Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead. 950

There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,

With the long glories of thy future line.

And now, farewell;—the night slides swift away, }

I feel from far the morning's painful ray;

And shrink and sicken at the beams of day. 955 }

He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,

Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.

Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou gone?

Why, why retires my father from his son? 959

What!

What ! not one last embrace ? the prince exclaims :  
Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames ;  
And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,  
With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores,  
Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays,  
But chief the vision to the king displays ; 965  
Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,  
His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.  
His friends approve the hero's new designs,  
And in the task the good Acestes joins.  
To the new town the matrons they assign'd, 970  
And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind ;  
Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,  
Cold and insensible to glorious fame.  
With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,  
Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care ;  
A slender band, but eager all for war. 976  
The prince then drew a city on the plain ;  
Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.  
Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,  
And a new Simois and Scamander flows. 980  
Well-pleas'd Acestes took the sov'reign sway ;  
Th' adopted subjects their new prince obey.  
The king conven'd the peers around, and sate  
To frame new laws, and regulate the state.  
To Venus' name they bid a temple rise 985  
From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies :  
And next a priest and ample grove were made,  
For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.

Now

Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past;  
When gentle breezes smooth'd the floods at last: 990  
The southern winds invite their sails and oars;  
Then cries and shrieks resound along the shores.

In long, long tenderness they spend the day,  
In close embraces waste the night away.

Now all the wretches, e'en the female train 995  
Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,  
And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,  
All wish to take the long laborious way.

The melting hero soothes their wild despair,  
And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care.

Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays, 1001

A lamb to every storm the hero slays,

Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays.

Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands

High on the prow; a charger in his hands; 1005

Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,

And stains the silver waves with fable wine.

Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,

And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep. 1009

Mean time the queen of love with cares oppress'd,

The mighty father of the floods address:

Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate

To the poor relics of the Trojan state,

(Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,

Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain) 1015

Compels a sister goddess to repair,

To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer.

For

For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,  
Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy !  
'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know 1020  
All forms and all varieties of woe !  
But oh ! her groundless vengeance would efface,  
Ev'n the last relics of the perish'd race !  
'Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god !  
With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood ;  
When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain, 1026  
Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main,  
And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign, }  
Yet, still more shameful !—now her arts inspire  
The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire ; 1030  
And urge my son, to leave his social band  
(His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.  
But oh ! I beg for those, who yet remain,  
A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain ;  
A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more 1035  
Than those same realms the fates assign'd before !  
'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,  
Your's to command in this our wat'ry reign :  
Since from the sacred ocean first you came,  
Since your deserts our confidence may claim ; 1040  
Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease ;  
I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace ;  
And Simois can attest and Xanthus stream,  
By land my guardian care was still the same.  
When fierce Achilles, furious to destroy, 1045  
Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy ;  
Beneath

Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,  
 When the choak'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;  
 When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,  
 Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main; 1050  
 Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might  
 And far inferior gods, in single fight:  
 Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,  
 And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.  
 Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior, when with joy 1055  
 I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:  
 And still will save him—he shall plow the sea,  
 And to Avernus' port direct his way.  
 On the wild floods shall only one be lost,  
 One single wretch atone for all the host! 1060

Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious mind,  
 His sinny courfers to the car he join'd:  
 Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,  
 And, while the wheels along the level glide, 1064 }  
 He throws up all the reins, and skims the floating tide.  
 The flood subsides and spreads a glassy plain,  
 And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;  
 The clouds before the mighty monarch fly  
 In heaps, and scatter thro' the boundless sky:  
 A thousand forms attend the glorious god, 1070  
 Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood:  
 Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;  
 Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides;  
 There rode Palæmon o'er the watry plain,  
 With aged Phorcus, and his azure train; 1075 }  
 And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.

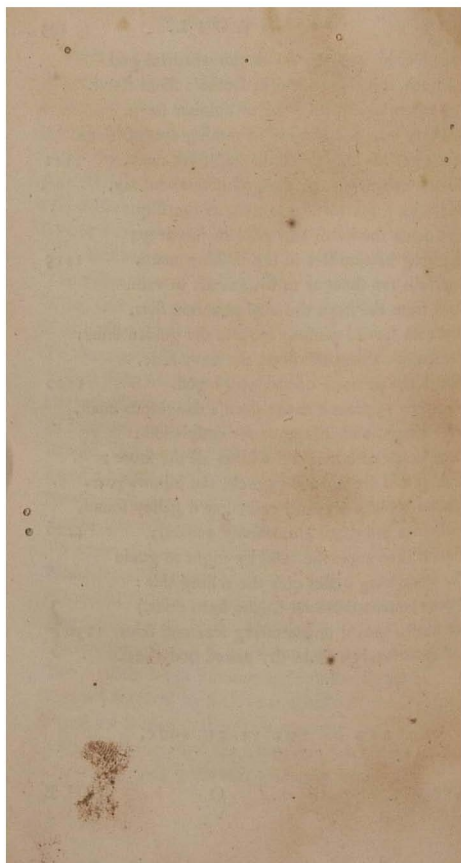
Æneas

Æneas view'd the scene ; and hence arose  
A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.  
Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,  
To rear the mast and catch the springing gales. 1080  
Strait the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,  
And stretch the canvas to the driving wind.  
Old Palinurus first the navy guides ;  
The rest obedient follow thro' the tides.  
Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away,  
The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay.  
When thro' the parting vapour swiftly flies  
The god of slumbers from th' etherial skies.  
To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and shed  
A fatal sleep on thy devoted head ! 1090  
High on the stern his silent stand he took  
In Phorbas' shape ; and thus the phantom spoke :  
Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,  
Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales !  
Now steal a moment's rest ; myself will guide 1095  
Awhile the vessel o'er the floating tide.  
To whom the careful Palinure replies,  
While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes :  
Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,  
And fondly credit such a flatt'ring sea ? 1100  
Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main !  
Too well to tempt the monster's smiles again !  
Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,  
I trust my master to the winds no more.  
This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes 1105  
On every guiding star that gilds the skies.

