



THE
ÆNEID
OF
VIRGIL.

Translated by Mr. PITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

----- *Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, si Quis
Captus amore leget.* VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's-Head* in *Pal-Mall*.

AND SOLD BY

Mr. HITCH in *Pater-noster-Row*; Mr. HINCHLIFFE under the *Royal-Exchange*; Mr. CLEMENTS at *Oxford*; Mr. CROWNFIELD and THURLBOURNE at *Cambridge*; and Mr. LEAKE at *Bath*.

M. DCCXL.



TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C K
Prince of W A L E S.

May it please Your Royal Highness,



AM not so vain as to think
this Translation, in it-self,
worthy of You; it is the
Name of VIRGIL, and the Subject
of his Poem, that must excuse me
to

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS. AS it treats of a Prince, whose Chief Character is Humanity and Good-Nature, I know not where it could be address'd so properly. He is a Prince of all the most amiable Qualities; a Preserver of the State; a Lover of his People; and a Friend to Mankind. In this View, I know but One Impropriety that can be objected to my Offering it to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS; it may be said, that You have scarce any need of such a Pattern. I foresaw that Objection; and am glad to own that it is a strong one. However, it may not be improper to present You with
with

D E D I C A T I O N. v

with a Character You must love; and which cannot but be a Favourite with You. 'Tis therefore with Pleasure, as well as with Pride, that I beg Leave to offer it to You; and, with whatever Eye You view the Translation, this I promise myself, that ÆNEAS, even tho' in a meaner Dress than he ought to appear in, can never be unwelcome to You. I am with the Profoundest Respect,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, and most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

Christopher Pitt.

T H E
P R E F A C E.



Am not fond of writing Prefaces, but think it necessary to say a Word or two, to prevent the Reader's imagining, that I pretend to rival Mr. DRYDEN in this Translation. There is no Name that I have a greater and more real Respect for. I look on Him with a sort of Veneration, and apprehend that Every One must have a mean Opinion of my Judgement, if it was supposed I thought of entering the Lists with that great Poet. I always read Him with Pleasure; I read VIRGIL with more: And the Pleasure the Latter gave me, led me to divert myself, in trying to translate several Parts of his ÆNEID, till I was carried farther than I expected; and, at last fell insensibly into the Thought of Translating the Whole. How this Translation is executed, is, with all Deference, Submitted to the Publick. There was Nothing, I am sure, of Envy in it; and scarce any thing even of Emulation. A Painter of a lower Rank, may draw a Face that was taken by TITIAN; and think of Mending his Hand by it,

it, without any Thought of Equalling his Master. The very Working on the same Subject with so great a Genius, has often served to show me the Superiority of his Hand the more Distinctly.

It may be proper to take Notice here, that, in different Places, I have borrowed about Fifty or Sixty entire Lines from Mr. DRYDEN. I believe I need make no Apology for this Liberty ; but rather fear the Reader will wish I had borrowed a greater Number from his Noble Translation.

Errors and Emendations to the First Volume.

Book J. ver. 270. read *Scylla's Rocks*.

Book III. v. 59. r. *Blooms*.

ver. 145. r. *There antient Ida stands*

ver. 590. r. *You see*.

ver. 724. r. *The Port conceal'd*

ver. 486. r. *My Soul*.

Book V. ver. 218. r. *Clear of the Goal, and gains the roomy Sea.*

ver. 282. r. *That in the dangerous Shelves, and Shallows hung*

ver. 347. for *Spacious*, r. *Sprightly*

ver. 453. r. *This said, on Salius, generous be bestow'd.*

ver. 827. for *first*, r. *fix'd*.

ver. 877. r. *And the fierce Goddess fled from every Breast.*

ver. 963 for *What*, r. *With*

ver. 989. f. *Feast*. r. *Feasts*.

ver. 992. r. *Shrieks*.

Book VI. v. 131. for *Rapt*, r. *rap'd*.

ver. 257 f. *crushing*, r. *crashing*.

ver. 615. r. *the Myrtle*.

ver. 808. f. *Agonies*. r. *Extasies*.

ver. 1011. f. *Shines*, r. *Burns*

ver. 1231. f. *Fame*, r. *Frame*.

As by the Errors of the Press, a few Lines in this Work are too long, or too short, the Reader may see them rectify'd in these Corrections. As to the few false Spellings and Pointings, he may alter them if he pleases, with his Pen.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE First Book of the ÆNEID.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a Seven Years Voyage, set Sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one Ship, and scatters the Rest: Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the Seas. Æneas with his own, and six more Ships, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of a Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage; where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido, by a Device of Venus, begins to have a Passion for him, and, after some Discourse with him, desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy; which is the Subject of the two following Books.



RMS, and the Man I sing, the First who bore
His Course to *Latium* from the *Trojan* Shore;
By Fate expell'd, on Land and Ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair *Lavinian* Coast.

Doom'd by the Gods a Length of Wars to wage, 5
And urg'd by JUNO's unrelenting Rage;

2 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK I.

Ere the brave Heroe rais'd, in these Abodes,
His destin'd Walls, and fix'd his wand'ring Gods.
Hence the fam'd *Latian* Line, and Senates come,
And the proud Triumphs, and the Tow'rs of *Rome*. 10

SAY, Muse, what Causes could so far incense
Celestial Pow'rs, and what the dire Offence
That mov'd Heav'n's awful Empress to impose
On such a pious Prince a Weight of Woes,
Expos'd to Dangers, and with Toils oppress'd? 15
Can Rage so fierce inflame an heavenly Breast?

AGAINST th' *Italian* Coast, of ancient Fame
A City rose, and *Carthage* was the Name ;
A *Tyrian* Colony; from *Tyber* far ;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in War. 20
Which JUNO far above all Realms, above
Her own dear SAMOS, honour'd with her Love.
Here stood her Chariot, here her Armour lay,
Here she design'd, would Destiny give way,
Ev'n then the Seat of Universal Sway. 25
But of a Race she heard, that should destroy
The *Tyrian* Tow'rs, a Race deriv'd from TROY,

Who

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 3

Who proud in Arms, triumphant by their Swords,
Should rise in Time, the World's victorious Lords ;
By Fate design'd her CARTHAGE to subdue, 30
And on her ruin'd Empire raise a New.
This fear'd the Goddess ; and in Mind she bore
The late long War her Fury rais'd before
For GREECE with TROY ; nor was her Wrath resign'd,
But every Cause hung heavy on her Mind ; 35
Her Form disdain'd, and PARIS' Judgment, roll
Deep in her Breast, and kindle all her Soul ;
Th' immortal Honours of the ravish'd Boy,
And last, the whole detested Race of TROY.
With all these Motives fir'd, from LATIUM far 40
She drove the Relicks of the *Grecian* War :
Fate urg'd their Course ; and long they wander'd o'er
The spacious Ocean, tost from Shore to Shore.
So vast the Work to build so vast a Frame,
And raise the Glories of the *Roman* Name ! 45

SCARCE from *Sicilian* Shores the shouting Train
Spread their broad Sails, and plow'd the foamy Main ;
When haughty JUNO thus her Rage express'd ;
Th' eternal Wound still rankling in her Breast.

4 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK I

THEN muſt I ſtop? are all my Labours vain? 50
 And muſt this *Trojan* Prince in *LATIUM* reign?
 Belike, the Fates may baffle *JUNO*'s Aims;
 And why could *PALLAS*, with avenging Flames,
 Burn a whole Navy of the *Grecian* Ships,
 And whelm the ſcatter'd *Argives* in the Deeps? 55
 She, for the Crime of *AJAX*, from above
 Launch'd thro' the Clouds the fiery Bolts of *JOVE*;
 Daſh'd wide his Fleet, and, as her Tempeſt flew,
 Expos'd the Ocean's inmoſt Depths to View.
 Then, while tranſfix'd, the blaſted Wretch expires 60
 Flames from his Breaſt, and Fires ſucceeding Fires,
 Snatch'd in a Whirlwind, with a ſudden Shock,
 She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed Rock.
 But I, who move Supreme in Heav'n's Abodes,
JOVE's Siſter-Wife, and Empreſs of the Gods, 65
 With this one Nation muſt a War maintain
 For Years on Years; and wage that War in vain!
 And now what Suppliants will invoke my Name,
 Adore my Pow'r, or bid my Altars flame?

THUS fir'd with Rage and Vengeance, down ſhe flies 70
 To dark *ÆOLIA*, from the diſtant Skies,

Impregnated

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 5

Impregnated with Storms ; whose Tyrant binds
 The bluft'ring Tempefts, and reluctant Winds.
 Their Rage Imperial ÆOLUS reftrains
 With rocky Dungeons, and with Heaps of Chains. 75
 The bellowing Brethren, in the Mountain pent,
 Roar round the Cave, and ftuggle for a Vent.
 From his high Throne, their Fury to affwage,
 He fhakes his Sceptre, and controuls their Rage ;
 Or down the Void their rapid Whirls had driv'n 80
 Earth, Air, and Ocean, and the Tow'rs of Heav'n.
 But Jove, the mighty Ruin to prevent,
 In gloomy Caves th' aëreal Captives pent ;
 O'er their wild Rage the pond'rous Rocks he fpread,
 And hurl'd huge Heaps of Mountains on their Head ; 85
 And gave a King, commiffion'd to refrain
 And curb the Tempeft, or to loofe the Rein.

WHOM thus the Queen addrefst : Since, mighty Jove,
 The King of Men, and Sire of Gods above,
 Gives thee, great ÆOLUS, the Pow'r to raife 90
 Storms at thy Sovereign Will, or fmooth the Seas ;
 A Race, I long have labour'd to deftroy,
 Waft to HESPERIA the Remains of TROY.

Ey'n

6 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK I.

Ev'n now their Navy cuts the *Tuscan* Floods,
 Charg'd with their Exiles, and their vanquish'd Gods. 95
 Wing all thy furious Winds; o'erwhelm the Train,
 Disperse, or plunge their Vessels in the Main.
 Twice sev'n bright Nymphs, of beauteous Shape, are mine ; }
 For thy Reward the fairest I'll resign, }
 And make the charming DEIOPEIA thine ; 100 }
 She, on thy Bed, long Blessings shall confer,
 And make Thee Father of a Race like Her.

'Tis Your's, great Queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay
 The Task, and Mine to listen and obey.
 By You, I fit a Guest with Gods above, 105
 And share the Graces and the Smiles of Jove :
 By You, these Realms, this Sceptre I maintain,
 And wear these Honours of the stormy Reign.

So spoke th' obsequious God ; and, while he spoke,
 Whirl'd his vast Spear, and pierc'd the hollow Rock. 110
 The Winds, embattled, as the Mountain rent,
 Flew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent :
 Earth, in their Course, with giddy Whirls they sweep,
 Rush to the Seas, and bare the Bosom of the Deep :

East,

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 7

East, West, and South, all black with Tempests, roar, 115
And roll vast Billows to the trembling Shore.
The Cordage cracks ; with unavailing Cries
The TROJANS mourn ; while sudden Clouds arise,
And ravish from their Sight the Splendors of the Skies. }
Night hovers o'er the Floods ; the Day retires ; 120
The Heav'ns flash thick with momentary Fires ;
Loud Thunders shake the Poles ; from ev'ry Place
Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Face.

IN Horror fixt the *Trojan* Heroe stands,
He groans, and spreads to Heav'n his lifted Hands. 125
Thrice happy those ! whose Fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the Chief) beneath the *Trojan* Wall.
Oh ! 'twas a glorious Fate to die in Fight,
To die, so bravely, in their Parents' fight !
Oh ! had I there, beneath TYDIDES' Hand, 130
'That bravest Heroe of the *Grecian* Band,
Pour'd out this Soul, with martial Glory fir'd,
And in that Field triumphantly expir'd !
Where HECTOR fell by fierce ACHILLES' Spear,
And great SARPEDON, the Renown'd in War ; 135
Where SIMÖIS' Streams, incumber'd with the Slain,
Roll'd Shields, and Helms, and Heroes to the Main.

8 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. Book I.

THUS while he mourns, the *Northern* Blaft prevails,
 Breaks all his Oars, and rends his flying Sails ;
 The Prow turns round ; the Galley leaves her Side 140
 Bare to the working Waves, and roaring Tide ;
 While in huge Heaps the gathering Surges spread,
 And hang in wat'ry Mountains o'er his Head.
 These ride on Waves sublime ; Those see the Ground
 Low in the boiling Deeps, and dark Profound. 145
 Three flatter'd Gallies the strong *Southern* Blaft
 On hidden Rocks, with dreadful Fury, caft ;
 Th' ITALIANS call them *Altars*, when they flood
 Sublime, and heav'd their Backs above the Flood.
 Three more, fierce EURUS on the the SYRTES threw 150
 From the main Sea, and (terrible to view)
 He dash'd, and left the Veffels, on the Land,
 Intrench'd with Mountains of furrounding Sand.
 Struck by a Billow, in the Hero's View,
 From Prow to Stern the flatter'd Galley flew 155 }
 Which bore ORONTES, and the *Lycian* Crew : }
 Swept off the Deck, the Pilot from the Ship,
 Stunn'd by the Stroke, fhut headlong down the Deep :
 The Veffel, by the Surge toft round and round,
 Sunk, in the whirling Gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160

Some

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 9

Some from the dark Abyſs emerge again ;
 Arms, Planks, and Treafures, float along the Main.
 And now thy Ship, ILIONEUS, gives Way,
 Nor thine, ACHATES, can reſiſt the Sea ;
 Nor old ALETHES his ſtrong Galley ſaves ; 165
 Then ABAS yields to the victorious Waves :
 The Storm diſſolves their well-compacted Sides,
 Which drink at many a Leak the hoſtile Tides.

MEAN time th' Imperial Monarch of the Main
 Heard the loud Tumults in his wat'ry Reign, 170
 And ſaw the furious Tempeſt wide around
 Work up the Waters, from the vaſt Profound.
 Then for his liquid Realms alarm'd, the God
 Lifts his high Head above the ſtormy Flood,
 Majeſtic and ſerene ; he rolls his Eyes ; 175 }
 And ſcatter'd wide the *Trojan* Navy ſpies, }
 Oppreſt by Waves below, by Thunders from the Skies. }
 Full well he knew his Siſter's endleſs Hate,
 Her Wiles and Arts to ſink the *Trojan* State.
 To EURUS, and the *Western* Blaſt, he cry'd, 180
 Does your high Birth inſpire this boundleſs Pride,
 Audacious Winds ! without a Pow'r from Me,
 To raiſe, at Will, ſuch Mountains on the Sea ?

10 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK I.

Thus to confound Heav'n, Earth, the Air, and Main?
 Whom I---but first I'll calm the Waves again. 185
 But if you tempt my Rage a second Time,
 Know, that some heavier Vengeance waits the Crime.
 Hence; fly with speed; from Me, your Tyrant tell,
 That to My Lot this wat'ry Empire fell.
 Bid him his Rocks, your darksome Dungeons, keep, 190
 Nor dare usurp the Trident of the Deep.
 There, in that gloomy Court, display his Power,
 And hear his Tempests round their Caverns roar.

HE spoke, and speaking chac'd the Clouds away,
 Hush'd the loud Billows, and restor'd the Day. 195
 C Y M O T H O E guards the Vessels in the Shock,
 And T R I T O N heaves 'em from the pointed Rock.
 With his huge Trident, the Majestic God
 Clear'd the wild S Y R T E S, and compos'd the Flood;
 Then mounted on his radiant Car he rides, 200
 And wheels along the Level of the Tides.
 As when Sedition fires th' ignoble Crowd,
 And the wild Rabble storms, and thirsts for Blood:
 Of Stones and Brands, a mingled Tempest flies,
 With all the sudden Arms that Rage supplies: 205
 If

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 11

If some grave Sire appears, amid the Strife,
 In Morals strict, and Innocence of Life,
 All stand attentive; while the Sage controuls
 Their Wrath, and calms the Tumult of their Souls.
 So did the roaring Deeps their Rage compose, 210
 When the great Father of the Floods arose.
 Rapt by his Steeds, he flies in open Day,
 Throws up the Reins, and skims the wat'ry Way.

THE TROJANS, weary'd with the Storm, explore
 The nearest Land, and reach the *Lybian* Shore. 215
 Far in a deep Recess, her jutting Sides
 An Isle projects, to break the rolling Tides,
 And forms a Port, where, curling from the Sea,
 The Waves steal back, and wind into a Bay.
 On either Side, sublime in Air, arise 220 }
 Two tow'ring Rocks, whose Summits brave the Skies; }
 Low at their Feet the sleeping Ocean lies:
 Crown'd with a gloomy Shade of waving Woods,
 Their awful Brows hang nodding o'er the Floods.
 Oppos'd to these, a secret Grotto stands, 225
 The Haunt of NEREIDS, fram'd by Nature's Hands;
 Where polish'd Seats appear of living Stone,
 And limpid Rills, that tinkle as they run.

No Cable here, nor circling Anchor binds
 The floating Vessel, harraft with the Winds. 230
 The *Dardan* Heroe brings to this Retreat
 Sev'n shatter'd Ships; the Relicts of his Fleet.
 With fierce Desire to gain the friendly Strand,
 The TROJANS leap in Rapture to the Land,
 And, drench'd in Brine, lye stretch'd along the Sand. 235 }
 ACHATES strikes the Flint, and from the Stroke
 The lurking Seeds of Fire in Sparkles broke;
 The catching Flame on Leaves and Stubble preys,
 Then gathers Strength, and mounts into a Blaze.
 Tir'd with their Labours, they prepare to dine, 240
 And grind their Corn, infected with the Brine.

ÆNEAS mounts a Rock, and thence surveys
 The wide and wat'ry Prospect of the Seas;
 Now hopes the shatter'd *Phrygian* Ships to find,
 ANTHEUS, or CAPYS, driving with the Wind; 245
 And now, CAÏCUS' glitt'ring Arms to spy,
 Wide o'er the vast Horizon darts his Eye.
 The Chief could view no Vessel on the Main;
 But three tall Stags stalk'd proudly o'er the Plain;
 Before the Herd their beamy Fronts they rais'd; 250
 Stretch'd out in length, the Train along the Valley graz'd.
 The

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 13

The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the Shore below,
Stop'd short - - then snatch'd the feather'd Shafts and Bow :
Which good ACHATES bore ; his Arrows fled ;
And first he laid the lordly Leaders dead ; 255
Next all th' ignoble Vulgar he pursu'd,
And with his Shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the Wood :
Nor ceas'd the Chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his Feet,
Lay sev'n huge Stags, the Number of his Fleet.
Back to the Port the Victor bends his Way, 260
And with his Friends divides the copious Prey.
The generous Wine, to crown the genial Feast,
Which kind ACESTES gave his parting Guest,
Next to his sad Associates he imparts ;
And with these Words revives their drooping Hearts. 265

FRIENDS ! we have known worse Toils, than now we know,
By long Experience exercis'd in Woe ;
And soon to these Disasters shall be giv'n :
A certain Period, by relenting Heav'n.
Think, how you saw the dire *Cyclopean* Shore, 270
Heard SCYLLIA'S Rocks, and all her Monsters, roar.
Dismiss your Fears ; on these Misfortunes past
Your Minds with Pleasure may reflect at last.

Thro'

Thro' such Varieties of Woes, we tend
 To promis'd LATIUM, where our Toils shall end : 275
 Where the kind Fates shall peaceful Seats ordain,
 And TROY, in all her Glories, rise again.
 With manly Patience bear your present State,
 And with firm Courage wait a better Fate.

So spoke the Chief, and hid his inward Smart ; 280
 Hope smooth'd his Looks, but Anguish rack'd his Heart.
 The hungry Crowd prepare, without Delay,
 To dress the Banquet, and to share the Prey.
 Some from the Body strip the smoking Hide,
 Some cut in Morfels, and the Parts divide ; 285
 These bid, with busy Care, the Flames aspire ;
 Those roast the Limbs, yet quiv'ring, o'er the Fire.
 Thus, while their Strength and Spirits they restore,
 The brazen Cauldrons smok along the Shore.
 Stretch'd on the Grass, their Bodies they recline, 290
 Enjoy the rich Repast, and quaff the gen'rous Wine.

THE Rage of Hunger quell'd, they past away
 In long and melancholy Talk the Day ;
 Nor knew, by Fears and Hopes alternate led,
 Whether to deem their Friends distressed, or dead. 295
 Apart

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 15

Apart the pious Chief, who suffer'd most,
Bemoans brave GYAS and CLOANTHUS lost :
For LYCUS' Fate, for AMYCUS he weeps,
And great ORONTES, whelm'd beneath the Deep.

Now, from high Heav'n, Imperial Jove surveys 300
The Nations, Shores, and navigable Seas ;
There, as he fate, inthron'd above the Skies,
Full on the *Lybian* Realms he fix'd his Eyes.
When, lo! the mournful Queen of Love appears ;
Her starry Eyes were dim'd with streaming Tears ; 305
Who to the Sire her humble Suit address'd,
The Schemes of Fate revolving in his Breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal Sway,
Aw'd by thy Thunders, Men, and Gods obey ;
What have my poor exhausted TROJANS done ? 310
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy Son ?
Still, for the Sake of ITALY, deny'd
All other Regions, all the World beside ?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a Race divine
Of *Roman* Chiefs should spring from TEUCER'S Line ; 315
The World in future Ages to command,
And in their Empire grasp the Sea and Land.

16 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. Book I.

Oh ! Sov'reign Father, say ! what Cause could move
The fixt unalterable Word of Jove ?
Which sooth'd my Grief, when ILION felt her Doom ; 320
And TROY I balanc'd with the Fates of ROME.
But see ! their Fortune still pursues her Blow ;
When wilt thou fix a Period to their Woe ?
In safety, bold ANTENOR broke his Way
Thro' Hosts of Foes, and pierc'd th' *Illyrian* Bay, 325
Where, thro' nine ample Mouths, TIMAVUS pours,
Wide as a Sea, and deluges the Shores ;
The Flood rebellows, and the Mountain roars. }
Yet with his Colonies, secure he came,
Rais'd PADUA's Walls, and gave the Realms a Name. 330
Then fix'd his *Trojan* Arms ; his Labours cease ;
And now the hoary Monarch reigns in Peace.
But we, your Progeny, ordain'd to rise,
And share th' eternal Honours of the Skies,
To glut the Rage of One, our Vessels lost, 335
Barr'd by her Vengeance, from the promis'd Coast.
Are these the Palms that Virtue must obtain ?
And is our Empire thus restor'd again ?

THE Sire of Men and Gods, superior, smil'd
On the sad Queen, and gently kiss'd his Child. 340
Then,

Then, with those Looks that clear the clouded Skies,
 And calm the raging Tempest, he replies.
 Daughter, dismiss your Fears; by Doom divine
 Fixt are the Fates of your immortal Line.
 Your Eyes LAVINIUM's promis'd Walls shall see, 345
 And here we ratify our first Decree.
 Your Son, the brave ÆNEAS, soon shall rise,
 Himself a God; and mount the starry Skies.
 To sooth your Care, these Secrets I relate
 From the dark Volumes of eternal Fate: 350
 The Chief fair ITALY shall reach, and there
 With mighty Nations wage a dreadful War,
 New Cities raise, the savage Natives awe,
 And to the conquer'd Kingdoms give the Law.
 The fierce RUTULIANS vanquish'd by his Sword, 355
 Three Years shall LATIUM own him Sovereign Lord.
 Your dear ASCANIUS then, the Royal Boy,
 (Now call'd IULUS, since the Fall of TROY)
 While thirty rolling Years their Orbs compleat,
 Shall wear the Crown, and from LAVINIUM's Seat 360
 Transfer the Kingdom; and, of mighty Length
 Raise tow'ring ALBA, glorying in her Strength.
 There, shall the *Trojan* Race enjoy the Pow'r,
 And fill the Throne three hundred Winters more.

ILIA, the Royal Priestess, next shall bear 365
 Two lovely Infants to the God of War.
 Nurs'd by a tawny Wolf, her eldest Son,
 Imperial ROMULUS, shall mount the Throne;
 From his own Name, the People ROMANS call,
 And from his Father MARS, his rising Wall. 370
 No Limits have I fixt, of Time, or Place,
 To the vast Empire of the Godlike Race.
 Ev'n haughty JUNO shall the Nation love,
 Who now alarms Earth, Seas, and Heav'n above;
 And join her friendly Counsels to my own, 375
 With endless Fame the Sons of ROME to crown,
 The World's majestic Lords, the Nation of the Gown. }
 This Word be Fate---an Hour shall wing its Way,
 When TROY in Dust shall proud MYCENÆ lay.
 In GREECE, ASSARACUS his Sons shall reign, 380
 And vanquisht ARGOS wear the Victor's Chain.
 Then CAESAR, call'd by great IULUS' Name,
 (Whose Empire Ocean bounds, the Stars his Fame)
 Sprung from the noble Trojan Line, shall rise
 Charg'd with his *Eastern* Spoils, and mount the Skies. 385
 Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these Abodes;
 Ador'd by ROME; a God among the Gods.

From

From that blest Hour all Violence shall cease,
 The Age grow mild, and soften into Peace.
 With righteous REMUS shall QUIRINUS reign, 390
 Old FAITH, and VESTA, shall return again ;
 With many a solid Hinge, and brazen Bar
 Shall JANUS close the horrid Gates of War.
 Within the Fane dire FURY shall be bound,
 With a huge Heap of shatter'd Arms around ; 395
 Wrapt in an hundred Chains, beneath the Load
 The Fiend shall roar, and grind his Teeth in Blood.

THE Thund'rer said ; and down the Aërial Way
 Sent with his high Commands the Son of MAY ;
 That CARTHAGE may throw wide her friendly Tow'rs, 400
 And grant her Guests the Freedom of her Shores :
 Left DIDO, blind to Fate, and Jove's Decree,
 Should shut her Ports, and drive them to the Sea.
 Swift on the Steerage of his Wings he flies,
 And shoots the vast Expansion of the Skies. 405
 Arriv'd, th' Almighty's Orders he performs.
 Charm'd by the God, no more the Nation storms
 With jealous Rage ; in chief the Queen inclin'd
 To Peace, and mild Benevolence of Mind.

ALL Night involv'd in Cares ÆNEAS lay, 410
 But rose impatient at the Dawn of Day,
 To view the Coast, the Country to explore,
 And learn if Men, or Beasts, possess the Shore;
 (For wide around the gloomy Waste extends)
 And bear the Tidings to his anxious Friends. 415
 Beneath a shelving Rock his Fleet dispos'd,
 With waving Woods and awful Shades inclos'd,
 Two glitt'ring Spears he shook with martial Pride,
 And forth he march'd; ACHATES at his Side.
 As thro' the Wilds the Chief his Course pursu'd, 420
 He meets his Goddess-Mother in the Wood;
 In Show, an Huntress she appear'd, array'd
 In Arms and Habit like a *Spartan* Maid;
 Or swift HARPALYCE of THRACE, whose Speed
 Out-flew the Wings of Winds, and tir'd the rapid Steed. 425
 Bare was her Knee, and with an easy Pride
 Her polish'd Bow hung graceful at her Side.
 Close, in a Knot, her flowing Robes she drew;
 Loose to the Winds her wanton Tresses flew.
 Ho! gentle Youths, she cry'd, have you beheld. 430
 One of my Sisters wand'ring o'er the Field,

Girt

Girt with a speckled Lynx's vary'd Hide,
 A painted Quiver rattling at her Side?
 Or have you seen her with an eager Pace
 Urge with full Cries the foaming Boar in Chace? 435
 None of your charming Sisterhood (he said)
 Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous Maid.
 Your Name, oh! Nymph, or oh! fair Goddeſs, fay?
 A Goddeſs fure, or Siſter of the Day,
 You draw your Birth from ſome immortal Line, 440
 Your Looks are heav'nly, and your Voice divine.
 Tell me, on what new Climate are we thrown?
 Alike the Natives and the Lands unknown;
 By the wild Waves, and ſwelling Surges toſt,
 We wander Strangers on a foreign Coaſt. 445
 Then will we ſtill invoke your ſacred Name,
 And with fat Victims ſhall your Altars flame.

No Goddeſs' awful Name, ſhe ſaid, I bear;
 For know, the *Zyrian* Maids, by Cuſtom, here,
 The purple Buſkin, and a Quiver wear. 450
 Your Eyes behold AGENOR'S Walls aſpire;
 The *Punick* Realms; a Colony from TYRE.
 See! wide around, waſte LYBIA'S Bounds appear,
 Whoſe ſwarthy Sons are terrible in War.

From

From her fierce Brother's Vengeance, o'er the Main, 455

From TYRE, fled DIDO, and enjoys the Reign :

The Tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long ;

Hear then, in short, the Story of her Wrong.

SICHÆUS was her Lord, beyond the Rest

Of the *Phœnician* Race, with Riches blest ; 460

Much lov'd by DIDO, whom her Father led

Pure, and a Virgin, to his nuptial Bed.

Her Brother, fierce PYGMALION, fill'd the Throne

Of TYRE, in Vice unrivall'd and Alone.

Ev'n at the sacred Altar in a Strife, 465

By stealth, the Tyrant shed his Brother's Life ;

Blind with the Charms of Gold, his Fau'chion drove,

Stern, and regardless of his Sister's Love.

Then, with fond Hopes, deceiv'd her for a Time,

And forg'd Pretences to conceal the Crime. 470

But her unbury'd Lord, before her Sight,

Rose in a frightful Vision of the Night :

Around her Bed he stalks ; grim ! ghastly ! pale !

And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid Tale

Of the dire Altars : dash'd with Blood around ; 475

Then bares his Breast, and points to every Wound ;

Warns her to fly the Land without Delay ;

And, to support her thro' the tedious Way,

Shows where, in massy Piles, his bury'd Treasure lay. }

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 23

Rous'd, and alarm'd, the Wife her Flight intends, 480
Obeys the Summons, and convenes her Friends :
They meet, they join, and in her Cause engage
All, who detest, or dread the Tyrant's Rage.

Some Ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd
Their Sides with Gold ; then launch'd into the Flood. 485
They sail ; the bold Exploit a Woman guides ;
PYGMALION'S Wealth is wafted o'er the Tides.

They came, where now you see new CARTHAGE rise,
And yon' proud Citadel invade the Skies.

The wand'ring Exiles bought a Space of Ground 490
Which one Bull-hide inclos'd and compact round ;
Hence BYRSA nam'd : But now, ye Strangers, say,
Who ? whence you are ? and whither lies your Way ?

DEEP, from his Soul, he draws a Length of Sighs,
And, with a mournful Accent, thus replies. 495

Shou'd I, O Goddes, from their Source relate,
Or You attend the Annals of our Fate,
The golden Sun wou'd sink, and Ev'ning close,
Before my Tongue cou'd tell you half our Woes.
By *Grecian* Foes expell'd, from TROY we came, 500
From antient TROY (if e'er you heard the Name)

Thro'

Thro' various Seas; when lo! a Tempest roars,
 And raging drives us on the *Lybian* Shores.
 The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my Fame,
 And brave Exploits, have reach'd the starry Frame: 505
 From *Grecian* Flames I bear my rescu'd Gods,
 Safe in my Vessels, o'er the stormy Floods.
 In search of antient ITALY I rove,
 And draw my Lineage from Almighty Jove.
 A Goddess-Mother and the Fates, my Guides, 510
 With twenty Ships I plough'd the *Phrygian* Tides.
 Scarce sev'n of all my Fleet are left behind,
 Rent by the Waves, and shatter'd by the Wind.
 My self, from EUROPE and from ASIA cast,
 A helpless Stranger, rove the *Lybian* Waste. 515

No more cou'd VENUS hear her Son bewail
 His various Woes, but interrupts his Tale.
 Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these Abodes,
 No Wretch I deem abandon'd by the Gods;
 Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud Palace bend 520
 Your Course, and on the gracious Queen attend.
 Your Friends are safe, the Winds are chang'd again,
 Or all my Skill in Augury is vain!

See

BOOK I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 25

See those twelve Swans, a Flock triumphant, fly,
 Whom lately, shooting from th' ethereal Sky, 525
 Th' imperial Bird of Jove dispers'd around,
 Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the Ground.
 As these returning clap their sounding Wings,
 Ride round the Skies, and sport in airy Rings ;
 So have your Friends and Ships possess the Strand, 530
 Or with full bellying Sails approach the Land.
 Haste to the Palace then, without Delay,
 And, as this Path directs, pursue your Way.
 She said, and turning round, her Neck she show'd,
 That with celestial Charms divinely glow'd. 535
 Her waving Locks immortal Odours shed,
 And breath'd ambrosial Scents around her Head.
 Her sweeping Robe trail'd pompous as she trod,
 And her majestic Port confess'd the God.
 Soon as he knows her thro' the coy Disguise, 540
 He thus pursues his Mother as she flies.

MUST never, never more our Hands be joyn'd?
 Are you, like Heav'n, grown cruel and unkind?
 Why must those borrow'd Shapes delude your Son?
 And why, ah! why those Accents not your own? 545

HE said ; then fought the Town ; but VENUS shrowds
 And wraps their Persons in a Veil of Clouds ;
 That none may interpose, to cause Delay,
 Nor fondly curious ask them of their Way.
 Thro' Air sublime the Queen of Love retreats. 550
 To PAPHOS' stately Tow'rs, and blisful Seats ;
 Where to her Name an hundred Altars rise,
 And Gums, and flow'ry Wreaths, perfume the Skies.

Now o'er the lofty Hill they bend their Way,
 Whence all the rising Town in Prospect lay, 555
 And Tow'rs and Temples ; for the Mountain's Brow
 Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.
 Where late the Cottage stood, with glad Surprise
 The Prince beholds the stately Palace rise ;
 On the pav'd Streets, and Gates, looks wond'ring down, 560
 And all the Crowd and Tumult of the Town.
 The TYRIANS ply their Work ; with many a Groan
 These roll, or heave some huge unweildy Stone ;
 Those bid the lofty Citadel ascend ;
 Some in vast Length th' embattled Walls extend ; 365
 Others for future Dwellings choose the Ground,
 Mark out the Spot, and draw the Furrow round.

Some,

Some, useful Laws propose, and Some, the Choice
Of sacred Senates, and elect by Voice.

These sink a spacious Mole beneath the Sea, 570
Those an huge Theatre's Foundation lay ;
Hew massy Columns from the Mountain's Side,
Of future Scenes an ornamental Pride.

Thus to their Toils, in early Summer, run
The clust'ring Bees, and labour in the Sun ; 575
Lead forth, in Colonies, their buzzing Race,
Or work the liquid Sweets, and thicken to a Mass.
The busy Nation flies from Flow'r to Flow'r,
And hoards, in curious Cells, the golden Store ;
A chosen Troop before the Gate attends,
To take the Burdens, and relieve their Friends ; 580
Warm at the fragrant Work, in Bands, they drive
The Drone, a lazy Robber, from the Hive.

The Prince surveys the lofty Tow'rs, and cries,
Blest, blest are you, whose Walls already rise : 585
Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the Crowds,
And past, unseen, involv'd in mantling Clouds.

AMID the Town, a stately Grove display'd
A cooling Shelter, and delightful Shade.

Here, tost by Winds and Waves, the TYRIANS found 590
 A Courser's Head, within the sacred Ground ;
 An Omen sent by JUNO, to declare
 A fruitful Soil, and Race renown'd in War.
 A Temple here *Sidonian* DIDO rais'd
 To Heav'n's dread Empress, that with Riches blaz'd ; 595
 Unnumber'd Gifts adorn'd the costly Shrine,
 By her own Prefence hallow'd and divine.
 Brafs were the Steps, the Beams with Brafs were strong,
 And the resounding Doors, on brazen Hinges, rung.
 Here, a strange Scene before his Eyes appears, 600
 To raise his Courage, and dispel his Fears ;
 Here first, he hopes his Fortunes to redress ;
 And finds a glimmering Prospect of Success.
 While for the Queen he waited, and amaz'd
 O'er the proud Shrine and pompous Temple gaz'd ; 605
 While he the Town admires, and wond'ring stands
 At the rich Labours of the Artist's Hands ;
 Amid the story'd Walls, he saw appear,
 In speaking Paint, the tedious *Trojan* War ;
 The War, that Fame had blaz'd the World around, 610
 And every Battle fought on *Phrygian* Ground.
 There PRIAM stood, and AGAMEMNON here,
 And PELEUS' wrathful Son, to both severe.

Struck

Struck with the View, oh ! Friend, the Heroe cries,
 (Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his Eyes) 615.
 Lo ! the wide World our Miseries employ ;
 What Realm abounds not with the Woes of TROY ?
 See ! where the venerable PRIAM stands !
 See Virtue honour'd in the *Lybian* Sands !
 For TROY, the generous Tears of CARTHAGE flow ; 620
 And *Tyrian* Breasts are touch'd with human Woe.
 Now banish Fear, for since the *Trojan* Name
 Is known, we find our Safety in our Fame.

THUS while his Soul the moving Picture fed,
 A Show'r of Tears the groaning Heroe shed. 625
 For here, the fainting GREEKS in Flight he view'd ;
 And there, the TROJANS to their Walls pursu'd
 By plum'd ACHILLES, with his dreadful Spear,
 Whirl'd on his kindling Chariot thro' the War.
 Nor far from thence, proud RHÆSUS' Tents he knows 630
 By their white Veils, that match'd the winter Snows,
 Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd Train,
 And, while he slept, by fierce TYDIDES slain ;
 Who drove his Coursers from the Scene of Blood ;
 E'er the fierce Steeds had tasted *Trojan* Food,
 Or drank divine SCAMANDER's fatal Flood.

