

# The Irish *Æneid* (*Imtheachta Æniasa*)

translated by

George Calder

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Now when the Greeks had accomplished the plunder, sacking, and effacement of Phrygia's royal city Troy, the head of all Asia in dignity and supremacy, the kings of the Greeks came to the hill of Minerva in Troy; and all being assembled in one place, Agamemnon, the sovereign lord, asked them what counsel they would give him respecting those that had betrayed the city, or whether they should keep faith with them. Some of the Greeks said it was not right to keep faith with them, "since it was not for love of us, but for fear of us, and for their own safety, they betrayed the city; and they did us evil as long as they could, and they would do so again if they thought it possible." Then after that Nestor said: "Sixty years ago, now," said he, "came I and Pelias and Telamon and Castor and Pollux along with Hercules—the crews of seven ships in all, with the Argo—and we destroyed this city. Everyone in it fit to be killed we put to the point of spear or sword. Everyone that was not slain we brought into captivity or slavery. All its treasure we took out of it, and then gave it to the flames. Thereafter Laomedon overtook us and gave us battle, and at our hands in that battle, both Laomedon fell and his three sons Pulus, Foclointis, and Aimpiter, and there fell the choice of kings, chiefs, and champions of the Trojans along with him. We brought with us into captivity Hesione and Priam, a daughter and a son of Laomedon. For a time after that Troy was uninhabited for fear of the Greeks. Thereafter, in return for treasure and riches, Hercules granted Priam permission to come to Troy and rebuild it again, on condition that he should not again wage war with Greeks, a condition that Priam fulfilled as long as Hercules was alive. When he was dead, and Priam observed his city's strength and his army's efficiency, high-mindedness and pride took possession of him. And besides he did not think it becoming not to demand of the Greeks [redress for] his wrong; and he sent his sons Alexander and Æneas on a raid against the Greeks, and

they plundered the island of Cytherea, and carried off Spartan Helen. Then, with all our army, we came after our spoil; and we were but set at nought, and no restitution was made us for the sake of peace with us, and against us was assembled the mighty strength of Asia; and in battle against us uprose contentiously, powerfully, proudly, kings and chiefs, heroes and battle-soldiers, and valiant men of all the Asias, from Scythia in the north to India in the east, and Ethiopia in the south; and while there fell by them a multitude of our kings and chiefs and battle-soldiers, they fell by us to a man, and Priam himself, with his fifty sons and daughters and sons-in-law, and all his heroes and battle-soldiers, kings and chiefs and nobles of Troy, save only the traitors, Æneas and Antenor, with their followers. That was the end of Priam's friendship with Greeks. It is certain to you, then, that if you leave Æneas in Troy his friendship with you will be no better than was that of Priam with Greeks. Woe to Greek that will put confidence in him, for Æneas is ever an enemy to Greeks. A multitude of heroes and battle-soldiers and champions of the Greeks fell by him by his own hand in the hundred and sixty-seven battles that were fought against us in defence of Troy." When the Greeks heard these words which Nestor spoke, the counsel which they voiced and decided on was to lay Troy waste, and drive the traitors out of it without killing them, since the honour of Pyrrhus was engaged to save them in return for the betrayal of Troy. Then, by the counsel of the Greeks, Agamemnon enjoined on Æneas and Antenor to leave Troy waste, the latter to go to Illyricum, a country between Greece and Italy, toward the West. Æneas, however, with the following he had, came to Mount Ida, on the shore of the Tyrrhene Sea, to a beautiful forest there. Excellent was the timber for ship-building, and twenty ships were built by him there; and when he had completed the building of his ships, he launched upon the Tyrrhene Sea with the first fair weather, at the beginning of summer, and with him his aged sire Anchises, his son Ascanius, and every one of his allies that followed him. Sad, gloomy, tearful, sorrowful, very distressing was that departure. Listless was the journey on which they went. Sad, too, was the voice of weeping, the smiting of hands, and wailing, as they looked on their land and their own fatherland after being driven out of it by their enemies. Then they sailed to Thrace, a country friendly to Trojans as long as they had power,

for the mother of Priam's children was a daughter of the King of Thrace—to wit, Hecuba, daughter of Cisseus. On reaching the land of Thrace they built a town there, and named it Æneades [Ænus], after the name of Æneas. Close to that city was a hill with a sacred grove upon it. Æneas came to pluck some of it in order to lay its branches upon the altars of the gods, for the purpose of offering sacrifice to them. There a thing strange and horrible befell him—to wit, the first branch he plucked from the ground showers of blood dripped from it, so that the ground out of which the branch had been torn was full of gore and blood. Æneas was silent at the sight of the branch and that dreadful sign; and fear and great terror seized him, so that he was unable to speak. Then he heard issuing from the ground a great lamentation, and a feeble, very wretched utterance, and this is what it said: "Do not do that, Æneas; but deliver me, and do not dishonour me under the grove that has grown through my grave. I am Polydorus, son of Priam. When decline came upon Troy, I was sent here by Priam, with abundance of gold and silver, to my brother-in-law, the king of Thrace—to wit, Polymestor—who had Iliona, Priam's daughter, my sister, to wife. When we heard, however, that Troy was sacked, he played me false, and slew me and my sister, and took away our gold and our silver, and buried me here, and through my grave has grown this wood you wished to cut. Leave a deceitful and fratricidal land, and make for Italy; for there it is fated you to gain a country." Then Æneas went and told that tale to Anchises, who said it was proper counsel Polydorus gave them; and the Trojans performed his due of burial for Polydorus. His grave was made, his stone was placed, his name was written, he was called to his grave, and mourning was made for him. On accomplishing that they went to their ships, and left the land of Thrace, and sailed away to the Isle of Delos where was Anius, king and priest to Apollo. He offered a sacrifice to Apollo on behalf of Æneas, and the answer Apollo gave him was that it was fated to Æneas to find neither territory nor land till he should reach Italy. Æneas, on hearing this answer of Apollo, came unto his ships. Past Naxos, past Donusa, and past Paros, and past Cyclades, making for Crete. On their arrival at that island a town called Pergamia was built for them; and they remained for the space of a month in Crete. In obedience to a prophecy of Apollo, they leave the Island of Crete, and fare forth

upon the main onwards to Italy, so that they saw neither land nor dry ground, but the sea round them in every direction. Storm and tempest burst upon them there. In the air came wind and thunder and lightning; the clouds darkened on them so that they knew not whither they were going. A storm rose on the sea which cast its lowest depths to its surface; and they were three days and three nights in that peril, with no sunlight by day, no moonlight by night. On the fourth day they sighted the mountains of the Island of Strophades. Then they struck their sails, and proceeded by rowing—for they had not favourable conditions for sailing—till they reached the port of the Island of Strophades, on the Ionian Sea. Thus was that island—full of cattle, sheep, and goats, with no one to protect them or to guard them. Among the Trojans therefore, they made much flesh-meat from these herds. Now after that, when their portions of food were brought before them, they saw bearing down upon them from the hills a flock of noisome birds—Harpies they are named—that screamed and snatched their portions of food from them out of their hands, and left their filth upon their platters. The Trojans seized their shields and swords, and got quit of them by dint of fighting. After that they sailed away from the Island of Strophades past these islands—to wit, Zacynthus, and the Island of Dulichium, and the Island of Samos, and past Ithaca, and many other isles of the Tyrrhene Sea, till they arrived at Epirus, and they anchored there. And [Æneas] went to speak with Helenus, son of Priam, for he it was who was King of Epirus at that time; for Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, had given Andromache to Helenus to wife, when he himself married Hermione, daughter of Menelaus, son of Atreus, after her betrothal at first to Orestes, son of Agamemnon; and Orestes slew Pyrrhus in the temple of Apollo, after his betrayal by Apollo's priest. Pyrrhus, before his death, bequeathed the son Andromache bore him (Molossus was his name) to be brought up by Helenus and by his mother; and to Helenus he (Æacides) gave his property for behoof of his son—*i.e.*, Molossus—which is part of Epirus. Now, when Æneas reached Helenus, he received a warm welcome at his hands. Helenus then uttered a prophecy to him, and said to him: "Make for Italy, for there it is your destiny to find a country." And he gave him a token—where a white sow, with thirty of a farrow, should appear to him at the side of the river Tiber, there he would of a surety abide, and

build a town and acquire land; and he bade him not settle in Italy near Epirus, for Greeks dwelt there. Now, Æneas, son of Anchises, and Helenus parted in peace and good will; and Æneas came to his ships, and sailed on the sea till they reached the district of Italy, where dwelt Greeks; and they skirted the coast of Italy till they came between Scylla and Charybdis, and they ran aground there, till power of rowing and sailing brought them away. They went then under Crete (having lost their bearings) to the port of Mount Etna, where dwell the Cyclopes. An ever-living fire always [burns] in that mountain, and [columns] of its black smoke and flame burst at all times forth from caves and craters of that mountain. God does that to make known to men that the fire of hell is eternal; for this is what some allege, that Mount Etna is one of the doors of hell.' When morning rose upon them in that port, they saw [coming] towards them from the wood the form of a miserable, wretched man, with his hands spread out, and himself in supplication and great entreaty, and, this is what he was saying: "For the sake of heaven's God, and for kindness' sake, and for pity's sake, Trojans, slay me or put me to sea rather than leave me here." He put his hand under Anchises' knee, and Anchises took his right hand as a pledge of safety to him, and asked of him whence and who he was, and what brought him there. "I am a Greek," said he, "and Achemenides is my name; and in the ship of Ulysses, son of Laertes, came I to this port. We landed here and went into Cyclops' cave; and he seized two of us, and dashed them out of his hands against the rocks of the cave; so that small fragments were made of them, and he ate them raw, and I myself saw their limbs in the openings, that were between his teeth. Then he drank wine, and went to sleep in his cave after it. We could not imagine Ulysses departing from him without avenging his people upon him; and we approached him so as to surround him while he was asleep, belching out and slobbering his blood and vomit on his beard; one eye in his head as big as a Grecian battle-shield or a moon on the fifteenth. We wounded that eye and broke it, and, joyous, very terrified, we embarked. I was left unwittingly unnoticed by my folk, since I had strayed away from them. I have been here for the space of three months, with no food save herbs and small haws. Polyphemus, with his cave shut upon him, is now milking his goats and his sheep, and he will come to you to this port to wash his eye with

the brine, just as he comes daily; and he has a hundred brothers exactly like himself in that mountain. 'Tis time for you, Trojans, to flee from him, lest ye be drowned here." Now, while Achemenides was in that discourse, they saw approaching towards them seawards that huge monster approaching the haven—to wit, Polyphemus with a [shepherd's] pipe on his back, and a stem of a fir tree stripped of its branches, for a staff, in his hand, and his flock of goats and sheep about him; and he came past them in the sea, and cleansed the pus and gore from his eye, and there were heard afar off the crunching of his teeth and his groaning as he cleansed his eye. While he was washing his eye the Trojans escaped away past him, in terror, stealthily towards the sea. He perceived the shouting of men and the rushing of ships going past him seaward. He turned about after them in order to overtake them, and in his case the Ionian Sea did not reach above his shoulder; and since he overtook them not, for he did not hit upon the way they had gone, he uttered his heavy martial roar, so that Mount Etna shook, and he put the Ionian Sea under a wave-roar, so that the people of Italy were alarmed and terrified at the dreadfulness of the voice they heard. The Trojans beheld coming towards them from the woods a huge host, the intolerable evil of his brethren—like mighty oaks, so that they filled the ports [approaching] towards him. In sooth there came there a horrible and fierce host. Woe to the Trojans on whom they should lay hold. But the Trojans, when they saw the ugly and awful host of the Cyclopes [bearing] towards them to the assistance of their brother, became alarmed and terrified before them, and their fear was not causeless. They sailed away from them on the sea, wherever the wind bore them; for they preferred to brave the danger of the deep, and to go upon a devious course, rather than remain to meet the Cyclopes. Thus the Trojans got away from all these struggles and dangers, one after another, and they made the port of Drepanum, in Sicily. Now, when the Trojans reached that port, Acestes, king of Sicily, advanced to meet them, and gave them a warm welcome, and they abode with him for a while; and with them there in Sicily the aged Anchises died, and his grave was made there, his stone was set up, his name was inscribed, and he was called to his tomb, and his funeral games were celebrated as was the custom with Pagans to celebrate those games to their dead. Now, when a little time had passed, there came

clear weather and a fair wind for Italy. Æneas made haste in accordance with the burden of a prophecy of Cassandra and Helenus, and his ships were cleansed and launched by him, and when he had finished fitting out his ships, he sailed out to sea with dexterous and resolute rowing, so that they lost sight of the land of Sicily away astern.

Howbeit that was a grief to Juno, wife of Jove; for she had a grudge against the Trojans on account of the partial judgment Alexander, son of Priam, gave about the golden apple. Juno, therefore, came to speak with Æolus, king of the Winds, and said to him: "I have seven sweet virgins, and they are very beautiful; and there is one virgin, named Deiope, that surpasses them all. That virgin will be given you in wedlock if you will let loose the winds over the sea, to break up and drown the expedition of Æneas, who goes now to Italy in my despite." When Juno had accordingly promised Æolus that reward, he then hurried forth the winds from their caves and lurking-places over the sea, as a host of enemies overruns a country, and convulsed the land and the air with a great tempest. The clouds gathered and massed together, so as to obscure the light of the sun from the Trojan voyagers; and a hideous darkness came upon them, and they knew not where they should go. Then the foul weather poured down on them, and storm and thunder and lightning, so that they knew of no shelter for their lives. There came then a mighty wind from every point over the sea—Eurus from the east, Notus from the south, and Africus from the west—that threw the sea into heights and mountains, and dashed and broke the walls of the waves against the cliffs and against the shores, so that the boom and roar of them were heard throughout the nations and throughout the far distant territories. When Æneas saw those signs, he rose to his feet, and lifted up his hands and uttered these words: "Woe's me, O ye almighty ones, that I did not fall fighting in defence of Troy, where fell Hector, Troilus, Alexander, and swarthy Memnon, King of Persia, and Sarpedon, Penthesilea, and all the other heroes and nobles of the Trojans, before ye inflicted this vengeance on us to-day." Now, while Æneas was in that mood, the wind called Aquilo from the north came against the sails with its whistling and great roar. It roused up the waves of the sea, so that they reached the firmament of heaven. It rent the sea; and the sludge was visible below through the sea and through the brine between the



waves; and it struck the sails, and turned the ships' broadsides to the huge waves of the sea; and they thought that the billows, towering in mountain peaks above their heads, would dash in upon them into the ships. The oars were broken, their ships were made into withes, their pegs started out of them, and their planks separated. The silt and sand were lifted from the depth of the sea, so that they had it in the midst of their ships and long-boats from below, combined with the violence of the waves darkly pouring down upon them from above. Then came an overwhelming wave unto a ship of the Lycians, commanded by Orontes. It rose high above the ship and poured itself upon her, sweeping the pilot overboard into the sea. Thrice did the vortex turn the ship round, and then it swallowed her. Ah! sad was the shout the Trojans uttered then as they saw their folk a-drowning, without the power to help them, because themselves were a-drowning. The fleet was scattered, and they were drowned all over the sea. Notus, the south wind, drove three ships of them, and dashed them on hidden reefs that were in the bottom of the sea, so that they were being submerged together. Then Eurus, the east wind, drove three other ships, to the bottom of the sea—the ships of Ilioneus, of Achates, and of Aletes. They sprang leaks and were submerged, the bilge-water submerging them and playing havoc with them below, and the storm and the violence of the waves above. Such was the tumult and confusion the winds wrought on the expedition of Æneas. Neptune appeared above the sea; and when he saw the aspect that was upon the sea, he took it ill, and was roused to anger against the winds Zephyr and Eurus; and he said to them he would avenge upon them the invasion and destruction of his land. For the dominion of the sea is Neptune's. After that the winds fled, and a gentle calm came upon the sea. Thereupon Æneas, with seven crews, arrived at a port of Africa, torn as he was and half-drowned, after they had despaired of their lives. They went after that into the port, and then lighted fires and brought their possessions ashore out of their ships unto their fires, to dry them. Æneas then went to the top of a neighbouring cliff to scan the sea, if perchance he could descry any of his folk out of their course on the sea. Well, at that time Æneas beheld three huge stags with a herd of hinds behind them, out of the wood, a-grazing. Æneas seized his quiver and his bow, and killed seven hinds of them, besides the three stags, before

they could effect their escape from him; and the crews of the fleet then fetched themselves a hind for each ship; and they prepared the food, roasted, and consumed it; and then drank, wine which they had brought with them from Sicily. Then Æneas cheered and encouraged them to be stout-hearted, so as to bear every hardship they might encounter and every danger that should befall them; and he said to them: "It will be pleasant for you," said he, "to be in Italy relating every danger you will meet." Then their spirit and power and confidence returned to them; and they rid themselves of sorrow and anxiety through the encouragement Æneas gave them. Then came night; and they slept in the luxuriant grass of the wilderness where they landed.

When the light of day came on the morrow, Æneas rose, and Achates with him, and they made a search round the seaboard where they had landed, to ascertain whether he could see anyone, or whether any member of the crews that had wandered from them might fall in with him. Now, while the two of them were threading the wood that was in the neighbourhood of the port in which they had landed, they were met by Venus, Æneas' mother, in the guise of a huntress. Æneas recognized her, and bewailed to her his tribulation and distress. Venus therefore gave him heartening: "Do not be discouraged," said she, "over every danger and misfortune you will encounter; for, though great the dangers you will meet, you will escape every danger of them, and reach Italy at last." And she said to him: "There is in your neighbourhood a queen, to whom belongs this land you are in—to wit, Dido, daughter of Belus—and she is building a city; and I shall guide you to that city, and Dido, the queen, will welcome you; and after that your retinue will come to you scathless unto the city." Then Venus proceeded to a hill that was in the city; and they saw the hosts building the city, some of them laying the foundation of it, some arranging stones, some bringing sand, some mixing lime, everyone at work in like manner. When they had seen the city, Venus dismissed them to the city, and conferred invisibility upon them; and they passed unseen among the hosts, and they entered the city, and went into the temple which Dido had built to Juno the Beautiful in the city; and they saw graven on the walls of the temple the form of Troy, and a figure of the leaguers of the Greeks, figures of Priam, and of the Trojans. There, too, was graven a picture of the battle, of Hector and

the Trojan soldiers as they were wont to be a chasing the Greeks, and of Achilles and the Greek soldiers a chasing the Trojans. The picture of Hector and Achilles in single combat, and how Hector fell by Achilles in single combat, and how Achilles dragged the body of Hector round Troy, behind his chariot; and there, too, was depicted how Penthesilea, the arch-queen, fought along with her Amazons, and how she fell by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. When Æneas saw this company on the paintings, he heaved a deep sigh, and wept so that his garment was wet. He said to Achates: "In what land in the world," quoth he, "has not been heard the misery of the Trojans!" On Æneas uttering these words, Dido, daughter of Belus, the queen beautiful exceedingly, came to the door of the temple, appointing to each man his work, and building the city. There came, too, at that time to the queen, the leaders of the people that had gone a-wanting from Æneas—to wit, Antheus and Sergestus, and Cloanthus and Ilioneus, and a number more with them. Æneas remained silent, however, gazing on that company. When they came into her presence, Ilioneus addressed the queen, saying: "Have pity, O queen," said he, "on these wretched Trojans, whom wind has tossed about through many seas. We have, after being wrecked, arrived at thy territory and land. Do not suffer the ships to be burned, but show mercy on this pious stock, since it was not to work ill we came to this territory. But let hospitality be granted us in the port we have reached, till we repair our ships and oars, We had a pious king. Never was any other better in valour and prowess, or braver in battles, than he. If that king lives—to wit, Æneas—and he shall come to us, he will go where we purposed going—that is, to Italy. If he do not come to us, however, we shall return to Acestes, in Sicily." Dido gave him for answer: "We have heard," said she, "of the land of Troy and of the Trojans. Ye are welcome. Ye will receive a glad greeting here, and a grant of territory and land; and you need not go to another country at all till Æneas come to you; and should Æneas himself come here, there will be hearty welcome to him." When Æneas heard that answer, he cast from him in haste the invisibility that was over him, and came to them in great brilliance. Pleasant, comely, lovely, and well-born was the hero, that came there—fair, yellow, golden hair upon him; a beautiful ruddy face he had; eyes deepset, lustrous in his head like an image of a god, the expression which Venus, his mother,

with love's splendour, threw into his face, so that whoever looked upon him should love him. He addressed the queen, and this is what he said to her: "O queen, thou alone dost take pity upon our toil and wretchedness, and thou givest a welcome to us in thy home and city. Howbeit, we cannot discharge our obligation to thee, yet may heaven's gods recompense thee for all the good service thou wilt do us; and as long as rivers and streams remain, mountains and ancient woods, there will remain for thee the fame and the renown and high praise of the good thou doest for us." When Æneas had uttered these words, Ilioneus, Serestus, Gyas, Cloanthus, and Antheus went towards him, and were overjoyed to meet him, and they made much of the wanderer they had found. On seeing that, Dido was silent. "If thou art Æneas," said she, "son of Anchises and son of Venus, the goddess, we have heard of thy courtesy (?), thine intellect, thine uprightness, thy valour and prowess, thy noble birth, and thy great generosity besides. Thou wilt have a welcome here at our hands." Then were brought from her to the crews of the ships twenty kine, and twenty steers, and twenty flitches of bacon, and twenty ewes with their lambs. Moreover, Dido carried Æneas with her into her own royal palace. Beautiful was the house which they entered there. Many were the garments in it of satin and silk, and brodered garments of every hue. Many were the drinking-horns with embossings, and goblets, and beautiful ancestral, cups of gold and silver, in the hands of free-born boys of noble birth a-serving in it. Many were the kinds of food, generous and sweet, on lovely platters inwrought with silver, electron, and carbuncle gems of every hue. Many were the kinds of liquor in it, old and intoxicating, of every sort of drink, being distributed to the honourable, joyous household that was round about the fresh, charming queen, Dido, daughter of Belus. Pleasant, then, was it in that house. Now, Æneas sent away Achates to the ship for Ascanius, and told him to bring with him Helen's purple fringed garment that was in the ship, which she brought with her from Mycene, and the royal sceptre of gold that used to be in the hand of Ilione, daughter of Priam, and to bring with him the necklace of gold, to give them as a present to Dido. When Venus, mother of Æneas, son of Anchises, knew that Ascanius had been sent for, she went to Cupid, son of Jove, because of the goodness of his love among the heathen, and besought him to assume

