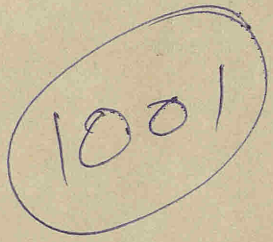
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THE STORY OF THE AENEID

CHARLES WILLIAMS

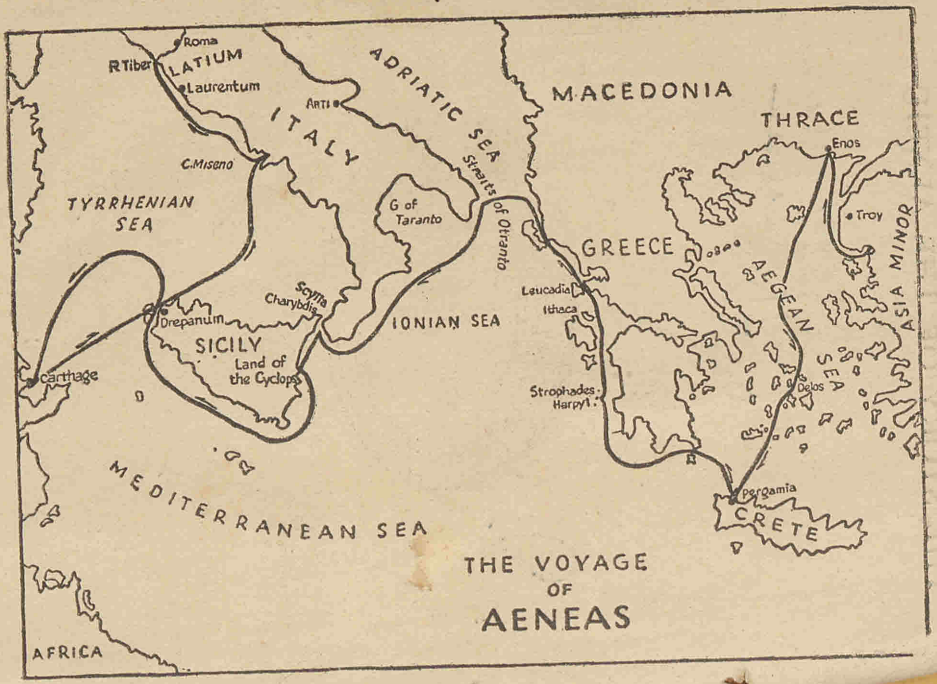
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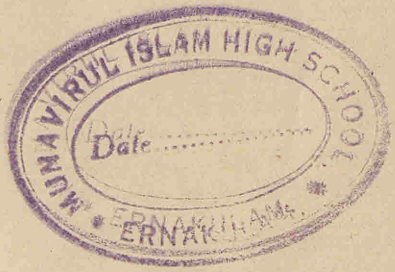
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Land of the Cyclops
Carthage
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Harpyi
Delos
Pergamia
CRETE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
THE VOYAGE
OF
AENEAS
AFRICA

THE STORY OF THE AENEID

Retold by

CHARLES WILLIAMS



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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INTRODUCTION

I

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born on 15 October 70 B.C., near Mantua in North Italy. His father was a farmer and a Roman citizen. He went to school at Milan, then a kind of university town, and at eighteen went on to Rome, where he belonged to a group of young men greatly concerned with poetry and its possible new developments. With this group, such a group as always exists in any great centre of government and civilization, he studied and read for some ten years, making friends who were afterwards to be useful to him in his career.

The Roman state had been passing, from a time preceding Virgil's birth, through a series of violent crises, involving military dictatorships, civil wars, massacres, and banishments. These had at last resolved themselves into a conflict between the supporters of the old aristocratic republican government, and Julius Caesar, fresh from his victories in and settlement of Gaul, supported by his army and by very widespread popular feeling. He eventually defeated Pompey, the general of the aristocratic army, overcame his supporters in Spain and Africa, and returned to Rome, where he was in effect voted into supreme control of all

branches of the administration. But before he had been able to carry out his schemes for the pacification of the Roman world, he was assassinated (44 B.C.) by a small group of republican senators. The assassination, and the campaign that followed, failed, however, to restore the older form of government. The Caesarians, led by Octavian (Caesar's nephew), Mark Antony (Caesar's Master of the Horse), and Lepidus—who were called the 'triumvirs'—finally defeated the enemy at Philippi in Greece. Octavian returned to Rome and Antony took over the government of the East.

During the settlement of Octavian's soldiers on the land in Italy, Virgil's property was confiscated by the Government. His father was dead, but by now some of his friends were occupying important posts in the administration, and through their good offices Virgil was compensated for the loss. He was also brought to the notice of Octavian and his minister Maecenas. The Octavian circle was rapidly becoming something like a court, by which the arts were encouraged and to which their practitioners thronged. In 37 B.C. Virgil published his first book, the *Eclogues*, which brought him at once a great reputation. He followed this, seven years after, by the *Georgics*, undertaken at the suggestion of Maecenas.

Meanwhile war had broken out between Octavian and Antony, supported by Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. In 31 B.C. the Eastern fleets were defeated by Octavian in a sea-battle at Actium on the coast of Greece, and in the next year both Antony and Cleopatra committed suicide in

Alexandria, thus leaving Octavian in undisputed control of the whole Roman world. He returned to Rome, where he was saluted as the saviour of the whole state, and received the title Augustus. He ruled until his death in A.D. 14, and his genius settled and directed the peace, civilization and dominion of Rome.

It was with the glory of this idea of Rome that Virgil now determined to fill the great epic poem which he had been preparing to write. The actual writing occupied the rest of his life. In 25 B.C. Augustus wrote from Spain to ask for news of his progress; in 23 B.C. he is said to have listened to Virgil reading three Books aloud; in 19 B.C. Virgil thought that another three years would see it finished. But in that very summer he started on a tour of the coast of Greece and was compelled by ill-health to return. He died at Brindisi in South Italy on 21 September, 19 B.C.

His personal appearance is only known from one mosaic, discovered in 1896. 'It is not only in itself well executed, but is clearly copied from a very fine picture, painted at a time when authentic portraits of Virgil were numerous, and when a live tradition of his appearance may have still survived. This portrait shows him such as he is described in his ancient biographies, and such as we can well believe him to have really been in his later years. The face is thin and worn, the complexion sallow; the delicate features bear traces of habitually poor health. The hair is dark brown, showing flecks of grey; the forehead finely moulded; the mouth sensitively delicate;

the eyes large, deeply set, and luminous' (J. W. Mackail, Introduction to the *Aeneid*, 1930).

II

'It may be safely asserted', says Professor George Gordon, 'that no single poet has exercised over the poetic production of this country so long and so continuous a control as Virgil. From Aldhelm to Bridges is the bluntest statement of its range.'[1] He goes on to name some of the writers who have received that control: Bede, Chaucer, Marlowe, Spenser, Milton, Dryden (by whose translation it came about that 'Virgil entered the eighteenth century an English citizen'), Thomson, Burke, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Landor, Arnold, Tennyson. It is impossible here to enter into the complexity of that control, of the multitudinous influences which Virgil shed over English poetry. But it may be permitted to name a few.

(1) He was, of course, at the beginning the historical bridge between the first and second Rome, between the classic writers and the medieval writers. In the myths of the Middle Ages he was turned into a magician; he became Duke Virgil of Mantua; he was fabled to have built a tower that stood on one claw, and to have done many other marvellous feats. One of his poems—the Fourth Eclogue—was supposed to have been written as an inspired prophecy of the birth of

[1] *Virgil in English Poetry*. George Gordon. Milford, 1931.

Christ. But even without such wonders, his fame was sufficient. It was by no accident of personal love alone that the greatest of medieval poets, Dante, took Virgil as his master, and imagined himself as led by Virgil upon his journey through Hell and Purgatory. For Virgil was the great poet of human life, and of civilized human life,[1] culminating in that Roman Empire which the Middle Ages supposed themselves to have revived and sanctified as the 'Holy Roman Empire'. The Middle Ages, like the period in which Virgil himself lived, regarded the *institution* of the Roman Empire, whether his or theirs, as being of the first importance, and as meant to command the obedience of all men. Virgil had seen and sung its foundation: their own poetry answered and reflected his.

(II) He was one of the greatest of romantic poets. Three sides of this may be briefly mentioned. (i) There was, first of all, his feeling for Nature; a feeling exact in its details, and yet laden with a content which is certainly not Wordsworthian, but from which Wordsworth might have learned. His river-gods (cf. Tiber, p. 95) and his sea-nymphs (p. 118) are neither rivers nor waves, and yet they are not merely gods inhabiting those places. A kind of strange life, inhuman, and yet aware of humanity, moves in them. Juturna in the Twelfth Book is a river-goddess and the sister of Turnus at once, and it is precisely in the agonizing union of those two facts that her fate lies. But in general man is not so

[1] See Section III.

closely allied to the natural powers. Only all through Virgil, Nature, though he knows as much about her as the most practical farmer, enters with a strangeness, and the moons that shine upon his forest-walks or sea-shores illumine landscapes which all Europe has borrowed for a thousand years. Professor Gordon indicates one of the most famous borrowings :

> In such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
> To come again to Carthage.
> SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 9.

Virgil never said *that* about Dido ; but it is the kind of thing that Shakespeare could never have said had not Virgil been capable of saying similar things first.

(ii) There was, secondly, that favourite theme of romantic poets, unhappy love. The next section must discuss the relation of this to the whole *Aeneid*. Here it is enough to point out how completely and triumphantly Virgil created the deserted lover, and what intensity of feeling he gave her. 'The Roman poetry of the loyal heroine taught Europe the eloquence of love.' He taught Europe to weep over Dido ; her pyre (see p. 57) has burned down the centuries.

(iii) There is, lastly, what Matthew Arnold calls

> the Virgilian cry,
> The sense of tears in mortal things.

The 'exquisite pathos', the real sadness and the sense of sadness, 'the pity of it', is largely Virgil's.

The hopeless hope of the souls who (p. 72) 'stretch out their hands towards the other bank' is precisely Virgil. He drew into the light of poetry, of a poetry as intense as it was tender, and as psychologically accurate as it was poetically proportioned, the half-lights and the dusk of experience—in thought and feeling. The fall of Palinurus from the ship and Aeneas steering (Book V, p. 66) is indescribably moving. Lavinia never speaks a word all through the poem; once she blushes (Book XII, p. 141), and in that blush she stands rosed for ever and individualized for ever. All this is in Virgil something too great to be called 'sensibility', but it is a profound sensitiveness alive to every delicate degree of what is felt and of what is felt to be felt. He knew the very beating of the blood when it hardly dares know itself.

So much for Virgil the medieval and Virgil the romantic. Virgil the great author of the *Aeneid* had better have his own section.

III

The subject of the *Aeneid* is single—it is the Founding of Rome. There is, however, a second subject, which, though subordinate in the poem, is in fact the cause of the poem, and therefore its true subject; and that is the salvation and settlement of Rome by Caesar Augustus. The two subjects are interwoven, and their relation is best shown in the description of the shield which

Vulcan made for Aeneas ; there, in the centre, was figured the decisive victory of Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra at the naval battle of Actium. In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* Caesar is made to say that, if he conquers,

> the three-nook'd world
> Shall bear the olive freely.

This idea of peace and restoration which is only one element in the Shakespearean play is the full theme of the *Aeneid*. We do Shakespeare less than justice habitually by underrating the passion which Caesar, in the play, possesses ; he is no improper antagonist for Antony just because he represents the whole civic and universal idea of unity and peace. But Shakespeare did not choose to put that idea forward as Virgil puts it forward. To Virgil, Augustus was almost a divine saviour, if not quite. The world had peace ; the civil wars of a century were concluded ; and the order and genius of Rome were free to impose themselves on an otherwise chaotic world.

The genius of Rome, however, was represented to him by the genius of Augustus, and he turned that in his poem to a representation of the genius of Aeneas. The great characteristic of Aeneas is his 'piety' ; others—Hector, for example, as Diomedes explains in Book XI (p. 131)—equal him in courage, but in piety he is pre-eminent. Now piety in this sense means a very great deal. It is the honourable fulfilment of all moral duties—duties to the gods, duties to his country, duties to his family, duties to his friends. Aeneas is a man

rooted in the decencies of religion and of civilization. The history of Europe since Virgil wrote has made it a little difficult sometimes for those of the West to understand the full Virgilian passion. We lose interest, for example, in the continual sacrifices; we are not moved by the perpetual reverence of Aeneas for his father Anchises on which Virgil so strongly insists; and above all we are apt completely to misunderstand his attitude towards the relation of Dido and Aeneas. For we tend to think of Aeneas as betraying Dido by sailing away from Carthage, but Virgil thought of him as betraying Rome—or coming near it—by stopping in Carthage at all, once the storm had stopped. It is Rome which is important, not Aeneas's feelings or Dido's or in fact anyone's; there was never a poet with less care for the individual than Virgil. It is true he has also an intense care for the individual; the death of Dido, like the death of Pallas later, is an agonizing business, and Aeneas feels it so. But he has no doubt what he ought to do—what in fact he *must* do: morality in this sense is one with that Necessity which is another name for Destiny or his Fate. This Necessity is something that lies behind Omnipotent Jove himself; it might be said that Jove's omnipotence consists largely in his knowing what Necessity means, and in utterly fulfilling it. The other gods struggle against it, or seek to postpone it, or appeal to Jove against it, though they never have any real hope of altering it. But Jove never expends his everlasting deity on such futile efforts.

And as Jove above, so Aeneas below. His destiny is to found Rome. Whether, in fact, he could utterly reject this is perhaps a point for discussion. It is clear he has some kind of choice in his actions; he *could* stop with Dido. But it would mean a hopeless kind of defiance of something which will not be thwarted. Rome has to get itself founded, and Aeneas has to help it, and the exact point to which the will of Aeneas assents or is compelled to this is a point for our abstract discussion perhaps, but has not much to do with the poem. For Aeneas is there the kind of man who does accept this Necessity; he is *pius*, he is *bonus*, he is the virtuous man. Dido, poor creature, does not in the least understand the kind of man she has got hold of, nor the object of his journey, nor the sin he realizes he is committing, nor the existence of the gods, nor anything but Aeneas's face and figure and certain of his less important characteristics. The terrible phrase she flings at him—'*guest*, since that word alone is left of our marriage'—is a harrowing cry, a great poetic invention. But it is ironically right—Virgil put it there for its rightness from Aeneas's point of view as well as Dido's. That is all he is; that is all he can be. 'Guest'—yes, he should never have delayed to be more. Rome is the important thing.

Such a passionately impersonal view, united with every kind of passionate personal view, is a mark of great poets. Virgil has it; Dante has it—the *Inferno* is full of it; Milton has it; Shakespeare has it. It is absolutely necessary to any

comprehension of them. They will break our hearts with the agony of this or that man and woman, but their own poetic hearts are always steeled. They go on ; we want to stop, and no wonder. But it is better for us to let ourselves be made to go on.

All the future of Rome, therefore, is over the poem. Aeneas grows in stature as the poem proceeds, and he becomes more and more one with, as he comes nearer and nearer to, the founding of the City. And (remark !) it is a City, not a race, which is to be founded, an established order fit for dominion. There is again no outcry for local freedoms in Virgil, though (again) there is much recognition of local passion. The universal *thing*, and nothing less, is to be served. No modern empire—anyhow, no modern successful empire—has ever come anywhere near entertaining the large simplicity of Virgil's claims for and belief in Rome. Rome is to order the world ; but then she is first to order herself.

IV

The *Aeneid* begins with the Fall of Troy through the stratagem of the Greeks (the cause of the Trojan War is given on page 7). It recounts the ill-success of Aeneas in the night's fighting and his eventual retreat from the city to the hills, where a fleet is built and from where the voyage is begun. The order of Virgil's books has been altered here in order that the story may be followed directly and to

avoid the indirectness of the account which Aeneas gave to Dido. The verse quotations are generally from Dryden's version (published in 1697) ; where any other translation has been used it is named in the Notes. A good deal of modern critical opinion tends to regard Dryden's version as nearer to the Virgilian poetry than any other. It will be remarked especially that his manner of using personifications (see page 71) corresponds closely to the Virgilian Gods, Nymphs, and spiritualized qualities of man. It may perhaps be added that two great English poets dealt deliberately either with Virgil or with his subject. Virgil himself appears reading his *Aeneid* aloud in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, 1601 ; and no smaller poet than Marlowe worked on the Carthaginian episode in his *Tragedie of Dido*, 1594.

C.W.

I (Book II)

Night had fallen on the city of Troy, the first night of peace after ten years' war. The Greek army, which had all that time besieged the city, had at last despaired of victory and re-embarked ; the laden ships had moved away. The Trojans found themselves free both from danger in battle and from watchfulness and hardship between battles. They had passed the evening in festivities and rejoicings ; the sentinels were stretched on the walls and the guards by the gates, some drunk, and all asleep.

In the centre of the town, in the very citadel itself, stood the only relic of the departed invasion. It was in the shape of a huge horse, built of pine wood. When, that morning, news had come to the city that the Greeks had in fact disappeared, bound for their own homes, and when scouts had confirmed the news, the people of Troy, hurrying out to survey the fields of the long battle, the site of the Greek camp, and the happily deserted shore, had found there, between the city and the sea, this great monstrosity. It stood there, unguarded and abandoned. Earlier rumours of it had reached Troy ; it was said to have been constructed by the Greeks as a votive offering to the gods for their safe return to their own lands, and now it was here before them. They moved round it, gazing and talking, admiring and mocking, proposing to do

this or that. It was suggested that it should be carried within the walls, as a trophy of the Trojan victory, and shouts of joy approved. Others objected that it was better wisdom to be suspicious of Greek gifts, however seeming innocent; it had better be thrown into the sea or burnt. Or at least, they added, let spears be thrust all ways into it for fear any danger was concealed within.

One of the chief of the older men who protested in this way was Laocoon, a priest of Apollo. He, when he heard in the city that it was proposed to bring the strange thing inside the walls, came running hastily to the shore, calling out warnings as he came. 'Be careful, be watchful! Are you foolish enough to trust the Greeks? Have you forgotten Odysseus, that cunning master of every kind of guile? There is something dangerous about this horse; either it contains armed men, or it is some engine which can damage our walls, or (once in the city) a means of spying on the houses from above—it is a trick. Never trust the Greeks; though they come with every kind of present in hand, I should be afraid of them still.'

In his passion of anxious suspicion he caught a great spear and with all his might threw it against that enormous and overshadowing wooden bulk. The steel struck its flank and hung there quivering; the whole side shook with the impact; there was a hollow reverberation as if the horse itself groaned. For that moment the crowd swung in suspense and doubt, and with them the fate of Troy. But before Laocoon's determination could carry them with him another incident distracted them.

There came pushing through to Priam, the king of Troy, who was standing with his people round him, several peasants, dragging with them a young man. His wrists were bound behind him; he stumbled along among the shouts and jeers of the crowd, who at first took him for a captured Greek. But as he was dragged up to Priam he cried out despairingly: 'Howl then! Greek and Trojan hate me alike! hopeless wretch that I am.' The unexpected cry checked the noise, and at Priam's order the prisoner spoke. 'I am indeed a Greek,' he said; 'my name is Sinon. I was once among officers of rank, for I come of a great house, but Odysseus hated my kinsfolk and me, and his slanders brought about our ruin. He accused me of plotting; he was always trying—but what is the use of talking? If you think of all Greeks alike, if the mere name is enough for you, take what revenge on me you choose. Odysseus would ask nothing better, and Agamemnon himself would not grudge any payment to be sure of it.'

The bewildered Trojans, amazed at these words, urged him to go on: what was this dark quarrel and bitter hate between him and the great Greek lords? He obeyed, trembling—perhaps merely in despair.

'When they were ready to go,' he went on, 'when this very horse had been built, and nothing was needed but favouring winds, the sea grew rough and storms broke over it continually. Then they consulted the oracle of the Divine Apollo, and received a doleful answer: "The life of a Greek must buy your return, O Greeks; and with his

blood the winds be appeased." The dreadful demand chilled our very bones ; who, we asked one another, who should die for the safety of the people ? Odysseus brought the priest Calchas out to the middle of the army, and they all charged him to speak : who was the predestined victim ? He hid himself for ten days ; I was warned all that time by many. At last the fierce clamour of the army compelled him to speak ; he, as he had agreed with the treacherous Odysseus, named me—me for the sacrifice. I was seized and bound ; the salt cakes and holy fillets were made ready ; the ceremonies prepared. On the night preceding my appointed death, I managed to break the cords that held me, slipped from the camp, and all night lay hidden in a muddy pool among the sedge, waiting till the fleet should sail. I shall never dare return to my country, never see my father or my children—if indeed they are allowed to live, but more likely they will be slain in recompense for my flight ; they will pay the debt I owed. Have pity —by the high gods and all powers that make for truth, by all faith still kept among men anywhere, have pity on the most miserable of men ! '

The king said : ' Set him free,' and added to Sinon : ' Forget the Greeks ; you are ours now ; be at peace. Answer me first, however : what is this monstrous thing ? Who built it ? And why ? Is it a votive offering or an engine of war ? What do you know of it, if anything ? '

Sinon raised his unfettered hands to the skies. ' You ever-burning fires of the stars,' he said, ' and you, altars and swords and sacred garlands of

sacrifice from which I fled, bear witness that I am free to break oath to the Greeks and tell their secrets. This is an offering to the Divine Pallas Athene. Bear in mind how Odysseus stole her image from your temple, and so offended her serene majesty, till then their friend. Calchas warned them that, before the sacrilege could be atoned, they must go to their country ; thence, with new arms and better omens, they will return. Meanwhile, this image stands here, an offering to offended deity—and more than an offering. It is made of this size so that it may not be carried inside your walls and preserve you in your old worship. If one of you should harm it, you and your city would be destroyed. But if it is conveyed into the city, a day will come when the might of Asia shall move against Greece, and our children, their cities and dynasties, be overthrown.'

The Trojans, hearing this tale, were already half-persuaded of its truth ; there came upon them suddenly a greater and more unnerving portent. Laocoon, after making his vehement protest, had gone on to his priestly duties. There was a shrine of Neptune, the god of the seas, outside the walls of Troy, and he was moving about by it, attended by his two young sons. While Priam and the people still listened to Sinon's declaration, they saw, far off upon the sea, two vast moving creatures. They were swimming towards the shore ; they drew nearer, and the staring eyes of the spectators discerned them to be two ocean-serpents, mighty coil drawn after coil, their dreadful red-maned heads lifted high in the air, their fierce eyes glowing.

The crowd broke and fled, but the great serpents left them unnoticed. They glided over the shore, holding a direct course towards the wretched Laocoon ; they swept round him, catching him and his sons in fold on fold. The horrified Trojans saw the savage destruction, and saw the creatures, their business done, glide towards the city. They reached it and entered ; they drove onward to the temple of Pallas, and under the feet of her shining statue they lay twined closely at rest. The sight overcame the last hesitation of the citizens. ' Laocoon sinned,' they said to each other, ' when he struck the sacred horse with the spear ; he has paid dreadfully for the rash deed. Let us be wise ; let us bear it to the city, with prayers and songs to the goddess.'

They did so. With great labour, by engines and cables, it was swung over the walls, being too high to pass through the ramparted gates. It was grounded on the inner side ; it was drawn on to the very citadel. But one of those who went with it and assisted remembered afterwards that four times, during that strange half-frenzied progress, in pauses outside the gates, he heard what seemed the muffled clang of armour from within the prodigy.

He who so remembered was the prince Aeneas, belonging to a branch of the royal house of Troy through his father Anchises. On the mother's side he was even more greatly born, for she was the goddess Aphrodite. Goddess-born and king-descended, Aeneas had been, through all the long war, one of the city's noblest leaders, courageous and wise. The favour of Venus had been over the

whole city, as was indeed but just, for it was she who had been in some sense the cause of the war. Long ago the fatal Até, goddess of division and anger, had flung into the hall of the gods an apple marked 'For the Fairest', and Juno, the wife of Jove and the queen of heaven, and Pallas, lady of wisdom, and Venus, sovereign mistress of beauty and love, had disputed their several rights to it. When they could not agree they submitted the cause to the young Paris, son of Priam, and he had given it to Venus, in return for her promise that he should have for wife the most beautiful woman on earth. Afterwards she had given him Helen, the wife of Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, the Greek King of Argos, and it was after her ill-omened flight that the Greeks had begun the war. Through the ten years Venus had protected the city, but now she could do so no more, for a greater even than she had declared that the end had come—Jupiter, the Omnipotent Lord of Gods and men. She submitted, but she did what she could. She kept a saving watch over her son, and she proposed to herself the founding of another City, through him, in which the fame and glory of Troy should live and be exceeded. That foundation was far off, in place and time, but it was to come.

The house of Anchises, where the prince Aeneas lived, with his father, his wife Creusa and his son Ascanius, stood some distance from the centre of the city, the temple, and Priam's palace. It lay among trees, and on this night when the horse stood in the city, and the shore was free from enemies, the household of Anchises slept.

Aeneas slept, and dreamed. He seemed to see before him the ghost of the great Hector, Priam's noblest son. But the ghost appeared, not like Hector in his warlike prime, but as his body had looked after it had been dragged by the chariot of the Greek Achilles who slew him—feet pierced and swollen, body black with dust and bleeding from many wounds, hair and beard clotted with blood. The startled Aeneas cried out: 'Hector, our strength, our joy! Whence come you? And why, O too long desired, why thus stained and disfigured?' The spirit seemed to moan, and from the moans issued the sound of Hector's voice: 'Fly, goddess-born! Fly and escape the fire. Our enemies have seized the walls; Troy is at her end. You have done enough for duty and honour. If my father's city could have been saved, I should have saved it. Now take your father, take the gods of Troy; it is yours to establish a lordlier City for them many days hence.' Then there appeared between the spectral hands the actual fillets of the Gods from Troy's most sacred temple, the holy image of Vesta, goddess of hearth and home, and the undying fire that burned in her shrine.

On the moment, as if the noise had provoked the vision, there broke on the room the roar of distant battle, of clashing weapons, shouts, and screams. Aeneas woke to find it real, sprang up, and ran to the high roof of the house. While the Trojans slept, war had drawn close from both within and without the city. No eyes had seen the single lantern which, moving over the sea, had

shone from the royal galley of Agamemnon leading the Greek fleet back to the shore of Troy ; nor the secret steps of Sinon as he slipped through the darkness to the great horse, and set his hands to the hidden locks. Out of the hollow interior a rope was flung, and armed men slid down : Odysseus himself, the master of cunning, and Menelaus, lusting to avenge himself at last, Epeus, who had fashioned the engine, and many others, champion on champion. They rushed to the gates ; the guard, asleep, or half-waking, perished under their swords ; the gates were dragged open. From without the full army of the Greeks poured in, and the grand massacre began. The enemy broke into house after house, destroying, killing, burning. A tumult of death and fire and fear swept wildly through the town, of steel and pursuit and exaltation.

It was this horrid blast of destruction which aroused Aeneas ; from his roof he saw house after house already burning. His first impulse was battle ; he rushed hastily to arm, and running from the door of the house met one of the priests of Apollo. He heard from him of the ruinous deeds proceeding in the town, and wild with anger and despair ran on till in a sudden space of moonlight he saw a group of his friends and called to them ; he bade them remember that despair had one advantage—it held no hope. They heard him, and were spurred to a frenzy of bravery, and plunged into the battle.

At first things seemed to go well with the little band. They met and defeated a group of shouting Greeks, and one of the Trojans, excited by the

conquest, cried out that they should put on the armour of the dead Greeks. This, very joyously, they did, and so disguised ranged about the city, destroying by guile. Soon the trick served too well, for, fighting under a tall temple, they were seen and taken for Greeks by the Trojans on the roof. Javelins were thrown at them ; at the same time, the Greeks, hearing the alien voices and foreign speech, rallied and attacked from all around. In such a mad anarchy, the conflict rolled on till it reached Priam's palace, already in danger of being stormed. Aeneas and those of his Trojans who still lived, were able, by a secret door, to join the defenders.