[635}

THERE

THERE TROILUS flies difarm'd (unhappy Boy!)
 From stern ACHILLES, round the Fields of TROY;
 Unequal He! to such an Arm in War!
 Supine, and trailing from his empty Car, 640
 Still, tho' in Death, he grasps the flowing Reins,
 His startled Coursers whirl him o'er the Plains;
 The Spear, inverted, streaks the Dust around;
 His snowy Neck and Tresses sweep the Ground.
 Mean time a pensive supplicating Train 645
 Of *Trojan* Matrons, to MINERVA'S Fane
 In sad Procession with a Robe repair,
 Beat their white Breasts, and rend their golden Hair.
 Unmov'd with Pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
 And fixt her Eyes, relentless, on the Ground. 650
 ACHILLES here, his Vengeance to enjoy,
 Thrice drag'd brave HECTOR round the Walls of TROY:
 Then to the mournful Sire, the Victor fold
 The breathless Body of his Son, for Gold.
 His Groans now deepen'd, and new Tears he shed, 655
 To see the Spoils, and Chariot of the Dead,
 And PRIAM both his trembling Hands extend,
 And, gash'd with Wounds, his dear disfigur'd Friend.
 Mix'd with the *Grecian* Peers, and hostile Train,
 Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the Plain: 660
 And

And fwarthy MEMNON, glorious to behold,
 His *Eastern* Hofts, and Arms that flame with Gold.
 With Fury ftorm'd PENTHESILEA there,
 And led, with moony Shields, her AMAZONS to War;
 Around her Breaft her golden Belt ſhe threw; 665
 Then thro' the thick-embattled Squadrons flew;
 Amidft the Thoufands ſtood the dire Alarms,
 And the fierce Maid engag'd the Men in Arms.

THUS, while the *Trojan* Heroe ſtood amaz'd,
 And, fixt in Wonder, on the Picture gaz'd, 670
 With all her Guards, fair DIDO, from below,
 Aſcends the Dome, majefically flow.
 As on EUROTAS' Banks, or CYNTHUS' Heads,
 A thoufand beauteous Nymphs DIANA leads:
 While round their quiver'd Queen the Quires advance, 675
 She tow'rs majeftic, as ſhe leads the Dance;
 She moves in Pomp ſuperior to the reſt,
 And ſecret Transports touch LATONA'S Breaft.
 So paſt the graceful Queen amidft her Train,
 To ſpeed their Labours and her future Reign. 680
 Then with her Guards ſurrounded, in the Gate,
 Beneath the midmoſt Arch, ſublime ſhe fate.
 She ſhares their Labours, or by Lots ſhe draws;
 And to the Crowd adminiſters the Laws.

When lo ! ÆNEAS brave CLOANTHUS spies, 685
 ANTHEUS, and great SERGESTUS, with Surprise,
 Approach the Throne, attended by a Throng
 Of *Trojan* Friends, that pour'd in Tides along ;
 Whom the wild whistling Winds and Tempests bore,
 And widely scatter'd on a distant Shore. 690
 Loft in his Hopes and Fears, amaz'd he stands,
 And with ACHATES longs to join their Hands :
 But doubtful of th' Event, he first attends,
 Wrapt in the Cloud, the Fortune of his Friends ;
 Anxious, and eager till he knew their State, 695
 And where their Vessels lay, and what their Fate.
 With Cries, the Royal Favour to implore,
 They came, a Train selected, from the Shore :
 Then, Leave obtain'd, ILIONEUS begun,
 And, with their common Suit, address the Throne. 700

OH ! Queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty Tow'rs
 And this proud Town to raise on *Lybian* Shores,
 With high Commands, a savage Race to awe,
 And to the barb'rous Natives give the Law,
 We wretched TROJANS, an abandon'd Race, 705
 Toft round the Seas, implore your Royal Grace ;

Oh !

Oh! check your Subjects, and their Rage reclaim,
 Ere their wild Fury wrap our Fleet in Flame.
 Oh! save a pious Race; regard our Cry;
 And view our Anguish with a melting Eye. 710
 We come not, mighty Queen, an hostile Band,
 With Sword and Fire, and, ravaging the Land,
 To bear your Spoils triumphant to the Shore:
 No---to such Thoughts the vanquish'd dare not soar.
 Once by *Oenotrians* till'd, there lies a Place, 715
 'Twas call'd HESPERIA by the *Grecian* Race,
 (For martial Deeds and Fruits, renown'd by Fame)
 But since, ITALIA, from the Leader's Name;
 To that blest Shore we steer'd our destin'd Way,
 When sudden, dire ORION rows'd the Sea; 720
 All charg'd with Tempests rose the baleful Star,
 And on our Navy pour'd his wat'ry War;
 With sweeping Whirlwinds cast our Vessels wide,
 Dash'd on rough Rocks, or driving with the Tide:
 The few sad Relicks of our Navy bore 725
 Their Course to this unhospitable Shore.
 What are the Customs of this barbarous Place?
 What more than Savage this inhuman Race?
 In Arms they rise, and drive us from the Strand,
 From the last Verge, and Limits of the Land. 730

Know, if divine and human Laws you flight,
 The Gods, the Gods will all our Wrongs requite;
 Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard the Right. }

ÆNEAS was our King, of high Renown;
 Great, Good, and Brave; and War was all his own. 735.

If still he lives, and breathes this vital Air,
 Nor we, his Friends and Subjects, shall despair;
 Nor you, great Queen, repent, that you employ
 Your kind Compassion in the Cause of TROY.

Besides, on high the *Trojan* Ensigns soar, 745

And *Trojan* Cities grace SICILIA'S Shore;

Where great ACESTES, of the *Dardan* Strain,

Deriv'd from antient TEUCER, holds his Reign.

Permit us, from your Woods, new Planks and Oars
 To fell, and bring our Vessels on your Shores; 745.

That, if our Prince and Friends return again,
 With Joy, for LATIUM, we may plow the Main.

But if those Hopes are vanish quite away,

If lost, and swallow'd in the *Lybian* Sea,

You lie, great Guardian of the *Trojan* State, 750

And young IULUS shares his Father's Fate;

Oh! let us seek SICILIA'S Shores again,

And fly from hence to good ACESTES' Reign. }

He spoke; a loud Assent ran murmuring thro' the Train. }

THUS

THUS then, in short, the gracious Queen replies, 755
 While on the Ground she fixt her modest Eyes:
 TROJANS, be bold; against my Will, my Fate,
 A Throne unsettled, and an infant State,
 Bid me defend my Realms with all my Pow'rs,
 And guard with these Severities my Shores. 760
 Lives there a Stranger to the *Trojan* Name,
 Their Valour, Arms, and Chiefs of mighty Fame?
 We know the War that set the World on Fire;
 Nor are so void of Sense the Sons of TYRE;
 For here his Beams indulgent PHOEBUS sheds, 765
 And rolls his flaming Chariot o'er our Heads.
 Seek you, my Friends, the blest *Saturnian* Plains,
 Or fair TRINACRIA, where ACESTES reigns?
 With Aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my Stores,
 Safe will I send you from the *Lybian* Shores. 770
 Or would you stay to raise this growing Town?
 Fix here your Seat; and CARTHAGE is your own.
 Haste, draw your Ships to Shore; to Me the fame,
 Your TROY and TYRE shall differ but in Name.
 And oh! that great ÆNEAS had been tost, 775
 By the same Storm, on the same friendly Coast!

But I will fend, my Borders to explore,
 And trace the Windings of the mazy Shore.
 Perchance, already thrown on these Abodes,
 He roams the Towns, or wanders thro' the Woods. 780
 Rais'd in their Hopes the Friend and Heroe stood;
 And long'd to break, transported, from the Cloud.
 Oh! Goddess-born! cry'd brave ACHATES, say,
 What are your Thoughts, and why this long Delay?
 All safe you see; your Friends and Fleet restor'd: 785
 One (whom we saw) the whirling Gulf devour'd.
 Lo! with the rest your Mother's Words agree,
 All but ORONTES 'scap'd the raging Sea.

SWIFT as he spoke, the Vapours break away,
 Dissolve in Æther, and refine to Day. 790
 Radiant, in open View, ÆNEAS stood;
 In Form and Looks, Majestic as a God.
 Flush'd with the rosy Bloom of Youth he glows,
 His Hair in Ringlets, curl'd by VENUS, flows;
 The Queen of Love the Glance divine supplies, 795
 And breathes immortal Spirit in his Eyes.
 Like *Parian* Marble, beauteous to behold,
 Or Silver's milder Gleam in burnish'd Gold,

Or polish'd Iv'ry, shone the godlike Man :
All stood surpriz'd ; and thus the Prince began.

ÆNEAS, whom you seek, you here survey ;
Escap'd the Tempest of the *Lybian* Sea.
O DIDO, gracious Queen, who make alone
The Woes, and Cause, of wretched TROY your own ;
And shelter in your Walls, with pious Care, 805
Her Sons, the Relicks of the *Grecian* War,
Who all the Forms of Misery have bore,
Storms on the Sea, and Dangers on the Shore ;
Nor we, nor all the *Dardan* Nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the Globe, and scatter'd round the World, 810
But the good Gods, with Blessings, shall repay
Your bounteous Deeds, the Gods and only they ;
(If pious Acts, if Justice they regard ;)
And your clear Conscience stands its own Reward.
How blest this Age that has such Virtue seen ? 815
How blest the Parents of so great a Queen ?
While to the Sea the Rivers roll, and Shades
With awful Pomp surround the Mountain Heads ;
While Æther shines, with golden Planets grac'd,
So long your Honour, Name, and Praise shall last : 820
What-

Whatever Realm my Fortune has assign'd,
Still will I bear your Image in my Mind.

This said, the pious Chief of Troy extends
His Hands around, and hails his joyful Friends :
His Left SERGESTUS grasp'd with vast Delight, 825
To great ILIONEUS he gave the Right.
CLOANTHUS, GYAS, and the *Dardan* Train,
All, in their Turns, embrac'd the Prince again.

CHARM'D with his Prefence, DIDO gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his Fortune much, his Person more. 830
What Fate, O Goddefs-born, she said, has tost
So brave a Heroe on this barbarous Coast ?
Are you ÆNEAS, who in IDA'S Grove
Sprung from ANCHISES and the Queen of Love
By SIMOIS' Streams ? and now I call to Mind, 835
When TEUCER left his native Shores behind ;
The banisht Prince to SIDON came, to gain
Great BELUS' Aid, to fix him in his Reign ;
Then the rich *Cyprian* Isle, my warlike Sire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with Sword and Fire. 840
From him I learnt the *Grecian* Kings of Fame,
The Fall of ILION, and your glorious Name :

The

He on your Valour, tho' a Foe, with Joy
 Would dwell, and proudly trace his Birth from TROY.
 Come to my Palace then, my Royal Guest, 845
 And, with your Friends, indulge the genial Feast.
 My Wand'rings and my Fate resembling yours,
 At length I fettled on these *Lybian* Shores ;
 And, touch'd with Miseries myself have known,
 I view, with pity, Woes so like my own. 850

SHE spoke, then leads him to her proud Abodes,
 Ordains a Feast, and Offerings to the Gods.
 Twice fifty bleating Lambs and Ewes she sends,
 And twice ten brawny Oxen to his Friends :
 A hundred bristly Boars, and monst'rous Swine ; 855
 With BACCHUS' Gifts, a Store of generous Wine.
 The inner Rooms in regal Pomp display'd,
 The splendid Feasts in ample Halls are made ;
 Where, labour'd o'er with Art, rich Carpets lie,
 That glow refulgent with the purple Dye. 860
 The Boards are pil'd with Plate of curious Mould ;
 And their Forefather's Deeds, in Times of old,
 Blaz'd round the Bowls, and charg'd the rising Gold. }

No more the Prince his eager Love suppress,
 And all the Parent struggled in his Breast. 865

He sends ACHATES to inform his Son,
 And guide the young ASCANIUS to the Town ;
 (On his ASCANIUS turn his Fear and Joy,
 The Father's Cares are center'd in the Boy ;)
 To bring rich Presents to the Queen of TYRE, 870
 And Relicks, rescu'd from the *Trojan* Fire.
 A Mantle, wrought with saffron Foliage round ;
 And a stiff Robe, with golden Figures crown'd,
 Fair HELEN'S Dress, when, fir'd with lawless Joy,
 She left her native Walls to ruin TROY, 875
 (Her Mother's Present in the bridal Hour ;)
 With Gold a shining Sceptre studded o'er,
 That wont ILIONE'S fair Hand to grace,
 The eldest Nymph of PRIAM'S beauteous Race ;
 Her Necklace, strung with Pearls ; her Crown, that glows 880
 Instar'd with Gems and Gold in double Rows.
 To bring the splendid Gifts, without Delay,
 Swift to the Fleet, ACHATES bends his Way.

BUT beauteous VENUS in her Breast design'd
 New Wiles, and plann'd new Counsels in her Mind, 885
 That wingid CUPID to the Court shou'd come
 Like sweet ASCANIUS, in ASCANIUS' Room ;

With

With the rich Gifts the *Tyrian* Queen inspire,
 And kindle in her Veins the raging Fire.
 Her Dread of J_UN_O's Arts, who guards the Place, 890
 Her just-Suspensions of the treach'rous Race,
 Break, each revolving Night, her golden Rest:
 And thus the suppliant Queen the God address.

OH Son! my Strength! Supreme in Heav'n above!
 Whose Arrows triumph o'er the Bolts of J_OV_E: 895
 To Thee I fly, thy Succour to implore,
 Court thy Protection, and thy Pow'r adore.
 To tell how J_UN_O's restless Rage has tost
 Your Brother round the Seas, and ev'ry Coast,
 Is but to mention what too well you know, 900
 Who sigh'd my Sighs, and wept a Mother's Woe.
 Him, in her Town, the *Tyrian* Queen detains,
 With soft Seducements, from the *Latian* Plains.
 But much I fear that hospitable Place,
 Where J_UN_O reigns, the Guardian of the Race: 905
 And least this fair Occasion she improve,
 Know, I design to fire the Queen with Love;
 A Love, beyond the Cure of Pow'rs divine;
 A Love as strong, and violent as mine.

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

The Royal Youth, ASCANIUS, from the Port
Hastes, by his Father's Summons, to the Court ;
With costly Presents charg'd, he takes his Way,
Sav'd from the Trojan Flames, and stormy Sea; 915
But to prevent Suspicion, will I steep
His Temples in the Dews of balmy Sleep,
Then to CYTHERA'S sacred Seats remove,
Or softly lay him in th' *Idalian* Grove.

This one revolving Night, thyself a Boy, 920
Wear thou the Features of the Youth of TROY ;
And when the Queen, transported with thy Charms,
Amidst the Feast, shall strain thee in her Arms,
The gentle Poison by Degrees inspire
Thro' all her Breast ; then fan the rising Fire, 925
And kindle all her Soul. The Mother said,
With Joy the God her soft Commands obey'd.
Aside his Quiver, and his Wings he flung,
And, like the Boy IULUS, tript along.

MEAN time the Goddess on ASCANIUS throws 930
A balmy Slumber and a sweet Repose ;
Lull'd in her Lap to rest, the Queen of Love
Convey'd him to the soft *Idalian* Grove.

Wrapt in a flow'ry Bed her Charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant Shade. 935

Now CUPID, pleas'd his Orders to obey,
Brought the rich Gifts; ACHATES led the Way.
He came, and found on costly Carpets spread
The Queen majestic midst her golden Bed.
The great ÆNEAS and the TROJANS lie 940
On pompous Couches, stain'd with *Tyrian* Dye.
Soft Towels for their Hands th' Attendants bring,
And limpid Water from the chrystal Spring.
They wash; the menial Train the Tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring Canisters the Bread. 945
To dress the Feast, full fifty Handmaids join,
And burn rich Incense to the Pow'rs divine;
A hundred Boys and Virgins stood around,
The Banquet marshal'd, and the Goblets crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd Beds the TYRIANS come 650
Rank behind Rank; and crown the regal Room.
The Guests the gorgeous Gifts and Boy admire,
His Voice, and Looks, that glow with youthful Fire;
The Veil and Foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich Robe that flam'd with figur'd Gold: 955

But chief the Queen, the Boy and Presents move,
 The Queen, already doom'd to fatal Love.
 Infatiate in her Joy, she fate amaz'd,
 Gaz'd on his Face, and kindled as she gaz'd.
 First, his dissembled Father he carest, 960
 Hung round his Neck, and play'd upon his Breast;
 Next to the Queen's Embraces he withdrew;
 She look'd, and sent her Soul at every View;
 Then took him on her Lap, devour'd his Charms;
 Nor knew poor DIDO, blind to future Harms, 965
 How great a God she fondled in her Arms.
 But he, now mindful of his Mother, stole
 By slow Degrees SICHAEUS from her Soul;
 Her Soul, rekindling, in her Husband's stead
 Admits the Prince; the Living for the Dead. 970

SOON as the Banquet paus'd, to raise their Souls,
 With sparkling Wine they crown the massy Bowls.
 Thro' the wide Hall the rolling Eccho bounds,
 The Palace rings, the vaulted Dome refounds.
 The blazing Torches, and the Lamps display, 975
 From golden Roofs, an artificial Day.
 Now DIDO crowns the Bowl of State with Wine,
 The Bowl of BELUS, and the regal Line.

Her

Her Hands aloft the shining Goblet hold,
 Pond'rous with Gems, and rough with sculptur'd Gold. 980
 When Silence was proclaim'd, the Royal Fair
 Thus to the Gods addrest her fervent Pray'r.

ALMIGHTY Jove! who plead'st the Stranger's Cause;
 Great guardian God of hospitable Laws!
 Oh! grant this Day to circle still with Joy, 985
 Thro' late Posterity, to TYRE and TROY.
 Be thou, O BACCHUS! God of Mirth, a Guest;
 And thou, O JUNO! grace the genial Feast.
 And you, my Lords of TYRE, your Fears remove,
 And show your Guests Benevolence and Love. 990
 She said, and on the Board, in open View,
 The first Libations to the Gods she threw:
 Then sip'd the Wine, and gave to BITIAS' Hand.
 He rose, obedient to the Queen's Command;
 At once the thirsty TROJAN swill'd the Whole, 995
 Sunk the full Gold, and drain'd the foaming Bowl.
 Then thro' the Peers, with sparkling Nectar crown'd,
 The Goblet circles, and the Health goes round.
 With curling Tresses grac'd, and rich Attire,
 IOPAS stands, and sweeps the golden Lyre; 1000
 The Truths, which antient ATLAS taught, he sings,
 And Nature's Secrets, on the founding Strings:

Why CYNTHIA changes ; why the Sun retires,
 Shorn of his radiant Beams, and genial Fires ;
 From what Originals, and Causes, came 1005
 Mankind and Beasts, the Rain, and rising Flame ;
 ARCTURUS, dreadful with his stormy Star ;
 The wat'ry *Hyads*, and the *Northern* Car ;
 Why Suns in Summer the slow Night detain,
 And rush so swift in Winter to the Main. 1010
 With Shouts the *Tyrians* praise the Song divine,
 And in the loud Applause the *Trojans* join.
 The Queen, in various Talk, prolongs the Hours,
 Drinks deep of Love, and ev'ry Word devours ;
 This Moment longs of HECTOR to enquire, 1015
 The next of PRIAM, his unhappy Sire ;
 What Arms adorn'd AURORA's glorious Son ;
 How, high above his Hofts, ACHILLES thone ;
 How brave TYDIDES thunder'd on his Car ;
 How his fierce Courfers swept the Ranks of War. 1020
 Nay, but at large, my godlike Guest, relate
 The *Grecian* Wiles, the said, and ILION's Fate ;
 How far your Course around the Globe extends,
 And what the Woes and Fortunes of your Friends :
 For, since you wander'd every Shore and Sea, 1025
 Have sev'n revolving Summers roll'd away.

The End of the first BOOK.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

Second Book of the ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the City of Troy was taken, after a Ten Years Siege, by the Treachery of Sinon, and the Stratagem of a Wooden-horse. He declares the fixt Resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his Country, and the various Adventures he met with in the Defence of it : at last having been before advised by Hector's Ghost, and now by the Appearance of his Mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the Town, and settle his Household-Goods in another Country. In order to this he carries off his Father on his Shoulders, and leads his little Son by the Hand, his Wife following him behind. When he comes to the Place appointed for the general Rendez-vous, he finds a great Confluence of People, but misses his Wife, whose Ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the Land which was designed for him.



L L gaz'd in silence, with an eager Look,
Then from the golden Couch the Heroe spoke.
Ah mighty Queen ! you urge me to disclose,
And feel, once more, unutterable Woes ;
How vengeful GREECE with Victory was crown'd,
And TROY's fair Empire humbled to the Ground ;
Those

Those direful Scenes I saw on *Phrygia's* Shore,
 Those Wars in which so large a Part I bore.
 The fiercest *Argive* would with Tears bewail,
 And stern ULYSSES tremble at the Tale: 10
 And lo! the Night precipitates away;
 The Stars, grown dim before the dawning Day,
 Call to Repose; but since you long to know,
 And curious listen to the story'd Woe;
 Tho' my flock'd Soul recoils, my Tongue shall tell, 15
 But with a bleeding Heart, how *Ilion* fell.

THE *Grecian* Kings, (for many a rolling Year,
 Repell'd by Fate, and harrafs'd by the War;)

By PALLAS' aid of season'd Fir compose

A Steed, that tow'ring like a Mountain rose; 20

This they pretend their common Vow, to gain

A safe Return, and measure back the Main:

Such the Report; but guileful *Argos* hides

Her bravest Heroes in the Monster's Sides;

Deep, deep, within, they throng'd the dreadful Gloom, 25

And half a Host lay ambush'd in the Womb.

AN Isle, in antient Times renown'd by Fame,
 Lies full in View, and *Tenedos* the Name;

Once

Once blest with Wealth, while PRIAM held the Sway,
 But now a broken, rough, and dangerous Bay. 30
 Thither their unsuspected Course they bore,
 And hid their Hosts within the winding Shore ;
 We deem'd them sail'd for *Greece* ; transported *Troy*
 Forgot her Woes, and gave a Loose to Joy ;
 Threw wide her Gates, and pour'd forth all her Train, 35
 To view th' abandon'd Camp, and empty Plain ;
 Here the *Dolopian* Troops their Station held ;
 There proud *Achilles*' Tent o'erlook'd the Field ;
 Here rang'd the thousand Vessels stood, and there
 In Conflict join'd the furious Sons of War. 40
 Some view the Gift of PALLAS with Surprise,
 The fatal Monster, and its wond'rous Size.
 And first THYMÆTES mov'd the Crowd to lead
 And lodge within the Tower the lofty Steed ;
 Or, with design, his Country to destroy, 45
 Or Fate determin'd now the Fall of *Troy*.
 But hoary CAPYS, and the Wife, require
 To plunge the treacherous Gift of *Greece* in Fire,
 Or whelm the mighty Monster in the Tides,
 Or bore the Ribs, and search the cavern'd Sides. 50
 Their own wild Will the noisy Crowds obey,
 And vote, as partial Fancy points the Way ;

Till bold LAOCOON, with a mighty Train,
 From the high Tower rush'd furious to the Plain;
 And sent his Voice from far, with Rage inspir'd; 55
 What Madness, *Trojans*, has your Bosoms fir'd?
 Think you the *Greeks* are fail'd before the Wind?
 Think you these Presents safe, they leave behind?
 And is ULYSSES banish'd from your Mind? }
 Or this prodigious Fabrick must inclose, 60
 Deep in its darksome Womb, our ambush'd Foes;
 Or 'tis some Engine, rais'd to batter down
 The Tow'rs of *Ilion*, or command the Town;
 Ah! trust not *Greece*, nor touch her Gifts abhorr'd;
 Her Gifts are more destructive than her Sword. 65

SWIFT as the Word, his pond'rous Lance he threw;
 Against the Sides the furious Javelin flew,
 Thro' the wide Womb a spacious Passage found,
 And shook with long Vibrations in the Wound.
 The Monster groans, and shakes the distant Shore; 70
 And, round his Caverns roll'd, the deep'ning Thunders roar.
 Then, had not partial Fate conspir'd to blind,
 With more than Madness, every *Trojan* Mind;
 The Crowd the treacherous Ambush had explor'd,
 And not a *Greek* had 'scap'd the vengeful Sword; 75

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 51

Old PRIAM still his Empire would enjoy,
Aud still thy Tow'rs had stood, Majestic *Troy*!

MEANTIME, before the King, the *Dardan* Swains,
With Shouts triumphant, brought a Youth in Chains,
A willing Captive to the *Trojan* Hands, 80
To open *Ilion* to the *Grecian* Bands;
Bold and determin'd either Fate to try;
Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The Troops tumultuous gather round the Foe,
To see the Captive, and insult his Woe. 85
Now hear the Fallhoods of the *Grecian* Train;
All, all in One; a Nation in a Man.
For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
And trembling views around the *Phrygian* Bands,
Alas! what hospitable Land, (he cry'd) 90
Or oh! what Seas a wandering Wretch will hide?
Not only banish'd from the *Grecian* State;
But *Troy*, avenging *Troy* demands my Fate.

HIS melting Tears, and moving Sighs controul
Our rising Rage, and soften every Soul.] 95
We bid him tell his Race, and long to know
The Fate and Tidings of a Captive Foe.

At length, encourag'd thus, the Youth reply'd,
And laid his well-diffembled Fears aside.

ALL, all, with truth, great Monarch, I confess, 100
And first I own my Birth deriv'd from *Greece*;
Wretch as he is, yet SINON can defy
The Frowns of Fortune, and disdains a Lye.
You know, perchance, great PALAMIDES' Name,
Thro' many a distant Realm renown'd by Fame; 105
Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for Peace,
Condemn'd for Treason by the Voice of *Greece*.
Tho' false the Charge, the glorious Heroe bled,
But now the *Greeks* deplore the Warrior dead.
Me, yet a Youth, my Father sent to share 110
With Him, my Kinsman, in the Toils of War.
Long as that Heroe stood secure from Fate,
Long as his Counsels prop'd the *Grecian* State,
Ev'n I could boast an honourable Name,
And claim some Title to a Share of Fame; 115
But when the Prince, (a well-known Truth I tell,)
By dire ULYSSES' Arts and Envy fell;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this Vital Air,
I drag'd my Days in Darknes and Despair.

And,

And, if kind Heav'n should give me back once more 120
 Safe and triumphant to my Native Shore,
 For Innocence condemn'd, Revenge I vow'd,
 Mad as I was, and spoke my Rage aloud.
 This mov'd ULYSSES' Hate, and hence arose
 My past Misfortunes, and my present Woes. 125
 Eager he fought the Means, and watch'd the Time
 To charge me too with some pretended Crime.
 For conscious of his Guilt, my Death he vow'd,
 And with dark Hints amus'd the list'ning Crowd.
 At length with CALCHAS he concerts the Schen 30
 But why, why dwell I on this hateful Theme?
 Or why detain you with a Tale of Woe?
 Since you determine every *Greek*, a Foe.
 Strike, Strike; th' ATRIDES will my Death enjoy,
 And dire ULYSSES thank the Sword of *Troy*. 135

Now blind to *Grecian* Frauds, we burn to know
 With fond Desire the Causes of his Woe;
 Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
 Pursu'd the moving melancholy Tale.

OFT' had our Hosts determin'd to employ 140
 Their Sails for *Greece*, and leave untaken *Troy*,
 Urg'd

Urg'd to a shameful Flight, from deep Despair,
 And the long Labours of a ten-year's War.
 And oh ! that they had fail'd !---as oft the Force
 Of Southern Winds, and Tempests stop'd their Course. 145
 But since this Steed was rais'd ; strait, bellowing loud,
 Deep Thunders roar'd, and burst from every Cloud.
 We sent EURYPILUS to PHOEBUS' Shrine,
 Who brought this Sentence from the Voice Divine.
 When first ye fail'd for *Troy*, ye calm'd the Main 150
 With Blood, ye *Grecians*, and a Virgin slain ;
 And ere you measure back the foamy Flood,
 Know, you must buy a safe Return with Blood.
 These awful Words to every *Greek* impart
 Surprise and Dread, and chill the bravest Heart ; 155
 To the dire Stroke each thought himself decreed,
 Himself the Victim that for *Greece* should bleed.
 ULYSSES then, importunate and loud,
 Produc'd sage CALCHAS to the trembling Crowd,
 Bade him the secret Will of Heav'n relate ; 160
 And now my Friends could prophecy my Fate ;
 And base ULYSSES' wicked Arts, they said,
 Were level'd all at my devoted Head.
 Ten Days the Prophet from the Crowd retir'd,
 Nor mark'd the Victim that the Gods requir'd. 165
 So

So long befieg'd by ITHACUS he stood,
 And seem'd reluctant to the Voice of Blood ;
 At length he spoke, and, as the Scheme was laid,
 Doom'd to the Slaughter my predestin'd Head.
 All prais'd the Sentence, and were pleas'd to see 170
 The Fate that threaten'd All, confin'd to Me.
 And now the dire tremendous Day was come,
 When all prepar'd to solemnize my Doom ;
 The salted Barly on my Front was spread,
 The sacred Fillets bound my destin'd Head : 175
 I fled th' appointed Slaughter, I confess,
 And, till our Troops should hoist their Sails for *Greece*,
 Swift to a slimy Lake I took my Flight,
 Lay wrapt in Flags, and cover'd by the Night.
 And now these Eyes shall view my native Shore, 180
 My dear, dear Children, and my Sire no more ;
 Whom haply *Greece* to Slaughter has decreed,
 And for my fatal Flight condemn'd to bleed.
 But Thee, O gracious Monarch, I implore
 By every God, by every sacred Pow'r, 185
 Who conscious of the Facts my Lips relate,
 With Truth inspire me to declare my Fate ;
 By all the solemn Sanctions that can bind
 In holy Ties the Faith of Human-kind ;

Have

Have Mercy, Mercy, on a guiltless Foe,
O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a Weight of Woe!

HIS Life we gave him, and dispell'd his Fears,
Touch'd with this moving Eloquence of Tears ;
And, melting first, the good old King commands
To free the Captive, and to loose his Hands. 195
Then with soft Accents, and a pleasing Look,
Mild and Benevolent the Monarch spoke.

HENCEFORTH, let *Greece* no more thy Thoughts employ,
But live a Subject and a Son of *Troy* ;
With Truth and strict Sincerity proceed, 200
Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous Steed ;
Who was its Author, what his Aim, declare ;
Some solemn Vow ? or Engine of the War ?

SKILL'D in the Frauds of *Greece*, the Captive rears
His Hands Unshackled to the golden Stars ; 205
You, ye Eternal Splendors ! he exclaims,
And your divine inviolable Flames,
Ye fatal Swords and Altars, which I fled,
Ye Wreaths that circled this devoted Head ;

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 57

All, all, attest ! that justly I release 210

My fworn Allegiance to the Laws of *Greece*,
Renounce my Country, hate her Sons, and lay
Their inmost Counsels open to the Day.

And thou, O *Troy*, by *SINON* snatch'd from Fate,
Spare, spare the Wretch, who saves the *Phrygian* State. 215
Greece on *MINERVA*'s Aid rely'd alone,
Since first the Labours of the War begun.

But from that execrable Point of Time,
When *ITHACUS*, the First in every Crime,
With *TYDEUS*' impious Son, the Guards had slain, 220

And brought her Image from the *Phrygian* Fane,
Distain'd her sacred Wreaths with murderous Hands,
Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd Bands ;
Then ceas'd the Triumphs of the *Grecian* Train,
And their full Tide of Conquest sunk again ; 225
Their Strength decay'd, and many a dreadful Sign
To trembling *Greece* proclaim'd the Wrath divine.

Scarce to the Camp the sacred Image came,
When from her Eyes she flash'd a living Flame ;
A briny Sweat bedew'd her Limbs around, 230
And thrice she sprung indignant from the Ground ;
Thrice was she seen with martial Rage to wield
Her pond'rous Spear, and shake her blazing Shield.

With that, sage CALCHAS mov'd the trembling Train
 To fly, and measure back to Deeps again; 235
 That 'twas not giv'n our Armies to destroy
 The *Phrygian* Empire, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*,
 Till they should bring from *Greece* those favouring Gods,
 Who smil'd indulgent, when they plow'd the Floods;
 With more auspicious Signs repass the Main, 240
 And with new Omens take the Field again.
 Now to their native Country they repair,
 With gather'd Forces to renew the War;
 The Scheme of CALCHAS! but their vanish'd Host
 Will soon return to waste the *Phrygian* Coast. 245
 All *Greece*, atoning dire ULYSSES' Deed,
 To PALLAS' Honour rais'd this wondrous Steed;
 But CALCHAS order'd this enormous Size,
 This monstrous Bulk, that heaves into the Skies,
 Left *Troy* should lead it thro' her opening Gate, 250
 And by this new *Palladium* guard her State.
 For oh! ye *Phrygians*, had your Rage profan'd
 This Gift of PALLAS with an impious Hand,
 Some Fate (which all ye Pow'rs immortal shed
 With all your Vengeance on its Author's Head!) 255
 In one prodigious Ruin would destroy
 Thy Empire, PRIAM, and the Sons of *Troy*.

But

But would you join, within your Walls to lead
 This Pledge of Heav'n, this tutelary Steed ;
 Then, with her Hofts, all *Asia* fhall repair, 260
 And pour on *Pelops'* Walls a Storm of War ;
 Then *Greece* fhall bleed, and perifh in her turn ;
 Her future Sons ; her Nations yet unborn.

THUS did the perjur'd *SINON*'s Art prevail ;
 Too fondly we believ'd the ftudy'd Tale ; 265
 And thus was *Troy*, who bravely could fustain
ACHILLES' Fury, when he fwept the Plain,
 A thoufand Veffels, and a ten Years War,
 Won by a Sigh, and vanquifh'd by a Tear.

HERE a more dreadful Object rofe to fight, 270
 And fhook our Souls with Horror and Affright.
 Unbleft *LAOCOON*, whom the Lots defign
 Prieft of the Year, at *NEPTUNE*'s holy Shrine
 Slew on the Sands, befide the rolling Flood,
 A ftately Steer, in honour of the God. 275
 When, horrid to relate ! two Serpents glide
 And roll incumbent on the glaffy Tide,
 Advancing to the Shore ; their Spires they raife
 Fold above Fold, in many a tow'ring Maze.

Beneath their burnish'd Breast the Waters glow, 280
 Their crimson Crests inflame the Deeps below;
 O'er the vast Flood, extended long and wide,
 Their curling Backs lay floating on the Tide;
 Lash'd to a Foam the boiling Billows roar,
 And now the dreadful Monsters reach'd the Shore; 285
 Their hissing Tongues they darted, as they came,
 And their red Eye-balls shot a sanguine Flame.
 Pale at the sight, we fled in dire Dismay;
 Strait to LAOCOON they direct their way;
 And first in curling fiery Volumes bound 290
 His two young Sons, and wrapt them round and round,
 Devour'd the Children in the Father's View;
 Then on the miserable Father flew,
 While to their Aid he runs with fruitless Haste,
 And all the Man in horrid Folds embrac'd; 295
 Twice round his Waist, and round his Neck they rear
 Their winding Head, and hiss aloft in Air.
 His sacred Wreaths the livid Poisons stain, }
 And, while he labours at the Knots in vain, }
 Stung to the Soul, he bellows with the Pain. 300 }
 So, when the Ax has glanc'd upon his Skull,
 Breaks from the Shrine, and roars the wounded Bull.

But each huge Serpent now retires again,
 And flies for Shelter to MINERVA'S Fane;
 Her Buckler's Orb the Goddess wide display'd, 305
 And screen'd her Monsters in the dreadful Shade.

THEN, a new Fear the trembling Crowd possess,
 A holy Horror pants in every Breast;
 All judge LAOCOON justly doom'd to bleed,
 Whose guilty Spear profan'd the sacred Steed. 310
 We vote to lead him to MINERVA'S Tow'r,
 And supplicate, with Vows, th' offended Pow'r.
 All to the fatal Labour bend their Care,
 Level the Walls, and lay the Bulwarks bare;
 Some round the lofty Neck the Cables tye, 315
 Some to the Feet the rolling Wheels apply;
 The tow'ring Monster, big with *Ilion's* Doom,
 Mounts o'er the Wall; an Army in the Womb;
 Around the moving Pile the Children join
 In Cries of Transport, and in Songs divine; 320
 They run, they pull the stretching Cords with Joy,
 And lend their little Hands to ruin *Troy*!
 In one loud Peal th' enormous Horse rolls down,
 And thund'ring gains the Centre of the Town.

Oh!