Then

Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god  
A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.  
The potent charm in dews of slumber steep.  
And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep.  
Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away, 1111  
When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,  
And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,  
Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;  
Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main, 1115  
And calls for succour to his friends in vain.  
Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,  
And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;  
Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,  
Safe in the promise of the watry god. 1120  
Now they approach'd the firen's dangerous coast,  
Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:  
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;  
And, dash'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.  
The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found,  
Without a pilot strike on shoaly ground; 1126  
Himself then took the task, by night to guide  
The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide:  
O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)  
For faith repos'd on flattering seas and skies, 1130  
Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies!

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF  
VIRGIL'S  
ÆNEID.

## A R G U M E N T.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## THE

SIXTH BOOK.

THUS while he wept ; with flying sails and oars  
The navy reach'd the fair Cumæan shores.

The circling anchors here the fleet detain,

All rang'd beside the margin of the main.

With eager transport fir'd, the Trojan band 5

Leap from the ships to gain th' Hesperian land.

Some strike from flints the sparkling feeds of flame,

Some storm the coverts of the savage game ;

To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,

And shew with joy the new-discover'd floods. 10

To Phœbus' fane the hero past along,

And those dark caverns where the Sibyl fung.

There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she fate,

And open'd all the deep decrees of fate:

The train with reverence enter, and behold 15

Chaste Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;

O 3

### A structure

A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)  
When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,  
On wings to Northern climes he dar'd to soar,  
Through airy ways unknown to man before ; 20  
Full many a length of sky and ocean past,  
On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.  
Then hung to Phœbus in the strange abode,  
The wings that steer'd him thro' the liquid road, }  
And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god. }  
The matchless artist, on the lofty gate, 26  
Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate :  
And here by lot sad Athens yearly paid  
Sev'n hapless youths, to soothe his angry shade.  
Here stood the fatal urn ; and there with pride 30  
Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.  
There too the father of the herds was seen,  
Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen ;  
Their birth, a man below, a beast above,  
The mingled offspring of prepost'rous love ! 35  
There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run  
Round within round, and end where they begun.  
But, when the pitying Dædalus survey'd  
The hopeless passion of the royal maid,  
He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways, 40  
Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.  
Thou too, poor Icarus ! hadst borne a part,  
Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art !  
He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain ;  
Thrice shook his hand, and drop'd the task again. 45  
Thus

Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,  
When lo! Achates from the temple came;  
With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane  
The sacred priestess—who at once began:—  
Hence—gaze no more; sev'n chosen sheep with speed,  
Sev'n flocks, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed. 51  
She spoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane  
Sublime, she calls the wand'ring Trojan train.  
Scoop'd thro' the rock, in mighty depth display'd,  
Lies the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid; 55  
Thro' all the hundred portals rush abroad  
Her sacred voice, and answers of the god.  
Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the skies,  
I feel the god, the rushing god! she cries.  
While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew, 60  
Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew.  
The heav'nly tumult reigns in every part,  
Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart:  
Still spreading to the fight, the priestess glow'd,  
And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god. 65  
Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,  
In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd:  
Still, dost thou still delay? thy voice employ  
In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy!  
Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs must wide display 70  
These awful portals to the light of day.  
She said; the Trojans shook with holy fear,  
And thus the suppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r:  
Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whose aid divine  
So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line, 75

And

And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,  
The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.

Led by thy guardian care, secure I past  
Thro' many a realm, and rang'd the watry waste;  
Tro'd the wild regions where the Syrtes lie, 80  
And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.

At length the coast of Italy we gain,  
The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.  
Till now, to every realm our course we bent,  
And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went. 85

Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy  
The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,  
'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,  
To bid her poor remains repose in peace.  
And thou, great Sibyl! to whose piercing eye 90  
Disclos'd the scenes of future ages lie;

Since all my cares and labours but explore  
An empire promis'd by the fates before,  
Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes  
The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods: 95

Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame  
To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;  
And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,  
And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;  
There all thy mystic numbers will I place, 100  
With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.

By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie  
The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.  
Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,  
To fly the common sport of every wind! 105

But

But thou, even thou, great prophets ! relate  
In vocal accents all my future fate.

Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppress'd  
By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;  
She struggles to discharge the mighty load, 110  
Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god :  
Her foamy mouth attentive to controul,  
He forms her organs and commands her soul.  
Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)  
Thro' every vent the sacred accents flew : 115

By sea, O prince ! are all thy perils o'er,  
But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.  
Dismiss thy doubts ; to Latium's destin'd plain  
Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.  
Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore ; 120  
And all his waves run thick with human gore !  
Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,  
And Greece shall arm a second host for war.

A new Achilles rises to the fight ;  
Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light : 125  
And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,  
Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.

Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause  
From a new breach of hospitable laws :  
And she must bleed again as late she bled, 130  
For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.

How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,  
From every court along the Latian shore !

But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,  
Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes : 135

Thy

Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,  
Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.

Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode  
The dread mysterious answers of the god;  
The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave, 140  
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.  
Apollo shook his rod; possess'd her whole,  
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.  
At length the fierce etherial transports cease,  
And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace. 145

When thus the chief—O sacred dame! I know  
Too well already my predestin'd woe;  
But grant my pray'r!—Since here, as fame relates,  
Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates;  
Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide, 150  
His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide;  
Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead  
Down to the dark dominions of the dead:  
Give me to view my father's reverend face,  
And rush with transport to his dear embrace! 155  
Him through embattled armies I convey'd,  
While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.  
He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy  
The storms of every sea and every sky;  
In hardships, cares, and dangers to engage; 160  
Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.  
Yet more—he bade me to thy cell repair,  
And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r:  
Oh! hear our joint request, our just desire;  
And guide the son in pity to the fire. 165

Your's

Your's is the pow'r, for Hecaté bestow'd  
 On you the rule of this infernal wood.  
 If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain  
 Could call his consort from the shades again;

If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey  
 His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,  
 And trod so oft the same infernal way?

170 }  
 }

Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,  
 Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame?

To hell those chiefs descended from above:  
 I claim a juster right; for I can prove  
 My birth from Venus; my descent from Jove.

175 }  
 }

Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd  
 And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid:

O glorious prince! of brave Anchises' line,  
 Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine!  
 Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;  
 And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd:  
 But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,

180

To climb to these etherial realms again.

185

The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,  
 Or their own virtue rais'd to heav'n above,  
 From these dark realms emerg'd again to day;  
 The mighty sons of gods! and only they!

The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,  
 Inclos'd with sad Cocytus' fullen floods.

190

But since you long to pass the realms beneath,  
 The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,  
 Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,  
 And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore:

195

First,

First, take my counsel, then securely go.  
A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,  
Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,  
And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.  
Her nether world no mortals can behold, 200  
Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.  
The mighty queen requires this gift alone,  
And claims the shining wonder for her own.  
One pluck'd away, a second branch you see  
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree. 205  
Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,  
And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.  
Thy purpos'd journey if the fates allow,  
Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough:  
If not; the tree will mortal strength disdain; 210  
And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.  
Besides, while here my counsel you implore,  
Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,  
(Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)  
The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host. 215  
First let his cold remains in earth be laid,  
And decent in the grave dispose the dead.  
The due lustration next perform, and bring  
The fable victims for the Stygian king.  
Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair, 220  
Untrod by those who breathe the vital air.

She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with sighs:  
On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.  
Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd  
The dire event, and all the Sibyl said; 225

While

While at his side the good Achates shares  
The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.  
Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend  
Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend.  
But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand 230  
They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand;  
The great Misenus, of celestial kind;  
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;  
Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far  
Th' embattled hosts, and blew the flames of war. 235  
By Hector's side with unresisted might  
His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.  
But when that hero on the Phrygian plain  
By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,  
He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword, 240  
As brave a warrior as his former lord.  
But while the daring mortal o'er the flood  
Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,  
With envy Triton hear'd the noble strain,  
And whelm'd the bold musician in the main. 245  
Around the body flood the mournful host,  
But his great master wept, and suffer'd most.  
The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,  
And to the lofty forest bend their way,  
To bid the proud funereal pyre arise, 250  
And build the solemn structure to the skies.  
Then fled the savage from his dark abode;  
The well-ply'd axes echo thro' the wood.  
The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;  
Loud groan the trees, and sink at every stroke. 255  
The

The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown;  
Th' ærial elms come crashing headlong down.  
First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring sound,  
Whirl'd his huge ax, and spread the ruin round.  
Then as the mighty forest he survey'd, 260  
O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:  
Oh! in this ample grove could I behold  
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!  
Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said;  
Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead! 265  
While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew:  
His mother's birds the chief with transport knew;  
Then, as they settled on the verdant plain,  
The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:  
Be you my guides thro' airy tracks above, 270  
And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove;  
Point out the road (if any can be found,)  
Where the rich bough o'erspreads the sacred ground,  
With chequer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,  
And darts at once a shadow and a blaze: 275  
Thou too, O goddess mother! lead me on,  
Unfold these wonders, and relieve thy son.  
This said, he stop'd; but still his eager sight  
Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.  
By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly; 280  
Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.  
Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,  
Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,  
Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,  
Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing; 285  
Then

Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,  
Where shines the fatal bough divinely bright,  
That, gilding all the leaves with glancing beams,  
Strikes through the fullen shade with golden gleams:  
As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies, 290  
Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise;  
The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,  
Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own:  
So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,  
Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold; 295  
The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,  
Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.  
The chief with transport stripp'd the branching ore,  
And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.

Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid 300  
The last sad honours to Misenus' shade:

With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear  
A stately solemn pile aloft in air.  
With fable wreaths they deck the sides around,  
The spreading front with baleful cypresses bound, 305 }  
And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.  
Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming stream  
From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.  
With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,  
O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread, 310 }  
And place him decent on the funeral bed;  
While these support the bier, and in their hands,  
With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:  
The rite of old!—rich incense loads the pyre,  
And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire. 315

Soon

Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,  
With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er:  
Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place  
The bones selected in a brazen vase:  
A verdant branch of olive in his hands, 320  
He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;  
Slow as he pass'd, the lustral waters shed,  
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,  
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb; 325  
The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,  
His arms, his once-loud trump, and tapering oar:  
Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,  
That bears from age to age Misenus' name.