But their help was of little use. The Greeks were thronging at the gates, and though many fell others always filled their places. The chief of them was Pyrrhus, the son of the great hero Achilles, who seemed, with his armour flashing in the torchlight, like a terrible serpent whose new skin shines in the early spring. He at last breached the great doors, so that the inner rooms and courts lay open and those within saw the armed invaders threatening them from the threshold. The palace was already beginning to burn, and wherever the flames had not yet a hold the Greeks raged furiously. Priam himself, old as he was, feebly put on armour, and set his useless sword against the enemy. His wife, the queen, Hecuba, and her daughters had fled to the central court, where an old bay tree drooped over the most ancient of the altars, dedicated to the king's household gods. When Hecuba saw Priam arming she ran to him, saying : ' What do you

mean to do? This moment does not need help of this kind nor such defenders; not though Hector my son were still here. Come with me; either they will spare us for the altar's sake, or we shall die together.' The king had allowed himself to be persuaded when there came running down the corridors and into the court Polites, one of his sons, already wounded, and closely followed by Pyrrhus. In the court, under the eyes of his father, he fell; there he died. Priam could not control his anger, for all the danger that threatened him. He called out to Pyrrhus: 'Now if there is any justice in heaven, the gods will reward you for this deed—to kill my son before my eyes, and outrage fatherhood with murder. You Achilles' son! Achilles would not have done so; he restored me the body of Hector when I begged it of him and sent me back safely to my kingdom.'

He flung a spear; it struck but could not pierce the shield of Pyrrhus. The Greek answered: 'Go you then and tell Achilles; do not forget—tell him how bloody I am and how unworthy of him. Now die.' He seized the aged trembling king and dragged him to the very altar; there he stabbed him. Such was the end of Priam, king of Troy, a proud Asian lord and the ruler of many peoples, who lay now a body without a name.

Aeneas saw the deed, and a great horror possessed him. He had a ghastly vision of his own father dying under the sword, of his wife abandoned, his child left to chance, and his house outraged. He looked round to see what friends remained. None were there; all had fled

exhausted, or had fallen to earth, or had perished in the flames. He was alone. But as he went back, gazing round him on all sides, he saw suddenly, revealed by the light of the fire, and crouching in that most sacred place, in the holy shrine of Vesta the goddess of households, one concealed figure. He saw Helen, once a Greek wife, then carried off by Paris of Troy. She who had brought destruction on both sides, being afraid of the anger of both sides, had taken refuge there, and sat hidden by the altar. Aeneas was filled with anger and a desire for vengeance. 'Shall this woman go securely back to her native land?' he thought to himself. 'Shall she go again to be a queen, with a throng of captive Trojan women to wait on her? And Priam have died, and Troy be burned, and all the Trojan shore have sweated blood? Never. A soldier gets no honour from punishing a woman, but at least I shall be praised for having inflicted justice and destroyed wickedness. I shall ease my soul and appease the spirits of all my slaughtered comrades.'

He was on the point of carrying out his purpose, when there flashed over all the place a supernatural light, and within it he beheld his mother Venus. Never before had he seen her so radiant a goddess; she appeared, in look and height, as she shows in the heavenly world, undoubtedly a goddess. She took her son's hand and spoke to him: 'Son, what is this anger? Where is the reverence you should have for us? Look rather and see where you have left your father Anchises, and whether

Creusa and Ascanius can still be called yours. All the forces of Greece are wandering round them, and nothing but my care has kept them from fire and sword. It was not the face of Helen, whom you hate so much, nor Paris, though he is so generally blamed, that overthrew this great power and caused Troy to fall ; it was the inclemency of gods—yes, of gods. Look now, for I will clear your eyes of their mortal blindness—and you need not fear to obey your mother's word ; look where the ruin is greatest, and clouds of smoke and dust pour upward, see the god Neptune in person, striking with his sea-trident and loosening the foundations of the city. See Juno, most implacable of all, standing by the gate, herself in arms, and calling and urging the bands of her confederates from their ships. See, see, on the very highest towers, Pallas flashing in her storm cloud and her dreadful Gorgon-shield. Our almighty Father Jove himself is bestowing on the Greeks ardour and strength and favour ; he deigns to incite the Immortals against Troy. Take to flight, my son, and desist from this struggle. I will be with you everywhere, and now I will bring you safely to your father's threshold.'

She ended, and was received again into the blackness of the night, but Aeneas could dimly see, as she had said, the dreadful faces of Divine beings and all the supernal might of deity concentrating itself against Troy, and it seemed to him that the whole town was falling into the fires of catastrophe, as some huge oak-tree falls, tearing up its roots, when the country-folk have used their axes on it,

and it quivers and crashes at last. He obeyed his mother; he hastened away, and fire and foe receded from him as he went.

When, however, he had reached his home, he found his father determined to remain. The safety of Anchises had been the first thought of Aeneas, but now Anchises refused to survive Troy. He bade his son go, and take the rest with him; he promised himself death by his own hand. Life, he exclaimed, had already burdened him too long since the Father of gods and men had blinded him with a thunderbolt in the days of his love for Venus. Aeneas argued and implored in vain. At last in despair he cried that he would himself return to the battle and meet his death; as for Anchises, if his resolve indeed were so fixed, Pyrrhus would soon be coming, fresh from the slaughter of Priam—Pyrrhus who kills the son before the father, and the father upon the altar. 'To the battle, my men! The last moment of light is calling the conquered. At least we need not die quite uselessly.'

Creusa flung herself in the way, lifting her child up to him. 'If you must go, take us. But if your sword can still be of use, then its first use is here. Guard this house. To what kind of doom do you think you are leaving little Ascanius, and your father, and me—me whom you once called your wife?'

As her cry went up, and the young child was lifted between his unhappy parents, there appeared suddenly on his head a light diadem of fire, flickering through his hair and harmlessly wandering

about his forehead. Awe and fear possessed them all, till Anchises spoke, his eyes filling with joy, his hands thrown up to heaven. 'Omnipotent Jove,' he said, 'if you hear our prayers, if we have served you piously, grant us a confirmation of this sign.' He had hardly spoken before thunder crashed and a falling star shot over the roof of the palace. It flashed through the night and sank at last in the forests of Mount Ida. Then Anchises adored and obeyed the awful portents. 'I will delay no longer,' he said. 'Gods of my country, I will follow where you direct. Preserve this child; the omen was from you, and Troy lives yet in your protecting deity. Son, I will come.'

Hastily Aeneas ordered their movements. He appointed a meeting-place at a certain mound and temple outside the city, and bade his men make for it by separate roads. He himself would bring Anchises on his own back; Ascanius should go by his side, and Creusa follow behind. Since he himself was fresh from slaughter, and had not ritually purified himself from blood, he gave the sacred vessels and the images of the gods into his father's hands. So prepared, they set out, and took their way through the frightful night, and for the first time Aeneas, thinking of the father he carried, of the son who held his right hand, and of his wife who followed, knew what it meant to be afraid.

They were almost at the city gate when a sudden trampling of feet startled them, and Anchises exclaimed that he could see the gleam of armour. Aeneas hastily turned aside from the direct road, and made his way through unfamiliar streets to

the gate, and so to the temple which was their aim. When he had reached it safely, he turned—to find that Creusa was not with him. Somewhere, in the darkness and the strange alleys, she had mistaken the road or had had to pause for rest: one chance or other had lost her. All the rest had gathered, but she was gone. Aeneas, in a paroxysm of pain, commanded his men to take refuge, with all they had in guard, in a wood close at hand. He himself hastily armed and hurried back to the city.

He came through the gate, and, searching desperately, back along the way he had come. He came to his own house, and found it thick with Greeks, and already on fire. He hastened on to Priam's palace and the citadel; and there he saw Greek kings watching over the collection of loot and the long lines of prisoners. But he could not find Creusa.

At last, losing all caution, he began to shout her name, and went calling it through the streets, hurrying through the ruined town. It was then that he found, not indeed Creusa, but the shade of Creusa, a ghostly form coming to meet him in the night. It spoke to him, as he stood aghast. 'Sweet lord,' it said, 'what good is it to give way to this wild misery? These things happen at the will of the gods; it is they, and the supreme Master of Heaven, who forbid Creusa to be with you. You are going to a long exile, and to distant voyages; at last you shall find the western land where Tiber flows. There you shall receive happiness and a kingdom and a royal bride. Weep no more for Creusa, though you loved her.

I shall not see Greece, nor serve the Greek women —not I who was a Trojan and married to the son of Venus. The great Mother, the mother of all the gods, holds and keeps me with her in these lands. Farewell ; do all possible for our common love for our son.'

She vanished ; her form, while Aeneas moved to embrace it, disappeared, light as air and swift as sleep, and he returned unhappily to his friends. A great company of refugees had joined them, a band of exiles, bringing what possessions they could, and ready to follow him wherever he should lead them across the seas. The morning star was in the sky ; the Greek sentries held the gates of Troy ; there was no hope of any other help. Aeneas accepted the doom, and led his company up the mountain.

II (Book III)

The decree of heaven, it seemed, had determined that the band of Trojan exiles should take ship across the ocean, and under the hills of Mount Ida they built themselves vessels. It was summer when at last the fleet set sail, for the founding of the City of the future. Leaving behind them for ever Mount Ida and the shores of Troy the strong Trojan band passed over the seas, their doom and their destination alike unknown. They came first to Thrace, where hopeful of success Aeneas built a settlement, naming the settlers *Aeneadae*, after his own name, and invoked the blessing of the Gods. During the sacrifices he plucked a bough from a myrtle to veil

the altar. As he did so he was appalled to see blood dropping from the torn growth. He flung it down and took another; again blood ran. Yet, though shocked and horrified at the portent, again the Prince endeavoured to complete the holy rites; but this time as he wrenched at the tree, a voice rose, as if coming from the roots, lamenting and protesting, crying dreadfully that there, beneath the mound, another Trojan lay. His name was Polydorus; he had been sent by Priam, when the Greeks threatened the city, with great treasure, to be safe in Thrace, but on its fall, the Thracian king had slain the unhappy refugee, and seized the gold. The myrtles had grown from his sepulchre, and his spectral voice now protested against the violation of the grave by his own compatriots. Anchises advised the horrified Trojans to leave at once; not here, on ground polluted by a countryman's blood, could the City of their fortune rise.

They obeyed; they pushed off the ships, and went on. There lay, not far distant, the sacred island of Delos, where a famous temple of Apollo stood, and there, to learn the Gods' will, they disembarked. They were peacefully received; they went up to the altar, and Aeneas adored and prayed:

> 'Give a resting-place
> To the sad relics of the Trojan race:
> A seat secure, a region of their own,
> A lasting empire, and a happier town.
> Where shall we fix? Where shall our labours end?
> Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?'

Earthquake and a stormy wind answered, and in them the voice of the oracle : ' Children of Troy, seek the land that first bore you, seek your first mother ; thence the house of Aeneas shall rule the world, and his sons, and their descendants.'

Their mother earth ? Anchises, brooding on the oracle, determined the meaning ; he advised them to sail for Crete, for in Crete was also a Mount Ida from which the Trojan height had its name, and there the great Teucer, founder of the Trojans, had lived. The worship of Cybele, the great Mother-Goddess, who also had been adored in Troy, was promulgated in Crete ; these, and other memories, dominated the wanderers. Hope recovered itself ; they bade farewell to their friendly hosts, and departed.

By Crete, after three days, having passed many lovely and famous islands, they made fast. Here, they thought, was their destined home. At first, all went well ; the place for a city was prepared and civil order established. The young men, forgetting past dangers, began to think of love ; Aeneas was busy with cares of state, appointing settlements, drawing up a code of laws, carrying out the hundred duties of leadership. So concerned, they were struck suddenly by a new terror—disease. A pestilence spread in their midst. Crops were blighted, food failed. The slow hot months brought no relief, and in the spreading sickness the unhappy wanderers again discussed their plight and whether this plague was but chance, or the rage of some hostile power, or whether perhaps they had misinterpreted the dark

oracle of the God of Light. One night, after they had talked and still remained doubtful, Aeneas slept and dreamed, and in the dream he saw the Immortals whose images he had carried from Troy standing in his room. Blessing him with their presence and lovely radiance, they strengthened him and spoke. 'We,' he seemed to hear them say, 'will make your children great; we will give them empire, only do not droop in the toils of exile. This is not the land Delian Apollo willed. That lies to the West—a strong and fruitful land, called by the Greeks Hesperia, now known as Italy. There we ourselves live; that is the promised land. Rise, warn all, depart.'

Obedient to the heavenly vision, the Prince communicated the command, at once sad and hopeful, to the host. Some few determined to remain, but most embarked once more, to encounter the perils of the now directed voyage. Storm met them; for three days and nights they were tossed in darkness about the lightning-illumined waters where even the most skilled helmsman could find no path. The fourth dawn brought day and the sight of a distant unknown land. The rowers bent to the oars; the ship made the coast; the Prince and his men sprang once more on shore. The land indeed was unknown, and its inhabitants. The wanderers saw herds of oxen, and flocks, all unguarded. They seized cattle for their need, killed them and, having roasted the meat, spread a meal, throwing themselves on the ground to rest and eat. But while the feast still lay before them, a horrible enemy descended. Out from the hills

swept the Harpies, great birds with women's heads, obscene and hateful, screaming and clattering their wings.

These swooped on the food, tearing, clutching, seizing, and defiling it; raucous cries and an intolerable stench assailed the Trojans, and the smell and echo lingered when the loathsome monstrosities withdrew. The men, gathering again, made another effort to prepare food in another place, under the cover of an arching cliff, but the Harpies, from some other lair, swept down again, and again what of the food was not seized was left uneatable, mixed with foul excrement. The anger of the Prince was roused; he commanded his comrades to conceal their arms but to be on the alert. Watch was set, and when at the first sight of the returning horror the watcher's horn sounded, the men caught up their swords and charged. Then a strange fight took place, but the skins and feathers of those island birds turned the steel; the energy of the attack, however, disconcerted them. They rose, living and unwounded, into the sky, and fled. Only one remained, perched on a tall crag, and she, the oldest of them all, broke into human speech. 'Will you make war? Will you slay our cattle? Will you try to drive the Harpies from their proper land? Listen to what I prophesy, I, the eldest of the Furies, hearing it from Phoebus Apollo who heard it from the Almighty Father. You go to Italy? O to Italy you shall go, to Italy you shall come, but you shall not build the walls of the City of your hopes till hunger shall make you gnaw your very tables—

such vengeance your evil-doing here shall bring on you.' The horrified Trojans hastened to appease the offended deities of the place with ceremonies and sacrifices, but old Anchises lifted his hands and his voice to the greater gods and to their all-judging heaven, that they should prevent the curse, and send peace upon men of good-will. Among such prayers and lamentations they sought the ships, and sailed.

They passed by many islands and lands. Among these they paused once by Leucadia, at a place long afterwards to be known as Actium, where Caesar Augustus, the divine descendant of Aeneas, was one day to destroy the eastern fleets and ruin the proud hopes of Cleopatra. There, as if in an unknown celebration of the future victory, Aeneas rested his men, and they held games—races and wrestling. There also the Prince erected a trophy, a Trojan trophy on Greek soil, and hung up a shield which he had taken from a Greek chief, with an inscription below it: 'Aeneas took these arms from Greek conquerors.'

From such bravery of defiance they came to another country where already, by chance, a Trojan ruled in the place of the old Greek dynasty. One dawn they had come to Epirus and heard a strange tale—how one of Priam's sons, Helenus, reigned there, and Andromache, formerly great Hector's wife, was now his queen. In a grove outside the town Aeneas and Andromache met, looking on each other in the utmost wonder. Andromache, almost fainting, cried out: 'Son of the goddess, are you alive? If not, if you come

to me from among the ghosts, tell me, where is Hector ? '

' I am alive,' Aeneas said, ' though I live only in every extremity of hardship ; but what of you ? Does good or bad fortune govern you ? Are you still the wife of Pyrrhus, who seized you ? '

' Pyrrhus,' she answered faintly, ' carried Helenus with him as a slave when he sailed from Troy, and when presently after we came to this land, he wished to marry a Spartan bride, it was to Helenus that he married me as slave to slave. But when Pyrrhus was taken in an ambush and killed, part of his kingdom fell to Helenus, who named it after our own land ; the very tower he built on yonder cliff is known as Pergamos. And what has brought you here ? Tell me, is young Ascanius still living ? Is he following the tradition of Aeneas his father and Hector his uncle ? '

While she was speaking Helenus came from the city and rediscovered his countrymen ; he took them in joy to his palace and laid food before them. Three days they rested there, and on the third Aeneas spoke to the king of their future, for Helenus was a priest and a prophet, learned in the oracles of the gods, in the order of the stars, the language of birds, and the significance of their flight. He celebrated now all the rituals, and at last, inspired by Phoebus, spoke to his hero-kinsman :

' A few things I can tell you, but not much, for the Fates hide it from me, and Juno even forbids me to speak all that I do know. You think you are already near Italy ; you are wrong ;

Sicily must be passed and much Italian ocean, and the dark lakes of nether hell, and the island of Circe, before you come to the site of the lasting City. But I give you a sign—when you see a white sow by a river, with a litter of thirty as white as she—that shall be by the place. Nor need you be troubled over the "tables that must be gnawed"—the Fates and Apollo shall solve that enigma. Only when you do sacrifice on coming to land at last, see that you cover your head with a purple cloak, for fear an enemy's face be seen in the midst of holy rites, and all happy omens be frustrated; and let all your descendants devoutly follow this custom. This advice I give you also, when you leave here, set your course to the left and not to the right, for otherwise you will come to the straits where Charybdis and Scylla live opposite each other. Charybdis three times a day draws the waters down and regurgitates them, flinging the spray to the stars, and Scylla in a hidden cavern thrusts forth her jaws and drags vessels on to her rocks—her woman's face looks out from a form that ends in a dolphin's tail, and waist-circled by howling wolves. Better to take the longer route than to run the risk of *her*. One charge, important above all the rest, I lay on you—again and again and again: pray to Juno, implore Juno, placate, appease Juno. When you are come to Italy at last, you shall see the wild Sibyl who writes her prophecies on leaves and lays them in her cavern; they lie motionless till the gates open, then they fly about in confusion, and she takes no care of them, so that he who

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entreats her revelations will depart thwarted and cursing. Approach her humbly and pray to her not to do so to you but to speak her prophecies with her own lips. This is all I am permitted to tell you ; go then, and let your courage exalt still the name of Troy.'

With these presages Aeneas prepared to set sail, and when all was ready Helenus came, bringing gifts at parting for the hero and for Anchises, but Andromache brought gold-embroidered clothes and mantle for young Ascanius, and said, gazing on him : ' Take these, child, and by them remember Andromache, Hector's wife. Take the last gifts of your kindred, you only living image of my young child Astyanax. His eyes, his hands, his whole look, were like yours ; had he been spared from the Greek sword, he would be growing, as you are growing, into manhood.' Aeneas parted from them with tears, promising both himself and them that if ever he reached Tiber and raised the City, Epirots and Trojans should make one new Troy with a common spirit, and he invoked Fate to unite the future of the two lands in such an alliance.

When they left this country they were beginning to draw near the true crisis of their journey. The ships passed on, and soon the look-out men were able to discern the southern shore of the land they sought ; then Trojan mouths cried *Italy*, and the eyes of the ancestors of Rome saw the first out-thrust points of the land of Rome. It was not here, however (so Helenus had warned them), that they were to settle. They landed, therefore, only

to make the sacrifices that the priest-king had prescribed—to Pallas whose temple they saw afar on a cliff, and to Juno ; and as they did so, the hero drew over his head the purple cloak, veiling his eyes. Then they went on, past Tarentum, and saw far on the horizon Etna in Sicily, and heard the noise of the ocean dashing on the cliffs. Anchises exclaimed : 'This is the sound of Charybdis, these the rocks that Helenus named. Save yourselves !' So Palinurus set the helm and the flagship went about on the other course, and all the fleet followed. Beyond these dangers they came to another, for they drew near the island of the Cyclops, the one-eyed giants. All night they lay close in to shore, under cliffs clothed with forests, hearing the roaring of Etna, but seeing nothing, for neither moon nor star appeared, and sea and land lay in darkness.

When morn came, however, they saw on the shore a strange man run from the woods, lean and ragged, waving to them. His dress was torn and foul, his beard matted, yet they knew him for a Greek. At first he was startled and afraid of the Trojan dress and Trojan arms, but a greater fear drove him. He came down to the shore, and called out to them to take him off for the sake of all the gods ; let them land him anywhere ; let them kill him if they must—so long as he could die by the hand of man. When they inquired further, they found he was a follower of the Greek Odysseus, who had been left behind by accident when that king, having blinded the Cyclops Polyphemus, escaped from the island. Since then

he had hidden in the woods and caves, living on berries and herbs. Even while they were talking, the Trojans saw on the cliffs Polyphemus himself descending to the shore, guiding his steps by the help of a great pine-trunk. Hastily they cut the cables and put out the oars. The giant heard the sound, and turned, meaning to follow, but his blindness and the rolling sea prevented him. He called, and as the flying Trojans laboured at the oars they saw his brothers gathering to join him—too late. So they gave themselves again to the open sea and the chance of the winds, and were swept on by cliff and island until they came to Drepanum where Aeneas endured a personal grief, for there his father Anchises died.

(Book I)

But Juno, still relentless, pursued the Trojans with her hate, for though Troy itself had fallen, she had never forgiven the kindred of Paris for the slight the shepherd-prince had put on her when he preferred the beauty of Venus to hers; more especially she raged against Aeneas who was Venus' son. Now, therefore, the divine Queen of heaven, seeing the fleet drawing nearer to its goal, descended to the cave where lived Æolus, ruler of all the winds. There she promised him favour, and the fairest of her nymphs in marriage if he would unloose storms upon the fleet; and he answering acknowledged all he owed to her

friendship—his sovereignty and his seat among the deities, and promised to follow her will. The winds were set free therefore, and as if the goddess' anger indeed moved them, they poured turbulently down on the waves, and worse than ever before the incessant dangers of ocean broke round and over the toiling ships. One after another was destroyed, dashed upon rocks, or caught in whirlpools, or overwhelmed by cascades of water flung upon them from the North, till seven had been lost. More would have suffered: it seemed indeed as if an end had come to the Trojan adventure, and all the prophecies of high destiny were sure to be thwarted, but that the lord of the ocean, Neptune himself, far under the waves, became conscious of the noise and tumult above him, and how the deeper waters were seething upward from their stillness. He was angry at a disturbance he had not commanded, looked out, and saw the struggles of the ruined fleet. Knowing the disputes of heaven, he guessed at once that this was the purpose of Juno's guile. He called to him the eastern and western winds, and spoke to them.

'Audacious winds! From whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthorized by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! To your lord my royal mandate bear—
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.

His power to hollow caverns is confined :
There let him reign the jailor of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.'

The winds obeyed and retired ; the sea sank into stillness ; the great god passed over the waters, scattering peace, while his servants—Tritons and ocean-nymphs—cleared the still-labouring vessels from the rocks. At the very sight of Neptune silence fell on the ocean, as when a rough and noisy crowd is subdued by the appearance and voice of some man old in wisdom and goodness. The fleet, or such vessels as were left, made efforts to reach the nearest land, which was a part of the African coastline called Libya. There was a deep harbour, protected by an island, and there the Prince brought at last his few remaining vessels, seven only out of the twenty with which he had first set sail. In such plight the Trojans came to that shore from which, in future ages, such perilous war was to be launched against undying Rome.

Meanwhile the divine mother of Aeneas did all she could in heaven to assist her mortal son. The lord of thunders, the king of gods and men, speaker of the secrets of Necessity which is more than gods or men and even than the supreme god himself, Jupiter the Father, on his throne, was surveying the world below, waters and lands and peoples, and his broad gaze rested on the Libyan shore. There came before him, at that moment, beautiful in the ethereal air of heaven, Venus his daughter, sad at heart, tears filling her starry eyes.

She looked reproachfully at him, and spoke at once in fear and protest, she at once the daughter of Jove and the mother of Aeneas, child of heaven and patron of Troy : ' Almighty father, how did my own Aeneas, how could my Trojans, sin against you, that all the world must be closed against them for the sake of Italy ? You promised —surely you promised that in the course of the turning years Rome should spring from them ! and, O father, what has changed your mind ? I put all my hope in that promise ; that vision nourished me ; I counted that fate against all others, but now one same fortune drives my people on through an infinity of ill. What end is set to their labours ? Other heroes reach peace and calm, we, whom you have nodded to heavenly possessions, we, our ships lost (O shame !), are betrayed because of the anger of one only power, and we are separated from Italy. Is this the reward of piety ? Is this our restoration to dominion ? '

The awful Father smiled—it is that smile which brings serenity into stormy skies—gently kissed his daughter, and answered : ' Fear not ; the destiny of your heroes is still immutably fixed. You shall see the City and its promised walls ; you shall lift the great heart of Aeneas to the stars. I am not changed.' He went on to prophesy the government of Aeneas and his son Ascanius (or Iulus) over their settlements, and of Romulus and Remus centuries later, the founders of the actual City, and from the mouth of the unshaken Father the goddess heard the future of her son's descendants :

'To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
E'en haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length atoned, her friendly power shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspired her fall.
Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rights divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace:
Then banished Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallowed temples burn;
And Remus, with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'

In earnest of this the Father moved, by one of his heavenly messengers, the hearts of the people of Libya, and of the ruler of the land. He touched them with pity for the strangers, and sent peaceful and hospitable thoughts. The country was then governed by a young queen, Dido by name, who had been driven from Tyre by her treacherous brother. Her husband Sichaeus, King of Tyre,

had been murdered ; she, with the colonists, and much treasure, had come to this new land, and was there founding a city, Carthage. Thus two fugitives were to meet on the Libyan shore, and the warring rivalry of centuries was hidden in the event that drew near with the morning light to which the Prince, after a night of meditation, turned with high courage and resolution. He called a friend to him, one Achates, and together they went out to explore the land, for they could see nothing but thick forest and waste places. The ships were concealed under high rocks until some knowledge of the inhabitants could be gained. Aeneas, carrying a broad spear, with Achates similarly armed, had pushed on into the forest, when suddenly he saw before him a woman, a maid in hunting dress, as if of Spartan blood or Thracian. A bow was on her shoulder, her head uncovered, her knees bare, and her garments knotted for freedom of movement. It was, however, no Thracian or Spartan maiden who confronted him, but his mother Venus who had taken that shape, and as her son looked at her he knew in her face and her voice something alien from mortality. She cried to him : ' Ho, warriors, have you seen my sister hunting in these parts ? '

' No sister of yours, maiden,' the Prince answered, ' or what better title must I use ? Goddess ? Are you the sister of Apollo or some nymph ? Tell us at least whither we wanderers have come : be gracious and we will pay sacrifices.'

She answered : ' I claim no such honour. I am a Tyrian maiden, and this is Carthage,' and went

on to tell briefly the story of Dido's flight. When she had done, she added : ' But you yourselves—who are you ? From what port come and whither bound ? '

He, too, shortly told his tale—' And as for me, unknown and needy, repulsed alike by Europe and Asia, here I wander in the African wastes.'

She interrupted. ' Whoever you may be, I do not much believe you to be neglected by the heavenly powers, since you have reached this Tyrian city.' And with a greater meaning than Aeneas could know she added, ' Unless my parents lied, your friends and your fleet are safe—either already in port or entering it with swelling sails. On, on to the queen's threshold ! Follow where this pathway leads you.'