Oh *Troy* renown'd in War! oh bright Abodes! 325
 Oh glorious *Troy*! the Labour of the Gods! ---
 Thrice stop'd unmov'd the Monster in the Gate,
 And clashing Arms thrice warn'd us of our Fate;
 But we, by Madness blinded and o'ercome,
 Lodge the dire Monster in the sacred Dome. 330
 CASSANDRA too, inspir'd, our Fate declares
 (So PHOEBUS doom'd) to unregarding Ears;
 We, thoughtless Wretches! deck the Shrines, and waste
 In Sports the Day, which Heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the Sun roll'd down the beamy Light, 335
 And from the Caves of Ocean rush'd the Night;
 With one black Veil her spreading Shades suppress
 The Face of Nature, and the Frauds of *Greece*.
 The *Trojans* round their Walls in Silence lay,
 And lost in Sleep the Labours of the Day. 340
 When lo! their Course the *Grecian* Navy bore,
 New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known Shore,
 By silent CYNTHIA's friendly Beams convey'd;
 And the proud Admiral a Flame display'd.
 Then *Sinon*, favour'd by the partial Gods, 345
 Unlocks the mighty Monster's dark Abodes;

His

His peopled Caves pour forth in open Air
 The Heroes, and the whole imprison'd War.
 Led by the guiding Cord, alight with Joy
 Th' impatient Princes in the midst of TROY, 350
 MACHAON first, then great ACHILLES' Heir,
 ULYSSES, THOAS, ATHAMAS, appear;
 A Crowd of Chiefs with MENELAS succeed;
 EPEUS last, who fram'd the fraudulent Steed.
 Strait they invade the City, bury'd deep 355
 In Fumes of Wine, and all dissolv'd in Sleep;
 They slay the Guards, they burst the Gates, and join
 Their Fellows, conscious to the bold Design.

'TWAS now the Time when first kind Heav'n bestows
 On wretched Man the Blessings of Repose; 360
 When, in my Slumbers, HECTOR seem'd to rise
 A mournful Vision! to my closing Eyes.
 Such he appear'd as when ACHILLES' Car
 And fiery Coursers whirl'd him thro' the War;
 Drawn thro his swelling Feet the Thongs I view'd, 365
 His beauteous Body black with Dust and Blood.
 Ye Gods! how chang'd from HECTOR! who with Joy
 Return'd in proud ACHILLES' Spoils to Troy;

Flung

Flung at the Ships, like Heav'n's Almighty Sire,
Flames after Flames, and wrapt a Fleet in Fire. 370
Now gash'd with Wounds that for his TROY he bore,
His Beard and Locks stood stiffen'd with his Gore.
With Tears and mournful Accents I began,
And thus bespoke the visionary Man!

SAY, glorious Prince, thy Country's Hope and Joy, 375
What Cause so long detains thee from thy TROY?
Say, from what Realms, so long desir'd in vain,
Her HECTOR comes, to bless her Eyes again?
After such Numbers slain, such Labours past,
Thus is our Prince! ah! thus return'd at last? 380
Why stream these Wounds? or who could thus disgrace
The manly Charms of that majestic Face?

NOTHING to these Questions vain the Shade replies,
But from his Bosom draws a Length of Sighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering Flames; the Walls 385
Are won by GREECE, and glorious ILION falls;
Enough to PRIAM and to TROY before
Was paid; then strive with Destiny no more;
Could any Mortal Hand prevent our Fate,
This Hand, and this alone, had sav'd the State. 390

TROY

Troy to thy Care commends her wand'ring Gods ;
With These pursue thy Fortunes o'er the Floods
To that proud City, thou shalt raise at last,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry Waste.
This said, he brought from VESTA's hallow'd Quire 395
The sacred Wreaths and everlasting Fire.

MEANTIME tumultuous round the Walls arise
Shrieks, Clamours, Shouts, and mingle in the Skies.
And, (tho' remote my Father's Palace stood,
With Shades furrounded, and a gloomy Wood) 400
Near, and more near, approach the dire Alarms ;
The Voice of Woe ; the dreadful Din of Arms.
Rous'd at the deafening Peal that roars around,
I mount the Dome, and listen to the Sound.
Thus o'er the Corn, while furious Winds conspire, 405
Rolls on a wide-devouring Blaze of Fire ;
Or some big Torrent, from a Mountain's Brow,
Burst, pours, and thunders down the Vale below,
O'erwhelms the Fields, lays waste the golden Grain,
And headlong sweeps the Forests to the Main ; 410
Stun'd at the Din, the Swain with list'ning Ears
From some steep Rock the founding Ruin hears.

NOW HECTOR'S Warning prov'd too clear and true,
 The Wiles of *Greece* appear'd in open View ;
 The roaring Flames in Volumes huge aspire, 415
 And wrap thy Dome, DEIPHOBUS, in Fire ;
 Thine, fage UCALEGON, next funk to Ground,
 And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd Ruin round.
 Wide o'er the Waves the bright Reflection plays ;
 The Surges redden with the distant Blaze. 420
 Then Shouts and Trumpets swell the dire Alarms ;
 And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to Arms ;
 Eager to raise a Band of Friends, and pour
 In one firm Body to defend the Tow'r ;
 Rage and Revenge my kindling Bosom fire, 425
 Warm, and in Arms, to conquer or expire.
 But lo ! poor PANTHEUS, PHOEBUS' Priest appears,
 Just scap'd the Foe, distracted with his Fears,
 The Sage his vanquish'd Gods and Reliques bore,
 And with his trembling Grandson fought the Shore. 430

SAY, PANTHEUS, how the Fate of *Ilion* stands ?
 Say, if a Tow'r remains in *Trojan* hands ?
 He thus with Groans ;----Our last sad Hour is come,
 Our certain, fixt, inevitable Doom.

BOOK II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 67

Troy once was great, but oh! the Scene is o'er, 435
 Her Glory vanish'd! and her Name no more!
 For partial Jove transfers her past Renown
 To *Greece*, who triumphs in her burning Town;
 And the huge Monster from his opening Side,
 Pours forth her Warriors in an endless Tide; 440
 With Joy proud *Sinon* sees the Flames aspire,
 Heaps Blaze on Blaze, and mingles Fire with Fire;
 Here Thousands pouring through the Gates appear,
 Far more than proud MYCENÆ sent to War.
 Some seize the Passes; Groves of Spears arise, 445
 That thirst for Blood, and flash against the Skies.
 The Guards but just maintain a feeble Fight
 With their fierce Foes, amidst the gloomy Night.

WHILE PANTHEUS' Words, while every God inspires,
 I flew to Arms, and rush'd amidst the Fires, 450
 Where the loud Furies call, where Shouts and Cries
 Ring round the Walls, and ~~thunder in the~~ Skies.
 Now faithful RIPHEUS on my side appears,
 With hoary IPHITUS, advanc'd in Years;
 And valiant HYPANIS and DYMAS, known 455
 By the pale Splendors of the glimm'ring Moon;

With these CHOROEUBUS, MYGDON's generous Boy,
 Who came, ill-fated, to the Wars of *Troy* ;
 Fir'd with the fair CASSANDRA's blooming Charms,
 To aid her Sire with unavailing Arms ; 460
 Ah ! brave unhappy Youth !---He would not hear
 His Bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the War.

THESE when I saw, with fierce collected Might,
 Breathing Revenge, and crouding to the Fight ;
 With Warmth I thus address'd the generous Train ; 465
 Ye bold, brave Youths, but bold and brave in vain !
 If by your dauntless Souls impell'd, you dare
 With Me to try th' Extremities of War ;
 You see our hopeless State ; how every God,
 Who guarded *Troy*, has left his old Abode ; 470
 You aid a Town already sunk in Fire ;
 Fly, fly to Arms, and gloriously expire,
 Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
 Catch one last Beam of Safety from Despair.
 Thus while my Words inflame the list'ning Crew, 475
 With Rage redoubled to the Fight they flew.
 As hungry Wolves, while Clouds involve the Day,
 Rush from their Dens ; and, prowling wide for Prey,

Howl to the Tempest, while the savage Brood,
 Stretch'd in the Cavern, pant and thirst for Blood ; 480
 So thro' the Town, determin'd to expire,
 Through the thick Storm of Darts, and Smoak and Fire ;
 Wrapt and furrounded with the Shades of Night,
 We rush'd to certain Death, and mingled in the Fight.

WHAT Tongue the dreadful Slaughter could disclose? 485
 Or oh ! what Tears could answer half our Woes ?
 The glorious Empress of the Nations round,
 Majestic *Troy*, lay level'd with the Ground ;
 Her murder'd Natives crouded her Abodes,
 Her Streets, her Domes, the Temples of her Gods. 490
 Nor *Ilium* bled alone : her Turn succeeds ;
 And then She conquers, and proud *Argos* bleeds ;
Death in a thousand Forms destructive frown'd,
 And *Woe*, *Despair*, and *Horror* rag'd around.

AND first ANDROGEOS, whom a Train attends, 495
 With Stile familiar hail'd us as his Friends ;
 Haste, brave Associates, haste ; what dull Delay
 Detains you here, while others seize the Prey ?
 In Flames your Friends have laid all *Ilium* waste,
 And you come lagging from your Ships the last. 500

THUS

THUS he ; but soon from our Reply he knows
 His fatal Error, compass'd round with Foes ;
 Restrains his Tongue, and, meditating Flight,
 Stops short;----and startles at the dreadful Sight :
 So the pale Swain, who treads upon a Snake 505
 Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy Brake,
 Soon as his swelling Spires in Circles play,
 Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
 Fierce we rush in, the heedless Foes furround,
 And lay the Wretches breathless on the Ground, 510
 New to the Place, with sudden Terror wild :
 And thus at first our flatt'ring Fortune smil'd.
 Then, by his Courage and Success inspir'd,
 His warlike Train the brave CHOROEUS fir'd ;
 Lo ! Friends, the Road of Safety you survey ; 515
 Come, follow Fortune, where she points the Way ;
 Let each in *Argive* Arms his Limbs disguise,
 And wield the Bucklers, that the Foe supplies ;
 For if Success an Enemy attends,
 Who asks, if Fraud or Valour gain'd his Ends ? 520
 This said, ANDROGEOS' crested Helm he wore ;
 Then, on his Arm, the ponderous Buckler bore

With beauteous Figures grac'd, and warlike Pride;
 The starry Sword hung glitt'ring at his Side.
 Like him, bold RIPHEUS, DYMAS, and the rest, 525
 Their manly Limbs in hostile Armour drest.
 With Gods averse, we follow to the Fight,
 And, undistinguish'd in the Shades of Night,
 Mix with the Foes, employ the murdering Steel,
 And plunge whole Squadrons to the Depths of Hell. 530
 Some, wild with Fear, precipitate retreat,
 Fly to the Shore, and shelter in the Fleet;
 Some climb the monstrous Horse, a frighted Train,
 And there lie trembling in the Sides again.
 But, Heav'n against us, all Attempts must fail, 535
 All Hopes are vain, nor Courage can prevail;
 For lo! CASSANDRA, lo! the Royal Fair
 From PALLAS' Shrine with loose dishevel'd Hair
 Drag'd by the shouting Victors;---to the Skies
 She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing Eyes; 540
 Her Eyes---She could no more---The *Grecian* Bands
 Had rudely manacled her tender Hands;
 CHOROEBUS could not bear that Scene of Woes,
 But, fir'd with Fury, flew amidst the Foes;
 As swift we follow to redeem the Fair, 545
 Rush to his Aid, and thicken to the War.

Here

Here from the Temple on our Troop descends
 A Storm of Javelins from our *Trojan* Friends,
 Who from our Arms and Helmets deem'd us Foes ;
 And hence a dreadful Scene of Slaughter rose. 550
 Then all the *Greeks* our slender Band invade,
 And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd Maid ;
 AJAX with all the bold *Dolopians* came,
 And both the Kings of ATREUS' Royal Name.
 So when the Winds in airy Conflict rise, 555
 Here *South* and *West* charge dreadful in the Skies ;
 There louder *Eurus*, to the Battle borne,
 Mounts the swift Couriers of the purple Morn ;
 Beneath the Whirl-wind roar the bending Woods ;
 With his huge Trident NEPTUNE strikes the Floods, 560
 Foams, storms, and tempesting, the Deeps around,
 Bares the broad Bosom of the dark Profound.
 Those too, we chac'd by Night, a scatter'd Train,
 Now boldly rally, and appear again.
 To them our *Argive* Helms and Arms are known, 565
 Our Voice and Language differing from their own.
 We yield to Numbers. By PENELEUS' Steel
 First at MINERVA'S Shrine CHOROEBUS fell.
 Next RIPHEU bled, the justest far of all
 The Sons of *Troy* ; yet Heav'n permits his Fall. 570
 The

The like sad Fate brave HYPANIS attends
 And hapless DYMAS, slaughter'd by their Friends.
 Nor thee, Sage PANTHEUS! PHOEBUS' Wreaths could save,
 Nor all they shining Virtues from the Grave.
 Ye dear, dear Ruins! and thou, *Troy!* declare 575
 If once I trembled or declin'd the War:
 Midst Flames and Foes a glorious Death I fought,
 And well deserv'd the Death for which I fought.
 Thence we retreat; our brave Associates gone,
 PELIAS and IPHITUS were left alone; 580
 This flow with Age and bending to the Ground,
 And that more tardy from ULYSSES' Wound.
 Now from the Palace-Walls tumultuous ring
 The Shouts, and call us to defend the King;
 There we beheld the Rage of Fight, and there 585
 The Throne of Death, and Center of the War;
 As *Troy*, all *Troy* beside had slept in Peace,
 Nor stain'd by Slaughter, nor alarm'd by *Greece*.
 Shield lock'd in Shield, advance the *Grecian* Pow'rs,
 To burst the Gates, and storm the Regal Tow'rs, 590
 Fly up the steep Ascent where Danger calls,
 And fix their scaling Engines in the Walls.
 High in the Left they grasp'd the fenceful Shield,
 Fierce in the Right the rocky Ramparts held;

Roofs, Tow'rs, and Battlements the *Trojans* throw, 595
 A Pile of Ruins! on the *Greeks* below;
 Catch for Defence the Weapons of Despair,
 In these the dire Extremes of Death and War.
 Now on their Heads the pond'rous Beams are roll'd,
 By *Troy's* first Monarchs crufted round with Gold. 600
 Here thronging Troops with glitt'ring Fau'chions stand,
 To guard the Portals, and the Door command.
 Strait to the Palace, fir'd with Hopes, I go
 To aid the vanquish'd, and repell the Foe.
 A secret Portico contriv'd behind, 605
 Great HECTOR's Mansion to the Palace, join'd,
 By which his hapless Princess oft would bring
 Her Royal Infant to the good old King.
 This way the topmost Battlements I gain,
 Whence the tir'd *Trojans* threw their Darts in vain. 610
 Rais'd on a lofty Point, a Turret rears
 Her stately Head unrival'd to the Stars;
 From hence we wont all *Ilion* to survey,
 The Fields, the Camp, the Fleets, and rolling Sea.
 With Steel the yielding Timbers we assail'd, 615
 Where loose the huge disjointed Structure fail'd;
 Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd Walls,
 We push the Pile; the pond'rous Ruin falls

Tumbling in many a Whirl, with thund'ring Sound
Down headlong on the Foes, and smoaks along the Ground.
But Crowds on Crowds the buried Troops supply ; 621
And in a Storm the Beams and rocky Fragments fly.

FULL in the Portal rag'd with loud Alarms
Brave PYRRHUS, glitt'ring in his brazen Arms.
So from his Den, the Winter slept away, 625
Shoots forth the burnish'd Snake in open Day ;
Who, fed with every Poison of the Plain,
Sheds his old Spoils, and shines in Youth again,
Proud of his golden Scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky Sting, and glitters in the Sun. 630

To him the mighty PERIPHAS succeeds,
And the bold * Chief who drove his Father's Steeds ;
With these the *Scyrian* Bands advance, and aim
Full at the Battlements the missive Flame. 635
Fierce PYRRHUS in the Front with forceful Sway
Ply'd the huge Ax, and hew'd the Beams away ;
The solid Timbers from the Portal tore,
And rent from every Hinge the brazen Door ;
At last the Chief a mighty Opening made, 640
And, all the Imperial Dome, in all her Length display'd :

* AUTOMEDON.

The Sacred Rooms of *Troy's* first Monarchs lie,
 With PRIAM'S Pomp, prophan'd by every Eye ;
 In Arms the Centries to the Breach repair,
 And stand embody'd, to repel the War. 64½

Now far within, the Regal Rooms disclose,
 Loud and more loud, a direful Scene of Woes ;
 The Roof resounds with Female Shrieks and Cries,
 And the shrill Echo strikes the distant Skies.
 The trembling Matrons fly from Place to Place, 650
 And kiss the Pillars with a last Embrace ;
 Bold PYRRHUS storms with all his Father's Fire ;
 The Barriers burst ; the vanquish'd Guards retire ;
 The shatter'd Doors the thund'ring Engines ply ;
 The Bolts leap back ; the sounding Hinges fly ; 655
 The War breaks in ; loud shout the hostile Train ;
 The Gates are storm'd ; the foremost Soldiers slain :
 Through the wide Courts the crouding *Argives* roam,
 And swarm triumphant round the Regal Dome.
 Not half so fierce the foamy Deluge bounds, 660
 And bursts resistless o'er the level'd Mounds ;
 Pours down the Vale, and, roaring o'er the Plain,
 Sweeps Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main.

THESE Eyes within the Gate th' ATRIDES view'd,
 And furious PYRRHUS cover'd o'er with Blood ; 665
 Sad they beheld, amid the mournful Scene,
 The hundred Daughters with the Mother Queen,
 And PRIAM's self polluting with his Gore
 Those Flames, he hallow'd at the Shrines before.
 The fifty Bridal Rooms, a Work Divine! 670
 (Such were his Hopes of a long Regal Line)
 Rich in *Barbaric* Gold, with Trophies crown'd,
 Sunk with their proud Support of Pillars round ;
 And, where the Flames retire, the Foes possess the Ground.]

AND now, great Queen, you haply long to know 675
 The Fate of PRIAM in this general Woe.
 When with sad Eyes the venerable Sire
 Beheld his *Ilion* sunk in hostile Fire ;
 His Palace storm'd, the lofty Gates laid low,
 His rich Pavilions crouded with the Foe ; 680
 In Arms, long since difus'd, the hoary Sage
 Loads each stiff languid Limb, that shook with Age ;
 Girds on an unperforming Sword in vain,
 And runs on Death amidst the hostile Train.
 Within the Courts, beneath the naked Sky, 685
 An Altar rose ; an aged Laurel by ;

That

That o'er the Hearth and household Gods display'd
 A solemn Gloom, a deep majestic Shade :
 Hither, like Doves, who close embody'd fly
 From some dark Tempest blackening in the Sky, 690
 The Queen for Refuge with her Daughters ran,
 Clung and embrac'd their Images in vain.
 But when in cumbrous Arms the King she spy'd,
 Alas ! my poor unhappy Lord ! she cry'd,
 What more than Madness, 'midst these dire Alarms, 695
 Mov'd thee to load thy helpless Age with Arms ?
 No Aid like thine this dreadful Hour demands,
 But asks far other Aid, far other Hands ;
 No ! could my own dear HECTOR arm again,
 My own dear HECTOR now would arm in vain. 700
 Come to these Altars ; here we all shall have
 One common Refuge, or one common Grave.
 This said, her aged Lord the Queen embrac'd,
 And on the Sacred Seat the Monarch plac'd.

WHEN lo ! POLITES, one of PRIAM'S Sons, 705
 Through Darts and Foes, from slaughter'ring PYRRHUS runs,
 Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd Dome,
 Darts through the Courts, and shoots from Room to Room ;

Cloſe,

Cloſe, cloſe behind, purſu'd the furious Foe,
 Juſt graſp'd the Youth, and aim'd the fatal Blow ; 710
 Soon as within his Parent's Sight he paſt,
 Pierc'd by the pointed Death, he breath'd his laſt ;
 He fell ; a purple Stream the Pavement dy'd,
 The Soul comes guſhing in the crimſon Tide.
 The King, that Scene impatient to ſurvey, 715
 Tho' Death ſurrounds him, gave his Fury way ;
 And oh ! may every violated God
 Barbarian : thank thee for this Deed of Blood ;
 (If Gods there are, ſuch Actions to regard,)
 Oh ! may they give thy Guilt the full Reward ; 720
 Guilt, that a Father's Sacred Eyes defil'd
 With Blood, the Blood of his dear murder'd Child !
 Unlike thy Sire, ACHILLES the Divine !
 (But ſure ACHILLES was no Sire of thine !)
 Foe as I was, the Heroe deign'd to hear 725
 The Gueſt's, the Suppliant's, King's and Father's Pray'r ;
 To Funeral Rites reſtor'd my HECTOR ſlain,
 And ſafe diſmiſs'd me to my Realms again.
 This ſaid, his trembling Arm eſſay'd to throw
 The dull dead Javelin, that ſcarce reach'd the Foe ; 730
 The Weapon languiſhinglly lag'd along,
 And, guiltleſs, on the Buckler faintly rung.

Thou

Thou then be First, replies the Chief, to go
With these sad Tidings to his Ghost below ;
Begone----acquaint him with my Crimes in *Troy*,
And tell my Sire of his degenerate Boy.
Die then ; he said, and dragg'd the Monarch on
Thro' the warm Blood that issu'd from his Son,
Staggering and sliding in the slippery Gore,
And to the Shrine the Royal Victim bore ;
Lock'd in the Left he grasps the silver Hairs,
High in the Right the flaming Blade he rears,
Then to the Hilt with all his Force apply'd,
He plung'd the ruthless Fau'chion in his Side.
Such was the Fate unhappy PRIAM found,
Who saw his *Troy* lie levell'd with the Ground ;
He, who round *Asia* sent his high Commands,
And stretch'd his Empire o'er a hundred Lands ;
Now lies a headless Carcass on the Shore,
The Man, the Monarch, and the Name no more !
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious Foe,
Struck with that Scene of unexampled Woe ;
Soon as I saw the murder'd King expire ;
His old Compeer, my venerable Sire,
My Palace, Son, and Comfort left behind,
All, all, at once came rushing on my Mind.

I gaz'd

I gaz'd around, but not a Friend was there;
 My hapless Friends, abandon'd to Despair,
 Had leapt down headlong from the lofty Spires,
 Tir'd with their Toils; or plung'd amidst the Fires. 760

THUS left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
 Where trembling HELEN close and silent lay
 In VESTA'S Porch; and by the dismal Glare
 Of rolling Flames discern the fatal Fair;
 The common Plague! by *Troy* and *Greece* abhorr'd!—765
 She fear'd alike the vengeful *Trojan* Sword;
 Her injur'd Country, and abandon'd Lord.
 Fast by the Shrine I spy'd the lurking Dame;
 And all my Soul was kindled into Flame;
 My ruin'd Country to revenge, I stood 770
 In Wrath resolv'd to shed her impious Blood.
 Shall She, this guilty Fair, return in Peace,
 A Queen, triumphant, through the Realms of *Greece*;
 And see, attended by her *Phrygian* Train,
 Her Home, her Parents, Spouse and Sons again? 775
 For Her curst Cause shall raging Flames destroy
 The stately Structures of imperial *Troy*?
 So many Slaughters drench the *Dardan* Shore?
 And PRIAM'S self lie welt'ring in his Gore?

No!---she shall die---for tho' the Victor gain 780
 No Fame, no Triumph for a Woman slain;
 Yet if by just Revenge the Traitors bleed,
 The World consenting will applaud the Deed:
 To my own Vengeance I devote her Head,
 And the great Spirits of our Heroes Dead. 785

THUS while I rav'd, I saw my Mother rise,
 Confess'd a Goddess, to my wond'ring Eyes,
 In pomp unusual, and divinely bright;
 Her beamy Glories pierc'd the Shades of Night;
 Such she appear'd as when in Heav'n's Abodes 790
 She shines in all her Glories to the Gods.
 Just rais'd to strike, my Hand she gently took,
 Then from her rosy Lips the Goddess spoke.

WHAT Wrath so fierce to Vengeance drives thee on?
 Are We no Objects of thy Care, my Son? 795
 Think of ANCHISES and his helpless Age,
 Thy hoary Sire expos'd to hostile Rage;
 Think if thy dear CREÛSA yet survive,
 Think if thy Child, the young IÜLUS live;
 Whom, ever hovering round, the *Greeks* inclose, 800
 From every Side endanger'd by the Foes,

And,

And, but my Care withstood, the ruthless Sword
 Long since had slaughter'd, or the Flames devour'd.
 Nor beauteous HELEN now, nor PARIS blame,
 Her guilty Charms, or his unhappy Flame; 805
 The Gods, my Son, th' Immortal Gods destroy
 This glorious Empire, and the Tow'rs of *Troy*;
 Hence then retire, retire without Delay,
 Attend thy Mother, and her Words obey;
 Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded Eye. 810
 From the thick Mist of dim Mortality;
 Where yon' rude Piles of shatter'd Ramparts rise,
 Stone rent from Stone, a dreadful Ruin lies,
 And black with rolling Smoke the dusty Whirlwind flies: }
 There, NEPTUNE'S Trident breaks the Bulwarks down,
 There, from her Basis heaves the trembling Town; 816
 Heav'n's awful Queen, to urge the *Trojan* Fate,
 Here storms tremendous at the *Scæan* Gate;
 Radiant in Arms the furious Goddess stands,
 And from the Navy calls her *Argive* Bands. 820
 On yon' high Tow'r the martial Maid behold
 With her dread Gorgon blaze in Clouds of Gold.
 Great Jove himself the Sons of *Greece* inspires,
 Each Arm he strengthens, and each Soul he fires.

Against the *Trojans*, from the bright Abodes, 825

See! where the Thund'rer calls th' embattled Gods.

Strive then no more with Heav'n;---but oh! retreat,

Ourself will guide thee to thy Father's Seat;

Ourself will cover and befriend thy Flight.

She said, and sunk within the Shades of Night; 830

And lo! the Gods with dreadful Faces frown'd,

And lowr'd, majestically stern, around.

Then fell proud *Ilion's* Bulwarks, Tow'rs and Spires;

Then *Troy*, tho' rais'd by NEPTUNE, sunk in Fires.

So when an aged Ash, whose Honours rise 835

From some steep Mountain tow'ring to the Skies,

With many an Ax by shouting Swains is ply'd,

Fierce they repeat the Strokes from every Side;

The tall Tree trembling, as the Blows go round,

Bows the high Head, and nods to every Wound: 840

At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful Peal,

In one loud Groan rolls crashing down the Vale,

Headlong with half the shatter'd Mountain flies,

And stretch'd out huge in Length th' unmeasur'd Ruin lies.

Now, by the Goddess led, I bend my Way, 845

Tho' Javelins hiss, and Flames around me play;

Wi'th

With flogging Spires the Flames obliquely fly,
 The glancing Darts turn innocently by.
 Soon as, these various Dangers past, I come
 Within my Reverend Father's antient Dome, 850
 Whom first I fought, to bear his helpless Age
 Safe o'er the Mountains, far from hostile Rage;
 An exil'd Life disdaining to enjoy,
 He stands determin'd to expire with *Troy* :
 Fly you, who Health, and Youth, and Strength maintain, 855
 You, whose warm Blood beats high in every Vein;
 For Me had Heav'n decreed a longer Date,
 Heav'n had preserv'd for Me the *Dardan* State;
 Too much of Life already have I known
 To see my Country's Fall prevent my own; 860
 Think then, this aged Corse with *Ilion* fell,
 And take, oh! take your solemn last Farewel :
 For Death---these Hands that Office yet can do;
 If not---I'll beg it from the pitying Foe.
 At least the Soldier for my Spoils will come; 865
 Nor heed I now the Honours of a Tomb.
 Grown to my Friends an useless heavy Load,
 Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every God,
 Since, in his Wrath, high Heav'n's Almighty Sire
 Blasted these Limbs with his avenging Fire. 870

THUS he; and obstinately bent appears :
 The mournful Family stand round in Tears.
 Myself, my shrieking Wife, my weeping Son,
 Friends, Servants, All intreat him to be gone,
 Nor add the general Ruin to his own;
 Bid him be reconcil'd to Life once more,
 Nor urge a Fate, that flew too swift before.
 Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
 His cruel Purpose, and we plead in vain.

875}

ONCE more I hurry to the dire Alarms, 880
 To end a miserable Life in Arms;
 For oh! what Measures could I now pursue,
 When Death, and only Death, was left in View :
 To fly the Foe, and leave your Age alone,
 Could such a Sire propose to such a Son? 885
 If 'tis by your's and Heav'n's high Will decreed
 That you and all, with hapless *Troy*, must bleed;
 If not her least Remains you deign to save;
 Behold! the Door lies open to the Grave.
 PYRRHUS will soon be here, all cover'd o'er 890
 And red from venerable PRIAM'S Gore;
 Who stab'd the Son before the Father's View,
 Then at the Shrine the Royal Father flew. Why!

Why! heav'nly Mother, did thy guardian Care
 Snatch me from Fires, and shield me in the War? 895
 Within these Walls to see the *Grecians* roam,
 And purple Slaughter stride around the Dome;
 'To see my murder'd Confort, Son, and Sire,
 Steep'd in each other's Blood, on Heaps expire!
 Arms! Arms! my Friends, with speed my Arms supply,
 'Tis our last Hour, and summons us to die; 901
 My Arms!--in vain you hold me,---let me go---
 Give, give me back this moment to the Foe.
 'Tis well---we will not tamely perish All,
 But die reveng'd, and triumph in our Fall. 905

Now rushing forth, in radiant Arms, I wield
 The Sword once more, and gripe the ponderous Shield.
 When, at the Door, my weeping Spouse I meet,
 The fair CREÛSA, who embrac'd my Feet,
 And clinging round them, with Distraction wild, 910
 Reach'd to my Arms my dear unhappy Child:
 And oh! she cries, if bent on Death thou run,
 Take, take with thee, thy wretched Wife and Son;
 Or, if one glimmering Hope from Arms appear,
 Defend these Walls, and try thy Valour here: 915
 Ah!

Ah! who shall guard thy Sire, when thou art slain,
 Thy Child, or me, thy Confort once in vain?
 Thus while she raves, the vaulted Dome replies
 To her loud Shrieks, and agonizing Cries.

WHEN lo! a wondrous Prodigy appears, 920
 For while each Parent kiss'd the Boy with Tears,
 Sudden a circling Flame was seen to spread
 With Beams refulgent round IULUS' Head;
 Then on his Locks the lambent Glory preys
 And harmless Fires around his Temples blaze. 925
 Trembling and pale we quench with busy Care
 The sacred Fires, and shake his flaming Hair.
 But old ANCHISES lifts his joyful Eyes,
 His Hands and Voice, in Transport, to the Skies.

ALMIGHTY JOVE! in Glory thron'd on high, 930
 This once regard us with a gracious Eye;
 If e'er our Vows deserv'd thy Aid divine,
 Vouchsafe thy Succour, and confirm thy Sign.
 Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the Pole,
 Full on the left, the happy Thunders roll; 935
 A Star shot sweeping through the Shades of Night,
 And drew behind a radiant Trail of Light,

That

That o'er the Palace, gliding from above,
 To point our Way, descends in IDA'S Grove;
 Then left a long continu'd Stream in View, 940
 The Track still glittering where the Glory flew.
 The Flame past gleaming with a bluish Glare,
 And Smokes of Sulphur fill the tainted Air.

At this convinc'd arose my Reverend Sire,
 Address'd the Gods, and hail'd the sacred Fire. 945
 Proceed my Friends, no longer I delay,
 But instant follow where you lead the way.
 Ye Gods, by these your Omens, you ordain
 That from the Womb of Fate shall rise again,
 To Light and Life, a glorious second *Troy*; 950
 Then save this House, and this auspicious Boy;
 Convinc'd by Omens so divinely bright,
 I go, my Son, Companion of thy Flight.
 Thus he---and nearer now in curling Spires
 Through the long Walls roll'd on the roaring Fires. 955
 Haste then, my Sire, I cry'd, my Neck ascend,
 With Joy beneath your sacred Load I bend;
 Together will we share, where're I go;
 One common Welfare, or one common Woe.

Our

Ourself with Care will young IÜLUS lead; 960
 At fafer Diftance you my Spoufe fucceed;
 Heed too thefe Orders, ye attendant Train;
 Without the Wall ftands CERES' vacant Fane,
 Rais'd on a Mount; an aged Cyprefs near,
 Preferv'd for Ages with religious Fear; 965
 Thither, from different Roads affembling, come,
 And meet embody'd at the facred Dome:
 Thou, thou, my Sire, our Gods and Relicks bear;
 Thefe Hands, yet horrid with the Stains of War,
 Refrain their Touch unhallow'd till the Day, 970
 When the pure Stream fhall wafh the Guilt away.

Now, with a Lion's Spoils befpread, I take
 My Sire, a pleafing Burthen, on my Back;
 Clofe clinging to my Hand, and preffing nigh,
 With Steps unequal trip'd IÜLUS by; 975
 Behind, my lov'd CREÜSA took her way;
 Through every lonely dark Recefs we ftray:
 And I, who late th' embattled *Greeks* could dare,
 Their flying Darts, and whole embody'd War,
 Now take Alarm, while Horrors reign around, 980
 At every Breeze, and ftart at every Sound.

With

With fancy'd Fears my busy Thoughts were wild
For my dear Father, and endanger'd Child.

Now, to the City Gates approaching near,
I seem the Sound of trampling Feet to hear. 985
Alarm'd my Sire look'd forward thro' the Shade,
And, fly my Son, they come, they come, he said;
Lo! from their Shields I see the Splendors stream,
And ken distinct the Helmet's fiery Gleam.
And here, some envious God, in this Dismay, 990
This sudden Terror, snatch'd my Sense away.
For while o'er devious Paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten Road;
I lost my dear CREÛSA, nor can tell
From that sad Moment, if by Fate she fell; 995
Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the Train;
But ah! she never blest these Eyes again!
Nor, till to CERES' antient Wall we came,
Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the Dame.
There all the Train assembled, all but she,
Lost to her Friends, her Father, Son, and Me. 1000
What Men, what Gods did my wild Fury spare?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with Despair.

In *Troy's* last Ruins did I ever know
 A Scene so cruel! such transcendent Woe! 1005
 Our Gods, my Son, and Father to the Train
 I next commend, and hide them in the Plain;
 Then fly for *Troy*, and shine in Arms again. }
 Resolv'd the burning Town to wander o'er,
 And tempt the Dangers that I 'scap'd before. 1010
 Now to the Gate I run with furious haste,
 Whence first from *Ilion* to the Plain I past;
 Dart round my Eyes in every Place in vain,
 And tread my former Footsteps o'er again.
 Surrounding Horrors all my Soul affright; 1015
 And more, the dreadful Silence of the Night.
 Next to my House I flew without delay,
 If there, if haply there she bent her way.
 In vain---the conquering Foes were enter'd there;
 High, o'er the Dome, the Flames emblaze the Air;
 Fierce to devour, the fiery Tempest flies, 1021
 Swells in the Wind, and thunders to the Skies.
 Back to th' embattled Citadel I ran,
 And search'd her Father's regal Walls in vain.
 ULYSSES now and PHOENIX I survey, 1025
 Who guard, in JUNO's Fane, the gather'd Prey:

In one huge heap the *Trojan* Wealth was roll'd,
 Refulgent Robes, and Bowls of massy Gold ;
 A Pile of Tables on the Pavement nods,
 Snatch'd from the blazing Temples of the Gods. 1030
 A mighty Train of shrieking Mothers bound
 Stood with their Captive Children trembling round.
 Yet more---I boldly raise my Voice on high,
 And in the Shade on dear CREÛSA cry ;
 Call on her Name a thousand times in vain, 1035
 But still repeat the darling Name again.
 Thus while I rave and roll my searching Eyes,
 Solemn and slow I saw her Shade arise,
 The Form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along ;
 Fear rais'd my Hair, and Horror chain'd my Tongue ;
 Thus as I stood amaz'd, the Heav'nly Fair 1041
 With these mild Accents footh'd my fierce Despair.

WHY with Excess of Sorrow raves in vain
 My dearest Lord, at what the Gods ordain ?
 Oh ! could I share thy Toils !---but Fate denies ; 1045
 And JOVE, dread JOVE, the Sovereign of the Skies.
 In long, long Exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
 Seas after Seas, and plow the vasty Deep.

Hesperia shall be thine, where *Tyber* glides
 Thro' fruitful Realms, and rolls in easy Tides. 1050
 There shall thy Fates a happier Lot provide,
 A glorious Empire, and a Royal Bride.
 Then let your Sorrows for CREÛSA cease;
 For know I never shall be led to *Greece*;
 Nor feel the Victor's Chain, nor Captive's Shame, 1055
 A Slave to some imperious *Argive* Dame.
 No!---born a Princess, sprung from Heav'n above,
 Ally'd to VENUS, and deriv'd from JOVE,
 Sacred from *Greece*, 'tis mine, in these Abodes
 To serve the glorious Mother of the Gods. 1060
 Farewel; and to our Son thy Care approve,
 Our Son, the Pledge of our commutual Love.

THUS she; and, as I wept, and wish'd to say
 Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in Air away.
 Thrice round her Neck my eager Arms I threw; 1065
 Thrice from my empty Arms the Phantom flew,
 Swift as the Wind, with momentary Flight,
 Swift as a fleeting Vision of the Night.
 Now, Day approaching, to my longing Train,
 From ruin'd *Ilion* I return again; 1070

To

To whom, with Wonder and Surprize, I find
A mighty Crowd of new Companions join'd;
A Host of willing Exiles round me stand,
Matrons, and Men, a miserable Band;
Eager the Wretches pour from every Side, 1075
To share my Fortunes on the foamy Tide;
Valiant, and arm'd, my Conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on some foreign Shore:
And now, o'er *Ida* with an early Ray
Flames the bright Star, that leads the golden Day. 1080
No Hopes of Aid in view, and every Gate
Possess'd by *Greece*, at length I yield to Fate.
Safe o'er the Hill my Father I convey,
And bear the venerable Load away. 1084

The End of the Second Book.



The ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his Relation: He gives an Account of the Fleet in which he sailed, and the Success of his first Voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his Course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what Place the Gods had appointed for his Habitation? By a Mistake of the Oracle's Answer, he settles in Crete; his Household Gods give him the true Sense of the Oracle in a Dream. He follows their Advice, and makes the best of his Way for Italy: He is cast on several Shores, and meets with very surprizing Adventures, 'till at length he lands on Sicily; where his Father Anchises dies. This is the Place which he was sailing from, when the Tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian Coast.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

Third Book of the ÆNEID.



WHEN Heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a Fate,
The Throne of PRIAM, and the *Phrygian* State;
When *Troy*, tho' NEPTUNE rais'd her Bulwarks
round,

The Pride of *Asia*, smoak'd upon the Ground;
We seek in vacant Regions new Abodes, 5
Call'd by the guiding Omens of the Gods.
Secret, a sudden Navy we provide,
Beneath *Antandros*, and the Hills of *Ide*.
Doubtful, where Heav'n would fix our wand'ring Train,
Our gather'd Pow'rs prepare to plow the Main. 10

O

Scarce

Scarce had the Summer shot a genial Ray ;
 My Sire commands, the Canvas to display,
 And steer wherever Fate should point the Way. }
 With Tears I leave the Port, my native Shore,
 And those dear Fields, where *Ilion* rose before. 15
 An exil'd Wretch, I lead into the Floods
 My Son, my Friends, and all my vanquish'd Gods.

THE warlike *Thracians* till a boundless Plain,
 Sacred to MARS, LYCURGUS' antient Reign ;
 Ally'd to *Troy*, while Fortune own'd her Cause ; 20
 The same their Gods and hospitable Laws ;
 Thither, with Fates averse, my Course I bore,
 And raise a Town amid the winding Shore.
 Then from my Name the rising City call,
 And stretch along the Strand th' embattled Wall. 25
 Here to my Mother, and the favouring Gods,
 I offer'd Victims by the rolling Floods ;
 But slew a stately Bull to mighty Jove,
 Who reigns the Sovereign of the Pow'rs above.

RAIS'D on a Mount, a cornel Grove was nigh, 30
 And with thick Branches stood a Myrtle by.

With

With verdant Boughs to shade my Altars round
 I came, and try'd to rend them from the Ground.
 When lo! a horrid Prodigy I see;
 For scarce my Hands had wrench'd the rooted Tree; 35
 When, from the Fibres, Drops of crimson Gore
 Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable Shore.
 Amaz'd I look with Horror and Affright,
 My Blood all curdled at the dreadful Sight;
 Curious the latent Causes to explore, 40
 With trembling Hands a second Plant I tore;
 That second wounded Plant distill'd around
 Red Drops of Blood, and sprinkled all the Ground.
 Rack'd with a thousand Fears, devout I bow'd
 To every Nymph, and *Thracia's* Guardian God, 45
 These Omens to avert by Pow'r Divine,
 And kindly grant a more auspicious Sign.
 But when once more I tug'd with toiling Hands,
 And eager bent my Knees against the Sands;
 Live I to speak it?---from the Tomb I hear 50
 A hollow Groan that shock'd my trembling Ear.
 How can thy pious Hands, ÆNEAS, rend
 The bury'd Body of thy hapless Friend?
 This Stream that trickles from the wounded Tree
 Is *Trojan* Blood, and once ally'd to thee. 55

Ah! fly this barbarous Land, this guilty Shore,
 Fly, fly the Fate of murder'd POLYDORE.
 This Grove of Lances, from my Body slain,
 Now bloom with Vegetable Life again.

THEN, as amaz'd in deep Suspence I hung, 60
 Fear rais'd my Hair, and Horror chain'd my Tongue.
 Ill-fated PRIAM, when the *Grecian* Pow'rs
 With a close Siege begirt the *Dardan* Tow'rs,
 No more confiding in the Strength of *Troy*,
 Sent to the *Thracian* Prince the hapless Boy, 65
 With mighty Treasures, to support him there,
 Remov'd from all the Dangers of the War.
 This Wretch, when *Ilion's* better Fortunes cease,
 Clos'd with the proud victorious Arms of *Greece*;
 Broke thro' all sacred Laws, and uncontroll'd 70
 Destroy'd his Royal Charge, to seize the Gold.
 Curs'd Gold!---how high will daring Mortals rise
 In every Guilt, to reach the glittering Prize?
 Soon as my Soul recover'd from her Fears,
 Before my Father and the gather'd Peers, 75
 I lay the dreadful Omens of the Gods;
 All vote at once to fly the dire Abodes;

To leave th' unhospitable Realm behind,
 And spread our opening Canvas to the Wind.
 But first we paid the Rites to POLYDORE, 80
 And rais'd a mighty Tomb amid the Shore.
 Next, to his Ghost, adorn'd with Cypress Boughs
 And fable Wreaths two solemn Altars rose;
 With lamentable Cries and Hair unbound,
 The *Trojan* Dames in Order mov'd around. 85
 Warm Milk and sacred Blood in Bowls we brought,
 To lure the Spirit with the mingled Draught;
 Compos'd the Soul; and, with a dismal Knell,
 Took thrice the melancholy last Farewel.

SOON as our Fleet could trust the smiling Sea, 90
 And the soft Breeze had smooth'd the watry Way;
 Call'd by the whispering Gales, we rig the Ships,
 Croud round the Shores, and launch into the Deep.
 Swift from the Port our eager Course we ply,
 And Lands and Towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

BY DORIS lov'd, and Ocean's azure God,
 Lies a fair Isle amid th' *Ægean* Flood;
 Which PHOEBUS fix'd; for once she wander'd round
 The Shores, and floated on the vast Profound.

But now unmov'd the peopled Region braves 100
 The roaring Whirl-winds, and the furious Waves.
 Safe in her open Ports the sacred Isle
 Receiv'd us harrafs'd with the naval Toil.
 Our Reverence due to PHOEBUS' Town we pay,
 And holy ANIUS meets us on the way; 105
 ANIUS, whose Brows the Wreaths and Laurels grace,
 Priest of the God, and Sovereign of the Place.
 Well-pleas'd to see our Train the Shore ascend,
 He flew to meet my Sire, his antient Friend :
 In hospitable Guise our Hands he prest, 110
 Then to the Palace led each honour'd Guest.
 To PHOEBUS' aged Temple I repair,
 And suppliant to the God prefer my Pray'r :
 To wandring Wretches, who in Exile roam,
 Grant, O *Thymbræan* God, a settled Home; 115
 Oh! grant thy Suppliants, their long Labours past,
 A Race to flourish, and a Town to last.
 Preserve this little second *Troy* in Peace,
 Snatch'd from ACHILLES and the Sword of *Greece* ;
 Vouchsafe, great Father, some auspicious Sign ; 120
 And oh! inform us with thy Light divine,
 Where lies our Way? and what auspicious Guide,
 To foreign Realms shall lead us o'er the Tide?

SUDDEN, the dire Alarm the Temple took,
 The Laurels, Gates, and lofty Mountains shook. 125
 Burst with a dreadful Roar, the Veils display
 The hallow'd Tripods in the Face of Day.
 Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the Ground,
 We hear these Accents in an awful Sound:
 Ye valiant Sons of *Troy*, the Land that bore 130
 Your mighty Ancestors to Light before,
 Once more their great Descendants shall embrace;
 Go---seek the antient Mother of your Race.
 There the wide World, ÆNEAS' House shall sway,
 And down from Son to Son, th'imperial Power convey. 135

THUS PHOEBUS spoke; and Joy tumultuous fir'd
 The thronging Crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
 What Realm, what Town, his Oracles ordain,
 Where the kind God would fix the wandering Train?
 Then in his Mind my Sire revolving o'er 140
 The long, long Records of the Times before;
 Learn, ye assembled Peers, he cries, from me,
 The happy Realm the Laws of Fate decree;
 Fair *Crete* sublimely tow'rs amid the Floods,
 Proud Nurse of *Jove*, the Sovereign of the Gods. 145
 There

104 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK III.

There *Ida* stands, and thence we trace
 The first Memorials of the *Trojan* Race;
 A hundred Cities the blest Isle contains,
 And boasts a vast Extent of fruitful Plains.
 Hence our fam'd Ancestor old TEUCER bore 150
 His Course, and gain'd the fair *Rhætean* Shore.
 There the great Chief the Seat of Empire chose,
 Before proud *Troy's* majestic Structures rose;
 Till then, if rightly I record the Tale,
 Our old Forefathers till'd the lowly Vale. 155
 From hence arriv'd the Mother of the Gods,
 Hence her loud Cymbals and her sacred Woods;
 Hence, at her Rites religious Silence reigns,
 And Lions whirl her Chariot o'er the Plains.
 Then fly we speedy where the Gods command, 160
 Appease the Winds, and seek the *Cretan* Land.
 Nor distant is the Shore; if Jove but smile,
 Three Days shall waft us to the blissful Isle.

THIS said; he flays the Victims due, and loads
 In haste the smoking Altars of the Gods. 165
 A Bull to PHOEBUS, and a Bull was slain
 To thee, great NEPTUNE, Monarch of the Main,

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 105

A milk-white Ewe to every Western Breeze,
A black, to every Storm that sweeps the Seas.
Now Fame reports IDOMENEUS' Retreat, 170
Expell'd and banish'd from the Throne of *Crete*;
Free from the Foe the vacant Region lay.
We leave the *Delian* Shore, and plow the watry Way.
By fruitful *Naxos*, o'er the Flood we fly,
Where to the *Bacchanals* the Hills reply; 175
By green *Donyfa* next, and *Paros* steer,
Where, white in Air, her glittering Rocks appear.
Thence through the *Cyclades* the Navy glides,
Whose clust'ring Islands stud the silver Tides.
Loud shout the Sailors, and to *Crete* we fly; 180
To *Crete* our Country, was the general Cry.
Swift shoots the Fleet before the driving Blast,
And on the *Cretan* Shore descends at last.

WITH eager Speed I frame a Town, and call
From antient PERGAMUS the rising Wall. 185
Pleas'd with the Name, my *Trojans* I command
To raise strong Tow'rs, and settle in the Land.
Soon as our lusty Youth the Fleet could moor,
And draw the Vessels on the sandy Shore,

Some join the nuptial Bands : With busy Toil 190
 Their Fellows plow the new-discover'd Soil.
 To frame impartial Laws I bend my Cares,
 Allot the Dwellings, and assign the Shares.
 When lo! from standing Air and poison'd Skies,
 A sudden Plague with dire Contagion flies. 195
 On Corn and Trees the dreadful Pest began;
 And last the fierce Infection seiz'd on Man.
 They breathe their Souls in Air; or drag with Pain
 Their Lives, now lengthen'd out for Woes, in vain;
 Their wonted Food the blasted Fields deny, 200
 And the red Dog-star fires the fultry Sky.
 My Sire advis'd, to measure back the Main,
 Consult, and beg the *Delian* God again
 To end our Woes, his Succour to display,
 And to our Wandrings point the certain Way. 205

'Twas Night; soft Slumbers had the World possess'd,
 When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing Rest,
 Those Gods I bore from flaming *Troy*, arise
 In awful Figures to my wondring Eyes:
 Close at my Couch they stood, divinely bright, 210
 And shone distinct by *CYNTHIA*'s gleaming Light,

Then

Then, to dispell the Cares that rack'd my Breaſt,
Theſe Words the viſonary Pow'rs addreſt ;

THOSE Truths the God in *Delos* would repeat,
By Us, his Envoys, he unfolds in *Crete*. 215
By Us, Companions of thy Arms and Thee
From flaming *Ilion* o'er the ſwelling Sea.
Led by Our Care, ſhall thy Descendants riſe,
The World's majestic Monarchs, to the Skies.
Then build thy City for Imperial Sway, 220
And boldly take the long laborious Way.
Forſake this Region ; for the *Delian* Pow'r
Affign'd not for thy Seat the *Gnoſſian* Shore.
Once by *OEnotrians* till'd, there lies a Place,
'Twas call'd *Hesperia* by the *Grecian* Race ; 225
For martial Deeds and Fruits renown'd by Fame ;
But ſince, *Italia*, from the Leader's Name.
Theſe are the native Realms the Fates affign ;
Hence roſe the Fathers of the *Trojan* Line ;
The great IASIUS, ſprung from Heav'n above, 230
And antient DARDANUS, deriv'd from JOVE.
Riſe then, in haſte theſe joyful Tidings bear,
Theſe Truths unqueſtion'd, to thy Father's Ear.

Begone---the fair *Aufonian* Realms explore,
 For Jove himself denies the *Cretan* Shore. 235

STRUCK with the Voice Divine, and awful Sight,
 No common Dream, or Vision of the Night ;
 I saw the Wreaths, their Features ; and a Stream
 Of trickling Sweat ran cold from every Limb.
 I started from my Bed, and rais'd on high 240
 My Hands and Voice in Rapture to the Sky.
 Then (to our Gods the due Oblations paid)
 The Scene Divine before my Sire I laid.
 He owns his Error of each antient Place,
 Our two great Founders, and the double Race. 245

My Son, he cry'd, whom adverse Fates employ,
 Oh! exercis'd in all the Woes of *Troy*!
 Now I reflect, CASSANDRA'S Word Divine
 Assign'd these Regions to the *Dardan* Line.
 But who furriz'd, the Sons of *Troy* should come 250
 To fair *Hesperia* from their distant Home ?
 Or who gave Credit to CASSANDRA'S Strain,
 Doom'd by the Fates to prophecy in vain ?
 Pursue we now a surer, safer Road,
 By PHOEBUS pointed, and obey the God. 255
 Glad

Glad we comply, and leave a Few behind ;
 Then spread our Sails to catch the driving Wind;
 Forfake this Realm ; the sparkling Waves divide,
 And the swift Veffels shoot along the Tide.

Now vanifh'd from our Eyes the leffening Ground; 260
 And, all the wide Horizon ftretching round,
 Above was Sky, beneath was Sea profound :
 When, blackning by degrees, a gathering Cloud,
 Charg'd with big Storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the Flood
 And darken'd all the Main ; the Whirlwinds roar, 265
 And roll the Waves in Mountains to the Shore.
 Snatch'd by the furious Guft, the Veffels keep
 Their Road no more, but fcatter o'er the Deep :
 The Thunders roll, the forky Light'nings fly ;
 And in a Burft of Rain defcends the Sky. 270
 Far from our Courfe was dafh'd the Navy wide,
 And dark we wander o'er the toffing Tide.
 Not fkilful PALINURE in fuch a Sea,
 So black with Storms, diftinguifh'd Night from Day ;
 Nor knew to turn the Helm, or point the Way. 275
 Three Nights, without One guiding Star in View,
 Three Days, without the Sun, the Navy flew ;

The Fourth, by Dawn, the swelling Shores we spy, }
 See the thin Smokes, that melt into the Sky, }
 And blueish Hills just opening on the Eye. 280 }
 We furl the Sails, with bending Oars divide
 The flashing Waves, and sweep the foamy Tide.

SAFE from the Storm the *Strophades* I gain, }
 Incircled by the vast *Ionian* Main, }
 Where dwelt CELÆNO with her *Harpy* Train; 285 }
 Since BOREAS' Sons had chac'd the direful Guests
 From PHINEUS' Palace, and their wonted Feasts.
 But Fiends to scourge Mankind, so fierce, so fell,
 Heav'n never summon'd from the Depths of Hell :
 Bloated and gorg'd with Prey, and ever thence 290
 Foul to the Sight, and noisom to the Sense :
 A Female Face, with Wings and hooky Claws ;
 Death in their Eyes, and Famine in their Jaws.

THE Port we enter'd, and with Joy beheld
 Huge Herds of Oxen graze the verdant Field, 295
 And feeding Flocks of Goats, without a Swain,
 That range at large, and bound along the Plain ;
 We seize, we slay, and to the copious Feast
 Call every God, and Jove himself a Guest.

Then

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. III

Then on the winding Shore the Tables plac'd, 300
 And fate indulging in the rich Repast;
 When from the Mountains, terrible to view,
 On founding Wings the Monster *Harpyes* flew.
 They taint the Banquet with their Touch abhorr'd,
 Or snatch the smoaking Viands from the Board. 305
 A Stench offensive follows where they fly,
 And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful Cry.
 Thence to a cavern'd Rock the Train remove,
 And the close Shelter of a shady Grove;
 Once more prepare the Feast, the Tables raise; 310
 Once more with Fires the loaded Altars blaze.
 Again the Fiends from their dark Covert fly,
 But from a different Quarter of the Sky;
 With loathsome Claws they snatch the Food away,
 Scream o'er our Heads, and poison all the Prey. 315
 Enrag'd, I bid my Train their Arms prepare,
 And with the direful Monsters wage the War.
 Close in the Grass, observant of the Word,
 They hide the shining Shield, and gleaming Sword.
 Then, as the *Harpyes* from the Hills once more 320
 Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the Shore,
 On his high Stand MISENUS sounds from far
 The brazen Trump, the Signal of the War.

With

With unaccustom'd Fight we flew, to slay
 The Forms obscene, dread Monsters of the Sea. 325
 But proof to Steel their Hides and Plumes remain;
 We strike th' impenetrable Fiends in vain,
 Who from the Fragments wing th' ærial Way,
 And leave, involv'd in Stench, the mangled Prey;
 All but CELÆNO;---from a pointed Rock 330
 Where perch'd she fate, the boding Fury spoke:
 Then was it not enough, ye Sons of *Troy*,
 Our Flocks to slaughter, and our Herds destroy?
 But War, shall impious War your Wrongs maintain,
 And drive the *Harpyes* from their Native Reign? 335
 Hear then your dreadful Doom with due Regard,
 Which mighty Jove to PHOEBUS has declar'd;
 Which PHOEBUS open'd to CELÆNO'S View,
 And I, the Furies Queen, unfold to You.
 To promis'd *Italy* your Course you ply, 340
 And safe to *Italy* at length shall fly;
 But never, never raise your City there,
 Till, in due Vengeance for the Wrongs we bear,
 Imperious Hunger urge you to devour
 Those very Boards on which you fed before. 345

SHE ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy Wood,
 With Hearts dejected my Companions flood,
 And sudden Horrors froze their curdling Blood. }
 Down drop the Shield and Spear ; from Fight we cease,
 And humbly sue by suppliant Vows for Peace ; 350
 And whether Goddesſes, or Fiends from Hell,
 Prostrate before the monſtrous Forms we fell.
 But old ANCHISES, by the beating Floods,
 Invok'd with Sacrifice th' Immortal Gods ;
 And rais'd his Hands and Voice ;---Ye Pow'rs Divine 355
 Avert theſe Woes, and ſpare a righteous Line.
 Then he commands to cut the Cords away ;
 With Southern Gales we plow the foamy Sea.
 And, where the friendly Breeze or Pilot guides,
 With flying Sails we ſtem the murmuring Tides. 360
 Now, high in View, amid the circling Floods
 We ken *Zacynthus* crown'd with waving Woods.
Dulichian Coaſts, and *Samian* Hills we ſpy,
 And *Neritos* aſpiring to the Sky.
 Rough *Ithaca* we ſhun, a rocky Shore, 365
 And curſe the Land that dire ULYSSES bore.
 Then dim LEUCATE ſwell'd to Sight, who ſhrouds
 His proud ærial Brow in ambient Clouds :

Laft opens, by degrees, APOLLO's Fane,
 The Dread of Sailors on the wintry Main. 370
 To this fmall Town, fatigu'd with Toil, we hafte;
 The circling Anchors from the Prows are caft.
 Safe to the Land beyond our Hopes reftor'd,
 We paid our Vows to Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
 All bright in fuppling Oil, my Friends employ 375 }
 Their Limbs in wrefling, and revive with Joy }
 On *Ælian* Shores the folemn Games of *Troy*. }
 Pleas'd we reflect, that we had pafs'd in Peace
 Through Foes unnumber'd, and the Towns of *Greece*.

MEANTIME the Sun his annual Race performs; 380
 And bluft'ring *Boreas* fills the Sea with Storms;
 I hung the Brazen Buckler on the Door,
 Which once in Fight the Warlike *ABAS* bore;
 And thus infcrib'd---Thefe Arms with Blood diftain'd,
 From conquering *Greece* the great *ÆNEAS* gain'd; 385
 Then, rous'd at my Command, the Sailors fweep
 And dash with bending Oars the fparkling Deep.
 Soon had we loft *Phæacia*'s finking Tow'rs,
 And skim'd along *Epirus*' flying Shores.
 On the *Cbaonian* Port at length we fall; 390
 Thence we afcend to high *Buthrotos*' Wall.

Aftonish'd

Astonish'd here a strange Report we found,
 That *Trojan* HELENUS in *Greece* was crown'd.
 The Captive Prince, (victorious PYRRHUS dead)
 At once succeeded to his Throne and Bed; 395
 And fair ANDROMACHE, to *Troy* restor'd,
 Once more was wedded to a *Dardan* Lord.
 With eager Joy I left the Fleet, and went
 To hail my Royal Friends, and learn the strange Event.

BEFORE the Walls, within a gloomy Wood 400
 Where a new *Simois* roll'd his silver Flood;
 By Chance, ANDROMACHE that Moment paid
 The mournful Offerings to her HECTOR'S Shade.
 A Tomb, an empty Tomb her Hands compose
 Of living Turf; and two fair Altars rose. 405
 Sad Scene!--that still provok'd the Tears she shed;
 And here the Queen invok'd the mighty Dead.
 When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
 She saw my *Trojan* Arms, and Ensigns fly;
 So strange a Sight astonish'd to survey, 410
 The Princess trembles, falls, and faints away.
 Her beauteous Frame the vital Warmth forsook,
 And scarce recover'd thus at length she spoke:

HA!--is it true?---in Person? and alive?
 Still, dost thou still, oh! Goddess-born, survive? - 415
 Or, if no more thou breathe the vital Air,
 Where is my Lord, my HECTOR, tell me where?
 Then, the big Sorrow streaming from her Eyes,
 She fill'd the Air with agonizing Cries.
 Few Words to sooth her raging Grief I say, 420
 And scarce those Few, for Sobs, could find their way.

AH! trust your Eyes, no Phantoms here impose;
 I live indeed, but drag a Life of Woes.
 Say then, oh Say, has Fortune yet been just
 To Worth like yours, since HECTOR sunk in Dust? 425
 Or oh! is that great Heroe's Confort led
 (His dear ANDROMACHE) to PYRRHUS' Bed?
 To this, with lowly Voice, the Fair replies,
 While on the Ground she fixt her streaming Eyes.

THRICE blest POLYXENA! condemn'd to fall 430
 By vengeful *Greece* beneath the *Trojan* Wall;
 Stab'd at PELIDES' Tomb the Victim bled,
 By Death deliver'd from the Victor's Bed.

Nor Lots disgrac'd her with a Chain, like Me,
 A wretched Captive, drag'd from Sea to Sea! 435
 Doom'd to that Heroe's haughty Heir, I gave
 A Son to PYRRHUS, more than half a Slave.
 From Me, to fair HERMIONE he fled
 Of LEDA's Race, and fought a *Spartan* Bed;
 My slighted Charms to HELENUS resign'd, 440
 And in the Bridal Bands his Captives join'd.
 But fierce ORESTES, by the Furies tost
 And mad with Vengeance for the Bride he lost,
 Swift on the Monarch from his Ambush flew,
 And at APOLLO's hallow'd Altar flew. 445
 On HELENUS devolv'd, (the Tyrant slain,)
 A Portion of the Realm, a large Domain:
 From CHAON's Name the fruitful Tract he calls,
 And from old PERGAMUS, his growing Walls.
 But oh! what Winds, what Fate s, what gracious Pow'rs 450
 Led you, unknowing, to these Friendly Shores?
 Does yet ASCANIUS live, the Hope of *Troy*?
 Does his fond Mother's Death afflict the Boy?
 Or Glory's Charms his little Soul inflame,
 To match my HECTOR's or his Father's Fame? 455

So spoke the Queen with mingled Sobs and Cries,
And Tears in vain ran trickling from her Eyes.
When lo! in Royal Pomp the King descends
With a long Train, and owns his antient Friends.
Then to the Town his welcome Guests he led; 460
Tear follow'd Tear, at every Word he said.
Here in a foreign Region I behold
A little *Troy*, an Image of the Old;
Here creeps along a poor penurious Stream,
That fondly bears *Scamander's* mighty Name: 465
A second *Scæan* Gate I clasp with Joy,
In dear Remembrance of the first in *Troy*.
With Me, the Monarch bids my Friends, and All,
Indulge the Banquet in the Regal Hall,
Crown'd with rich Wine the foamy Goblets hold; 470
And the vast Feast was serv'd in massy Gold.

Two Days were past, and now the Southern Gales
Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling Sails.
A thousand Doubts distract my anxious Breast,
And thus the Royal Prophet I address'd: 475
Oh Sacred Prince of *Troy*, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To speak Events, and search the Will of Heav'n,
The

The secret Mind of PHŒBUS to declare
 From Laurels, Tripods, and from every Star;
 To know the Voice of every Fowl that flies, 480
 The Signs of every Wing that beats the Skies;
 Instruct me, Sacred Seer; since every God,
 With each blest Omen, bids me plow the Flood
 To reach fair *Italy*, and measure o'er
 A Length of Ocean to the destin'd Shore: 485
 The *Harpy* Queen, and she alone, relates
 A Scene of sad unutterable Fates,
 A dreadful Famine sent from Heaven on high,
 With all the gather'd Vengeance of the Sky:
 Tell me, what Dangers I must first oppose, 490
 And how o'ercome the mighty Weight of Woes.

Now, the due Victims slain, the King implores
 The Grace and Favour of th' Immortal Pow'rs;
 Unbinds the Fillets from his sacred Head,
 Then, by the Hand, in solemn State he led 495
 His trembling Guest to PHŒBUS' fair Abode,
 Struck with an awful Reverence of the God.
 At length, with all the sacred Fury fir'd,
 Thus spoke the Prophet, as the God inspir'd:

SINCE, mighty Chief, the Deities, your Guides, 500
 With prosperous Omens waft you o'er the Tides,
 Such is the Doom of Fate, the Will of Jove,
 The firm Decree of him who reigns above :
 Hear me, of many Things, explain a Few,
 Your future Course with Safety to pursue ; 505
 And, all these foreign Floods and Countries past,
 To reach the wish'd *Ausonian* Port at last.
 The rest the Fates from HELENUS conceal,
 And Heav'n's dread Queen forbids me to reveal.
 First then, that *Italy*, that promis'd Land, 510
 Tho' thy fond Hopes already grasp the Strand,
 (Tho' now she seems so near,) a mighty Tide,
 And long, long Regions from your Reach divide.
Sicilian Seas must bend your plunging Oars ;
 Your Fleet must coast the fair *Ausonian* Shores, 515
 And reach the dreadful Isle, the dire Abode
 Where CIRCE reigns ; and stem the *Stygian* Flood,
 Before your fated City shall ascend.
 Hear then, and these auspicious Signs attend :
 When, lost in Contemplation deep, you find 520
 A large white Mother of the bristly Kind,

With

With her white Brood of thirty Young, who drain
 Her swelling Dugs, where *Tyber* bathes the Plain :
 There, there, thy Town shall rise, my godlike Friend,
 And all thy Labours find their destin'd End. 525
 Fear then CÆLÆNO'S direful Threats no more,
 That your fierce Hunger shall your Boards devour.
 APOLLO, when invok'd, will teach the Way,
 And Fate the mystic Riddle shall display.
 But these next Borders of th' *Italian* Shores, 530
 On whose rough rocky Sides our Ocean roars,
 Avoid with Caution, for the *Grecian* Train
 Possess those Realms that stretch along the Main.
 Here, the fierce *Locrians* hold their dreadful Seat ;
 There, brave IDOMENEUS, expell'd from *Crete*, 535
 Has fixt his Armies on *Salentine* Ground,
 And awes the wide *Calabrian* Realms around.
 Here PHILOCTETES, from *Theſſalian* Shores,
 Rears strong *Petilia* fenc'd with Walls and Tow'rs.
 Soon as transported o'er the rolling Floods, 540
 You pay due Vows in honour of the Gods,
 When on the Shore the smoaking Altars rise,
 A purple Veil draw cautious o'er your Eyes ;
 Left hostile Faces should appear in Sight,
 To blast and discompose the hallow'd Rite. 545

Observe this Form before the Sacred Shrine,
Thou, and thy Friends, and all thy future Line.

WHEN near *Sicilian* Coasts thy bellying Sails
At length convey thee with the driving Gales;
PELORUS' Straits juſt opening by degrees; 550
Turn from the right; avoid the Shores and Seas.
Far to the left thy Courſe in Safety keep,
And fetch a mighty Circle round the Deep.
That Realm of old, a Ruin huge! was rent
In length of Ages from the Continent: 555
With Force convulſive burſt the Iſle away;
Through the dread Opening broke the thund'ring Sea:
At once the thund'ring Sea *Sicilia* tore,
And funder'd from the fair *Hesperian* Shore;
And ſtill the neighbouring Coaſts and Towns divides 560
With ſcanty Channels, and contracted Tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous *Scylla* roars,
Charybdis on the left the Flood devours:
Thrice ſwallow'd in her Womb, ſubſides the Sea,
Deep, deep as Hell; and thrice ſhe ſpouts away 565
From her black bellowing Gulphs, diſgorg'd on high,
Waves after Waves, that daſh the diſtant Sky.

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in a darksome Cavern's dreadful Shade,
 High' o'er the Surges *Scylla* rears her Head :
 Grac'd with a Virgin's Breast, and Female Looks, 570
 She draws the Vessels on the pointed Rocks.
 Below, she lengthens in a monstrous Whale,
 With Dogs surrounded and a Dolphin's Tail.
 But oh ! 'tis far, far safer with delay
 Still round and round to plow the watry Way, 575
 And coast *Pachynus*, than with curious Eyes
 To see th' Enormous Den where SCYLLA lies ;
 The dire tremendous Fury to explore,
 Where, round her cavern'd Rocks, her watry Monsters roar.

BESIDES, if HELENUS the Truth inspires, 580
 If PHOEBUS warms me with Prophetic Fires ;
 One thing in chief, O Prince of VENUS' Strain,
 Tho' oft repeated, I must urge again.
 To JUNO first with Gifts and Vows repair,
 And vanquish Heav'n's imperial Queen with Pray'r. 585
 So shall your Fleets in Safety waft you o'er,
 From fair *Trinacria* to th' *Hesperian* Shore ;
 There when arriv'd you visit *Cuma's* Tow'rs,
 Where dark with shady Woods *Avernus* roars,
 You'll see the *Sibyl* in her rocky Cave, 590
 And hear the furious Maid divinely rave. The

The dark Decrees of Fate the Virgin fings,
 And writes on Leaves, Names, Characters, and Things.
 The myſtic Numbers, in the Cavern laid,
 Are rang'd in Order by the Sacred Maid ; 595
 There they reſoſe in Ranks along the Floor ;
 At length a caſual Wind unfolds the Door ;
 The caſual Wind diſorders the Decrees,
 And the looſe Fates are ſcatter'd by the Breeze.
 She ſcorns to range them, and again unite 600
 The fleeting Scrolls, or ſtop their airy Flight.
 Then back retreat the diſappointed Train,
 And curſe the *Sibyl* they conſult in vain.
 But thou more wiſe thy purpoſ'd Courſe delay,
 Though thy raſh Friends ſhould ſummon thee away ; 605
 And wait with Patience, though the flattering Gales
 Sing in thy Shrowds, and fill thy opening Sails.
 With ſuppliant Pray'rs intreat her to relate,
 In vocal Accents, all thy various Fate.
 Her Voice the *Italian* Nations ſhall declare, 610
 And the whole Progreſs of thy future War.
 Thy numerous Toils the Prophetes ſhall ſhow,
 And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every Woe.
 With Reverence due, her potent Aid implore,
 So ſhalt thou ſafely reach the deſtin'd Shore : 615
 Thus far I tell thee, but muſt tell no more. Pro-

BOOK III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 125

Proceed, brave Prince, with Courage in thy Wars,
And raise the *Trojan* Glory to the Stars.

WHEN thus my Fates the Royal Seer foretold,
He sent rich Gifts of Elephant and Gold; 620
Within my Navy's Sides large Treasures stow'd,
And brazen Cauldrons, that refulgent glow'd.
To Me the Monarch gave a shining Mail,
With many a golden Clasp, and golden Scale;
With this, a beauteous radiant Helm, that bore 625
A waving Plume; the Helm that PYRRHUS wore.
My Father too with costly Gifts he loads,
And Sailors he supplies to stem the Floods,
And generous Steeds, and Arms to all my Train,
With skilful Guides to lead us o'er the Main. 630

AND now my Sire gave Orders to unbind
The gather'd Sails, and catch the raising Wind;
Whom thus, at parting, the Prophetic Sage
Address'd with all the Reverence due to Age.
O favour'd of the Skies! whom VENUS led 635
To the high Honours of her genial Bed,
Her own immortal Beauties to enjoy,
And twice preserv'd thee from the Flames of *Troy* :

Lo!

Lo! to your Eyes *Aufonian* Coasts appear;
Go---to that Realm your happy Voyage steer. 640
But far beyond those Regions you survey,
Your coasting Fleet must cut the lengthen'd Way.
Still, still at distance lies the fated Place,
Assign'd by PHOEBUS to the *Trojan* Race.
Go then, he said, with full Success go on, 645
Oh blest! thrice blest in such a matchless Son.
Why longer should my Words your Course detain,
When the soft Gales invite you to the Main?

NOR less the Queen, her Love and Grief to tell,
With costly Presents takes her sad Farewel. 650
She gave my Son a Robe; the Robe of old
Her own fair Hands embroider'd o'er with Gold:
With precious Vests she loads the darling Boy,
And a refulgent Mantle wrought in *Troy*.
Accept, dear Youth, she said, these Robes I wove 655
In happier Days, Memorial of my Love.
This trifling Token of thy Friend receive,
The last, last Present HECTOR'S Wife can give.
Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I see
My dear ASTYANAX revive in Thee! 660

. Such

Such were his Motions ! Such a sprightly Grace
 Charm'd from his Eyes, and open'd in his Face !
 And, had it pleas'd alas ! the Pow'rs Divine,
 His blooming Years had been the same as thine.

THUS then the mournful laſt Farewel I took, 665
 And, bath'd in Tears, the Royal Pair beſpoke :
 Live You long happy in a Settled State ;
 'Tis Ours to wander ſtill from Fate to Fate.
 Safe have you gain'd the peaceful Port of Eaſe,
 Not doom'd to plow th' immeaſurable Seas ; 670
 Nor ſeek for *Latium*, that deludes the View,
 A Coaſt that flies as faſt as we purſue.
 Here you a new *Scamander* can enjoy ;
 Here your own Hands erect a Second *Troy* :
 With happier Omens may ſhe riſe in Peace, 675
 And leſs obnoxious than the firſt to *Greece* !
 If e'er the long-expected Shore I gain,
 Where *Tyber's* Streams enrich the flow'ry Plain ;
 Or if I live to raiſe our fated Town ;
 Our *Latian Troy* and yours ſhall join in one ; 680
 In one ſhall centre both the kindred States,
 The ſame their Founder, and the ſame their Fates !
 And

And may their Sons to future Times convey
The Sacred Friendship which we sign to-day.

WE take to *Italy* the shortest Road, 685
By steep *Ceraunian* Mountains, o'er the Flood.
Now the descending Sun roll'd down the Light,
The Hills lie cover'd in the Shades of Night.
When some by Lot attend, and ply the Oars ;
Some, worn with Toil, lie stretch'd along the Shores. 690
There, by the Murmurs of the heaving Deep
Rock'd to Repose, they sunk in pleasing Sleep.
Scarce half the Hours of silent Night were fled,
When careful *PALINURE* forsakes his Bed ;
And every Breath explores that stirs the Seas, 695
And watchful listens to the passing Breeze ;
Observes the Course of every Orb on high,
That moves in silent Pomp along the Sky.
ARCTURUS dreadful with his stormy Star,
The watry *Hyads*, and the Northern Car, 700
In the blue Vault his piercing Eyes behold,
And huge *Orion* flame in Arms of Gold.
When all serene he saw th' Ethereal Plain,
He gave the Signal to the slumb'ring Train.

We

We rouse ; our opening Canvas we display, 705
And wing with spreading Sails the watry Way.

Now every Star before AURORA flies,
Whose glowing Blushes streak the purple Skies :
When the dim Hills of *Italy* we view'd,
That peep'd by Turns, and div'd beneath the Flood. 710
Lo *Italy* appears, ACHATES cries,
And *Italy*, with Shouts, the Crowd replies.
My Sire, transported, crowns a Bowl with Wine,
Stands on the Deck, and calls the Pow'rs divine :
Ye Gods ! who rule the Tempests, Earth, and Seas, 715
Befriend our Course, and breathe a prosperous Breeze.
Upsprung th' expected Breeze ; the Port we spy, }
Near, and more near ; and PALLAS' Fane on high, }
With the steep Hill, rose dancing to the Eye. }
Our Sails are furl'd ; and from the Seas profound, 720
We turn the Prows to Land, while Ocean foams around.

WHERE from the raging East the Surges flow,
The Land indented bends an ample Bow ;
The Port's conceal'd within the winding Shore ;
Dash'd on the fronting Cliffs, the Billows roar. 725
S Two

Two lofty tow'ring Rocks extended wide,
 With outstretch'd Arms embrace the murmuring Tide.
 Within the mighty Wall the Waters lie,
 And from the Coast the Temple seems to fly.