These rites discharg'd: the Sibyl to obey, 330  
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.  
Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,  
All rough with rocks, and horrible to fight;  
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with sable floods,  
And the brown horrors of surrounding woods. 335  
From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,  
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,  
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there  
Through the thick poisons and incumber'd air,  
But struck by death her flagging pinions cease; 340  
And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.  
Hither the priestess four black heifers led,  
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed;  
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,  
And in the flames the first oblations threw. 345

Then

Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd  
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.  
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood  
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.  
To earth and night a lamb of sable hue, 350  
With solemn rites, the pious hero slew.  
Next, by the knife a barren heifer fell  
To great Persephone the queen of hell.  
Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid  
A large oblation in the gloomy shade ; 355  
And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,  
While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames devour'd.  
When lo ! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,  
Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving ground ; }  
The groves all wave ; the forests tremble round. 360 }  
Pale Hecate forsook the nether sky,  
And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.  
Fly, ye prophane ! far, far away, remove  
(Exclaims the Sybil) from the sacred grove :  
And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel, 365  
And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.  
To the great task thy strength and courage call,  
With all thy pow'rs ; this instant claims them all.  
This said ; she plunges down the deep descent ;  
The prince as boldly follow'd where she went. 370  
Ye subterraneous gods ! whose awful sway  
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey ;  
O Chaos hoar ! and Phlegethon profound !  
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around ;

Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell 375  
Of scenes, and wonders in the depths of hell ;  
Give me your mighty secrets to display  
From those black realms of darkness to the day.

Now through the dismal gloom they pass, and tread  
Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead ; 380  
As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,  
(The moon scarce glimmering thro' the dusky grove)  
When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,  
And wrapt the world in undistinguish'd night.

At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait ; 385  
Grief weeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate :  
Base Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawless rage,  
And pale Disease, and slow repining Age,  
Fierce, formidable fiends ! the portal keep ;  
With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.  
There, Joys, embitter'd with remorse appear ; 391  
Daughters of Guilt ! here storms destructive War.  
Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore :  
Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.  
Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd 395  
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,  
Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,  
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.  
With double forms each Scylla took her place  
In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race ; 400  
And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands  
Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.

'There stern Geryon rag'd ; and, all around,  
Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd :  
Here

Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire ; 405  
And the huge fiend was wrap'd in smoke and fire.

Scar'd at the fight, his sword the hero drew  
At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.  
His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war  
With thin light forms, and images of air ; 410

Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,  
And madly struck at empty shades in vain.

From hence a dark uncomfortable road  
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,  
Whose furious whirlpools boil on every side 415  
And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide

All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands,  
Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands ;  
But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd ;  
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard ; 420

All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire ;  
His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.

Tho' old, still unimpair'd by years he stood,  
And hoary vigour blest the surly god.  
Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvas spread, 425

And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.  
Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,  
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coast.  
Men, matrons, boys, and virgins, in the throng,  
With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along ; 430

And blooming youths before their mournful fires  
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres ;

Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,  
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove :

Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array, 435  
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,  
When from the rage of winter they repair  
To warmer suns, and more indulgent air.  
All stretch their suppliant hands, and all implore  
The first kind passage to the farther shore. 440  
Now these, now those, he singles from the host,  
And some he drives all trembling from the coast.  
The prince astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,  
Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?  
Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er? 445  
And these sad shades chas'd backward from the shore?  
The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;  
Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!  
You see Cocytus' stream; the Stygian floods,  
Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods. 450  
Those, who neglected on the strand remain,  
Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train:  
Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;  
And those interr'd, who cross the Stygian tides.  
No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave, 455  
But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.  
Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,  
Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.  
That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,  
They reach the long expected shore at last. 460  
Struck with their fate, his steps the hero stay'd,  
And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.  
When lo! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd;  
And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;

Sullen and sad; for fate's relentless doom 465  
Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb;  
Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and round,  
Sunk, by a mighty surge devour'd and drown'd.  
Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,

Who watching every star that gilds the sky, 470  
While from the Libyan shores his course he keeps,  
From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the deeps.  
Pensive his slow approach the spectre made,  
When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd }  
Thro' the thick gloom, he first address'd the shade: }  
What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,  
Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide? 477

Tell me—for oh! I never could complain,  
Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain,  
Once he foretold—(but ah! those hopes are lost) 480  
That Palinure should reach th' Ausonian coast,  
Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood;  
Is this, is this the promise of a god?

Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,  
Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main. 485  
No—as I steer'd along the foamy sea,  
Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.  
But by those fierce tumultuous floods I swear,  
For my own life I never felt a fear;  
For your's alone I trembled, lest the ship, 490  
Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,  
Rob'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,  
Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.

For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,  
Heav'd by the southern tempests o'er the flood; 495  
At early dawn my eyes could just explore,  
From a tall tow'ring surge, th' Italian shore.  
Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,  
And, 'scap'd at length the dangers of the seas;  
But hopes of prey the savage natives led, 500  
And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,  
(My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main,)  
By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.  
And now by floating surges am I tost,  
With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast. 505  
But by the light of yon' etherial air,  
By thy dead father, and surviving heir,  
O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;  
And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.  
Or to the Veline port direct thy way, 510  
And in the ground my breathless body lay;  
Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose  
Some means to fix a period to my woes,  
(For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,  
You durst not pass these dreadful Stygian floods) 515  
Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,  
And waft him with thee to the farther strand!  
Thus, in this dismal state of death at least  
My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest.  
And how, reply'd the dame, could rise in man 520  
A wish so impious; or a thought so vain!  
Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,  
And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore?

Hope

Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,  
Or bend the gods inflexibly severe :

525

\*But bear thy doom content ; while I disclose  
A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes ;  
For know, the nations bordering on the floods,  
Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,  
In full atonement of thy death shall rear  
A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.

530

The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,  
Still shall be known by Palinurus' name.

These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd  
A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade.