She turned, and as she turned shone, in radiance and fragrance, an undoubted goddess. Her son knew deity, and knew her. He sprang after her, crying : ' O why do you laugh at your son in these empty shapes ? Why will you also be cruel ? Why do we never touch hand to hand, and speak and hear the truth ? ' But while he exclaimed, the goddess was gone, speeding to Paphos, her island home ; only, as she went, she cast a cloud over her son and his companion so that they moved invisibly, and no one could stay or question them.

Thus miraculously protected they came to where the Carthaginians were at their building : some, of the walls ; some, of the citadel ; some, of the theatre ; others compacting roads, others again dividing the ground for separate houses. ' Happy

are they,' Aeneas sighed, as he watched them, 'who have already begun work on their city.' Yet here the star of his own fortune, long clouded by evil chances, began again to shine, for when he had found his way to the centre of the town he saw men at work on a great temple of Juno, which the queen had designed, and looking on the walls of the shrine stood amazed to see them decorated with carvings of the Trojan wars. Incident after incident was there; he saw the portraiture of heroes and the sculptured images of his enemies and his friends—Troilus, Achilles, Hector, Priam stretching out his hands to Achilles, Hector's slayer, and pleading to receive the body of his son; he saw himself storming through the Greek vanguard. He called out to his comrade: 'Achates, is there any land that does not know of our misery? Look, there is Priam! Here also the wide unhappiness of things strikes at man's mind. Put aside fear; such far-spread fame promises us salvation.'

While he was standing there, gazing, unable to move, the queen herself, Dido, perfect in loveliness, came up to the temple, attended by a crowd of youths. She came like Diana herself, overtopping her maidens; she moved in an almost divine gaiety, possessed utterly with the thought of all that had to be done and of the empire that was to be. She took her high throne beneath the temple's central dome; sword and spear guarded it; she gave herself to the duties of royalty, deciding and directing as need was. So while she sat and Aeneas, yet unseen, stood, there came near,

accompanied by a great crowd—and joy and fear struck the hearts of the two invisible watchers—who but the comrades of the Prince, whom he had supposed lost at sea! These, it seemed, had also been brought at last to the Carthaginian shore. They came up to the foot of the throne; the eldest of them began to speak; Aeneas passionately heard the tale he knew, and the petitions they offered—for rest, for hospitality, for aid in ship-building. All the Trojans murmured assent as he ended, and lamented for the loss of Aeneas of which he had told.

The queen answered courteously: 'Do not fear, men of Troy; set your hearts at peace. I must indeed be cautious in welcoming strangers and in keeping careful guard on my frontiers, but I, too, have heard of Troy and the servants of Aeneas. I will give you all your need; I will send you safely on wherever you choose, unless you prefer to remain here and make one city with mine. As for Aeneas your Prince, I wish indeed he were here, but I will send messages through all Libya to find him if by any chance he is himself now a wanderer in country or town.'

As she spoke, Aeneas yearned to be seen, to break out of the darkness that hid him, and on the instant, consenting, his divine mother withdrew the cloud; suddenly, all that great concourse, and Dido, saw him. The power of Venus lay on her son; doubling and redoubling the manly beauty of his appearance—godlike was his shape; glory was in his hair; a rosy light of youth unfolded from him; his eyes were glad and

shining. He burst on their sight, and they heard him at the same instant, for his voice cried to the queen : ' He whom you promise to seek is already here. I am Aeneas of Troy. You have had pity on us, you only in all the world, you have been willing to shelter this remnant, to make us one with your own city : O Dido, we cannot—no wandering Trojan anywhere, nor all as one can ever pay our debt of gratitude. But if heaven has any love for honourable acts, if justice and a mind conscious of right mean anything, the high gods shall reward you. While rivers run, and mountains fling shadow over the valleys, while stars hold the sky, your honour, your name, your praises shall be told, whatever lands call me.' Crying out so, the Prince sprang to his friends ; he caught their hands ; among them, he faced the throne.

The Sidonian queen had sat silent, gazing on the hero, amazed first at the mere sight of him, then to think of his evil destiny, but at last she broke silence, and welcomed him with gentle words of awe and admiration. She recalled what she had heard of him and Troy, and offered him all her city could yield. She ended with a phrase of intense comprehension : ' I, too, have been driven by fortune ; I, too, have felt unhappiness much like yours, and by knowledge of hardship have learned to assist the unhappy.'

Joined in a like memory of past distress, in hope for the future, and in mutual admiration, the queen and Aeneas passed to her palace. Food was sent to the other Trojans on the shore ; sacrifices were offered to the gods ; baths and

a banquet were prepared for the hero and his companions. The queen herself deigned to be present. When the Prince was brought to the hall he found her already there, lying under the spread awnings on her couch in the midst.

But first he sent Achates with word to his ships of all that had happened. He ordered his friend to find the young Ascanius his son, and bring him to the palace, with such gifts as they still had to offer, such treasures as still remained of what had been saved from Troy, a veil that Helen had worn, a sceptre Priam's eldest daughter had carried, a collar of pearl, a double crown of jewels and gold. Achates hastened away to the fleet, and to be deceived by the guile of Venus, his leader's mother.

For as Venus watched and thought upon all this, she had grown distrustful of Dido and her Tyrian descent, knowing that of old the Tyrians had a reputation for double-tongued deceit: also she thought of the cruelty of Juno, and under the gathering night, while they spread the banquet in Carthage, her anxiety grew. Her mind was stirred to new designs, to think how she might seal Dido to her purposes, and the scheme she proposed to herself was to substitute for the young Ascanius her own son Cupid, the small lord of love, in the shape of Ascanius, that he might by his power incite Dido to a fiery frenzy of desire. She said to the winged Love: 'Son of mine, my life, my strong power,—son, you who despise even the thunders of the high Father—I come to you to ask your help. You know all the sorrows of your

brother Aeneas, and how Dido now delays him with soft speech. I am afraid of what this new hospitality from Juno, Dido's patron, may mean. Now, therefore, I am determined to catch the queen, and so animate her with fire, that by her passion for Aeneas she may be bound to me. Now listen and help me! The princely child, my dearest charge, is about to go to Carthage at his father's command. But I will cast a sleep upon him and hide him in my own sacred home of Cythera or Idalium, and for this single night—no longer!—you shall take his form, and be in your own boyhood the boy he is. So when the queen embraces and kisses you, your kiss shall impregnate her with the venom of your hidden fire.' Cupid heard and obeyed; he put off his own winged shape, and with the step of Ascanius moved off upon his errand, while Venus bathed the true Ascanius in quiet sleep, and secretly carried him on her breast to the high places of Idalia, lulling him there among the soft amaracus, which shed over him its fragrance and gentle shade.

Aeneas came to the feast; there lay the queen, while Tyrians and Trojans gathered. The gifts were brought forward and exhibited; all wondered at them. The apparent son of Aeneas, the small god, glowed, counterfeiting the mortal speech of Ascanius, and more admired than the precious gifts. Dido saw him. Her evil fate fell on her; she stared, enthralled by the disguised Power, who first hugged his father Aeneas and hung on him, filling his heart with paternal passion, then went to the queen. She gazed on

him, her heart, her very soul, in her eyes, drew him to her, fondled and caressed him, let him go and turned to him again. Her heart ached over him; she could not know, unhappy woman, how great a deity she clasped. The god, remembering his mother, began his dire work: little by little he effaced the long-lived thought of Sychaeus, her former husband.

> The dead is to the living love resigned,
> And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

When the food was ended, and the great bowls of wine were brought, the queen gave command, and they brought the oldest cup of all, a treasure, heavy with gold and jewels, an heirloom of kings, filling it with wine and setting it before her. Under the hanging lamps, among the flaring torches, Dido caused silence to be called, and there in the stillness invoked the high Father. 'Jove, from whom come all hospitable laws, make this a joyful day to us Tyrians and these Trojan wanderers; let our children's children remember it. Bacchus, bestower of gladness, and you, Juno the bountiful, bless it to us all. Honour, my Tyrians, this peace.' She poured libation, drank, and passed on the goblet. Her best musician sang—of the beginning of all things, the wisdom of old time—and all the company shouted praise of the song. Dido herself prolonged the night with talk, and drank love more freely than wine. She asked many questions concerning Priam, Hector, Diomedes, and Achilles; of Aeneas himself and his long wanderings. All these

questions the Prince answered, and told before the hushed audience the tale of the fall of Troy, of his own voyage, and the disasters that had overtaken him.

So the hours passed, till at length, relation made and feasting at an end, the queen and her guest retired to sleep. But that night Dido, queen of Carthage, found no sleep at all.

IV

The queen lay all night, brooding on the pang of love, rehearsing to herself the glory of Aeneas and of his house, remembering his features, recapitulating his words, unable to sleep for her longing. As soon as morning came she went to her sister Anna, and talked with her of the stranger. She repeated to her what she had repeated to herself. She dwelt on his courage, his carriage, his descent, and admitted at last that—had she not steadfastly determined against a second marriage, were she not tired of all thought of the bridal-chamber—she might, this single time, have yielded to a weakness. Since Sychaeus died, there had been none so to disturb her fixed purpose of fidelity to his memory. But now—and there she broke off with a passionate repetition of her vow, and broke into tears, and called on her dead husband to nourish her love in his tomb.

Anna answered by asking if the dead could care for fidelity, and then frankly urged the queen to encourage her love. She urged also reasons of

state, how with Trojan aid Carthage might more easily defy the nomad princes of the desert and all the neighbouring kings, and the usurping lord of Tyre; how Carthage, with this alliance, might rise to the utmost height of power. 'Entreat heaven for help,' she said, 'and then give free welcome to this man, and plead with him to remain—plead with him while the storm holds him here and his ships cannot risk the sea.'

The queen was not unwilling. She paid the rites to heaven, she sought counsel of omens, but the fire burned more fiercely, and she spent all her days with Aeneas. She exhibited her city to him, and in full speech would suddenly become silent. She feasted him night after night, and caused him to repeat again the story of Troy, and while he spoke could only listen to his voice. And later, when he and all the guests had retired, and she was alone in the great hall, she would fling herself on the couch where his form had rested, feeling herself close to him in spite of the distance. She spent much time with Ascanius, seeing the father in the son, and hoping that by such caresses she would inveigle Aeneas into the love she did not speak. And all this while she neglected the building of the city, and work was delayed, and slowly ceased; an idleness fell upon everything, and the people grew as laggard as their queen.

The goddesses in heaven beheld the heart's sickness of the queen, and the two great enemies, Juno and Venus, each proposed to turn it to advantage. Juno first spoke: 'A fine victory this, when your godhead and the godhead of your

son—a double deity—at last overcomes a single woman's heart. I remark, too, how you distrusted the welcome Carthage offered. But might it not be possible and wise here to end our quarrel? You wished Dido to be caught by love, and so it is. Let us make a compact, then, to join our rule over this people: let her serve her lord, and let her Tyrians be given to your protection.'

Venus saw the snare, and guessed the intention of the queen of heaven to establish, were it possible, the empire promised to Aeneas upon the African shore. She answered: 'Who would be so foolish as to fight you—if we were only sure that good fortune would await the proposed league. But I cannot guess the will of Jove—whether he permits the two nations to be so joined in a single city. You are his wife; you may discover his mind. Make your advances, then, and I will agree.'

'Be it so,' Juno said, 'and this is what I propose. To-morrow Dido and Aeneas will follow the chase. When they are well out in the forest, I will send a storm, so that their train may be lost in the darkness and the rain, and Dido and her Trojan shall meet, alone, in the same cavern. There—if you consent—I will myself be present and join them in marriage, and make her his for ever.' Venus willingly assented to the plot, though secretly she smiled at the intended deceit of the queen of heaven.

The day broke over earth, and Trojans and Tyrians engaged themselves in the hunt. All gathered at the palace gates, with nets and spears, and many strong hounds; the queen came to

them there, clothed in gold and purple, and having a quiver of gold. Ascanius was in her train; Aeneas joined her at the gates. The splendid company rode out of the city, till they reached the wild country beyond, hill and plain alike composed of waste stretches and thick forest. Ascanius, throbbing with joy, spurred his horse, seeing at a distance goats or herds of stags, swiftly taking flight. These were too poor prey for his desires; he longed to try his spear on boar or lion. But while his young heart exulted, and the queen and Aeneas rode side by side, the Immortals were already carrying out their schemes. The sky grew heavy; thunder and louder thunder was heard; rain mixed with hail drove furiously across the open spaces. The hunters, overwhelmed by the wildness of the storm, scattered in all directions to find what shelter they could. Amid the tumult and the drenching torrents the queen and the prince, deserted by their blinded followers, came to a cave in the hills. Under the presidency of thundering Juno, among the riot of earth and air, and the lightning flashes, their love had its way. No eye saw them nor was there any tongue to blame. The queen disguised to herself her own passion and called her weakness by the lofty name of marriage. Catastrophe waited on the moment; that day was the first of death.

Eye and tongue were not there, but Rumour rose and presently, most loathsome of all the powers, ranged widely through the Libyan land. Strange tales are told of her shape; men say she was born of Earth, and is of giant brood, a monster

of rapid wings ; for every plume there is an eye beneath and a speaking tongue, and always an ear to be thrilled by each of innumerable voices. She never sleeps, but flies shrieking through the night, or by day sits on the roof of some great tower and sends horror and fear through listening cities—she who cares nothing at all if her tale be false or true. Thus according to her custom she did her work, and all men heard how the queen and Aeneas were turned from their royal business, and gave themselves up to their delight in each other. As the winter months went by the reports grew ever louder and wider, till at last they came to the ears of King Iarbas of the Moors. He had paid his court to Dido, for he was lord of the whole land, and had consented to give her the district she was colonizing. Now he heard that she had despised the alliance he offered, and had mated herself with another wanderer—another Paris, effeminate, scented, and turbaned, no decent lover. He went angrily to the temple—chief of a hundred—which he had built to Almighty Jove, and with full sacrifices and bitter words implored the God.

He from his Omnipotence heard and beheld—the king, the cities, the lovers lost to all consciousness of duty or noble fame. He saw, and called Mercury. 'Go,' he said, 'to Aeneas ; remind him that his mother did not guard him from the Greeks that he might linger in Carthage, but she thought he was one who could rule Italy, and impose law on a conquered world. If this promised destiny does not suffice to move him,

ask him if he is willing to defraud his son Ascanius of his right inheritance—the towers of Rome? What end does he propose to himself? What does he hope to gain among a hostile people, that he forgets his descendants and the Italian fields? Bid him sail. This is the whole substance; be to him as ourself.'

The younger god obeyed. He set on his feet the golden and winged sandals by which, quicker than wind, he moves over earth; he took his wand, the magical rod which controls the souls of the dead—for it is Mercury who controls them and despatches some to the lower world, and with the same wand bestows or refuses sleep, and brings new light to eyes closed in death. So weaponed, so winged, he passed through the clouds, and flew on till he came to Mount Atlas in Northern Africa, and there first poised, then shot to earth, and his plumed feet descended among the outlying huts of Carthage. As he touched ground he beheld Aeneas—Aeneas covered by a cloak that Dido had given him, engaged on Dido's business, directing the building of Dido's city. The god burst on him, in apparition and speech at once: 'Is it you who are laying the foundations of Carthage? You who, poor slave of a wife, build for her a glorious city? O how forgetful of your own kingdom and destiny! He who by the mystery of his godhead rules earth and sky, heaven's sovereign lord, sends me down from bright Olympus; he commands me to bring this message: What purpose, what hope can you have in Libya? If your own glory and fame cannot

stir you, yet think of your son Ascanius who is now growing to manhood, and of his hereditary hope! To him at least you owe the kingdom of Italy and all the Roman world.'

The god spoke, and at once, while his words were yet sounding, sprang upward, and vanished in the thin air, far above the sight of man.

Aeneas stood, shaken and appalled. His hair bristled; his voice stuck in his throat. Overwhelmed by the imperious heavenly summons, he had but one desire, to fly, to escape from that pleasant land. But how, he was forced to ask himself, could he do it? With what countenance or pretext could he now approach the passionate heart of Dido? What should be his first words? He stood anxious and doubtful; first this scheme and then that rose in his mind, and so hesitating he searched all the possibilities of thought. At last the only safe way seemed to be to summon his captains, and order them secretly to furnish the ships, and gather the crews in readiness, but if challenged, to find some other pretext for their action. He in the meantime would go to the queen—who, in pure innocence of heart, imagined nothing of the kind nor could believe that so much love could be broken—and as chance might offer he would seek to find the best opportunity and the softest words, and the most fortunate method of opening necessity to her. His men heard him with delight and implicitly obeyed.

But the queen—who can deceive the mind of a lover?—understood the plot and grasped at once the movement of the future; when all

seemed safe, she felt the fear. Also that same evil goddess Rumour brought news to drive her to frenzy, for she heard that the fleet was fitting out, the Trojans gathering, all making ready for the sea. Stirred by a mad rage she came hastening through the city, like some follower of Bacchus, god of wine, inspiration, and wild delirium, who hears the call and clamour of midnight festival, and the hills ringing with voices and the shaking of wreathed spears, the emblems of the god. So maddened, she took the word. She stood before Aeneas, and attacked him with such a voice. 'Traitor! Did you hope to hide this sin, and slip away silently? Cannot, then, our love hold you, nor our exchanged hands? Nor the cruel end of Dido who must inevitably die? In such haste that—savage that you are—you must even set out in winter and under the winds of the north? If you were not going to strange lands, and Troy were yet standing, would you aim for Troy? Am I the thing you avoid? O by these tears, by your own hand—what else has my choice left me in my misery?—by our union, and the marriage that was begun, if I ever did you any good or there was anything in me that was sweet to you, be kind even yet to a tottering kingdom! If it is possible still to implore, I implore now—forget your purpose! I have made the kings of Libya and of the nomads angry because of you; I have lost the love of my own people; my former honour is lost, and all pure reputation—the only thing that could bring me to heaven. And to whom, my guest—since only that word is left out of the name of husband—

will you abandon me at this point of death? Why should I live? To see my brother coming to throw down his sister's city? Or to be taken prisoner by Iarbus? If only a child had been mine before you fled, some young Aeneas now playing in my house, whose face might seem like yours, then I should not seem so utterly deserted and abandoned.'

While the queen was speaking, Aeneas, fixed on the awful warnings of Jove, kept his eyes unmoved, and suppressed in his own heart his love and his agony. He answered in few words: 'Queen, never shall I forget all your goodness, nor while I think and breathe shall I remember Dido with bitterness. I have little to say. I never intended to set sail secretly; do not suppose it. I never proposed marriage; never thought of it. Could I rule my life as I myself would choose, I would return to the places I loved and rebuild Troy; this hand should renew Pergamos. But Apollo and the oracles command me to seek Italy; that must be my love, and that my native land. If you, a Tyrian, can settle in Libya, is it a sin that we Trojans should seek Italy? It is proper in us to travel to other realms. Whenever night falls and the stars arise, the soul of my father Anchises disturbs my sleep with terror; and the thought of my son whom I rob daily of his inheritance. The gods have warned me; even this moment the heavenly messenger brought the command of the Omnipotent—let them both be witness that I speak the truth. These eyes saw the god manifest himself in full daylight between these very walls,

and these ears heard his voice. Be no longer an incendiary of grief; I certainly shall not sail for Italy by my own choice or will.'

She gazed at him sideways while he was speaking; her shining and rolling eyes seemed to search completely through him. Then she flashed into words.

'Your mother was no goddess, traitor, and your house was never founded by an ancestor of Troy; the cliffs of Caucasus begot you and the Hyrcanian tigresses gave suck to you. Why should I hide the truth? What more can happen to me? Did he regret my tears? Did his look turn aside? Did he spare a sigh of sadness for one who loved him? What shall I say next, or last? There is no justice in great Juno, no, nor in the All-Father himself. There is no loyalty anywhere on earth. I took this man—fool that I was—when he was flung on my shore, when he was in utter need, and I offered him a share of my kingdom. It was I who saved his battered ships; and preserved his friends from death—O the Furies drive and burn within me! O and Apollo must be his fortune-teller! The oracles of Lycia must advise him! Jove himself must send a messenger to carry a hideous command down through the skies. It seems this is the business of the gods; their peace must be disturbed by such anxieties. I will not try to keep you nor to argue against such explanations. Go, look for Italy in the winds, look for your kingdom among the billows. I will hope at least, if the mysteries of the gods keep any thought of justice, that on the rocks of the middle

ocean you shall taste a recompense, and cry out—again and again cry out on the name of Dido. I may be far away, but I will be with you always bringing black brands of fire, and when death has struck soul and clay apart, the ghost of Dido shall everywhere haunt you. You shall feel, sinner, the punishments to come, and in the lowest place of shadows the tale shall reach me among the dead.'

She broke off, and sick with the agony of love turned to fly, to hide from the light, but as she went she stumbled, and her maids caught her in her fall and carried her to her room. She lay there for a little while hardly conscious, but presently life and knowledge returned, and drove her to look from the windows of the high room of the palace. She looked ; she saw. The shore was thick with Trojans, busy with the last tasks before the fleet set sail, and already they ran and leapt on board, and the great hulls floated, and the sea itself was filled with clamour and moving force. She saw. O Love, unrighteous Love, to what extremes you drive the hearts of men ! For now, in case any chance should slip or any remote possibility be left untried, the queen found herself once more compelled to make trial of tears and entreaties, once more to let her spirit—so near the point of death—become utterly subject to love.

She called Anna, her half-sister, and pointed out the emptying beach, the crowded sea. ' Look,' Dido exclaimed bitterly, ' they have decorated the poops of the ships with garlands of flowers ! Sister, if I can look at this unhappiness, I can endure it. Yet do one thing for me, Anna, now

in my pain. That traitor took notice of you, and would even let you share certain of his secret thoughts. You know, better than anyone else, the best times and manners to touch his heart. Go and intercede with him :—tell him it was not I who was at Aulis when the Greeks swore to uproot Troy ; I sent no fleet against his native city, and I have not uncovered or outraged in its tomb the dust of his father Anchises. Why must he refuse even to hear or consider my prayer?—so small a prayer now, for I beg him only to wait for a more favourable wind and an easy passage. I do not ask him now to remember the marriage he has forsworn ; I do not wish him to abandon his beautiful alien land and forget his coming kingdom. Only beg him to give me only the mere opportunity to become used to grief, a moment in which to be taught misery. I beg but this last favour and soon my death shall pay all debts of every kind."

Anna, full of love and pity, went on her errand. She found the Prince, and at that last dreadful moment urged upon him the tears, the misery, and petitions of the queen. Aeneas himself was in almost as great despair ; his heart was heavy with the weight of his love ; and he desired nothing more strongly than to speak comfort and hope to Dido. But he would not give way to her, nor to himself, nor to Anna. The storm of misery broke upon him ; his own unhappiness increased it. Yet he remained indomitable, and faithful, in despite of all appeal, to the divine intention and the heavenly command. All tears were vain.

Fate and the god had stopped his ears to love.

Dido understood at last. She had then but one wish, and that was death. The sight of the sky was a weariness ; she had seen dreadful omens in the temples. The sacrifices of wine poured before the altars had corrupted before her eyes to putrescent blood. From the shrine in the palace which she had dedicated to the memory of her first husband voices seemed to call ; and when at last she fell into exhausted sleep, she heard dim forebodings uttered by the mouths of ancient prophets, and saw the pitiless shape of Aeneas disdainfully driving her into madness, and always she was being abandoned to herself, moving without any friend, and searching down unknown ways and in an empty land, for her own people, her Tyrian subjects. So abandoned, so lost, she resolved to make an end.

Her looks were cheerful and her eyes bright with new hope when she came again to Anna, so strong was the power of her resolution to disguise itself. She spoke to her sister with fresh energy. 'I have found a way—sister, be happy for my happiness !—I have found a way to regain my beloved or to break my love. There is a priestess I have found, who lives near Mount Atlas, and is learned in magical arts. She can release from desire those who endure it, and bring under desire those who are yet free. She knows how to stop rivers and turn them back, and to change the courses of the very stars themselves, and how to call out nocturnal powers. The earth moans underfoot, and all things move in contradiction of their nature. The gods be witness how reluctant

I am to use this terrible sorcery! Cause a pyre to be built in the inner court of the palace, and let everything which once belonged to that false man be laid on it—what arms he left, his presents, and the very bed where we slept: all, all! This is the will of the priestess. And I myself shall be overjoyed to destroy everything that reminds me of the accursed one.'

The queen, as she ended, grew very pale, but Anna, not guessing the cause, did not hesitate. The royal commands were obeyed; the pyre was erected; and Dido herself adorned the court and the pile with boughs and garlands. She caused the terrible gods of the place of shadows and of hell to be invoked, and their secret rites fulfilled, and she herself made the offerings. She called on the stars who know the fates of men, and then on whatever power, if any, is mindful and just to those who love without return of love. Yet that night she found no sleep, anger and love conflicting within her, and vain thoughts of impossible things tormenting her. Should she now seek the hand of Iarbus, who would mock and despise her? Should she follow the Trojan fleet, and offer herself to the traitor who would refuse to receive her on his decks? Should she attack their fleet with her own Tyrians, who would hardly consent to follow her again to sea? Among those empty dreams, she discerned only the sure end of death, a death which (she cried in her pain) she had well merited, since she had not lived her solitary life in fixed loyalty to the oaths sworn by the grave of her husband Sychaeus.

While she lay watchful, Aeneas slept on the high poop of his ship where in the harbour the fleet waited for the morning. His sleep also was broken; a vision was with him and the shape of Mercury threatened, as on that very morning the god had appeared to him, warning him for the sake of his duty not to waste the time. 'The wind is fair,' it seemed to say, 'up and away! For the queen is plotting destruction. Away now, or it will be too late; the waves will be a mass of shattered timber, and burning torches by dawn will be all about the shore. Delay no longer; go! A woman is always a changing, shifting thing.' The dream passed, and left Aeneas awake. He sprang up, and called to his friends, and they in turn woke, calling to others, hearing the voice of the Prince commanding immediate flight. They obeyed hastily, finding their seats, handling their oars and sails. Aeneas, moved more strongly than before by this second visitation and the peremptory mandate of the gods, hewed at the hawser of his own ship with his sword, crying to the vision to guard them: 'Be vigilant for us, O god, and send propitious omens.' The whole fleet stood out to sea.

Such was the sight that Dido saw, when she came to the windows of her tower, and in the whitening light of dawn saw the steady sails moving away, and the last vessel free of the harbour mouth. In a tumult of despair she began to call for pursuit; but soon, abandoning her mad intentions, she uttered the final curse that was to lay for centuries the doom of war between

Carthage and Rome. She implored the Sun's godhead, and Juno, queen of heaven, and Hecate, who is worshipped by night at the cross-roads of cities, and the dreadful sisterhood of the Furies, and the gods of her family and name, if indeed Aeneas must reach land and found an empire, yet to cause that destiny to be long in coming, to harass and persecute him with battle, famine, and defeat, to cause him to lie unburied on the sand; and to set war for ever between the two nations, that there might be no treaty or covenant of peace between them, but that some avenger of her wrongs might in future arise from Carthage who would follow the Romans everywhere and at all times with fire and sword.

'These are my prayers, and this my dying will;
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil:
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and sword pursue the perjured brood:
Our arms, our seas, our shores, opposed to theirs;
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!'

For herself she knew that there was but one end, and that at once. She maintained the same pretence as that whereby on the previous day she had commanded the pyre to be built, and she ordered all things to be prepared that she might fire it, and lose with the destruction of all the relics of Aeneas the passion of her love. She herself

went direct to the court where the heaped pile stood ; her eyes were bloodshot, and her face pale and blotched ; her nature shrank from the death her will decreed. She mounted the pyre, and unsheathed the sword of the Prince. But her eyes rested on his garments, and she flung herself on the pillows where he had slept.