the form of Ascanius, so that it might be he that would come in the guise of Ascanius, along with Achates, to Dido, and instil love for Æneas into the heart of Dido. Cupid took that matter in hand at the instigation of Venus. After that she caused a profound slumber to fall upon Ascanius, and brought him with her in his profound slumber to the top of Mount Idalia. Accordingly, Cupid, son of Jove, went in the form of Ascanius, along with Achates, having the presents with them, to the royal palace of Dido, where were the princes and nobles of Tyre and Troy, with Dido and with Æneas, at a delightful princely banquet. When the presents had been shown to Æneas, he gave them to Dido. She and the nobles of the court were amazed, and praised the presents, and the queen was grateful for them, and she summoned into their presence Cupid, in the [dis]guise of Ascanius. She was joyful to see, him, for she thought it was Ascanius himself that was there, and knew not it was Cupid. Cupid was mindful of the promise he had made to Venus; and he instilled love for Æneas in Dido's heart, so that the exceeding greatness and intensity of love for Æneas in her heart were unbearable to her. Glad and very joyous was that night that was spent, and for Tyrians and for Trojans it was fortunate. Love dwelt in the heart of Dido. 'Twas her joy to converse with Æneas, owing to the greatness of her love of him. She asked of him much of the tales of Priam and Hector and Memnon, and she asked what manner of man was Diomedes, and Achilles, and how they at last prevailed against Troy, and how he escaped from it, and what lands he had travelled till he came to Africa. When Dido asked these tales of Æneas, all the courtiers remained silent attending to the tales Æneas would relate. Æneas gave to Dido, daughter of Belus, an attentive response: "Queen," said he, "'tis painful to me, and I am loath to narrate these tales; for, to me 'tis a recollection of sorrow and trouble and anxiety to narrate them. But, nevertheless, I shall briefly relate somewhat of them to you, since that is your desire. Well, when the Greeks had been repulsed, and their kings, and chiefs, and heroes, and battle-soldiers had fallen, for the space of ten years fighting against us, this is the device the Greeks hit upon, to make a wooden horse which should be ten feet long and fifty feet wide. There were chosen and assembled the flower of heroes and battle-soldiers and champions of the Greeks, and they were bestowed in the belly of the wooden horse, and the horse was closed up

around them. These are the chiefs that were assembled in the horse—Sthenelus, and Thersander, and Acamas, and Thoas, and Pelides, and Neoptolemus, Machaon, Ulysses, Menelaus, and what was best of the Greek champions along with them, their number being ninety in all. When the Greeks had completed, as they deemed sufficient, the building and fitting up of that wooden horse, they left it behind them in their camp and a youth in bonds—a space from it—and they went in a body with all their armament, till they lay concealed in the shelter of the island of Tenedos. When we heard of the leaguers of the Greeks being tenantless, and the fleet voyaging off, we rejoiced at it, and Troy was thrown open; and we came to view the tenantless leaguers, and we were glad a-searching every camp, tenantless as they were, till we found there the wooden horse, with no one near it. We wondered why the Greeks had left it, and why they had made it of yon huge size. Thymoetes came towards us, and his exhortation was to carry it into the city. Capys, however, said: ‘‘Tis evident,’ quoth he, ‘the Greeks did not leave this image without some contrivance for evil in it, to injure Troy. This is the proper course, to cast it over a sea-cliff, or to burn it, or to perforate it’; so that they might know what was within it. Laocoon, son of Priam, came to them at that juncture and said: ‘Wretched Trojans, great is the folly you are guilty of, if you believe the Greeks have left you this image without some contrivance in it to injure you. ‘Tis evident,’ quoth he, ‘that hosts of Greeks lie concealed in this tree, or there is some stratagem to injure us, or to burst asunder the city wall before it. Do not, O Trojans, put faith in this horse. Whatever be in it, I fear the Greeks, owing to this gift they have left.’ On Laocoon’s uttering these words, he shook the great spear that was in his hand, and threw a cast of it so that it remained stuck in the belly of the wooden horse. There in the belly of the horse it caused the soldiers [to make] a clash of arms. At that juncture the Trojans discovered the warder of the wooden horse, a youth with his hands bound behind his back, and they brought him to Priam, that he should tell him tidings of the Greeks, and what made them depart in the manner they did. When he had approached so that he was in the presence of Priam, everyone came towards him to see him and to hearken to his tales. When he saw the Trojans round about him from every quarter, he fetched a deep sigh and wept, and this is what he said:

'Woe's me to-day! There is no protection for me on earth, east or west; for though it should be Greeks that should come upon me, they would slay me. The Trojans, too, are a multitude hostile to me. They will slay me.' And after that he made great lamentation. Our men's hearts went out to him, and we took pity on him and gave him his life, and Priam gave him a guarantee to set him free, and said to him: 'Abandon the Greeks and be with us always, and tell us truly why the Greeks made yonder huge mass, the wooden horse, and what they wished to compass by it.' Then Sinon raised his hands to heaven. 'I swear,' said he, 'by the gods of heaven that I tell you no lie, but the whole truth. What the Greeks deserve at our hands is that we should hate them. Ye Trojans, however, deserve that I should love you, for ye have saved me. Minerva, a goddess of the Greeks, they ever rely upon to succour them in battles. Diomedes and Ulysses went and dishonoured Minerva's temple, killing the wardens, and bringing Minerva's image with them into their leaguer. When she reached their leaguer, her eyes flamed, and an exceeding bitter sweat, like brine, streamed through her limbs. She leaped up thrice, shook her shield at them, and brandished her spear. Now, great terror seized the Greeks at these signs, and they feared Minerva had turned against them. At that juncture Calchas said to them: "Strike your tents and take to the sea; till you return again from Greece you cannot prevail against Troy." Moreover, Calchas told them to make for Minerva this figure of the wooden horse to lull her ire. Now, for that reason he bade fashion it so huge and high that it might not be possible for you to take it into Troy. For if ye bring it so that it would be above the walls of Troy, viewing them from within the people of Asia could reach so that they would be above the walls of Greece destroying them.' This tale of Sinon's was credited by the Trojans. Moreover, another evil happened beside that mission on which Sinon came to deceive the Trojans. As Laocoon was sacrificing a huge bull to Neptune, there came towards them two serpents landwards from the island of Tenedos, in dreadful horror, their shoulders and heads aloft upon them, with their eyes sharp and flaming, they being fierce, fiery, and their gullets burning and their tongues quivering, and hissing in their heads; and we fled before them forthwith, and they overtook the sons of Laocoon and devoured them, and they went to Laocoon himself after that, and wound themselves

about his belly and his neck. They formed themselves into circles; and Laocoon set himself to release himself therefrom with his hands, and roaring and screaming out, up to the welkin. The serpents went after that to the temple of Minerva, into her presence, and hid themselves under the feet and shields of Minerva. Fear and dread seized us on that account; for we were certain the reason the serpents made an onset on Laocoon and his sons was his having hurled the spear into the belly of the wooden horse, and this is what we all exclaimed: 'Let the horse be brought into the city, for this is the pleasure of the gods.' We made a breach in the city walls before it, and it was brought to Troy; and no sooner had it arrived within the threshold than the men that were in it made a great clash of arms, and then we thought 'twas the blessing of the goddess that came in the thunder, and we took the image and placed it in the city. Joyous and glad were, the people of the city at that deed; but more proper for them would have been mourning for it, had they known the thing that was toward after that. Then we sacrificed in honour of Minerva. Night came after that, and each one went after night to his house, and the Trojans slept soundly, tired after their journey and their toil. Well, the Greek fleet came stealthily from the island of Tenedos, and made the port of Troy, and a blazing torch is lighted on Agamemnon's ship, as a signal to Sinon when it should be time for him to set free the host that were in the wooden horse. Accordingly Sinon rose from his bed at that time, and, going upon the walls of Troy, saw the signal, and went and set free the host that were in the wooden horse; and they went at once and slew the company that were guarding Troy, and opened the gates of Troy to the Greeks, and all advanced till they stood in the midst of Troy. It was my first sleep then, when I saw approaching me Hector, in great woe and sorrow. He was weeping; and the appearance he then presented was that he had when Achilles, after slaying him, dragged him, bound behind his horses and his chariot, around Troy—to wit, his beard and face soiled, his hair full of gore, blood and dust mixed together, his body soiled, bloody, wounded all round. He said to me: 'Flee, my son, before this conflagration. Enemies are sacking the city. To thee she commits the souls of thy friends and her household gods. Seek yet a country for them elsewhere; for to-night Troy has fallen to the ground.' While I was in that sleep and in the



vision, the Greeks were sacking the city; and I heard the cry of sorrow and lamentation, and yell, and shout, and wailing of the tumultuous host of the enemy, looting and sacking the city. I was awakened from my sleep by that tumult and work of demolition that filled the city; and horror, fear, and dread transformed me, and I went to the top of my house to hear what was toward. Then I saw the city a single fringe of flame, and heard the shout the hosts raised, and the trumpets sounding throughout the city. Then I knew that it was the Greeks that were there sacking the city. Thereupon anger took possession and made a mad ox of me; and I seized my weapons of war and went with my following to succour the king. Well, there rallied to me in that succour Rhipeus, Hypanis, Dymas, and Coroebus; and other companies of Trojan heroes rallied to me. After that we dashed into an engagement with the Greeks, and numbers of them fell by us. Now there were great terror and gloom, and killing and signs of death, throughout the city that night. There came towards us at that time Androgeus, a high chief of Greece, slaughtering, slaying, hacking, mangling, and beheading the Trojans; and we made a bold onset upon him, and Androgeus fell at our hands, and a number of Greeks along with him. We then assumed the arms and shields of the Greeks; and we took to mingling with them, in order to slay them wherever we could get a chance at them through that stratagem. Thereafter, mingled with Greeks, we reached the temple of Minerva. It was there that Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was taken by force from the temple. We went to contend with them for her; for it was intolerable to us to give her up without going to her rescue. Well, the Greeks recognized us after that, and turned upon us and inflicted slaughter on us; and there Coroebus, Rhipeus, Hypanis, Dymas, and Panthus fell, and a number more along with them. From that I afterwards escaped, as did Iphitus and Pelias; and we went to the king's citadel to rescue Priam. A great force was there fighting for Priam. There were the household of the king himself, and his mercenaries, and his host from every land. A battle, fierce, hot, furious, was waged there on both sides between the heroes of the Greeks and the Trojan champions. Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, too, with his Myrmidons, and all the youth of the Island of Scyros, came through the battle, and won it, and inflicted great slaughters, and broke down the stronghold, and destroyed the palace; and Priam fell by the

hand of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. Now, when I saw Priam fall, o'er my mind came the remembrance of my father, Anchises, a comrade and contemporary of Priam. My mother, too, Venus the goddess, came and took my hand in hers, and said to me: 'What great glow of wrath or what madness possesses you that you bestow no thought that the aged Anchises, your son Ascanius, and your wife Creusa are in their present danger, and the Greeks sacking the city and burning it about them on every side, and you in the vain battle in which you are engaged; for all the gods we worship have abandoned to destruction the city and the Trojans to-night, and you cannot preserve them. Away with your present folly, and follow my counsel, for it is better for you than what you do. Go to your house, and bring with you your father Anchises, your son, your wife, and your household gods, away out of the city, to a place where you will find protection against the Greeks; for there is no safety for you in this city to-night. Go quickly to your house; follow not the course you pursue; flee away bravely, and leave the city, and seek your safety elsewhere, for this city has fallen to-night.' I then went to my house, according to the counsel of Venus; and I gave over my fighting, and I said to Anchises: 'Our enemies have come nigh, and it is time for us to flee from them, for there is no safety for us here.' Anchises said he would not flee, for he preferred his death at the hands of his enemies to life after the destruction of Troy. There was need of the testimony I spoke to him: 'Quickly you will find that thing [death] now, if it be thy choice; for Pyrrhus will come upon you, all gory and bloody, after slaying the son of Priam in his presence, and then beheading himself. 'Tis certain you will meet death at his hand, if you prefer it to flight. We shall all meet the same fate if we stay here? I came after that with Ascanius and Creusa, weeping, before him, and beseeching him to come along with us away out of the city, and that they should not tarry in it, waiting for the Greeks to slay them. Now, when Anchises saw that great trouble and our sorrow, that caused him great pain, and he was in doubt what he should do, whether to go with them or stay; and he lifted up his hands and his eyes to heaven, saying: 'Gods of heaven, let your help come unto me, and strengthen the right counsel in me.' And then suddenly there came a great peal of thunder, and there came to him a bright star, accompanied by an exceedingly strong light from heaven,

and it settled upon the roof-tree of the house we were in, illuminating the forest of Mount Ida. When Anchises saw that thing, he said: 'Good is the omen,' quoth he; 'yon is a star to indicate much guidance and a journey's course. We must go with it. I am with you,' said he, 'without hesitation now, in whatever direction you proceed.' This is what I said then," quoth Æneas: "It is time for bold flight. The Greeks have come nigh. There is a tenantless temple on a mountain knoll outside the city—to wit, the temple of Ceres—and though it be a few of our people that escape from the slaughter, let them come thither. I shall bear Anchises on my back wherever I shall go, so that death or life may be the same to us. Let Ascanius, too, after that, come with me. Let Creusa, daughter of Hecuba, come in our track. Also, let Anchises bring his household gods with him; for it is not meet for me to touch them, since I am gory and bloody after slaying men.' On completing these directions I gave," said Æneas, "I took Anchises on my back and Ascanius along with me, and Creusa, now wild, now gentle, behind us. But fear and terror seized me. We thought the Greeks were before us wherever we went [Escaping], however, out of every peril, we arrived at the temple of Ceres, which was on a hill, a distance away from the city; and all our household, too, arrived thither, save Creusa alone, and I knew not what kept her behind me, whether weariness with journeying or wandering astray on some path. When I abandoned my hope of her coming to me, I left Ascanius and Anchises with their comrades; and I was seized with anger and wrath; and I donned my armour, and went again to the city to seek Creusa. I went on my track the way I had come from the city, to see whether she might meet me. I went to my own house, moreover, to seek her; for I thought it likely she would return back to her couch. But that house was full of the Greeks a-burning it. I then turned from them stealthily, and went to seek Creusa where I thought it likely she had gone. Whilst I was searching the city from one place to another, I saw approaching me the form of Creusa, in a guise greater and more awful than was ever known to me. I was silent on seeing her; for strange, methought, was the look I saw upon her, and I could not address her. She, however, spoke to me, and said: 'Beloved spouse,' said she, 'the gods grant not to you to take me with you from this land, nor will they leave me to the Greeks; but I shall remain here with the gods. You, moreover, will be for long a-voyaging,

and you will search much of unknown lands and seas. You will not get territory or land, though much of them you search, till you reach Italy. You will find great wars and battles in it, and you will be victorious; and you will gain the lordship of Italy by force, and you will take in it a queen worthy of you, and from your seed will spring lords and kings and chiefs in Italy for ever. Therefore carefully rear the little son that is between us twain; for it is meet he should be carefully reared and well, since he will be king in Italy after you. Go now,' said she, 'and take [my] blessing. As for me, however, do you entertain no anxiety for me, since they do not let me [go] with you.' On hearing these words that Creusa uttered, I bewailed that greatly, and thrice did I essay to put my arms about her neck, and thrice did she elude me, and it was no more possible to get hold of her than of the wind. Thereupon I turned back sadly, sorrowfully unto my people. Therewith, then, came the morning light, and from every quarter assembled towards us all those that had escaped from the slaughter, and all entered my service and promised to accompany me wherever I should go.

"We all went after that at the first streak of day, I and my father Anchises, and my son Ascanius with the host that followed us, to Mount Ida, and a fleet was built by us there; and when we had finished building our fleet we went to Thrace, and from Thrace to the island of Delos; from that to the island of Cyclades, thence to the island of Crete; from the island of Crete to the island of Strophades; thence to Epirus, past the coast of Italy where Greeks dwell, past Scylla and Charybdis, with great danger, to the port of Mount Etna, where dwell, the Cyclopes; thence to the port of Drepanum, and to Sicily; and there died the old man, my father, Anchises, son of Capys. Thence with great peril and shipwreck we came hither to thee, O queen. This, then, is the substance of that tale you asked of me; and but for my persuasion of your nobleness loth had I been to tell it, for it causes me sorrow and grief to call to mind these tales." Dido and Æneas passed that night with these tales; and in her heart the queen found great pleasure in listening to Æneas, so that the intensity and greatness of the love she had for Æneas was unbearable, and let her neither eat nor sleep.

When the morrow came, she addressed her faithful sister named Anna, and said to her: "Faithful sister, he is noble, august, and

high-born; goodly is his form, and sweet his address, and good the valour and prowess of this man; and he is gentle and lovable, it is easy to love him, and it is evident he is of the stock of the gods. Had I not resolved against taking a second husband after the death of the first I had, such love have I for him, that my wish would be to marry him, did not shame prevent me. Well, sister beloved, it does not become me to, conceal it from you, since it is a talk in confidence, that the great love I have for Æneas has taken away my sense and my reason. Nevertheless, I had rather the earth swallowed me alive than that my chastity and modesty should be destroyed." And queen Dido, wept much till her dress was wet upon her breast. After she had said these words, Anna, her sister, answered her and said: "Sister beloved, though a multitude of kings and princes of Africa came to woo you, you refused them all, and not one of them took your mind. When you have found one that takes your mind, who is worthy of you, and on whom you have set a love that is unbearable to you—this is your proper course—to put from you sorrow and melancholy, and to enjoy your country and your resources in a life pleasant, dignified, and joyous; and to unite with the man with whom you have fallen in love, for that will put away from you sorrow and melancholy, and bring to yourself gladness and joy in life. What mean you also that you do not take heed of the virulent and evil peoples among whom you dwell, here, the Gaetulians, Numidians, Syrtians, and Barcaeans? These tribes have a great hatred for you, and a disposition to do you evil in return for your disposition to them; in a word, for the disgrace you inflicted on them by not choosing for yourself any one of them in wedlock. I am certain that the gods sent that host of Trojans to join us against those races. Why do you not see for yourself that you will acquire great strength and great glory, if you detain the Trojans with you, and if you take Æneas to yourself in wedlock? and it is easy for you to hold them fast since there is this reason. The season of winter and storm is now on, and it is no season for a fleet at sea." Now, when Anna spoke these words to Dido, the more did she fan the flame of love for Æneas in the heart of Dido; and she fell into unrest and walking throughout the city, since the love of Æneas was consuming her and did not allow her to rest in one place; and she brought Æneas with her throughout the city, and showed him her jewels and wealth and all her

treasure, both gold and silver, silk and satin, cups and goblets, and every other treasure she had. Often would she essay to approach Æneas, and to tell him the greatness of the love she cherished for him, but was again unable for the greatness of her modesty. Nothing pleased her but conversing with Æneas, and asking tales of him. There was no rest to her mind at all; she had no enjoyment in sitting, or lying, or sleeping, or eating: and she was unable to do good; and the exceeding greatness of the love she had for Æneas took her reason from her and distracted her.

Then it came into Dido's mind to go a-hunting, Æneas going with her; and to that Æneas agreed. Then came the queen, Dido, daughter of Belus, to meet the hunt; and beautifully she came on upon a spirited horse with its beauteous caparison upon it, a mantle of varied colour with its fringe of red gold about her. She had a golden quiver. Moreover, the youth of Tyre and Sidon came along with her. Now, on reaching the mount, they settled the arrangement of the hunt. They placed everyone in his position for hunting as was proper, and then the game was driven towards them out of the mount. Now whilst they were splendidly hunting the game, foul weather poured down upon them, and storm, hail, thunder, and lightning, so that they were seized with fear and terror, and they separated and fled each of them to his house, being unable to hunt. Also Æneas and Dido went both together in flight to a cave that was near them; and they two consummated their union there, since what had been appointed befell them.

Meantime, however, the goddess that was keeping equal watch over the conduct of everyone and telling tales, Rumour, daughter of Earth, was observing them. A monster, horrible, huge, is she. She walks on the ground with her head among the clouds covered with plumes from top to toe, an eye under every plume watching the deeds of everyone, and a mouth and a tongue for every eye a-telling these deeds, an ear for every eye of them, a-listening to these tales. Now it was there she was wont to watch for these evils, to wit, on the city wails and on the housetops. Indifferently she was wont to utter falsehood and truth. That goddess, Rumour, narrated to the people of Africa that Æneas had married Dido; and also to Iarbas the king she told the same tale; and Iarbas was furious at that tale, for he held it great reproach that Dido should have refused him and married Æneas. This is what he did; he offered great sacrifices

to Jove, and bewailed to him what Dido had done. "The woman to whom I gave a site for a town with me here has refused to come to us in wedlock, and has married Trojan Æneas, and great is my distress not to take vengeance on them for what they have done, if we could. But, truly, no easy victim is Æneas, the man with whom we have to deal since it is [one's] hand in a nest of serpents; it is a kick against goads, and a dash of head upon a rock; 'tis the lust of battle and derring-do upon him; and 'tis the wrath of a serpent about its nest with him; and 'tis a lion's strength, a soldier's mettle, a hero's prowess, a champion's hurling his. Brave and heroic will be his onset. I venture not to assail him though ill I like what he has done. I cannot avenge it on him, O Jove, unless thou take vengeance, for on thee I rely to avenge our wrong on Æneas and Dido." When Jove heard the prayer Iarbas made to him, Jove said to Mercury: "Go to speak with Æneas, who is with Dido building her city; say to him, 'Leave ye the city and go to Italy.' For in Italy 'tis decreed him to wage fierce and valiant wars, to gain a kingdom out of it by force, and to gain from Italy the empire of the world for his seed. Let him up therefore for Italy, and let him not stay in Carthage, for in Italy every good is fated for him, and for his seed after him." Thereupon Mercury went with that message, and donned his bird gear, and indifferently he would traverse sea and land, and he took his wand in his hand, the one end of it to make alive, the other to kill; and he went to Æneas where he was a-building the city, clad in purple fringed tunic, with a sword, gold-hilted, gemmed with carbuncle, in his hand, and he said to Æneas: "It is not the counsel of Jove and Venus, your mother, to you to be a-building a city here, for Dido the queen beautiful exceedingly, and for the Tyrians; but this is their counsel to you, to take a kingdom and supremacy for yourself and for your posterity after you, and he has told you this word, and it is Jove that has sent me to you with that counsel." On Mercury's uttering these words to Æneas, he went from him, and after that he saw him no more. But as for Æneas, a great silence fell on him owing to the message he heard from Mercury, and for a while allowed him to utter not a word. And yet for all that, he was eager to follow the counsel given him by Jove; only there were great anxiety and doubt in his mind; for he knew not how he could get away from the very noble queen who loved him, and who had shown him great kindness. The counsel he adopted was

this, to summon Nestor and Sergestus, and he told them to get ready the fleet, and to get under way, and to summon all the comrades to their ships, and to have everything in readiness and [to] 'inform me' when every detail shall have been completed by them in the proper way. That attempt was accordingly carried out unknown to Dido; and she did not notice the deception [practised] upon her by Æneas, owing to the greatness of the love and affection that existed between them. But the goddess Rumour, daughter of Earth, came to Dido, and narrated to her that the fleet was got under way by the Trojans, and that Æneas was going away from her to Italy. She turned a terrified attention to that tale, and her reason forsook her, and frenzy and madness took possession of her, and she came to Æneas and said to him: "Wicked and faithless man! did you think to effect your escape from me in that manner without my perceiving it? Why do you not bring to mind our mutual love and our friendship, and that I should die for love of you if you go from me as you purpose? Why do you not perceive that you are proceeding with your fleet in a season of much stormy weather? By these tears I shed, and by the great sorrow, and by the kindness that has been between us, and by the mutual love, pity me, and do not leave me, and do not go away from me; if you respect or care for me, pity me, and do not destroy my people, and put from you the thought which is in your mind. Beloved, do you know that the wild tribes of Africa, which are round about me, have hated me bitterly, because I chose you in preference to them? It is because I chose you for myself that Iarbas has hated me. For you I denuded myself of the renown for chastity that was mine for long. Therefore it is shameful for you to leave me, for I shall die of love for you, if you leave me. And were there but a little heir between us to amuse me after you [go], the less would your departure have distressed me, and it would have plucked from me sadness and sorrow, if I had that heir after you to comfort me." In answer to her, Æneas said: "It is true you have good reason for each and everything of what you say, O queen, and we shall cherish respect and love for you as long as we ourselves are in life. Not to escape you, or to avoid you, do we go from you as you allege; but it is the compulsion of the gods that is taking us from you to Italy. For if our decision had rested with ourselves, we should have built Troy and remained there; and we should not have



gone out of it to seek another land or country. But now the gods, to wit, Apollo, Venus, Jove, and all the gods permit us not to remain in any other land till we reach Italy; for it is in Italy that it is our destiny to remain and to acquire lordship and supremacy. Also the shade of Anchises comes to me every night in my sleep to urge me to go to Italy. Mercury, too, has come to me from Jove face to face at midday to tell me not to remain in any land till I reach Italy. And, therefore, rest, O queen, from your present grief; for it is necessity that takes me from you to Italy, and not of mine own will do I go; and stay with you, O queen, I may not, though I would." When Dido heard these words which Æneas spoke, she was seized with anger and indignation against Æneas, and she said to him: "'Tis verity," quoth she, "Venus the goddess is not your mother, and Anchises of Troy is not your father. By the rock-bound crags of Mount Caucasus were you conceived, and by the wild woods of Mount Hyrcan were you brought forth, since your nature is not turning to me though I am weeping and shedding tears for love of you, and though I gave you hearty welcome when you came to me from shipwreck, and admitted you to equal sovereignty with myself, so that I have saved your people and your ships from being burnt. You, however, wicked man and liar, uttering lies, and saying it is the gods that force you to go to Italy, begone then to Italy, and may it not be prosperous, though you arrive; for certain am I that if there be kindness or mercy with the gods of heaven, you will find great trouble from that journey, and you will repent of having gone from me, since you will be drowned, and I shall die of grief for you, and that will be the end of us both." After that Dido was silent, and wept so that her dress upon her bosom was wet, and she turned from him towards her house. Her handmaidens attended, and laid her on her bed, for she fell into a swoon and a trance," on her turning to her house after conversing with Æneas.