535

Now they proceed ; but soon the pilot spy'd  
The strangers from the wood approach the tide.  
Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he said,  
Mortal ! who'er thou art, in arms array'd,  
Stand off ; approach not ; but at distance say,  
Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way ?  
These are the realms of Sleep, the dreadful coasts  
Of fable Night, and airy gliding ghosts.

540

No living mortals o'er the stream I lead ;

Our bark is only sacred to the dead.

545

Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,

With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore ;

The great Alcides past the Stygian floods ;

Tho' these were heroes, and the sons of gods.

From Pluto's throne, this drag'd in chains away

550

Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.

Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead

The beauteous partner of his royal bed.

To whom the sacred dame—how vain thy fear!

These arms intend no violence of war. 555

May the huge dog thro' all the Stygian coasts,

Roar from his den, and scare the flying ghosts;

Untouch'd and chaste Persephonè may dwell,

And with grim Pluto share the throne of hell:

The Trojan prince, Æneas, far around 560

For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,

Thro' these infernal realms decrees to go,

And meet his father in the shades below.

To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,

At least this glorious present must prevail; 565

(Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her vest.)

At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;

At once stood reconcil'd the ruthless god,

And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;

Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more, 570

But turns the fable vessel to the shore;

Drives from the deck the flitting airy train;

Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.

The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,

And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood. 575

The dame and prince at last are wafted o'er

Safe to the slimy strand and oozy shore.

Arriv'd, they first grim Cerberus survey;

Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay:

His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell, 580

And long loud bellowings shook the realms of hell:

Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,

When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.

Honey,

Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices steep  
The temper'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep. 585  
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies  
The growling savage, and devours the prize;  
Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away; [lay.  
And stretch'd all o'er the cave, the slumb'ring monster  
The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road, 590  
And left behind th' irremeable flood.

Now, as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear;  
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.  
Just new to life, by too severe a doom,  
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb! 595

Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,  
Who, by a partial charge and sentence fell.  
Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;  
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,

Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead, 600  
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.

Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,  
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;

Tho' free from guilt, they cast their lives away,  
And sad and sullen hate the golden day. 605

Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear  
Pain, toil, and woe, to breathe the vital air!

In vain!—by fate for ever are they bound  
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound! }

And Styx with nine wide channels roars around. 610 }

Next open wide the melancholy plains,  
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;

Those

Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,  
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive.  
Here, where the myrtle groves their shades display,  
In cover'd walks they pass their hours away. 616  
Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,  
Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.  
Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphylé there  
Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare: 620  
Cœneus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,  
Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.  
With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,  
New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:  
The chief, advancing thro' the shady scene, 625  
Scarce thro' the gloom discern'd the fullen queen:  
So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,  
When first she rises in a clouded sky.  
He wept, and thus address'd her in the grove,  
With all the melting tenderness of love: 630  
Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,  
Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell?  
And I, was I the cause of that despair?  
Yet oh! I vow by every golden star;  
By all the pow'rs th' æthereal regions know, 635  
By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,  
I left your realm reluctant; o'er the floods  
Call'd by the fates, and summon'd by the gods;  
Th' immortal gods;—by whose commands I come  
From yon' bright realms to this eternal gloom: 640  
Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,  
And pass these doleful regions of the dead.

Ah!

Ah ! could I think, when urg'd by Heav'n to go,  
My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe !  
Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly ? 645  
'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.

Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,  
The last, last moment fate will ever give !

Nought to these tender words the fair replies,  
But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes, 650  
The chief still weeping : with a fullen mien,  
In stedfast silence frown'd th' obdurate queen.  
Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,  
She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.  
Then, where the woods their thickest shades display,  
From his detested sight she shoots away ; 656  
There from her dear Sichæus in the grove,  
Found all her cares repaid, and love returned for love.  
Touch'd with her woes, the prince with streaming eyes  
And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies. 660

Hence he proceeds ; and last the fields appear,  
Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war.  
Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to fight,  
With Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.  
Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld, 665  
Who fell lamented in the glorious field,  
His Trojan friends ;—with sighs he view'd the train ;  
Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain :  
Here brave Therfilocus and Glaucus stood,  
Medon and Polycætes bath'd in blood. 670  
Idæus there still glories in alarms,  
Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms.

Eager

Eager to view the chief on either hand,  
Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand :  
All in their turn retard the prince, to know 675,  
What urg'd his journey to the shades below.  
Not so the kings of Greece—appall'd, dismay'd, }  
The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd }  
In arms that glitter'd thro' the dusky shade. }  
Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view, 680  
As when before him to their fleets they flew.  
Some rais'd a cry ; the flutt'ring accents hung,  
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.  
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found ;  
The mangled youth was one continu'd wound. 685  
For now his face, his beauteous face appears  
Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.  
His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey !  
The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away ;  
Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal 690  
The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.  
Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,  
And thus deplor'd the miserable man :  
O brave Deiphobus ! O chief divine !  
Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line : 695  
What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace  
Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face ?  
In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,  
I heard, brave warrior ! from the voice of fame,  
You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd, 700  
And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.

With

With care I rais'd on our Rhoëtean coast  
A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost :  
'Thy name and arms adorn the place around ;  
And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found,  
'Thy relics had repos'd in Trojan ground.