> ' Relics once dear, while fate and heaven allowed,
> Take this my spirit, and loose me from those woes.
> My life is lived ; the course by fortune given
> I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me
> Passes majestic to the world below.
> I have built a noble city, mine own walls
> Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith
> Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate ;
> Happy, ah ! all too happy, if only—if
> The Dardan keels had never touched our shore ! '
> She spake, and burying in the couch her face :
> ' I shall die unavenged, but let me die,'
> She said : ' thus, thus with joy I take the road
> To darkness. Let the cruel Dardan's eyes
> Drink in the conflagration from the deep,
> And my death-tokens haunt him on his way.'

She spoke ; while the words yet sounded, her retinue saw her fall forward on the sword, and her blood spurt on to her hands. A cry went up through the whole palace ; the city heard, and as the fatal news spread broke into such lamentation that it seemed as if all Carthage, or even ancient Tyre itself, were falling before an invader, and houses and temples were involved in one fiery ruin. Anna rushed to the court, and, herself mounting the pyre, sought to stanch the wound, while sobbing out wild reproaches against her sister both for the deceit and the deed. Dido,

half opening her eyes, made an effort to rise, and sank back, the sword grating on the bone. Again, and yet again, she struggled and failed, and opened her wandering eyes to find the light of high heaven, and groaned to see it. All this Juno from her height of Olympus beheld, and pitied the long death-agony, and sent Iris her maiden down to release at last the soul from the body. There grows a lock of hair on each head which none knows but the Spirits who preside over those awful hours of death, and this they sever only at the appointed time, but since Dido perished before her time, they would not cut it now. Iris, however, descending on saffron wings, coming like the dew, flashing about her the tints of a thousand colours, came and stood by the dying head. There she spoke: 'I make this offering to the shades by high command, and thus I loose thee from that body.' She cut the lock:

The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in air.

V

MEANWHILE Aeneas, at the head of his fleet, held on through mid-ocean, cutting through the waves as they came rolling down under the north wind. He looked back often to the coast he had left, and saw hanging over it the red glow of the funeral pyre of Dido, though what had caused the fire he could not tell; only he knew what outraged love will do, and guessed something of

'the stormy souls of womankind', so that all those Trojan hearts were heavy with a dismal fear of the omen.

They had left the land far out of sight behind them when the first mischief threatened. Great clouds rolled over the sky, and the sea grew turbulent with the threat of storm. Palinurus, the steersman of the flagship, called out to trim the sails and take to the oars, so that the vessels rode slant to the wind; then he said to the Prince: 'Sir, I could not make Italy under this sky, not though Jove himself should bid me do it. The wind has changed; it is blowing now from the West, and the fog is growing thick all round us. We cannot make way against it; it will be difficult even to live in such a sea. Better to follow our fortune, and go as luck will have us. We are not far from Sicily and its harbours, if I remember rightly the stars I noted when we passed this way before.'

The Prince approved. 'I have watched for a long while this vain effort to go against the winds. Change course; no land could be pleasanter to me than that where Trojan Acestes lives, and the dust of my father Anchises is safely laid.' The fleet was deflected at his command and, escaping the threatened storm, came with a fair wind to the shores of Sicily. There Acestes, who saw them coming from high on a mountain side, where a hunt had led him, hurried down to meet them and again give them welcome. It was exactly a year since Anchises had been buried there, and Aeneas took advantage of their enforced landing

to proclaim to the army on the next morning his purpose of holding a festival of grief and honour in memory of his father, thus instituting a day which he swore to keep holy year by year. For nine days the solemn rites were to last, and on the ninth, if all things were favourable and the weather fair, such games should be held as were proper to those solemnities : galley-races, and foot-races, contests in javelin-throwing and archery and boxing. When he had made the proclamation he went to make the ritual offerings at the tomb. Acestes went with him, and young Ascanius, and all the strong company. It was then that the first pure omen was vouchsafed to him. For as he stood, making oblation of wine and milk and sacrificial blood, there appeared before them all, issuing from the base of the holy tomb, a huge serpent moving smoothly on in seven great coils. His back was streaked with blue and shot with gold ; and as vari-coloured as the rainbow when it flings its hues against the sun. The mighty snake rolled on, twining among the altars, tasted here and there of the feast spread out, and harmlessly retired again to his home in the sepulchre. Aeneas was uncertain whether to believe the marvellous creature was the genius of the place or the spirit that attended on his father. But he resumed the rites, according to ancient custom, and invoked the soul of his father, freed from the place of shadows where it dwelled.

So the eight days passed, and on the ninth the games were begun. Many Sicilians came, some only to watch, some to take part in the contests.

Meanwhile the women had remained by the fleet, which was otherwise left without a guard. Juno on high saw this, and with her old anger still unappeased sent Iris once more down to earth. She came swiftly, invisibly treading her rainbow path, and saw below her the forsaken port, the unguarded fleet, and the great companies of women. They were weeping for dead Anchises, and weeping, too, for another cause, as they stared at the sea. 'Do such oceans and such wide wastes of waters lie before us, who are so weary?' they sighed as with a single voice, and then prayed with all their hearts for a city of rest from such long labour. Iris came among them, so wise as she is in working injury, and putting aside her divine appearance, took on the shape of an old woman of the host named Beroë, who then lay sick, and in that form went among the women, and began to talk to them. 'Indeed we are more miserable than those whom the Grecians slew under our native walls,' she said. 'It is seven years since Troy fell, and every year we have spent in wandering and travelling over sea and land, by sterile rocks, under different stars, always following an always receding Italy, always involved in the great waters. Why not let us rest here in this friendly land? Cannot we build a city here? O my country, we rescued your gods uselessly from the enemy if a second Troy is never to be built! if we never see rivers that may be called Hector's! Come, all of you, come with me, and let us burn these accursed ships! I can tell you I saw Cassandra in a dream; she gave me torches.

" This is your Troy," she said, " this is your home," and shall we hesitate when so awful a portent drives us ? There, there on the altars of Neptune, is burning wood. The god himself shall grant us both torches and determination.'

She caught as she spoke a torch from an altar, and flung it towards the ships. The women stared, startled and bewildered, till one among them, the oldest and most honoured, Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's own sons, exclaimed : ' Women, look at this vision—this is not Beroë, Beroë who is ill and wretched because she cannot join in the ceremonies, as I myself saw her. Look at this flush of divine beauty, look at her bright eyes, her breath, her face ! Hear the voice ! Watch the manner of her walk ! ' Yet still between two passions the women were hesitating, hating their journey, desiring their kingdom, gazing all the while malignantly at the ships, when suddenly the goddess sprang forth clear to sight, ascending to the sky, and tracing as she went the bow of her great arch. When they saw this they became frenzied. They broke into shrieks and screams ; they seized from hearths and altars every bit of burning wood they could find, and flung it on the ships—leaves and boughs of every kind which the fire might easily catch. It crackled through the galleys ; the thwarts were blazing, and the rows of oars, and the high poops themselves began to catch.

The first of the army to see the flames was Eumelus, who ran immediately to the place where the games were being held and spread the news.

All the chiefs, looking towards the shore, saw the clouds of smoke, Ascanius first, who at the head of his troop, rode fast down to the demented women. As he came he flung his boy's helmet to the ground among them, calling out at the same time : 'What are you doing? Do you think you are burning the Greek palisades? I am Ascanius—you are destroying your own hopes : look at me, look at me, I am your own Ascanius!' After him Aeneas came hurrying, and the rest of the Trojans. The dismayed women recognized their Prince, and began to realize what they had been doing. They fled hastily from the shore, taking refuge among the trees or in the caves of the cliffs. But their repentance did not check the result of their deed. Vainly the men brought water and flung it on the burning ships. The fire spread still, eating down through vessel after vessel, and still the great clouds of smoke poured upwards.

Aeneas, tearing his tunic from his shoulders, in sign of sheer despair, flung out his hands and cried passionately to Jove. 'Almighty one, if you do not utterly hate the Trojans, if you have any mercy, grant that the flames may not wholly consume the fleet! Or else, if I have sinned, strike me with your thunder, and kill me at once.' As if in immediate answer the skies began to grow dark overhead ; the storm indeed gathered, but the thunders were accompaniments of rain. Under the pouring waters the fire sank, the smouldering wood was quenched, and at last most of the vessels, damaged but not destroyed, lay safe. Four only had been burned beyond redemption.

The women's mutiny and the danger came near to doing what hostile attacks had not done, and shaking the resolution of the Prince. He stood oppressed by doubt: should he still press on, or should he abandon the burden of his promised destiny, and make a settlement where he now was, in Sicily? Unable to determine, he took counsel with one of his wisest friends, Nautes, to whom the divine Pallas had shown favour and something of her own sacred art of knowledge. Nautes offered a wise suggestion, urging the Prince not to let himself be discouraged. 'Whatever happens there is always power to endure and so to overcome! In our present dilemma, take advantage of your friend Acestes; he, too, is a Trojan. Divide our company. Now that those ships are lost, there will be less room; very well, let all who are weary of following you stay here, all the aged, all the women who are worn out by their journeys, and all the feeble and fearful. Set Acestes to rule them, and call the town Acesta.'

Half-resolved on this solution, Aeneas, as night came on, turned to rest; and again, as before in time of danger, the form of Anchises, whose tomb they had that day honoured, seemed to grow out of the dark sky and his voice to come to the ears of his son. This time he confirmed the counsel of Nautes, and warned Aeneas that only the fine flower of his army could endure the hardships of the future, for in Italy they would have to encounter a strong and warlike race. But the shade of Anchises added also a further prophecy. 'First you shall pass through the world of Dis, and seek

me through the depths of Avernus. I do not live among the damned or among the sorrowful shades, but at peace in Elysium among the gatherings of the blessed. The pure Sibyl shall guide you, and there you shall have intelligence of " the fates and fortunes of your line." Farewell ; I feel the dawn.' The vision passed, and sorrowing for the insubstantial passage of his loved father the Prince arose to offer sacrifice to the gods of hearth and home, and ancestral Vesta, lady of households. To such deities of habitual life the flames were rekindled, before, following the counsel of his comrade and the command of his parent, Aeneas declared his will to the host, and at once proceeded to carry out his design. He separated the older women, the sick, and all shrinking souls who had no desire for glory ; he marked out the boundaries of the town, and made Acestes its ruler. But the bolder and stronger spirits he set to restoring the damaged ships. When both tasks were ended, when the fleet was ready and the settlement designed, Aeneas commanded the final farewells to be uttered, though then indeed many who were to be left behind regretted their choice, and were anxious to embark once more on their journey. But Aeneas went on board, and his men followed, and in spite of all tears the army addressed itself to follow cheerfully its leader's fortune.

Now, however, the dangers of the sea were to trouble them no longer. The divine Venus, harassed by her care for her son, came to Neptune, lord of the oceans, and begged him to be kind.

'Nothing,' she said, 'will placate the anger of Juno; she still attempts to drive my Trojans to their death, and even to frustrate the destiny our Father Jove reserves for them. She has even—do you not yourself know it?—invaded your sea-dominion, raised storms and created turmoil! But do you grant them a peaceful way, I beseech you, for the rest of their travel; bring them safely to their harbour—if my prayers are permitted, if indeed the Fatal Sisters intend that they shall found their city.'

Neptune heard her, and answered with smiles, reminding her how, of old by Troy and since upon the waters, he had shown grace to Aeneas. 'You do well to put your trust in my dominion, the sea whence you yourself arose. Fear nothing now; I will bring him safe, and safe with him all his company but one. One alone he shall seek and not find; one life shall be given for many.' Saying this he passed over the sea in his chariot.

High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before her father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play;
The choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The marshalled powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Inclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Aeneas felt the joy, and seized the favourable hour. The fleet passed swiftly on: in front went the flagship steered by Palinurus, and after it the

obedient array of the other vessels. Night fell, and all was good—all but the one loss that was to be asked of the Trojans. On the poop of the flagship itself, where Palinurus watched still, there descended, softly and surrounded by fatal dreams, Sleep itself, a god though in the mortal disguise of a friend, tempting the helmsman, whispering how calm the sea was, how steady the wind, how it was time to rest, and to cease from toil. Palinurus hardly looked aside. 'Trust the sea? I trust that monstrous treachery? I leave Aeneas to the loyalty of the winds, when I have known too often what a calm sky may mean to sailors?' His hand clasped the rudder; his eyes were fixed on the stars. The god was not to be so thwarted; he waved softly over Palinurus a bough drenched with the waters of Lethe, the river of oblivion, and magically charmed with deep Stygian spells. Under that influence the swimming eyes of Palinurus closed, and as they shut the god tossed his body over the side of the ship, though so close he held the rudder that part of that also was torn away. As he fell he cried out to his comrades, but they did not hear; the ship, and all the fleet, moved harmoniously on, safe in the divine protection of Neptune.

Only presently Aeneas himself became aware of what had happened and of the unsteered ship, and himself took the rudder, and as he steered, greatly mourned his friend, saying, 'O Palinurus, through too much belief in the peace of sky and sea, your body shall lie naked on a foreign shore.'

VI

With the morning the fleet reached Cumae, in South Italy, the home of a dreadful Sibyl, who in her huge and stretching cavern undergoes the influence and prophecies of Phoebus Apollo. It is a world-famous place, where (as the myth tells) Daedalus, when he flew (he, first of men to fly) from the kingdom of Minos, alighted safely, and there built a temple to Apollo, carved with all the ancient legends. One tale only was missing—that of Icarus, Daedalus's own son, who had failed in the flight. His father twice attempted to work in gold the story ; twice grief made his art impotent. But while Aeneas and the rest surveyed this marvel of building, those who had been sent to scout the land returned—Achates chief—and brought with them the awful priestess, a sea-god's daughter, by name Deiphobë. Briefly and sternly she rebuked their delay, and led them on to the shrine itself, the cavern to which through a hundred gateways a hundred avenues lead, and a hundred voices echo the voice of the Sibyl when she utters the words of Apollo. They had hardly entered the shrine when she cried out : 'Now is the time to ask your fate ! The god—behold the god !'

Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry stayed),
Her colour changed ; her face was not the same ;
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up ; convulsive rage possessed
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her labouring breast.
Greater than human kind she seemed to look ;
And with an accent more than mortal, spoke :

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll ;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turned, and, foaming as she spoke :
' Why this delay ? (she cried) the powers invoke !
Thy prayers alone can open this abode ;
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.'

The Trojans felt break out on them the cold sweat of fear. Aeneas prayed with passionate sincerity : ' Phoebus, always merciful to the miseries of Troy, by whose guidance the arrow of Paris pierced Achilles, you have brought me to these seas and continents and the tribes of farthest Africa. Now, now at last, we touch the fringes of a flying Italy ; then here let the fate of Troy cease to follow us. Here, O divine ones, heavenly deities, all of you who were once hostile to Troy and the fame of our ancient kingdom, here you may well be willing to spare the remnant. Most holy prophetess, to whom the future is clear, give us a home in Latium—I ask no more than the kingdom Fate decrees—and there let our household gods rest from their long journeys and all the restless powers of Troy. I will build there temples of marble ; the glory of Phoebus shall be honoured with feasts. A proper shrine shall be set for you also, prophetess. Only do not write the prophecy on leaves that the wind may scatter ; speak from your own mouth.'

Within the cave the Sibyl felt the power of the god. She struggled against the Deity that overwhelmed her, but he forced and formed her to his will ; open swung the hundred doors, and her cry leapt through the air. 'The dangers of the

sea were great; greater shall be the dangers of the land. You shall find your port, sorrowfully you shall find it, for war waits. You shall find repeated for you all the agony of Troy; another Achilles waits for you, and the anger of Juno always threatens. You shall seek help from all the cities of Italy—and the cause of this woe shall be the same as was of old, a foreign bridal. Yet be bold and fear not; from a Grecian town—can you think it?—salvation shall begin.'

So mysteriously the Sibyl spoke, and Aeneas answered that he would not fear all destiny, only he prayed for one grace. 'Here, it is said, is the gateway to Acheron and the shades; let me pass it, let me come again to the sight of my father. I brought him living from Troy, and he came with me through all my wanderings, beyond all that could be thought possible for his age. He bade me seek you out; he sent me here. O if ever any hero—Orpheus or Pollux—trod the depths of hell, have pity upon him and me. The power is yours; you are the lady of Avernus. Theseus and Hercules descended; the blood of Jove runs in me also.'

'Easy it is to descend, for the gates of Dis stand open night and day,' she answered, 'but to return—this is the task, this the real labour. Impenetrable forests lie around, and around them again the black waves of Cocytus slide. But if you are determined, then first go to the grove yonder; in it is a tree dedicated to Juno of the Shadows. It is hidden deeply among the others; it bears one bough alone—and that bough gold in stem and

leaf, which must be taken as an offering to Proserpine, the queen of hell. Pull it off; another, golden also, shall spring in its place. Pull; if the gods permit this purposed visitation it will break off easily and if not, no strength or steel will make it yours.'

Gloomy and uncertain, the Prince left the cavern, but his divine mother came to his help. She sent two doves, who, descending, alit for a moment at the hero's feet, and when he knew the sign, rose again before his delighted eyes, and flew on, leading him into the great gorge where were the gates of the lower world, and sinking at last on a tree from which among the green flashed the gleam of gold. Aeneas, following, saw it and sprang to it; the bough yielded to his grasp, and he carried it securely back to the Sibyl's home.

There was an awful cave, monstrous and immense, opening by a sunless lake, and hidden in the dark of the wood; no bird could fly near it, so pestilential were the vapours that arose from it. There the Sibyl offered sacrifices to the dreadful powers who rule the worlds below, and the Prince assisted her, till all proper ceremonies were accomplished. About the hour of dawn, the ground on which they stood began to rumble, an earthquake shook the high ridges of forest, and the noise of hounds baying seemed to rise, for the goddess came, Hecate, who is called Diana of the lower world. 'Depart, depart, all you who are uninitiate,' the Sibyl cried; 'depart and set no foot anywhere in the wood. Aeneas, go forward; go, with unsheathed sword and a bold

heart ; go.' She sprang into the cavern ; Aeneas, unfaltering, went on by her side with equal speed.

Gods, to whom the kingdom of souls is given, and you, O speechless phantasms, and you, Chaos and Phlegethon, silent districts of night, be it permitted to speak what has been heard of you, be it permitted by your authority to make clear what is hidden in darkness and the mid-earth !

They went on.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell ;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage ;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep
(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep ;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind ;
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;
The Furies' iron beds ; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad :
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumbered spectres more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands ;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheathed his shining steel, prepared,
Though seized with sudden fear, to force the guard.

Offering his brandished weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl stopped his eager pace,
And told him what those empty fancies were—
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.

Beyond these they came to that sorrowful river from which all that place and state are named, Acheron, wild with driving eddies, and heaving mud, and sand which it disgorges into Cocytus, the river of lamentation. At that crossing they saw a boat and one within it. His name is Charon, he is the ferryman of hell, foul and unkempt, with grizzly hair about his chin, burning eyes, and squalid raiment knotted about his shoulders. However aged he may be, he is able himself to control his boat and convey the dead across the waters; for the old age of a god is strong and lusty. There rushed towards him a great throng of the dead—women, and men, and mighty heroes; boys, and unmarried girls, and youths who had died too soon. They swept down on the shore; they hovered there, stretching out their hands in longing towards the other side, but the grim boatman made his choice among them, receiving some and thrusting off others. The amazed Prince asked the Sibyl: 'What are these spirits seeking? What judgement separates them in this manner?'

The Sibyl answered: 'This is Cocytus and the Stygian marsh. The gods themselves, if they use its name for an oath, dare not deceive. This throng of souls you see are those of the unburied; those who are sepulchred are carried by the ferryman—call him Charon!—across the river,

but he can take none whose bones are tombless, until for a hundred years the spirit has wandered on this awful bank. Then only can each achieve his desire.' Much troubled, Aeneas gazed at the troops of souls, and then suddenly he saw Palinurus draw near, who had fallen from the poop of the flagship when the fleet passed from Libya. When, in that vast gloom he saw the other's dim features, he called out to him : ' What god, Palinurus, tore you from us and flung you into the sea ? ' And Palinurus repeated to him the tale of his misfortune, and how for three nights he struggled and was carried by the waters, and on the fourth morning, rising upon a high wave he saw Italy. But while he clutched at the rocky shore the barbarians came on him and slew him, so that his body lay neglected. He adjured the Prince to find and bury it, that his spirit might reach its repose, or else now to carry him across the barrier of the river. Then the priestess, breaking in, forbade him to think of such unlawful things, or to suppose that the god's decrees could at all be changed by prayer ; yet she promised that the place where he had died should be known presently by his name, and offerings made to him there. So, a little cheered, the ghostly form withdrew and took sad pleasure in the things that were to be.

They passed on and came to the river bank. But as soon as the boatman saw them approaching he called out angrily : ' Whoever you are who come armed into this land, stand still, and tell me your name and business here ! This is the place of shadow, of sleep, of night ; my Stygian boat is

forbidden to receive a living body. It was not with my goodwill that I once carried Hercules across or Theseus. One carried off the dog Cerberus; the other sought to lay hands on Proserpine herself.'

The Sibyl answered: 'Be at peace: here is no such treachery. Cerberus may bark in peace, and Proserpine may reign in peace and honour. Aeneas of Troy comes now to find out his father, and if the sight of such a nobly duteous act does not affect you, lo, this bough!' and as she spoke she uncovered the golden bough that lay hidden in her robe. He saw it, and, over-awed, drove the craft to shore, cleared it of the crowding spirits, and received into it the mighty form of Aeneas. Beneath his weight that boat creaked and water trickled in through the strained seams, but at last the Sibyl and the Prince stood on the mud and grey sedge of the farther shore.

That bank is under the guard of Cerberus, the great three-headed dog, who crouches barking in a huge cavern fronting the passage of the river. His neck is maned with serpents, and these now, when the unaccustomed visitors landed, began to bristle and raise their heads. The prophetess, seeing this, flung the beast a cake made of honey and drugged corn, which he caught before it fell. As he devoured it his great form relaxed, and he sank on the ground. Once his vigilance was lulled, the Prince passed swiftly by, and came at last to the real approach of the world of spirits.

There broke at once upon their ears a great noise of wailing. Here first are the souls of infants,

who die on the very threshold of life ; and beyond them those who were falsely put to death—these Minos judges again, and this time truly. Another conclave of souls succeeds to these, those who for mere hate of life flung it away by self-slaughter : now they long for any earthly life,

> Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
> To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air :
> But Fate forbids ; the Stygian floods oppose,
> And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls inclose.

Not far from these is the region called the Mournful Fields, where those live, in secret paths or among thick myrtles, who died enduring the agony of love, and whom the pain even in death still pierces. Here Aeneas saw many famous of old, heroes and heroines of ancient tragedies, and among them, but lately dead, wandering through the vast wood, Dido of the Phoenicians. When, among those sad spirits, he discerned her form, dimly seen as a man sees, or thinks he sees, the new moon rising through clouds, tears began to fill his eyes, and he spoke in loving tenderness : 'Unhappy Dido, did the messenger speak truly who told me that the sword had made an end of all? Was I the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by all the powers above, by anything that is sacred in this depth, that I did not leave your land by my own goodwill. The gods drove me, as now among these shadows and through this night and blight, and I could not have believed I should have been the cause of so much grief. Do not yet go ; whom must you escape? This word is the last

that I shall ever speak to you.' So Aeneas said, wishing to mollify the burning glance that shone from her eyes, and wept while he spoke. But all the time her face was turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground; she showed no more concern for his words than had she been flint or rock. In the end she flung away and, forever at enmity, took refuge in the wood where her first lord Sychaeus met her with an equal love, while Aeneas, with pity and sorrow in his eyes, watched her go, heart-stricken by the injustice of her lot.

At last again he went on his way, and came to other regions where they dwell sequestered who once had great repute in war. He saw about him the pallid ghosts of many great Trojan champions, and some in ghostly arms and spectral chariots. These thronged him on both sides; it was not enough for them to see him once, but they must needs follow him and talk with him of his coming. Only the ghosts of Greek heroes, and the phalanx of Agamemnon, when they saw his harness shining radiant through the gloom, shook in fear. Some turned to flee; some raised a feeble cry, and found the vain shout failing in their very throats. But among the Trojan princes Aeneas saw Deiphobus, the son of Priam, who had married Helen of Troy after the death of Paris, and saw him mutilated in head and body, and hideously butchered. The hero called to him to know what horrible fate had so sent him among the wandering shades, and Deiphobus repeated the tragic story of the night of the fall of Troy. 'These wounds,' he said, 'are the last tokens of

Helen's love. On that night, while I lay sleeping in our bridal-chamber, she moved every weapon, and stole from under my pillow my own good sword. Then she opened the door, and called in Menelaus her former husband, thinking, no doubt, so to be reconciled to him and to have her old disloyalty washed out. They rushed into my room—gods, let Greece suffer like things! . . . But you, what do you here?'

The Sibyl, while the heroes spoke, stood by their side and interrupted: 'Night comes, Aeneas; time leaves us while we stand weeping. This is the place of the parting of the roads. On the right it passes under the palace of Dis; there lies our way to Elysium. The left path leads to accursed Tartarus, and the pains of the wicked.' Deiphobus heard her, and answered: 'Great priestess, do not be wroth. I go; I return to my darkness. Proceed, our glory; proceed, our own hero; better chance attend you!' he said, and vanished.

Then Aeneas, glancing back, saw to his left under a cliff a great fortress bound in by a triple wall. A river of fire flowed round it (the name is Phlegethon), and great rocks clashed together within the current. Full in face was a high gate raised on such pillars of adamant that no man—no, not all the banded strength of heaven—could overthrow them. On the height of that vast tower Tisiphone, chief of the Furies, sits unsleeping through all nights and days, her bloody garment tucked high. The sound of moans and pitiless stripes floated thence, and of clanging iron and

dragging chains. Aeneas grew pale at the noise. 'What kind of look has sin here? What punishment, what clangour is this?' The Sibyl answered: 'No innocent foot crosses that threshold. When Hecate made me mistress of Avernus she taught me the penalties due to the gods. Rhadamanthus rules there, and compels confession of every sin which man secretly commits and for which he delays atonement till death. The Furies dwell there. Look, now when the infernal gates open, do you see the wonder there—the Hydra with fifty heads, where the descent of Tartarus falls away, twice as deep below as enskied Olympus above? I have seen the Titans there, hurled down by Jove—Tityrus torn by vultures, and Tantalus thirst-tormented. All who hated their family or defrauded those who trusted them, who kept wealth for themselves alone or broke allegiance to their lords, all who desired and committed unspeakable sin. But come, let us go on our way; I see the gate where we must lay our offering.'

Through the twilight of those paths they came to the high arch which opened upon the place of the Blest. There Aeneas, before they entered, sprinkled himself with water, and there he planted the golden bough, fulfilling so the necessary duty to the goddess of all those realms. Then they passed in, and the Happy Fields lay before them—joy and fair sward and a richer air and a sun and stars which rule that world alone. There some strive in the mock combat of the games; some tread the dance and try the song. All delight that

was theirs on earth is still immutably with them, of chariot and steed and armour, of feast and quire and laurel. The company of those who fought and died for their country is there, and all holy priests ; poets who made their verse for the divine Apollo, and whoever by some new discovered art made life nobler ; every man whose service to men wins him grateful recollection. Central to all, and towering over all, stood Musaeus, father of poetry, and the Sibyl spoke to him : 'Tell us, happy souls, and you, best of all poets, where shall we find Anchises?' He answered : 'No fixed place is appointed any of us. We wander as we will. But come, I will show you an easy path.' They followed, and he, going before them, pointed out to them a way from the height where they stood to the radiant plain ; thither they passed.

Anchises was standing in a deep valley where he could behold the multitude of souls about to be, and studying, as if in a shadowy pageant, the history of his race, with all their fortunes, their habits, and their deeds. From these, once aware of Aeneas approaching him, he turned swiftly, eagerly stretching out his hands, and exclaiming : 'It is you ! You come at last ! You have found this dangerous way? I believed it would be so, and I was not wrong. But, O son, what perils you passed, what lands, what seas, you have crossed ! How I dreaded the hurt that Africa might do you !' Aeneas answered passionately : 'It was you, it was the sorrowful vision of you, my father, that drew me here. Let me touch you, and

withdraw no more.' Three times the Prince sought to embrace him ; three times the ghostly shape dissolved through his hands, as a light wind passes or as the wings of sleep.