He, however, though loth to part with Dido, and though he had a sincere desire to do what would please her, and though to part from her seemed to him a rending of body from soul, went unto his fleet by injunction of the gods. The Trojans brought all their chattels with them into their ships, and Æneas came unto them. Plaintful, sighing, and forlorn was the life of Dido, as she gazed at her upper-room round about her, and at the Trojans equipping their ships and launching them; and she

said to her sister Anna: "Go, sister, to speak with Æneas, and ask for me before I myself shall die this one boon of him for the sake of the mutual love of us twain. Let him stay with me till fair weather come to him, and I shall not ask of him to dwell with me in wedlock; but I deem it enough from him to converse with him, and to see him only before I die for love of him, and I shall allow him after that to go to Italy." Accordingly Anna went to Æneas to prefer that request, and was met with a refusal. When Dido knew her sister had been refused, she wept sore, and at that moment preferred her death to her life. Æneas would not pass from her mind; and while she slept she used to see the twain of them, herself and Æneas, traversing a desert, and herself left by Æneas in that desert. When she awoke, she preferred her death to life. There was nothing she could think of but to detain Æneas. She said to Anna: "Beloved sister," said she, "light a great fire in the temple, and burn the clothes, arms, and bed belonging to the man that has left me, if perchance the gods may bring that man back to us. I myself will turn a quern with my own hand at the altar, with one of my feet naked, unsandalled, and the other sandalled. Sure it is that, unless that man Æneas come back to me by these means, I shall surely die for love of him." Accordingly that labour, and more, was accomplished by them, and it did not avail, since Æneas did not come to Dido. Now, after that came night, and whoever slept there that night, Dido did not sleep. Many were her thoughts and her counsels, since she knew not what to do, for the greatness of her love for Æneas deprived her of reason and sense, and distracted the queen.

As for Æneas, however, he slept composedly on the poop of his ship, and Mercury came to him in his sleep and said to him: "Son of the goddess," said he, "perilous is the sleep you take. Why do you let pass away from you the favouring breeze, since such is the intensity of the queen's wrath against you that she desires to employ every means against you in order to detain you with her; for she is certain she will die for love of you after you [go]? Begone quickly before day break, for if you tarry till morn, ships will be launched after you, and you will be brought by force back to land, and your ships will be burnt in the middle of the beach before you, if ye tarry till daylight. Up and away quickly from your present haven." Æneas thereupon awoke from the deep sleep

in which he was sunk; and he encouraged and urged his people quickly to leave the port they were in, and after that to sail out to the sea.

With that came on the light of morn, and with that the queen arose early in her upper-room, and out of it she gazed upon the harbours and the sea, and she beheld the harbours void, and the fleet sailing away from her over the sea. Then thrice did she beat her breast, and she tore her hair, and wept wildly, and said: "Alas! alas! they are gone away now. Gods of heaven and earth, wretched is the deception practised upon us by the treacherous man that came to us." After that great anguish and distraction seized her, and she said to her people: "Rise, brave heroic hostings, and seize your arms, and with your ships bear after the Trojans, and bring them back with you to land, and burn their ships before them." Her reason returned to her when she had said these words, and she asked: "What do I say, or what do I speak? Bereft of my reason I speak of what I am speaking; for I myself have caused this evil to come upon me. For when Æneas with his people came to me from shipwreck—if what I did had been this, to kill his people and himself, and to burn his ships, it would not have been avenged on me, and there would not have resulted this evil upon us therefrom—*viz.*, our death for love of Æneas: for this I did, on the contrary, every good they required, I gave them besides rescuing them, and I gave my kingdom, and myself, besides every good I had, to Æneas; and he has proved false to me, and, after that, has left me. May the gods of heaven avenge upon him what he has done to me, for I cannot avenge it upon him. If it be so that the gods have decreed his reaching Italy after all, may his occupancy be insecure, and may the gods cause insurrection, warlike, spirited, ireful by the peoples of Italy, angrily, sharply, bloodily, in battles fierce, heroic against him, so that they may gain the victory over him, that his people may fall by them before him, and may he be unable to deliver them; and after that may he himself be slain, and his body be the prey of dogs, ravens, and birds of the air; and may he not find anyone to bury him, in revenge for what he has done to me. To you, Tyrians, this is my dying legacy, that for you and your sons and grandsons it may be war for ever with this race of Trojans that are going from us to Italy." When Dido had uttered all these words, she went into the sleeping-chamber she used to sleep in along with Æneas, and she went into the bed in which they used

to be, and she lifted up the bed, and shed tears, and bared the sword that was in her hand, and fell upon it, and killed herself, for without Æneas she preferred her death to her life.

When her people had perceived that that deed was done by Dido, they broke out a-weeping and lamenting, and the cry they uttered was heard to the welkin. After that her sister Anna came to her, and took her head upon her bosom, and Anna was sorrowful, gloomy, tearful at that deed—to wit, her sister's death. That, then, was the end of the friendship of Æneas and Dido.

Now, whilst Dido was in this vagary, Æneas had reached and was upon the waters of the Tyrrhene sea, so that they saw neither land nor dry ground but the waters round them on every hand. Now when Æneas was splendidly sailing towards Italy, the day darkened, the clouds massed together, the wind grew fierce, a great storm arose in the sea, and a very great rain-flood poured down upon the sea and upon the fleet, the wind turned against the sails so that they could not make for Italy. Now Palinurus, pilot of Æneas' ship, said: "The wind has turned against us," said he; "better for us were the course to Sicily and not to Italy at all against that wind." Æneas said: "Sail ahead," quoth he, "to Sicily, for there is no other land we had rather go to than the land where Acestes is king, and where are the relics of Anchises." He turned his sails after that to Sicily. Then when the fleet was sighted bearing to the port of Sicily, Acestes the king hied to the port to meet it, and he welcomed them, and showed them hospitality loyal and friendly that night. On the morrow morn his people were summoned to Æneas in assembly, and he said to them: "Freeborn race, of the stock of the gods, it is a full year this very day since we buried Anchises and also made a festival and sacrifices for his soul, and upon that day I shall always hold a festival in whatsoever land I am. I am certain it is the gods that have brought us hither to Sicily now, to the end that we should make a festival and sacrifices to the gods here for the soul of Anchises. Let us all go together, then, to the tomb of Anchises, and offer sacrifices to the gods, and let us ask of the gods a favourable wind for us. Let us all go, then, nine days from to-day, unto one place, and let a great contest be held by us in our ships, and a competition in running, and archery, and games; and let his meed be given to each as he deserves according to his merit." When

Æneas had uttered these words, they all went to the tomb of Anchises, *viz.*, Acestes with his people, and Æneas with his Trojans, and they offered sacrifices after the heathen custom for the soul of Anchises. Two cups of new wine were poured upon the grave, other two of milk, and two of blood. Now at that instant, a marvellous huge serpent of various hues came towards them out of the tomb, and came among the cups and the vessels, and tasted the sacrifices, and harmlessly turned from them again into the tomb. At that omen they were glad, for they were of opinion that that messenger came unto them from Anchises to accept their sacrifice.

On the ninth day after that came Æneas, son of Anchises, accompanied by Acestes, along with their hosts and a great multitude with them, to the harbour in which their ships were moored, that a ship-contest might be held by them. Accordingly, when all reached the place where the ships were, Æneas ordered four ships to be brought into the contest with four captains on board; and he appointed a prize for his victories to whichever of them could gain a victory, to wit, inwrought arms, and coloured vestures broidered with gold and silver. These are the captains that were chosen for the contest: Gyas, with his ship named Chimaera; Cloanthus, with his ship named Scylla; Mnestheus, too, with his ship named Shark; Sergestus, with his ship the Centaur. The distance that was appointed for the race was to the rock that was on the sea yonder before them opposite the harbour, out to that rock, and back again to the harbour. Accordingly, these captains proceeded, handsomely and gaily dressed, aboard their ships, and put their ships in position; and they brought their crews with them, and set them on their benches as was meet; and they put all their oars in their places; and after that they were waiting for the signal when it should be time for them to start. When their arrangements were completed, a trumpet was sounded for them as a summons to go to sea in a racing contest. Therefore when they heard the note of the trumpet, they dashed forth at once in rivalry upon the sea. It was stubborn, strong, sturdy; it was brave, heroic; it was very stoutly, manly, cautiously that that contest was carried on by the valiant soldiers of Troy to gain a lead. Owing to the greatness of their tumult, the echo of them was on the shores. The ship of Gyas took a long lead of them at once. Cloanthus was next the ship of Gyas. After these the Shark

and the Centaur, in the same course and at the same speed, made a closely contested match. At that instant Gyas said to Menoetes: "You allow the ship too far off the land." Menoetes rose up, and did not allow the ship to approach the rock near land. Cloanthus approached the ship of Gyas; and Cloanthus steered his ship between Gyas and land. Then Gyas became enraged, and went to Menoetes and threw him overboard into the sea, and himself took the helm of his ship. Menoetes, however, the pilot of Gyas' ship, after his immersion, reached land; and the mob gave vent to peals of laughter at him. Therefore Sergestus and Mnestheus overtook the ship of Gyas; and Sergestus attempted to shoot the prow of his ship past the ship of Mnestheus. Mnestheus then addressed himself to urging his people: "Beloved warriors, show courage. Though we do not get quite first place, do not let me be last." At that the crew of Mnestheus' ship addressed themselves strenuously to the rowing. Now whilst Mnestheus and Sergestus were engaged in that contest, the ship on which Sergestus was, struck, and stuck upon, a rock, and the crew of the vessel uttered forth their shout; and they fell to dragging their ship's prow to the rock, and collecting their oars that had been broken by the raging of the sea. Now, while Sergestus with his people was in that peril, Mnestheus, overjoyed as he was, forged past them, and attempted to overtake the ship of Gyas, and he forged past her; and at that moment nothing was before him but the vessel on which Cloanthus was, for at that moment she alone was before them. There resulted, therefore, a great struggle between these two vessels; neither of them hung back. Strongly, vigorously, manly was that struggle carried on, Mnestheus urging his people to gain first place, for nothing was before them but one ship; Cloanthus, on the other hand, encouraging his people not to let slip from them the lead they secured commencing at the rock. And it is likely Mnestheus would have secured a lead had not Cloanthus put trust in the gods of the sea, and had he not promised to offer sacrifices to them for giving him the lead. Accordingly, Cloanthus, through invoking his gods, and through the superior rowing of his people, reached port first before them all. Thereupon Æneas proclaimed with a loud voice that Cloanthus had gained the victory in the race. He presented him with a crown of laurel for his head as a sign of a victory won by him. After that he bestowed upon each of them his proper honour. He gave a talent of

silver and a purple fringed tunic to Cloanthus. He presented to Mnestheus a triple-looped shirt of mail with its helmet of gold and silver, and the same to Gyas; and he presented to Sergestus a good embroidress for saving his people when they went upon the rock.

Now when they had finished that contest of the ships, Æneas went, with the hosts that were along with him, into a wide plain that was near them, in which the hosts of Sicily used to hold a fair. Now when they all reached that plain, Æneas said to them: "Let a contest for running be held, and whoever secures the victory therein, to him will be given the reward of his victory." When they heard that announcement made by Æneas, all came there from every quarter. Trojans came, and Sicilians, mingled with one another. First of Æneas' people came Nisus and Euryalus. Then besides of the Trojans came Dioces, Salius, and Patron. Then came Helymus, and Panopes, a youth of Sicily. A multitude came besides that company. Then Æneas said to those: "Be not ye discouraged, for your pleasure will be done, since there will be none of you without something: to each of you his reasonable pleasure will be given." When Æneas had uttered these words, each of them was placed in his proper position; and after that, when they heard the note of the trumpet, they raced. Nisus drew a long distance away from them at once. Next him was Salius with a long space between them. Euryalus in the third place; behind them Helymus; then Dioces close behind Helymus. In that manner they drew near the mark. But whilst Nisus was splendidly running before them, he came upon blood where beeves had been slaughtered shortly before that, and [while] Nisus [lay] in that gore, Salius reached him. Nisus assailed him with intent to obstruct his progress, in order that Euryalus might pass, for [Euryalus] was a man of friendly relationship with him, and Nisus preferred that Euryalus should secure a victory rather than Salius. Salius accordingly fell through Nisus so that the two were prostrate. Euryalus thereupon went past them, and was the first to reach the goal, then Helymus, Dioces last. Now when the contest was over, Æneas gave the meed to each of them as they had deserved.

Æneas said: "Let the game of cestus be played by us now." Thereupon Dares, the Phrygian, rose up, and donned the cestus. These are gloves of bull-hide which used to be on the hands of the soldiers up

to their shoulders and shoulder-blades, a ligature between them, behind, over their shoulders, and thongs from the points of their fingers with masses of lead upon them; and each of the two soldiers wielded these masses against his antagonist. In the event of their being equally skilful, then they dash those masses against the others. when they are not equally skilful, however, the unskilful one is knocked down. Now, Dares rose up, took a bull, holding its horn in his hand, and said: "If there is anyone of the host who is able to contest this bull, let him come hither that we may wage battle." Dares' favourite contest was cestus-playing. Of the Trojans, there was no man a match for him, in the game of the cestus, but Alexander, son of Priam. By him fell a valiant multitude in that game also at the tomb of Hector, son of Priam. Well, Dares waited for a long time, and found not any of the Trojans or of the Sicilians to match him. There was, however, in the assembly at that time, among the following of Acestes, a veteran who had retired from active service; and who, when he was young, had borne away from multitudes the victory in the game of the cestus. He was named Entellus. Now, Acestes set to urging Entellus to enter against Dares, and this is what he said to him: "Chosen champion and hero, steadfast, loyal, vain for us is every victory we have gained from every quarter as long as you do not rid us of Dares to-day." "It is certain," quoth Entellus, "if it had been while I was lusty, in full possession of my powers, that Dares had come to challenge you, I should soon have chastised him out of his present ardour. To-day, however, when I am an old man, it is unseemly for me to fight a duel with a young man of strength and vigour." And he showed them the cestus of Eryx which he had, and which Eryx had fought with against Hercules, composed of seven bull-hides, with masses of lead attached. They were all silent, a-gazing at them because of what seemed to them their great size; and Dares was even more silent than the rest. The veteran thereupon said: "You would wonder, if you saw these cestus of Hercules, when he fought with Eryx; but if Dares is afraid to come against those cestus that I have on, let him cease to fear, and let our cestus be made equal"; and he cast his cestus from him, and they were by Acestes and by Æneas made equal with the cestus of Dares; and he came after that to the place of combat, and Dares arrived, and they, with their cestus, engaged there, and a fierce and heroic battle was waged there by



Dares and Entellus. Each of them struck the other bravely, manfully; and heroically, strongly, dexterously; and fiercely, irefully, warily, over their flanks, on the cheeks, and upon the crowns, so that they were covered with wounds and gore. At that moment Entellus essayed an even-down stroke upon him; and he lifted his right hand so that it was above the crown of Dares, and he wished to plant a vengeful blow upon the crown of Dares. When Dares observed that movement, he retreated before the blow, so that the blow might not overtake him, and since the blow did not take effect on Dares, Entellus fell after the tremendous blow he aimed, so that his face was upon the ground. Then a loud shout was uttered, so that it was, heard to the welkin; and Sicilians and Trojans pressed towards him in emulation, and Acestes reached him first, and raised him up; and Entellus was ashamed of what had happened to him, and his valiant soldier's strength and spirit came to him, and he turned again to the conflict; and alas! for Dares, to stand before him at that moment; and better had it been for him that he had not stood. Entellus kept smiting him at that moment fiercely, angrily, warily, incessantly, with his right and left together, so that [Dares] could not lift his head; and it was impossible for him to flee before him, since Entellus was scourging him with his right and left at the same time. Æneas, when he perceived that Dares was overmatched by Entellus, came to Dares' rescue, and delivered him from his antagonist, and the contest stopped. After that Dares was borne between two towards the ships, and his vomit of blood did not stop, and he was throwing out fragments of his teeth along with the blood. After that the bull was brought to Entellus, and Entellus, with his cestus, gave him a blow between his two horns, and broke the skull unto the brain, so that the bull fell there lifeless, to the ground; and he took a vow that he would never engage in the game of cestus again.

After that Æneas said: "Let a contest in archery be now held by us." Thereupon a dove was bound by them to the mast of Serestus' ship, and Acestes approached, and Hippocoon, Mnestheus, and Eurytion, and grasped their bows, and took their arrows, and lots were cast among them to whom it should first fall to shoot the bird. It fell to Hippocoon first; after him, to Mnestheus; then to Eurytion; and to Acestes last. Accordingly, Hippocoon shot his arrow, and it lodged in the mast. After

that Mnestheus shot his arrow, and cut the thread that was round the bird's foot binding it to the mast, but it did not wound the bird; and then the bird went fluttering away over that company high in air. Thereupon Eurytion also discharged his arrow into the air at the bird, and he reached it, and it fell dead to the ground. As for Acestes, nothing remained for him to shoot at with his arrow after the bird was killed. This he did, however, at that time, to show his shooting and archery. He then shot his arrow, and the arrow flamed in the air like a thunderbolt; and the hosts wondered at that thing. Æneas said: "Good is yon omen," quoth he, "since the cause of yon is Acestes' nobleness in the sight of the gods." Therefore Æneas gave great gifts and many treasures to Acestes after his victory, and he gave his meed to all the rest.

At that moment, Æneas called to him Epytides, Ascanius' foster-brother, and said to him in a whisper: "Go quickly," said he, "and tell Ascanius to assemble the young men of the land, with their horses, and let him marshal much cavalry by him, with the nobles of the land around him, and let him come bravely to us at the assembly – Ascanius at their head, with his armour, on the charger which Dido gave me and let a pleasant, very joyful assembly be held by him in honour of his grandfather Anchises." Ascanius therefore did as Æneas said, and that stripling troop advanced into the assembly; and pleasantly and with dignity the assembly was held.

And Juno was very mindful of her wrong at the hands of the Trojans; and she sent Iris away where the Trojan women were, at their ships, mourning and weeping for Anchises, and for their own life, and the length of time, as they deemed, they were voyaging from land to land without staying in one place. Whilst they were speaking of these things, Iris came unto them, and advanced to the midst among them, in the guise of Beroe, wife of Doryclus, and said to them: "Wretched Trojans, hard for you is your present wandering from land to land for a long time, seeking Italy, and Italy fleeing from you. Better were it to tarry here in Sicily with Acestes, because Cassandra, a prophetess, has come to me in a vision, and said: "Make a Troy here in Sicily, and remain in it, and burn your ships"; and in their presence she went and applied fire to the ships; and there the Trojan women were silent, and knew not what to do. It was then that Pyrgo, foster-mother of Priam's children, spoke, and she

was the oldest, moreover, of the women: "Beloved matrons," said she, "it is not Beroe you see, since I left her but now in her bed in sickness, and she is not able to come into this gathering; but it is some goddess who has given you yon counsel; and it is plain from her eye, and from her gait, and the sound of her voice, that she is a goddess." Now, whilst they were uttering these words, Iris came before them hovering in the air. When they saw that, they were convinced it was from the gods yon counsel was brought to them. They all said it was a common desire to burn their ships. That tale of their being burnt reached the assembly; and the people of the assembly looked towards the ships, and beheld the smoke, and the flame from the ships a-burning them. Well, the people of the assembly, both footman and charioteer, came to save the ships. When the women saw the hosts approaching them, they were seized with terror before them, and they repented of what they had done. After they had arrived, the hosts set to extinguishing the fire and saving the ships. When Æneas arrived, he lifted up his hands, beseeching the gods to send help to save the ships; and they did not have long [to wait] till there came foul weather, and a heavy downpour of rain, so that it extinguished all the fire, and there was none but a total of four wanting from the ships. Now Æneas was distressed at that deed, and knew not what to do. At that moment the aged Nautes came unto him, and said to him: "Do not grieve about the deception which has been practised upon you, but follow my counsel. Summon Acestes, and commit to him your aged persons, your feeble folk, and everyone who is weary of being with you upon the sea, and bring your people of spirit with you to Italy." Night came upon them then; and Anchises, his father, appeared to Æneas that night, and said to him: "Follow the counsel," said he, "that Nautes gave you, and take with you to Italy those of your people that are best in valour and prowess; for you will find hard and toilsome wars in Italy, and you need men of spirit to take with you thither, and leave your weaklings in Sicily with Acestes; and then go to speak with Sybil, and she will give you honour and guidance to the Elysian fields of Hades, where I am; and you will see there every one that will spring from you of kings and princes in Italy, and what you will receive of forts and towns in Italy." When Anchises had uttered these words, he then leaped into the air. Æneas followed that counsel, and he committed to Acestes the

people that wished to remain in Sicily; and he accepted them from him; and gave them a welcome and a site for a town; and they twain, Æneas and Acestes, made out by measure the chief wall of the fort; and they laid out that city according to lot, assigning to each of them his part of the city, and they planned it like Troy. Well, when they had finished arranging the city as was fitting for them, and when they had finished rebuilding their ships, and repairing them, there came to them a calm and a fair wind; and they came together to the harbour where the ships were lying, and they remained for the space of a day and a night conversing there before their parting; and sad, sorrowful, gloomy, plaintful, was that parting. Those who wished to remain in Sicily, after their weary wandering from land to land, would rather have gone along with their people to Italy than have remained behind them in Sicily. Æneas, however, comforted them at that juncture with pleasant words, and committed them to Acestes' charge; and they remained in Sicily.