706

}

My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid  
All funeral honours to my pensive shade ;  
But these dire woes from fatal Helen came ;  
'These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame !  
For well, too well you know, in what delight  
We fondly spent our last destructive night :  
When the vast monster big with Ilion's doom,  
'Tower'd thro' the town, an army in its womb ;  
In solemn show she bade the dames advance,  
And in dissembled orgies led the dance ;  
A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand ;  
'Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,  
While, worn with labours I repos'd my head  
(Ah wretch ill-fated !) on our bridal bed.  
My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,  
Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.  
'Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,  
My loyal bride conveys my sword away,  
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls  
Her Spartan lord within my palace walls ;  
Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,  
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows !  
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,  
And basely slew me in the bridal bed.

730

Hear

Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods!—to Greece repay  
 A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!  
 But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led  
 Alive, to these dominions of the dead?  
 Say, did the will and counsel of the gods, 735  
 Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,  
 Compel thy course from yon' ethereal light,  
 To these dark realms of everlasting night?

Mean time the swift-winged coursers of the sun  
 Thro' heav'n full half their fiery race had run; 740  
 And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,  
 But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last:  
 Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away  
 In idle sorrows the remains of day.

See—in two ample roads, the way divides; 745  
 The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,  
 By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;  
 The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,  
 Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains. }  
 Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade, 750  
 But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:  
 Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;  
 Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!  
 With these last accents, to the warrior host  
 Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost. 755

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,  
 Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.  
 There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,  
 His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.

On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung 760  
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.

In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,  
To hew the beams of adamant away.

Here rose an iron tow'r : before the gate,  
By night and day, a wakeful fury sate, 765

The pale Tisiphone ; a robe she wore,  
With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.

Here the loud scourge, and louder voice of pain,  
The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,  
Strike the great hero with the frightful sound, 770

The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round :  
Oh ! whence that peal of groans ? what pains are those ?  
What crimes could merit such stupendous woes ?

Thus she—Brave guardian of the Trojan state,  
None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate. 775

When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,  
I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes, }

With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.

Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,  
Hears and condemns the trembling impious train. 780

Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,  
With mingled joy and horror in his breast,

The stern dread judge commands him to display ;  
And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.

Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes ; 785

The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes ;

Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,

Calls her dire sisters from the gulphs of hell.

Now

Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,  
 And all the dreadful scene appears in view. 790  
 Behold without what direful monster waits  
 (Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!  
 Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,  
 And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.  
 Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends, 795  
 The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulph descends  
 Below these regions, as these regions lie  
 From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.  
 Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;  
 The ancient offspring of the teeming earth. 800  
 Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,  
 And still roll hellowing in the depths of hell.  
 Here lie th' Aleian twins, in length display'd;  
 Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,  
 Who warr'd to drive the Thunderer from above; 805  
 And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.  
 There proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,  
 Raves in eternal agonies of woe;  
 Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,  
 Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze; 810  
 Th' audacious wretch thro' Elis tower'd in air,  
 Whirl'd by four courfers in his rattling car;  
 A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;  
 And madly claim'd the glories of a god.  
 O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along, 815  
 And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.  
 Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,  
 And those inimitable flames of Jove!

But

But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims  
Far other bolts and undissembled flames : 820  
Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,  
And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.

There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,  
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;  
He cover'd nine large acres as he lay, 825 }  
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away }  
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey; }  
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain, }  
For still the fruitful fibres spring again, }  
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain. 830 }  
She dwells for ever in his roomy breast, }  
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest; }  
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast. }  
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,  
Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs' fate ! 835

On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,  
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.  
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes  
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,  
While lucid columns, glorious to behold, 840  
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.  
The queen of furies, a tremendous guest,  
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,  
Which, if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,  
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears. 845  
They that on earth had base pursuits in view,  
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,

And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their  
store,

But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:  
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled; 850  
Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed;  
Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;  
Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.

But what their torments, seek not thou to know,  
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe. 855

Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,  
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;  
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,  
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.

There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe, 860

And roars incessant thro' the shades below;  
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,  
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.

This wretch his country to a tyrant fold,  
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold, 865

Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,  
For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again.

This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,  
To climb and violate his daughter's bed.

To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd; 870

All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,

A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,

Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,

Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!—875

Thus

Thus spoke the priestess of the god of day;  
And, haste, she cry'd; to hell's great empress pay  
The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.

For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,  
And in full view the massy gates appear. 880

On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow  
The sacred offering of the golden bough.  
This said, they journey'd thro' the solemn gloom,  
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:

With eager speed his course the hero bore, 885  
With living streams his body sprinkled o'er,  
And fixt the glittering present on the door.

These rites compleat, they reach the flowery plains,  
The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.

Here glowing Æther shoots a purple ray, 890  
And o'er the region pours a double day.

From sky to sky th' unwearied splendor runs,  
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.

Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play  
And games heroic, pass the hours away. 895

Those raise the song divine, and these advance  
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.

There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,  
In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;  
Across the chords the quivering quill he flings, 900  
Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.

Here Teucer's ancient race the prince surveys,  
The race of heroes born in happier days:

Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,  
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd: 905

Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,  
 And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.  
 Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;  
 The steeds unharnes'd graz'd the flowery field.  
 Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive, 910  
 For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.  
 Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along;  
 Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung;  
 Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,  
 And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade. 915  
 Here, glittering thro' the trees, his eyes survey  
 The streams of Po descending from the day.  
 Here a blest train advance along the meads,  
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:  
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right, 920  
 Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:  
 There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,  
 Who sung with all the raptures of a god:  
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,  
 With those, who leave a deathless name behind, 925 }  
 Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!  
 This shining band the priestesses thus address,  
 But chief Musæus, tow'ring o'er the rest;  
 So high the poet's lofty stature spreads  
 Above the train, and overtops their heads! 930  
 Say, happy souls! and thou, blest poet, say,  
 Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way?  
 For him we took the dire infernal road,  
 And stem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.