But he saw, in that dim and sequestered valley, a rustling wood, and the river of Lethe flowing softly past those quiet dwellings. A great cloud of peoples and nations floated there, as if of summer bees descending on innumerable flowers and sending over the plain their busy hum. Seeing them he asked what the vision might be, what waters he beheld and men in massed array. Anchises answered : 'These are spirits to whom Fate shall give other bodies, and now they drink forgetfulness in Lethe. I have long wished to show you these generations of my children, that we may rejoice together over the discovery of Italy.'

Then Anchises began to unfold the mysteries. 'Know,' he said, 'that one spirit animates all heaven and earth, sea, moon, and star, and a mind throbs in all that mighty organism, from which spring all living things, man and beast and winged creatures and ocean monsters. Their origin is celestial ; but the body holds them down, and deathly fate in those elements of earth. This is the cause of desire, of fear and grief and earthly delight ; nor, even when they die, is all that mortal taint destroyed ; it has struck too deeply through their being. Purgation is needed, and some are cleansed by the winds, and some by water or fire. This purgation lasts—but some few indeed reach the Elysian fields and fully

possess them—until the incarnate stain is worn away, and only pure sense and pure fire remain. These whom you see are summoned after a thousand years to Lethe, that memory may cease in them and a desire awake to inhabit flesh once more.'

Then Anchises, pausing a little, drew his son and the Sibyl into the very midst of that throng, whence from a small height he might discern their movement and the features of whoever came; there he resumed.

'Hear now your fate; I will tell you of the glory that is to be—our noble children and blessed inheritors of our name. There first behold the son that shall be yours; his name shall be Silvius, a woodland king and the father of kings; he shall reign in Alba. Beyond him are his descendants who shall add city to city, and build towers and forts, and turn nameless places into names. There is Romulus, under whose power Rome shall rise into glory, her dominion shall be earth, her name as Olympus; her walls shall gird the seven hills, and her sons shall be soldiers. Look, look, this people!—Rome's and yours. Look, there is Caesar and all the Julian house, destined to rise into deity. And here, even here, is he to whom that divine promise you have heard so often shall apply—Caesar Augustus, son of a god. He shall bring back the age of gold; he shall sway his sceptre beyond Africa and India, beyond all measure of stars and sun. The Caspian and Maeotian realms shake already at the knowledge of his coming; wild confusion troubles the seven

mouths of Nile. Hercules never trod so far; no, nor he who goes with tigers and vines, all-conquering Bacchus. With this vision, shall any fear prevent our achievement? See, what others! There is he who shall first make laws for Rome, and he who shall raise again the standards of victory. See the man who shall first be called *consul*—Brutus who exercised his axes of justice against his own sons when they sinned. There are all heroes and patriots. But, O, if when these spirits whom you see at peace, while they dwell here, contend among themselves when they revisit the sun, what ravage and carnage shall there be! The father shall come from the Alps, and against him his daughter's husband shall raise the East. Children, do not turn your arms against your country! You first, O born of my blood! That one shall come from victory, from Corinth and Argos overthrown, and the city of Agamemnon and the descendants of Achilles; on all these he shall avenge the fall of Troy. There is Cato—there the two Scipios who shall be the curse of Libya—there Fabius who shall restore the whole state by a wise delay. Other nations shall shape bronze to form, or make marble live, plead with subtler voices or be wiser to know the courses of heaven and the rise of the stars. Romans, be it yours to bear dominion and impose peace, to spare the overthrown and overthrow the mighty.'

They wondered at his words, but he went on to speak further: 'Look, there is Marcellus—he at a crisis of war and confusion shall support the empire of Rome; he shall defeat Gaul and

Carthaginian.' Aeneas, gazing on the shadow, saw another at its side, an armed youth with unhappy face, and said : 'Father, who is he that goes with Marcellus? He seems noble, yet the night clings about him.' Then Anchises answered, 'O, my son, do not burden yourself with the grief of your people. He shall come to earth, he shall be shown there and then withdrawn. His name also shall be Marcellus. Did he live, Rome's power—even that—would be too great. No descendant of Troy shall bring such hopes, nor any child of Romulus. But the plain shall sound with weeping, and Tiber shall behold the rites of an unequalled funeral.'

So they wandered through the whole region, while Anchises spoke of the future of the City, and of the future of Aeneas his son, what wars he should meet, and how he should bear himself in all his labours.

Sleep has two gates : one, they say, is of horn—there all truthful spirits pass swiftly through ; one, of ivory, but through that all false visions rise, as they come out of the deeps. To this gate Anchises brought his son and the Sibyl, and dismissed them on their return.

VII

UNDER the moon, favourable winds driving the fleet, Aeneas set out on the last voyage. Their way went first by the realm of Circe the sorceress, and in the distance they heard the roaring of lions

and the noise of other beasts—those who had once been men till Circe's spells had transformed them. Neptune, however, sent a strong wind lest they should be so unfortunate as to approach that shore, and they passed safely by. In the morning the winds dropped, and as the ships moved slowly on, driven by the oars alone, Aeneas, gazing out, saw a coast thick with forest, in the midst of which the river Tiber came rushing and eddying to the sea. Birds were flying above, with gay feathers and pleasant song, appearing and disappearing among the trees. Then the fleet changed its course, and in obedience to the joyful command of its lord moved up the shaded stream.

The land lay at that time under the rule of King Latinus, an old man, and a descendant of the god Saturn himself. He had one son who had died in youth, and now his only child was Lavinia, his daughter. She was by now of marriageable age, and many neighbouring princes came to woo her. The chief of them was called Turnus and it was he that seemed most fitting for the maiden's husband. Latinus would have consented to the marriage, if strange omens and portents had not forbidden it. On a certain day at a sacrifice, celestial fire had burned in Lavinia's hair and head-dress, so that she seemed to scatter fire about the palace, and this meant, so the soothsayers declared, that she herself should find a glorious destiny but her people a difficult war. The king later had gone to the grove of his father Faunus, a forest-god, and had there inquired of an oracle ; there, too, he was warned not to marry his daughter to any prince of

Latin blood, for her husband was to be a stranger, and their descendants should see the whole globe spin under their feet. Latinus did not hide the answer of the oracle, and by the time the Trojans anchored by the shore all the cities of the land had heard the report.

Aeneas, and his captains, and young Ascanius had landed. They prepared a meal for themselves, and as it chanced (but Jove himself inspired them) the fruit which formed part of their food was set out on broad cakes of wheat laid on the grass. When all else had been eaten and they were still hungry, they took the square cakes too, and began to eat them. Then Ascanius said, laughing, 'We are even eating up our tables!' He stopped, for already his voice had prophesied the end of their toils, and his father caught the words from his lips, for, startled by the heavenly omen, he cried out: 'Hail, land of fate, long-promised! Hail, all you household gods of Troy! This is our dwelling, this is our own country. I remember now what Anchises once said: "Son, when on some unknown shore, your hunger shall drive you to gnaw your very tables, then you shall know your home, and build houses and a wall." This is the moment. Rise, and let us this morning explore the land to which we have come; but first make libation to Jove.' He twisted a spray of leaves about his temples, and led the invocations —saluting the Genius of the place, and Earth, and the Nymphs, and the gods of the yet undiscovered waters; then Night, and the stars of Night, and Jove, and his parents—Venus among the gods and

Anchises in Elysium. The Omnipotent Father answered, with favourable thunder repeated three times ; and let a cloud blazing with golden light spread forth in the skies. Then all the Trojans knew that here the City was to be.

The next day exploration began. Scouts came back to report where the Tiber sprang and its course and where the city of Latinus stood. Thither Aeneas sent an embassy, a hundred chosen men, bearing gifts and beseeching peace ; while he busied himself in marking out his first settlement, city or camp, and building round it mounds and palisades. The embassy came quickly to the city, and news of it was brought to the grey-haired king. He ascended his throne in the midst of the palace, and commanded the strangers to be brought before him. It was a noble building where the kings of Latium first received their sceptres and took their power. Images of the founder-gods and of all the kings were about the entrance, and by and on the doors many weapons, which were signs of victories won in the past. The Trojans entered, and Latinus spoke.

'What do you seek, sons of Dardanus—for we have heard of you and know the city from which you come. What purpose leads or what necessity drives you ? But indeed, whatever the cause, do not distrust our welcome. This Latin race is descended from Saturn. We are not forced to be just ; our will chooses it, following the custom of the old gods. I remember that Dardanus himself first set out from here ; though now he moves in

the courts of Olympus, and his altar is added to the altars of deity.'

Ilioneus, one of the envoys, answered: 'O king, we were not driven here by any necessity of the sea, by any storm or mistake in star or coast. We come freely and deliberately to your city here, being driven from a kingdom which was greater than any the sun could behold from Olympus. Our race began in Jove, and we glory in him; Aeneas the Trojan who leads us has in his veins the very blood of Jove. All men know of the struggle between the Trojans and the Greeks. We escaped from that destruction, we have fled over the waters. We ask now a little place on your coast, a little air and water such as are free to all. We shall never bring shame on you, nor shall you ever repent your gift. I swear by the Fortune of Aeneas, and by his right hand, which is strong alike for friendship or battle. Do not despise us because we come peaceably. Many nations and peoples have asked for alliance with us, but the will of heaven commanded us to your land. Dardanus was born here, and Apollo bade us return here—to Tiber and the spring of Numicius. Our Prince offers these poor gifts—caught from the fires of Troy: the golden cup his father Anchises used by the altars, the robes of Priam and the sceptre and crown he wore when he gave laws to the nations.'

Latinus heard and saw, and remembered the omens and oracles. He knew the voyager who was to come, and he answered the embassy with a glad heart. 'May the gods prosper us!' he

said. 'Trojans, I grant your wish; be the gifts exchanged. Let Aeneas himself come. Let him come if he seeks our alliance; we will show him the faces of friends. I will hold it peace to touch the hand of your lord. And now bear him also this message—I have a daughter whom heavenly voices forbade me to marry to my native bridegroom, for a stranger was to come, they said, by whose blood the name of Latinus was to rise to the stars. I think it was Aeneas they meant, and if I am right I will have him for her husband.' He gave the embassy royal gifts—and gifts of mightier value and beauty, horses of magical race, for Aeneas: then he dismissed them and they returned, peace going with them.

On that return, on gay Aeneas, and on all his fleet, the eyes of Juno gazed as, returning towards Olympus from a distant journey, she passed through the upper air. She saw the first hut already built, and realized that the dangers of the sea were done; Aeneas had come at last to land. In a rage of fierce hate she watched, and bitterly mocked herself for her ill-success. 'I have flung sky and ocean at them,' she said, 'and they have defeated sky and ocean and me. They have defeated me, the wife of Jove, the queen of heaven, though I have left nothing undone, undared or undevised, to destroy them. My godhead, it seems, is too feeble; I will seek help where help may still be found. If I cannot influence the heavenly deities, I will stir up the hell of Acheron. He must have his Latian crown? Lavinia must become his wife? Be it so, but at least I can delay

that end, and extinguish the subjects of both kings. Let father and son meet in that massacre. The maid shall have a bloody bridal and a warlike. Venus is the mother of a fiery torch, a second Paris, a deadly flame for this new Troy.'

With these words the terrible goddess sank to earth, and drew up before her, from the place of avenging powers and the infernal night, Alecto. Now Alecto is she whose heart has high pleasure in war and treachery and abominations of every kind. Her father Pluto hates her, and even her Tartarean sisters hate her monstrous form, which can take many forms, all horrible, while infinite serpents breed in her black head. Juno spoke to her, inciting her with fresh words—urging her to undo the peace, and with as many mischievous arts as she had names of bitterness to spread sin and guilt and blood between the accorded hosts. She urged fiercely and the other burned to respond. Alecto, deeply infected with the poison of hell, flew on to Latium and the king's palace; she descended before the door of the chamber of the king's wife Amata. Amata was weeping, for she had been anxious that Lavinia should marry Turnus, and the news of the day had pierced her heart. The dreadful fiend drew from her own snaky hair one coiling serpent and thrust it into the queen's bosom, thrust it deep down to lie on her heart. The reptile slid between robe and breasts; its breath went about her; it climbed to the gold ornament about her neck, and higher still to the long fillet, twined round her locks, and softly slid again about her limbs. As that pestilence

did its first work (for as yet the venom had not pierced her breast) and her frame began to throb with the fire, the queen spoke again to her husband, as a mother might, entreating him to reconsider his word and the promised bridal, pleading for Turnus, weeping and praying. Her vain words poured out, and the stealthy poison maddened her, and Latinus stood unmoved ; at last her whole being yielded to the torture. She sprang up in frenzy and dashed wildly through the city. Even that mortal rage was not enough ; she was driven to terrible sin, for she pretended that she had been seized with the divine madness of Bacchus, and she sent out the signal call of those mysteries. All the women of the city heard and answered. In skins of fawn, seizing the vine-wreathed spears, they sprang from their homes, and followed the maddened and dissembling queen. Lavinia was carried in that rout to a secret hiding place in the hills, for all went rushing to the hills. They called the sacred words : *Evoe Bacchus !* and the queen in their midst tossed high a blazing torch, as Alecto struck at her on either hand. So they wandered in the forests and the lonely dwellings of the wild beasts.

Once the universal madness had been awaked, and Latinus left with broken purpose and ruined household, the dark goddess took her way to another house. She came to the land of the Rutulians, the people Turnus ruled, to the city of Ardea, where Turnus lay sleeping in his house. It was midnight when the fiend, changing her hellish form, took the appearance of an old woman,

a priestess of Juno, wrinkled and silver-haired, wreathed with olive. In this quiet guise Alecto stood before the young prince and spoke to him, asking if he were willing to see all his hopes lost, urging him to rise and strike at the strangers, assuring him of Juno's favour. But Turnus laughed and answered: 'I know; their fleet is in Tiber. And Juno remembers us. But, mother, you are old and worn; you are troubled with useless care, and vainly alarmed. Keep watch, as is proper, over shrines and temples, but leave us men, who make war, to manage war.'

Furious at the words, Alecto flamed into anger and became again herself. Turnus shook in terror and horror as the great shape arose before him, and her eyes burned, her serpents writhed and hissed, and she shrieked at him: 'I—I old and worn—look at me who am troubled with useless alarms! Look well! I come from the place of the terrible Sisters, and I carry war and death!'

She flung her torch towards him; the smoking fire struck his heart; sweat poured out over him. He sprang madly up, and ran for his weapons, driven by blood-lust and raging anger. He shouted for his captains, and commanded them to march against King Latinus and against the Trojans. 'I am coming,' he said, 'and I am enough for both Latins and Trojans.' All ran to obey, and each outwent the other in the preparation for arms.

But Alecto fled fast to the Trojan camp. Ascanius was hunting there, and the infernal maid drew

a hot scent across his hounds, and drove them in pursuit of a stag. This was the beginning of war, for a great stag, tamed by the king's ranger Tyrrheus and his daughter Silvia, and their especial care, wandered often by night, and to-night also it went safely until the hounds scented it, and flew on its track, and Ascanius shot an arrow which wounded its flank, but not so much that the wounded beast could not gain its stall. Silvia saw it, and shrieked for help, and the countrymen came running. They came fast, for still Alecto lurked in the quiet woods and stirred them, and rudely armed, with stakes and clubs; and Tyrrheus ran also, carrying an axe and calling his men. Then the fiend swept to the roof of the stall and there blew the shepherds' summons, putting all her hellish energy into the blast, till all the woods and waters heard and shook. It rang men to battle and they came; on one side, all the country folk; on the other, the men of Troy. Steel met steel; first fell the eldest of the sons of Tyrrheus, and then others, till all along the plain the war opened and the uncertain strife went on.

The infernal goddess rose on wide wings to the height of heaven and spoke to Juno, boasting her work, promising greater things, delighting in the evil she had done. But Juno answered: 'Be this the marriage of Venus' son; this be the bridal willed by Latinus. But for you, our sovereign lord does not permit you to wander at will through this ethereal air; depart. If more is needed I will deal with that myself.' Alecto, therefore, abandoning the sacred heights, flung herself down and

plunged her dreadful godhead again into hell, and lightened sky and earth of her terror; while the queen of heaven deigned to give one last pressure to the war. The shepherds had rushed back into Latium, bearing their dead with them, crying to the king; and Turnus was there also, shouting about his supposed wrongs and the invaders' triumph; and there came the riot of women, pouring in from the woods, so strong upon them was the name of their queen. All the tumult roared round the palace and round the king. He withstood them, rocklike defeating the mad ocean. But at last, when no power subdued them, and no sign from heaven answered him, he gave way. 'Your blood, my people,' he cried out, 'will avenge this night. Turnus, punishment awaits you for this sin: you shall call too late on the gods. I had come into peace, and now I shall be robbed of a quiet death.' He fled into his chamber, and abandoned government.

In the city stood then, as afterwards in Rome, a great temple of Janus. It was the custom then for the king, as later in Rome for the consul, when war was declared, to unbar the gates of that temple. Now all called upon Latinus to do so, but he was hidden. Then the goddess Juno herself, flashing down from the empyreal height, struck the gates with her own hand and burst open the doors of war. At once the whole country and all its cities, till then calm, broke into flame. Standards were everywhere raised; footmen gathered; horsemen came spurring wildly; and every tongue called for weapons. Five cities armed—Atina,

Tiber, Ardea, Crustumeria, Antemnae. All the workers in armour ran to labour. This was the end of the plough and scythe ; agriculture ceased, for their fathers' swords were drawn out to be reset, and the trumpets sang, and everywhere the countersign of war was passed.

Many heroes and kings gathered to the standard of Turnus. Among them were Mezentius, king of Lydia, who despised all the gods, and his son Lausus ; and Aventinus, clothed in a lion's skin, the prince of Argos ; Caeculus, the founder of Praeneste ; Clausus, of the Sabine race, from whom the Claudian house sprang in after days ; and many others from all the Italian districts that lay around. Turnus was in the van, wearing a helmet crested with the Chimaera.

One other chieftain came, Camilla of the Volsci, a maiden warrior. Her girl's frame was strong to battle, and her feet moved so swiftly that, if she had run over the blades of growing corn, she would not have harmed them ; if she had run over the sea, her feet would not have felt the water. Crowds flocked to see her as she rode—a purple cloak dropped from her white shoulders ; a golden circlet held her hair ; her hands bore the quiver and javelin.

VIII

TURNUS and his chiefs set to work to raise all the troops possible. The fields were stripped of workers, and the kings raised levies on all sides. Venulus was dispatched to the city of the Greek

Diomedes, to beg his alliance, to tell him how Aeneas had come and was already proclaiming himself the king appointed by Fate: whether Diomedes desired this he might, Venulus said, himself decide.

While the Latin forces thus gathered, Aeneas was pondering his plans. One night, as he walked by the Tiber, he flung himself down on the bank of the river, exhausted and unhappy, and as he lay sleep came to him. In his sleep there rose a vision through the poplar leaves—one white-headed, wearing on his hair a crown of reeds, clothed in a grey-green cloak, Tiber the River-god. He spoke encouragingly to the troubled Prince: 'Fear no more; heaven thwarts you no more. This is your certain home, and the true shelter of your household gods. Lest you take this to be only a dream, you shall find presently on my banks a huge white sow, with a litter of thirty young ones. White is she: and this shall be a sign that after thirty years Ascanius shall found here a White City and call it Alba. Believe me then, and I will show you what to do. There is in this land an old Arcadian people, whose king is named Evander, and who are always at war with the Latins. Make a treaty with them—for which purpose I will myself guide you to their city. When you have conquered, you shall pay me proper adoration, for I am Tiber, heaven's best-loved river.'

The river-god spoke, then sank again into his lowest pools, while the hero woke, and sprang to his feet. But before he hastened on the errand, he dutifully gathered water in his palms, and prayed

to the Nymphs who preside over rivers and to Father Tiber himself, invoking him and blessing him. This done, he selected two galleys, ordered them to be armed and manned, and set out up the stream. Before the ships moved, in the still night, suddenly Aeneas saw the omen—the white sow and her white litter; he took and offered all in sacrifice to Juno, entreating her to hate him no more. Then they rowed on, and the river was quiet before them; all night they rowed between the woods; it was the next noon before they saw in the distance walls and a tower and scattered roofs, the poor kingdom of Evander then, and now by Roman power raised loftily to equal heaven. The prows were turned to the bank and Aeneas stood in the stern, ready to land.

A voice called to him from a mound at a little distance. It chanced that that morning Evander, his son Pallas, and his chief men, were offering sacrifices in a grove near the town, when suddenly, coming noiselessly through the twilit wood, they beheld the tall masts of galleys, and sprang hastily to arms. Pallas seized a spear, and running to the mound, called to the strangers to speak their name and business, and whether they came in peace or war. Aeneas answered: 'We are men of Troy, who are now at war with the Latins, and we come to speak with Evander. Go and tell him the Trojan ships are here, seeking alliance with him.' Pallas was quick to welcome them, when he had recovered from his first awed amazement, and to conduct them to his father whom Aeneas courteously greeted. He recalled to Evander's mind

ancient tales which showed that both races had a common origin, and went on to say that, relying on this old kinship, he had sent no separate embassy, but had himself come in supplication—'I and my life are in your hands.' He urged the enmity of the Latins to both Arcadians and Trojans and how if the Trojans were expelled, nothing but subjection (so the Latins believed) awaited all Italy.

Evander answered joyfully. Many years before, Priam with the great lords of Troy had visited Arcadia, and among them the young Evander had admired Anchises, and had made friends with him, so that when at last they parted they had exchanged gifts. For this memory's sake the king promised alliance and succour; meanwhile he invited the Trojans to join in the holy rite that was then being celebrated.

But when the ceremonies were done Evander led Aeneas to his town and dwelling, talking with him, and telling him of the great deeds that Alcides (called Hercules) performed in that land. He told of the overthrow of Cacus who stole the hero's cattle, and dragged them to his horrible cavern, and how Alcides, in desperation at finding no way into it, had torn up a great pillar of flint and dashed it on the hill, which split and the wide dwelling of Cacus lay exposed. He told of the long combat and the robber's death, and of the joy that filled the land; and as he spoke the procession of priests raised an ancient song and praised the hero for the strong salvation he had brought.

Also he spoke of those happier days when Saturn ruled, and all was peace, and of later

invasions, of his own far journeys, and of the oracles that had sent him to the land, warning him of what should be and of the greatness that was there to have its beginning. By now the king and his guest stood among places that all the world was to know from their glory of after days. There was a grove where Romulus was to set up a place of safety, and the Lupercal under its rock—then dedicated to Pan ; there was the Tarpeian rock, and the Capitol—now golden, then a mass of tangled thicket. But even then a dreadful holiness frightened the country-folk, and they shook before wood and cliff. 'This grove,' the king said, 'is inhabited by a god—what god we do not know. The Arcadians believe that they have seen Jove himself, as when he thunders and raises storms. These towns are remnants of older times ; this Janus built, and it is called Janiculum ; this Saturn, and it is Saturnia.' In such talk they came near to Evander's poor house, and they saw the cattle wandering where now is the Roman Forum and the shining splendour of Carinae. At the doorway the king paused. 'Alcides once entered here,' he said ; 'dare then, my guest, to despise wealth and to shape your soul to the form of duty ; be not scornful of our needy lives.' Then he gave Aeneas a couch—leaves and the hide of a Libyan bear—and night fell.

Meanwhile the care of Venus for her son sent her to the god of the celestial smithy, Vulcan, her husband, to whom with many fond phrases she exhibited the danger of the Trojans, and tenderly sought his help. He knew her persuasions, and

gave way to them, so that at the full hour of that very night he came to his workshop in Aetna. There the Cyclops laboured at a thunderbolt for Jove—its elements were three parts of rain and three of cloud, three of fire and three of the north wind, with terror and noise and fear and anger. Mars's chariot also they fashion there and the shield of Pallas Athene in which is fixed the Gorgon's head. But now Vulcan broke in on them, and bid them put all that work aside, for they were to make new arms for a hero. All made haste to the work, each at his proper task, till the arms were finished, and among them a mighty shield, plated seven times in circles. One by one they lifted their mighty arms and turned the metal in the tongs.

While Vulcan thus toiled in Aetna, the dawn and the birds' songs awoke Evander. He went out of the house, in tunic and leopard-skin, his sword slung by his side, and his two dogs followed him, and there he met Aeneas who had also risen with the morn. Pallas accompanied his father; with Aeneas was his great friend Achates. The four returned to the guest-chamber to talk of their affairs. The king said that, though the Arcadians had won high renown in war, yet at that time their numbers were small and their power limited. The Rutulians were pressing them hard on one side; on the other the river hemmed them in. Nevertheless he had an army, though not his own, to offer. Not far away was an Etruscan district once ruled by the tyrant Mezentius, who had been guilty of many abominations. He had murdered some and bound others,

still living, to the dead that they might slowly perish. At last his people had risen against him and driven him out to find a shelter with Turnus among the swords of the Rutulians. But the Etruscans, still in arms, were demanding that he should be given up to them; only they had not yet ventured to attack, for their soothsayers forbade them to advance till they should find leaders from beyond their own frontiers. In fact, they had offered the crown to Evander, but he thought himself too old. He now proposed that Aeneas should assume the leadership of all the armies—Trojan, Arcadian, Etruscan. Pallas should go with him to learn the art of war, and four hundred horsemen should be the king's contribution to the grand alliance.

Aeneas and Achates listened and were considering the plan, when their hesitation was ended by a sudden outbreak of thunder and lightning. Glancing up, they saw the quiet sky, and in among the flashes and peals a vision of crimson armour, clashing in the clouds. All but Aeneas were appalled by the sight, but he, turning to the king, cried out: 'Friend, this vision is meant for me. My mother promised me that when there was need she would bring me armour made by Vulcan. O, now what massacre waits for the Latins! What justice will I take on you, Turnus! O father Tiber, you shall flow over many shields, and helms, and bodies of fighting-men! Now let us see them draw up their armies and break their treaties!'

Moved and rapturous with the celestial sign he made haste to divide his men; a chosen few to

follow him to battle, the rest to return quietly down the river in the ships. He took a hasty farewell of Evander, who in turn lingered over the unwelcome parting from Pallas his son. Then, while the old man swooned with the pain of separation, the gates of the town were flung open, and the column of horse moved out. Aeneas and Achates rode first; in the centre came Pallas, in blazoned armour and an embroidered scarf. Once the town was left behind, and the eyes of the women who watched them from the walls, the column broke into a gallop, and so continuing, came presently to the plain where the Etrurian host lay camped. There they halted at last, and being well received, rested, and bathed, and were refreshed.

Aeneas was bathing alone in the stream, when the Divine Venus descended from heaven, bearing the armour which was intended for him. She made herself visible to him, and thus she spoke: 'Look, son, see the gift which my lord's art has finished: in these you may well defy the enemy's forces, and Turnus their leader, to battle.' She embraced him, and then drew him to survey the arms which she had laid beneath an oak. In high joy he gazed at them—helmet and sword, breast-piece of brass, greaves of electrum and gold, the spear, and the indescribable fabric of the shield.