Now, Æneas offered sacrifices to the gods, to Neptune, and to the other sea-deities; and there came to them a calm and a fair wind, and the fleet sailed forth to sea, and before them sailed Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas' ship; and they sailed that day till night, and that night was mild, serene; and their sleep fell heavily on the men, tired after their toil in rowing the day till night; and moreover came Somnus (he is the god of sleep) in the guise of a man named Phorbans of the people of Æneas. He came to Palinurus, and said to him: "You are weary now, and the rest are asleep in the ship, and the sea is serene. Sleep a little while, and allow me to take the helm." "I will not allow you," said Palinurus; "many's the time the sea has deceived me, and I shall not trust her." Then Somnus, after dipping the wand that was in his hand in the river of Lethe, shook it, and he fell asleep at once. As he slept, Somnus threw him overboard, and he could not help himself from being put into the sea; and Palinurus fell to calling to and entreating the crew of the ship (but they answered him not) till he was drowned. And when Æneas perceived the ship to be adrift without a pilot to manage her, he himself arose, and went to the tiller, and said: "Miserable is that, ye gods! Palinurus! grief for him is heavy upon me that to-night he lies unburied in the sea." Then Æneas steered the ship to the port of Eubœa; and the fleet drew to land there;

and they kindled a fire for themselves, and also prepared food, and boiled it.

Now, Æneas went at that time to speak with Sybil, a wondrous prophetess she, in a cave in Eubœa, and Apollo gives her knowledge. And therefore when Æneas reached her presence, he said to her: "Most sacred Sibyl, who hast knowledge of the future, and of fate (?), who sayest not but ever sooth, shall I reach Italy, and is there a period to the perils of us Trojans?" This is what Sibyl said to him: "You will reach Italy, and you will obtain the lordship of Italy, and you will take a queen there, and you will have great war and great trouble because of that queen in winning her. Nevertheless do not forsake Italy for these evils; for though you will have much trouble, you will be victorious at last, and from the quarter from which you do not expect to receive support, to wit, from the Greeks, thence you will receive it." Æneas gave her for answer: "Virgin," said he, "it is not unknown to me to find difficulty hitherto, and I know I shall find it still. But I have one request to ask of you. My father Anchises sent me hither to thee, to make that request, for it is not to thee impossible, and have pity, noble virgin, upon me and upon Anchises regarding that request, and this is my request, to wit, guidance and direction from thee to me that I may come to have speech of Anchises, who is in the Elysian fields of Hades." Now this is the answer the Sibyl (the prophetess) gave: "'Tis easy for you to go to Hades, since ever-open are the doors of Hades; and though that is so, it is hard to come back out of it again. Yet, though it is hard, if you have the wish to go indeed to Hades, to visit Anchises, go first into the wood. There is in the midst of the wood a tree with golden leaves upon it; and if you find that tree, pluck a branch of it, and another branch will grow in its place at once, if the gods grant you their assent. And, on the other hand, if they do not assent, you cannot remove anything from it with thy hand or with iron, though it be thy wish." Moreover she said to Æneas: "Of thy folk following thee a man of honour in thine eyes is dead," quoth she, "whilst thou art here; and the death of that man is a great peril to the crews of the whole fleet." Now Æneas was gloomy at that tale, and went towards the fleet accompanied by Achates. When they reached the fleet, there lay Misenus, trumpeter of Æneas, dead on the shore before him, drowned by the gods of the sea for his rivalry with Triton, the trumpeter

of Neptune. Then Misenus was buried by them according to heathen custom. Æneas went after that to the wood to seek the golden branch, as the Sibyl had told him; and he fell to beseeching Venus that she would reveal to him the branch he was searching for. It was not long thereafter till he observed two doves hovering about till they settled on the ground before him. Then he knew it was Venus that had sent them to him to guide him, that the way the birds would go before him he should follow them. After that the doves preceded him, hovering low, and he behind them, following them, till they alighted on the tree with the golden foliage on it. Then, when Æneas arrived at the tree on which were the doves, and an appearance of gold upon its leaves, Æneas joyfully broke off a branch from the tree, and [taking] his branch with him, he went to the house of the Sibyl, and he offered sacrifices to the gods of Hades, as the Sibyl had told him; and when he had finished offering sacrifices, he sent his people away from him towards the fleet, and he remained alone with the Sibyl in order that they twain should go on a journey to Hades; for it was not the wish of the gods of Hades that any other should come along with them, or reach them, save the dead alone. When the others parted from them, the Sibyl said to Æneas: "Act boldly to-night," she said, "and you will need to show a stout heart. Evil and terrible is the way we essay to go": and the Sibyl then went before him into the porch of Hades. Æneas, too, advanced boldly, confidently, behind her. Most foul, horrible, dark, impassable was the way that was traversed there, through dreary, black, dark thickets without the light of the sun or the moon in them at the gate of Hades. It was there at the gate of Hades that the gods of sorrow, gloom, vengeance, disease, and pestilences had taken up their places and dwellings. There, too, were death, pestilence, old age, fear, cold, hunger, and poverty. There, moreover, are spectres, foul, horrible to see. There, too, are the gods of strife that is Discordia; and this is the hair round her head, to wit, locks of venomous serpents. There, moreover, were many other forms of monsters, and these dreadful, terrible; so that it was a deep pain for all to look upon their faces. When Æneas saw those many and terrible monsters, dread and great terror seized him before them, and he drew his sword to fight with them. When the Sibyl saw Æneas drawing his sword, she said to him: "What you do, you need not; for there is nothing here, but delusive

shadows with no bodies about them, and you need not be afraid of them." Then Æneas and the Sibyl went right on their course to the river Acheron. There was Charon ferrying across the Acheron in his boat, an old man he, with a very long grey beard upon him, himself fresh blood-red. They then saw, moreover, the hosts and the multitudes in the haven, entreating him to be ferried over, beseeching him and stretching out their hands towards him. Some of them he used to receive into his boat, other some to refuse, and he did not ferry them over the river Acheron. Æneas then asked the Sibyl: "Who are these hosts that come to the river? and what is the reason why one company has been received by Charon, and the other company rejected by him." the Sibyl said: "This great host you see coming towards the river to ask a passage of Charon, these are men to whom the due of burial has not been given, and they will be for the space of a hundred years a-wandering on the bank of this river till their due of burial be performed, and those are the people to whom Charon gives a refusal. The people to whom the due of burial has been performed, these Charon brings with him at once across this stream thither to the Elysian fields." When he heard that answer which the Sibyl uttered, Æneas was silent; for it grieved him that the great host he saw were a-wandering. Multitudes of his own acquaintances came to him gloomily, sorrowfully there. Leucaspis came to him, too, and Orontes. They had come along with him from Troy, and had been drowned in the ship of the Lycians. Moreover, Palinurus came to him, and he was gloomy, sad, sorrowful, wretched; and Æneas asked of him what was the reason of his falling from the ship into the sea. Palinurus said that Somnus put him [overboard] by force while he slept, and he took the rudder with him. He was three days alive upon the sea clinging to the rudder, and on the fourth day he was drowned, and he said: "As to my body," quoth he, "a wave of the sea is driving it to land." He prayed Æneas to take him along with him across the stream of Acheron to the Elysian fields. The Sibyl said to him: "It is folly for you to ask that of Æneas, for the gods of Hades allow no other person to go thither save the people to whom is given the due of burial. As for you, however, your body is cast ashore, and it will be buried, and that place will always bear your name. Thereafter you will come into the Elysian fields." Palinurus was grateful for that intelligence. After that Æneas and the Sibyl went to

the haven of the river Acheron, and Charon came towards them exceeding fierce, merciless, angry, and said: "Æneas! What has brought you here against a law by the gods of Hades—a man in the body and armed to come unto them! Depart, and do not come past that hither unto us: go back to the place whence you have come." The Sibyl said to Charon: "Abandon your present thought; since it is not to do you evil that this man has come unto you, but he has come to learn tidings of his father Anchises, who is in Hades. "O Æneas," said the Sibyl, "raise to Charon the golden branch you have; since he is not showing gentleness to us already!" When he saw the branch, he put away his indignation from him, and he pushed the boat towards him, and Æneas and the Sibyl went together to him into the boat, and they went across the river to the haven on the other side; and there Cerberus, the dog of Orcus, rushed fiercely, horribly, towards them; and the Sibyl threw the dog his sop into his mouth, and at once after that the dog remained quiet. Æneas and the Sibyl then came past him. In the place that was next them they heard the wailing of the sucklings that died at the breast. In the place next them again in Hades were the people to whose charge had been laid an alleged crime which they did not commit, and for which they had been slain. In the place next them in Hades were the people that killed themselves, [because it seemed] to them they were in an evil plight in this present world, so that they preferred their death to their life. Moreover, there are Stygian circles of the lords of Hades round about these groups keeping them fast in Hades. A long distance from that place are the sorrowful plains of Hades. In them are the people that died of love here in the world. In this place were Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle, Euadne, Cæneus, Pasiphæ, Laodamia, and an innumerable multitude besides. Among them, too, was Dido, daughter of Belus, who had killed herself for love of Æneas. When, therefore, the Sibyl and Æneas reached those plains, Dido came to him, and Æneas knew her at once, and said to her: "It is to my sorrow and deep pain, Dido, I see you here, for I know it was for love of me you died. I swear to you by the gods of heaven and earth and Hades, it was necessity that carried me from you, and not of mine own accord have I come; and do not flee before me, O Queen, but wait to converse with me." For all that, Dido gave Æneas no answer; but put her cheeks, her face, and countenance towards the ground as long as



Æneas was talking with her; and when Æneas had said these words to Dido, she fled from him towards Sychæus, the man whose wife she was before Æneas, and she gave no answer to Æneas. When Dido departed from him without answering him, he became sorrowful, and went after the Sibyl the way she had proceeded before him. A great host of Trojan heroes encountered them there with Antenor's three sons, to wit, Glaucus, Medon, and Thersilochus; and, with Idæus; and with the three sons of Priam, to wit, Hector, Troilus, and Alexander, who had been reared on Mount Ida; and with many other chiefs of the Trojans. Æneas greatly grieved on seeing that folk. Moreover, after that, a multitude of Greek soldiers met them, and when they recognized Æneas, they fled before him.

Then the Sibyl said to Æneas: "There is here the parting of two ways," said she, "the way on our right hand leads to the walls of the king's citadel into Hades, and into the Elysian fields. [There is] another way, moreover, and it leads to the places of pains unto the bottom of Hades." At that moment Æneas looked on his left hand, and he saw an exceeding large enclosure with three walls round about it, and a great river all ablaze round about that, an exceeding high tower of iron in the midst of the enclosure, and there was Tisiphone with a red mantle about her, and on the top of that tower was she—ever sleepless she—watching that enclosure. Æneas heard also at that time in the enclosure the great weeping, the walling, the lamentation, the rod-flogging, the scourging, and the retribution, horrible, exceeding heavy. Now, Æneas was silent as he listened to that; and he was seized with great fear and terror; and he then asked of the Sibyl: "What great tumult is this I heard?" "In the enclosure which you see," said the Sibyl, "there are punished the wicked and the sinful, and the folk of falsehood, perjury, theft, rapine, violence, and all other crimes; and the shout you heard is at their being how lashed and tortured, and though I had a hundred mouths, and a hundred tongues in each mouth, and a voice of iron, I could not recount, or tell you, Æneas, the full pain that is inflicted on sinners in Hades, and in the enclosure you see, for the multitude and the fulness and the variety of those pains; and everyone that goes upon this path which is on thy left hand is brought into yonder enclosure of pains for their subjugation

there. Long enough are we here," said the Sibyl; "but let us go whither we purposed."

They went after that on a path on their right hand, till they reached the Elysian fields of Hades, the beautiful, bright plains. These are pleasant, illumined, with great gladness in them. Numerous hosts upon them at play, a great multitude, and some of them wrestling, some leaping, and some others—a great gathering and assembly there—had lute-playing, and harping, and the pleasures of poetry. They went past these hosts to the place where Anchises was, in the Elysian fields. As Anchises beheld Æneas [coming] towards him, he lifted up his hands, giving thanks to the gods for Æneas' arrival; and he welcomed him, and said: "Beloved son," said he, "you have arrived at last, though you have scoured much of unknown seas and lands, and though you have encountered many dangers in coming. Glad and joyful am I at thy coming." And after that Anchises went before them to a high hill, where he might show [them] at a glance, and where he [Æneas] might distinguish, all the kings and lords and nobles that should spring from him in Italy. Thus was the hill they went to full of hosts and gatherings, and when they had reached that hill, Anchises said to Æneas: "All this host you see is all your seed, and that your posterity in Italy, and from you will spring all the host you see": and Anchises went on to enumerate to Æneas, and distinguish each company of them apart. "The youth you see, with the spear on his back, is named Silvius, to wit, a son whom Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, will bear to you; and he it is that will obtain the kingdom of Italy after your son Ascanius. Procas is next to him, Capys close to him again. The man yonder whom you see with the crested helm upon his head, is Romulus; and by him will the city of Rome be built, and from him will the Romans be named. Numa and Pompilius [*sic*] are next to Romulus, Tullus and Hostilius [*sic*] next to Numa." After that he showed him and recounted each individual that was in each company apart which was placed upon the hill, to wit, the Tarquins in a company apart; the Decii in another company; the Drusi in another company; the Gracchi in another company; the Scipios in another company; the Fabii in another company; Julius Cæsar and Octavian, emperor of the world, with the family of the Cæsars, along with them, in another company—everyone in that manner in his company as they came

before him. Now, when Anchises had finished showing Æneas that great host which would spring from him in Italy, the Sibyl and Æneas bade farewell to Anchises. They came away from him out of Hades by the ivory door, and the Sibyl departed to her cave, and Æneas to his ships; and of that history which he had seen, nothing remained to Æneas but a vision in his mind like a man who has been dreaming, or who is at the point of death.

Now, when Æneas reached his fleet after that vision which had been shown him by the Sibyl, and when there came to him tranquillity in the air, and a calm upon the sea, he left the port of Eubœa, and sailed for Italy; and he kept on sailing serenely that day and night. And they sailed past that hill where was the witch Circe, daughter of the Sun, who used to change the men that would come unto her into howling folk and into wolves, through her spells of witchcraft, when she wished to detain them with her. Therefore, the Trojans avoided that coast where that witch was, that she might not detain them with her through her witchcraft, as she had detained Ulysses with her for the space of a year, and turned his people into wolves. They continued sailing that night till morning. When morning broke upon them, up rose towards them beyond earth's bound, the beautiful golden sun and its rays lit up the sea before them; for lovely crimson was its colour. Beautiful, joyous, was that morn. The air was then serene, and the sea calm. At that time Æneas beheld a beautiful sacred grove on the sea bank, whence issues the river Tiber, and flocks of birds of every species of bird floating on the clear waters of the estuary; and it was enough of joy to listen to the many strains which those birds used to sing. He saw, too, around that estuary the lovely strand, sandy, beautiful, magnificent. Then said Æneas to his people: "Bring us the fleet into yon beautiful port which we see." They put the fleet to land in the estuary of the river Tiber, and glad and very joyous it seemed to them to put in there. Long had they been making for it. Their arrival at it was to them joyous and opportune, when they reached Latinus, son of Faunus, son of Picus, son of Neptune, son of Saturn, son of Apollo (?), son of Picus, son of Pel, son of Tres, son of Tros, son of Mizraim, son of Ham, son of Noah. And he was king in Italy at that time: a happy, prosperous, old man was that Latinus. His sway was long, illustrious, and august. There was abundance of every good thing in Italy

during his time. He had not any children, however, save one daughter. That daughter was gentle, of beautiful form and good actions, free-born and noble. She was the most lovely of women; and she was a daughter worthy of Latinus. Wooers came to her. The lords and nobles, kings, and chiefs, and rulers of Italy were a-wooing her. Also Turnus, son of the king of the Rutulians, was wooing her. There was not in Italy a hero more comely or better in valour and prowess than he. Also there was not anyone of a nobler or better stock—nay, a king his father, a king his grandfather, and himself a king. Now, the queen, Amata, wife of Latinus, was eager that her daughter should be given to Turnus, and that he should be her son-in-law, had it not been that the gods were forbidding her being given to him, through clear signs of a spell which they wrought. These are the signs, to wit, a laurel consecrated to Apollo, was in the middle of Latinus' town (from which laurel the Latins are called Laurentians). A swarm of bees came and alighted on the top of that laurel. And it was this that the wizards and soothsayers of Latinus declared that that token portended, the coming of a man to Italy from the quarter whence the bees had come; the assumption by him of the lordship of Italy; and that he would be son-in-law to Latinus. Also Latinus was one day offering sacrifice in the temple of the gods, and Lavinia, his daughter, near him. In the presence of Latinus a flame of fire from heaven came, and burnt up Lavinia's locks about her head in presence of the people of the temple; and burnt up all the ornaments she had about her, and that flame filled all the temple. They dreaded that portent. King Latinus, too, was troubled because of its dread, its horror, and its severity. This is what Latinus did. He went to the fane of Faunus, his father, to ask of Faunus what yon dreadful signs that happened to Lavinia, his daughter, portended, and he offered great sacrifices to Faunus, to wit, he slew a hundred to him (as was their custom), and he laid himself down on the skins of those sheep. After that he heard suddenly a voice in the fane, and this is what it said to him: "Beloved son, give not your daughter in marriage alliance to a Latin husband; for a man of a strange land will come to you here to whom is fated a marriage alliance with you. With him is your daughter's happiness. Great fame and honour will come to our race from that alliance, since from that man and your daughter will spring the kings of Italy, and also from them will

spring the emperor of all the world, from the rising to the setting of the sun." Now joyful was he at that answer which Faunus gave him, and he did not conceal it: and that news was heard throughout the nations of Italy. At that time, also, the Trojans put their fleet into harbour at the mouth of the river Tiber; and they themselves came ashore, and sat down upon the wholesome bent in the shelter of the wood at the harbour edge; and they plucked themselves apples from the wood, for it was autumn at that time, and food was brought from their ships, and they ate up their platters after that, for food was scarce with them. Now Ascanius said: "We have done ill to eat up our platters." Æneas, when he heard what Ascanius said, answered him: "Son," said he, "not evil will result from it but good, since it is this that was fated and promised to us, that that would be the time we should be wandering about together without obtaining land, till we should eat up our platters (to wit, loaves which they always used to have under their food). Where we should consume them, there we should obtain territory and land. That prophecy is fulfilled to us to-day, to wit, that our platters are eaten up by us owing to the scarcity of food with us.

"Explore and bless the land in which that has befallen you, Trojans," said he, "since that land will be a fatherland to you, and your own soil for ever; and offer sacrifices to the gods, and beseech Jove, Apollo, Venus, and all the gods, that the occupation of this land you have reached may be prosperous for you." Then, accordingly, they offered their sacrifices to the gods; and thereupon came three great peals of thunder as a token of prosperity to them all. In the morning Æneas told them to assemble at one place in order to seek a site where they should build them a city. Accordingly, when daylight came on the morrow, the Trojans assembled at one place and raised a site for their town and stronghold, at the side of the river Tiber. Moreover, Æneas dispatched after that a hundred warriors of his people to speak with Latinus, having palm branches in their hands as a sign of peace. Æneas himself, however, remained a-building the city and raising its walls. Now, the messengers of Æneas reached Latinus' city. Now it was pleasant, it was joyous, and glad on the green of that fortress of Latinus, to wit, some were there riding horses, some others engaged in archery, some throwing darts, some driving ball. When those people saw the unknown host

approaching the city, a horseman went from them with intelligence to Latinus that men in strange apparel were approaching the castle. Latinus gave orders to bring them to him at the palace where he was biding; and Latinus sat down upon his throne, in the middle of that palace. Magnificent was that royal palace in which they were, a hundred columns in the midst of it, under it, supporting it. There were many beautiful figures carved in it, to wit, the figures of his father and his grandfather. There, too, was a figure of Saturn, Picus, Faunus, and Janus. There, too, were carved the forms that fought of yore for Italy. There, too, were carved the figures and the shape of the arms and the corslets and the shields and the swords and the quivers and head-ornaments [which] they acquired for themselves in victory in battle and fair light from foreign races outside. Now, when Latinus had sat him down on his seat in that royal palace, the Trojans were brought unto him; and after their arrival he said to them: "We know of your race," said he, "and we have heard of your royal city. Tell us now what you wish here, and what you ask, and wherefore you have come across many seas and many lands from Asia to the shore of Italy. Is it in ignorance or in error you have come, or is it stress of weather that has brought you?" Ilioneus of the people of Æneas made answer to Latinus the king: "Noble, august king of the illustrious race of Faunus, son of Picus, it is not error, not ignorance, not stress of weather that brought us to Italy; but it is of our own free will, and according to our counsel, that we have come to Italy. We have a just and pious king, who is good in valour and prowess, to wit, Æneas, son of Anchises; of the royal stock of the children of Dardanus, son of Jove. It is he that brought us to you to ask the little site where we shall build us a little city on the shore of Italy here with you. And our remaining with you will not be discreditable to you. Advantageous to you will be our conduct in friendship, and our conduct in battle and strife, if you so require. Many have offered to give us a grant of territory and land; but the gods Apollo and Jove did not allow us to remain with them, and enjoined us to go to Italy; for in Italy is our origin since we are of the seed of Jove. Moreover, we have here little presents that were sent to you by Æneas: a golden cup that belonged to Anchises and to Priam; and Priam's coronet (to wit, a diadem for the head), and royal sceptre; and a purple fringed robe." Latinus raised not

his eyes whilst Ilioneus was uttering these words, and his mind was examining the prophecy that Faunus made to him, about making a marriage alliance with a man of foreign race, and his mind understood that Æneas was the man of foreign race that was promised him in marriage alliance with him. Accordingly, Latinus said after the scrutiny he made: "Trojans," said he, "we accept the gifts you have brought with you, and we approve them; and you shall have what you ask, O youth, to wit, a site for a city and abundance of good land; and go and tell Æneas to come hither to us, and he will obtain hospitality and welcome, and he will obtain strength and friendship, and he will be safe though he come. I have a daughter, and the gods do not permit me to give her to a man of Latium, for this is what they said: 'To a foreign husband it is fated and promised she should be given, and with him is her happiness; and from them will spring he kings of Italy, and the emperors of all the world from east to west'; and that daughter will be given to Æneas; for I am assured that the man of foreign parts, who was promised for a marriage alliance with me, is Æneas." Latinus, on uttering these words, gave orders to his people that three hundred spirited chargers which had been training by him should be brought to him, and along with them their bridles ornamented with silver and yellow gold; and he gave these horses into the hands of the people of Æneas. There were brought him also an ornamented chariot, and two horses of the seed of the sun yoked in it, to be brought to Æneas himself. After that Latinus' people went with these gifts in their possession to seek Æneas, offering him peace and confidence, and assurance of a marriage alliance with him.