HERE first, a dubious Omen I beheld ; 730
 Four milk-white Courfers graz'd the verdant Field.
 War, cry'd my Sire, these hostile Realms prepare ;
 Train'd to the Fight, these Steeds denounce the War.
 But since sometimes they hear the guiding Rein,
 Yok'd to the Car ; the Hopes of Peace remain. 735
 Then, as her Temple rais'd our Shouts, we paid
 Our first Devotions to the martial Maid.
 Next, as the Rules of HELENUS enjoin, }
 We veil'd our Heads at JUNO's sacred Shrine ; }
 And fought Heav'n's awful Queen with Rites divine. 740 }
 This done ;---once more with shifting Sails we fly,
 And cautious pass the hostile Regions by.
 Hence we renown'd *Tarentum's* Bay behold,
 Renown'd, 'tis said, from HERCULES of old.
 Oppos'd, *Lacinia's* Temple rose on high, 745
 And proud *Caulonian* Tow'rs salute the Sky.
 Then, near the rocky *Scylacæan* Bay
 For Wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry Way.

Now we behold, emerging to our Eyes
 From distant Floods, *Sicilian Ætna* rise; 750
 And hear a thund'ring Din, and dreadful Roar
 Of Billows breaking on the rocky Shore.
 The smoaking Waves boil high, on every side,
 And scoop the Sands, and blacken all the Tide.
Charybdis' Gulph, my Father cries, behold! 755
 The direful Rocks the Royal Seer foretold;
 Ply, ply your Oars, and stretch to every Stroke:
 Swift as the Word, their ready Oars they took;
 First skilful PALINURE; then all the Train
 Steer to the left, and plow the liquid Plain. 760

Now on a tow'ring Arch of Waves we rise,
 Heav'd on the bounding Billows, to the Skies.
 Then, as the roaring Surge retreating fell,
 We shoot down headlong to the Depths of Hell.
 Thrice the rough Rocks rebellow in our Ears; 765
 Thrice mount the foamy Tides, and dash the Stars.

THE Wind now sinking with the Lamp of Day,
 Spent with our Toils, and dubious of the Way;
 We reach the dire *Cyclopean* Shore, that forms
 An ample Port, impervious to the Storms. 770

But *Ætna* roars with dreadful Ruins nigh,
 Now hurls a bursting Cloud of Cinders high,
 Involv'd in smoaky Whirlwinds to the Sky;
 With loud Displosion, to the starry Frame
 Shoots fiery Globes, and furious Floods of Flame: 775
 Now from her bellowing Caverns burst away
 Vast Piles of melted Rocks, in open Day.
 Her shatter'd Entrails wide the Mountain throws,
 And deep as Hell her burning Center glows.
 On vast *Enceladus* this pond'rous Load 780
 'Was thrown in Vengeance by the Thund'ring God;
 Who pants beneath the Mountain, and expires,
 Through Openings huge, the fierce tempestuous Fires;
 Oft as He shifts his Side, the Caverns roar;
 With Smoke and Flame the Skies are cover'd o'er; 785
 And all *Trinacria* shakes from Shore to Shore.
 That Night we heard the loud tremendous Sound,
 The monstrous mingled Peal that thunder'd round;
 While in the shelt'ring Wood we sought Repose,
 Nor knew from whence the dreadful Tumult rose. 790
 For not One Star displays his golden Light;
 The Skies lie cover'd in the Shades of Night;
 The silver Moon her glimmering Splendor shrouds
 In gathering Vapours, and a Night of Clouds.

Now fled the dewy Shades of Night away, 795
 Before the Blushes of the dawning Day.
 When, from the Wood, shot sudden forth in View
 A Wretch, in Rags that flutter'd as he flew.
 The Human Form in meager Hunger lost ;
 The suppliant Stranger, more than half a Ghost, 800 }
 Stretch'd forth his Hands, and pointed to the Coast. }
 We turn'd to view the Sight ;--- his Vest was torn,
 And all the tatter'd Garb was tag'd with Thorn.
 His Beard hangs long, and Dust the Wretch distains,
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains. 805
 In all besides, a *Grecian* he appears,
 And late a Soldier in the *Trojan* Wars.
 Soon as our *Dardan* Dress and Arms he view'd,
 In Fear suspended for a space he stood ;
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd ; then, springing forth, he flies 810
 All headlong to the Shore with Pray'rs and Cries :
 Oh ! by this vital Air, the Stars on high,
 By every pitying Pow'r who treads the Sky !
 Ye *Trojans* take me hence ; I ask no more ;
 But bear, oh ! bear me from this dreadful Shore. 815
 I own my self a *Grecian*, and confess
 I storm'd your *Ilion* with the Sons of *Greece*.

If that Offence must doom me to the Grave,
 Ye *Trojans* plunge me in the whelming Wave.
 I die contented, if that Grace I gain ; 820
 I die with pleasure, if I die by Man,

THEN kneel'd the Wretch, and suppliant clung around
 My Knees with Tears, and grovel'd on the Ground.
 Mov'd with his Cries, we urge him to relate,
 His Name, his Lineage, and his cruel Fate : 825
 Then by the Hand my good old Father took
 The trembling Youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.

ULYSSES' Friend, your Empire to destroy,
 I left my native *Ithaca* for *Troy*. 830
 My Sire, poor ADAMASTUS, sent from far
 His Son, his ACHÆMENIDES, to War ;
 Oh ! had we both our humble State maintain'd,
 And safe in Peace and Poverty remain'd !
 For me my Friends forgetful left behind, 835
 In the huge *Cyclop's* ample Cave confin'd.
 Floating with human Gore, the dreadful Dome
 Lies wide and waste, a solitary Gloom !
 With mangled Limbs was all the Pavement spread ;
 High as the Stars he heaves his horrid Head. 840
 The

The tow'ring Giant stalks with matchless Might ;
 A savage Fiend ! tremendous to the Sight.
 (Far, far from Earth, ye heav'nly Pow'rs repell
 A Fiend so direful to the Depths of Hell!)
 For slaughter'd Mortals are the Monster's Food,
 The Bodies he devours, and quaffs the Blood. 845
 These Eyes beheld him, when his ample Hand
 Seiz'd two poor Wretches of our trembling Band.
 Stretch'd o'er the Cavern, with a dreadful Stroke,
 He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the Rock.
 In one black Torrent swam the smoking Floor ; 850
 Fierce he devours the Limbs that drop with Gore ;
 The Limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey !
 Still heave and quiver while he grinds the Prey.

BUT mindful of himself, that fatal Hour,
 Not unreveng'd their Death ULYSSES bore. 855
 For while the nodding Savage sleeps Supine,
 Gorg'd with his horrid Feast, and drown'd in Wine ;
 And, stretch'd o'er half the Cave, ejects the Load
 Of Human Offals mixt with Human Blood :
 Trembling, by Lot we took our Posts around 860
 Th'enormous Giant slumb'ring on the Ground.

Then,

Then (every God invok'd, who rules the Sky)
 Plunge the sharp Weapon in his monstrous Eye ;
 His Eye, that midst his frowning Forehead shone
 Like some broad Buckler, or the blazing Sun. 865
 Thus we reveng'd our dear Companions lost ;
 But fly, ye *Trojans*, fly this dreadful Coast.
 For know, a hundred horrid *Cyclops* more
 Range on these Hills, and dwell along the Shore,
 As huge as POLYPHEME, the Giant Swain, 870
 Who milk, like Him, in Caves the woolly Train.
 Now thrice the Moon, fair Empress of the Night,
 Has fill'd her growing Horns with borrow'd Light,
 Since in these Woods I pass'd the Hours away,
 In Dens of Beasts, and Savages of Prey, 875
 Saw on the Rocks the *Cyclops* ranging round,
 Heard their loud Footsteps thund'ring on the Ground,
 With each big bellowing Voice, and trembled at the Sound. }
 Here every stony Fruit I pluck for Food,
 Herbs, Cornels, Roots, and Berries of the Wood. 880
 While round I gaze, your Fleet I first explore,
 The first that touch'd on this detested Shore,
 To 'scape these Savages, I flew with Joy
 To meet your Navy, though it sail'd from *Troy*.
 If I but shun the cruel Hands of these ;
 Do you destroy me, by what Death you please.

SCARCE had he said; when lo! th'enormous Swain,
 Huge POLYPHEMUS, midst his fleecy Train,
 A Bulk prodigious! from the Mountain's Brow
 Descends terrific to the Shore below: 890
 A Monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;
 His Front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing Eye!
 His huge Hand held a Pine, tall, large, and strong,
 To guide his Footsteps as he tow'rd along.
 His Flock attends, the only Joy he knows; 895
 His Pipe around his Neck, the Solace of his Woes.
 Soon as the Giant reach'd the deeper Flood
 With many a Groan he cleans'd the gather'd Blood
 From his bor'd Eye-ball in the briny Main,
 And, bellowing grinds, his Teeth in agonizing Pain. 900
 Then stalks enormous through the midmost Tides;
 And scarce the topmost Surges reach his Sides.

ABOARD, the well-deserving *Greek* we took,
 And, pale with Fear, the dreadful Coast forlook;
 Cut every Cord with eager Speed away, 905
 Bend to the Stroke, and sweep the foamy Sea.
 The Giant heard; and, turning to the Sound,
 At first pursu'd us through the vast Profound;
 Stretch'd his huge Hand to reach the Fleet in vain;
 Nor could he ford the deep *Ionian* Main. 910

With that, the furious Monster roar'd so loud,
 That Ocean shook in every distant Flood;
 Trembled all *Italy* from Shore to Shore;
 And *Ætna's* winding Caves rebellow to the Roar.

ROUZ'D at the Peal, the fierce *Cyclopean* Train 915
 Rush from their Woods and Mountains to the Main.
 Around the Port the ghastly Brethren stand,
 A dire Assembly! covering all the Strand.
 In each grim Forehead blaz'd the Single Eye;
 In vain enrag'd the monstrous Race we spy, 920 }
 A Host of Giants tow'ring in the Sky.
 So on some Mountain tow'rs the lofty Grove
 Of beauteous *DIAN*, or Imperial *JOVE*;
 Th' ærial Pines in pointed Spires from far,
 Or spreading Oaks, majestic nod in Air. 925
 Headlong we fly with Horror, where the Gales
 And speeding Winds direct the fluttering Sails.
 But *HELENUS* forbids to plow the Waves,
 Where *SCYLLA* roars, and fierce *CHARYBDIS* raves.
 As Death stands dreadful midst the dangerous Road, 930
 With backward Course we plow the foamy Flood.
 When, from *PELORUS'* Point, a Northern Breeze
 Swells every Sail, and wafts us o'er the Seas;

First, where PANTAGIAS' Mouth appear'd in View,
 Flank'd by a Range of Rocks, the Navy flew : 935
 Then, shooting by the fam'd *Megarean* Bay
 And lowly TAPSUS, cut the watry Way.
 These Coasts by ACHÆMENIDES were shewn,
 Who follow'd, late, LAERTES' wand'ring Son :
 Familiar with the Track he pass'd before, 940
 He names the Lands, and points out every Shore.

AN Isle, once call'd *Ortygia*, fronts the Sides
 Of rough *Plemmyrium*, and *Sicanian* Tides.
 Hither, 'tis said, ALPHEÛS, from his Source
 In ELIS' Realms, directs his watry Course : 945
 Beneath the Main he takes his secret Way,
 And mounts with ARETHUSA'S Streams to Day :
 Now a *Sicilian* Flood his Course he keeps,
 And rolls with blended Waters to the Deep.
 Admonish'd I adore the Guardian Gods, 950
 Then pass the Bounds of rich HELOUS' Floods.
 Next our fleet Gallies by *Pachynus* glide,
 Whose Rocks projecting stretch into the Tide.
 The *Camarinian* Marsh I now survey,
 By Fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955
 Then the *Geloan* Fields with *Gela* came
 In View, who borrow'd from the Flood their Name.

140 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK III.

With her huge Walls proud *Agragas* succeeds ;
 A Realm, of old renown'd for generous Steeds.
 From thee, *Selinus*, swift before the Wind 960
 We flew, and left thy sinking Palms behind ;
 By *Lylibæum*'s Sides our Course purfu'd,
 Whose Rocks infidious hide beneath the Flood ;
 And reach (those dangerous Shelves and Shallows past)
 The fatal Port of *Drepanum* at last. 965
 Wretch as I was, on this detested Coast,
 The chief Support of all my Woes, I lost ;
 My dear, dear Father---fav'd, but fav'd in vain
 From all the Tempests of the raging Main.
 Nor did the Royal Sage this Blow foretell ; 970
 Nor did the direful *Harpy*-Queen of Hell,
 Among her frightful Prodigies, foreshow ;
 This last sad Stroke, this unexpected Woe.
 Here all my Labours, all my Toils were o'er,
 And hence Heav'n led me to your Friendly Shore. 975

THUS, while the Room was hush'd, the Prince relates
 The wondrous Series of his various Fates ;
 His long, long Wanderings, and unnumber'd Woes :
 Then ceas'd ; and sought the Blessings of Repose. 979

The End of the Third Book.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

Fourth Book of the ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her Sister her Passion for Æneas, and her Thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a Hunting-match for his Entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a Storm, which separates the Hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same Cave, where their Marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his Voyage. Dido finds out his Design, and, to put a Stop to it, makes use of her own, and her Sister's Entreaties, and discovers all the Variety of Passions that are incident to a neglected Lover. When Nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own Death, with which this Book concludes.



UT Love inflam'd the Queen ; the raging Pain
Preys on her Heart, and glows in every Vein.
Much she revolves the Hero's Deeds Divine,
And much the Glories of his Godlike Line ;
Each Look, each Accent breaks her golden Rest, 5
Lodg'd in her Soul, and Imag'd in her Breast.

T H E

THE Morn had chac'd the dewy Shades away,
 And o'er the World advanc'd the Lamp of Day;
 When to her Sifter thus the Royal Dame
 Disclos'd the Secret of her growing Flame. 10

ANNA, what Dreams are these that haunt my Rest?
 Who is this Heroe, this our Godlike Guest?
 Mark but his graceful Port, his manly Charms;
 How great a Prince! and how renown'd in Arms!
 Sure he descends from some Celestial Kind; 15
 For Fear attends the low degenerate Mind.
 But oh!---what Wars, what Battles he relates?
 How long he struggled with his adverse Fates!
 Did not my Soul her Purpose still retain,
 Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20
 Since from my widow'd Arms the murdering Sword
 Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy Lord;
 Did not my Thoughts the Name of Marriage dread,
 And the bare Mention of the Bridal Bed----
 Forgive my Frailty---but I seem inclin'd 25
 To yield to this One Weakness of my Mind.
 For oh! my Sifter, unreserv'd and free
 I trust the Secret of my Soul to Thee;

Since

Since poor SICHÆUS, by my Brother slain,
 Dash'd with his Blood the consecrated Fane, 30
 And stain'd the Gods; my firm Resolves, I own,
 This graceful Prince has shook, and This alone.
 I feel a Warmth o'er all my trembling Frame
 Too like the Tokens of my former Flame.
 But oh! may Earth her dreadful Gulph display, 35
 And gaping snatch me from the golden Day;
 May I be hurl'd, by Heav'n's Almighty Sire,
 Transfix'd with Thunder and involv'd in Fire,
 Down to the Shades of Hell from Realms of Light,
 The deep, deep Shades of everlasting Night; 40
 Ere Sacred Honour! I betray thy Cause
 In Word, or Thought, or violate thy Laws.
 No!---my first Lord, my first ill-fated Spouse,
 Still, as in Life, is Lord of all my Vows.
 My Love he had, and ever let him have, 45
 Interr'd with him, and buried in the Grave.
 Then, by her rising Grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:
 The Tears ran trickling down her heaving Breast.

SISTER, the Fair replies, whom far above
 The Light of Heav'n, or Life itself I love; 50
 Still

144 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK IV.

Still on your Bloom shall endless Sorrow prey,
 And waste your Youth in Solitude away ?
 And shall no pleasing Theme your Thoughts employ ?
 The prattling Infant, or the Bridal Joy ?
 Think you such Cares disturb your Husband's Shade, 55
 Or stir the sacred Ashes of the Dead ?
 What though before, no Lover won your Grace,
 Among the *Tyrian*, or the *Libyan* Race ?
 With just Disdain you pass'd IARBAS o'er,
 And many a King whom warlike *Afric* bore. 60
 But will you fly the Heroe you approve ?
 And steel your Heart against a Prince you love ?
 Nor will you once reflect what Regions bound
 Your infant Empire, and your Walls surround ?
 Here proud *Gætulian* Cities tow'r in Air, 65
 Whose swarthy Sons are terrible in War ;
 There the dread *Syrtes* stretch along the Main,
 And there the wild *Barcæans* range the Plain ;
 Here parch'd with Thirst a smoaking Region lies,
 There fierce in Arms the brave *Numidians* rise. 70
 Why should I urge our vengeful Brother's Ire ?
 The War just bursting from the Gates of *Tyre* ?
 Sure, every God, with mighty JUNO, bore
 The Fleets of *Ilion* to the *Libyan* Shore.

From

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 145

From such a Marriage soon your joyful Eyes 75
 Shall see a potent Town and Empire rise.
 What Scenes of Glory, *Carthage* must enjoy,
 When our Confederate Arms unite with *Troy*?
 Go then, propitiate Heav'n; due Offerings pay;
 Carefs, invite your Godlike Guest to stay, 80
 And study still new Causes of Delay.
 Tell him, that, charg'd with Deluges of Rain,
Orion rages on the wintry Main;
 That still unrigg'd his shatter'd Vessels lie,
 Nor can his Fleet endure so rough a Sky. 85

THESE Words soon scatter'd the Remains of Shame;
 Confirm'd her Hopes, and fann'd the rising Flame.
 With Speed they seek the Temples, and implore
 With rich Oblations each Celestial Pow'r.
 Selected Sheep with holy Rites they slay 90
 To CERES, BACCHUS, and the God of Day.
 But chief, to JUNO's Name the Victims bled,
 To JUNO, Guardian of the Bridal Bed.
 The Queen before the snowy Heifer stands,
 Amid the Shrines, a Goblet in her Hands; 95
 Between the Horns she throws the sacred Wine,
 And pays due Honours to the Pow'rs Divine;

Moves round the Fane in solemn Pomp, and loads,
 Day after Day, the Altars of the Gods.
 Then hovering o'er, the Fair consults in vain 100
 The panting Entrails of the Victims slain :
 For ah ! no sacred Rites her Pain remove ;
 Priests, Pray'rs, and Temples ! what are you to Love ?
 With Passion fir'd, her Reason quite o'erthrown,
 The hapless Queen runs raving thro' the Town. 105
 Soft Flames consume her Vitals ; and the Dart,
 Deep, deep within, lies festering in her Heart.
 So sends the heedless Hunter's twanging Bow
 The Shaft that quivers in the bleeding Doe ;
 Stung with the Stroke, and madding with the Pain, 110
 She wildly flies from Wood to Wood in vain ;
 Shoots o'er the *Cretan* Lawns with many a Bound,
 The cleaving Dart still rankling in the Wound !

Now the fond Princess leads her Heroe on,
 Shows him her *Tyrian* Wealth, and growing Town ; 115
 Displays her pompous Tow'rs that proudly rise,
 And hopes to tempt him with the glorious Prize ;
 Now, as she tries to tell her raging Flame,
 Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious Shame :

Now,

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

147

Now, at the close of Evening, calls her Guest, 120

To share the Banquet, and renew the Feast :

She fondly begs him to repeat once more

The, *Trojan* Story that she heard before ;

Then, to Distraction charm'd, in Rapture hung

On every Word, and dy'd upon his Tongue. 125

But when the setting Stars to Rest invite,

And fading CYNTHIA veils her beamy Light ;

When all the Guests retire to soft Repose ;

Left in the Hall, she sighs, and vents her Woes,

Lies on his Couch, bedews it with her Tears,

In Fancy sees her absent Prince, and hears

His charming Voice still sounding in her Ears.

Fir'd with the glorious Hero's graceful Look,

The young ASCANIUS on her Lap she took,

With trifling Play her furious Pains beguil'd ; 135

In vain!---the Father charms her in the Child.

No more the Tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in Air ;

The Youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare

Ports for the Fleet, or Bulwarks for the War ;

The Works and Battlements neglected lie, 140

And the proud Structures cease to brave the Sky.

THE Fair thus rages with the mighty Pain,
 That fir'd her Soul; and Honour pleads in vain.
 This JUNO saw and thus the Bride of Jove;
 In guileful Terms address'd the Queen of Love: 145
 A high Exploit indeed! a glorious Name,
 Unfading Trophies and eternal Fame,
 You, and your Son have worthily pursu'd!
 Two Gods a single Woman have subdu'd!
 To Me your groundless Jealousies are known, 150
 And dark Suspicions of this Tyrian Town.
 But why, why Goddess, to what Aim or End
 In lasting Quarrels should we still contend?
 Hence then from Strife resolve we both to cease,
 And by the Nuptial Bands confirm the Peace. 155
 To crown your Wish, the Queen with fond Desire
 Dies for your Son, and melts with amorous Fire.
 Let us with equal Sway protect the Place,
 The common Guardians of the mingled Race.
 Be Tyre the Dow'r to seal the glad Accord, 160
 And Royal Dido serve this Phrygian Lord.

To whom the Queen; (who mark'd with piercing Eyes
 The Goddess labouring, in the dark Disguise,

To

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 149

To *Libyan* Shores from *Latium* to convey
The destin'd Seat of Univerfal Sway ;) 165
Who this Alliance madly would deny ?
Or war with thee, dread Emprefs of the Sky ?
And oh ! that Fortune in the Work would join,
With full Succels to favour the Design !
But much I doubt, O Goddeſs, if the Fates, 170
Or Jove permit us to unite the States.
You, as his Conſort, your Requeſt may move,
And ſearch the Will, or bend the Mind of Jove.
Go then---your Scheme before the Father lay ;
Go ;---and I follow, where you lead the Way. 175

BE mine the Care, th' Imperial Dame replies,
To gain the God, the Sovereign of the Skies.
Then heed my Counſel---When the dawning Light
Drives from the opening World the Shades of Night ;
The Prince and Queen, tranſfix'd with amorous Flame,
Bend to the Woods to hunt the ſavage Game : 181
There, while the Crowds the Foreſt-Walks beſet,
Swarm round the Woods, and ſpread the waving Net ;
The Skies ſhall burſt upon the ſportive Train
In Storms of Hail, and Deluges of Rain : 185
The

The gather'd Tempest o'er their Heads shall roll,
 And the long Thunders roar from Pole to Pole.
 On every Side shall fly the scattering Crowds,
 Involv'd and cover'd in a Night of Clouds.
 To the same Cave for Shelter shall repair 190
 The *Trojan* Heroe and the Royal Fair.
 The Lovers, if your Will concurs with mine,
 Ourself in HYMEN'S Nuptial Bands will join.
 The Goddess gave Consent, the Compact bound,
 But smil'd in secret at the Fraud she found. 195

SCARCE had AURORA left her Orient Bed,
 And rear'd above the Waves her radiant Head,
 When, pouring through the Gates, the Train appear,
Massylian Hunters with the steely Spear, 199
 Sagacious Hounds, and Toils, and all the Sylvan War.
 The Queen engag'd in Drefs,---with Reverence wait
 The *Tyrian* Peers before the Regal Gate.
 Her Steed, with Gold and Purple cover'd round,
 Neighs, champs the Bit, and foaming paws the Ground. 205
 At length she comes, magnificently drest.
 (Her Guards attending) in a *Tyrian* Vest.
 Back in a Golden Caul her Locks are ty'd;
 A Golden Quiver rattles at her Side;

A Golden Clasp her purple Garment binds,
 And Robes, that flew redundant in the Winds. 210
 Next with the youthful *Trojans* to the Sport
 The fair *ASCANIUS* issues from the Court.
 But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
 Tow'rs great ÆNEAS, and outshines them all.
 As when from *Lycia* bound in wintry Frost, 215
 Where *Xanthus*' Streams enrich the smiling Coast,
 The beauteous *PHOEBUS* in high Pomp retires,
 And hears in *Delos* the triumphant Quires ;
 The *Cretan* Crowds and *Dryopes* advance,
 And painted *Scythians* round his Altars dance ; 220
 Fair Wreaths of vivid Bays his Head infold,
 His Locks bound backward and adorn'd with Gold ;
 The God majestic moves o'er *CYNTHUS*' Brows,
 His golden Quiver rattling as he goes.
 So mov'd ÆNEAS ; such his charming Grace ; 225
 So glow'd the purple Bloom, that flush'd his godlike Face.

SOON as the Train amid the Mountains came,
 And storm'd the Coverts of the savage Game ;
 The Goats flew bounding o'er the craggy Brow
 From Rock to Rock, and fought the Fields below. 230

Here

Here the fleet Stags, chac'd down the tow'ring Steep,
 In Clouds of Duft through the long Valleys fweep :
 While there, exulting, to his utmost Speed
 The young ASCANIUS spurs his fiery Steed,
 Outstrips by turns the flying timorous Train, 235
 And scorns the meaner Triumphs of the Plain :
 The Hopes of Glory all his Soul inflame ;
 Eager he longs to run at nobler Game,
 And drench his youthful Javelin in the Gore
 Of the fierce Lion, or the Mountain Boar. 240

MEANTIME loud Thunders rattle round the Sky,
 And Hail and Rain, in mingled Tempest, fly ;
 While Floods on Floods, in fwelling turbid Tides,
 Roll roaring down the Mountain's channel'd Sides.
 The young ASCANIUS, and the hunting Train, 245
 To close Retreats fled diverse o'er the Plain.
 To the same gloomy Cave with Speed repair
 The *Trojan* Heroe and the Royal Fair.
 Earth shakes, and JUNO gives the Nuptial Signs ;
 With quivering Flames the glimmering Grotto shines :
 With Lightnings all the conscious Skies are spread ; 251
 The Nymphs run shrieking round the Mountain's Head.

From

From that sad Day, unhappy DIDO! rose
 Shame, Death, and Ruin, and a Length of Woes.
 Nor Fame nor Censure now the Queen can move, 255
 No more she labours to conceal her Love.
 Her Passion stands avow'd; and Wedlock's Name
 Adorns the Crime, and sanctifies the Shame.

Now *Fame*, tremendous Fiend! without Delay
 Through *Libyan* Cities took her rapid Way. 260
Fame, the swift Plague, that every Moment grows,
 And gains new Strength and Vigour as she goes.
 First Small with Fear, she swells to wondrous Size,
 And stalks on Earth, and tow'rs above the Skies;
 Whom, in her Wrath to Heav'n, the teeming *Earth*
 Produc'd the last of her Gigantic Birth; 266
 A Monster huge, and dreadful to the Eye,
 With rapid Feet to run, or Wings to fly.
 Beneath her Plumes the various Fury bears
 A thousand piercing Eyes and lightning Ears; 270
 And with a thousand Mouths, and babbling Tongues appears.
 Thund'ring by Night, through Heaven and Earth she flies,
 No golden Slumbers seal her watchful Eyes;
 On Tow'rs or Battlements she sits by Day,
 And shakes whole Towns with Terror and Dismay, 275

Alarms the World around, and, perch'd on high,
 Reports a Truth, or publishes a Lye :
 Now both she mingled with malignant Joy,
 And told the Nations, that a Prince from *Troy*
 Inflam'd with Love the *Tyrian* Queen, who led 280
 The Godlike Stranger to her Bridal Bed ;
 That Both, indulging in their soft Desires
 And deaf to Censure, melt in amorous Fires ;
 From every Thought the Cares of State remove,
 And the long Winter pass'd away in Love. 285

THIS Tale the Fury glories to display,
 Then to the King JÂRBAS bent her way ;
 With jealous Rage the furious Prince inspires,
 And all his Soul with Indignation fires.
 This Monarch sprung from AMMON's warm Embrace 290
 With a fair Nymph of *Garamantic* Race.
 The mighty King a hundred Temples rais'd ;
 An hundred Altars that with Victims blaz'd,
 Through all his Realms, in honour of his Sire ;
 And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting Fire ; 295
 With various Wreaths adorn'd the holy Door,
 And drench'd the Soil with Consecrated Gore.

Amid

BOOK IV. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 155

Amid the Statues of the Gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted Hands,
Fir'd with the Tale and raving with Despair, 300
Prefers in Bitterness of Soul his Pray'r :

ALMIGHTY JOVE! to whom our *Moorish* Line
In large Libations pour the generous Wine,
And feast on painted Beds ; say, Father, say
If yet thy Eyes these flagrant Crimes survey. 305
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the Skies the pealing Thunders roar ?
Thine are the Bolts ? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark Aërial Hall ?
A wand'ring Woman, who on *Libya* thrown 310
Rais'd on a purchas'd Spot a slender Town ;
On Terms our self prescrib'd was glad to gain
A barren Tract that runs along the Main ;
The proffer'd Nuptials of thy Son abhorr'd ;
But to her Throne receives a *Dardan* Lord. 315
And lo ! this Second PARIS comes again,
With his unmanly, soft, luxurious Train,
In scented Treffes and a Mitre gay,
To bear my Bride, his ravish'd Prize, away ;

While still in vain we bid thy Altars flame, 320
And pay our Vows to Nothing but a Name.

HIM, as he grasp'd his Altars and preferr'd
His wrathful Pray'r, th' Almighty Father heard ;
Then to the Palace turn'd his awful Eye,
Where, careless of their Fame, the Lovers lie. 325
The God, that Scene offended to survey,
Charg'd with his high Command the Son of MAY :

FLY, fly, my Son, our Orders to perform ;
Mount the fleet Wind, and ride the rapid Storm ;
Fly---to yon *Dardan* Chief in *Carthage* bear 330
Our awful Mandate through the Fields of Air,
Who idly lingring in the *Tyrian* State
Neglects the promis'd Walls decreed by Fate.
Not such a Prince, the beauteous Queen of Love
(When twice she fav'd him) promis'd him to JOVE ; 335
A Prince she promis'd, who by Deeds Divine
Should prove he sprung from TEUCER's Martial Line ;
Whose Sword Imperial *Italy* should awe,
A warlike Realm ! and give the World the Law.
If no such Glories can his Mind inflame, 340
If he neglects his own Immortal Fame ;

What has his Heir the young ASCANIUS done?
 Why should he grudge an Empire to his Son?
 What Scheme, what Prospect can the Chief propose,
 So long to loyter with a Race of Foes? 345
 The promis'd Kingdom to regard no more,
 And quite neglect the destin'd *Latian* Shore?
 Haste---bid him fail---be this Our Will; and bear
 With Speed this Mandate through the Fields of Air.

SWIFT as the Word, the feather'd Son of *May* 350
 Prepares th' Almighty's Orders to obey;
 First round his Feet the golden Wings he bound,
 That speed his Progress o'er the Seas profound,
 Or Earth's unmeasur'd Regions, as he flies,
 Wrap'd in a rapid Whirlwind, down the Skies. 355
 Then grasp'd the Wand; the Wand that calls the Ghosts
 From Hell, or drives 'em to the *Stygian* Coasts,
 Invites or chafes Sleep with wondrous Pow'r,
 And opes those Eyes that Death had seal'd before.
 Thus arm'd, on Wings of Winds sublimely rode 360
 Through heaps of opening Clouds the flying God.
 From far huge ATLAS' rocky Sides he spies,
 ATLAS, whose Head supports the starry Skies:

Beat by the Winds and driving Rains, he shrowds
 His shady Forehead in furrounding Clouds; 365
 With Ice his horrid Beard is crufted o'er;
 From his bleak Brows the gushing Torrents pour;
 Outspread, his mighty Shoulders heave below
 The hoary Piles of everlasting Snow.

Here on pois'd Pinions stoop'd the panting God; 370
 Then, from the Steep, shot headlong to the Flood.

As the swift Sea-Mew, for the fishy Prey, }
 In low Excursions skims along the Sea, }
 By Rocks and Shores, and wings th' Aërial Way;

So, from his kindred Mountain, HERMES flies 375
 Between th' extended Earth and starry Skies;

Thus through the parting Air his Courfe he bore,
 And, gliding, skimm'd along the *Libyan* Shore.

Soon as the winged God to *Carthage* came,
 He finds the Prince forgetful of his Fame: 380

The rising Domes employ his idle Hours,
 Th' unfinish'd Palaces and *Tyrian* Tow'rs.

A Sword, all starr'd with Gemms and spangled o'er
 With yellow Jaspers, at his Side he wore;

A Robe refulgent from his Shoulders flow'd, 385
 That, flaming, deep with *Tyrian* Crimfon glow'd;

The

The Work of Dido ; whose unrivall'd Art
With Flow'rs of Gold embroider'd every Part.

To whom the God ;---These Hours canst thou employ
To raise proud *Carthage*, heedless Prince of *Troy*? 390
Thus for a foreign Bride to build a Town
And form a State, forgetful of thy own?
The Lord of Heav'n and Earth, Almighty Jove,
With this Command dispatch'd me from above ;
What are thy Hopes from this thy long Delay? 395
Why thus in *Libya* pass thy Hours away?
If future Empire cease thy Thoughts to raise,
Or the fair Prospect of Immortal Praise ;
Regard ASCANIUS, Prince, the Royal Boy ;
The last, the best surviving Hope of *Troy* ; 400
To whom the Fates decree, in Times to come,
The long, long Glories of Imperial *Rome*.
He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;
And all the fluid Form dissolv'd in Air.

THE Prince astonish'd stood, with Horror stung ; 405
Fear rais'd his Hair, and Wonder chain'd his Tongue ;
Struck and alarm'd with such a dread Command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting Land.

But

But ah ! with what Address fhall he begin,
 How fpeak his Purpose to the raving Queen? 410
 A thoufand Thoughts his wavering Soul divide,
 That turns each way, and ftrains on every fide :
 A thoufand Projects labouring in his Breaft,
 On this at laft he fixes as the beft :

MNESTHEUS and brave CLOANTHUS he commands 415
 To rig the Fleet, to fummon all the Bands
 In fecret Silence to the Shore, and hide
 The fudden Caufe, that bids them tempt the Tide.
 Then while fair DIDO, fick with fond Defire,
 Thinks fuch a boundlefs Love can ne'er expire, 420
 Himfelf the proper Meafures will prepare
 To move the Queen, and feize with watchful Care
 The foftest Moments to addrefs the Fair. }
 With Speed impatient fly the Chiefs away,
 And, fir'd with eager Joy, the Prince obey. 425

BUT foon the Fraud unhappy DIDO fpies ;
 (For what can 'fcape a Lover's piercing Eyes,
 Who ev'n in Safety fears with wild Affright ?)
 She firft difcern'd the meditated Flight ;
 And *Fame*, Infernal Fiend, the News conveys, 430
 The Fleet was rigg'd and launching on the Seas.

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Mad with Despair, and all her Soul on Flame,
 Around the City raves the Royal Dame :
 So the fierce *Bacchanal* with frantic Cries,
 Stung by the God, to proud CITHÆRON flies, 435
 And shakes her Ivy Spear and raves around,
 While the huge Mountain ecchoes to the Sound.
 At length, by potent Love and Grief oppress'd,
 The Queen, her recreant Lover, first address'd :

AND couldst thou hope, Dissembler, from my Sight, 440
 Ah ! Wretch perfidious ! to conceal thy Flight ?
 In such base Silence from my Realms to fail ?
 Nor can our Vows and plighted Hands prevail,
 Nor DIDO'S cruel Death thy Flight detain ?
 For Death, Death only can relieve my Pain : 445
 And are thy Vessels launch'd, while Winter sweeps
 With the rough Northern Blast the roaring Deeps ?
 Barbarian ! say, if *Troy* herself had stood,
 Nor foreign Realms had call'd thee o'er the Flood,
 Wouldst thou thy Sails in stormy Seas employ, 450
 And brave the Surge to gain thy native *Troy* ?
 Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous Wave ?
 Ah ! by the Tears I shed, the Hand You gave ;

(For these still mine, and only these remain ;
 The Tears I shed, the Hand You gave in vain !) 455
 By those late solemn Nuptial Bands I plead,
 By those first Pleasures of the Bridal Bed ;
 If e'er, when folded in your circling Arms,
 You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected Charms :
 If Pray'r can move thee, with this Pray'r comply, 460 }
 Regard, ÆNEAS, with a pitying Eye }
 A falling Race, and lay thy Purpose by. }
 For Thee *Numidian* Kings in Arms conspire ;
 For Thee have I incens'd the Sons of *Tyre* ;
 For Thee I lost my Honour and my Fame, 465
 That to the Stars advanc'd my glorious Name.
 Must I in Death thy cruel Scorn deplore,
 My barbarous Guest !---but ah !---my Spouse no more !
 What---shall I wait, till fierce *Pygmalion* pours
 From *Tyre* on *Carthage*, and destroys my Tow'rs ? 470
 Shall I in proud JĀRBAS' Chains be led
 A Slave, a Captive to the Tyrant's Bed ?
 Ah !---had I brought, before thy fatal Flight,
 Some little Offspring of our Loves to Light ;
 If in my Regal Hall I could survey 475
 Some princely Boy, some young ÆNEAS play ;
 Thy

Thy dear Resemblance but in Looks alone!
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

SHE said; the Prince stood still in Grief profound,
And fix'd his Eyes relentless on the Ground; 480
By Jove's high Will admonish'd from the Skies;
At length the Heroe thus in brief replies.