To whom the bard—Unsettled we remove, 935

As pleasure calls, from verdant grove to grove;

Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,

And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.

Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey

By yon' descent an open easy way. 940

He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow

Points out the fair enamell'd fields below.

They leave the proud aerial height again,

And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises there, the hero's fire divine, 945

Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;

Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey

The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.

He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,

Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars. 950

Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,

His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;

Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed

A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:

Then has thy long-try'd pious love surpass 955

The dreadful road, to meet thy fire at last?

Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,

But hear, and answer to my godlike son?

This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran

O'er times and seasons; nor presag'd in vain. 960

From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies

Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes?

How did my anxious mind your danger move,

Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!

Your shade, the prince replies, your angry shade, 965  
In many a frightful vision I survey'd.  
By your behest I came to these abodes ;  
My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods :  
Give me, O father ! give thy hand, nor shun  
The dear embraces of a duteous son. 970  
While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,  
And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.  
Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw ;  
Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,  
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight, 975  
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.  
Meantime the hero saw, with wondering eyes,  
Deep in a vale a waving forest rise :  
Thro' those sequester'd scenes flow Lethe glides,  
And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides ; 980  
Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng,  
And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.  
So to the meads in glowing summer pour  
The clustering bees, and rife every flow'r :  
O'er the sweet lillies hang the busy swarms ; 985  
The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.  
Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood ;  
Oh ! say, why throng such numbers to the flood ?  
Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,  
And who the crowds ?—To whom the fire reply'd : 990  
To all those souls who round the river wait,  
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.  
To yon' dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,  
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

How

How have I wish'd before thee to display 995  
These my descendants, ere they rise to day !  
Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,  
Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.——  
O father ! say, can heavenly souls repair  
Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air ? 1000  
What !—can they covet their corporeal chain ?  
Gods !—can the wretches long for life again !—  
Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,  
And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.  
Then the great fire the scheme before him lays, 1005  
And thus each awful secret he displays :

Know first, a spirit with an active flame,  
Fills, feeds, and animates this mighty frame ;  
Runs thro' the watry worlds, the fields of air, 1009 }  
The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n ; and there }  
Glow in the sun and moon, and burns in every star. }  
Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul  
Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.  
From that celestial energy began  
The low-brow'd brute ; th' imperial race of man ; 1015  
The painted birds who wing th' aerial plain,  
And all the mighty monsters of the main,  
'Their souls at first from high Olympus came ; }  
And, if not blunted by the mortal frame, }  
'Th' etherial fires would ever burn the same ! 1020 }  
But while on earth ; by earth-born passions tost,  
The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost ;  
Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,  
From those dark dungeons to their native sky.

Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd, 1025  
 Some old inherent spots are left behind;  
 A fulying tincture of corporeal stains  
 Deep in the substance of the soul remains.  
 Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crufted o'er  
 With those dark vices that she knew before. 1030  
 For this the souls a various penance pay,  
 To purge the taint of former crimes away:  
 Some in the fweeping breezes are refin'd,  
 And hung on high to whiten in the wind:  
 Some cleanse their ftains beneath the gushing ftreams,  
 And fome rife glorious from the fearching flames. 1036  
 Thus all muft fuffer; and, thofe fufferings paft,  
 The clouded minds are purify'd at laft.  
 But when the circling feafons as they roll;  
 Have cleans'd the dross long-gather'd round the foul;  
 When the celestial fire divinely bright, 1041  
 Breaks forth victorious in her native light;  
 Then we, the chofen few, Elyfium gain,  
 And here expatiate on the blifsful plain.  
 Both thofe thin airy throngs thy eyes behold, 1045  
 When o'er their heads a thoufand years have roll'd,  
 In mighty crowds to yon' Lethean flood  
 Swarm at the potent fummons of the god;  
 There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain;  
 Then they defire new bodies to obtain, 1050 }  
 And vifit heav'n's etherial realms again.  
 This faid, the fire conducts their fteps along  
 Thro' the loud tumult of th' aërial throng;

Then

Then climb'd a point, and every face descry'd,  
As the huge train prest forward to the tide :

1055

Now hear, while I display our race divine,  
And the long glories of our Dardan line,  
The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise  
From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.

This mighty scene of wonders I relate,

1060

And open all thy glorious future fate.

First then behold yon' blooming youth appear,  
That hero leaning on his shining spear !

This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,

Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race ;

1065

From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,

A king, and father of a race of kings ;

Sylvius his name ; proud Alba shall he sway,

And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.

See ! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,

1070

Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies.

Procas the next behold, a chief divine,

Procas the glory of the Trojan line ;

Capys and Numitor there pant for fame ;

There a new Sylvius bears thy mighty name ;

1075

Like thee, just, great, and good, for valour known,

The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.

What strength each youth displays ! but who are those  
With civic crowns around their manly brows ?

By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,

1080

And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.

Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,

And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.

Then

Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;  
 Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!  
 Bright Ilia, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear 1086  
 Yon' glorious hero to the god of war:  
 Behold great Romulus, her victor son;  
 Whose sword restores his grandfire to the throne.  
 Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays! 1090  
 And Jove's own splendors round his temples blaze.  
 From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise;  
 The boundless earth, her empire shall comprize; }  
 Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies!  
 Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace, 1095  
 Who nobly glories in her martial race;  
 Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;  
 Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,  
 When thro' the Phrygian towns, sublime in air,  
 She rides triumphant in her golden car, 1100  
 Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs;  
 And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,  
 A shining train, who fill the blest abode,  
 A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god!  
 Turn, turn thine eyes! see here thy race divine, 1105  
 Behold thy own imperial Roman line:  
 Cæsar, with all the Julian name, survey;  
 See where the glorious ranks ascend to day!—  
 This—this is he!—the chief so long foretold  
 To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old, 1110 }  
 And give the Lernean realms a second age of gold!  
 The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,  
 Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line!