Now, when beauteous Juno, queen of Jove, saw that the Trojans had landed in Italy, and were engaged there in building a city, and that peace and alliance were secured by them from Latinus the king of Italy, she was sorely distressed thereat, for she ever remembered her wrong against Æneas. She shook her head and uttered these words: "Woe is me," said she, "that I am unable to work evil on these hated Trojans who have gone into Italy. Great assaults I made; and in my despite they have escaped by force out of every assault and every danger I brought upon them; and now, too, I see they have reached Italy, the goal they wished for, and they are employed, as they themselves would, in building for themselves a city against my will, and Latinus is in alliance with them.

Æneas has vanquished me, and I cannot inflict on him, methinks, enough of evil, and since the gods of heaven rise not with me to fight against Æneas, I shall have recourse to the gods of Hades to fight against him along with me." When Juno had uttered these words, she went in great rage and fury towards the Earth, and summoned Alecto, Pluto's daughter according to her rank, for she was the goddess of strife and quarrelling, and of breaking peace and waging war and battle. On Alecto's reaching her, Juno said to her: "Potent virgin," said Juno, "grant this request I ask of thee; since it is in thy power, if it be thy will, to break off the friendship of every one that enters upon it with another; and since thou causest strife between own brothers, and feud, so that each of them kills the other, break this peace that is between Latinus and Æneas, and put strife between them, and permit them no alliance, or a renewal of friendship, and put strife between them so that each of them may slay his fellow." Alecto, therefore, took that in hand from Juno, and went at once to the house of Latinus, and went to seek the queen, to wit, Amata of much comeliness, Latinus' queen. She entreated her to give her daughter to Turnus, son of the king of the Rutulians, and that he should be her son-in-law, and she should not enter into a marriage alliance or friendship with Æneas; and to break the peace and friendship which Latinus endeavoured to make with Æneas. Now, Amata was misled through the enticement of Alecto, and she took to mourning and sorrow, because her daughter was to be given to Æneas, and not to be given to Turnus; and she went to have speech of Latinus, and she said to him: "O King," said she, "pity me and your own daughter, and do not wrong me; and do not make a marriage alliance with yonder Trojan lackey (?) who is harrying from land to land, and will go from you to-morrow to another land, if he but get a favouring breeze; and he will carry your daughter with him as a spoil, just as Alexander, son of Priam, carried off with him Spartan Helen, daughter of Tyndareus, wife of Menelaus, son of Atreus, from Lacedæmon to Troy. What has become of your long-standing friendship with Turnus? What has become of the oft-repeated bond which Turnus on his part laid on you, about Lavinia's being given to him? If it is a son-in-law from a foreign territory you seek, according to your monitions from the gods, Æneas is no more from a foreign territory than Turnus. For Turnus is a Greek by extraction, since



his stock is of Mycene, and he is not of Latium, and in that way Æneas is no more likely than Turnus to be prophesied by the gods as a son-in-law for you." Yet, though the queen vehemently stirred up this strife of Æneas against Latinus, hindering a marriage alliance with Æneas, Latinus did not at her instigation take up that strife, but what he desired was an alliance with Æneas. Now, when queen Amata was unable to prevail with Latinus in the matter she asked of him, she was seized with anger and indignation against Latinus, and she was seized with frenzy and madness, and her reason and her senses went from her, and she abducted her daughter with her to unfrequented places and woods that she might not be given to Æneas. Now, when the women, and noble ladies, and maidens of the Latins heard that Amata and her daughter had gone to the deserts to avoid a marriage with Æneas, they went after Amata into the desert where she was biding; for Amata was revered by them. When they arrived at the same place as Amata, Amata said to them: "Beloved sisters, let us offer sacrifices to the gods that they permit not Latinus a marriage alliance with Æneas." And they offered up sacrifices as Amata told them.

Now, when Alecto was satisfied with the strife she had raised in the house of Latinus, she went with dignity to the house of Turnus, son of the king of the Rutulians, and she transformed herself into the shape of Chalybe, priestess of Juno she; and it was a form that inspired great terror, and she said to him: "Turnus," said she, "Juno sent me unto you to say to you, 'Do not give up to Trojan Æneas your kingdom and the wife you are wooing'; since, if you permit to Latinus an alliance with Æneas, it would be 'buffoon' and 'ex-king' he would apply to you on that account. Up and to arms, and muster hosts and armies and rulers of Italy, and drive the Trojans out of Italy, and burn their ships; and then turn upon Latinus, and if he do not give you his daughter willingly, take her by force." Turnus said to her: "Care for deities, and ward of temple, that is your duty, Chalybe, and not to foster battle between kings." When Alecto heard these words that Turnus had spoken to her, she was seized with anger and indignation against him; and she changed herself into her own form, and loathsome, dreadful was that form. Rough, horrible, wrinkled was her face; wild, sharp, bloody, deep red, unresting were the angry, flaming eyes that were in her head. Tresses of poisonous

serpents, that was the hair about her head. "Look you, Turnus," said she, "behold my form now, and do you recognize me? I am Alecto from Hades," said she; "and it is I that for my honour always cause wars and strifes, and the deaths of men; and it is I that lay upon you a trial of battle with the Trojans." Turnus heard these words of Alecto. He was inspired with spirit, force, anger, rage, and lust of battle against the Trojans and against the Latins together. Then he issued orders to the Rutulians to assemble before him; and when they arrived, he strengthened them and incited them that they should fight bravely against the Latins and against Æneas with his Trojans, in order that they might appropriate Italy, and that they might expel yon foreign exiles out of it, and drive them over many seas. The Rutulians, on their part, took in hand that they would accomplish that thing.

Well, after that, Alecto went to the place where was Ascanius, son of Æneas, a-hunting by the side of the river Tiber; and she drives to Ascanius a pet hind, which the sons of Tyrrheus had; and it came on till it was pasturing by the side of the river. That Tyrrheus was steward with Latinus. To him was entrusted the care of Latinus' flocks and herds. When, therefore, the dogs of Ascanius roused that pet of the sons of Tyrrheus, the pet fled before them to the house of the sons of Tyrrheus, to wit, to the place where it was reared. Now, at that moment Ascanius shot an arrow at it, and wounded it; and then Ascanius went on, and the hunters along with him, in pursuit of the hind till it reached the house of the sons of Tyrrheus. Now, when the shout of the hunters was heard, and the chase approaching the town, the people of the town came forth at the shout, and faced the hunters. Silvia, daughter of Tyrrheus, was the first to arrive there. It was she that used to feed the hind. Now, it came at once towards her, when it saw her; and the girl was looking at it, and staunching the wound that had been inflicted upon it, and there arose a quarrel between, the sons of Tyrrheus and the hunters contending for the hind. At that time, also, Alecto went to the top of Tyrrheus' house, and blew the bugle-horn of battle, fiercely, dreadfully, upon the house-top, and that blast was heard through all the neighbouring territories. The Trojans, therefore, came from their leaguers to assist Ascanius. In sooth, a wounding, bloody encounter took place there between Latins and Trojans. Now, whilst that quarrel was raging,

Ascanius aimed an arrow-shot at Almo, son of Tyrrheus, which went through his neck, and killed him forthwith. A multitude more fell with him there. There, too, fell Galæsus, a yeoman, possessing five flocks of sheep, and five herds of cattle, and a hundred ploughs supplying [the needs of] his house.

Alecto, having thus put Italy in a turmoil, and set every one of them against the other, went back to Juno and boasted to her of the strife she had caused among the people of Italy. Alecto further said to Juno: "If it please you," said she, "I shall bring yet further evil upon the Trojans, to wit, I shall bring the cities bordering on the Latins to assist them against the Trojans. I am not in the least ill-pleased, as an alliance exists between Latinus and Æneas." Alecto, then, went to Hades where she had left her sisters, to wit, Tisiphone and Megæra.

Now after that great slaughter inflicted by Ascanius on the people of Latinus, his people brought to Latinus the bodies of them that had been slain there, to wit, Galæsus, Almo and all the nobles that had been slain there; and they placed the bodies before Latinus, and they betook themselves to weeping and lamentation before him about the deed that the Trojans had done them. Now, too, Turnus came unto them in anger and great indignation, and said to Latinus: "Not good are the consequences to you to-day of your friendship with Æneas; and it will be worse and worse the longer it lasts. This is what is proper in the circumstances. Let us make one common united rising against that evil, treacherous race, the Trojans, who are harrying from land to land; and let them be driven out of Italy by force." What Turnus said was the common opinion of all the host. This is what Latinus said to Turnus, with a great heaviness and struggled upon him, being unable single-handed to make headway against the multitude. This is what he said: "Turnus," said he, "against you will come the matter which you are working for, and on you the brunt of it will be. As for me, however, I shall be in prosperity and at my ease, and your fighting will not injure me." And Latinus turned his back upon them and departed to his royal house; and he let them follow their own counsel, since he could not prevent them. Now, the Italians were for a long time before this in peace and prosperity, in eating and enjoying their feasting of every good thing they had. At that time through mutual complaint caused by Alecto, and

through the incitement of Juno, they lusted for a joint rising in battle and war to expel the Trojans from Italy by force; and one desire took possession of all the people of Italy about defending the lands, and about a joint rising against the Trojans, that they should not obtain territory or land in Italy. Great, indeed, was the host and the assemblage that came there. Warlike and imposing was the rising which the Italians made at that time against the Trojans. They all hated their husbandry, and left it neglected for the lust of war; and they turned the iron of their ploughs into arms for battle and strife; and after that they came, all, every king and every chief in Italy, with his host and with his army along with him, to Turnus. There Halæsus came on account of the strife that had been stirred up between him, and Agamemnon, king of the Greeks, with a great army behind him. There, too, came Ufens, brave, victorious, with his host. There came the soldier, strong, puissant, to wit, Umbro, with his host. There Virbius, son of Hippolytus, came with his host; and many other chiefs came there with their armies into that assembly. There, too, came the royal soldier, to wit, Turnus, son of Daunus, flower of valour and prowess, as regards form, beauty, refinement, and youth—the point of battle and of heroism of all Italy. A hammer he of battle-breaking and crushing foes, a shield of defence and protection for the territory and race of the Rutulians; and his like was not in all Italy for spirit or for might, or for pride, or for size, or beauty, or riches, or majesty, or youth, or form, or race, or for valour, or for prowess; and thus came he, having great hosts of the Rutulians along with him. There, too, came Camilla, to wit, queen of the Volscians, accompanied by great hosts of the Volscians to assist Turnus. Famous was the queen that came there; the like of her was not at that time among womenkind of earth's men for valour or prowess, or for beauty, or for dexterity, since Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, was no more. Now when this great assemblage of many peoples of Italy arrived unto Turnus, son of Daunus, king of the Rutulians, their kings and chiefs and noblemen adopted the same counsel, and this they all agreed upon, that they should go to expel the Trojans from Italy, and to raze the little Troy which the Trojans had built, to break up their ships, and to burn them. Now, when they had agreed on that counsel, the trumpeters blew their trumpets, to order them to go and expel the Trojans from Italy, as they had agreed on.

Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius, accompanied by their armies, marched before them there, in the van of the way and expedition. There marched then the hosts that came in the army of Turnus, from the many peoples of Italy. Now, when Æneas heard of that gathering of Italians approaching him, he became anxious, exceedingly afraid, full of many thoughts, and knew not what counsel he should follow. After that anxiety, however, Æneas fell into a deep sleep; and Tiberinus, the god of the river Tiber, came to him, and said to him: "Son of the goddess," said he, "do not be anxious or afraid of the gathering that is brought towards you; for you will be victorious, triumphant in battle over them, and they will be routed by you, and with you will this land be left for ever, and the land wherein you are will be your own and your children's; and be not afraid that it is a false prophecy I speak to you, since I give you proof before its fulfilment, to wit, you will find a white sow with her thirty of a farrow under the oaks of the river Tiber, and by the riverside; and afterwards Ascanius will make a city where that sow will rise before you, and the name of that city will be Alba Longa. And, moreover, I counsel you, offer sacrifices to Juno, and to me, and to Jove, and to Apollo; and then go up this river Tiber to the house of Evander, king of Arcadia; and thus is he ever engaged, in fighting against Latins; and do you enter into friendship and alliance with that king of Arcadia, and he will take your part, and give you an army against the Latins; and be not afraid or terrified at war or battle for you will prevail." When Tiberinus had uttered these admonitions to Æneas, he went from him, and disappeared under the river, for his dwelling was there under that river Tiber. Thereupon Æneas awoke from the slumber in which he had been sunk; and when daylight came on the morrow, he rose and washed his hands and his face in the water of the river, and besought the gods he worshipped, and lifted up his hands to them, and said: "Gods of heaven and earth, and of the waters, streams, and rivers, deliver me from these perils that are threatening me at this time from the Latins." Æneas then took up two ships with their crews, and went upon the river Tiber in order to seek the house of Evander, king of Arcadia. While they were rowing along the stream, they saw the white sow with her thirty white sucklings behind her, under the oaks on the brink of the river. When they saw that pig, they came into that port, and that pig with her litter

they sacrificed to Juno at the altar of Tiber. They then went on the course of their journey till they saw Evander's city; and when they saw that city, they turned the prows of their ships to the city, which was close to the port. Now, that was a festal day; and there was Evander, in a sacred grove before the city, sacrificing to the gods. When they saw the ships of Æneas approaching them towards the port, then the Arcadians were silent gazing on the strange ships, and the young men, and the arms; and they were seized with fear and great terror, and they rose up hurriedly from their sacrifices, and Pallas advanced: "Whence your nationality, and whither go ye? Is it peace, or is it strife you bring?" Him Æneas answered from the stern of his ship, and said: "We have come in peace"; and he raised the olive branch which was in his hand. "We are Trojans," said he, "and the Latins are our foes, for they are driving us out of Italy by dint of war and violence. We have come to Evander to ask for help against the Latins." This answer Pallas gave him: "Whencesoever ye be, come hither to have speech of Evander." The Trojans after that went to the port of the city, and Æneas' and Pallas' retinue met, and proceeded together till they reached the grove in which was Evander, offering his sacrifice to the gods, and Æneas, on arriving where Evander was, addressed him: "Excellent king, and prince just, steadfast, mighty in enterprise, they sent me unto you to ask you to help me against the Latins who are driving me out of Italy. There is friendship and relationship between us on account of which it behoves you to give me an army of fighting men; since Maia, daughter of Atlas, is your grandmother, and Electra, daughter of Atlas, is my grandmother. There is another reason too. The people that are expelling us, to wit, Turnus with the Rutulians round him, are your foes, and they expect he will be king over you, if they expel me from Italy. This behoves you therefore, since I have come to ask it of you, [to make] a courageous rising along with me against our mutual enemies. Do you put confidence in us, since it is not hard to help us, and my youths are bold to engage in war and strife." Whilst Æneas was uttering these words Evander was gazing upon him, and Evander said: "Most mighty king of the Trojans, your voice, your accent, and your form resemble those of Anchises, whom I remember coming to me in Arcadia, and making friendship with us; and Anchises gave a quiver with Lycian arrows, and a purple fringed mantle,

and two bridles with their ornaments of gold and silver; and in Pallas' possession one of the bridles still remains, and I recollect my friendship with your father Anchises; and you have done well in coming. And you are welcome here; and what you ask you will receive with warmth and good will. But our country is only narrow and small, and few the number of our fighting men. Yet though they be few in number, they are good in valour and prowess, and they are brave in battles. And, though they be few in number, yet under my son, to wit, Pallas, four hundred warriors will go with you in his train to assist you; and they will be learning valour with you, and I shall give you besides that, if you follow my counsel, numerous hosts and great armies from which will result your settling in Italy by force, and your being given the kingdom of Italy. And in your neighbourhood here [is] a race, brave, valiant, contentious, warlike, to wit, the Etruscans. And they had a king fiery, haughty, cruel, vicious, to wit, Mezentius by name. He it is that used to cause a dead man and a living to be bound together mouth to mouth, in one fetter, and to remain in that bond till the living man was dead. Now, when they were weary of him, so that they could not bear his cruelty, they seized their arms, and overthrew his house upon him, and slaughtered his people. He himself escaped from that slaughter, and went to Turnus, son of Daunus, king of the Rutulians. Now that nation is seeking for themselves a king to fight with Mezentius; and their prophets warn them not to have an Italian king; and that it should be a man of foreign race they should take as their king; and they sent to me to offer me the kingdom, but I did not accept it of them, for I was an old man, and my strength was decayed; nor did my son accept it either, for his mother was an Italian. I will give you that nation in alliance with you. They have a large fleet and numerous hosts, and they will be a great addition of strength to you, and glad will they be to get you with them to fight against Turnus and Mezentius, and they will give the kingdom to you. This is what has been prophesied to them that they would have victory in their war, if a king of foreign race were assumed over them. Go, then, to that nation and my son Pallas will go with you, and they will give you the kingdom, and they will rise with you against Turnus." After those words had been spoken by Evander, Æneas went to his ships, and he left some of his people in the ships to carry tidings to Ascanius his

soil. Others of them came along with Æneas to Evander's house, that they might go along with him to the leaguers of the Etruscans. When Æneas returned to Evander's house, there gathered together to Evander a great gathering of the city, and from that gathering was selected the flower of heroes, battle-soldiers, warriors, and champions of Arcadia to go along with Pallas, son of Evander, in Æneas' army. Handsome caparisoned cavalry were marshalled by them; and in sooth in that cavalry were splendid active horses, and they were swift and eager, under beautiful famous youths. Magnificent was the collection of armour and clothing which they had, according to the rank and distinction of each one that was there. Vestures were given them of silk and satin, with their ornaments of gold and silver, and white bronze and precious stones, and gems of every hue. In sooth, garments were given them of every colour, both blue and purple and yellow, and of various colours. There were beautiful gold-hilted swords, and they were hard, long-bladed; and beautiful ornamented shields, and sharp grey darts, riveted spears, and quivers with gilded arrows.

Now, when Evander had ended the choosing and marshalling of that cavalry, he sent them forward on their way and journey to the leaguers of the Etruscans to Tarchon, chief and counsellor of the Etruscans. Beautiful was the march there—Æneas at the head of the array, and Acestes and the leaders of the Trojans, and the cavalry of the Arcadians under Pallas, son of Evander, behind them. Comely was the youth that was in their midst. Golden hair upon him, slightly curling; a clear blue eye in his head; like the prime of the wood, in May, or like the purple foxglove was each of his two cheeks. You would think that it was a shower of pearls that rained into his head. You would think his lips were a loop of coral. As white as the snow of one night were his neck and the rest of his skin. There are fine [robes] long, almost white, to the extremities of his hands and his feet. A purple fringed mantle about him. A pin of precious stone set in gold upon his breast. A necklace of gold about his neck. A filmy silken smock close to his white skin. A girdle of gold with gems of precious stones about his loins. A gold-hilted sword on his body, its blade, having been bent back from point to hilt, straightens itself like a rapier. It would cut a hair on water; it would sever a hair upon a head, and would not cut skin; it would make two



halves of a man, and he would not hear it till long afterwards. A red embossed shield with engraving and buckles (?) of gold upon his left arm. Pleasant, stately was that lad.

Thus, then, they set forward on their march and their expedition. Now, whilst they were splendidly marching, they heard the tumult of a great host, and trumpet-peal, and clash of arms in the air above them; and they saw there the gleam of shields and swords. Fear and great terror seized the hosts at those signs. Æneas then said to them: "Good is yon omen," said he, "ours will be the triumph over them, since it is my mother Venus that gives me this sign, to make it plain that there will be victory over Turnus. Woe to you, Turnus, for what you have done," said Æneas, "in breaking the peace, since you will bring suffering on yourself, and on the Latins; and there is a multitude of them that will come to destruction because of you." They journeyed on after that till they reached Caere's river, a river which is in a deep glen with a grove around it sacred to Silvanus, a woodland deity. On reaching that river they unyoked their horses, and remained by it till they recovered from their fatigue. Then, too, Venus came to speak with Æneas, and she brought with her the arms that Vulcan a smith had made for him wherewith to fight against Turnus; to wit, a sword hard and keen, fit for a hero, gold-hilted, too, and much inlaid; and indifferently it would cleave flesh and bone. And two sharp, keenly pointed spears. They were beautiful, equally stout for defending and for slaying; and a hauberk, triple-braided, triple-looped with its brilliant gilded casque upon it, surmounted by its crest of burnished gold: a bossy shield of white bronze with its amusing emblematic figures of beasts (?), and its burnished rim around its back. There were carved on that shield the form and name of every king, and every chieftain, and every lord, of the seed of Æneas, that would obtain the lordship of Italy, and the supremacy of the world; and there, too, on the shield were carved their battles and their conflicts; and the victories they would carry off from foreign races of the world outside. Now, when Venus had given these arms to Æneas, she encouraged and incited him to fight against Turnus, and told him not to be in terror or fear at the battle looming over him, since he would gain the victory, and by him Turnus would fall. Now, whilst Æneas was seeking this assistance, Juno sent Iris, the goddess, to

Turnus, and said to him: "Æneas has gone," said she, "to the house of Evander, king of Arcadia, and to the Etruscans, to collect a host in order to give battle to you, and he has left his camp, and do you go in his track, and burn his ships, and raze the wall of little Troy, and eject the Trojans before Æneas come." When Iris had uttered these words to Turnus, she went hovering from him at once into the air. Turnus bestirred himself after that with the incitement Iris gave him, and all his hosts arose with him, and they advanced strongly and mightily across the plains of all Italy, to where the Trojans were. Now, the way they came, a cloud of black fog rose above them from the dust of the ground, and the breaths of the horses and the heroes that were mounted upon them. A soldier of the people [of Æneas] marked that first. The name of the soldier was Caicus, a chosen leader he, and he said: "Comrades," said he, "what horrible dark cloud comes rushing towards us over the plain?" He then gave order with a loud voice: "Come, men," said he, "and quickly seize your arms, and go out upon the walls. Your enemies are here, and it is braver for you all to come forth than to stay as you are." A great tumult then arose in the camp of the Trojans, and great fear and terror seized them, and the gates of the city were shut by them, and they all went upon the walls of the city; for Æneas told them, when he went away from them, that whatever might befall them, they should not go forth out of their leaguers to fight with anyone till he himself should come to them. It was not long after that till Turnus, with twenty horsemen before the rest, arrived at the gate of the fortress, and at once he hurled a cast of the missile spear that was in his hand against the people that were guarding Troy, and all the walls. After that, all the people that were along with him discharged all their spears against the same people. A great shout then arose without and within. Moreover, his spirit and his force came to Turnus, and he was seized with anger and madness since the Trojans came not out from the camp to fight with him, and because he did not find a way in to them. He pressed round about the camp seeking if perchance he could find an unguarded way to enter in. Like a wolf, when he is hungry, circling round a sheep-fold seeking a way within during the night, what time he has heard the lambs bleating by their mothers, even so was Turnus circling round the fortress of the Trojans, seeking a way into it to destroy their Troy. When he did not

find an unguarded part of the camp, he was seized with anger and indignation, and he ordered all the hosts to fill the canals, and to burn the ships, and to put fires into the camp, and to raze the walls. Great fires were at once lighted by them, and thrown within the walls. The Trojans on the other side set to extinguishing the fires, and thus there was a great shout on each of the two sides; and there was fighting sharp, wild, keen, ireful, bloody, reckless, incisive, wounding, gory; and it was dreadful, bitter, very savage; and it was valorous, obstinate, side-mangling, proud, well-shot, irresistible, that conflict waged between the kings of the Rutulians and the Trojan lords with swift hurling that day.