On this shield Vulcan had fashioned all the future of Rome, and all the generations that should spring from Aeneas. The mother-wolf was there, lying in the cave of Mars, and the two boys, Romulus and Remus, played about her, while she caressed and licked them. Close by this was the

rape of the Sabine women, when they were seized by the Romans at the time of the Games, and the wars to which the deed gave rise, and the final treaty of peace. There also was the death of Metius, who sought to betray Rome and was condemned by Tullus to be torn at the tail of chariots. The siege of Rome by Porsena was shown when he wished to impose again the rule of Tarquin upon the City, and the citizens defending their freedom, Horatius defending the bridge and Cloelia swimming the river. There was Manlius guarding the Capitol, and the silver goose which gave warning that the Gauls were entering the City ; the Gauls were on the height, with golden hair, golden armour, and necklaces of gold. Vulcan had fashioned also the Salii and Luperci, priests in caps of wool carrying shields that fell from heaven, and the processions of matrons. He showed Catiline hanging on a cliff for his conspiracy in the dark world of Dis, and Cato proposing laws to the just. All about and between flowed the sea, dolphin-peopled ; and in the very midst was the image of the battle of Actium, and the fleets at war. There on one side Caesar Augustus led Italy, her people, her senate, her household gods and the gods of clear heaven. Flames rose from his forehead, and over him shone the star of Julius his father ; and elsewhere his lieutenant Agrippa led his column of ships. But on the opposite side Antony came, leading barbarians and many mixed tribes, Egypt, all the East, and utmost Bactria, and by him went—O, iniquity !—his Memphian paramour.

Moving they fight : with oars and forky prows
The froth is gathered and the water glows.
It seems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main ;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet ;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly ;
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbal tossed, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was ! Who had not yet divined
Her cruel fate ; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose the ethereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield
Is graved, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent ;
And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the press : her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height
Pours down his arrows ; at whose wingèd flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal mistress hoists her sunken sails,
And shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figured her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast ;
In which, he wraps his queen and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks expressed ;
And Rome triumphant with his presence blessed.

Three hundred temples in the town he placed ;
With spoils and altars every temple graced.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame : before each altar lies,
Drenched in his gore, the destined sacrifice.
Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone ;
Accepts the presents vowed for victory ;
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquished nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue. . . .
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan laboured, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace ;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

IX

The Divine Juno saw these happenings from heaven, and once more sent down Iris her messenger to earth. It was to the prince Turnus that she came this time, and spoke thus to him : ' Turnus, you might have hoped in vain for the good fortune that is offered you now. Aeneas has left his camp, his fleet, and his men, and has gone to the kingdom of Evander—to-day he has gone even farther, to the Lydian army, where he is about to take charge of their country rally. This is the time when you should be charging on his deserted camp : away to the attack ! ' She uttered the summons, and again sprang skyward, leaving behind her, as she

went, the arched rainbow which is her peculiar sign.

Turnus wasted no time from obedience. He arranged his forces in three squadrons, with Messapus leading the first, himself the second, and the sons of Tyrrheus the third. The army swept across the plain like some great river—like Ganges rising high through seven great streams in the stillness. A cloud of dust rose from their movements and hung over the plain, and the Trojan sentinels, looking from the camp, saw it rolling towards them, and called to their comrades who were outside the palisades. Aeneas had given strict commands that, in case of any attack, the whole body of his men were to retreat to the camp, and not make any sally or risk battle in the open field. Against their will, therefore, they hastened in through the gates, and presently closed them fast, and manned the walls. From this security they watched the coming of the enemy, and Turnus first, for he with twenty horsemen had ridden on in advance. Now, sitting his white horse, wearing a golden helmet plumed with red, he called to his men : 'Is there any one among you will ride by me against the enemy? Look!' and he flung his spear in the air—an ancient sign and challenge in war. His followers shouted loudly in answer, and the little band of horse went charging about the camp, seeking a way in, or some means to lure the Trojans out.

The camp was backed against the Tiber and the shore : behind lay the ships. Turnus called for fire, and presently he and his whole troop,

carrying smoky torches, hurried towards the vessels, either to destroy them or to force the Trojans to leave the camp in order to protect them. But a greater power had presided over their first building; when, away in the mountains of Troy, Aeneas had first begun to shape his fleet, the eldest of deities, the mother of all the gods, who is called by the names of Cybele, and Rhea, and Berecynthia, and simply *Magna Mater*, the Great Mother, had made an appeal to her Omnipotent son Jove, saying that the ships had been built from a grove of pine and maple which had been sacred to her and had been by her willingly given to the Trojan leader in his need, and now she asked one boon, that neither wind nor wave should destroy the ships made from those trees: 'be it counted to them for good that their roots were in my hill.' To whom the supreme lord had answered: 'Can ships built by men possess immortality? Mother, would you control Fate? The gods themselves have not this power. No; but when their end is come, this I will do for all of these vessels that reach Italy—I will take from them mortal form, and make them nymphs and goddesses of the sea,' and as he spoke, he nodded his awful head, swearing by the waters of Styx, and all Olympus shuddered at his nod.

It chanced, therefore, that now, when it seemed that Turnus was about to set fire to those vessels which had found the appointed harbour, the Great Mother took hold on her son's word. A strange light flashed before the eyes of Turnus and his men; and from the East a cloud of radiance rose

and spread through the whole sky, and in it was heard the chanting of the quires of Mount Ida which is by Troy. Then a terrible voice sounded through the air, and both armies heard it, as it called: 'Trojans, do not hurry to defend these ships; Turnus shall as easily set fire to the ocean itself as to them. Go freely; go, you Sea-goddesses. It is the Mother who commands you!' At once the vessels plunged and broke their cables; they plunged their prows into the river, and dived as dolphins do deep below the surface, and a marvellous sight was seen—many faces of maidens, diving and glancing through the waters. The flow of Tiber itself paused for a moment; and fear fell on all who watched. But Turnus, courageous even at such a time, cried out to encourage his men: 'These omens are against the Trojans and not against us. Their only means of safety has vanished. They cannot escape now, and the whole of Italy is arming against them. Destiny—and Venus—have done enough for them in bringing them here; it is our turn to be the favourites of Fate. Who will be ready to storm the palisades with me? We shall not need the belly of a fraudulent horse to defeat them; they shall find out that they are not fighting any longer with those Greek armies which Hector could hold at bay for ten years. . . . But since day is almost ended, a day which has been so fortunate for us, rest now, my friends, and wait to-morrow's battle.'

That night, therefore, the Rutulian army bivouacked about the camp, and fourteen captains,

each with a hundred men, were set specially to watch the walls. The Trojans above could see them, and beyond them the fires of the rest of the army. They themselves worked at the defences within, strengthening the gates, throwing gangways from point to point, making all preparations. The captains whom Aeneas had appointed —Mnestheus and Terestus—directed everything, and all night the changing guards kept vigil along the height.

Among those guards, at one of the gates, was young Nisus, a squire to Aeneas himself, and with him his friend Euryalus, whose handsome cheeks did not yet need a razor. They shared the watch as they were used to fight side by side, in a single love, and talked together in the night. Nisus said : 'Is this ardour within me sent by a god, Euryalus? Or does every man turn his own unachieved desire into a god? If only I could do some great act in battle! Look now, you can see how scattered the Rutulian fires are ; the men have been drinking and are now asleep. Listen to what I am planning. All our people agree that it is urgently necessary to recall Aeneas. If they will agree to whatever reward I shall ask—the reward shall be yours ; the deed itself is reward enough for me—I think I could find a path under the mound yonder that would bring us to Evander's city!' Euryalus answered, thrilled : 'Nisus, do you want to leave me? Could I let you go alone? I did not learn such lessons as a boy, or when I shared the sorrows of Troy, or all this while that I have been following Aeneas to his destiny. I

despise life in contrast with honour as much as you.'

'I had no doubt of *that*,' Nisus said, 'so Jove be my witness and my protection! But if I were killed I should want you still to live—you are the younger, and there would be one to bury my body or at least to do the proper rites for my spirit. Besides, your mother is with the army—the only mother who has come with her son—and I would not be the cause of her misery.' Euryalus only said: 'These pretences of reason are futile. I am not so easily changed; let us make haste.'

They awoke their comrades of the guard, and leaving the gate, hurried to where the chief captains were holding a council in an open space, leaning on their long spears. The two young men begged to be heard at once, and Ascanius permitted Nisus to speak. Briefly he put forward his plan; the gate nearest the sea opened on a path where the Rutulian fires seemed to be fewest; he knew the country (he said) from much hunting, and had seen the outskirts of the Arcadian township. An old councillor, Aletes, hearing him speak, exclaimed 'Gods of our fathers, who still protect Troy, you will not wholly destroy our people while you give such courage to the young. What reward shall we offer you, brave men? Heaven's blessing and your own hearts' knowledge will be the greatest; Aeneas and Ascanius shall see to the rest.' Ascanius broke in—'Our salvation lies in this. If indeed you bring back my father—Nisus, I swear by the gods of my house, we will make you great

gifts now, and when we have conquered you shall have the horse and weapons of Turnus and the land of Latinus: all shall be yours. But, Euryalus, you and I are more of an age, you shall be my friend and closest comrade. In peace or war, in deed and word, you shall know all my secrets and be sharer of all the glory I can gain.'

Euryalus said: 'Give us but good fortune and we will not fail. Only now—I have a mother in the camp and dare not tell her what is on foot. Comfort her, help her; do but promise me this and I shall be bold for anything.'

'Your mother shall be mine,' Ascanius answered, moved by a love so like his own. 'I swear by my life, as my father is used to swear, all that I promise to you if you return safely, I promise to your mother and your house.' He undid his own sword and gave it to him; the other captains saw that both the young men were suitably armed, then accompanying them to the gate, they blessed them, and let them go.

The two crept across the trenches and approached the Rutulian camp. There, as they came near, they saw that the men had all been feasting and were now lying about in drunken sleep. Nisus, seeing this, said to Euryalus: 'This is our road, but we need to make the most of our time, and not to fear to clear our path by slaughter.' Both therefore stole among the sleeping men, killing as they went. Euryalus half-inclined to linger there, destroying his foes, but the wiser Nisus urged him on. 'We have cut a way; we have done enough for vengeance, and day is near.'

The younger man obeyed ; only, before he came, he snatched here a golden belt and there a shining helmet and put them on. It was a rash deed, for when they had got beyond the Rutulian lines and were making for a path on the left, there came suddenly, along the main road, a squadron of horse sent from King Latinus to Turnus, and at that moment the light of the moon fell on and was flashed back from the stolen helmet. Volcens, the captain of the Latin horse, called out : ' You there, stand ! Who are you ? Where are you going ? ' The two made no answer, trying to slip away into the wood and the darkness, but they found their enemies hurrying to bar the ways. Euryalus, burdened with his booty, hampered by clinging boughs, and moved by sudden fear, wandered from the path. Nisus, however, not knowing this, had succeeded in slipping right past the enemy when he found himself alone. He looked round, hesitated, retraced his steps, heard behind him the noise of the horses and the calling voices ; then suddenly he heard a shout, and in the uncertain moonlight saw a band of the Latins dragging Euryalus along. With one prayer to the gods he flung one of his javelins ; a Latin soldier fell. Another struck down a second soldier. Volcens, seeing them fall, but not able to see the slayer, turned on his captive with drawn sword. Struck with terror at the sight, Nisus rushed forward, calling out : ' It is I, it is I, you want. I am the guilty one : he neither would nor could— his fault was only to love me too well.' It was too late ; Volcens had struck. In a last mad rage

Nisus flung himself at the group, burst through them till he came to the captain, and struck him down just before he himself, pierced and wounded, fell upon that which had been his friend, and found peace.

> O happy friends! For, if my verse can give
> Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
> Fixed as the Capitol's foundation lies,
> And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The dawn saw both army and camp early astir and arrayed for battle. The death of Nisus and Euryalus became known to the Trojans because their heads, fixed on spears, were carried round the walls. News of it came—too soon! too shockingly!—to that mother of Euryalus. She ran wildly to the walls, and there broke into shrieks and laments, till at last she cried to the Rutulians to slay her too, or to Jove to smite her with thunder—'for in no other way can I break the cords of this accursed life.' The Trojans, themselves weeping, gently forced her away. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the Rutulian lines swept forward to the attack.

The fight raged fiercely. The Rutulians sought, under roofs of shields, to break through the walls, or to scale them by the help of ladders; the Trojans, used to ten years of such warfare, stabbed down with their spears or flung rocks that crashed through the shield-roofs. One great tower of wood was fired by Turnus himself, and half-burned, half-overweighted by a crush of defenders, fell in ruin. Notable deeds were done on all

sides ; on all sides heroic warriors, of high reputation, fell in the battle. There Ascanius shot his first arrow of war—at a certain chieftain who had lately married Turnus's younger sister. He was shouting taunts at the Trojans, calling them girls, when Aeneas's son, with a prayer to Jove, drew his bow and let the shaft fly. Jove heard and blessed it : the enemy chief fell. 'Go,' Ascanius cried, 'go now, and make mockery of our courage!' The divine Apollo looked down on the battle and took pleasure in the youthful prince. 'Well done,' he said, 'you who shall become the father of gods! Under your descendants shall be the time of universal peace.' So moved was the god that he hastened from his heavenly throne, and putting on the appearance of an old squire who had once been the armour-bearer of Anchises till Aeneas had made him his son's servant, came to Ascanius. 'Enough now, child,' he said ; 'the gods have granted you this much, but retire and take no more part in the battle.' He said, and vanished into air ; the Trojans, in wild passion, recognized the passage of a god, compelled Ascanius to obey his word, and in renewed courage flung themselves into the fight for their leader, their City, and the future of the world.

In this fervour two of the Trojan champions at last threw open one of the gates and dared the enemy to enter. In the conflicts that followed the Trojans gained the upper hand ; they began to make successful rallies, and the Rutulian forces gave way. Turnus saw the rout beginning. In person he came to the gate, and flung himself

within. So fierce was his onslaught that the Trojans were compelled to retire in their turn, and the Rutulian prince raged in the camp. But the Trojans succeeded in closing the gate against his followers, and Turnus was so mad with slaughter that even when he stood almost victorious he did not think to open it: had he done so, that day had closed the war and ended Troy. He chose rather to hurl himself at his enemy within the walls. Many he slew, and all the while the queen of heaven was with him, giving him fresh energy, turning aside the Trojan spears. The captains of Aeneas came hurrying to the place. 'Where,' Mnestheus called to his men, 'where do you mean to escape now? What other city are you making for? Cowards, think of your native land, think of your gods, and of Aeneas.' He rallied them by such shouts, and in his turn Turnus began to retreat, falling back step by step towards the river. Even then he charged twice, and the others fled twice before him. But more and more men came running up, and the supernatural strength Juno gave him failed; for high above the Omnipotent compelled her to desist from giving him aid, and allow him to withdraw from the towers of Troy. His mail cracked under the blows of spears and swords; his plume was cut away. At last, gasping and sweating, he reached the bank, and leapt in full armour into the Tiber. The yellow stream received him gently, bore him up, washed off the blood and sweat, and laid him in safety again upon a more distant shore.

X

WHILE these things took place on earth, above earth on the height of Olympus the Omnipotent opened the starry halls to the council of the gods. They gathered there while the Lord of all spoke to them :

> 'Ye gods,
> Natives or denizens of blest abodes !
> From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
> This backward fate from what was first designed ?
> Why this protracted war, when my commands
> Pronounced a peace, and gave the Latian lands ?
> What fear or hope on either part divides
> Our heavens, and arms our powers on different sides ?
> A lawful time of war at length will come
> (Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),
> When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome ;
> Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
> And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
> Then is your time for faction and debate,
> For partial favour, and permitted hate.
> Let now your immature dissension cease ;
> Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace,'

he said, and ceased, and golden Venus made answer to him :

'Eternal Father—for who else is there to whom we can pray ?—look down and see how the Rutulians triumph, how Turnus rides victorious over the war. The camp itself is stormed, and Aeneas is far away. The walls of our small Troy are again threatened. The wounds I once received shall bleed again ; she who calls you father shall again direct the spear of a mortal man. If the Trojans came to Italy against your will, let

them suffer for their sin, leave them now without your succour. But if they only obeyed the word of the gods of heaven and the spirits in the depths, why do any re-order fate? Need I speak of the ships deceitfully fired, at the word of Iris, or of the winds loosed from the cavern of Aeolus? Now she is raising hell itself—the only chance left so far untried—and Alecto, sent through the air, rages over the town. I think of empire no more; let victory fall where you will. If the queen of heaven will leave no corner of earth to my Trojans, I will appeal to you only for one thing—the life of Ascanius; let my son's son live. Aeneas may be thrown to chance; but let me carry his child to one of my own calm homes. He shall live out his days there without any risk of glory. Let Carthage war on Italy; he shall not be there to hinder them. What good is it that he has dared so many dangers? You had done better to have let him stay among the ashes where Troy was—and is not. O Father, my lord, give back to my miserable folk their native rivers: let the Trojan people control again the fate of Troy.'

Passionately imperial Juno broke in on her speech. 'Why do you make me break my silence, when I am determined to hide my own grief? Who made your Aeneas march against King Latinus? Necessity drove him to Italy—well, but did we compel him to leave the camp, risk his own life, and abandon the battle to the judgement of a child? What tyranny did we exercise on him? Did any Juno or Iris compel him to these pranks? O, it is a sin in your eyes when the

Italians attack the Trojans, but when the Trojans assail the Latins, when they gather booty, and tear the bride from her lover, pretend a peace and provoke a war, what do you say then? You shield Aeneas, you turn his ships to nymphs, and yet it is a fault if we assist Rutulia! "Aeneas is far distant"—there let him stay! "Your calm homes"—why meddle in war, then? Did I begin the whole tale of catastrophe, or that man who first broke the peace in stealing Helen, a Greek wife? Did I give him weapons or shoot arrows of war from the bow of Cupid? That was the time to fear for your son; it is too late now to come hurrying with complaints and vain insults.' As she ended all the gods murmured their approval, some to one of the two, some to the other, as winds shake the woods and the seaman knows that a storm is rising. But the Omnipotent, the First Worker, spoke again, and at his voice the heavenly hall was silent, earth shook, and all else was still—the vast empyrean, the winds, and the obedient ocean. 'Listen then, and learn. Since Italy and Troy will not be at peace, and your quarrels have no end, to-day I will show no favour to one side or the other. Let each do his work and bear his fortune. Jove is lord over all alike, and Fate shall find its own way.' He swore by Styx and nodded, and all Olympus shook; then he rose from the almighty throne, and the deities brought him to the threshold.

All this while the battle was raging, and the Trojans were hard pressed by the enemy at all the gates. The heroes fought nobly, and Ascanius

—Venus's best care and Troy's hope—shone like a gem set in gold among the press. The day drew to a close, and the camp was yet untaken though the exhausted Trojans with difficulty maintained the defence with sword or rock or arrow or firebrand. Now night came, and in the night Aeneas was sailing on the river. There had been no difficulty or delay in making a treaty with the Lydian king; 'the leader from beyond their borders' whom they awaited was recognized and their army was committed to his charge. They embarked, and Aeneas's own galley led the van, where the Prince sat planning the strategy of war, and its changing decisions. Pallas was near him. Thirty ships followed, carrying the various captains and their men: Massicus and Aleas and Asilas the seer, Astyr and Cupavo—Cupavo, whose father having been the friend of the ill-fated Phaethon, eased his heart in song, until he was changed to a white swan, and in that shape rose to the stars. Oenus also came, the child of Manto and the river of Tuscany, who gave Mantua its walls and the name of his mother; and Mincius who led the rebels against Mezentius, and Aulestes.

The moon was high in the heavens; Aeneas sat at the tiller of his ship, for he could not sleep. As he gazed on the waters he saw there a gracious company swimming to meet him, the Nymphs whom the Great Mother had bidden his ships become: each ship a Nymph, each Nymph a deity. From a distance they had seen their king and came to him; they circled the ship, dancing, as it were, in the waters. Cymodocea, who had

the loveliest voice, caught the poop with her right hand, and raised herself breast-high from the flood which her left hand divided: 'Are you awake, Aeneas, god-descended?' she called. 'Wake, and make speed: it is we—once the pines of Mount Ida, once the vessels of your fleet, now nymphs of ocean. We broke your cables to escape from Turnus, and we have come to seek you. The Great Mother gave us this grace and this changed shape. But battle and flying spears and trench and palisade shut Ascanius in. Turnus means to move his squadrons and separate your army from the camp. Be quick; call your men to their weapons. Believe me, and the sun to-morrow shall shine on the heaped bodies of the Rutulian dead.' So saying, she dropped away, but first, with a thrust of her right hand, she drove the ship upon its way; it flew swiftly on, and as swiftly the long line of vessels, each in quickened motion, followed it, so that by dawn they were in sight of the camp. Aeneas lifted his right arm high in the air, and the shield of Vulcan blazed in the sun. The besieged Trojans saw it and shouted. At first Turnus could not understand this, but suddenly, turning his head, he saw the galleys, and all the sea alive with ships. On the first of all, like some comet, streaming fire from helmet and shield, Aeneas was at hand.

Turnus was undismayed, but he had to decide in haste which squadrons he would lead against the new foe and with which maintain the siege. There was little time; already Aeneas had flung out the gangways and his men were hurrying on

to the land. The leader of the Arcadian forces behind would not even pause for such delay. He remarked a spot where the sea seemed, without shoals or breakers, to flow gently up the shore. There he set his vessel straight at the beach, and called to his other ships to do similarly. All succeeded except his own; that struck a shoal and after a while broke in two, leaving its crew to struggle in the water.

By this time the Latian line had been formed and came charging. Trumpets sounded on both sides. The part of the line that Aeneas led came dealing death; many heroes fell before it, and most before the weapons of the Prince himself. But the Arcadian line under Pallas was less fortunate. The ground was too uneven for cavalry charges; and they were not used to attacking on foot; presently they began to break. Pallas threw himself among them, calling, blessing, encouraging, and setting them the example of himself, flung himself into the hostile ranks. He struck down Lazus, and Hisbo, Sthenius, and Archemolus, Larides, and Thymber, Rhoetus and Ilus. The Arcadians had rallied at his summons, and nobly now they fought in their lord's support, and won back all they had lost.

Turnus heard of this, and came hurrying in his chariot. He saw what was happening, and called to his men to desist. 'This,' he said, 'is my business: alone I will meet Pallas. Would his father were here to see!' Pallas heard, and as the Rutulians made way for their lord, he answered, 'Soon a dead chief or a noble death shall bring

me glory. At either chance a father will smile : cease to threaten.' He sent one prayer to his ancestor Alcides, who high in the heavens heard and could not restrain a sob, which Jove heard. Then the Omnipotent said :

' Short bounds of life are set to mortal man :
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light ;
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe ;
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
E'en Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death.'

At that moment Pallas flung his spear. It struck Turnus and, piercing his armour, grazed his shoulder. But as Pallas drew his sword to maintain the fight the well-aimed spear of Turnus drove through shield and corselet, breast and heart. The young prince caught the spear and wrenched it away ; at once with the steel the life poured out. He fell prone, his armour clanging, and death took him. Turnus stood over his body, calling out to the Arcadians : ' See, I give back the son according to the proper merit of the father—whatever glory is in a grave or consolation in a bier. The welcome of Aeneas shall not be a cheap thing.' Then, with his left foot on the corpse, he tore from it the heavy figured belt, for man's mind is careless of the chances of fate and cannot moderate its delight in good fortune. A day was to come when Turnus should wish he had made Pallas safe even at a great cost, and hate the swift spoil he now seized. His comrades laid the body on a shield and bore

it away—to return it to his father, a cause of great grief and greater glory.

No mere rumour but sure news of this and of the imminent defeat of his men was brought to Aeneas. He made haste to the place, while there flashed before his eyes all the history of those three days, and his first welcome by Pallas and Evander at their table. His spirit grew fierce, and he desired only vengeance. First he overcame and took prisoner eight young men, to be kept alive till he could sacrifice them to the soul of Pallas. At his next opponent, one named Mayus, he flung his spear, but Mayus, stooping low, ran in beneath, and flung himself on the ground, begging for mercy and offering ransom: 'Troy does not need my death to be sure of victory.' He appealed to Aeneas by the soul of Anchises and the life of Ascanius, but Aeneas answered only: 'Let your ransom redeem your sons! In Pallas's death Turnus—not I—annihilated such conditions of war. This is the answer Anchises and Ascanius make,' and struck him dead to the earth. So, leaving many bodies of great champions behind him, the Trojan prince raged over the plain and scattered death and horror, and behind him his men broke out of the camp and came charging on their enemies.

Then beyond these things the Omnipotent said to Juno: 'Sweet wife, you said wisely; this is the power of Venus and not that of their own arms or their undaunted hearts.' The goddess answered submissively: 'Most fair consort, why will you torment my sick heart? If you loved me still,

would your power refuse me this grace—to bring Turnus safely from the field? But let him die then; yet he, too, is kindred to us, and has brought many gifts to your temples.'

The Lord of Heaven made short reply: 'If you mean for him a short reprieve, if you will understand me so, have your will; but if you conceal a deeper hope beneath, and think the conclusion of the war may be changed, you nourish a foolish hope.'

'Ah, if your heart might yield though your tongue forbids,' she said, weeping; 'My mind foresees his end—but might it be a liar, and you—for you can—turn this beginning to a better end.'

She rose upon the word and shot from heaven, sending storm before her, till she hovered between the armies. There she created from a cloud a hollow phantom of Aeneas, without substance, without might, but it wore a mockery of the hero's arms, and had a voice like his, though without a mind to use it. It was like one of those ghosts which come when death is over or the shapes that haunt the brain in sleep. It ran out before the Trojan lines, and its voice—so the goddess ruled—taunted the Rutulian prince, and its unreal hand shook the unreal spear. Turnus made haste towards it; it turned and fled. Then, drunk with the charmed deceit and false hope, Turnus pursued, shouting mockeries. The phantom fled to the shore where the vessels of the allies lay, and darted up the gangway of one of them, as if it hoped to be hidden there, and Turnus ran fast after it. As soon as his feet touched the deck the

queen of heaven struck the cable in two and her power drove the ship out over the ebbing tide. Then the phantom rose in the air, and disappeared in the darkness and mist from whence it came, while the ship carried Turnus, for whom Aeneas was searching in the battle, farther and farther out to sea. Turnus himself, ungrateful for his rescue, and in a frenzy of anger at his apparent desertion of his comrades, raved and prayed to Jove, and to the winds. So black seemed his dishonour that he purposed to stab himself where he was, or else to leap into the sea and attempt to swim back to land. He attempted, more than once, to do both, but the pity and power of Juno prevented him, and kept him safe until at last the ship was carried by wind and wave to the shore of his own domain.

Meanwhile the battle still raged. In Turnus's absence Mezentius led the assault against the enemy, and terribly they endured, though all his rebellious subjects surrounded him. But they dared not come near, however strong and just their hate ; not a single one drew sword against his sword. They cast spears from a distance, and he shook them off as they struck and stuck in his shield. Yet at last some heroes dared to meet him, and fell, and others by others' arms. Mars, the lord of battles, dealt death impartially, and from the halls of Jove the gods pitied the vain anger of both sides and were saddened by the greatness of man's pain. Venus here, and there Juno, sat gazing, and in the field below the Furies ran wildly among the armies.

At last Aeneas and Mezentius drew near each other, and each made ready for that encounter. Mezentius, as he swung his spear and measured the distance, thought to himself: 'Now, my strength of hand—the only godhead I know—and you, my spear, assist me! Son Lausus, I will seize this pirate's arms for you.' He flung his spear; it went awry and struck one who stood near. Then Aeneas flung his own with better aim; it pierced the shield of Mezentius and wounded his groin. Aeneas drew his sword and sprang at his enemy. But Lausus—let the dead be remembered, and the harsh end of one so young and glorious—saw his father stumbling back and the Trojan prince following, and dashed in between them. Unexpectedly he struck up the sword; Aeneas came to a halt. The friends of Lausus followed up the daring intervention, shouting and flinging their spears. Aeneas, understanding who bore against him so, and hampered by the storm of steel, cried out: 'Why will you go beyond your strength? Fool, your honour deceives you.' Lausus would not give way; at last Aeneas struck, and the young man, wounded to the heart, fell dead before him. Even at that moment the Prince, seeing the white face and the dying glance, remembered his own love for his father, and said, pausing above the body: 'What can Aeneas, himself a lover of the good, offer you, unfortunate one, in token of your courage and honour? Keep your arms, at least, and be united with your father's house—if that now means anything to you. Let this one thing

appease your misfortune—it was Aeneas who slew you.'