YOUR Bounties, Queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty Debt;
But, long as Life informs this fleeting Frame, 485
My Shoul shall honour fair ELIZA's Name.
Then hear my Plea;---by Stealth I ne'er design'd
To leave your hospitable Realm behind;
Forbear the Thought;---much less in *Libyan* Lands,
A Casual Guest, to own the Bridal Bands. 490
Had Fate allow'd me to consult my Ease,
To live and settle on what Terms I please;
Still had I stay'd in *Asia*, to enjoy
The dear dear Relicks of my native *Troy*:
Rais'd Royal PRIAM's ruin'd Tow'rs again, 495
A second *Iliou* for my vanquish'd Train.
But now, fair Queen, APOLLO's high Command
Has call'd me to the fam'd *Italian* Land;

Thither, inspir'd by Oracles, I move,
 There lies my Country, and there lies my Love. 500
 If you your rising *Carthage* thus admire
 In these strange Realms, a Foreigner from *Tyre*,
 Why should not TEUCER'S Race be free to gain
 The *Latian* Kingdom, as the Gods ordain.
 Oft as the Stars display their fiery Light, 505
 And Earth lies cover'd in the Shades of Night,
 My Father's angry Spirit blames my Stay,
 Stalks round my Bed, and fummons me away.
 Long has ASCANIUS call'd me hence in vain,
 By me defrauded of his destin'd Reign. 510
 And now, ev'n now, the Messenger of Jove
 (Both Gods can witness) shot from Heav'n above :
 Charg'd with the Thunderer's high Commands he flew,
 The glorious Form appear'd in open View ;
 I saw him pass these lofty Walls, and hear 515
 His awful Voice still murmuring in my Ear.
 Then cease, my beauteous Princess, to complain ;
 Nor let us Both be discompos'd in vain :
 From these dear Arms to *Latium* forc'd away ;
 'Tis Fate that calls, and Fate I must obey. 520

THUS

THUS while he spoke, with high Disdain and Pride
 She roll'd her wrathful Eyes on every side,
 That glance in Silence o'er the guilty Man,
 And, all inflam'd with Fury, she began :

PERFIDIOUS Monster! boast thy Birth no more ; 525
 No Heroe got thee, and no Goddess bore.
 No!---Thou wert brought by *Scythian* Rocks to Day, }
 By Tygers nurs'd, and Savages of Prey ; }
 But far more rugged, wild and fierce than they. }
 For why, ah! why the Traitor should I spare? 530
 What safer Wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
 Did he once deign to turn his scornful Eyes? }
 Did he once groan at all my piercing Sighs? }
 Drop'd he one Tear in Pity to my Cries? }
 Calm he look'd on, and saw my Passion burst. 535
 Which, which of all his Insults was the worst?
 And yet great Jove and Juno from the Sky
 Behold his Treason with a careless Eye ;
 Guilt, Guilt prevails ; and Justice is no more ;
 The needy Wretch just cast upon my Shore, 540
 Fool as I was ! with open Arms I led
 At once a Partner to my Throne and Bed ;

From infant Death I sav'd his famish'd Train,
 His shatter'd Fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again;
 But ah! I rave;---my Soul the Furies fire! 545
 Now great APOLLO warns him to retire;
 With all his Oracles forbids to stay;
 And now through Air the feather'd Son of MAY
 Conveys Jove's Orders from the blest Abodes;
 A Care well worthy to disturb the Gods! 550
 Go then; I plead not, nor thy Flight delay;
 Go, seek new Kingdoms through the watry Way:
 But there may every God, thy Crime provokes,
 Reward thy Guilt, and dash thee on the Rocks;
 Then shalt thou call, amid the howling Main, 555
 On injur'd DIDO's Name, nor call in vain;
 For, wrapt in Fires, I'll follow through the Sky,
 Flash in thy Face, or glare tremendous by.
 When Death's cold Hand my struggling Soul shall free,
 My Ghost in every Place shall wait on Thee: 560
 My vengeful Spirit shall thy Torments know,
 And smile with Transport in the Realms below.

WITH that, abrupt she took her sudden Flight;
 Sick of the Day, she loaths the golden Light;

And

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And turns, while faulting he attempts to say 565
Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;
Sunk in their Arms the trembling Handmaids led
The fainting Princess to the Regal Bed.

BUT though the pious Heroe tries with Care,
And melting Words, to sooth her fierce Despair, 570
Stung with the Pains and Agonies of Love,
Still he regards the high Commands of Jove ;
Repairs the Fleet ; and soon the busy Train
Roll down the lofty Vessels to the Main.
New-rigg'd, the Navy glides along the Flood ; 575
Whole Trees they bring, unfashion'd from the Wood,
And leafy Saplings to supply their Oars,
Pour from the Town, and darken all the Shore.
So when the Pismires, an industrious Train,
Embody'd rob some golden Heap of Grain, 580
Studious, ere stormy Winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darksome Cells the treasure'd Prey ;
In one long Track the dusky Legions lead
Their Prize in Triumph through the verdant Mead :
Here, bending with the Load, a panting Throng 585
With Force conjoin'd heave some huge Grain along :
Some,

Some, lash the Stragglers to the Task assign'd ;
 Some, to their Ranks, the Bands that lag behind :
 They croud the peopled Path in thick Array,
 Glow at the Work, and darken all the Way. 590

At that sad Prospect, that tormenting Scene,
 What Thoughts, what Woes were thine, unhappy Queen !
 How loud thy Groans, when from thy lofty Tow'r
 Thy Eyes survey'd the Tumult on the Shore ;
 When on the Floods thou heard'st the shouting Train 595
 Plow with resounding Oars the watry Plain ?
 To what Submissions of what low Degree,
 Are Mortals urg'd, Imperious Love, by Thee ?
 Once more she flies to Pray'rs and Tears, to move
 Th' obdurate Prince ; and Anger melts to Love ; 600
 Tries all her suppliant Female Arts again
 Before her Death ;---but tries 'em all in vain :

SISTER, behold, from every side they pour
 With eager Speed, and gather to the Shore.
 Hark !---how with Shouts they catch the springing Gales,
 And crown their Ships, and spread their flying Sails. 606
 Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal Blow,
 Sure, I had borne this mighty Weight of Woe.

Yet,

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Yet, yet, my ANNA, this One Trial make
For thy despairing, dying Sister's Sake. 610
For ah! the dear perfidious Wretch, I see,
Lays open all his Secret Soul to Thee.
In all his Thoughts you ever bore a Part,
You know the nearest Passage to his Heart ;
Go then, dear Sister, as a Suppliant go, 615
Tell in the humblest Terms my haughty Foe,
I ne'er conspir'd at *Aulis* to destroy,
With vengeful *Greece*, the hapless Race of *Troy* ;
Nor sent One Vessel to the *Phrygian* Coast,
Nor rak'd abroad his Father's sacred Dust. 620
From all the Pray'rs a dying Queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting Ears ?
Whither, ah whither will the Tyrant fly ?
I beg but this One Grace before I die,
To wait for calmer Seas and softer Gales 625
To smoothe the Floods, and fill his opening Sails.
Tell my perfidious Lover, I implore
The Name of Wedlock he disclaims, no more :
No more his purpos'd Voyage I detain
From beauteous *Latium*, and his destin'd Reign. 630
For some small Interval of Time I move,
Some short, short Season to subdue my Love,

Till reconcil'd to this unhappy State,
 I grow at last familiar with my Fate ;
 This Favour if he grant, my Death shall please 635
 His cruel Soul, and set us Both at ease.

THUS pray'd the Queen ; the Sister bears in vain
 The moving Message, and returns again.
 He stands inflexible to Pray'rs and Tears,
 For Jove and Fate had stop'd the Hero's Ears. 640

As, o'er th' Aërial *Alps* sublimely spread,
 Some Aged Oak uprears his reverend Head ;
 This way and that the furious Tempests blow,
 To lay the Monarch of the Mountains low ;
 Th' Imperial Plant, tho' nodding at the Sound, 645
 Tho' all his scatter'd Honours strow the Ground,
 Safe in his Strength, and seated in the Rock,
 In naked Majesty defies the Shock :
 High as the Head shoots tow'ring to the Skies,
 So deep the Root in Hell's Foundation lies. 650
 Thus is the Prince besieg'd by constant Pray'rs ;
 But though his Heart relents at DIDO's Cares,
 Still firm the Dictates of his Soul remain,
 And Tears are shed, and Vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with Life abandon'd DIDO grows; 655
 Now bent on Fate, and harrafs'd with her Woes,
 She loaths the Day, she sickens at the Sky,
 And longs, in bitterness of Soul, to die.
 To urge the Scheme of Death already laid,
 Full many a direful Omen she survey'd: 660
 While to the Gods she pour'd the Wine, she view'd
 The pure Libation turn'd to fable Blood.
 This horrid Omen to herself reveal'd,
 Ev'n from her Sister's Ear she kept conceal'd;
 Yet more---a Temple where, she paid her Vows, 665
 Rose in the Palace to her former Spouse;
 A marble Structure; this she dress'd around
 With woolly Wreaths; with sacred Chaplets crown'd.
 From hence, when gloomy Night succeeds the Day,
 Her Husband seems to summon her away. 670
 Perch'd on the Roof the Bird of Night complains,
 In long, long Screams, and solitary Strains;
 Now dire Predictions rack her Mind, foretold
 By prescient Sages, and the Seers of old;
 Now Stern ÆNEAS, her eternal Theme, 675
 Haunts her distracted Soul in every Dream;

In Slumber now she seems to travel on,
 Through dreary Wilds, abandon'd and alone;
 And treads a dark uncomfortable Plain,
 And seeks her *Tyrians* o'er the Waste in vain. 680
 So PENTHEUS rav'd, when, flaming to his Eyes,
 He saw the Furies from the Deeps arise;
 And view'd a double *Thebes* with wild Amaze;
 And two bright Suns with rival Glories blaze.
 So bounds the mad ORESTES o'er the Stage, 685
 With Looks distracted from his Mother's Rage;
 Arm'd with her Scourge of Snakes she drives him on,
 And, wrapt in Flames, pursues her murdering Son;
 He flies, but flies in vain;---the Furies wait,
 And Fiends in Forms tremendous, guard the Gate. 690

At length distracted, and by Love o'ercome,
 Resolv'd on Death, she meditates her Doom;
 Appoints the Time to end her mighty Woe,
 And takes due Measures for the purpos'd Blow.
 Then her sad Sister she with Smiles address'd, 695
 Hope in her Looks, but Anguish at her Breast:

ANNA, pertake my Joy, for lo! I find
 The sole Expedient that can cure my Mind,

Relieve

Relieve my Soul for ever from her Pain,
Or bring my Lover to my Arms again. 700

Near Ocean's utmost Bound, a Region lies,
Where mighty ATLAS props the starry Skies;
There, lives a Priestess of *Massylian* Strain,
The Guardian of the rich *Hesperian* Fane;
Who wont the wakeful Dragon once to feed 705

With honey'd Cakes, and Poppy's drowsy Seed,
That round the Tree his shining Volumes roll'd
To guard the sacred Balls of blooming Gold.
By Magic Charms the Matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the Fires of Love; 710

Roll back the Stars; stop Rivers as they flow;
And call grim Spectres from the Realms of Woe.
Trees leave their Mountains at her potent Call;
Beneath her Footsteps groans the trembling Ball:
But witness thou, and all ye Gods on high, 715

With what Regret to Magic Rites I fly.
Go then, erect with Speed and secret Care,
Within the Court, a Pile in open Air.
Bring all the Traitor's Arms and Robes, and spread
Above the Heap our fatal Bridal Bed. 720

The sacred Dame commands me to destroy
All, all Memorials of that Wretch from *Troy*.
Thus,

THUS with dissembling Arts the Princess spoke:
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her Look.
 Nor could her wretched Sister once divine 725
 These Rites could cover such a dire Design,
 Nor deem'd a Lover treacherous to his Vows
 Should more afflict her than her murder'd Spouse;
 But rears a Pile of Oaks and Firs on high,
 Within the Court, beneath the naked Sky. 730
 With Wreaths the Queen adorn'd the Structure round;
 And with funereal Greens and Garlands crown'd.
 Next big with Death, the Sword and Robes she spread,
 And plac'd the dear, dear Image on the Bed.

AMIDST her Altars, with dishevel'd Hairs, 735
 Her horrid Rites the Priests now prepares.
 Thundring she calls, in many a dreadful Sound,
 On CHAOS hoar, and EREBUS profound;
 On triple HECATE, from Hell's Abodes,
 And threefold DIAN, and a hundred Gods. 740
 The Place she sprinkled, where her Altars stood,
 With Streams dissembled from *Avernus*' Flood
 And black envenom'd Herbs she brings, reap'd down
 With brazen Sickles, by the glimmering Moon.
 Then

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Then crops the potent Knots of Love with Care, 745
That from the young estrange the Parent Mare.
Now with a sacred Cake and lifted Hands
All bent on Death before her Altar stands,
The Royal Victim, the devoted Fair ;
Her Robes were gather'd, and one Foot was bare. 750
She calls on every Star in solemn State,
Whose guilty Beams shine conscious of her Fate :
She calls to witness every God above,
To pay due Vengeance for her injur'd Love.

'T WAS Night ; and, weary with the Toils of Day, 755
In soft Repose the whole Creation lay.
The Murmurs of the Groves and Surges die,
The Stars roll solemn through the glowing Sky ;
Wide o'er the Fields a brooding Silence reigns,
The Flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry Plains ; 760
The furious Savages that haunt the Woods,
The painted Birds, the Fishes of the Floods ;
All, all, beneath the general Darknefs, share
In Sleep, a soft Forgetfulness of Care ;
All but the hapless Queen ;---for Love denies 765
Rest to her Thoughts, and Slumber to her Eyes.
Her

Her Passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
 With Love she maddens, and with Wrath she burns.
 The struggling Tides in different Motions roll,
 And thus she vents the Tempest of her Soul: 770

WHAT shall I do?---shall I in vain implore
 The Royal Lovers I disdain'd before?
 Or, flighted in my Turn with haughty Pride,
 Court the fierce Tyrant whom I once deny'd?
 Shall I the *Trojans* base Commands obey, 775
 Their Slave, their Suppliant, through the watry Way!
 Yes---for my Bounties, and my former Aid
 By *Troy* already stand so well repaid!
 And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
 The haughty Sailors would but mock my Woe. 780
 Hast thou not yet, not yet, ELIZA, known
 The perjur'd Sons of proud LAOMEDON?
 What---shall I follow through the roaring Main,
 Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant Train,
 Or drive 'em through the Deeps with Sword and Fire,
 With all my Armies, all the Sons of *Tyre*? 786
 But can I draw to Sea those *Tyrian* Bands
 I drew reluctant from their native Lands?

Die then as thou deserv'st; in Death repose;
 The Sword, the friendly Sword, shall end thy Woes.
 You first, dear Sister, by my Sorrows mov'd, 791
 Expos'd me rashly to the Wretch I lov'd;
 Your prompt Obedience, and officious Care
 Fann'd the young Flame, and plung'd me in Despair.
 Oh! had I learn'd like Savages to rove, 795
 And never known the Woes of Bridal Love!
 I prov'd unfaithful to my former Spouse,
 And now I reap the Fruits of broken Vows!

THUS vents the mournful Queen, by Love oppress'd,
 The Grief that rag'd tumultuous in her Breast. 800
 Meantime with all Things ready for his Flight,
 In thoughtless Sleep the Heroe past the Night.
 To whom again the feather'd HERMES came,
 His youthful Figure, Looks, and Voice the same,
 And thus alarms the slumbring Prince once more; 805
 What---canst thou sleep in this important Hour?
 Nor all thy Dangers canst thou yet survey?
 Nor hear the Zephyrs call thee to the Sea?
 Mad as thou art!--determin'd on her Doom,
 She forms Designs of Mischiefs yet to come. 810

Then fly her Fury while thou yet canst fly,
 Before AURORA gilds the purple Sky ;
 Fly,---or the Floods shall soon be cover'd o'er
 With numerous Fleets, and Armies croud the Shore,
 And direful Brands, with long-projected Rays, 815
 Shall set the Land and Ocean in a Blaze.
 E'vn now her dread Revenge is on the Wing ;
 Rise, Prince ; a Woman is a Changeful Thing.
 This said ; at once he took his rapid Flight,
 Dissolv'd in Air, and mingled with the Night. 820

THE Heroe starts from Sleep in wild Surprise,
 Struck with the glorious Vision from the Skies,
 And rouses all the Train ; Awake, unbind,
 And stretch, my Friends, the Canvas to the Wind ;
 Seize, seize your Oars ; the God descends again, 825
 To bid me fly, and launch into the Main.
 Whoe'er thou art, thou blest Celestial Guide,
 Thy Course we follow through the foamy Tide ;
 With Joy thy sacred Orders we obey ;
 And may thy friendly Stars direct the Way. 830
 Sudden, he drew his Sword as thus he said,
 And cut the Haulsers with the flaming Blade ;

With

With the same Ardor fir'd, the shouting Train
 Fly, seize their Oars, and rush into the Main.
 At once the Floods with Ships were cover'd o'er, 835
 And not one *Trojan* left upon the Shore ;
 All stretching to the Stroke, with Vigour sweep
 The whitening Surge, and plow the smoking Deep.

Now o'er the glittering Lawns AURORA spread
 Her orient Beam, and left her golden Bed. 840
 Soon as the Queen at early Dawn beheld
 The Navy move along the watry Field,
 In Pomp and Order, from her lofty Tow'r ;
 And saw th' abandon'd Port, and empty Shore ;
 Thrice her fierce Hands in Madness of Despair 845
 Beat her white Breast, and tore her golden Hair.

THEN shall the Traitor fly, ye Gods ! (she said)
 And leave my Kingdom, and insulted Bed ?
 And shall not *Carthage* pour in Arms away ?
 Run there, and launch my Navies on the Sea. 850
 Fly, fly, with all your Sails, ye Sons of *Tyre* ;
 Hurl Flames on Flames ; involve his Fleet in Fire.
 What have I said ?---ah ! impotent and vain !
 I rave, I rave,---what Madness turns my Brain ?

Now can you DIDO, at so late a time, 855
 Reflect with Horror on your former Crime?
 Well had this Rage been shown, when first you led
 The Wretch, a Partner to your Throne and Bed.
 This is the Prince, the pious Prince, who bore
 His Gods and Relicks from the *Phrygian* Shore! 860
 And safe convey'd his venerable Sire
 On his own Shoulders through the *Trojan* Fire!
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a Prey,
 Base Wretch! to every Monster of the Sea?
 Stab all his Friends, his darling Son destroy, 865
 And to his Table serve the murder'd Boy?
 For, bent on Death and valiant from Despair,
 Say---Could I dread the doubtful Chance of War?
 No---But my Flames had redden'd all the Seas;
 Wrapt all the flying Navy in the Blaze; 870
 Destroy'd the Race, the Father and the Son,
 And crown'd the general Ruin with my own.
 Thou, glorious Sun! whose piercing Eyes survey
 These Worlds terrestrial in thy fiery Way,
 And thou, O JUNO! bend thy awful Head, 875
 Great Queen, and Guardian of the Bridal Bed;
 Hear thou, dire HECATE! from Hell profound,
 Whose Rites Nocturnal through the Streets resound,

Hear

Hear all ye Furies, Fiends, and Gods, who wait
 To pay due Vengeance for ELIZA's Fate! 880
 If to the destin'd Port the Wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable Doom :
 Still let him wander, tofs'd from Place to Place,
 Far from his Country, and his Son's Embrace,
 By barbarous Nations harrafs'd with Alarms ; 885
 And take the Field with unsuccessful Arms ;
 For foreign Aid to distant Regions fly,
 See all his Friends, a common Carnage, lie ;
 And when he gains, his Ruin to compleat,
 A Peace more shameful than his past Defeat ; 890
 Nor Life nor Empire let him long maintain,
 But fall, by murderous Hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked Plain ! }
 This Vow, ye Gods, ELIZA pours in Death,
 With her last Blood, and her last gasping Breath ! 895
 Oh !---in the silent Grave when DIDO lies,
 Rise in thy Rage, Thou, great Avenger, rise !
 Against curst *Troy*, go mighty Son of *Tyre*,
 Go, in the Pomp of Famine, Sword, and Fire !
 And you, my *Tyrians*, with Immortal Hate, 900
 In future Times, pursue the *Dardan* State.
 No Peace, no Commerce with the Race be made :
 Pay this last Duty to your Princess' Shade ;

Fight, when your Pow'r supplies so just a Rage;
 Fight now, Fight still, in every distant Age; 905
 By Land, by Sea, in Arms the Nation dare,
 And wage, from Son to Son, Eternal War!

THIS said; She forms a thousand Schemes, to close
 Her hated Life, and finish all her Woes.
 Then to her Husband's Nurse she gave Command, 910
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native Land;)
 Go, BARCE, go, and bid my Sister bring
 The fable Victims for the *Stygian* King, }
 But first be sprinkled from the limpid Spring. }
 Thus let her come; and, while I pay my Vows, 915
 Thou too in Fillets bind thy aged Brows.
 Fain would I kindle now the sacred Pyre,
 And see the *Trojan* Image sink in Fire.
 Thus I compleat the Rites to *Stygian* Jove,
 And then Farewell---a long Farewell to Love! 920
 She said; the Matron, studious to obey,
 With duteous Speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal Court fierce Dido flies,
 And rolls around her fiery glaring Eyes;
 Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd Doom, 925
 And every dreadful Thought of Death to come;

Yet many a crimson Flush, with various Grace,
 Glows on her Cheek, and kindles in her Face.
 Furious she mounts the Pyre, and draws the Sword,
 The fatal Present of the *Dardan* Lord; 930
 For no such End bestow'd;---the conscious Bed,
 And Robes she view'd; and Tears in Silence shed;
 Stood still, and paus'd a Moment,---then she cast
 Her Body on the Couch, and spoke her last:

YE dear, dear Relicks of the Man I lov'd! 935
 While Fate consented, and the Gods approv'd,
 Relieve my Woes, this Rage of Love controul,
 Take my last Breath, and catch my parting Soul.
 My fatal Course is finish'd, and I go
 A Ghost Majestic to the Realms below. 940
 Well have I liv'd to see a glorious Town
 Rais'd by these Hands, and Bulwarks of my own;
 Of all its Trophies robb'd my Brother's Sword,
 And on the Wretch reveng'd my murder'd Lord.
 Happy! thrice happy! if the *Dardan* Band. 945
 Had never touch'd upon the *Libyan* Land.
 Then pressing with her Lips the *Trojan* Bed,
 Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said)

Yet

Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---
 Thus---fly with Pleasure to the Shades below. 950
 This Blaze may yon' proud *Trojan* from the Sea,
 This Death, an Omen of his own, survey.

MEANTIME, the sad Attendants, as she spoke,
 Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the Stroke.
 At once her snowy Hands were purpled o'er, 955
 And the bright Faulchion smok'd with streaming Gore.
 Her sudden Fate is blaz'd the City round;
 The length'ning Cries, from Street to Street, resound;
 To Female Shrieks the Regal Dome replies,
 And the shrill Echos ring amidst the Skies; 960
 As all fair *Carthage*, or her Mother *Tyre*,
 Storm'd by the Foe, had sunk in Floods of Fire;
 And the fierce Flame devour'd the proud Abodes,
 With all the glorious 'Temples of the Gods.

HER breathless Sister runs with eager Pace, 965
 And beats her throbbing Breast, and beauteous Face.
 Fierce through the parting Crowds the Virgin flies,
 And on her dying dear ELIZA cries.
 Was this my DIDO, ah! was this the Way
 You took, your easy Sister to betray?

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Was it for this my Hands prepar'd the Pyre,
The fatal Altar, and the funeral Fire?
Where shall my Complaints begin?---ah! Wretch undone!
Now left abandon'd to my Woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my Breath, 975
And share thy sweet Society in Death?
Me, Me you should have call'd, your Fate to share
From the same Weapon, and the same Despair.
And did these Hands the lofty Pile compose?
Did I invoke our Gods with solemn Vows? 980
Only---ah cruel! to be sent away
From the sad Scene of Death I now survey?
You by this fatal Stroke : and I, and all,
Your Senate, People, and your *Carthage* fall.
Bring, bring me Water ; let me bathe in Death 985
Her bleeding Wounds, and catch her parting Breath.
Then up the steep Ascent she flew, and prest
Her dying Sister to her heaving Breast ;
With Cries succeeding Cries her Robes unbound,
To stanch the Blood that issu'd from the Wound. 990
Her Bosom groaning with convulsive Pain, }
She strives to raise her heavy Lids in vain, }
And in a Moment sinks, and swoons again. }

Prop'd on her Elbow, thrice she rear'd her Head,
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the Bed ; 995
 Sought with her swimming Eyes the golden Light,
 And saw the Sun, but sicken'd at the Sight.

THEN mighty JUNO, with a melting Eye,
 Beheld her dreadful Anguish from the Sky ;
 And bade fair IRIS, from the starry Pole, 1000
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing Soul :
 For as she dy'd by Love before the Time,
 Nor fell by Fate, nor perish'd for a Crime,
 Not yet had PROSEPIE, with early Care,
 Clip'd from her Head the fatal golden Hair ; 1005,
 The solemn Offering to the Pow'rs below,
 To free the Spirit, and relieve her Woe.
 Swift from the glancing Sun the Goddess drew
 A thousand mingling Colours, as she flew :
 Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying Fair ; 1010
 And lo ! this consecrated Lock I bear
 To *Stygian* JOVE ; and now, as Heav'n ordains,
 Release thy Soul from these corporeal Chains.
 The Goddess stretch'd her Hand, as thus she said,
 And clipt the sacred Honours of her Head ; 1015
 The vital Spirit flies, no more confin'd,
 Dissolves in Air, and mingles with the Wind.

The End of the Fourth Bo

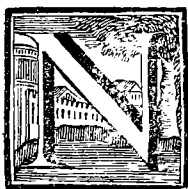
VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

Fifth Book of the ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas setting Sail from Africk, is driven by a Storm on the Coasts of Sicily, where He is hospitably received by his Friend Acestes, King of Part of the ISLAND, and born of Trojan PARENTAGE. He celebrates the Memory of his Father with Divine Honours, Institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the Ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to perswade the Trojan Women to burn the Ships, who, upon her Instigation, set Fire to them; which burnt Four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden Shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the Advice of one of his Generals, and a Vision of his Father, builds a City, for the Women, old Men, and others, who were either unfit for War, or weary of the Voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe Voyage for Him and all his Men, excepting only his Pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.



OW with a prosp'rous Breeze, Æneas held
His destin'd Course, and plough'd the watry Field;
Unhappy Dido's Funeral Flames surveys,
That gild the Spires, and round the Bulworks blaze;
But soon the hidden Cause the Prince divin'd
From the known Transports of a Female Mind;

5

With such a Whirl their fiery Passions move,
In the mad Rage of disappointed Love!

Now o'er the Deep the rapid Gallies fly,
And the vast Round was only Wave and Sky. 10
A Cloud all charg'd with livid Darkness spreads,
Blackning the Floods, and gathering o'er their Heads.
Aloud the careful *Palinurus* cries;
Lo! what a dreadful Storm involves the Skies!
Oh! *Neptune*, mighty Father of the Main! 15
What Tempests threaten from thy Watry Reign?
Then he commands to furl the Sails, and sweep
With every bending Oar the foamy Deep.
Himself, to break the Blast, his Sails inclin'd,
And fled obliquely with the driving Wind. 20
Oh! mighty Prince, the trembling Master cry'd,
Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing Tide,
To reach *Hesperia* and surmount the Flood,
Tho' *Jove* had past the Promise of a God.
See! from the *West* what thwarting Winds arise! 25
How in One Cloud are gathered half the Skies!
In vain our Course we labour to maintain,
And, struggling, work against the Storm in vain.

Let us, since Fortune mocks our Toil, obey,
 And speed our Voyage, where she points the Way. 30
 For not far Distant lies the Realm, that bore
 Your Brother *Eryx*, the *Sicilian* Shore,
 If right I judge, whose Eyes with constant Care
 Have watch'd the Heav'ns, retracing every Star.

I SEE, repl'y'd the Prince, thy fruitless Pain, 35
 That long has struggled with the Winds in vain.
 Then change thy Course, the whirling Gusts obey,
 And steer with open Sails a different Way.
 Oh! to what dearer Land can I retreat?
 There I may rig again my shatter'd Fleet: 40
 That Land my Father's Sacred Dust contains,
 And there my *Trojan* Friend, *Acestes* reigns.
 This said, they steer their Course; The Western Gales
 With friendly Breezes stretch their bellying Sails;
 Smooth o'er the Tides the flying Navy past, 45
 And reach'd with Joy the well-known Shore at last.

THE King with Wonder from a Mountain's Brow
 Beheld the Fleet approach the Coast below;
 Then, with a Javelin in his Hand, descends,
 Clad in a Lion's Spoils, to meet his Friends. 50

This Monarch sprung from great *Crimifus*' Flood ;
 His *Trojan* Mother mingling with the God.
 With due Regard he hails the kindred Train,
 Arriv'd from *Carthage* at his Realms again ;
 With Feasts their fainting Spirits he reftor'd ; 55
 And rural Viands crown'd the generous Board.

Now the diminish'd Stars had fled away
 Before the Glories of the dawning Day.
 His Friends, *Æneas* summon'd from the Coast ;
 Then from a rifing Point befpoke the Hoft : 60
 Ye far-fam'd Sons of *Troy*, a Race Divine,
 Whose Fathers sprung from *Jove's* Immortal Line,
 Now the full Circle of the Year runs round,
 Since we dispos'd my Sire in foreign Ground,
 Rais'd verdant Altars to the mighty Shade, 65
 And paid all Funeral Honours to the Dead :
 And now the fatal Day is juft return'd, }
 By Me (fo Heav'n ordains) with Rites adorn'd, }
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd ! }
 Tho' banish'd to the burning *Libyan* Sand, 70
 Tho' led a Captive to the *Argive* Land,
 Tho' loft and fhipwreck'd on the *Grecian* Sea,
 Still would I folemnize this Sacred Day.

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 191

Sure all the Friendly Pow'rs our Course inspire,
To the dear Relics of my Reverend Sire. 75
Haste then, the new-adopted God adore,
And from his Grace a prosp'rous Gale implore ;
Implore a City, where we still may pay,
In his own Fane, the Honours of the Day.
On every Ship, two Oxen are bestow'd 80
By great *Acestes*, of our *Dardan* Blood ;
Call to the Feast your Native *Phrygian* Pow'rs,
With those the Hospitable King adores.
Soon as the Ninth fair Morning's opening Light
Shall glad the World, and chase the Shades of Night, 85
Then to my *Trojans* I propose, to grace
These Sacred Rites, the rapid Naval Race ;
Then all, who glory in their matchless Force,
Or vaunt their fiery Swiftnefs in the Course,
Or dart the Spear, or bend the twanging Bow, 90
Or to the dreadful Gauntlet dare the Foe,
Attend ; and each by Merit bear away
The noble Palms, and Glories of the Day.
Now grace your Heads with verdant Wreaths, he said ;
Then with his Mother's Myrtle binds his Head. 95
Like Him, *Acestes* and the Royal Boy
Adorn their Brows, with all the Youth of *Troy*.

Now

Now to the Tomb, furrounded with a Throng,
 A mighty Train, the Heroe past along.
 Two Bowls of Milk, and Sacred Blood he pours; 100
 Two of pure Wine; and scatters Purple Flow'rs.
 Then thus---Hail Sacred Sire, all Hail again,
 Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!
 'Twas more than envious Fate would give, to see
 The destin'd Realms of *Italy* with Thee; 105
 Or mighty *Tyber's* rolling Streams explore,
 The sacred Flood, that bathes th' *Ausonian* Shore.
 Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold! }
 From the deep Tomb, with many a shining Fold, }
 An azure Serpent rose, in Scales that flam'd with Gold: 110 }
 Like Heav'n's bright Bow his varying Beauties shone
 That draws a thousand Colours from the Sun:
 Pleas'd round the Altars and the Tomb to wind,
 His glittering Length of Volumes trails behind.
 The Chief in deep Amaze suspended hung, 115
 While through the Bowls the Serpent glides along;
 Tastes all the Food, then softly slides away,
 Seeks the dark Tomb, and quits the sacred Prey;
 Astonish'd at the Sight, the Heroe paid
 New Rites, new Honours to his Father's Shade, 120

Doubts

Doubts if the DÆMON of his Sire rever'd,
 Or the kind GENIUS of the Place appear'd.
 Five fable Steers he flew with Rites Divine,
 As many snowy Sheep, and bristly Swine ;
 And pouring Wine, invok'd his Father's Shade 125
 Sent from the darksome Regions of the Dead.
 Then all the Train, who gather'd round the Grave,
 Each for his Rank, proportion'd Treasures gave.
 The Altars blaze; the Victims round expire ;
 Some hang the massy Cauldrons o'er the Fire: 130
 Some o'er the Grate, the glowing Embers spread ;
 Some broil the Entrails on the burning Bed.

Now bright the Ninth expected Morning shone ;
 Now rose the fiery Courfers of the Sun.
 When endless Crowds the vast Assembly crown'd 135
 From all the wide dispeopled Country round.
 Some rous'd by great ACESTES' mighty Name,
 Some to behold the *Trojan* Strangers came,
 Some to contend, and try the noble Game. }

IN View, amid the spacious Circle, lay 140
 The costly Gifts, the Prizes of the Day.
 Arms on the Ground, and sacred Tripods glow,
 With Wreaths and Palms to bind the Victor's Brow.

Silver, and purple Vests in Heaps are roll'd,
 Rich Robes, and Talents of the purest Gold; 145
 And from a Mount the sprightly Trump proclaims
 To all the gather'd Croud the glorious Games.

FOUR well-match'd Gallies first, by Oars impell'd,
 Drawn from the Navy, took the watry Field.
 In the swift *Dolphin* mighty MNESTHEUS came, 150
 MNESTHEUS, the Founder of the MEMMIAN Name.
 Next GYAS in the vast *Chimæra* sweeps
 (Huge as a Town) the hoarse-refounding Deeps:
 Three Rows of Oars employ the panting Train,
 To push th'enormous Burthen o'er the Main. 155
 SERGESTUS in the *Centaur* took his Place,
 The glorious Father of the *Sergian* Race.
 In the blue *Scylla* great CLOANTHUS rode,
 The noble Source of our *Cluentian* Blood;
 Far in the Main a Rock advances o'er 160
 The level Tides, and fronts the foamy Shore,
 That hid beneath the rolling Ocean lies,
 When the black Storms involve the starry Skies,
 But in a Calm its lofty Head displays
 To rest the Birds who wing the spacious Seas. 165
 Here

Here the great Heroe fixt an Oaken Bough,
 A Mark, that nodded o'er the craggy Brow;
 To teach the Train to steer the backward Way,
 And fetch a shorter Circle round the Sea:
 Then, rank'd by Lot, conspicuous o'er the Flood, 170
 The Chiefs array'd in Gold and Purple glow'd.
 The Youths green Poplars round their Temples twine, }
 And bright with Oil their naked Bodies shine, }
 Eager, they grasp their Oars, and lift'ning wait the Sign. 175 }
 Thick in their Hearts alternate Motions play, }
 Now prest with beating Fears they sink away, }
 Now throb with rising Hopes to win the glorious Day. }
 Soon as the Trump the first shrill Signal blew,
 All, in a Moment, from the Barrier flew:
 Land'd by their whirling Oars the Surges rise, 180
 And with their Shouts the Sailors rend the Skies,
 The foamy Tides with equal Furrows sweep;
 And, opening to the Keel, divides the hoary Deep.
 Not half so swift the fiery Courfers pour,
 And, as they start, the distant Plain devour; 185
 Nor half so fierce the Drivers, pois'd in Air,
 Urge the fleet Steeds to whirl the flying Car,
 Throw up the Reins, and, bending o'er the Yoke,
 Shout, lash, and send their Souls at every Stroke.

The Crouds in Parties join; and, to the Cries 190
 And eager Shouts, the hollow Wood replies;
 While Hills to Hills repeat the mingled Roar,
 And the long Echo rolls around the winding Shore.
 With Peals of loud Applause from every Side
 First GYAS flew, and shot along the Tide. 195
 CLOANTHUS follows, but his pond'rous Ship,
 Tho' better Mann'd, moves heavier on the Deep.
 Behind, the *Dolphin* and the *Centaur* lay,
 At equal Distance, on the watry Way:
 Now darts the rapid *Dolphin* o'er the Main, 200
 Now the vast *Centaur* wins the Day again:
 Then, Side by Side, and Front by Front, they join,
 And plow in frothy Tracks the ruffled Brine.
 And now proud GYAS reach'd th' appointed Place,
 A while the Victor of the watry Race; 205
 Then to MENÆTES call'd, and gave Command,
 To leave the Right, and steer against the Land;
 Let others plow the Deep;---In vain he spoke;
 The cautious Pilot dreads the lurking Rock,
 And turns his Prow and steers a different Road, 210
 And leaves the Shallows for the open Flood.
 Once more in vain the raging GYAS cry'd,
 And lo! that Moment, brave CLOANTHUS spy'd
 Close at his Back, who plow'd the nearer Tide.

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 197

The dangerous Way the daring Heroe took 215

Between bold GYAS and the founding Rock.

Sudden beyond the Chief he shoots away,

Clear of the Goal and roomy Sea.