Now when Berecynthia, mother of the gods, saw the attempt of Turnus to burn the ships, she went to speak with Jove, and said to him. "Beloved son," said she, "suffer not yon ships to be burned, since it is of the grove of fir consecrated to me, which I gave to Æneas, when he was attempting to build a fleet, that he made yon ships which an attempt is made to burn there; for mine, therefore, is the grove from which they were constructed. They are dear to me, and do not permit them to be burned." Jove answered Berecynthia: "Since that is your wish, the burning of them will not be permitted, for sea goddesses will be made of them."

Whilst the Rutulians and the Trojans were fighting round about these ships, there came a great peal of thunder so that the air and the earth shook, and after that a great voice was heard in the air, and both the Trojans and the Rutulians heard it, and it said "Trojans, guard your walls, since you do not need to protect these ships; for Turnus can no more burn them than he can burn the sea on which they are. Allow me to protect my ships myself" And then she said: "Away, ye ships of mine, over the sea in the form of sea goddesses." At once the ships broke from their moorings, and went in the forms of young maidens over the sea. When the Rutulians beheld that occurrence, they fell into a great silence, and they were amazed all, and so was Messapus himself.

As for Turnus, however, valour and prowess, strong and daring, burned in his breast on account of those signs, and greatly he marshalled his people, and he told the Rutulians that he deemed it better what had happened there, "since it is Jove that has taken their ships from the

Trojans to benefit me, and doubtless he has taken their ships from the Trojans in order to abandon them: for they have no means of escape by sea after their ships have been taken from them by Jove." Also the land on which they were was under his sway: for, in order to raze and demolish the stronghold, he had many hosts and an exceeding great army, which were lying in wait for them so that none of them might escape alive. Moreover, Turnus also said: "Now we make certain of the Trojans at this time, for they have no ships. The best part of the day has gone past us, and good [service] has been done among us hitherto, and let us now encamp, and let the hosts be marshalled about the wall at every point, that they may have no way of escape." That counsel was followed as Turnus had said, and every one was stationed in his proper place, and Messapus was appointed to guard the gate of the fortress, and after that fires were lighted by them, and they partook of food and drink, and then a watch was set by them. The Trojans exerted themselves upon the city walls guarding them, and they were in great fear, and they stationed Mnestheus and Serestus, each of them armed, in his proper place; and they arranged battlements and mounds with engines and grappling-irons (?) attached to them in preparation for the battle on the morrow. And after that they betook themselves to their watch guarding their walls. Now Nisus, son of Hyrtacus, and Euryalus, son of Opheltes, were guarding the gate. Two faithful comrades they—the two youths—two heroes, two strong ones, two darlings, two points of contest and manslaying, two pillars of battle, and two hammers for smiting and crushing foes. They were keen, vigilant on guard, and they were cunning, alert; and in them confidence was not to be reposed by their enemies. Whilst those fierce full-brave heroes were gazing and looking away forth, at the leaguers of the Rutulians, who were hemming them in, provided they should seek to go out, they saw some of the fires outside extinguished with no one lighting them. "Yon is a great opportunity," said Nisus, "to wit, that the men are asleep, since it is very easy to overwhelm them now. I would fain go and attempt it." "I am with you," said Euryalus. The counsel they adopted was to go to Ascanius and the Trojan nobles, where, with their shields upon their necks and their swords at their girdles, they were standing in the middle of the camp taking counsel how they should give battle to the great host

of enemies that surrounded them. They were asking which of them would take in hand to go to Æneas with the information that they were in their present danger. Now when Nisus and Euryalus came unto them, where they were taking counsel, Nisus said to them: "Nobles, listen a moment to me. These hosts outside are asleep, after drinking wine, and they have let out their fires, and there is no one lighting them, and none of them exercises watchfulness, since they fear nothing. They make certain of us, for the gods have taken their ships from us, and no help whatever has come to us. If it be your counsel, we will go to Æneas, for I know the way to the fortress of Evander," said Nisus, "and we will go at once to try the opportunity we saw in the leaguers of the Rutulians; and if we succeed, it will not be for the advantage of the people to whom we shall come." And all the Trojan nobles praised the undertaking they attempted, and the thing they took in hand inspired all the host with strength and confidence, and Ascanius promised them that he would give them many treasures and possessions and perpetual orders if by their means Æneas should come unto them to rescue them from the danger in which he was placed. After that all went with them to the door of the camp to escort them; and Euryalus commended his mother to Ascanius, whatever should befall him. She was an ancient dame that came to accompany her son from land to land. Ascanius promised them that he would care for her as he would for his own mother. There they took farewell of their people, and came into the leaguers of their enemies, to the tent in which was king Rhameus, asleep upon his pillow. Now he was to Turnus a man of rank and of divination; but the divination did not help him, for Nisus struck his head off him on his pillow. He slew three youths of his following that were with him. He slew the armour-bearer of Remus and his charioteer, and beheaded himself on his bed. He slew, moreover, Lamyrus and Lamus and Serranus; and Nisus wrought great slaughter in the leaguers of the Rutulians. Not less, however, than Nisus' the slaughter which Euryalus wrought. He slew an innumerable multitude of the people of the leaguers without even perceiving them. He slew Fadus, Herbesus, Rhoetus, and Abaris. They went after that to the people of Messapus, and wrought great slaughters upon them. When they were now weary of inflicting slaughter upon them, Nisus said to Euryalus: "Long enough are we

here," said he, "for it is the end of the night, and let us be going, lest daylight find us in the camp." Thereupon they went forth out of the camp, and Euryalus brought the crested shapely gilded helmet of Messapus, and the horse-trapping of Rhamnes, and Tiburtus' girdle, ornamented with burnished gold and gems. Thus they left the leaguers. Now whilst they were journeying on their way joyfully and gladly after the great victory they had won, they heard approaching them in front the sound of cavalry; and it was Volscens, a chief of the people of Latinus, that came there. Three hundred horsemen had come from Latinus to the assistance of Turnus. When they heard the host coming to meet them, they fled before them off the way. The cavalry perceived them fleeing from them, and the cavalry followed them. Nisus escaped from them. Euryalus, however, thus was he: Messapus' helmet was on his head, and he had no recollection to doff it, so that to the host pursuing him he was conspicuous wherever he fled; and then he was overtaken. When Nisus reached a place of safety, he kept waiting for his comrade if peradventure he would come to him; and since he did not come, he turned back to seek Euryalus, and saw him surrounded by the host at every point, he being in their very midst, and no way to escape forth was permitted him, though he longed for it. When Nisus perceived the peril in which Euryalus was, he knew not what attack he should make on the hostile army in order to bring off his comrade from them out of his present peril at their hands. This then is the plan he adopted. He shook the spear that was on his finger, and hurled it at them, and it struck Sulmo between his shoulders and broke his back, and went fairly through his heart, and drove its head out at his breast; and he fell dead to the ground. They began looking about them then, and they saw not the man that threw it. Nisus took another spear, and shook it, and hurled it from him, and it struck Tagus through both his temples, and he fell dead, lifeless, to the earth. Volscens then blazed with wrath, and his spirit and his power came to him, and he bared his sword and said to Euryalus: "You will now fall in revenge for the twain that have fallen there." And he made a fierce heroic rush towards Euryalus, and plunged his sword into his breast, so that Euryalus fell at that one blow lifeless. When Nisus saw Euryalus lifeless, falling unto death, heavy was his grief upon him, and he needs must avenge him on the man that slew him; and

there came to him his hero's prowess, his soldier's spirit, and his champion's strength, and his warrior's shooting, and he brought a mighty strongly assaulting tempest on Latinus' host, and hewed a gap of a hundred before him, through the host; and he allowed them neither space nor truce, slaying and beheading them, heroically, strongly, and bravely, manfully, till he came to Volscens where he was bidding in the middle of the host; and he plunged his sword into his gullet and it went through behind the back of his head, and Volscens fell to the ground lifeless. Then Nisus went and laid himself upon the breast of Euryalus, and then died as he had chosen death for himself. The Rutulians bore with them to the camp dead Volscens towards their leaguers, and they bore the spoils of the soldiery they had killed; and it was sad, gloomy, tearful that they went, owing to grief for their kings and people whom Nisus killed. There was no greater joy in the leaguers when they came, [all] a-mourning and a-weeping for the kings and the chiefs, the charioteers and the young lords, whom Nisus and Euryalus killed in the tents of the Rutulians the same night. Moreover, the spoils they brought with them were at once recognised, to wit, the helmet of Messapus, and all the other precious things which they brought with them, to wit, the horse-caparison of Rhamnes and of Tiburtus.

Therewith morning broke, and the sun rose over the earth, and Turnus rose also, and donned his garb of battle, and along with him all the hosts seized their arms, and each of them was stationed in his proper place in order to take the camp, and on stakes were raised by them in the sight of the Trojans the heads of the twain they had killed. Now the Rutulians at that juncture uttered a mighty shout of exultation, on raising the heads of them to the Trojans that were upon the wails, blazing against them. But in truth they had no cause for exultation; for on their part they had avenged themselves before they were killed. Now when the Trojans saw the heads of their people, they recognised them, and the Trojans were sad and gloomy at that deed; and that tale travelled to the mother of Euryalus, and, on hearing that tale, she fell into a swoon forthwith. When she recovered from her swoon, her reason went from her, and she was seized with frenzy and madness, and tore her hair and her face with her nails, and she fell to weeping and lamentation throughout the camp and on the wall of the camp as she beheld the

heads, and she said when she saw her son's head: "Beloved son," said she, "alas for the companionship I kept with you from land to land to this bourne; and alas that you have left me to-day without dear ones, without friends, an aged dame from a strange land, having no one after you to give me help from trouble. Woe is me, beloved son, that dogs and ravens of a strange land are eating your body, and that I reach it not to cleanse its wounds, and to rescue it from foul beasts! Ah! beloved son, alas for our parting and the separation that is between us, and what keeps me waiting behind you, without death forthwith." Now, after that she said to the Rutulians: "If you know, Rutulians," said she, "clemency or mercy, strike this head from off me, that I may die after my son." The Trojans were gloomy, sad, and spiritless, listening to the weeping of the dame, and it greatly troubled and disturbed the host, till, on the advice of Ascanius and Ilioneus, Idæus and Actor came unto her and took her to her house by force.

Then by Turnus were blown harshly, terribly the battle-trumpets to make proclamation to the host of a combined assault to take the camp upon the Trojans. With that proclamation, both hosts rose up ruthlessly, keenly, mercilessly; and spirited, vigorous, violent was the combined assault they made on this side and on that. To the welkin was heard the shout they uttered as they fought. There in sooth was waged a battle ireful, wild, furious, deep-red, bloody on each of the two sides, since none of them had a mind to flee from the other. None loved his life, if only he could maintain his honour. Now at this juncture Turnus with his Rutulians delivered an attack, obstinate, strong, mighty, hard, hot, haughty to break down the walls and the stronghold and to effect an entrance upon the Trojans by force in order to slaughter and to destroy them. The Trojans, on the other hand, made on them a skirmish hot and irresistible, and then shot at them with arms and stones and poles and overwhelmed them with engines and grappling irons(?), and beams and fragments of rocks [hurled] forth on them to kill them and to drive them from the walls. Sad, indeed, was the mutual slaughter, mangling, and scourging that took place then between the Trojan heroes and the kings of the Rutulians. It was there, too, that the Rutulians and the Latins made a tortoise of their shields for their protection, and strenuously exerted themselves to take the camp upon the Trojans; some of them filling up



the ditch, and breaking the defences; some others placing scaling ropes and ladders against the walls; others shooting fire upon them to burn them. Now there was a high tower with a rampart under the wall of the fortress; and the Trojans were abiding there, engaged in archery and shooting at the Latin hosts. Turnus with his Rutulians came towards it, and discharged at it a cast of a flaming torch, and the torch, after being blown by the wind, stuck in the boarding, and set it on fire. It fell to the ground over the outer edge carrying with it the people that were at work there, and not one of them escaped alive except Lycus and Helenor only, whom their own weapons slew not. Helenor, however, when he saw the Rutulians round about him on every side, understood that he would die at their hands, and the plan he adopted was this: he seized his shield in his left hand and bared his sword where he saw the men most numerous and closest together, and he made a murderous rush, fierce and heroic, upon them, and he set to scourging and slaughter, hacking, and mangling, and beheading, till sole touched neck, and one neck another, wherever he went through the host. He fell, however, at their hands. But as for Lycus, he escaped back to the camp through the hosts, and began climbing up the wall—the Trojans assisting him from the walls. Turnus on seeing that ran after him; and as Lycus was climbing up the wall, threw him down to the ground towards him and struck off his head. It was there, too, that Ilioneus, a champion, killed Lucetius on that side. Liger killed Emathion, Asilas killed Corynaeus, Caeneus killed Ortygius, Turnus killed six valorous heroes of the Trojan champions all on this side. Moreover, Capys killed Privernus on that side; Mezentius killed, by a stone of his sling, a beardless renowned young boy, son of Arcens, dressed in beautifully ornamented garments a-holding the walls. There was along with Turnus a foolish, menacing, contentious, o'erweening, proud warrior named Numanus, who had a sister of Turnus to wife. He was greatly reviling the Trojans and taunting them for not coming forth from the fortress to fight, and he said to them: "Are you not ashamed," said he, "always to depend on the shelter of walls to save you from death, and have you not valour and prowess enough to come forth from your walls? It is great madness and folly on your part to attempt to take our wives from us in battle, and to prevail against us by force in Italy, and you womanish, cowardly men, without valour or

prowess, but ever depending on a stronghold. It is quite certain that you will not escape from us with your lives. You will not find us the same as Greeks." I trow it was intolerable to Ascanius to remain listening any longer, but he seized his arrow, and discharged it at him, whilst he was uttering those words. It went through his head from one ear to the other, and he fell to the ground dead, lifeless, and then Ascanius said, "That is the way the cowardly Trojans serve the Rutulians." The Trojans, too, at that fell deed, which Ascanius had done, uttered a shout of exultation, so that it reached the welkin. There was waged, then, a fierce and heroic conflict in their defence, and a multitude fell between them in that struggle. It was then that the two brothers, named Pandarus and Biteas, opened the gate that was upon the camp. Their reason was to entice the Rutulians towards them to the door. After that they were quiet and waited about the door, one on the right and the other on the left of it, silently guarding the door. When the Rutulians saw the door opened, they came boldly to the door in order to enter the fortress. First there came the battle-soldier, Quercens; the battle-gate Aquicolus; and keen, royal, very malevolent Tmarus; and valiant battle-victorious Haemon; and troops and a very great company of good heroes came, and a multitude of warriors with them. In order to hold the gate against them were gathered the haughty renowned youth of the Trojans that were in quest of fame, renown, and distinction for their name. So there before the fortress was waged a struggle furious, fierce, ireful; and champions and heroes of valour of each of the two hosts fell there, and the Rutulians were routed from the gate, and slaughtered, and after the rout the Trojans came forth from the fortress. Then [word] reached Turnus that the stronghold was opened, that the Trojans had come forth from it, and that the Rutulians were routed before them, and that they were slaying them. When Turnus heard those wild and terrible words, he left the place where he was taking the camp; and his hero's valour, his soldier's spirit, and his champion's strength came to him; and, accompanied by his army, he came against the rout, and he killed Antiphates, the first one that met him, after wounding. He killed also Merops, a soldier, and Erymas and Aphidnus, a soldier, in single combat. The Trojans were then routed before him unto the camp; and Turnus followed them with his Rutulians, slaughtering them till they went into their camp; and Turnus

went after them into the fortress, and not one of his people followed him, since they knew not that he had gone from them mingled with their enemies. That had been a journey with no return for him, had not Juno been watching over him. Now when Pandarus saw that his brother Bitias was slain, and his people routed, he applied his shoulder to a fold of the door, and shut it against the Latins; and he left some of his own people at the door, and some others of them came into the fortress. And Pandarus also saw Turnus in the fortress, hunting the Trojans. He was overjoyed that he had caught Turnus at a disadvantage; for he was longing to avenge upon him his brother Bitias, and he said to him: "We are glad that you are as you are. It is not the same to you as being in Amata's palace and in Daunus' city of Ardea. You are in the camp of your enemies, and will not take your life with you." And he launched at him the huge spear that was in his hand. Juno, however, guided the spear past Turnus, so that it struck in the door of the fortress, to wit, in the door-post. But Turnus dealt him a stroke of his sword, and split his head upon him in two, and there he fell dead. When the Trojans saw Pandarus fall, fear and terror seized them; and they fled before Turnus throughout the fortress. If what Turnus then did had been to open the door to his people, the Trojans would all have fallen therefrom, and that would have been the last day for the city. But, as a matter of fact, that was not what he did, since his spirit and power and mighty heroic soldier's ire came cruelly, contentiously, triumphantly, battle-victoriously upon him; and he betook himself to scourging and slaughtering, hacking and mangling, bruising and breaking and killing the Trojans, so that sole touched its neck wherever he went throughout the fortress. He killed first Phaleris, a battle-soldier, and Gyges, and Halys, and Phegeus. And he killed after that the people that were fighting from the walls, and who knew not that he was within the walls slaughtering the Trojans. And he killed eight free nobly-born Trojans, and that tale reached the Trojan chiefs, to wit, that Turnus was slaughtering the Trojans. Mnestheus and mightiest Serestus then came to the rescue of them, and beheld their people fleeing towards them, and Turnus chasing them. Then said Mnestheus to them: "Whither are ye fleeing, Trojans? What other stronghold are you going to? Are you not ashamed that one man, in the midst of your stronghold, should slaughter you, and you surrounding him at every point?" Upon that they

all turned upon Turnus, and they began to smite him from every side, and to such an extent did they assault him, that he could not recover his breath, and was powerless to wield his arms, and he would have fallen at their hands had not Juno been guarding him, and putting their weapons past him. Mnestheus alone was harder on him than a whole host. Thus, when difficulty had been experienced therefrom, he slowly retired before them towards the wall, for he found no other way of escape from them; and he leaped off from the wall, armed as he was, into the river Tiber, and went torn, and half-drowned, unto his people, and they received him gladly, for though he had come to them, they had not hoped for his coming.

The end of the day came, and the contest ceased, and everyone went to his bed, and ceased till the morrow morning. There was in sooth much of sighing, and sorrow, and plaintive wailings in the fortress of the Trojans that night; and much there was of tear-shedding, and mourning, and complaint, and lamentation, and there was much weeping and wailing, and despair, for they realised that they had been without trouble or mischance, during the seven years since they left Troy, till that night. They repented that they had not remained in Sicily or in Carthage. At that time they despaired of their lives, for they had no way of escape, for their ships had been made sea-deities, so that they could not go to sea; and, moreover, the great host of the Rutulians beset them on the land-side, so that they had no way of escape or flight; and Æneas had not come to rescue them from their present peril.

But in the leaguers of the Rutulians, they were warlike, vigorous, and they were glad and joyous, for they hoped to raze the stronghold on the Trojans, and afterwards to destroy it. Now when the morning of the following day came, the Rutulians arose, and attempted to take the fort upon the Trojans, and to break down the walls, and to burn them. The valiant battle-victorious hero Asius Imbrasides, and the high-spirited, warlike men Hicetaeon, Thymoetes, Assaracus, Castor, and Thymbris made the attempt. On this side the valiant Trojan warriors pressed forward on the walls to fight against them; to wit, the two sons of kingly, very brave Sarpedon, brother of Laomedon; Themon, and Acmon, brother of Mnestheus; and heroes, and battle-soldiers of the Trojans along with them. Moreover, amongst these there came into the

battle the tender stripling, splendid, renowned, famous, the youth, the furious darling, the point of battle, and man-slaying of the west, to wit, Ascanius, son of Æneas, son of Anchises, son of Ilus, son of Tros, son of Erichthonius, son of Dardanus, son of Jove, son of Saturn, was that Ascanius, a man gentle, comely, stately, freeborn was that lad, the origin of the supremacy and overlordship of all the world was he; for from him sprang the emperors of the world. Also accompanying him came Ismarus, Mnestheus, and Capys. There, accordingly, was waged a struggle cruel, wounding, gory, deadly, bloody, keen-edged. Warlike, powerful, proud was that struggle between them, waged by fierce heroic battle-soldiers of each of the two hosts. Now whilst the Rutulians and the Trojans were engaged in that battling, Æneas and Pallas arrived at the leaguer of the Etruscans, where was Tarchon, a wizard, accompanied by Etruscan chiefs and lords and nobles preparing for war with Turnus and Mezentius, whom their kings had driven from them. Now when Æneas reached these nobles, he declared to them the reason why he had come to them, to wit, to ask an army from them against Turnus and Mezentius, who were expelling him from Italy. He told them his name, his extraction, his wanderings, and the reason for his coming to Italy. When they heard what Æneas told them, the nobles of the Etruscans went to take counsel in order to know what answer they should give to Æneas. "Of noble race is he that hath come to you," Tarchon said to them. "He is a pillar of battle, a hammer for smiting and bruising foes, a shield for guarding and protecting territory and land, a brave triumphant, battle-victorious hero, of spirit, force, pride; of size, honour, beauty; of gentleness, majesty, youth of comeliness, sense, birth; of wisdom, valour, and prowess and he has the face of a sage, and the countenance of a king; and it is right to give him a good answer." They said to Tarchon: "The counsel you give, we will follow." "This is my counsel to you," said the wizard, "this is the promise to you to take a king of foreign race in order to rid yourselves of Mezentius' lawlessness. Take Æneas for your king, and send an army with him against Mezentius." After that they gave the kingdom to Æneas, and their army and their hosts from many cities and from many peoples of Tuscany and Etruria and Latium to go to assist Æneas. Great truly was the host and the assembly that came there. Warlike and famous was the joint-rising they made. There were many kings, and chiefs, and

young lords, viceroys, heroes, and battle-soldiers, and valiant warriors, and mercenaries, and champions, and youths in quest of fame and renown in that assembly which came to assist Æneas. Now when these hosts had all come to one place, Æneas and Pallas and Tarchon, king of the Etruscans, with the people they had chosen with them, went to the fleet, and they went to sea with the crews of thirty ships, and all the host besides went by land, to meet that fleet to the fortress where the Trojans were. Æneas went forward on his way that day with all his fleet, and he continued sailing till night.