Mezentius had retired a little from the battle, and was resting against a tree, when suddenly he saw the comrades of Lausus whom the Trojan had commanded to bear off the body on a shield. He knew at once what had happened, and in a passion of grief blamed himself for the end of his son and himself and the actions which had caused his people to revolt. 'I owed my own life to their vengeance: would I had paid! But I am still alive, still I have not abandoned the sight of men and of the light—but I abandon them now.' So saying, he got to his horse, and as he mounted said to it: 'Rhaebus, we have lived a long time, if anything that has to do with man can be called long, and now either we shall avenge Lausus or we shall die together, for I do not think, brave comrade, you will endure to obey a stranger or any Trojan masters.'

He charged, shouting, at Aeneas, his hand full of spears, and three times he careered round the Prince, flinging them in turn; three times the Prince, turning, caught the forest of steel on his shield, till at last he flung his own which struck the great war-horse full in the forehead. It reared, lashed the air, and, flinging its rider off, fell across him. Aeneas ran up with bare sword. 'What now,' he said, 'of Mezentius and his fierce spirit?' The other answered: 'Why taunt? Kill me; that is no sin. Lausus has made no merciful treaty between us. Only one thing, if there be any right for the conquered, I ask you:

I know my people are waiting around in fierce hatred. Preserve my body from them, and let it be buried with my son.'

When he had said this he awaited the blow of Aeneas ; it fell, and death received him.

XI

That day ended, and with the next dawn Aeneas turned to two tasks. First he made an offering to the gods, especially to Mars, god of battles, of the armour of Mezentius. He raised an oak on a mound, stripped of its boughs, and clothed it in a helm and breastplate ; there he hung shield and sword and spears. His captains were about him ; he cried to them : ' See, the greatest thing is done. Fear nothing in what remains. We march now to Latium's walls and Latium's king. See that everything is ready, forestall the battle in spirit and in hope, that no delay may interfere when the gods direct us to move on. Meanwhile let all the rites be done for our dead comrades, by whose death we have gained a new country ; especially for Pallas—let his body be sent to the city of Evander.'

Himself the first he came to the threshold of the place where Pallas lay, watched by Acoetes, once the father's squire, then sent as guardian to the son. Aeneas entered, gazed on the still body, the white face, and the spear-pierced breast, and said to dead Pallas : ' Unfortunate boy, did Fortune grudge you to me ? I promised Evander better

things. At this moment perhaps he, deceived by futile hopes, is offering gifts to the celestial powers upon his altars, while we, with futile tears, raise the body that now owes nothing to any celestial power. Yet you shall see, Evander, no coward, and no shameful wounds, nor shall you endure the worst of deaths—the thought of a dishonoured son. O, but what a strong arm is lost this day to Italy and to Ascanius!'

He bade a thousand men prepare to accompany the corpse and join their mourning to Evander's grief. Others plaited boughs to make a bier and a canopy. Aeneas himself brought two robes stiff with gold and purple, woven for him by Carthaginian Dido with her own hands—and she had found it a joyful task. He laid one over the dead youth, and prepared the spoils of the battle, commanding that they should be carried in procession with the dead, and the prisoners he had kept to be sacrificed, and great tree-trunks whereon the names and armour of the chief Rutulian dead were borne. Acoetes followed, and the chariot of Pallas, stained with the enemy's blood, and his battle-horse. His spear and helm were carried there, and then came his own Arcadian men and the Trojan escort, with weapons reversed. Aeneas watched the long procession move by, then he said only: 'The grim fate of war calls us to other griefs. Hail for ever, great Pallas, and for ever farewell.'

By this time there had come from Latium an embassy, carrying olive-boughs in sign of peace, and begging that they might have leave to collect

and bury the bodies of their dead. Aeneas, ever attentive to the holy rites of religion, willingly consented, and went on to say: 'Why have you refused my friendship, Latians? I would have peace not only with the dead but with the living. Not I, but Necessity appointed this place for me. I made no war; it was your king who preferred Turnus to me. It had been more just that Turnus should have fought with me here, and whoever the gods permitted to live had lived. Go, perform the rites.'

Drances, the elder of the envoys, who was an enemy to Turnus, answered: 'Hero of Troy, is your piety or your courage the greater? We will carry this word to our city, and if any chance permit, we will make fresh alliance between our king and you. Let Turnus find friends where he may. We will rather build the walls of your destiny; the rocks of Troy shall be carried on Latian backs.' At that, they made a peace for twelve days, and both sides gave themselves to the gathering of the dead, cutting down trees and building the funeral pyres.

Far off also the funeral train of Pallas reached his city. A rumour of their coming had gone before, and the Arcadians came out, according to their ancient custom, with torches for burial, so that, between the fields, the road was marked by a long line of flame. The Trojan escort came down it into the city, where the women were wailing and weeping, and as the mingled bands came on Evander rushed into their midst. The men who carried the bier paused and set it down;

the king flung himself on the body of his son. Presently, however, he rose, and after high and sorrowful speech addressed to his son, he turned to the Trojan escort. 'I do not blame you,' he said, 'or your king. Go, but bear him this message: "That I live still is due only to you, who owe Turnus to me and to my son. This is all that your merits and your fortune can pay. I ask no joy in life—it would be sin—but only to have this news to carry to my son among the ghosts below."'

So there and elsewhere, while the day grew high and faded, rose voices of lamentation and fires of funeral. Each man, after ancestral custom, carried the bodies of his kindred to the pyres, and night had fallen as the flames went up. Three days passed in the ceremonies; on the third, men were levelling the heaped ashes and covering the charred bones with earth. The grief was highest in the city of Latinus, and there was the greater part of the agony. Many cries went up against Turnus; many cursed the war and Turnus as responsible for the war: he, they said, who claimed the ruling voice in Italy, should have been willing to decide the issue by his single sword. Drances incited them to these cries, saying that it was Turnus alone whom Aeneas was calling and defying. Yet many stood for him still; the name of the queen sheltered him; and his proved prowess was his support. While this wrangle was going on there returned to the city the embassy that had been sent to win, if possible, the alliance and aid of the Greek king Diomedes.

They brought news that he would do nothing ; no gifts and no pleas had availed. Latinus, groaning in spirit, and well aware that Aeneas was supported by the will of heaven, called a council of all his chief men. They hastened to the palace ; in their midst Latinus sat unhappily on his throne, and bade the eldest of the envoys speak.

He stood up—his name was Venulus—and addressed the gathering. He told how they had come to the city of Diomedes, Arpi in Aetolia, and had presented their requests to the king. He had listened to all they said ; then he had spoken, and this was his answer : ' People of Latium, descendants of what was once Saturn's realm, what ill-luck draws you to dare such a battle ? We who drew the sword against holy Troy—and I do not now speak of all who fell before the city—we have paid for our sin everywhere by pains that Priam might pity. Menelaus has been driven from his home and wanders an exile. Ulysses has looked on Aetna and the Cyclops. King on king has found his realm ruined. Agamemnon himself fell, stabbed by his own wife on his own threshold ; he conquered Asia, but an adulterer conquered him. I have been forbidden by heaven to see my land again or the wife for whom I long, and my friends, by dire vengeance changed into birds, fly over the rivers. No less than this was my doom when my mad sword struck the flesh of deity and impiously wounded the right hand of Venus. No, truly ; urge me to no more such combats. I have kept up no war with the Trojans since the city fell : I will neither rejoice in nor remember

those old griefs. Give to Aeneas whatever gifts you bring for me. We have fought him, our hand to his ; believe us, who know how giant-like his form, how like a whirlwind his spear. Had the mountains of Ida brought forth two more like him, Troy would have been invading Greece. It was Hector and Aeneas alone who delayed our victory for ten years, both mighty in spirit and shining in arms, but this man pre-eminent also in all pious duties. Make what treaty with him you can, but take good care your weapons never crash against his.'

'This,' Venulus ended, 'was the answer of Diomedes,' and at once a murmur broke out among the Latins, till the king began to address them. He spoke briefly of the past ; the war had been ill-advised and evil-omened, but at least they need not blame themselves for lack of courage. All that could be done had been. Now he proposed that if the invaders were determined to remain on that soil, a part of his territory should be ceded to them, and all might dwell at peace ; if, however, they were free to depart, then ships—as many as and of what kind they desired—should be built for them. Finally, that a fully-accredited embassy, of the best nobles of the city, should carry these terms to the enemy. He paused and awaited their advice.

Drances sprang to his feet, a man of generous purse and ready tongue, slow to battle but able in faction. 'We all know our fate,' he said bitterly, 'but we dare not speak of it, till *he* permit it, he whose fatal strategy and evil spirit—yes, let him

threaten, but I *will* speak—are the cause of our misery to-day. Send your daughter, O best of kings, to the Trojans; that is necessary to the covenant. But if we fear this man too much to name it, then let us implore and beseech him to let us have our own rights. Why will you fling your native folk into danger, you who cause all the Latian misery? Peace is all we ask you to grant, Turnus, peace and this marriage so necessary to peace. I first of all, I whom you think your foe—even though I be, I fling myself at your feet. Be pitiful; you are defeated; yield! Or if you must have a palace for dowry with your wife, then at least be bold enough to meet the enemy. Must we unvalued creatures die that you may make a royal marriage? Bear the burden yourself; if you have any courage, dare to look in the face the man who is shouting for you now.'

Turnus answered him, groaning for sheer anger, and flung back taunt and defiance. After looking at Drances with scorn, he turned to the king, and begged him, if he thought one defeat had concluded the whole war, to be content to sue for peace: but better it seemed, if any courage remained, to attack once more. Diomedes might fail, but there were allies, both present and to be obtained. And if they demanded that he alone should fight—'I am not so unused to victory that I should fear the deed. I have devoted my life to all of you and to the father of my bride. Does Aeneas call on me alone? So would I have him call; and Drances shall neither bear the wrath of gods, if such be, nor, if this be, receive the honour and the glory.'

While they were all talking, news was brought that Aeneas had moved out of his camp in line of battle, and was marching from Tiber across the plain. There was an immediate uproar; the younger men shouted for weapons; the older wept and murmured. Turnus seized the chance. 'Sit you here praising peace, citizens,' he called, 'while they burst on the kingdom in arms!' Then, running from the hall, he gave swift orders to his captains, and himself armed in all haste for the battle. Latinus was left to despair his lot, while all his people hurried to the walls; the hour of the last effort called everyone out. The queen and the older women went to pray in the temple of Pallas, and with them they took the maid Lavinia, the cause of so much evil.

As Turnus, armed and ready, ran from the palace and reached the gate, Camilla met him; behind her were her Volscian horse. She leapt from her horse as the prince came, and her men likewise dismounted. 'Turnus,' she said, 'if any reliance on themselves is permitted to the brave, I will promise to meet the cavalry of Aeneas; grant me this—to meet the first danger, while you, nearer the town, guard it on foot.'

'Maiden and glory of Italy,' Turnus answered, 'what thanks can I offer? Rather now, since your spirit is above praise, consent to share the effort. It is said—and my scouts confirm it—that Aeneas has sent his light horse only across the plain, while he with the rest of the army is marching upon the town by a road through the mountain. There I go to set an ambush for him: do you charge

against the horse on the plain. I will detach Messapus, and the Latin squadrons, and the men from Tiber with you ; take command of all.'

He parted from her, and led his own division into the mountains. There was a winding glen hidden among them, shut in by walls and woods ; a narrow path leads to it. Above is an empty stretch of ground, convenient to meet battle on either side or to attack by rocks and spears any in the glen below. Thither went Turnus, and there lay among the woods in wait.

Meanwhile in heaven the goddess Diana called to her Opis, one of her maiden band. ' Camilla is on the march,' she cried ; ' she has put on her arms in vain—Camilla whom I loved. This is no new thing, this love, for when her father fled from his native land, because of his love for freedom and his hatred of the tyrant then ruling there, he carried his baby, Camilla herself, upon his breast. On the bank of the river Amasenus his flight was checked, for it was running high under heavy rain. In sheer despair at last he made a case from the bark of the forest cork trees, and laid the child in it, covered her, and bound it to the centre of his great spear. Then he poised it, and with one prayer imploring my protection for the child whom in that breath he dedicated to me, flung it across the river so that it stuck in the ground ; he himself plunged into the stream and forced his way over. He came safely, and safely recovered the spear. But after that he lived alone and unsheltered in the hills. Camilla was suckled on mares' milk, and taught the use of

javelin and bow as soon as she could walk. So she grew, a maid skilled in warlike feats, content to live Diana's life : would she had been content to remain aloof from this battle ! But since it must not be so, since she must fall, go you, and take my quiver and bow. Whoever wounds with his weapon that consecrated flesh, let him repay me with his own blood : myself will then bear her to a grave in her native earth.'

The Trojan advance at this moment was approaching the walls, squadron deployed beyond squadron. Camilla on the other hand, with her subordinate captains, came riding hard against them. At the first charge, however, the Latin line broke, and failing to recover, galloped back towards the city, with the Trojans behind them. Twice the fugitive horse rallied, and the foremost pursuers recoiled and retreated on their main body ; then again the Latins turned and fled on. But the third time they made a more desperate stand. Camilla fought continuously, whether halting or compelled to retreat. Her quiver was at her back, and one breast was bared for the fight, as was the Amazonian habit. Her most faithful maids were by her, Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia ; the champions of Troy fell before her.

One, the son of Aunus, came by chance into her path. He was then on foot and had enough quickness of mind left in his terror to call out to the maid : 'Ah, what gallantry is this—to trust your horse ! If you were to meet me on foot you would find who should pay the boaster's penalty.' She leapt angrily from her horse, and stood facing

him ; but he, as she sprang, leapt back upon his own, and galloped off, thinking to escape. The trick infuriated the maiden and she ran—swift as flame—so that she crossed the horse's path and caught its bridle ; she and her enemy came face to face and swiftly and easily she took her vengeance.

One watchful enemy, however, she did not see—the young Arruns, who continually hovered after her as near as could be in the general mêlée. He tried every means of approach, his spear ready in his hand, but the swiftness and turmoil had thwarted him when, as it chanced, Camilla's eyes fell on a certain priest who rode among the Trojans wearing splendid armour and mounted on a horse splendidly accoutred. Purple and gold he shone, and Camilla saw him. Moved either by a desire to fix his armour in some temple of her own or to wear it when she followed the chase in her own country, she let herself be lured to follow him. Arruns saw his moment come. He prayed to Apollo—sending a double entreaty. ' Apollo, grant that this spear may bring down the maid. I ask no spoils from her and no trophies, grant me only her death and a quiet return to my father's city ! '

Apollo heard, and granted half the prayer, but half he threw to the winds. Arruns flung the spear ; Camilla, intent on her glorious prey, took no heed, until suddenly it struck her beneath the breast and she fell. Her companions ran to lift her. Arruns also fled, half in joy, half in terror, and hid himself in the throng. Camilla, feeling that her life was going, turned her head to Acca,

one of her band, and panted out: 'Acca, I have done what I can; now everything grows dark. Go to Turnus; tell him to take my place and keep the city from the Trojans. Farewell.' The coldness of death took her; she was freed by degrees from her body's burden; her weapons fell; and her angry life fled away, with a moan, among the shadows. But all around an immense clamour broke out, and all the squadrons of Troy and Arcadia and their allies charged at once upon the foe.

Only Opis had watched from the mountains, and seeing Camilla fall, and paying her the tribute of lament, saw also Arruns thrilled with pride at his deed. 'Come,' she murmured, 'come hither; reward is here. And must such as you be slain by the arrows of Diana?' So she drew an arrow from the quiver, and levelled it, drew the bow, and loosed the arrow; in the same one moment Arruns heard the strident sound of the shaft and the singing of the air, and felt the iron in his breast. He lay gasping; his negligent comrades left him lying there; and Opis through the air spread her wings for Olympus.

But Camilla's horse were in flight, and all the Rutulian squadrons, captains and soldiers racing for the safety of the city walls. A riot of mingled men, fugitives and pursuers, reached the gates and had begun to enter, but some ran to close the gates upon the surging massacre, so that the rest of the Latin troops found themselves excluded. Nay, more, as they dashed up to gates and walls the guards attacked them from within, and the

women from the walls, fearing the invader, full of passion for their land, and willing to share with Camilla the glory of such a death.

Meanwhile Acca found Turnus in the mountain woods and told him all : the defeat of the Volscians, the death of Camilla, the pursuit by the Trojans, their victorious army outside the very gates, and panic upon the walls. He therefore, however angry, was compelled to withdraw his troops and return to the city. Hardly had he done so when Aeneas entered the defile, where now no ambush lay, marched quietly through, and came out upon the plain. No great distance separated the two armies, and both marched swiftly towards the city. Almost at the same moment Aeneas saw the cloud of dust over the plains and the long line of battle, and Turnus knew that Aeneas was come, for he heard the marching and the noise of the horses. Even then they had faced each other, but the day was too near its end, and the sun almost set. The armies therefore made their separate camps before the town and their soldiers watched from the opposing palisades.

XII

TURNUS came into the city and found all eyes on him, looking to him to fulfil his promise of single combat. His pride, his anger, and his courage burned high in him ; he hastened within the palace and addressed the king. ' There

is no delay in me, no reason why these Trojan cowards should retract their words. I go. Do you, sire, prepare to solemnize the truce. Either I will throw this Trojan vagrant from Asia into Tartarus (and the Latins may sit and watch), or he may govern where he has won, and Lavinia may be his bride.'

Latinus, holding a quiet heart, answered him : 'It is well, but so rashly brave as you are must I in turn be vigilant and cautious. You have cities and wide lands, and I have gold and goodwill. There are unmarried maids enough, of noble birth, in Latium and the surrounding country. Hold it not discourteous that I make that word plain, and this no less take and brood on : The voice of gods and seers forbade me to marry my daughter to any of her wooers of old. Yet when our kinship, and my love for you, and my queen's tears overcame me, I interfered with the bridal, and falsely drew my sword. You see what has followed—we have been twice defeated, the river Tiber is warm with our blood and our bones bleach on the plains. And I—O madness !—who would agree to the treaty if Turnus were dead, will not stop the conflict because Turnus lives ! What will Italy think of me if (be the chance averted !) I let you go to death while you are asking me for my daughter ? '

The king could not moderate the anger of Turnus. He answered, as soon as he could find voice : 'Let me attend to my own honour, though I die for it. My sword brings forth blood. His mother-goddess will be far from him ; she will not

be able to conceal him in a cloud when he is running or hide herself in shadows.'

The queen caught and held him. 'You are our only hope,' she cried; 'all our kingdom, all our falling house rests on you. Do not risk this fight. If you die, I die: I will never endure to be taken prisoner and watch the marriage of Aeneas and my child.'

Lavinia, standing by, heard her mother, and wept and blushed. She stood, ivory stained with purple, and Turnus looked at her, and was incensed with stronger passion. 'No tears, mother,' he cried. 'I cannot put off my destiny. My herald, bear this message to the foreign tyrant. To-morrow let the armies be at peace; we will determine the war by our own blood alone, and the husband of Lavinia shall be found on that battlefield.'

He passed into the house and there overlooked his arms—his horses, and their charioteers; his breastplate, shield, helmet, and sword: a sword which his father had received from the god Vulcan after it had been dipped in the waters of Styx. He tried his spear, calling to it with prayers that by its aid he might strike down the enemy, then tear off his breastplate, and defile the hair with dust, which was once curled by hot irons and drenched with myrrh. He was caught in a wild frenzy, and sparks seemed to fly from his face; he was like a bull which bellows and tosses his head and stamps as a preliminary to the battle. Meanwhile in his own camp Aeneas prepared, in joy that the proposed truce would put an end to the

war. He explained to his troubled friends and to Ascanius, who was full of anxious fears, the certain decrees of Destiny, and sent messengers to King Latinus with an answer laying down the terms of peace.

The evening came, and the Rutulian and Trojan soldiers were early at work making preparations for the duel. They measured the lists and raised the altars to the gods worshipped by both sides; others made ritual preparations, bringing water and fire. Presently the armies marched out, Latins and Trojans and their allies, and took up their appointed grounds, their captains distinguished by their purple and gold. Each man, as soon as he had reached his place, thrust his spear in the ground and leant his shield against it. The women, the old men, and all who did not carry arms, were gathered on the walls and the roofs of houses and by the gates.

On the height of that hill which is now called Alban, but then had no name, nor any honour or reputation, the goddess Juno stood, and from there as goddess to goddess called to the sister of Turnus who had been given by Jove divine presidency over lakes and echoing streams. 'Nymph, beauty of the rivers, our best beloved, you know how willingly I have yielded to you Jove's favour and a place in heaven, but now hear your grief, Juturna, and do not count the blame mine. While Fortune and the Fates allowed I have protected Turnus and this city, but now a greater destiny than his overcomes him. I cannot bear to look on either this fight or this

treaty. If you can do anything for your brother, act; it is your just office. Perhaps a better chance may yet await the wretched.' She had hardly ended when Juturna broke into tears and lamentations, but the high goddess interrupted her. 'This is no time for tears; be quick to rescue your brother from death, if you can find a way of doing so; or, if you can, break the treaty and open the war again. My authority supports you in the deed.' With such exhortations she left her, doubtful in mind and wounded to the heart by the bitter news.

The kings were coming: Latinus in a chariot drawn by four horses, wearing a diadem of twelve rays in honour of his divine ancestor the Sun; Turnus drawn by two white horses, and brandishing two broad-pointed spears; and our father Aeneas, origin of all the Romans, in heavenly armour, bearing the starry shield, with Ascanius by his side, the twin hope of mighty Rome. They moved on from the camp while the white-robed priests prepared the sacrifices, sprinkled grain, and poured libations. Before the altars Aeneas with drawn sword took his oath.

'Let the Sun and the Earth be witness, and Almighty Jove himself and heavenly Juno—now, O goddess, I pray, of more gracious aspect—and the god of battles; I invoke Fountains and Rivers, and whatever deity lies in the empyrean height and whatever powers are in the blue ocean; if victory be with Turnus, it is agreed that the conquered shall depart to Evander's city, Ascanius shall leave your fields, nor will the people of Aeneas ever bear

arms against this land. But if victory be ours, as I think, and think the power of the gods confirms, I will not compel Italy to obey Troy nor demand its kingdom for myself. Both unconquered peoples shall live in mutual peace under their own laws. I will only prescribe the gods and the rites of adoration; my father Latinus shall have his accustomed lordship. The Trojans shall build my city for me, and Lavinia shall give it her own name.'

Latinus followed him, looking up to the sky and stretching out his right hand. 'Even by the same powers, Aeneas,' he said, 'by Earth and Ocean and the Stars, I swear, by the two children of Leto, and double-countenanced Janus; by the might of deities below and the sacred shrines of terrible Dis; and let the Begetter of all hear me, whose thunders attest treaties. I touch the altars, I call the intermediating fires and holy powers, that no day shall ever break this peace among the Italians, whatever chance may fall, nor shall any force overcome this my will, though it may mix earth with ocean and heaven with hell; even as this sceptre'—for his hand held the rod—'shall never bear leaf or put forth branch, since it was cut from the tree and closed by the craftsmen in bronze and given to the Latin kings.'

So, before all the leaders, they confirmed the peace, and the priests made their sacrifices and piled the offerings on the altars.

But the Rutulian soldiers had long thought the fight was unequal, and the more they looked at the combatants the more they were disturbed.

They saw Turnus approach the altars and adore; he came with subdued step and pale cheeks. Juturna grew aware of the agitation in their hearts, and transforming herself into the likeness of Camers—a lord of a great house, himself famous in battle—she went among their ranks, spreading whispers, and saying: 'Is not this a shame to us, Rutulians, to risk all on a single life? Are we less than they, in number or quality? Troy and Arcadia and all Etruria are determined on his doom, but if only half of us charged there were hardly to be found one enemy for each! No doubt Turnus, who devotes himself to this death, shall be caught to heaven and live in the mouths of men, but we, who are now doing nothing, shall then have lost our country and be trampled down by arrogant masters.'

Her words shook them yet more. A change came over the armies; the Latins felt it also. They began to forget how greatly they wanted peace and now to long for battle and to pity the fate of Turnus. The quickness of Juturna gave them a strong sign, a false miracle of omen. There flew through the sky a golden eagle, Jove's own bird, chasing the water-fowl. Suddenly he swooped down and bore off a royal swan. Then suddenly all the birds with a great clamour and beating wings turned on him—it was a wonder to see—till overcome by their attack and the weight of his prey, he let it fall and retreated into the clouds.

The Rutulians shouted wildly at the sight; and one of them, the auger Tolumnius, cried out:

'This, this is the sign I was waiting for! I accept and acknowledge the gods. I will lead you; follow me, you who have been like birds the greedy foreigner drives before him. He in his turn will turn to flight and take to the sea. Now for a single heart! Now close ranks and charge to save your king!' He sprang forward and flung his spear; the shriek of the weapon tore the air, and clamour broke out through the host. The falling spear struck one of a band of nine, all brothers, Arcadians, and he fell prostrate on the sand. Immediately some with spears, some with swords, his brothers, stung by grief, threw themselves blindly forward, and against them the hostile columns poured, and in turn against them the Trojans and Arcadians. The storm of spears went through the air; the iron rain fell. Altars and fires and goblets were swept aside. Latinus himself took to flight, bearing back his defeated gods from the overthrown amity.

As the first savage blows were struck and the first victims fell, Aeneas, unarmed and bare-headed, shouted to his own men: 'What are you doing? Stand still; the peace is made; I, and only I, have a right to fight. Make room for me, and let me confirm the treaty whose very ceremonies mark Turnus for my own.' He was still speaking, when suddenly an arrow struck him—never was it known by what hand or on what wind it came, or who gave Rutulia the honour, whether chance or deity; the glory of the deed is hidden, and no man could ever declare that it was he who wounded Aeneas.

The Prince for a little was compelled to withdraw from the line. Turnus saw it, and was at once filled with a wild hope. He caught his weapons, sprang into his chariot, and seized the reins.

> Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
> The god of battles, in his angry mood,
> Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
> Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field;
> Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
> Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
> Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair
> (Dire faces, and deformed), surround the car—
> Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

Meanwhile Aeneas, surrounded by Achates, Ascanius, and some few friends, had been got to the camp. They brought Iapyx the physician to him—Iapyx to whom once, so great was their friendship, Apollo had offered all his own powers—of prophecy, of music, and of death—but he had preferred the knowledge of medicine and of herbs and a great life without reputation, because by them he could heal his father who then lay ill. Now Iapyx attempted to draw the arrow from the wound, and to apply the god's herbs, but in vain. He could not move the steel, and the god gave him no help or counsel. They heard the noise rising higher over the plain, and knew that catastrophe was at hand. Horsemen were galloping up; arrows were falling in the camp itself. Venus then, moved at heart by her son's pain, plucked from Mount Ida in Crete a plant called dittany; it has thick downy leaves, and a purple flower, and the wild goats whom the

hunters' arrows have wounded know it well. This she brought, hidden in a mist, and steeped in the water that was in a bowl close at hand ; she added ambrosia and sweet-smelling panacea. Iapyx, not knowing what had happened to the medicinal water, washed the wound with it ; immediately the pain disappeared, the blood was stanched, and the arrow easily withdrawn. ' Bring his arms,' Iapyx called, ' this is not mortal doing nor the work of an art ; my hand has not helped you, Aeneas. A greater god is working, and restores you to greater deeds.' Once armed again, Aeneas paused a moment to embrace Ascanius, and to speak to him.

> ' My son ! from my example learn the war,
> In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare ;
> But happier chance than mine attend thy care !
> This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
> And crown with honours of the conquered field :
> Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
> To toils of war, be mindful of my worth :
> Assert thy birthright ; and in arms be known
> For Hector's nephew, and Aeneas' son.'