Then GYAS wept; and Grief and Rage inflame

'The Youth forgetful of his Friends and 'Fame. 220

From the high Stern, with Anger and Disdain,

He hurl'd the hoary Master in the Main;

Then madly took Himself the sole Command,

And fir'd his Train, and bore upon the Land.

Hoary with Age, and struggling long in vain, 225

With cumb'rous Vests, MENÆTES mounts again;

Trembling he climb'd a lofty Rock; and dry'd

His Limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the Tide.

Loud laugh'd the Crowds to see him shoot away,

Drink and disgorge by Turns the briny Sea. 230

At distance MNESTHEUS and SERGESTUS lye;

Both hope to pass the fiery GYAS by.

The Vantage first the bold SERGESTUS took,

With rapid Speed advancing to the Rock;

But not a Length before: The *Dolphin* rides 235

With Rival Speed, and bears upon her Sides.

Brave MNESTHEUS now inflames his Naval Crew,

As o'er the Deck from Man to Man he flew.

My brave Affociates, in whose Aid I trust,
 You, whom I chose, when ILION sunk in Dust, 240
 Now show the Strength and Spirit once you show'd,
 When raging Storms, and SYRTES you withstood, }
 Plow'd MALEA'S Tide, and stem'd th' IÖNIAN Flood: }
 Now, now, my Friends, your utmost Pow'r display,
 Rise to your Oars and sweep the watry Way: 245
 Nor strive we now the Victory to gain,
 Tho' yet!--but ah! let those the Palm obtain, }
 Those, whom thy Favours crown, great Monarch of the Main! }
 But to return the Lags of all the Day!
 Oh! wipe, my Friends, that shameful Stain away! 250

FIR'D at the Word, each other they provoke;
 Springs the swift Ship at every vigorous Stroke.
 With painful Sweat their heaving Bodies stream;
 Thick pant their Hearts and trembles every Limb.
 All bending to their Oars the Labour ply; 255
 The Sea rolls backward and the Surges fly.
 Now, with the wish'd Success they toil to gain,
 Indulgent Fortune crowns the lab'ring Train;
 For while the fierce SERGESTUS nearer drew,
 And in a scanty Space too rashly flew, 260
 His

(His Road still narrower) with a mighty Shock
 He rush'd against the sharp projected Rock.
 Then flew the shatter'd Oars, and flying rung,
 And on the rugged Sides the Vessel hung.
 To gain their floating Oars, with mingled Cries, 265
 All arm'd with Iron Poles, the Sailors rise.
 Fir'd with Success, along the open Seas
 Proud MNESTHEUS shoots, invoking every Breeze.
 As in her Nest, within some Cavern hung,
 The Dove sits trembling o'er her callow Young, 270
 Till rous'd at last by some impetuous Shock,
 She starts surpriz'd, and beats around the Rock;
 Then to the open Field for Refuge flies,
 And the free Bird expatiates in the Skies;
 Her Pinions pois'd, thro' liquid Air she springs, 275
 And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd Wings:
 So, joyful MNESTHEUS darts without Controul
 O'er the wide Ocean, and approach'd the Goal;
 So the swift *Dolphin* flies in open View,
 And gain'd new Strength, new Swiftnefs as she flew. 280
 First by SERGESTUS' Ship he shoots along,
 That in the Shelves and Shallows hung;
 With Cries the Chief his Rival's Aid implores,
 And strives in vain to row with shatter'd Oars.

Next fiery GYAS he with Shouts purfu'd, 285
 Who in the huge *Chimæra* stem'd the Flood;
 She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd Guide;
 And sees her Rival fly triumphant o'er the Tide.
 Now, near the Port, with all his Pow'r he strains
 To pass CLOANTHUS, who the last remains. 290
 The doubling Shouts inspires him as he flies
 And the long Peal runs rattling round the Skies:
 These, flush'd with Pride, would cast their Lives away,
 Ere they resign the Glories of the Day:
 Those, by Success, in Strength and Spirit rise, 295
 And their fierce Hopes already win the Prize.
 Thus haply Both with level Beaks had ply'd,
 The Surge, and rode the Victors of the Tide;
 But brave CLOANTHUS o'er the rolling Floods
 Stretch'd wide his Hands, and thus invok'd the Gods: 300
 Ye Pow'rs! on whose wild Empire I display
 My flying Sails, and plow the watry Way;
 Oh! hear your Suppliant, and my Vow succeed;
 Then on these Shores a milk-white Bull shall bleed;
 And purple Wine your silver Waves shall stain, 305
 And sacred Victims glut the greedy Main.
 Thus he---and every *Nereid* heard the Vow,
 With mighty *Phorcus* from the Deeps below.

And

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And great *Portunus*, with his ample Hand,
 Push'd on the rapid Galley to the Land. 310
 Swift as the hissing Javelin cuts the Skies,
 Swift as a Whirl-wind, to the Port she flies.

AND now the Herald's Voice proclaims aloud
 CLOANTHUS Victor, to the shouting Crowd.
 The mighty Prince himself, with verdant Boughs 315
 Of vivid Lawrel, binds the Hero's Brows.
 Three Steers, and one large Talent are bestow'd
 On every Rival Crew, that plow'd the Flood.
 But to the glorious Leaders, bold and brave,
 The generous Chief distinguish'd Honours gave. 320
 A Robe the Victor shar'd, where Purple plays,
 Mixt with rich Gold, in every shining Maze.
 There Royal GANYMEDE, inwrought with Art,
 O'er Hills and Forests hunts the bounding Hart;
 The beauteous Youth, all wondrous to behold! 325
 Pants in the moving Threads, and lives in Gold.
 From tow'ring *Ida*: shoots the Bird of Jove,
 And bears him struggling thro' the Clouds above:
 With out-stretch'd Hands his hoary Guardians cry,
 And the loud Hounds spring furious at the Sky. 330

On MNESTHEUS next, the Chief who bore away
 The Second glorious Honours of the Day,
 A shining Mail the generous Prince bestows,
 That, rich with Clasps of Gold, refulgent glows,
 Who stript *Demoleus* of the costly Load 335
 In *Trojan* Fields, by *Simois*' mighty Flood:
 Two labouring Servants, with united Toil
 And Strength conjoyn'd, scarce heaved th'enormous Spoil:
 Yet in these Arms of old, with matchless Might,
 The swift DEMOLEUS chac'd his Foes in Fight. 340
 This Mail, ÆNEAS gave the Chief to bear,
 A sure Defence and Ornament in War.
 The next rich Presents mighty GYAS grace,
 Two ponderous Cauldrons of refulgent Brass;
 Two Silver Goblets, wrought with Art Divine, 345
 That rough, and bright with sculptur'd Figures shine.
 Proud of their Gifts the lofty Leaders tread,
 And purple Fillets glitter on their Head.
 When, from the Rock scarce disengag'd with Pain,
 SERGESTUS brings his shatter'd Ship again. 350
 One Side all maim'd, She slowly moves along,
 Spoil'd of her Oars, amid the hooting Throng:
 As when a lingring Fate the Serpent feels,
 Obliquely crush'd beneath the Brazen Wheels,

Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel Swain 355 }
 With some huge Stone, writhes with the shooting Pain, }
 And rolls and twists her scaly Folds in vain. }
 Above, all fierce her glittering Volumes rise,
 Flames in her Crest, and Lightning in her Eyes;
 But maim'd below, and tardy with the Wound, 360
 Her Train unfolded drags along the Ground.
 So maim'd and slow the shatter'd Gally past,
 But aided by her Sails she reach'd the Port at last.
 Pleas'd with the Vessel and the Crew restor'd,
 The generous Prince rewards their hapless Lord. 365
 The promis'd Present to the Chief he gave;
 PHOLOE, the beauteous Female *Cretan* Slave,
 In Works of Art superior to the Rest,
 And proud of Two fair Infants at the Breast.

THIS Contest o'er; with Thousands in his Train, 370
 Mov'd the great Heroe to a spacious Plain.
 High Hills the verdant Theatre surround;
 And waving Woods the mighty Circuit crown'd.
 Hither, with all the Crowds the Prince withdrew,
 And took his Sylvan Throne in open View. 375
 Here costly Gifts the Chief propos'd, to grace
 The spacious Youths that urge the rapid Race.

Now throng the *Trojan* and *Sicilian* Band;
 And first *Euryalus* and *Nisus* stand;
 That, for his youthful Charms admir'd by *Troy*; 380
 This, for chaste Friendship to the beauteous Boy.
 Next to the Contest, warm with Hopes of Fame,
 Of *Priam's* Royal Race, *Diores* came.
Salius and *Patron* then in Order past;
Epirus One, and One, *Arcadia* grac'd. 385
 Brave *Helymus* and *Panopes* succeed;
 Two valiant Youths in fair *Trinacria* bred;
 Who with *ACESTES* drove the Savage: Race
 From Wood to Wood, long practis'd to the Chace.
 And mighty Numbers more, unknown to Fame, 390
 Advance in Crouds to share the glorious Game.
 High in the midst, *ÆNEAS* rear'd his Head,
 And oh! attend, ye generous Youths, (he said;)
 Of All who try the Fortune of the Day,
 Not One shall go without a Gift away. 395
 With two bright *Cretan* Lances, Each shall share
 An Ax with Silver grav'd, to shine in War.
 Distinguish'd Gifts and Olive Wreaths shall grace
 The Three triumphant Victors of the Race.
 On the First Youth a Courser I bestow, 400
 Whose Trappings rich with Gold and Purple glow:
 The

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 205

The next a Quiver charg'd with Shafts shall claim,
Such as adorns an AMAZONIAN Dame;
Clasp'd by a Gemm, refulgent to behold,
Shines the bright Trophy with a Belt of Gold. 405
On the proud Youth this Gift shall be confer'd:
And this fair *Argive* Helm shall grace the Third.

THIS said, they took their Place; the Trumpet blew;
And All impetuous from the Barrier flew:
Fierce as a Tempest, o'er the Plain they past 410
From the first Space, and gain upon the last.
First NISUS sprung, and left the Crowd behind,
Swift as the Lightning, or the Wings of Wind.
Next, but the Next with many a Length between,
Young SALIUS skim'd along the level Green. 415
EURYALUS, the Third, scarce touch'd the Plain;
Behind, bold HELYMUS his Rival ran;
But, hovering o'er him, runs DIORES nigh;
Now Side by Side, and Foot by Foot they fly.
The Youth had conquer'd in a longer Way, 420
Or undecided left the Honours of the Day.
And now they just approach'd with rapid Pace,
Tir'd with the Toil, the Limit of the Race,

When

When NISUS fell amid the slippery Plain
 Drench'd with the copious Blood of Victims slain. 425
 His Feet no more the shouting Victor held ;
 Aloft they fly, and quiver on the Field.
 Headlong he fell, with Mud all cover'd o'er,
 And every Limb was stain'd with sacred Gore.
 Yet, as he weltered on the Ground, he strove 430
 To show EURYALUS his ardent Love.
 For now, ev'n now, the Youth his Body threw
 Before his Rival SALIUS, as he flew :
 He fell, and on the Ground extended lay ;
 Thus, favour'd by his Friend, sprung swift away 435
 The young EURYALUS, and won the Day.
 At once beyond the Goal the Victor flies ;
 Shouts of Applause and Clamours rend the Skies.
 Next HELYMUS, and next DIORES came
 With eager Ardor, now the Third in Fame. 440
 But SALIUS fills the Ring with clam'rous Cries,
 By Turns to every hoary Judge applies,
 Storms at the Fraud, and claims the rightful Prize.
 But Favour, winning Tears, and youthful Grace
 Plead for the Boy, the Victor of the Race. 445
 DIORES too, before the partial Crowd,
 Defends the young EURYALUS aloud ;

Who now must urge his Claim, should SALIUS gain
The First proud Honours, to the Third in vain.

THUS then the Prince--in order shall we pay 450
To each brave Youth the Prizes of the Day :
Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
One Proof of Pity to a hapless Friend :
This said, on SALIUS generously bestow'd
A Lion's yellow Spoils, (a costly Load!) 455
With martial Pride his Shoulders to infold;
Rough was the dreadful Mane, the Paws were sheath'd in Gold.
When NISUS thus,---if such high Presents grace
SALIUS who fell; first vanquish'd in the Race.
What Gift shall I receive, who bore away, 460
And still had held the Honours of the Day,
Had not the Fortune, that my Foe o'erthrew,
Befell unhappy NISUS as he flew.
Then show'd his Robes and Face with Blood defil'd;
Th' indulgent Father of the People smil'd; 465
And caus'd a mighty Buckler to be brought,
With Art Divine by DIDYMAON wrought;
Great NEPTUNE'S Gates the Prize adorn'd in Troy,
Now the bright Present loads the favour'd Boy.

THESE Gifts bestow'd ; the Heroe cries aloud, 470
 Stand forth, ye valiant Champions, from the Crowd ;
 Who vaunt your Courage and unrivall'd Might,
 And with the Gauntlet dare provoke the Fight.
 Then he propos'd, in Gold and Garlands gay,
 A Bull, to grace the Victor of the Day. 475
 Next, to relieve the Lofer's Shame and Pain,
 Cast a rich Sword and Helmet on the Plain.
 Strait with a Shout, supremely tall and strong,
 Bold DARES rear'd his Bulk above the Throng ;
 The Youth, the only Youth, who dar'd withstand 480
 The fierce Tempestuous Sway of PARIS' Hand,
 Who on huge BUTES prov'd his matchless Might
 At Hector's Tomb, Victorious in the Fight ;
 (BUTES, of AMYCUS' BEBRYCIAN Strain ;)
 And stretch'd th' enormous Giant on the Plain. 485
 Thus, glorying in his Strength, in open View
 His Arms around, the tow'ring DARES threw,
 Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny Shoulders bare,
 And dealt his whistling Blows in empty Air.
 His Match was fought ; thro' All a Terror ran ; 190
 All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty Man.
 Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling Bands ;
 And now before the Prince the Champion stands ;

Fierce

Fierce by the Horns the beauteous Bull he took,
 And in proud Triumph to the Heroe spoke : 495
 Since None, oh ! Chief, accept the proffer'd Fray,
 Why for his Coward Foe must DARES stay ? }
 Permit me, Prince, to lead my rightful Prize away. }
 The *Trojans* clamour with applauding Cries,
 And for the Youth demand the promis'd Prize. 500
 Then to ENTELLUS old ACESTES said,
 Who fate beside him on the flow'ry Bed ;
 ENTELLUS !---once the Bravest on the Plain ;
 But ah ! the Bravest, and the Best in vain !
 With such tame Patience can my Friend survey 505
 This Prize, without a Contest, borne away ?
 Where, where is now great *Eryx*' vaunted Name ; }
 The God, who taught our thund'ring Arms the Game, }
 The Spoils that grace thy Roof, and all thy former Fame ? }
 Nor am I dead, replies the Chief, to Praise, 510
 Nor yield to Fear, but sink by Length of Days.
 My Nerves unstrung, my Strength no more remains,
 And Age creeps shiv'ring thro' my Icy Veins.
 Had I that Vigor still, my Youth could boast,
 Or you' vain Champion vaunts to all the Host, 515
 Soon should this Arm that Insolence chastise,
 For Fame alone without the proffer'd Prize.

Ev'n now I scorn the Combate to decline;
The Prize I heed not; let the Fame be Mine!

THIS said; amid the Ring, in open View, 520
Two mighty Gauntlets on the Ground he threw:
These grac'd great *Eryx* in the Fight of old;
And brac'd his Arms with many a dreadful Fold:
Seven thick Bull-hides, their Volumes huge dispread,
Pond'rous with Iron and a Weight of Lead. 525
The Host stood all astonish'd at the Sight,
But DARES most, who now refus'd the Fight:
The Heroe turns the Folds, in Wonder stands,
And pois'd th'enormous Gauntlets in his Hands.
How had you wonder'd, the bold Champion said, 530
Had you the huge *Herculean* Arms survey'd?
Had you those pond'rous Gloves of Death beheld,
And the stern Combate on this fatal Field?
These, Prince, of old your Brother *Eryx* wore;
Lo! you behold 'em still distain'd with Gore. 535
With These *Alcides'* Force he long sustain'd,
And these I brandish'd, while my Strength remain'd
Ere the cold Hand of envious Age had shed
These Marks of Winter on my hoary Head.

Book V. VIRGIL's ÆNEID. 211

Yet, if your Champion trembles at the Sight, 540
Nor dares to meet these Gauntlets in the Fight;
If so ÆNEAS and the King incline ;
Lo! to his Fears these Weapons I resign :
With equal Arms the Combate will we try ;
And Thou, lay Thou, thy *Trojan* Gauntlets by. 545

THIS said, the Heroe strait his Robe unbound,
And cast the double Garment on the Ground ;
Bares his huge brawny Limbs, and on the Sands,
Dreadful to view, the hoary Champion stands.
Then the great Prince with equal Gauntlets bound 550
Their vigorous Hands, and brac'd their Arms around :
Their Arms, that Moment, each impetuous Foe
Rear'd high in Air, and rose to every Blow ;
And, while their raging Hands the Fight provoke,
Withdraw their Heads from each tempestuous Stroke. 555
This on his Youth and active Speed relies,
That on his Bulk and tall Gigantick Size :
But each vast Limb moves stiff and slow with Age ;
And thick short Pantings shake the lab'ring Sage.
Each, but in vain, a Thousand Strokes bestows ; 560
Their Sides and Breasts re-echo to the Blows.

With swift repeated Wounds their Hands fly round
 Their Heads and Cheeks; their crackling Jaws resound:
 Unmov'd ENTELLUS, with a stedfast Look

And watchful Eyes: avoids the furious Stroke 565

The Youth invests his Foe with all his Pow'r,

As some brave Leader a beleaguer'd Tow'r,

When on the Bull-warks in his Rage he falls,

And plants his Engines round th'embattled Walls;

On every Side, with fruitless Skill and Pain, 570

Eager he tries a Pass or Post to gain,

And storms the Rocky Battlements in vain. }

And now his Aim the bold ENTELLUS took,

With his huge Hand, high bandish'd for the Stroke;

The Youth observ'd the long-descending Blow, 575

And leaps aside, and disappoints the Foe.

The Stroke was spent in Air; with dreadful Sound

Prone fell the Champion thund'ring to the Ground.

A Pine thus tumbles to the Vales below

From *Ida's* Top, or ERYMANTHUS' Brow. 580

At once the *Trojans* and *Sicilians* rise,

And with divided Clamours rend the Skies.

And first *Acestes*, touch'd with Pity, ran

To raise his Friend and old Compeer again.

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 213

Swift from the Fall, and with redoubled Might 785
 Sprung the fierce Heroe, and renew'd the Fight ;
 Improv'd in Spirit, to the Combate came, }
 While conscious Valour sets his Soul on Flame, }
 Stung with Disgrace, and more enrag'd with Shame. }
 Now headlong o'er the Field he drove the Foe, 590
 And rose in Strength and Wrath at every Blow.
 Now a thick Storm of Strokes around him flies,
 Thick as the Hail comes rattling from the Skies ;
 With both his thund'ring Hands the Blows he plyd,
 And turn'd his giddy Foe on every Side. 595
 Then flew the good ÆNEAS, to assuage
 The Hero's Wrath, and check the mighty Rage :
 From Death he snatch'd the Champion, and began
 To sooth the Sorrows of the vanquish'd Man :

WHAT Madnefs, hapless *Dares* has posselt 600
 Thy thoughtless Mind, and fir'd thy daring Breast ?
 Canst thou not see thy Rival's Pow'r Divine,
 Far other Strength, and mightier Hands than Thine ?
 Cease then, and give the vain Contention o'er ;
 Cease, and oppose a Demigod no more ! 605

THE Youth now drags his trembling Legs along ;
 His loose Head tott'ring, o'er his Shoulders hung ;
 Giddy with Pain, he now ejects the Blood ;
 His loosen'd Teeth come mingled in the Flood ;
 While in their Arms his sad Associates bore 610
 The batter'd Champion groaning to the Shore,
 The dear-bought Sword and Helmet brought away,
 And left the Palm and Bull the Victor's Prey.

Now great ENTELLUS, glorying in the Prize
 And flush'd with Conquest, thus, exulting cries ; 615
 Behold, ye *Trojans*, and thou, Chief Divine,
 What Vigor, in the Bloom of Youth, was Mine ;
 From what a thund'ring Arm and fatal Blow,
 Your timely Mercy has preserv'd my Foe.
 With that the Chief, collected in his Might, 620
 Confronts the Victim, the Reward of Fight.
 Then rais'd his Hand aloft, and from above,
 With dreadful Sway, the pond'rous Gauntlet drove
 Through the broad Forehead of the Stately Bull,
 And dash'd within the Brain the batter'd Skull. 625
 The Bull, convulsive with the deadly Wound,
 Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the Ground.

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 215

Then thus the conq'ring Chief, performs his Vow, }
 ERYX, on Thee this Victim I bestow ; }
 A nobler Victim than my *Trojan* Foe ! 630 }
 To younger Champions now the Game I Yield ;
 Here I resign my Arms ; and here renounce the Field.

NEXT the great Prince propos'd the Prize to those,
 Who wing'd the Shafts, and bent the twanging Bows.
 Amid the spacious Plain the Heroe plac'd 635
 Sublime in Air SÈRGESTUS' lofty Mast ;
 Around the tap'ring Top a Dove they tye,
 The trembling Mark at which their arrows fly ;
 Hither to try their Skill the Warriors haste
 And in a Brazen Helm the Lots are cast. 640
 First, with Applause, HIPPOCOON'S Lot was thrown,
 The mighty HVRTACUS' illustrious Son.
 MNESTHEUS the Next, whom verdant Olives grace,
 The Second Victor in the Naval Race.
 Then the third Chance to great EURYTION came, 645
 Thy Brother, PANDARUS renown'd by Fame,
 Whose Hand by PALLAS prompted, drew the Bow,
 To break the Truce, against the *Grecian* Foe.
 Last in the Helm remain'd ACESTES' Name ;
 Old as he was, he try'd the Youthful Game. 650
 Then

Then every Chief, with all his Strength and Art,
 Bent the tough Bow, and chose the feather'd Dart.
 Thro' yielding Air first vanish'd with a Spring
 HIPPOCOON'S Arrow from the sounding String.
 Full in the Mast, impell'd with Vigor, stood 655
 The forceful Shaft, and quiver'd in the Wood.
 The Dove, affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring Wing ;
 And with Applause the Vales and Mountains ring.
 Then MNESTHEUS drew the Bow, and aim'd on high
 The pointed Dart, and levell'd with his Eye ; 660
 Nor thro' the Mark the luckless Arrow drove,
 But cut the String that ty'd the trembling Dove.
 Swift thro' the Clouds the Bird unshackled flies,
 And spreads her Wings, at Freedom in the Skies.
 Already had EURYTION bent his Bow, 665
 And to his Brother God address'd his Vow :
 The tow'ring Bird amid the Clouds he flew,
 And the swift Shaft transfix'd her as she flew.
 High in the Skies she feels the deadly Wound,
 And, with the Dart, comes Dying to the Ground. 670
 And now, all Hopes expir'd, the Conquest gain'd,
 The venerable Prince alone remain'd.
 Yet he discharg'd the flying Shaft, to show
 His Skill, his Vigor, and refounding Bow.

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 217

When fudden they beheld, with wond'ring Eyes, 675
A dire portentous Omen in the Skies.

Too late the Seers the frightful Sign explain,
Too late they clear the dread Event in vain!
For, flying thro' the Clouds in open View,
The glowing Arrow kindled as it flew; 680

Then drew a Golden Trail of Flames behind,
That mark'd it's Course, and vanish'd in the Wind:

So shine the falling Stars with dreadful Hair,
And glance, and shoot along the Fields of Air.
Amaz'd the *Trojans* and *Sicilians* stood; 685

And breath'd their ardent Pray'rs to every God.

The *Dardan* Prince the doubtful Sign mistook,
Embrac'd the Monarch, and with Transport spoke:

Father! accept the Prize; the Will Divine
Of mighty *Jove*, by this auspicious Sign, 690 }
Declares the first distinguish'd Honours Thine. }

Accept this Goblet, which my Sire of old
Receiv'd from *Cisseus* rough with sculptur'd Gold;
Take it, my Royal Friend, and let it prove
A long-priz'd Gift of dear Respect and Love. 695

Then he bestow'd the Lawrel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him Victor to the shouting Crowd.

Nor did the generous Chief the Prize deny,
 Whose Arrow pierc'd the Bird amid the Sky ;
 Next, he who cut the Cord, with Gifts was grac'd ; 700
 And he, whose Arrow struck the Tree, the Laft.

Now call'd the Prince, before the Games were done,
 The Hoary Guardian of his Royal Son,
 And gently whispers in his faithful Ear,
 To bid ASCANIUS in his Arms appear, 705
 And with his youthful Band and Courfer come,
 To pay due Honours at his Grandfire's Tomb.
 Next he commands the huge affembled Train
 To quit the Ground, and leave an open Plain.
 Strait on their bridled Steeds, with Grace Divine, 710
 The beauteous Youths before their Fathers shine.
 The blooming *Trojans* and *Sicilians* throng,
 And gaze with Wonder as they march'd along.
 Around their Brows a vivid Wreath they wore;
 Two glitt'ring Lances tipt with Steel they bore : 715
 These a light Quiver stor'd with Shafts sustain,
 And from their Neck depends a golden Chain.
 On sprightly Steeds advance three graceful Bands,
 And each a little blooming Chief commands.

Beneath

BOOK V. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 219

Beneath each Chief twelve sprightly Striplings came, 720
In shining Arms, in Looks and Age the same.
Grac'd with his Grandfire's Name, POLITES' Son,
Young PRIAM, leads the first gay Squadron on ;
A Youth, whose Progeny must *Latium* grace :
He press'd a dappled Steed of *Thracian* Race: 725
Before, white Spots on either Foot appear,
And on his Forehead blaz'd a Silver Star.
ATYS the next advanc'd, with Looks Divine,
ATYS the Source of the great *Attian* Line :
IULUS Friendship grac'd the lovely Boy: 730
And last IULUS came, the Pride of *Troy*,
In Charms, superior to the blooming Train ;
And spurr'd his *Tyrian* Courser to the Plain ;
Which *Dido* gave the Princely Youth, to prove
A lasting Pledge, memorial of her Love. 735
Th' inferior Boys on beauteous Coursers ride,
From great ACESTES' Royal Stalls supply'd.
Now flush'd with Hopes, now pale with anxious Fear,
Before the shouting Crowds, the Youths appear ;
The shouting Crowds admire their Charms, and trace 740
Their Parents Lines in every lovely Face.
Now round the Ring, before their Fathers, ride
The Boys, in all their Military Pride.

Till *Periphantes*' sounding Lash from far
 Gave the loud Signal of the mimic War; 745
 Strait, in Three Bands distinct, they break away,
 Divide in Order, and their Ranks display:
 Swift at the Summons they return, and throw
 At once their hostile Lances at the Foe:
 Then take a new Excursion on the Plain; 750
 Round within Round, an endless Course maintain;
 And now advance, and now retreat again;
 With well-dissembled Rage their Rivals dare,
 And please the Crowd with Images of War.
 Alternate now they turn their Backs in Flight, 755
 Now dart their Lances, and renew the Fight:
 Then in a Moment from the Combate cease,
 Rejoyn their scatter'd Bands, and move in Peace.
 So windes delusive, in a Thousand Ways
 Perplext and intricate, the *Cretan* Maze; 760
 Round within Round, the blind *Mæanders* run,
 Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
 The skilful Youths, in Sport, alternate ply
 Their shifting Course; by Turns they fight, and fly:
 As Dolphins gambol on the watry Way, 765
 And, bounding o'er the Tides, in wanton Circles play.

This

This Sport ASCANIUS, when in mighty Length
 He rais'd proud ALBA glorying in her Strength,
 Taught the first Fathers of the *Latian* Name,
 As now he Solemniz'd the noble Game. 770
 From their successive ALBAN Off-spring come
 These antient Plays, to grace Imperial *Rome* ;
 Who owns her *Trojan* Band, and Game of *Troy*
 Deriv'd thro' Ages from the Princely Boy.

THUS were the Solemn Funeral Honours paid 775
 To great ANCHISES' Venerable Shade.
 But soon the Prince his changing Fortune found,
 And in her Turn the fickle Goddess frown'd.
 For, while the gather'd Crowds the Games repeat,
 Heav'n's mighty Empress, to the *Trojan* Fleet, 780
 (Her antient Rage still glowing in her Soul,)
 Dispatch'd fair *Iris* from the Starry Pole.
 Big with revengeful Schemes, Herself supplies
 The rapid Storm that bears her down the Skies.
 Unseen, the Maid a thousand Colours drew, 785
 As down her Bow, with winged Speed, she flew :
 And saw around the Tomb th' Assembly meet,
 The vacant Harbour, and neglected Fleet.

MEANTIME, retir'd within the lonely Shore,
 ANCHISES' Fate the *Trojan* Dames deplore; 790
 Cast a long Look o'er all the Flood, and weep
 To see the wide-extended watry Deep:
 Yet, must we yet, alas! new Labours try,
 More Scas, more Oceans? was the general Cry.
 Oh! grant a Town at last, ye gracious Gods! 795
 To Wretches harraught with the Winds and Floods.
 'Twas, then their raging Sorrow to improve,
 Amid the Train shot *Iris* from above.
 Aside, her Heav'nly Charms the Goddesses threw,
 And like old BEROË stood in open View; 800
 (DORYCLUS' hoary Spouse, a noble Dame,
 Fam'd for her Off-spring and illustrious Name;) }
 And thus the Goddesses fans the rising Flame: }
 Ah! wretched Race, whom Heav'n forbade to fall
 By *Grecian* Swords, beneath our Native Wall! 805
 Toft round the Seas, o'er every Region cast,
 Oh! to what Fate are we reserv'd at last!
 Now, since Imperial *Troy* in Ashes lay,
 Have Sev'n successive Summers roll'd away.
 Still to New Lands o'er Floods and Rocks we fly, 810
 And fail, by every Star, in every Sky.

So long we chace, o'er all the boundless Main,
 The flying Coasts of *Italy* in vain.
 Here o'er our Kindred *Eryx*' fruitful Plains,
 The hospitable King, *Acestes* reigns: 815
 What, what forbids our wand'ring *Trojan* Bands,
 To raise a City in these Friendly Lands?
 Ye Gods preserv'd from Hostile Flames in vain!
 Shall our dear *Ilion* never rise again?
 A Second *Simois* shall we view no more, 820
 Or a new *Xanthus*, on a foreign Shore.
 Rise then, rise All; assist, ye mournful Dames,
 To set this Execrable Fleet in Flames.
 For late, *Cassandra* seem'd to load my Hands,
 In Visions of the Night, with blazing Brands: 825
 Seek *Troy* no more, she said: This destin'd Place
 Is the first Mansion of the *Dardan* Race.
 Fly, Fly we then, the Omen to compleat;
 The glad Occasion calls to fire the Fleet;
 Lo! where to *Neptune* four proud Altars rise! 830
 Lo! his own Fires the ready God supplies!
 She said;---then seiz'd a blazing Brand, and threw;
 Th'increasing Flames amid the Navy flew.
 At the bold Deed, with deep Surprise amaz'd,
 The Dames all wond'ring on the Goddess gaz'd. 835
 At

At last, the Nurse of *Priam's* Offspring broke
 The general Silence, and the Train bespoke :
 This was no BEROË whom we saw appear,
 But some bright Goddess from th'Æthereal Sphere.
 Mark her Majestic Port: her Voice Divine! 840
 O'er all her Form what Starry Splendors shine!
 She darts a Glance Immortal from her Eyes,
 Breathes, looks and moves, a Sister of the Skies!
 BEROË I left in Anguish, who repin'd,
 Shut from the Rites, and to her Couch confin'd. 845

THE Matrons, now by Doubts and Fears impell'd,
 First with malignant Eyes the Fleet beheld ;
 In Choice suspended for a Space they stand,
 Between the promis'd and the present Land :
 When, smooth on levell'd Wings, the Goddess flies, 850
 And cuts a mighty Bow along the Skies.
 Struck at the wond'rous Sight, the shrieking Dames,
 From the bright Altars snatch the Sacred Flames ;
 Bring Leaves and wither'd Branches in their Hands
 To feed the Fires ; and hurl the blazing Brands. 855
 Fierce thro' the Ships, the Decks, the crackling Oars,
 In all his Rage devouring *Vulcan* roars :

And

And now EUMELUS to the Host conveys
 The dreadful Tidings of the rising Blaze.
 The Crouds grow pale ; they look behind, and spy 860
 A Cloud of Cinders dark'ning all the Sky.
 And first ASCANIUS, as he led the Band,
 Pour'd o'er the Plain, impetuous, to the Strand ;
 Nor can his panting Guardians check the Speed
 Of the young Heroe, and his fiery Steed :
 Oh ! what curst Rage is this, ye wretched Dames ? 865
 To what dire Purpose fly these fatal Flames ?
 Behold, your own ASCANIUS---you destroy
 No *Argive* Navy, but the Hopes of *Troy*.

WITH that he threw his Helmet on the Shore, 870
 In which he led his youthful Bands before.
 Next came ÆNEAS, and the *Trojan* Host.
 Th' affrighted Dames, dispersing o'er the Coast,
 To Woods and hollow Caverns take their Flight,
 Repent their Crime, and hate the golden Light : 875
 With alter'd Minds their Kindred they confest,
 And the fierce Goddess fled from every Breast.

NOT so the furious Flames ; they spread the more ;
 And, high in Air, with Rage redoubled roar.

Close in the Cordage works the fullen Fire, 880
 And thro' the Ribs the heavy Smokes expire.
 Within the Keel the subtle Vapours lye;
 Thence the contagious Flames thro' all the Vessel fly.
 The lab'ring Heroes toil with fruitless Pain,
 And gushing Floods on Floods are pour'd in vain, 885
 The Prince then tore his Robes in deep Despair,
 Rais'd high his Hands; and thus addrest his Pray'r;
 Great Jove! if One of all the *Trojan* State,
 Lives yet exempt from thy Immortal Hate;
 Oh! if thy Sacred Eyes with wonted Grace 890
 Behold the miserable Mortal Race;
 Suppress these Fires; forbid them to destroy;
 And snatch from Death the poor Remains of *Troy*!
 Or if my Crimes, Almighty Sire, demand!
 The last, last Vengeance of thy dreadful Hand, 895
 On Me, on Me alone that Vengeance shed,
 And with thy levell'd Thunders strike me dead!
 Scarce had he said, when o'er the Navy pours
 A sudden gloomy Cloud in rattling Show'rs;
 Black with the Southern Winds the Tempest flies, 900
 And in a Moment bursts from all the Skies
 In fluicy Sheets and Deluges of Rain;
 And the loud Thunders shook the Mountain and the Plain.

Fierce

Fierce o'er the Ships the Waters took their Way ;
 And, quench'd in Floods, the hissing Timbers lay. 905
 Four Gallies lost ; at length the Flames retire,
 And all the Remnant Fleet escap'd the raging Fire.

MEANTIME the Heroe by the Loss oppress'd,
 With various Cares, that rack'd his lab'ring Brest,
 If still to seek the *Latian*, Realm debates, 910
 Or here to fix, forgetful of the Fates.
 Then NAUTES, fam'd for Wisdom and for Age,
 (For PALLAS taught the Venerable Sage,
 What great Events the Fates and Gods ordain ;)
 Bespoke the Chief, and thus reliev'd his Pain ; 915
 'Tis best, Illustrious Heroe, to obey,
 And still pursue where Fortune leads the Way ;
 By Patience to retrieve our hapless State,
 And rise Superior to the Strokes of Fate.
 Let great ACESTES in your Counsels join, 920
 Your Royal Friend, of *Troy's* Immortal Line.
 Your Vessels lost ; those Numbers who remain,
 A timorous, weak, unnecessary Train,
 The hoary Sires and Dames, unfit to bear
 The Perils of the Sea or Toils of War, 925
 Select ; and trust to his Paternal Care.

The weary Wretches here their Walls may frame,
 And call their City by the Monarch's Name.
 The Prince approv'd th' Advice his Friend addrest,
 But still a thousand Cares distract his lab'ring Brest. 930

Now o'er the Solemn Skies devoid of Light,
 High in her Sable Chariot rode the Night;
 When to the Godlike Heroe, from the Pole
 Descends, and speaks his mighty Father's Soul:

My Son! in all the Fates of *Troy* approv'd, 935
 Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my Life I lov'd;
 Lo! I am sent by Heav'ns Almighty Sire,
 Who from thy Navy bade the Flames retire.
 The prudent Counsel of thy Friend Obey,
 Take, with the bravest Youths, the dangerous Way: 940
 With these fair LATIUM shalt thou reach and there
 Wage with a rugged Race a dreadful War.
 Yet first my Son to PLUTO's Regions go,
 And meet thy Father in the Realms below;
 For know, my Spirit was not doom'd to dwell 945
 In the dark Horrors and the Depths of Hell,
 But, with the pious blest Assembly reigns,
 In all the Pleasures of th' *Elysian* Plains.

But

But thou the Blood of Sable Victims shed ;
 Then shall the *Sibyl* guide thee to the Dead. 950
 There shall thou know what Town the Fates assign,
 With the long Glories of thy future Line.
 And now Farewell;---the Night slides swift away
 I feel from far the Morning's painful Ray ;
 And shrink, and sicken at the Beams of Day. 955
 He said, and lo! that Moment from his Eyes,
 Like a thin Smoke, dissolv'd into the Skies.