Now whilst Æneas was at the helm of his ship during the night, the goddess Cymodoce came unto him, and took the stern of the vessel in her hand, and said to him. "Son of the goddess, all us ships that came with you to Italy, the goddess Cybele changed into the forms of ocean deities lest Turnus should burn us, the day he came to burn us; and since we knew of your coming this way, we came to tell you tidings. Act bravely and rise up to succour Ascanius, who is in peril at the hands of Turnus, and give battle to Turnus to-morrow, and he will be defeated, and you will work on the Rutulians red-slaughter there." When Cymodoce had uttered these words, she went from him after that in a flash of lightning, and all the goddesses went with her. Æneas was silent after that, and he marvelled at what he had heard. But when the light of day came upon the morrow, he gave orders to the crews of the fleet to be in readiness for the battle on the morrow, and to go manfully and bravely to the assistance of their people that were in peril of the Latins, and of the Rutulians taking their fortress upon them. Now when the Trojans who were holding the city saw the fleet approaching the port, they uttered a great shout, and they went hotly into the battle, so that the Rutulians wondered at the vigour and boldness of the dexterous assault they made upon them. When Turnus saw the fleet approaching the fort, he told the Rutulians to abandon the assault on the fortress, and go to hold the port against the fleet. But when Tarchon saw that, he urged the crews of the fleet, and told them to row the ships till their prows were grounded, and every man with his accoutrements to leap to land over against him. And their whole number followed that counsel, which Tarchon gave them, save only that Tarchon's own ship was broken up upon a rock, and it was by swimming that its company reached land.

So the crews of the fleet landed on them in the port by force, and they chased the Rutulians out of it, and upon that Æneas went with those of his expedition, and took up his position before the camp, where his people were; and immediately his people went forth unto him from the fortress. Moreover, at that time, there came to him the hosts of his people who assembled on land. When all these hosts had come to him into one place, they accomplished the marshalling of them in their battalions, and they marshalled each king of them apart in the line of battle with his proper host and with his own army. Their kings, and their chiefs, their heroes, and their battle-soldiers, and their valiant warriors were arrayed before him in the line of battle for his defence, protection, and guard, to meet their foes in the battle. Now when the marshalling of the battle was completed by Æneas, he incited and encouraged all the hosts, and said to them: "It behoves you," said he, "ye nobly-born heroes, to do valiantly, for it will be famous, prosperous, for you if you win. The fame and renown of your valour and prowess will travel everywhere throughout the world. The fear and dread of you will be upon the neighbouring races that are round about you; and you will defy everyone, and no one will defy you, if you rout Turnus in this battle to-day. It is like you to show bravery. Royal, furiously-routing are your kings; mighty, unflinching your heroes; prudent and wise are your counsellors; heroic, eager, fiercely rough, your valiant warriors; sanguinary, brave, daring your battle-soldiers. Moreover, good is your collection of arms unto the battle; many are your beautiful, brazen hauberks. They are triple-braided, triple-linked with truly beautiful gilded helms. Besides many are your handsome shields, crimson, shapen, firm; and your azure blue-steel darts, and your riveted, blue-bladed spears; many are your quivers, and your arrows lovely, ornate, of burnished gold. Therefore, it is a great reproach to you, if you do not act bravely thus, considering the excellence of the means you possess."

But whilst Æneas was ordering his battle, and encouraging his host, Turnus' hosts and armies were assembled unto him, and he marshalled his battalions and incited and encouraged his hosts to do valiantly, driving from them the fugitive host, to wit, the Trojans, that had not found safety for themselves in the world, but were being driven from land to land till they reached Italy. Moreover, he also said: "You would

think it strange to be under tribute and service to yon evil treacherous race, the Trojans; and though you would be, it will not be accepted from you, but your free-born children will be killed, and your wives and sons and daughters enslaved. Your gold and your silver will be taken away, and all your treasure and goods, unless you fight boldly, defending your fatherland against the Trojans."

Now, when they had finished marshalling their battalions, and encouraging and inciting their hosts, and when they had donned their weapons of war, and drawn nigh each of them towards the other stubbornly, mightily, vehemently; and spiritedly, proudly; and joyous was red mad War a-stirring up mutual strife between those two battalions, heavy was the increase of bane and ill-luck and gloom upon the Rutulian hosts that day. They had no reason for peace with Æneas, if they had known the thing that resulted therefrom. Dreadful, horrible was the bellowing which the right-valorous companies of the Trojans, Etruscans, and Arcadians bellowed for battle against the Rutulians. There was waged in sooth a conflict cruel, gory, bloody, woundful, invading, deadly, gory between them in that battle. Brittle was the wood in the hands of the full-valorous heroes in the same battle. There were heard the crashing of the arms, the groaning of the shields, the hiss of the darts, the swish of the swords, the rush of the arrows. Streams of crimson blood were seen there from spear-points full-gory, and from the points of the dread, frightful, very sharp, tusk-hilted swords, and from the ends of the pointed, tapering, purple glaives. There, too, fell of both hosts abundance of heroes wrathfully wounding for the honour of their lords. There also fell illustrious rulers manifold of both those steadfast hosts. Terrible, dreadful, steadfast, and heroic was the onset Æneas made upon the host of the Rutulians, clad as he was in a beautiful brass, triple braided, triple-looped hauberck, and a gilded helm upon his head, and a sevenfold shield upon his left arm, and a sword, hard and keen, body-mangling, and firm withal, keen-edged, nobly fashioned, seven times tempered unto proof, in his right hand, striking them, and cutting them down, hacking them, and mangling them, beheading them, and wounding them, so that sole touched neck wherever he went through the battle. Now when Æneas was in that burst of wrath, there chanced to approach against him the brave contentious champion, Theron, a



battle-soldier, who gave battle to Æneas, and Theron was killed in that contest. Moreover, after that full-valorous Lichas came unto him, and delivered a keen, obstinate attack upon Æneas; and Lichas fell by Æneas. By the hero fell Cisseus and Gyas, heroes, and Pharus, and Cydon, and seven sons of Phorcus, who had made an onset upon Æneas; and Maeon, and Alcanor, his brother; and Numitor, a battle-soldier; and after that Æneas kept charging them throughout the hosts of the Rutulians like a mad bull whom valour and wonted prowess lash(?). Kings and chiefs, and stout soldiers and valorous heroes of the Rutulians fell by him, and after that they fled before him, being slaughtered by him. Moreover, Halaesus came with Auruncan hosts, and Messapus with his army against the rout, and they maintained the battle at that plain, and there it was fought hard and hot by each of the two sides. A multitude of battle-soldiers and valorous heroes of each of the two hosts fell there, Moreover, Pallas, son of Evander, made an attempt obstinately, vigorously, upon the hosts of the Rutulians; and he hewed a gap of a hundred before him in the battle, and Lagus, full-brave, fell by him, and Hisbo, and Sthenelus and Anchemolus, and Larides, and ThyMBER, and Rhoeteus, and Ilus. Moreover, Halaesus, of the people of Turnus, made an attempt on the host of the Trojans; and Ladon fell, and Pheres, Demodocus, Strymonius, Thoas, and Imaon. Moreover, while he was stripping his spoils from the battle-soldier who was named Imaon, Pallas, son of Evander, approached him, and the two waged a contest sharp, vigorous, angry, keen; and Halaesus fell by Pallas in that contest; and he took his spoils. Moreover, Lausus, son of Mezentius, assailed the hosts of the Trojans, and he assailed the Arcadians, and inflicted great slaughter upon them. Pallas, son of Evander, however, opposed him on the other side. A brave, heroic combat was there waged between the royal soldiers, to wit, Pallas, son of Evander, and Lausus; and a great multitude fell of the hosts on both sides, both of the Rutulians and the Arcadians. Now when Turnus saw the havoc and dismay that Pallas brought upon the hosts of the Rutulians, he came through the battle to engage Pallas. When Pallas saw Turnus approaching him, he drew nigh to engage him, furiously, warily, and he advanced, obstinately, boldly, against Turnus; and when Turnus had come so near him that there was but the space of a cast between them, Pallas shook the huge spear, and

hurled it powerfully, manfully at Turnus, and it went through the sevenfold shield, but did not reach his skin; for Juno guided the spear-point past him; for thus was Turnus that day, with Juno protecting him, that the arms of his enemies reached him not. Turnus also hurled a cast of the broad, azure spear that was in his hand, and it went through the shield of Pallas, and through the hauberk triple-braided, triple-looped, and through his chest, and split his heart in two, and forced the point through behind his back; and Pallas plucked out the dart, and shook it, and when he was about to throw it again at Turnus, the signs of dissolution came upon him, and he fell dead, lifeless, on his shield. Turnus then approached and said: "Thus," quoth he, "I would have you be as a reward for your friendship with Æneas," and he plucked from him the girdle that was about his loins, which Clonus fashioned for him of burnished gold and of carbuncle gems; and had he but known what came of it to himself afterwards, it would have been better for him that he had not plucked so much as that from him: for afterwards it was the cause of his death.

When, however, the Arcadians saw Pallas fall by Turnus, they went obstinately, boldly, to contend with Turnus for the body, and they took the body from him, and brought it with them on his shield, and they uttered a great shout of sorrow, and weeping and great lamentation a-wailing for Pallas. Now that tale reached Æneas, that Turnus had killed Pallas, and was then slaughtering the Arcadians and the Trojans. Well, when Æneas heard that tale, his spirit and power rose in him, and his anger and his hero's valour and his bird of valour rose so that it was hovering over his head. The wrath of a serpent was the wrath of Æneas at that time. His was a soldier's spirit, and a lion's power, a hero's valour, a warrior's strength, a champion's shooting. It was difficult, indeed, to endure his anger and to withstand his youthful ire that day. He then kept plying them like a mad ox whom valour lashes (?), or like a lion fiercely strong. And he inflicted scourging and smiting, and he hurled very great slaughter upon them, as he advanced through the battle in quest of Turnus. There fell by him the four battle-soldiers [of Sulmo], four sons [of Ufens], and Magus, a soldier, and Anxur, and Tarquitus, and Antaeus, and Lucagus, a battle-soldier; and Liger, his brother. Now, when Juno saw that great slaughter, which Æneas

wrought upon the Rutulians, as he was seeking Turnus through the battle, she was afraid of his overtaking Turnus, and of Turnus' falling by him. This is the plan she adopted. She transformed herself into the figure of Æneas with his armour, and came against Turnus; and challenged him to a contest, and hurled wordy abuse upon him. Turnus came obstinately, boldly, against her, and aimed at her a cast of the spear that was in his hand. Juno thereupon fled before him, and turned her back to him, fleeing from him. Turnus was certain it was Æneas himself that had fled before him. He conceived that a victory over Æneas had fallen to him, and said to him: "It is a shame for you to flee," said he, "and do not leave your people in the land you have come in search of, over many seas and many lands. There will be given you now from my right hand a truly brave reception into the land, and tarry now till we know which of us is the braver, and do not run away." When Turnus had uttered these words, he drew his sword, and went after her to overtake her. Juno fled before him towards the fleet, and boarded Etruscan Osinius' ship, and thus was she [moored], with a rope out of her to land. Turnus accordingly went after Juno into the ship. She then turned to the rope, and cut it, and the wind and the ebb tide' carried him on the ship out to sea; and Juno went from him hovering in the air, and she left Turnus alone in the ship, and he knew not then what he should do. He fell into great bemoaning and gloom, and said: "Gods of heaven! wherefore has this heavy vengeance been visited upon me? What shall I do, or whither shall I go, or shall I reach again my country and my friends? Woe is me that I did not find death; and pity me, ye winds, and dash the ship to pieces upon these rocks in order that they may destroy me," and he attempted to fall upon his sword, and thrice he was about to leap into the sea to drown himself; but from that Juno restrained him. Now whilst Turnus was in that peril, the wind and the tide brought the ship to Ardea, the city of Daunus. He was Turnus' father, that Daunus. And when Juno beguiled Turnus with her out of the battle, Mezentius maintained the battle after him against Æneas, and kept charging heroically, strongly, through the host of the Trojans, and inflicted great slaughter upon them. And by him fell Hebrus, a battle-soldier, and Latagus, and Palmus, and Euanthes, and Acron, and Orodes; and, moreover, the Rutulians fought boldly, hotly, in the battle along with

Mezentius. Caedicus, a Rutulian, killed Alcahous, Sacrator killed Hydaspes; and Rapo, Parthenius and Orses. Messapus killed Clonius the Trojan, and Lycaonian Ericetes, Salius killed Thronius, the Trojan [Nealces] killed Salius. There, in sooth, was waged a battle furious, ireful by each of the two sides. No mind was in either of them to flee. Neither of them put trust in the other. Whilst the battle was at its keenest between them, Mezentius made a very great breach in the Trojans' line of battle, and tried to work dismay and dispersion upon the hosts of the Trojans. When Æneas saw that, he watched him the way he came. when Mezentius perceived that Æneas was watching him, he hurled a cast of the huge spear that was in his hand at Æneas, and it glanced off Æneas' shield and killed a soldier of Evander's following. Æneas, however, hurled at Mezentius the dart that was in his hand, and it went through the sevenfold shield, and through the triple-looped hauberk about Mezentius, so that he fell on the ground at that one cast. Æneas bared his sword, and went towards him to strike off his head. When Lausus saw his father fall, and Æneas about to shear off his head with his sword, his tears rushed down his checks, and he came against Æneas, and lifted his shield against him to rescue his father, and Mezentius went to wash his wounds, and came away, and sat upon the bank of the stream, observing the battle. Lausus took up a combat with Æneas after Mezentius, and along with Lausus his people fought hotly against Æneas. All hurled their darts at Æneas, and Æneas upheld his shield against the darts, and warded off him all the darts, and Æneas made a furious heroic rush against Lausus and plunged his sword up to the hilt through his side, and Lausus fell dead, lifeless, of that one wound. When Æneas saw the expression that came over the youth after his fall, his feelings wrought upon him, and he was sad, and he left him his arms and all his spoils, and gave up his body to his people for burial. His people bore the body of Lausus with them upon the shafts of their spears, towards Mezentius, where he was on the bank of the stream, lying down; and he weak with the wound Æneas inflicted on him, and they in lamentation and sorrow approaching him. When Mezentius heard that lamentation, his heart knew that Lausus had fallen there, and he came to his son's body. He fell to lamentation and sorrow, and said: "Beloved son, sad is the interchange, you to be slain, and me to be in life. Bring me my son's

horse, and I will mount him to do battle with Æneas, that I may slay him in revenge for my son, or that he may slay me along with my son"; and when his son's horse reached him, he mounted it, and brought with him the full of his grasp of darts. He went in quest of Æneas, and called him three times, and came close to him, and hurled three successive casts at him, which Æneas warded off. Æneas then hurled a cast at him, which went through the head of Rhœbus (to wit, the horse that was under him) from one ear to the other, and the horse reared, and then fell to the ground, and Mezentius fell upon the ground. Æneas bared his sword, and rushed at him. The Trojans and the Rutulians with the Latins uttered at that juncture one shout, which was heard at the roof of heaven. Æneas said to him: "Where is thy power and thy strength now?" and plunged his sword through him, and Mezentius died of that one wound, and Æneas took his spoils and his arms. After that the Rutulians were routed, and the Trojans inflicted slaughter on them till night, and when they had finished slaughtering them, they collected the spoils and arms of the combatants that were slain, and they encamped that night in the leaguers of the Rutulians, and the body of Pallas was that night brought by him into the fortress of the Trojans.

Now when the morning of the morrow came, Æneas rose, and unto him were assembled his kings, his chiefs, and his noblemen, and they offered sacrifices to their gods for the victory that had fallen to them; and after that Æneas strengthened and encouraged his kings and his chiefs to do valiantly, and be in readiness to advance to the city of Latinus, as soon as the burial of their [dead] friends was completed by every one, and the body of Pallas first escorted by him into the city of Evander. When he had spoken these words, he wept so that his bosom and his face were wet—all the way to the fortress, where lay Pallas' body with Acoetes, Evander's armour bearer, guarding it. When Æneas came to the body, he made great lamentation and said: "Beloved son," said he, "this is not a parting between us which we wished. Alas! that respite was not given you so that we should be in joint sovereignty. Woeful to me and to Ascanius is that separation." When Æneas had uttered these words, he gave orders that the body should be borne to the city of Evander, and he dispatched a thousand armed men to escort it, and jewels and many treasures were brought with it, and there were

borne the spoils and arms of the soldiers he had killed, and that company took their departure from him.

After that Æneas went into his leaguers, and a messenger with a palm-branch in his hand arrived from the city of Latinus, to ask leave for the Latins to bury the bodies of their people. This is the answer Æneas gave them: "It is not we that have sinned against you, but ye that broke peace with us, and chose friendship with Turnus in preference to me. Peace with you would still be better than strife. Not to carry on war or battle with you have we come to you, but because the gods told us that in Italy it was fated to us to acquire a country, and bear ye with you the bodies of your people and make a grave for them, and I should prefer ... for you." The messengers of Latinus were thankful for the answer they got, and there was given to them a truce of twelve days to bury their people without molestation. The messengers of Latinus went their way home with that answer. Now the host that went with the body of Pallas arrived at the fortress of Evander. The people of the fort were arriving with lamentation and great weeping to meet them, and when they had come to one place, they poured forth a great lamentation together. Now Evander came through the host there unto the bier on which lay his son, and the bier was placed for him on the ground, and he, in a flood of tears, threw himself upon the body and said: "Beloved son," said he, "woe is me that I have not met death before you, and it is well with your mother to-day that she is dead before you." Pallas was thereafter borne into the city, and they were gloomy there that night. Now, his due of burial was paid to Pallas after that, and Evander said to the hosts which came to escort Pallas: "Go to the king and say to him, 'Sad is my existence to-day after my son; and it behoves him [Æneas] to avenge him upon Turnus.'" Now his people after that reached Æneas, and reported to him the words of Evander. There was given, too, at that time by Æneas and by the proper persons, burial to their friends and to their people after the heathen custom. There was then much lamentation and sorrow in the city of Latinus. Mothers were there weeping for their sons, and sons weeping for their fathers, and sisters weeping for their brothers, and neighbours weeping for one another. Gloomy and sorrowful were they there; and all were displeased and gloomy with Turnus, and they were saying it was enough for Turnus himself alone to

go and fight with Æneas to win his wife without forcing the nobles of Italy to send their people against Æneas to kill him in order to win a wife from him. Now, Drances said: "This is what Æneas wishes," said he, "that Turnus alone go to fight with him, and the rest to be at peace."

Now whilst they were uttering those words, into their presence came Venulus who had gone to Diomedes in order to ask an army against Æneas; and when the messengers reached him, Latinus gave orders to the kings and chiefs of the Latins to come to him into one assembly that Venulus might tell them tidings, and that they might take their counsel in one place. After that, when all his nobles had arrived, and Latinus told Venulus to tell them tidings of his journey, Venulus then related to them his tidings. "I came," said he, "to the leaguers of king Diomedes, and we showed him the presents they brought with us, and we told him we had come to ask of him an army to fight against Æneas. Diomedes answered us mildly: "Wherefore should I come to fight against Æneas, since I have sinned against him, not he against me? I struck him with a stone at Troy, and I took part at its demolition; and on that account I fear him. I have no claim on him. Not contemptible is the hero that is there, good at sword and shield, brave at spear, and great is the man that is there. It will not be I that will wrong him. And the gifts you brought with you for me give to Æneas and make peace with him! Ye have asked those tidings," said Venulus, "and adopt the counsel you now think best whether it be peace or war with the Trojans. For there is no let from Diomedes on the score of friendship or on the score of reward." Latinus then said: "We ought to have taken counsel about that not to-day, but when our enemies reached us at our city walls. We ought not to inflict war or battles on yon invincible race, the Trojans, lest they always cause battles or war to be waged; and it would be better for us to have peace and friendship with them than war." Drances then said: "Latinus, it seems to us," quoth he, "that the desire of all the others is peace, if they dared to say it with Turnus, and this is the way by which will come an unending peace, to wit, to give Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, to Æneas; for they deem sufficient the number of their nobles and lords that have fallen in battle by Æneas, though nothing more should happen at his hands." Now when Turnus heard the words that Drances spoke, he was seized with anger and indignation against him, and he rebuked him

much, and said to him "Cowardly babbler, who flee from every one that is there; great is your share of noise, and little your share of valour and prowess." "Since it is you that are of good prowess," said Drances, "it would be more proper for you to contest Lavinia with Æneas by prowess and single combat (for Æneas offers to come and fight a duel with you, all the rest remaining passive) than to be wroth with me because I advise peace, lest more Latin nobles fall in battle against Æneas than have fallen in battles they have waged hitherto." Turnus, however, then said: "Drances, the Trojans knew my prowess the day that Bitias and Pandarus fell by me, and I alone attacked them alone, and I slaughtered them there, and I came back from them scatheless. However, if the Latins are afraid to do battle against Æneas, I shall go in single combat against him, and all the hosts will remain passive till I and Æneas engage in our conflict. But should the Latins prefer to offer Æneas battle, you have a great army wherewith to give battle, to wit, many cities of Italy, and Messapus, and Tolumnius, and many other chiefs with their army, and Camilla with the hosts of the Volscians along with them."

Whilst Latinus and Turnus and Drances and the Latin chiefs were engaged in those deliberations, Æneas moved his leaguers towards the city of Latinus; and Tarchon came unto them with his cavalry, over the level plains of Italy towards their city; and Æneas, accompanied by his army of foot, approached another way over the mountain fastnesses. When that news was heard, a great turmoil and terror laid waste the people of the city, and great fear seized them, and every one grasped his weapons, and the assembly dispersed, and Latinus went to his house, and he repented then that he was not allied with Æneas. A trumpet was sounded by them as a signal for assembling their host. Some of them were told off for strengthening their walls, and some deepening the ditches; others were collecting stones, and placing engines upon the walls. In sooth, they were full of fear and dread in the city of Latinus at that time. Turnus, however, donned his battle gear, and went forth out of the city, and assembled his country and his people about him, to wit, his hosts and his army with their chiefs, to wit, Messapus and Coras, his brother, and Camilla, queen of the Volscians, and all the nobles, and he divided his host into two; and Camilla, Messapus, and Coras at the head of their cavalry were marshalled against Tarchon and the Etruscan



cavalry; and Turnus went with his battalion of infantry against Æneas on the mountain; and he planted an ambushade in the passes of the mountain in wait for Æneas. Now while Turnus was marshalling his host in that manner, the Etruscan cavalry, headed by Tarchon and the Tuscan and the Etrurian chiefs, drew near unto the city of Latinus. Now Messapus and Coras, his brother, and Camilla, queen of the Volscians, advanced with the cavalry of Latinus, and the Rutulians and Volscians with them, against the Etruscan and Trojan cavalry. Now when those two bodies of cavalry had advanced till they were close upon one another, they uttered a great heavy shout at their encounter, and each of them began to shoot at the other fiercely, keenly, furiously, and angrily, sharply, bloodily. Tyrrhenus, of the people of Æneas, and Aconteus, brother to Turnus—these were the chiefs who met there, and each of them urged his horse towards the other boldly, hotly, till the horses came breast to breast; and Aconteus fell in that encounter, and Latinus' cavalry were routed unto the city. The Trojans followed them, and Asilas, a chief of the Trojans, followed to the gates of the city. The Latins won again, and drove the Trojans back from the city. Moreover, twice were the Latins driven towards their city. Twice, too, were the Trojans made to run away from the city. The third time they ran away from the city, all the cavalry on both sides gave themselves hard and hot to fighting, and none of them had a thought of fleeing from another and none of them loved his life, being in quest of fame and renown for his name after him. Each of them approached the other mightily, manfully; and obstinately, stoutly, strongly, vigorously, eagerly. Showers of crimson blood were shed there from stately, well-bred, well-born sides. They dug broad, grey spears into the flanks of strong soldiers. Riveted arrows pierced the bodies of fair, warlike champions. Abundance of heroes, robust, strong, dexterous, fell there in that contest on this side and on that. Champions, and mercenaries, and young warriors fell there who were in quest of honour and renown.