Then he burst once more upon the battle, and all his men came after him, leaving behind them the empty camp.

A shock of fear went through his enemies when they saw him. The river-nymph, Juturna, heard the sound of his coming, and fled in terror. He came, shouting, and on all sides the Trojans rallied and formed, and came charging behind him, and their leaders struck down the opposing captains ; there Tolumnius fell, who had been

the first to cast a spear. The Rutulian line gave way, and began to break. Clouds of dust hung over the plain. But Aeneas deigned to strike no fugitive nor cared to meet those who dared to throw themselves before him. In the gathering darkness he sought Turnus, and Turnus alone.

Frantic with apprehension Juturna sprang to her brother's chariot. She flung the charioteer off and left him to lie, and took his place herself, seeming to be none other than he. Then she drove through the enemy, always showing the triumphant form of Turnus, always wheeling him away from harm. Aeneas saw him, and hastened after him, calling to him aloud, but fast as he went Juturna eluded him more swiftly. At last he was compelled to abandon his pursuit for that time, and, raging to see horses and chariot whirl away once more, he turned to the main battle, and gave himself up to promiscuous slaughter.

Was it your will, O Jove, that two nations should gain their lasting peace through such frenzy of war? On both sides those two mighty heroes—Turnus and Troy's lord—spread death. But Aeneas, as he went, was inspired by his most fair mother with another thought. He saw, through some opening of the battle, the city lying unharmed and quiet, and was filled with the vision of a greater conflict. He called his captains up, and from a little eminence spoke to them. 'Follow my words; Jove is with us. To-day unless they yield and acknowledge and obey us as their conquerors, I will quite destroy the whole city with fire. Are we continually to

wait until they choose to fight us over again? Men of my own City, this place is the very head and height of this accursed war. Bring torches; let flames recover for us the accepted treaty.'

He had spoken; they obeyed.

In the shape of a wedge they flung themselves at the walls. Torches and ladders were raised suddenly; some detachments attacked the gates and there slew the first victims, others swept the sky with spears hurled against the town. Aeneas, at their head, throwing his hand up to heaven, invoked the gods to witness that he had been twice betrayed by the doubly-perjured king, and that Italy by a second sacrilege was made once more his foe. Within the city there was dissension and civil strife. One party shouted for the gates to be opened to the Trojans, and dragged the king himself to the walls; another shouted for defence and defiance. In the midst of this anarchy the last shock of fortune made the unhappy city shake to its foundations. The queen could see from the palace the walls assaulted and fire falling upon the roofs of the houses, but she could not see anywhere the charging Rutulian line or the forces of Turnus. She supposed that the prince must be already lying dead in the battle, and the extremity of her misery began to affect her mind. She broke out into shrieks of frenzy, crying that she was the cause of the sin and the soul of all that misery; and so, tearing her rich purple robe, made a noose of it, and hanged herself from the high beam of the hall. As soon as her women discovered the fatal act, their screams filled the palace. Lavinia wept

for her mother, while Latinus, overwhelmed by the death of his wife and the destruction of his city, tore his robes and threw dust on his white hair.

Turnus was still maintaining the distant edge of the battle and cutting off the stragglers, but he felt his spirit grow slack and less and less able to rise to the victorious passage of his chariot. There came to him over the plain the last great cry of the stricken city; an unknown terror assailed him. 'What is that noise?' he asked, and bade draw rein. His sister, still in the shape and dress of his charioteer, answered: 'Turnus, here is our best place; others can defend the city. Aeneas is attacking the Italians in force, but here we can destroy his people no less effectively. When the battle is done, your honour and the number of your victims shall be as great as his.'

'Sister,' he answered,—'O I knew you hours since, when you first caused the truce to be broken, and when you rushed to take part in the battle, and now your divinity is still as flagrant—but who willed you to come from the place of deity to take up this work? Did you want to see your brother's death? What will you have me do now? What kind of safety can be hoped for? I have seen my friends die; am I to let their homes be brought to the ground—that would be the only thing wanting—and justify the worst taunts of Drances? Shall I, shall Turnus, be seen in flight? Is it so hard to die? O gods of the depth, be gracious to me, for the will of heaven is turned from me. I come to you to-day, my

duty accomplished, my honour unstained, not quite unworthy of the heroes who were my ancestors ! '

His voice had hardly ceased when a messenger from the battle dashed up to him, his face bleeding, his horse covered with foam. ' Turnus, help us ; you are our only chance. Aeneas is swearing to destroy the city, and the roofs are already beginning to blaze. All our hopes are on you. Latinus is beginning to waver. The queen is dead by her own act. The defence depends on two of our best captains—Messapus and Atinas. Everything else is breaking, and here are you, driving an idle chariot over an empty plain.'

Turnus, hearing the appeal, felt his spirit shaken by great passion—shame and grief and love and anger and courage ; he was blinded for a moment by mere intensity of feeling, and as he recovered and turned his eyes towards the city, there he saw the first flames leaping up from one of the Trojan battle-turrets, a turret he himself had helped to build. ' Sister,' he said, seeing it, ' Fate is too strong for us : do not trouble now to invent new delays. The gods and harsh Fortune direct us. It remains for me to meet Aeneas and to die—whatever bitterness death holds. You shall not any more, my sister, see me in this disgrace. But see first the madman in his madness.'

He jumped from the chariot and ran towards the city and the battle. He broke through the lines of combatants, and coming to where the struggle was thickest immediately below the walls cried

out in a great voice: 'Enough, Rutulians; enough, you Latins. I am here to take all fortune. It is but just that I alone on your behalf should make atonement for the broken treaty, and my sword decide the end.'

Aeneas heard the name sounding, and at once left the attack on the battlements. His heart leaping with joy he came hurrying, and in the space which the appalled armies left them the two heroes engaged in single combat. First, each flung his spear from a distance; then sword in hand they closed. Jove himself beheld their scales swing level, then it was he alone who cast in each a different fate, and determined where the weight of death should lie.

Misfortune came to Turnus. As, poising to the blow, he struck down with his sword, the treacherous blade broke, and he found himself holding the hilt alone. Swiftly he sprang away and took of necessity to hasty flight. It is said that when he left the chariot he seized the charioteer's sword by mistake for his own; that served well enough for Trojans but snapped upon the armour Vulcan had made. So Turnus fled, to find himself prisoned between the Trojan lines, the marsh, and the walls, and Aeneas followed in quick pursuit.

The spear of Aeneas, in that first exchange, had stuck in the great stump of a tree. When he found he could not catch Turnus and force him to fight with the sword, Aeneas tried to pull it out. But Turnus, knowing that of old the tree had been consecrated to the wood-god Faunus, prayed to

him: 'Faunus, have pity! Earth, hold the iron!' and they so helped him that Aeneas found he could not loosen the spear. While he tugged, Juturna, still in the shape of the charioteer, ran forward and gave Turnus back his own sword. Venus saw this, and angry at the freedom allowed the nymph, herself tore the spear from the stump. Both champions were thus re-armed; both faced each other again.

Meanwhile the Omnipotent said to Juno, who was watching the battle from a cloud: 'What is left now, my wife? You know that Aeneas is destined to divinity, and what more do you hope to do? Was it worth restoring his sword to Turnus?' Consent to our prayer, and shut yourself up no longer in this bitterness of sorrow. The end is come; you have persecuted the Trojans on land and sea, you have raised a war and spoiled a marriage—I forbid any further effort.'

The goddess answered: 'If it were not for your will I should be on earth now and in the battle. I admit it was I who encouraged Juturna—but be it so. I obey. I give up the fight. Only when peace is established, and the marriage seals it, when the two races make their league, do not compel the Latins to give up their name, their language, their dress. Let there still be a Latium, let Rome be strong by the courage of Italians. Troy died, and let her die, with her name, for ever.'

The Lord of all things smiled as he answered: 'True sister of Jove, how fiercely anger holds you! But I assent: be it as you wish. I will myself

decree the rituals and religion of the new alliance. I will give them one language and make them all Latins, and no people shall be more excellent in devotion, and in devotion to you.' Juno, hearing this, obeyed, assented, and changed her purpose.

The Father then determined to compel Juturna to withdraw from her brother: and for that purpose he sent down to earth one of the Furies who wait on his will. She sped through the air, but as she came within sight of the hostile lines she changed her form to that of an owl, and in that shape flew to and fro before Turnus's face and beat against his shield with her wings. A strange palsy took him, and a hideous fear, and Juturna, knowing the omen and whose were the pinions, shrieked in dismay. 'I know,' she cried, 'the word of Jove. O, why did he give me immortality! Were I mortal I could die with you, my brother, for what joy shall I find in life without you? O, how can earth open deeply enough to receive me—me, a goddess, flying to the lowest shades?' As she spoke, she hid her head in her grey robe and moaning flung her divine form into the high river.

Aeneas, brandishing his spear, called: 'Turnus, how will you manage to make further delay? What shape will you change into? Will you fly to the highest stars or to deepest earth?' Turnus answered: 'It is not you I fear; the gods and the enmity of Jove dismay me,' and desperately lifted a huge rock that lay close by, such a rock as hardly a dozen men of to-day could raise. He ran forward and flung it, but as he ran his knees

shook and his blood ran cold, and the rock flew astray and fell idly to the ground. For now Fate and the Furies distracted him ; he looked round, hopeless and helpless, and wavered, and trembled at approaching death.

Then Aeneas hurled his spear, laden with destiny. It struck through shield and corselet and pierced the thigh, so that Turnus, as his leg gave way, fell crashing to earth. All the Rutulians groaned, and the mountains and forests echoed the sound into the distance. Turnus looked up at Aeneas standing over him : 'What I have deserved I do not deny,' he said ; 'use your fortune. But if the thought of a father's pain can move you—such was Anchises to you !—pity my father ; send me—or if not me, then my lifeless body—back to him. You have conquered, and the Italians have seen me stretch out these hands in defeat. Lavinia is yours ; let hate cease at last.'

Aeneas, standing there in his grim armour, heard and hesitated. The words of Turnus were moving him to mercy when his eyes lit on the belt of Pallas which Turnus was then wearing. As soon as he saw it, 'You—you,' he cried in anger and grief, 'decked with riches snatched from my friend, shall *you* escape me ? It is Pallas gives this wound ; it is Pallas who exacts justice from the guilty blood.' So saying, he struck his steel down ; the cold body yielded, and the indignant life fled moaning into the shadows.

NOTES

Page 1, line 1. Parts I and II correspond to Books II and III of the *Aeneid*, which begins with the storm and the arrival of Aeneas at Carthage, and then puts the story of the fall of Troy and the voyage to Thrace, Delos, and Crete in the mouth of Aeneas. Similarly Homer had in the *Odyssey* begun in the middle and gone back by narration. For the purpose of this book it was unnecessary to depart from the chronological sequence.

Page 2, line 22. *though they come with every kind of present :* The Latin is : *timeo Danaos et dona ferentis*, a well-known quotation. The inhabitants of the Greek town of Argos were called Danai after the king, Danaus, and the name was often used collectively for all the Greeks.

Page 3, line 14. *Odysseus :* Odysseus, or Ulysses, King of the island of Ithaca, one of the Greek leaders against Troy, famous for his valour, cunning and eloquence. His numerous adventures on the homeward voyage form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

Line 20. *Agamemnon :* Agamemnon, King of Argos, was commander-in-chief of the Greek expedition against Troy.

Line 31. *oracle of the Divine Apollo :* Apollo, god of the sun, of poetry and medicine, exercised the power of prophecy in numerous oracles, especially those at Delos and Delphi ; see page 18.

Page 4, line 4. *Calchas :* The wisest soothsayer among the Greeks at Troy.

Line 12. *salt cakes and holy fillets :* The victim of a sacrifice was consecrated by being sprinkled with pounded salt-cakes. The fillets were worn ceremonially by priest and victim.

Page 5, line 3. *Pallas Athene :* Goddess of wisdom, who had a temple and famous image in Troy.

Line 22. *Laocoon :* The death of Laocoon and his sons is the subject of a famous group of sculpture in the Vatican.

Page 7, line 23. *another City :* Rome.

Page 10, line 18. *Achilles :* The greatest of the Greek heroes, who killed Hector. He was invulnerable but for his heel, where he was struck by an arrow from Paris and killed.

Page 11, line 1. *help of this kind : non tali auxilio,* a famous quotation.

Page 13, line 12. *Neptune :* Brother of Jove, god of the sea.

Line 19. *Gorgon-shield :* The Gorgons were three frightful maidens, Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa. Instead of hair their heads were covered with hissing serpents, and they had wings, brazen claws, and enormous teeth. Medusa's head was so fearful that everyone who looked on it was changed to stone. After she was killed her head became the boss of the shield of the divine Pallas Athene.

Page 20, line 1. *the God of Light :* Apollo.

Page 21, line 28. *the Furies :* Avenging deities who executed the curses pronounced upon criminals against the gods, tortured the guilty, or inflicted famines and pestilences.

Page 22, line 12. *Actium :* See Introduction, page vi.

Page 24, line 3. *Circe :* The enchantress who dwelt on the island of Aeaea and changed the companions of Ulysses into swine.

Line 7. *tables that must be gnawed :* See page 21.

Line 17. *Charybdis and Scylla :* Hence the phrase 'between Scylla and Charybdis', for two unpleasant alternatives.

Page 27, line 18. *Paris :* Son of Priam, King of Troy. See page 7.

Page 29, line 7. *Tritons :* Sea-deities, their bodies above the waist those of men, below of dolphins.

Page 31, line 22. *Vestal fires in hallowed temples burn :* See page 64. Vesta was not represented in her temples by a statue, but by the eternal fire burning on her hearth or altar.

Line 23. *Quirinus :* A name given to Romulus, and sometimes applied to Augustus.

Page 32, line 17. *Spartan blood or Thracian :* The Greek districts of Sparta and Thrace were both famous for hunting. Cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i, 118-32.

Page 34, line 18. *Here also the wide unhappiness of things strikes at man's mind : sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*, a famous line.

Page 36, lines 10-11. *a mind conscious of right: mens conscia recti*, also a famous quotation.

Page 39, line 22. *Bacchus :* God of wine and ecstasy.

Page 44, line 28. *Mercury :* The herald of the gods, especially of Jupiter himself.

Page 45, line 17. *Mount Atlas :* This mountain, which runs east and west across the deserts of N. Africa, is so high that the ancients thought the heavens rested on its summit.

Page 49, line 10. *Hyrcanian tigresses :* Hyrcania, a province of the ancient Persian Empire, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, reputed to abound in wild beasts.

Line 16. *the All-Father :* Jupiter.

Line 24. *oracles of Lycia :* Apollo had a temple at Patara in Lycia, where his oracle was consulted.

Page 50, line 7. *the lowest place of shadows :* The depths of the lower world, where dwell the shades of the dead.

Page 54, line 13. *A woman is :* This is the famous line, *Femina varium et instabile est.*

Line 33. *war between Carthage and Rome :* The three Punic Wars, which lasted 265-242, 218-201, and 149-146

B.C. and ended in the destruction of Carthage. It was during the second Punic War that Hannibal invaded Italy.

Page 56, line 8. '*Relics once dear . . . ' :* This passage is from the Translation of James Rhoades in the ' World's Classics ' edition.

Line 17. *Dardan keels :* The name Dardan was applied to the Trojans from their ancestor Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra.

Page 60, line 33. *Cassandra :* The daughter of Priam, on whom Apollo bestowed the gift of prophecy with the accompanying curse that no trust would be placed in her predictions.

Page 63, line 33. *Dis :* A name sometimes given to Pluto, the god of the lower world, and hence to the region itself.

Page 64, line 10. *Vesta :* See note, page 31, line 22.

Page 65, line 16. *whence you yourself arose :* Venus was said to have sprung from the ocean near Cythera.

Line 27. *Tritons :* See note, page 29, line 7.

Line 30. *Nymphs and Nereids :* The water-nymphs, minor female deities, were the Oceanides (the daughters of Oceanus), the Nereids (nymphs of the Mediterranean Sea), and the Naiads (nymphs of lakes, rivers, and fountains).

Page 66, line 18. *Stygian :* Of the Styx, the chief river of the lower world.

Page 69, line 4. *another Achilles :* Turnus ; see Part VII.

Line 8. *a foreign bridal :* Lavinia's marriage to Aeneas ; see Part VII.

Line 14. *Acheron :* A river of the lower world, sometimes applied to the whole of that region.

Line 20. *Orpheus :* Orpheus, the divine musician, descended into the infernal regions to recover his wife Eurydice, but failed through breaking his promise not to look back as she followed him out.

Line 20. *Pollux:* Pollux and Castor were the heroic twin sons of Jupiter. In one of their exploits Castor was killed and Pollux survived. At the request of Pollux, Jupiter allowed him to share his brother's fate, and to live alternately one day under the earth and the other with the gods.

Line 22. *Theseus:* The legendary hero who assisted his friend Pirithous in an attempt to carry off Proserpine, queen of the lower world. They failed. Pirithous perished, and Theseus was kept bound to a rock until Hercules (see next note) delivered him.

Line 23. *Hercules:* The son of Jupiter and Alcmene, famed for his enormous strength. The capture of the three-headed dog, Cerberus, was one of the twelve tasks performed by Hercules at the bidding of Eurystheus.

Line 25. *Easy it is to descend . . . : Facilis est descensus Averni, sed revocare gradus, ille labor, hoc opus est.* A famous phrase.

Line 29. *Cocytus:* A river of the lower world.

Page 71, line 31. *Centaurs:* Fabulous people of Thessaly, half men, half horses.

Line 32. *Hydra:* A many-headed monster slain by Hercules.

Line 33. *Briareus:* A giant with a hundred hands and fifty heads.

Line 34. *Gorgons:* See note, page 13, line 19.

Line 34. *Geryon:* A monster with three heads, or according to others, with three bodies united together, who ruled a kingdom in Spain.

Line 35. *Chimaera:* A fire-breathing monster, the forepart of whose body was that of a lion, the hind part that of a dragon, and the middle that of a goat. See page 94, where its image is the crest of Turnus.

Page 72, line 21. *stretching out their hands: tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore,* another of the greatest lines in Virgil.

Page 73, line 32. *place of shadow :* See note, page 50, line 7.

Page 74, line 4. *Cerberus :* See note, page 69, line 23.

Line 5. *Proserpine :* See note, page 69, line 22.

Page 75, line 3. *Minos :* The son of Jupiter and King of Crete, who after his death became one of the judges of the shades.

Line 10. *nine circling streams :* The Styx was thought to flow nine times round the lower world.

Page 77, line 15. *Elysium :* The abode of the shades of the blessed in the lower world.

Page 78, line 12. *Hydra :* See note, page 71, line 32.

Page 79, line 9. *Musaeus :* The son or pupil of Orpheus (see note on page 69), and one of the founders of sacred poetry.

Page 80, line 6. *Lethe :* The river of forgetfulness.

Page 81, line 22. *the seven hills :* The seven hills on which Rome was built are the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Quirinal, the Caelian, the Aventine, the Viminal, and the Esquiline.

Line 32. *Maeotian :* A district near the Black Sea.

Page 82, line 8. *exercised his axes :* Exercised his office. Junius Lucius Brutus, the first consul of Rome, put his two sons to death for conspiring to restore the Tarquins, the expelled kings. Axes and rods (called *fasces*) were the symbols of consular authority.

Line 21. *Cato :* Cato the Censor (234-149 B.C.) combated the prevalent luxury by heavy taxation. He continually stressed the danger to Rome of Carthage, and concluded all his speeches, on whatever subject, in the Senate, with 'Carthage must be destroyed.'

Line 22. *the two Scipios :* Scipio Africanus Major (234-183 B.C.) was the conqueror of Spain, and of Hannibal at the battle of Zama. Scipio Africanus Minor (185-132

B.C.) besieged and captured Carthage, reduced Africa to the form of a Roman province, and later captured Numantia in Spain.

Line 23. *Fabius . . . a wise delay:* Quintus Fabius Maximus, surnamed *Cunctator*, or 'the delayer', carried on a defensive campaign against the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, in Italy, avoiding direct engagements, and harassing the enemy. Hence the expressions, 'Fabian tactics', 'Fabian policy'.

Line 27. *Romans, be it yours . . .:* A very famous passage: *tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento (hae tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem, parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*

Line 31. *Marcellus:* M. Claudius Marcellus, five times consul, the conqueror of Syracuse in the second Punic War. Slew with his own hand the Gallic King Britomartus.

Page 83, line 8. *His name also shall be Marcellus:* This is a moving reference to the recent death of M. Claudius Marcellus from malaria at the age of 19. Augustus, having no male heir, had adopted the youth, his sister Octavia's son, and married him to his own daughter Julia. Virgil is said to have recited this passage to Augustus and Octavia.

Line 14. *an unequalled funeral:* The ashes of Marcellus were placed in the family mausoleum of Augustus and a theatre, of which part still stands, was built to his memory.

Line 29. *Circe:* See note, page 24, line 3.

Page 85, line 15. *eating up our tables:* See page 21.

Page 86, line 25. *sons of Dardanus:* See note, page 56, line 17.

Page 89, line 11. *Pluto:* The brother of Jove and king of hell.

Line 11. *her Tartarean sisters:* The Furies; see note, page 21, line 28.

Page 90, line 21. *Evoe Bacchus :* Evoe is the Latin equivalent of the Greek exclamation used at festivals of Bacchus.

Page 95, line 13. *Tiber the River-god :* See Lord Macaulay's 'Horatius' :

> Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
> To whom the Romans pray.

Page 98, line 8. *Lupercal :* Originally a cave under the Palatine hill ; also a festival held in Rome. Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, III, ii, 96 :

> You all did see that on the Lupercal
> I thrice presented him a kingly crown.

Line 9. *Tarpeian hill :* A part of the Capitoline hill from which traitors were thrown.

Line 10. *the Capitol :* The Temple of Jove at Rome built on the Capitoline Hill.

Line 22. *Carinae :* Keels—used for boats in general. The rostrum, or platform in the Forum at Rome, was ornamented by the beaks or figureheads of captured ships.

Page 99, line 2. *Aetna :* A volcanic mountain in N.E. Sicily, within which was the forge of Vulcan. See following note.

Line 3. *the Cyclops :* A race of giants, having but one eye. Polyphemus (see page 26) was their chief. They lived near Mount Aetna and were supposed to be Vulcan's workmen and to forge the thunderbolts of Jove.

Page 101, line 26. *greaves of electrum :* Pieces of armour for the shin made from an alloy of silver and gold.

Page 102, line 1. *rape of the Sabine women :* In the early days of Rome, Romulus caused the wives of the neighbouring Sabines, who had been invited to the Games at Rome, to be carried off at a given signal. The women eventually

became mediators between their new husbands and their fathers.

Line 5. *Metius:* Dictator of Alba. Torn asunder by chariots at the order of Tullus Hostilius, King of Rome, for his treachery towards the Romans.

Line 7. *The siege of Rome by Porsena:* Porsena was King of Etruria, near Rome. See Lord Macaulay's 'Horatius', beginning:

> Lars Porsena of Clusium,
> By the Nine Gods he swore;
> That the great house of Tarquin
> Should suffer wrong no more.

Line 10. *Horatius:* With two companions he held the bridge over the Tiber against the invaders until it was broken down.

Line 11. *Cloelia:* A Roman maiden, who, given as a hostage to Lars Porsena, swam back across the Tiber to Rome. She was sent back to Porsena, who, in admiration of her bravery, set her at liberty, gave her a horse, and allowed her to take back other hostages.

Line 12. *Manlius:* M. Manlius the consul was roused by the cackling of geese, when the Gauls endeavoured to ascend the Capitol in 390 B.C. Gathering a body of men he was able to repulse the invaders.

Line 16. *Salii:* These twelve priests of Mars had charge of the sacred shields.

Line 17. *Luperci:* Lupercus was the wolf-deity whose worship arose from the suckling of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, by a she-wolf. See note on page 98.

Line 19. *Catiline:* L. Sergius Catilina, whose conspiracy in 63 B.C. was frustrated by Cicero. Catiline's companions were executed; he himself died bravely in a last desperate battle.

Line 20. *Dis:* See note, page 63, line 33.

Line 21. *Cato:* M. Porcius Cato, great-grandson of Cato the Censor (see note, page 82, line 21). Stoic and rigid

moralist. Took part in crushing Catiline's conspiracy. Opposed Julius Caesar in the Civil War, and committed suicide after being defeated at Thapsus in Africa.

Line 24. *Actium:* The famous sea-fight in 31 B.C. in which Antony's fleet was utterly defeated by Augustus Caesar.

Line 25. *Caesar Augustus:* Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus, the first Roman emperor, on whom the title Augustus was bestowed by the senate and the people in 27 B.C. He was the patron of Virgil. See the Introduction.

Line 28. *the star of Julius:* The comet which appeared after the death of Julius Caesar, and was interpreted as a sign of his reception into heaven.

Line 29. *Agrippa:* M. Vipsanius Agrippa, the famous general and personal friend of Augustus, whose daughter he married.

Line 30. *Antony:* Marcus Antonius. The friend of Julius Caesar and member of the triumvirate which governed Rome for nearly ten years. Eventually Lepidus was removed by the other triumvirs, between whom war broke out, and on its conclusion with the final death of Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria, Augustus became supreme ruler of the Roman world. See the Introduction.

Line 32. *Bactria:* A province of the Persian Empire, the modern Bokhara.

Line 33. *his Memphian paramour:* Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, who was present with Antony at the battle of Actium. Memphis was the second city of Egypt.

Page 103, line 3. *Cyclades:* A group of islands in the Aegean Sea.

Line 15. *The dog Anubis:* An Egyptian divinity; a human being with a dog's head. Cf. Milton: *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 1, 212.

Line 19. *The Dirae:* the Furies; see note, page 21, line 8.

Line 21. *Bellona :* The Roman goddess of war.

Line 26. *Sabæans :* The people of Yemen, in S.W. Arabia. The district was famed for spices and perfumes; hence the Sabæans became associated with luxury and effeminacy.

Page 104, line 9. *Parian stone :* Marble from the island of Paros in the Aegean Sea.

Page 114, line 8. *ended Troy :* The camp of the Trojans, representing Rome, the new Troy.

Page 115, line 30. *our small Troy :* See previous note.

Page 117, line 27. *He swore by Styx :* See page 72 : 'The gods themselves . . .'

Page 118, line 19. *Phaethon :* Son of Apollo, who was allowed by his father for one day to drive the chariot of the sun. He could not control the horses, who came so near the earth as almost to set it on fire. Jove destroyed him by a thunderbolt and saved the world.

Line 22. *Mantua :* The birthplace of Virgil.

Page 121, line 3. *Alcides :* Hercules. See note, page 69, line 23.

Line 10. *Sarpedon :* Son of Jove, an ally of the Trojans, and killed in the war.

Page 131, line 14. *Saturn's realm :* Saturn was the god of agriculture, who was said to have formed a settlement on the Capitoline hill, and introduced civilization, teaching the people farming. His reign was known as the golden age of Italy.

Line 19. *Menelaus :* The husband of Helen, a Greek king.

Line 20. *Ulyssēs :* See note, page 3, line 14.

Line 22. *Agamemnon :* See note, page 3, line 20. He was stabbed on his return by Aegisthus, the lover of his wife Clytemnestra.

Page 142, line 20. *hill which is now called Alban :* On the slope of this hill the town of Alba Longa was situated. It was the sacred mountain of the Latins, surmounted by the temple of Jupiter.

Page 144, line 14. *the two children of Leto :* Apollo and Diana, children of Jupiter and Leto (or Latona).

Line 15. *double-countenanced Janus :* Ancient Italian deity, the god of the doorway, and of all beginnings. His month, 'January', begins the year. The gates of his temple were left open in war, being closed in peace time. Represented in statues with two heads facing opposite ways.

Page 147, line 5. *Hebrus :* A river in Thrace.