This

This mighty chief his empire shall extend  
O'er Indian realms, to earth's remotest end. 1115  
The hero' rapid victories out-run [fun!  
The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of the  
Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,  
Support th' etherial lights, and prop the rolling skies!  
He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!  
Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood. 1121  
Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,  
And distant nations tremble at his arms.  
So many realms not great Alcides past,  
Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd, 1125  
O'er Erymanthus' steeps the boar pursu'd;  
Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.  
Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,  
When on his car the god in triumph flew,  
And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels, 1130  
Whirl'd by swift tygers down the Indian hills.—  
And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,  
When fame, when empire is the certain prize?  
Rise, rise, my son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!  
Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome! 1135

But who that chief, who crown'd with olive stands,  
And holds the sacred relics in his hands?  
I know the pious Roman king from far,  
The silver beard, and venerable hair;  
Call'd from his little barren field away, 1140  
To pomp of empire and the regal sway.  
Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms  
Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by him, the soft unwarlike train  
 Repeat their former triumphs o'er again. 1145  
 Lo Ancus there!—the giddy crowd he draws,  
 And swells too much with popular applause.  
 Now wou'dst thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,  
 Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?  
 See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain, 1150  
 The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:  
 He to his ax shall proud rebellion doom,  
 The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!  
 His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,  
 And fix oppression in the throne again,) 1155  
 He nobly yields to justice, in the cause  
 Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.  
 Tho' harsh th' unhappy father may appear,  
 The judge compels the fire to be severe;  
 And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move, 1160  
 To sink the private in the public love.

Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,  
 Dooms to the ax his brave victorious son.  
 Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!  
 Behold the Decii dying for their country's good! 1165  
 Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come  
 With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.  
 Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!  
 How strict their friendship in the realms of night!  
 How fierce their discord when they spring to light!  
 How furious in the field will both appear! 1171  
 With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!

Impetuous

Impetuous to the fight the father pours  
From the stern Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.  
The son, with servile monarchs in his train, 1175  
Leads the whole Eastern world, and spreads the plain.  
Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;  
And save your country from the woes of war;  
Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,  
So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword! 1180  
And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign.  
Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!—  
Yon chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,  
And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,  
Drive to the capitol his gilded car, 1185  
And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.  
That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,  
And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,  
O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,  
Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line; 1190  
Avenge Minerva's violated fane,  
And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.  
What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear!  
Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,  
Africk's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war! 1195  
Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,  
In pride of poverty divinely great;  
Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come  
From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome?  
Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace, 1200  
Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!

See

See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care  
Preserves his country by protracted war!—  
The subject nations, with a happier grace,  
From the rude stone may call the mimic face, 1205 }  
Or with new life inform the breathing brass:  
Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,  
The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:  
Be this your nobler praise in times to come,  
These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome! 1210  
O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,  
To bid those nations tremble and obey;  
To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,  
To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with war.

He said—awhile their ravish'd eyes admire 1215  
The wond'rous scenes:—when thus proceeds the fire:  
See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,  
And bears the regal trophies from the plain.  
Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,  
And stand unshaken in a storm of war. 1220  
Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,  
The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.—  
When him the Trojan prince a youth beheld  
In shining arms advancing o'er the field;  
A beauteous form; but clouds his front surround, 1225  
And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.  
Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercast with grief;  
The youth who follows that victorious chief?  
His son? or one of his illustrious line?  
What numbers shout around the form divine? 1230  
His

His port how noble ! how august his fame !  
How like the former ! and how near the same !  
But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,  
And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.  
Seek not, my son, replies the fire, to know 1235  
(And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow,)  
What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,  
What endless grief to every son of Rome !  
This youth on earth the fates but just display,  
And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away ! 1240  
Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,  
Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies !  
Oh ! from the martial field what cries shall come !  
What groans shall echo thro' the streets of Rome !  
How shall old Tyber, from his cozy bed, 1245  
In that sad moment rear his reverend head,  
The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey,  
When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way !  
A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,  
Nor glad like him the Latian father's eyes : 1250  
And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never bore,  
From age to age, so brave a son before !  
Honour and fame, alas ! and ancient truth,  
Revive and die with that illustrious youth !  
In vain embattled troops his arms oppose : 1255  
In every field he tames his country's foes,  
Whether on foot he marches in his might,  
Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.  
Poor pitied youth ! the glory of the state !  
Oh ! couldst thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate, 1260  
Rome

Rome should in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes,  
Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus rise !  
Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lillies bring,  
With all the purple beauties of the spring ;  
These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow 1265  
On the dear youth, to please his shade below—  
Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their sight,  
They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.

When the great fire had taught his son the whole,  
And with the Roman glories fir'd his soul ; 1270  
Next to the list'ning hero he declares  
His toils in Latium, and successive wars ;  
Gives him their nations and their towns to know,  
And how to shun or suffer every woe.

Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn, 1275  
That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.  
Thro' this, true visions take their airy way,  
Thro' that, false phantoms mount the realms of day.  
Then to the ivory gate he led them on,  
And there dismiss'd the Sibyl and his son. 1280

Now the great chief, returning to the main,  
Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.  
Then, steering by the strand, he ploughs the sea,  
And to Caieta's port directs his way :  
There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor ; 1285  
And the tall ships stood rang'd along the shore.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.