Whilst then that struggle was very splendid, and whilst the fight was at its keenest, and in doubt, Camilla delivered a stout attack on the cavalry of the Trojans, and began to chase and shoot them, and not a cast she threw amiss without wounding some one, or killing a man. In that attack the maidens fell together, to wit, Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia, and Acca,

and all the maidens. On the other hand, a great army fell by the hand of Camilla in that attack by her [with] Eunæus, Liris, Pagasus, Amastrus, Hippotades, Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon, Chronus, Oryntus, Orsilochus, and Butes. It was there that Ligus, a battle-soldier, chanced after his fall from horseback to encounter her on foot, she being on horseback challenging him. Since difficulty had been experienced therefrom, Ligus said to her: "You ought rather to dismount and fight with me on foot for your skill and craft in arms than to remain mounted as you are." When she heard that proposal, she dismounted and approached him. When Ligus saw Camilla dismount, he ran past her towards the horse on which she had been, leaped upon it, and betook himself to flight. When Camilla saw that occurrence, she said: "You will not bring yourself off by guile"; and she ran after him, and came round the horse, and got hold of the horse's bridle-rein in her hand, and pulled Ligus down from the horse, and after that killed him.

Now, when Tarchon saw the scourging and the slaughtering and the killing that Camilla inflicted on the cavalry of the Trojans, his spirit and power came to him, and he began to stir up his people, and to encourage them; and he said to them: "Are ye not ashamed," said he, "that a woman should slaughter and chase you?" And he made a murderous onset, brave and heroic, till he was in the midst of the Latin cavalry, and he guided his horse straight to Venulus, whose front was towards him among the Latin cavalry, and he put his right arm round him, and from their midst carried him off before him, and [the shout] was heard to the welkin. His people, too, fought vehemently in the battle along with Tarchon. It was there that Arruns made an attempt to shoot Camilla, and he hurled at her the spear that was in his hand, without her seeing or perceiving it, till it pierced through her pap into her breast. At once her female comrades ran and ministered to her while she was falling, and she addressed Acca, her female comrade she, and to her she was the faithfulest of the world's women, and she said: "Beloved sister," said she, "take with you this message and command: 'Go ye to the city's succour now, and yield it not to the Trojans.'" She fell after those words, and her soul took its flight out of her. And now, when Camilla fell, the Latin cavalry were routed unto their city, and the Trojans followed them, slaughtering them up to the city gates, and round about the gates, and

whoever would go in, would not come forth back. In sooth, great slaughter was inflicted there upon the Latins and upon the Rutulians. Mothers were there without a son, wives without a husband, and sisters without brothers. But word reached Turnus that Camilla was killed, and her cavalry routed and slaughtered, and that the Trojans were taking the fortress upon Latinus. When Turnus heard these tidings, he left the place where he lay in ambush, and came to the succour of Latinus and his city. Æneas, too, came forthwith after them to the place where Turnus had the ambush, and went after him unto the city; and then night came upon them, and prevented them from fighting, and the Trojans betook themselves till morning under the fortress. Sad, gloomy, and tearful were they in the city of Latinus that night. Wretched was the sound of weeping and lamentation that was there—to wit, everyone weeping for his friends and relatives. They heaped reproach upon reproach that night, but all their reproach fell upon Turnus, for it was he that had induced Latinus to break peace with Æneas. When Turnus heard everyone indignant at him, and when he felt the weakness and want of strength that came upon the Latins, owing to the loss of their kings and chiefs, and champions, and battle-soldiers, in the battles which they had fought against the Trojans, he said to Latinus: “O king,” said he, “let there not be upon you the recurring anxiety or fear of fighting or battle with the Trojans from this time forth, but make peace with them, for I shall go to-morrow to fight a duel with Æneas, and let Latins and Trojans remain passive beholding us, and my right hand will put Æneas to death in that conflict; or, if it be he that will be victorious, let him have Lavinia.” Latinus then answered Turnus: “Right valorous youth,” said he, “[with] every feat of prowess you accomplish, the greater is the fear with which your bier inspires us. Take proper counsel now for all our sakes, for you have the lordship of my peoples, and there are many cities, and much gold and silver, and treasures, and possessions; and, therefore, it is a pity for you to be destroyed.

“Moreover, there are, besides, noble well-born maidens unwedded in Italy, and of them you will get the lady of your choice, and give up Lavinia. For it is an outrage on the gods to give her to a man in Italy, since their will is, she should be given to a man of foreign race, and the man of foreign race for whom you should have given her up, I proved

false to, for love of you, and the tears of Amata, and I gave him battle along with you. There fell in that battle nobles and lords of the Latins, so that the water of the river Tiber was red and bloody with their blood, and the plains of Italy white with their bones, owing to the extent of the slaughter that was inflicted on them. What shall I say to you, beloved son, but that a contest is an uncertain matter! since it is never known who will come out of it alive, and if it should be you that will fall there, Lavinia will of necessity be given to Æneas; and if it be necessary for us to give him Lavinia after the contest, it would be better for us to give her at once without your fighting with him at all." Turnus said to Latinus: "Let not anxiety for me be upon you, since I am no coward in going to a contest. Many have fallen down unto death by my right hand. Æneas, a fugitive from land to land, shall also fall down unto death by my hand." It was then that queen Amata spoke to him, while her tears fell down her cheeks: "By these tears I shed, and by the confidence that is between us, pity me and your aged father Daunus. Go not to fight against Æneas, for if you fall there, I shall die along with you before I look on Æneas as son-in-law of mine." When Lavinia saw her mother weeping, she wept along with her, and her tears rushed down upon her beautiful crimson cheeks, and she blushed, and beautiful was the flush of countenance that stole over her, and it was the blush of noble breeding in her. When Turnus saw the maiden's blush, his love for her increased in his heart, and he preferred to fight for her rather than give her up to Æneas. Turnus said to the queen: "It is certain," said he, "that not for man will I relinquish fighting this battle to-morrow." And he said to Idmon: "Go," said he, "and tell Æneas: Let him come at sun rise to-morrow to meet me in this plain outside before the city, and I shall be there before him, and let Trojans and Rutulians be passive without battle being waged by either of the two sides of them against the other, but remaining passive beholding us; and let the two of us engage in a duel in this plain outside to-morrow, and let him that escapes out of that duel have Lavinia to wife, and let there be peace between the peoples from that time forth."

Now Æneas was glad at the news that was brought to him, and he was awaiting the contest on the morrow in terms of the challenge. Now when morning of the morrow came, Trojans and Rutulians came into the plain before Latinus' city under arms, as if they had come to engage in

battle, and their kings came, and their chiefs, and Latinus came with his king-folk. Turnus also came clad in a magnificent triple-braided triple-looped hauberk of brass with its gilded helmet upon it, with a crest of burnished gold, and a sword, gold-hilted, inlaid with silver, at his girdle, a sevenfold shield on his back, and a huge, stout spear in his right hand. Æneas, too, came with his well-wrought weapons, and Ascanius came, and Tarchon, and all the Trojan chiefs. Women came and old men, and common people upon the walls of the city, to witness the encounter. Sacrifices, too, were offered by them to their gods, that it might be propitious to them to make their peace. Moreover, Æneas rose up after that, sword in hand, entering the combat, and he lifted up his loud, august, sonorous voice on high: "I swear," said he, "by the gods of heaven and earth, and by the gods of the seas, the rivers, and the streams, and by my valour, and by my prowess, that if it be Turnus that will be victor, the Trojans will go to Evander's city, and that after that they will not make war upon the Latins till doomsday. If it be I, however, that will be victor, I shall not impose upon Italians servitude to Trojans, and I shall not ask for myself sovereignty over them, but unending peace and friendship between us for ever."

When Æneas had uttered these words, Latinus looked towards heaven and earth and said, "I swear," said he, with his hand towards heaven and the gods, "by all you swear by, O Æneas, till heaven will fall to earth, and the deluge come over the world, this peace between Latins and Trojans will not be broken, whatever happen in your combat at this time." When they had settled their peace in that manner, they then offered sacrifices to their gods.

The Rutulians, however, from the day they perceived that it was too much for Turnus that Æneas should fight with him, were in anxiety, and uttered great complaint. When Juturna, sister to Turnus, observed upon Turnus the fear of the encounter, she transformed herself into the likeness of Camers, a well-born and valiant youth, and went about among the gatherings of the Rutulians, and this is what she was saying: "Are ye not ashamed, ye Rutulians, that one man should be given up in battle for the sake of you all, the prowess of yon host being no better than your own! They are fewer in number than ye are. Men for us there are not at all if we all make an attack upon them. When Turnus shall fall,

ye will repent of the meeting on which ye are now [bent].” Now, they all had a longing whilst Juturna remained of them that the battle should be attempted. He (sic) a gave them yet another sign to deceive them, to wit, a flock of birds was on the shore before them. Another bird approached them, and all the birds took to flight before it; and it took with it the bird that was largest and most famous, carrying it off in its claws; and the flock collected after it, and wrested the bird from it by force, and hunted it away to sea. Now, when the Rutulians saw that occurrence, they rejoiced greatly, for it was plain to them that the omen they saw was good. Tolumnius said: “Good is the omen, O Rutulians. It is in yon manner you will deliver Turnus from Æneas, and we shall hunt Æneas by force to sea.” And he said to them: “Seize your arms, Rutulians, and attack the men, and I shall go before you to attack them.” Then a great shout swelled up from the leaguers of the Rutulians, and each of them seized his arms to begin the struggle, and Tolumnius went before them, and he shook his spear which he hurled into the group of Trojans that was nearest him. There were nine sons of Arcadian Gylippus close together in that place, and the spear which Tolumnius threw struck one of the nine, and pierced him fairly through. Upon that, his brethren sprang up, and grasped their arms for the fray. The Latins sprang to the assistance of the Rutulians. The Trojans, too, the Arcadians, and the Tuscans rose up against them. A great shout swelled up there as the hosts engaged, and it was heard to the welkin. The hosts were confused, and the sacrifices were interrupted and the peace was broken. Latinus fled to his city, and each one pressed to another. It was then that Corynaeus, a Trojan, who was sacrificing at the altar of the gods, aimed at the beard of Ebysus, a Rutulian, who approached him, a cast of a flaming torch, so that his beard and hair were ablaze. Moreover, Podalirus, a Trojan, killed Alsus, chief shepherd to Latinus. Æneas, however, when he heard the uproar, and the tumult that had broken out in the leaguers, rose up, and raised, and stretched forth his hand with no weapon in it, in order to keep his oath, and that the peace which they had made should not be broken.

This is what he said to them: “Trojans and Rutulians, make no strife, and break not the peace, and restrain your wrath, and allow me and Turnus to enter the fray, and all of you be quiet observing us.” Now

when Æneas was uttering these words, an arrow-shot was discharged from among the host, and it was not known who discharged it. It pierced Æneas' thigh, so that he could not move about. Then Mnestheus, Achates, and Ascanius came to him, and brought him to his leaguers. When Turnus saw [him retreating] towards his leaguers, and the Trojan chiefs along with him, he conceived that the victory lay with him that day, for it seemed to him that Æneas had retreated in flight; and he mounted his chariot, and assailed the Trojan host, heroically, strongly, dexterously, and he inflicted great slaughter on the host of the Trojans. And he killed Sthenelus, Thamyris, Pholus, Glaucus, Lades, Eumedes, Chloerus, Sybaris, Dares, Thersilochus, Thymoetes, and Phegeus; whilst Turnus was hewing the hosts in that manner, the chief leech Iapis and Iasides [*sic*], two disciples of Apollo, were brought to Æneas to pluck the arrow from his foot, and they could not. His mother, Venus, came from the island of Crete, bringing with her the herb named dittany, and placed it in water, and she cast it from her lips about the wound, and at once the arrow leaped out of the wound, and then the blood and the poison of it came out of the wound, and his strength and health returned to Æneas, as if he had not been wounded at all. Then Iapis said: "Trojans," said he, "give Æneas his arms now, for he has no lack of health, spirit, force, valour, or prowess; and show courage along with him against the Rutulians who are putting you to the slaughter." When Iapis had uttered these words, and had bound up the foot properly, Æneas took his victorious sword of conflict, and his triple-braided, triple-looped hauberk, with its brilliant gilded helm, and his sevenfold shield upon his left arm. Ascanius, too, donned his garb of battle, and he strengthened and encouraged his father to show courage. Æneas went forth from his leaguers, and Sergestus came and Mnestheus and Antheus, and all the Trojan chiefs, and they formed themselves in line of battle at the doors of the leaguers, and they advanced stoutly, strongly, obstinately, against the Rutulians. When the Rutulians saw Æneas with his Trojans approaching them in his relentless battle-course, they were seized with fear and dread, and great fear came upon Turnus himself, and their fear was not groundless. For the assault which heroes and battle-soldiers, and valorous champions of the Trojans delivered on them was brave, heroic; and it was wrathful, fierce, thrusting; and it was

bitter, merciless, angry, to avenge upon them the breaking of the peace, and the gallant men they had killed, after making sworn alliance and friendship with them. Heroic, dexterous, strong was the assault they delivered upon them. Many were the graves and lairs of heroes and of champions headless from the assault in the plain before Latinus' city gate. It was there that Trojan Thymbraeus killed Rutulian Osiris, a battle-soldier. Mnestheus killed Anchetius, Achates killed Epulo, a king. Gyas killed Ufens; also Tolumnius, an augur, fell there. It was he that broke the peace, and threw the first spear into an assembly of the Trojans. Æneas, however, did not wound anyone at that time, nor did he direct his attention upon any man, but was seeking Turnus throughout the line of battle to fight with him. When, however, Juturna, the goddess, sister of Turnus, perceived that Æneas was in quest of Turnus, she mounted the chariot in which Turnus was, and she put Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, out of the chariot, and she changed herself into the form of the charioteer, and she drove the chariot so as to avoid Æneas. Every way she would go throughout the line of battle, Æneas would come upon her track, all the while calling her with a loud voice. It was there that Messapus approached him, and threw a cast of a spear at Æneas. When Æneas perceived the spear upon him, he bent down before it, under the shelter of his shield, and the spear struck through the crest of his hauberk-helm, and broke the crest. Then his spirit, and his power, and his hero's valour came to Æneas, and he began to hew and cut down the hosts wherever he went round the line of battle in quest of Turnus, and he killed at once Sucro, a battle-soldier of the Rutulians. On the other hand, Turnus killed Amycus and Diores. Æneas, however, killed Talos, Tanais, Cethegus, Echion (Onites), Menoetes, and Murranus. Moreover, Turnus killed Hyllus. Æneas killed Cupencus. Turnus killed Cretheus, and Æolus. All engaged vehemently in fighting, and the battle was lost to the Rutulians; and since Æneas did not get home an attack on Turnus, for Juturna brought away behind her a number of Trojans that were fleeing before him, this is the plan Æneas adopted. He went to the top of a high hill, and his chiefs and his hosts were assembled unto Æneas, and he said to them: "Out of yon city which you see issues every evil to us. Let us go and take it for ourselves, and let us advance upon it. Let us blot out and raze the city, and let us give it to the flames, and let us



forcibly demand for ourselves peace and friendship, and let us not spare them, but take into our consideration what evil they have done to us, and let us do them every evil until Turnus come to us in battle, or until friendship, or at all events peace, is extended to us." When Æneas had uttered these words, all pressed with one mind towards the city, and they killed every one whom they came upon outside the city; and they pressed forward, some of them filling the ditches, others breaking down the walls, and placing ladders to them, others setting the city on fire, others shooting stones and arms into the city. And Æneas with a loud voice kept throwing reproach on Latinus for breaking the peace. Great sorrow was then in the city. Great discord arose among the people of the city itself; some of them seeking to open the city before Æneas and to make peace with him and to give him the kingdom, and some others holding the city, maintaining the strife, and refusing peace.

When queen Amata saw the Trojans taking the city while the Rutulians did not fight against them, it was clear to her that Turnus had been slain, and she betook herself to mourning, and weeping, and great sorrow, and she placed a halter round her neck, tying it to a pillar, and she killed herself in that manner. Latinus was sad at that deed, and the people of the city, and all in that place were gloomy; and Lavinia, too, made great mourning, a-wailing for her mother. She tore her headgear, and her hair, and she herself scratched her face.

At that time, however, Turnus was without in pursuit of some Trojans that were repulsed before him. Saces of the people of Latinus approached him in full flight being wounded by an arrow. He was shouting and wailing, and this is what he said: "Turnus," said he, "miserable is their plight in Latinus' city now with Æneas crushing and burning them, and Latinus with no hope of getting help from any one else but you. Moreover, Amata the queen has killed herself for dread of Æneas; and if it be not quickly succoured, the whole city will be plundered and destroyed." Now that was a heavy tale to Turnus, and he was angry at his sister, for he preferred remaining in the city to being lured out of it by her; and he preferred his doom, keeping his honour, rather than his escape under disgrace. And he leaped fiercely, indignantly from the chariot, and he made a furious onset, stout and steadfast, through the line of battle till he reached the gate of the city,

and he said with a loud voice: "Rutulians and Trojans, do no more fighting now, but allow me and Æneas a combat in your presence, and your peace will be unending, whichever of us shall escape out of that struggle." Now when that proposal was heard to be uttered by Turnus, they prohibited the fighting, and each of them parted from the other, and they left for Turnus and Æneas an arena at the city gate; and each of them parted from the other, and every one of them retired in every direction, and the hosts were in a circle round them, all of them watching the two fierce heroic battle-soldiers facing one another. And between them they fought at once an angry fight, and neither of them inflicted a dangerous wound or mangling on the other for a long time. Then Turnus dealt Æneas a fell blow, and the sword broke on the mail casque, leaving nothing in his hand but the hilt. When Turnus perceived that his sword was broken, he at once retreated before Æneas, and Æneas began calling to him, but Turnus was very swift and Æneas was slow from the wound inflicted upon him in his foot, so that he was unable to overtake Turnus. Turnus was entreating his people at that juncture, asking for a sword. Æneas, however, threatened with death the man that would give him a sword. Five times they circled round in their arena, Turnus retreating before Æneas in it yonder, for he found no way of escaping out of it, for there was a loch on one side of it, and the city on the other, and the hosts of the Trojans between him and the plain outside; so that he had no way of retreat or escape but to remain circling about in the middle of the arena with Æneas behind him a-hunting him. Since Æneas was unable to overtake him by speed, for there was a soreness of the wound in his foot, which spoilt his running, Æneas took a spear to transfix him, since he could not come up upon him. Æneas hurled a cast of the spear at him. When Turnus saw the spear coming upon him, he retired in flight to the shelter of an olive-tree sacred to Faunus which was in the middle of the arena, and the spear stuck in the tree, and Æneas ran to pluck it out of the tree, and he could not pluck it out, for Turnus had recourse to Faunus not to permit Æneas to pluck the spear from the tree in order to wound him with it; and Faunus enclosed the spear, so that Æneas was not able to pluck it out of the tree. Now at that juncture, came Juturna, the goddess, sister to Turnus, to assist him, and she assumed the form of Metiscus, charioteer to Turnus, and she put the sword of Daunus in his

hand, for of the host no one else dared to give him a weapon. When Venus saw that a sword was given to Turnus, on this account she came to the assistance of Æneas, and he plucked the spear out of the tree, so that each had a weapon, to wit, a spear in the hand of Æneas, and a sword in the hand of Turnus. It was then that there came signs of death and of an evil shape upon Turnus, to wit, from Hades to Turnus came Dira in the form of a bird that frequents graves, and it began to flutter round his head, and to beat him with its wings. When Juturna saw that, she foresaw Turnus' death, and she tore her hair, and rent her face, and smote her breast, and gave vent to her screaming and loud wailing, and said to him. "Beloved brother," said she, "that is an omen of death, for you the gods have abandoned," said she, "and I can do nothing for you now"; and she then turned her back upon him, and went from him unto her own place.

Æneas shook the spear when he got it out of the tree in which it had stuck, and he came against Turnus and said to him: "Turnus," said he, "not a contest in running and retreating is it meet to wage, but it is fighting with weapons front to front bravely. Turn back to me, and do not flee from me, if you have pith of strength, or valour, or prowess; for though you flee, you will find no protection for you before me but death for you at my hands, unless you go to the upper air upon the wing, or unless, you go to the depths of the earth before me." Turnus then turned to him, and shook his head at him, and this is what he said to him: "You have no need of uttering many words to me, for I have neither energy nor arms sufficient for a good reply, unless the gods grant them me"; and he then looked round about him and saw near by him a stone pillar for joint marking of boundaries, requiring twelve of the men of this last age to lift it. Turnus took it on his palm, and ran with it, and hurled it at Æneas, but the stone did not reach Æneas at all. Great fear took possession of Turnus then, and he knew not what to do, and he had no means of retreat or avoidance at that juncture, and he betook himself to looking at the distant city and the Rutulians. Æneas, however, shook the huge spear that was in his hand, and hurled a cast of it at Turnus, so that it went through the sevenfold shield and through the triple-looped hauberk, and through his thigh, and Turnus fell with his mouth upon the ground, and the Rutulians shouted aloud a great shout. Æneas, however,

drew near to Turnus after that, and bared his sword, and Turnus began to entreat him: "Thou hast conquered," said he, "Lavinia is thine, Italy is thine, and thou art the victor; and show pity to the old man Daunus, my father," said he, "since thou thyself hadst an aged sire like him, to wit, Anchises. Give up to him my body for burial—to Daunus—after it is stripped. Remember not against us thine ancient hatred of us. The Italians see that thou art the conqueror, and that the victory is thine." Æneas was silent after that, and his mind took pity on him, and he purposed to save him. But Turnus made a movement, so that Æneas saw round Turnus at that instant the girdle of Pallas, son of Evander, and he was seized with anger and indignation against him, and then said to him: "The quarter you vouchsafed to Pallas, the peerless youth of Carthage," said he, "I will extend to you." Æneas then ran his sword through him and said: "Pallas gives that wound," said he. So Turnus died forthwith; and Æneas brought with him his arms and spoils, and he gave up his body to Daunus for burial. And Æneas then entered into peace and a marriage alliance with Latinus, and married Lavinia; and he was in the sovereignty of Italy for three years. And after that Æneas died; and Lavinia bore to Æneas, after his death, a son named Silvius. Now, Ascanius obtained after Æneas the sovereignty of Italy for the space of thirty-eight years; and Ascanius married Lavinia, and by him a town was built for her, to wit, Alba Longa; and Lavinia bore a son to Ascanius, named Julius. And from the seed of Æneas, Ascanius, and Lavinia have sprung Roman lords, and king-folk, and rulers of the world from thenceforward till the judgment-day shall come. So that these are the wanderings of Æneas, son of Anchises, as above. Finit, Amen, Finit. Solomon O'Droma nomine scripsit.