VANISH'D so soon! where, whither art thou gone?
 Why, why retires my Father from his Son?
 What! not one last Embrace? The Prince exclaims: 960
 Then to new Life he wakes the flumb'ring Flames;
 And hoary VESTA and the *Trojan* Powers,
 What sacred Gifts and suppliant Vows adores.
 Strait the whole Scene before his Friends he lays,
 But chief the Vision to the King displays; 965
 Unfolds the Message sent from Heav'n above,
 His Father's Counsel, and the will Jove.
 His Friends approve the Heroe's new Designs,
 And in the Task the good *Acestes* joins.
 To the new Town the Matrons they assign'd, 970
 And leave the willing Vulgar Crowds behind;

Souls, that no Hopes of future Praise inflame,
Cold and insensible to glorious Fame.

With Speed the half-burn'd Vessels they repair,
Provide, new Cordage Decks, and Oars with Care ; 975 }
A slender Band, but eager All for War. }

The Prince then drew a City on the Plain ;
Next he assign'd the Dwellings to the Train.

Now a new *Ilion* in *Trinacria* rose,
And a new *Simois* and *Scamander* flows. 980

Well-pleas'd *Acestes* took the Sov'reign Sway ;
Th'adopted Subjects their new Prince obey.

The King conven'd the Peers around, and fate
To frame new Laws, and regulate the State.
To VENUS' Name they bid a Temple rise 985

From ERYX' Top, high tow'ring to the Skies :
And next a Priest and ample Grove were made,
For ever Sacred to *Anchises*' Shade.

Now nine whole Days in solemn Feast had past ;
When gentle Breezes smooth'd the Floods at last : 990

The Southern-Winds invite their Sails and Oars ;
Then Cries and Skrieks resound along the Shoars.

In long, long Tendernefs they spend the Day,
In close Embraces waste the Night away.

Now

Now all the Wretches, e'en the Female Train 995
 Who fear'd so late the Dangers of the Main,
 And shrunk, the rolling Ocean to survey,
 All wish to take the long laborious way.
 The melting Heroe sooths their wild Despair,
 And, weeps and gives them to the Monarch's Care. 1000
 Three Heifers next to *Eryx*' Name he pays, }
 A Lamb to every Storm the Heroe slays, }
 Unmoors his Fleet, and every Sail displays. }
 Crown'd with a graceful Olive Wreath he stands
 High on the Prow; a Charger in his Hands; 1005
 Hurls the fat Entrails o'er the foamy Brine,
 And stains the, silver Waves with fable Wine.
 Fresh rise the prosp'rous Gales; the Sailors sweep,
 And dash with equal Strokes the roaring Deep.

MEANTIME the Queen of Love, with Cares oppress'd, 1010
 The mighty Father of the Floods address'd :
 Imperious JUNO's unrelenting Hate
 To the poor Relicks of the *Trojan* State,
 (Which no Decrees of Jove or Fate restrain,
 Nor Length of Years, nor Vows preferr'd in vain,) 1015
 Compells a Sister Goddess to repair,
 To Thee, Great *Neptune*, with a suppliant's Pray'r.

For Rage like Her's, 'twas little to destroy,
 Fair *Asia's* Pride, th'Imperial Town of *Troy*!
 'Twas not enough, her wand'ring Natives know 1020
 All Forms and all Varieties of Woe!
 But oh! her groundless Vengeance would efface,
 Ev'n the last Relicks of the perish'd Race!
 Thou, thou canst witness, Ocean's mighty God!
 With what dire Storms she lush'd the *Libyan* Flood; 1025
 When, arm'd with all th'*Æolian* Winds in vain,
 Earth, Air and Heav'n, she mingled with the Main,
 And rais'd such Tumults in thy watry Reign. }
 Yet, still more Shameful!---now her Arts inspire
 The *Trojan* Dames to wrap the Ships in Fire; 1030
 And urge my Son, to leave his Social Band
 (His Fleet half-ruin'd) in a Foreign Land.
 But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
 A peaceful Voyage to the *Latian* Plain;
 A Suppliant Goddess begs for Nothing more 1035
 Then those same Realms the Fates assign'd before!
 'Tis Yours reply'd the Monarch of the Main,
 Yours to command in this our watry Reign;
 Since from the Sacred Ocean first you came,
 Since Our Deserts your Confidence may claim; 1040
 Oft

Oft for your Son I bade the Whirlwinds cease ;
 I hush'd the Roarings of the Floods to Peace ;
 And SIMOIS can attest and *Xanthus*' Stream,
 By Land my Guardian Care was still the Same.
 When fierce ACHILLES, furious to destroy, 1045
 Drove to their Walls the trembling Sons of *Troy* :
 Beneath his vengeful Spear when Thousands bled,
 When the choak'd Rivers groan'd with Loads of Dead;
 When XANTHUS' Flood, incumber'd with the Slain,
 Scarce roll'd his struggling Billows to the Main; 1050
 Your Son oppos'd him, with unequal Might
 And far inferior Gods, in single Fight :
 Instant I snatch'd him from the deathful Fray,
 And in a Cloud convey'd the Chief away.
 Ev'n then I sav'd the Warrior, when with Joy 1055
 I wish'd and wrought the Fall of perjur'd *Troy* :
 And still will save him--- he shall plow the Sea,
 And to *Avernus*' Port direct his Way.
 On the wild Floods shall only One be lost,
 One single Wretch atone for all the Host! 1060

THUS when the God had sooth'd her anxious Mind,
 His finny Courfers to the Car he joyn'd ;

Next to their fiery Mouths the Bits apply'd,
 And, while the Wheels along the Level glide,
 He throws up all the Reins, and skims the floating Tide. 1065 }
 The Flood subsides and spreads a glassy Plain,
 And the loud Chariot thunders o'er the Main ;
 The Clouds before the mighty Monarch fly
 In Heaps, and scatter thro' the boundless Sky :
 A thousand Forms attend the glorious God, 1070
 Enormous Whales and Monsters of the Flood :
 Here the long Train of hoary GLAUCUS rides ;
 Here the swift TRITONS shoot along the Tides ;
 There rode PALÆMON o'er the watry Plain,
 With aged PHORCUS and his Azure Train ; 1075 }
 And beauteous THETIS led the Daughters of the Main. }

ÆNEAS view'd the Scene ; and hence arose
 A Beam of Joy to dissipate his Woes.
 Instant he gives Command to stretch the Sails,
 To rear the Mast and catch the springing Gales. 1080
 Strait the glad Train the spacious Sheet unbind,
 And stretch the Canvass to the driving Wind.
 Old PALINURE the first the Navy guides ;
 The rest obedient follow thro' the Tides.

Now half the Night thro' Heav'n had roll'd away, 1085
 The Sailors stretch'd along their Benches lay,
 When thro' the parting Vapour swiftly flies
 The God of Slumbers from th' Etherial Skies.
 To thee, poor PALINURE, he came, and shed
 A fatal Sleep on thy devoted Head! 1090
 High on the Stern his silent Stand he took
 In PHORBAS' Shape; and thus the Phantom spoke:
 Behold, the Fleet, my Friend, securely fails,
 Steer'd by the Floods and wafted by the Gales!
 Now steal a Moment's Rest; myself will guide 1095
 Awhile the Vessel o'er the floating Tide.
 To whom the careful PALINURE replies,
 While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing Eyes:
 Me wouldst thou urge in Sleep to sink away?
 And fondly credit such a flatt'ring Sea? 1100
 Too well, my Friend, I know the treach'rous Main!
 Too well to tempt the Monster's Smiles again!
 Too oft deceiv'd by such a Calm before,
 I trust my Master to the Winds no more.
 This said, he grasp'd the Helm, and fixt his Eyes 1105
 On every guiding Star that gilds the Skies.
 Then o'er his Temples shook the wrathful God
 A Branch, deep-drench'd in *Lethe's* silent Flood.

The potent Charm the Dews of Slumber steep,
 And soon weigh down his swimming Eyes to Sleep. 1110
 Scarce yet his languid Limbs had sunk away,
 When o'er the Wretch the God incumbent lay,
 And, with a shatter'd Fragment of the Ship,
 Bore down the Helm and Pilot to the Deep;
 Headlong he tumbles in the flashing Main, 1115
 And calls for Succour to his Friends in vain.
 Swift from the Stern the Traytor Phantom flies,
 And with spread Pinions mounts the Golden Skies;
 Yet smooth along the Flood the Navy rode,
 Safe in the Promise of the watry God. 1120
 Now they approach'd the *Siren's* dangerous Coast,
 Once rough, and infamous for Vessels lost.
 Huge Heaps of Bones still whiten all the Shore;
 And, dash'd from Rock to Rock, the foamy Billows roar.
 The watchful Prince th'endanger'd Galley found, 1125
 Without a Pilot, strike on shoaly Ground;
 Himself then took the Task, by Night to guide
 The wand'ring Vessel o'er the rolling Tide:
 O dear lamented Friend! (the Heroe cries,
 For Faith repos'd on flatt'ring Seas and Skies,
 Cast on a foreign Shore thy naked Body lies! 1131 }

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

T H E

Sixth Book of the ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the Adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell, describing to him the various Scenes of that Place, and conducting him to his Father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime Mysteries of the Soul of the World, and the Transmigration; and shews him that glorious Race of Heroes, which was to descend from him and his Posterity.



HUS while he wept ; with flying Sails and Oars
The Navy reach'd the fair *Cumæan* Shores.
The circling Anchors here the Fleet detain,
All rang'd beside the Margin of the Main.
With eager Transport fir'd, the *Trojan* Band
Leap from the Ships to gain th' *Hesperian* Land.

Some

Some strike from Flints the sparkling Seeds of Flame,
 Some form the Coverts of the Savage Game ;
 To feed the Fires, unroot the standing Woods,
 And show with Joy the new-discover'd Floods. 10

To *Phæbus*' Fane the Heroe past along,
 And those dark Caverns where the *Sibyl* sung.
 There, as the God enlarg'd her Soul, she fate,
 And open'd all the deep Decrees of Fate.

The Train with Reverence enter, and behold 15
 Chast TRIVIA'S Grove, and Temple roof'd with Gold ;
 A Structure rais'd by DÆDALUS, ('tis said)

When from the *Cretan* King's Revenge he fled.
 On Wings to *Northern* Climes he dar'd to soar,
 Through Airy Ways unknown to Man before ; 20
 Full many a Length of Sky and Ocean past,

On CUMA's sacred Tow'rs he stoop'd at last.
 Then hung to *Phæbus*, in the strange Abode,
 The Wings that steer'd him thro' the liquid Road,
 And rais'd the pompous Pile in Honour of the God. 25 }

The matchless Artist, on the lofty Gate,
 Engrav'd ANDROGEOS' memorable Fate :
 And here by Lot sad *Athens* yearly paid
 Sev'n hapless Youths, to sooth his angry Shade.

Here

Here stood the fatal Urn; and there with Pride 30
Fair *Crete* rose tow'ring on the silver Tide.

There too the Father of the Herds was seen,
Who quench'd the Passion of the lustful Queen;
Their Birth, a Beast below, a Man above,
The mingled Offspring of prepost'rous Love! 35

There stood the winding Pile, whose Mazes run
Round within Round, and end where they begun.
But when the pitying DÆDALUS survey'd
The hopeless Passion of the † Royal Maid,
He led her THESEUS through the puzzling Ways, 40
Safe with a Clue, and open'd every Maze.

Thou too, poor ICARUS! hadst borne a Part,
Had Grief not check'd him in thy Parent's Art!
He thrice essay'd the mournful Task in vain;
Thrice shook his Hand, and drop'd the Task again. 45

THUS had they gaz'd o'er all the costly Frame,
When lo! ACHATES from the Temple came:
With him the Priests, the Prophetic Maid,
And to the *Trojan* Heroe thus she said:
Hence---gaze no more; Sev'n chosen Sheep with Speed, 50
Sev'n Steers, unconscious of the Yoke, must bleed.

She

She spoke; the Crouds obey; within the Fane
 The Priestess calls the wond'ring *Trojan* Train.
 Scoop'd thro' the Rock, in mighty Depth display'd,
 Lies the dark Cavern of the Sacred Maid; 55
 Thro' all the Hundred Portals rush abroad
 The *Sibyl's* Voice and Answers of the God.
 Scarce at the Cell arriv'd---invoke the Skies,
 I feel the God, the rushing God! she cries.
 While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her Features grew, 60
 Her Colour chang'd, her Locks dishevel'd flew.
 The heav'nly Tumult reigns in every Part,
 Pants in her Breast, and swells her rising Heart:
 Still spreading to the Sight, the *Sibyl* glow'd,
 And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent God. 65
 Then to her inmost Soul by *Phæbus* fir'd,
 In more than human Sounds she spoke inspir'd:
 Still, dost thou still delay? thy Voice employ
 In ardent Vows, illustrious Prince of *Troy*!
 Thy Pray'rs, thy urgent Pray'rs must wide display 70
 These awful Portals to the Light of Day.
 She said; the *Trojans* shook with holy Fear,
 And thus the suppliant Prince preferr'd his Pray'r:

HEAR, *Phæbus*, gracious God ! whose Aid Divine
 So oft has fav'd the wretched *Trojan* Line, 75
 And wing'd the Shaft from *Paris' Phrygian* Bow,
 The Shaft that laid the great *ACHILLES* low.
 Led by thy Guardian Care, Secure I pass
 Thro' many a Realm, and rang'd the watry Waste ;
 Trod the wild Regions where the *SYRTES* lie, 80
 And Lands that stretch beneath a different Sky.
 At length the Coast of *Italy* we gain,
 The flying Coast, so long pursu'd in vain.
 Till now, to every Realm our Course we bent,
 And *ILION'S* Fate pursu'd us where we went. 85
 Now all ye Pow'rs, Confederate to destroy
 The glorious Empire and the Tow'rs of *Troy*,
 'Tis Time to bid your wrathful Vengeance cease,
 To bid her poor Remains repose in Peace.
 And thou, great Priests ! to whose piercing Eye 90
 Disclos'd the Scenes of future Ages lie ;
 Since all my Cares and Labours but explore
 An Empire promis'd by the Fates before,
 Give me to fix in *Latium's* fair Abodes
 The Sons of *Troy*, and rest her wand'ring Gods : 95

Then shall my Hands a glorious Temple frame
 To mighty DIAN and her Brother's Name ;
 And solemn Days to *Phæbus* I'll decree,
 And in my Realms shall Temples rise to Thee.
 There all thy mystic Numbers will I place, 100
 With all the Fortunes of the *Trojan* Race.
 By chosen Sages guarded, there shall lie
 The Records, Sacred from the Vulgar Eye.
 Nor be my Fates to flitting Leaves consign'd,
 To fly the common Sport of every Wind ! 105.
 But thou, even thou, great Prophets ! relate
 In Vocal Accents all my future Fate.

Now in her Cavern raves the Maid, oppress'd
 By *Phæbus* raging in her heaving Breast ;
 She struggles to discharge th' Immortal Load, 110
 And raves and bounds, impatient of the God :
 Her foamy Mouth attentive to controul,
 He forms her Organs and commands her Soul.
 Then (all the Hundred Doors display'd to View,
 Thro' every Vent the Sacred Accents flew : 115

BY Sea, O Prince ! are all thy Perils o'er,
 But far, far greater wait Thee on the Shore.

Dismiss thy Doubts ; to *Latium's* destin'd Plain
Troy's Sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
 Wars, horrid Wars I see on *Tyber's* Shore ; 120
 And all his Waves run thick with human Gore !
 SCAMANDER shalt thou find, and SIMOIS there,
 And *Greece* shall Arm a second Host for War.
 A new ACHILLES rises to the Fight ;
 Him too a pregnant Goddess brings to Light : 125
 And Heav'n's great Queen, with unrelenting Hate,
 Still, as of old, pursues the *Trojan* State.
 Once more the Woes of *Troy* derive their Cause
 From a new Breach of Hospitable Laws ;
 And she must bleed again as late she bled, 130
 For a Rapt Princess and a Foreign Bed.
 How shalt thou rove, new Succours to implore,
 From every Court along the *Latian* Shore !
 But thou, more bold, the more thy Fates oppose,
 Advance, great Prince, Superior to thy Woes. 135
 Thy first fair Hopes of Safety and Success,
 Beyond thy fondest Wish, shall rise from *Greece*.

THUS spoke the *Sibyl* from her dark Abode
 The dread mysterious Answers of the God ;
 The wond'rous Truths, involv'd in Riddles, gave, 140
 And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy Cave.

APOLLO took his Rod; possest Her Whole,
 Pour'd in his Fires, and rein'd her raging Soul.
 At length the fierce Etherial Transports cease,
 And all the Heavenly Fury sunk in Peace. 145

WHEN thus the Chief---O Sacred Dame! I know
 Too well already my predestin'd Woe;
 But grant my Pray'r!--Since here, as Fame relates,
 Lies the dread Road to PLUTO's gloomy Gates;
 Where baleful ACHERON spreads, far and wide, 150
 His livid, melancholy, murmuring Tide;
 Unfold these Portals, and thy Suppliant lead
 Down to the dark Dominions of the Dead:
 Give me to view my Father's Reverend Face,
 And rush with Transport to his dear Embrace! 155
 Him through embattled Armies I convey'd,
 While Javelins hift, and Flames around me play'd.
 He shar'd my Toils, determin'd to defy
 The Storms of every Sea and every Sky;
 In Hardships, Cares and Dangers to engage; 160
 Nor spar'd his stooping Venerable Age.
 Yet more---He bade me to thy Cell repair,
 And seek thy Potent Aid with Suppliant Pray'r:

Oh !

Oh! hear our joint Request, our just Desire;
 And guide the Son, in Pity to the Sire. 165
 Your's is the Pow'r, for HECATÉ bestow'd
 On you the Rule of this Infernal Wood.
 If ORPHEUS by his Lyre's enchanting Strain
 Could call his Confort from the Shades again;
 If POLLUX dy'd alternate, to convey 170 }
 His ransom'd Brother to the Realms of Day,
 And trod so oft the same Infernal Way? }
 Why should I THESEUS, why ALCIDES name;
 Each Heroe sprung but from a Mortal Dame?
 To Hell those Chiefs descended from above: 175 }
 I claim a juster Right; for I can prove }
 My Birth from VENUS; my Descent from JOVE. }

THEN to the *Trojan* Heroe, as he pray'd
 And grasp'd the Altars, spoke the Sacred Maid:

O glorious Prince! of brave ANCHISES' Line, 180
 Great, Godlike Heroe, sprung from Seed Divine!
 Smooth lies the Road to PLUTO's gloomy Shade;
 And Hell's black Gates for ever stand display'd:
 But 'tis a long unconquerable Pain,
 To climb to these Etherial Realms again. 185

The choice selected Few, whom fav'ring Jove,
 Or ardent Virtue rais'd to Heav'n above,
 From these dark Realms emerg'd again to Day ;
 The mighty Sons of Gods ! and only they !
 The frightful Entrance lies perplex'd with Woods, 190
 Inclos'd with sad *Cocytus*' fullen Floods.
 But since you long to pass the Realms beneath,
 The dreadful Realms of Darknes and of Death,
 Twice the dire *Stygian* Stream to measure o'er,
 And twice the black *Tartarean* Gulf explore : 195
 First, take my Counsel, then securely go ;
 A mighty Tree, that bears a Golden Bough,
 Grows in a Vale furrounded with a Grove,
 And Sacred to the Queen of *Stygian* Jove.
 Her Neather World no Mortals can behold, 200
 Till from the Bole they strip the blooming Gold.
 The mighty Queen requires this Gift alone,
 And claims the shining Wonder for her Own.
 One pluck'd away, a Second Branch you see
 Shoot forth in Gold, and glitter through the Tree. 205
 Go then ; with Care erect thy searching Eyes,
 And in proud Triumph seize the glorious Prize.
 Thy purpos'd Journey if the Fates allow,
 Free to thy Touch shall bend the costly Bough.

BOOK VI. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 247

If not ; the Tree will mortal Strength disdain ; 210
And Steel shall hew the glitt'ring Branch in vain.
Besides, while here my Counsel you implore,
Your breathless Friend, unburied on the Shore,
(Ah ! hapless Warrior ! in thy Absence lost)
The Camp unhallows, and pollutes the Host. 215
First let his cold Remains in Earth be laid,
And decent in the Grave dispose the Dead.
The due Lustration next perform, and bring
The fable Victims for the *Stygian* King.
Then to the Realms of Hell shalt thou repair, 220
Untrod by those who breath the vital Air.

SHE ceas'd ; the mournful Prince returns with Sighs :
On Earth the drooping Heroe fix'd his Eyes.
Deep in his melancholy Thoughts he weigh'd
The dire Event, and all the *Sibyl* said ; 225
While at his Side the good ACHATES shares
The Warrior's Anguish, and divides his Cares.
Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless Friend
Dead and expos'd, her dubious Words intend.
But when arriv'd, amid the crowded Strand 230
They saw MISENUS stretch'd along the Sand ;

The great MISENUS, of Celestial Kind ;
 Sprung from the mighty Monarch of the Wind ;
 Whose Trump, with noble Clangors, fir'd from far
 Th' embattled Hosts, and blew the Flames of War. 235

By HECTOR'S Side with unresisted Might
 His Javelin rag'd ; his Trumpet rous'd the Fight.
 But when that Heroe on the *Phrygian* Plain
 By stern PELIDES' thund'ring Arm was slain,
 He follow'd next ÆNEAS' conqu'ring Sword, 240
 As brave a Warrior as his former Lord.

But while the daring Mortal o'er the Flood
 Rais'd his high Notes, and challeng'd every God,
 With Envy *Triton* heard the noble Strain,
 And whelm'd the bold Musician in the Main. 245

Around the Body stood the mournful Host,
 But his great Master wept, and suffer'd most.
 The forrowing Troops the *Sibyl's* Words obey,
 And to the lofty Forest bend their Way,
 To bid the proud Funereal Pyre arise, 250

And build the Solemn Structure to the Skies.
 Then fled the Savage from his dark Abode ;
 The well-ply'd Axes echo thro' the Wood.
 The piercing Wedges cleave the crackling Oak ;
 Loud groan the Trees and sink at every Stroke. 255
 The

The tall Ash tumbles from the Mountain's Crown ;
 Th' Aërial Elms come crushing Headlong down.
 First of the Train, the Prince, with thund'ring Sound,
 Whirl'd his huge Ax, and spread the Ruin round.
 Then as the mighty Forest he survey'd, 260
 O'erwhelm'd with Care the Thoughtful Heroe pray'd :
 Oh ! in this ample Grove could I behold
 The Tree that blooms with Vegetable Gold !
 Since Truth inspir'd each Word the SIBYL said ;
 Too truly she pronounc'd MISENUS Dead ! 265
 While yet he spoke, two Doves before him flew :
 His Mother's Birds the Chief with Transport knew ;
 Then, as they settled on the verdant Plain,
 The joyful Heroe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :
 Be you my Guides thro' Airy Tracks above, 270
 And lead my Footsteps to the fatal Grove ;
 Point out the Road (if any can be found,)
 Where the rich Bough o'er-spreads the Sacred Ground
 With checquer'd Darknes pierc'd by Golden Rays,
 And darts at once a Shadow and a Blaze : 275
 Thou too, O Goddess Mother ! lead me on,
 Unfold these Wonders, and relieve thy Son.
 This said, he stop'd ; but still his eager Sight
 Watch'd every Motion, and observ'd their Flight.

250 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK VI.

By Turns they feed, by Turns they gently fly ; 280
Th' advancing Chief still follows with his Eye.

Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the Skies,
Blue Clouds of Poison from AVERNUS rise,
Swift from the Deathful Blast at once they spring,
Cut the light Air, and shoot upon the Wing ; 285

Then on the wondrous Tree the Doves alight,
Where shines the fatal Bough, Divinely bright,
That, gilding all the Leaves with glancing Beams,
Strikes through the Sullen Shade with Golden Gleams :
As when bleak Winter binds the frozen Skies, 290

Push'd from the Oak her foreign Honours rise ;
The lofty Trunk th'adopted Branches crown,
Grac'd with a † yellow Offspring not her own :
So with bright Beams, all beauteous to behold,
Glow'd on the dusky Tree the blooming Gold ; 295
The blooming Gold, by every Breath inclin'd,
Flam'd as it wav'd, and tinckled in the Wind.

The Chief with Transport stripp'd the branching Oar,
And the rich Trophy to the SIBYL bore.

NEXT on the Strand, with Tears the *Trojans* paid 300
The last sad Honours to MISENUS' Shade :

With

With cloven Oaks and unctuous Pines, they rear
A stately Solemn Pile aloft in Air.

With fable Wreaths they deck the Sides around,
The spreading Front with baleful Cypress bound, 305
And with his Arms the tow'ring Structure crown'd.

Some the huge Cauldron fill; the foaming Stream
Mounts, hisses, boils and bubbles o'er the Brim.

With Groans the Train anoint and bathe the Dead,
O'er the cold Limbs his Purple Garment spread, 310
And place him decent on the Funeral Bed;

While these support the Bier, and in their Hands,

With Looks averted, hold the flaming Bands:

The Rite of old!--Rich Incense loads the Pyre,

And Oyls and slaughter'd Victims feed the Fire. 315

Soon as the Pyle, subsiding, flames no more,

With Wine the smoking Heap they sprinkled o'er:

Then CHORINÆUS took the Charge, to place

The Bones selected in a Brazen Vase:

A verdent Branch of Olive in his Hands, 320

He mov'd around, and purified the Bands;

Slow as he pass'd, the Lustral Waters shed,

Then clos'd the Rites, and thrice invok'd the Dead.

THIS done ; to solemnize the Warrior's Doom,
 The pious Heroe rais'd a lofty Tomb ; 325
 The tow'ring Top his well-known Ensigns bore,
 The once-loud Trumpet and the tapering Oar :
 Beneath the Mountain rose the mighty Frame,
 That bears, from Age to Age, MISENUS' Name.

THESE Rites discharg'd ; the *Sibyl* to obey, 330
 Swift from the Tomb the Heroe bends his Way.
 Deep, deep, a Cavern lies, devoid of Light,
 All rough with Rocks, and horrible to Sight ;
 The gaping Gulph inclos'd with Sable Floods,
 And the brown Horrors of furrounding Woods. 335
 From her black Jaws such baleful Vapours rise,
 Blot the bright Day, and blast the golden Skies,
 That not a Bird can stretch her Pinions there
 Through the thick Poisons and incumber'd Air :
 O'ertook by Death her flagging Pinions cease, 340
 And hence AÖRNUUS was it call'd by *Greece*.
 Hither the Priests four black Heifers led,
 Between their Horns the hallow'd Wine she shed ;
 From their high Front the Topmost Hairs she drew,
 And in the Flames the first Oblations threw. 345
 Then

Then calls on potent HECATE, renown'd
 In Heav'n above, and *Erebus* profound.
 The Victims next th' Attendants kill'd, and flood
 With ample Chargers, to receive the Blood.
 To *Earth* and *Night* a Lamb of Sable Hue, 350
 With solemn Rites, the pious Heroe slew.
 Next, by the Knife a barren Heifer fell
 To great PERSEPHONE, the Queen of Hell.
 Then to her Lord, Infernal Jove, he paid
 A large Oblation in the gloomy Shade; 355
 And Oyls amid the burning Entrails pour'd,
 While slaughter'd Bulls the Sacred Flames devour'd.
 When lo! by dawning Day, with dreadful Sound,
 Beneath their Footsteps groans the heaving Ground; }
 The Groves all wave; the Forests tremble round. 360 }

Pale HECATE forfook the Neather Sky,
 And howling Dogs proclaim'd the Goddess nigh.
 Fly, ye Prophane! O fly! and far remove
 (Exclaims the Priests) from the Sacred Grove:
 And thou, ÆNEAS, draw thy shining Steel, 365
 And boldly take the dreadful Road to Hell.
 To the great Task thy Strength and Courage call,
 With all thy Pow'rs; this Instant claims them all.

This laid ; she plunges down the deep Descent ;
 The Prince as boldly follow'd where she went. 370

YE Subterraneous Gods ! whose awful Sway
 The gliding Ghosts and silent Shades obey ;
 O CHAOS hoar ! and PHLEGETHON profound !
 Whose solemn Empire stretches wide around ;
 Give me, ye dread tremendous Pow'rs ! to tell 375
 Of Scenes, and Wonders in the Depths of Hell ;
 Give me your mighty Secrets to display
 From those black Realms of Darkness to the Day !

NOW through the dismal Gloom they pass, and tread
 Grim PLUTO'S Courts, the Regions of the Dead ; 380
 As puzzled Travellers benighted move,
 (The Moon scarce glimmering thro' the dusky Grove)
 When Jove from mortal Eyes has snatch'd the Light,
 And wrap'd the World in undistinguish'd Night.

AT Hell's dread Mouth a thousand Monsters wait ; 385
Grief weeps, and *Vengeance* bellows in the Gate :
 Base *Want*, low *Fear*, and *Famine's* lawless Rage,
 And pale *Disease*, and slow repining *Age*,

Fierce,

Fierce, formidable Fiends! the Portal keep;
 With *Pain, Toil, Death*, and *Death's* Half-Brother *Sleep*. 390
 There, *Joys*, embitter'd with *Remorse*, appear;
 Daughters of *Guilt*! Here storms destructive *War*.
 Mad *Discord* there her snaky Tresses tore;
 Here, stretch'd on Iron Beds, the *Furies* roar.
 Full in the midst a spreading Elm display'd 395
 His aged Arms, and cast a mighty Shade.
 Each trembling Leaf with some light Vision teems,
 And heaves impregnated with airy Dreams.
 With double Forms each *Scylla* took her Place
 In Hell's dark Entrance, with the *Centaur's* Race; 400
 And, close by LERNA'S hissing Monster, stands
 BRIAREUS dreadful with a hundred Hands.
 There stern GERYON raged; and, all around,
 Fierce HARPIES scream'd, and direful GORGONS frown'd:
 Here from CHIMÆRA'S Jaws long Flames expire; 405
 And the huge Fiend was wrap'd in Smoak and Fire.
 Scar'd at the Sight, his Sword the Heroe drew
 At the grim Monsters, as they rose to View.
 His Guide then warn'd him, not to wage the War
 With thin light Forms and Images of Air; 410
 Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive Train,
 And madly struck at empty Shades in vain.

FROM hence a dark uncomfortable Road
 Leads to dread ACHERON'S *Tartarean* Flood,
 Whose furious Whirl-pools boil on every Side, 415
 And in COCYTUS pour the roaring Tide
 All stain'd with Ooze, and black with rising Sands.
 Lord of the Flood, Imperious CHARON stands ;
 But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd ;
 Rude and neglected hung his Length of Beard ; 420
 All patch'd and knotted flutters his Attire ;
 His wrathful Eyeballs glare with Sanguine Fire.
 Tho' old, still unimpair'd by Years he stood,
 And hoary Vigour blest the furly God.
 Himself still ply'd the Oars, his Canvas spread, 425
 And in his fable Bark convey'd the Dead.
 Hither, a mighty Crowd, a mingled Host,
 Confus'd, came pouring round the *Stygian* Coast.
 Men, Matrons, Boys and Virgins, in the Throng,
 With mighty Kings and Heroes march'd along ; 430
 And blooming Youths, before their mournful Sires
 Stretch'd out untimely on their Funeral Pyres ;
 Thick as the Leaves come fluttering from above,
 When cooler Autumn strips the blasted Grove :
 Thick, as the feather'd Flocks, in close Array, 435
 O'er the wide Fields of Ocean wing their Way,

When

When from the Rage of Winter they repair
To warmer Suns and more indulgent Air.
All stretch their suppliant Hands, and All implore
The first kind Passage to the farther Shore. 440

Now These, now Those he singles from the Host,
And some he drives all trembling from the Coast.
The Prince, astonish'd at the Tumult, cry'd,
Why crowd such mighty Numbers to the Tide?
Why are those favour'd Ghosts transported o'er? 445
And these sad Shades chas'd backward from the Shore?

The Full of Days, the *Sibyl* thus replies;
Great Prince, the true Descendant of the Skies!
You see *Cocytus'* Stream; the *Stygian* Floods,
Whose awful Sanction binds th' attesting Gods. 450
Those, who neglected on the Strand remain,
Are all a wretched, poor, unburi'd Train.

CHARON is He, who o'er the Flood presides;
And those, Interr'd, who cross the *Stygian* Tides.
No Mortals pass the hoarse-reshounding Wave, 455
But those who slumber in the peaceful Grave.
Thus, till a hundred Years have roll'd away,
Around these Shores the plaintive Spectres stray.
That mighty Term expir'd, their Wanderings past,
They reach the long-expected Shore at last. 460

STRUCK with their Fate, his Steps the Heroe stay'd,
 And with soft Pity all the Crowd survey'd.
 When lo! LEUCASPIS in the Throng he spy'd;
 And great ORONTES, once the *Lycian* Guide;
 Sullen and sad; for Fate's relentless Doom 465
 Deny'd the Chiefs, the Honours of a Tomb;
 Whose Galley, whirl'd by Tempests round and round,
 Sunk, by a mighty Surge devour'd and drown'd.
 Now drew his Pilot *Palinurus* nigh,
 Who watching every Star that gilds the Sky, 470
 While from the *Libyan* Shores his Course he keeps,
 From the tall Stern plung'd headlong down the Deeps.
 Pensive his slow Approach the Spectre made,
 When, as the Prince had scarce his Form survey'd
 Thro' the thick Gloom, he first address'd the Shade: 475
 What Godhead whelm'd my Friend, our faithful Guide,
 Beneath the Roarings of the dreadful Tide?
 Tell me -- for oh! I never could complain,
 Till now, of *Phæbus*, nor believ'd in vain.
 Once he foretold - - (but ah! those Hopes are lost) 480
 That PALINURE should reach th' *Ausonian* Coast,
 Safe from the giddy Storm and rolling Flood;
 Is this, is this the Promise of a God?

NOR PHOEBUS, he replies, foretold in vain,
 Nor has a God o'er-whelm'd me in the Main. 485
 No --- as I steer'd along the foamy Sea,
 Headlong I fell, and tore the Helm away.
 But by those fierce tumultuous Floods I swear,
 For my own Life I never felt a Fear,
 For Your's alone I trembled, left the Ship, 490
 Left all at large and bounding o'er the Deep,
 Robb'd of her Helm and long-experienc'd Guide,
 Should sink, o'er-whelm'd in such a furious Tide.
 For three long stormy Nights Sublime I rode,
 Heav'd by the Southern Tempests, o'er the Flood; 495
 At early Dawn my Eyes could just explore,
 From a tall tow'ring Surge, th' *Italian* Shore.
 Thus tir'd, the Land I gain by slow Degrees,
 And 'scap'd at length the Dangers of the Seas;
 But Hopes of Prey the Savage Natives led, 500
 And, while I grasp'd the shaggy Mountain's Head,
 (My cumb'rous Vests yet heavy from the Main,)
 By barbarous Hands thy helpless Friend was slain.
 And now by floating Surges am I tost,
 With every Wind, and dash'd upon the Coast, 505

But by the Light of yon' Etherial Air,
 By thy dead Father and surviving Heir,
 O Prince! thy Pity to a Wretch extend;
 And from these dismal Realms enlarge thy Friend.
 Or to the *Velin* Port direct thy Way, 510
 And in the Ground my breathless Body lay:
 Or, if thy Goddess-Mother can disclose
 Some Means to fix a Period to my Woes,
 (For sure uncall'd, unguided by the Gods,
 You durst not pass these dreadful *Stygian* Floods) 515
 Lend to a pining Wretch thy friendly Hand,
 And waft him with thee to the farther Strand!
 Thus, in this dismal State of Death, at least
 My wand'ring Soul may lie compos'd in Rest.

AND how, reply'd the Dame, could rise in Man 520
 A Wish so impious; or a Thought so vain!
 Uncall'd, Unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,
 And view th' Infernal Fiends who guard the dreadful Shore?
 Hope not to turn the Course of Fate by Pray'r,
 Or bend the Gods inflexibly severe: 525
 But bear thy Doom content; while I disclose
 A Beam of Comfort to relieve thy Woes;

For

BOOK VI. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 261

For know, the Nations bord'ring on the Floods,
Alarm'd by direful Omens of the Gods,
In full Atonement of thy Death, shall rear 530
A mighty Tomb, and annual Offerings bear.
The Place from Age to Age, renown'd by Fame,
Still shall be known by PALINURUS' Name.
These Words reliev'd his Sorrows, and display'd
A Dawn of Joy to please the pensive Shade. 535

Now they proceed; but soon the Pilot spy'd
The Strangers from the Wood approach the Tide.
Then to the Godlike Chief, in Wrath he said,
Mortal ! whoe'er thou art, in Arms array'd,
Stand off ; approach not ; but at Distance say, 540
Why to these Waters dar'st thou bend thy Way ?
These are the Realms of Sleep, the dreadful Coasts
Of fable Night and airy gliding Ghosts.
No living Mortals o'er the Stream I lead ;
Our Bark is only Sacred to the Dead. 545
Know, I repent I led PIRITHOÛS o'er,
With mighty THESEUS, to the farther Shore ;
That great ALCIDES past the *Stygian* Floods ;
Tho' these were Heroes, and the Sons of Gods.

From

From PLUTO'S Throne, This drag'd in Chains away 550
 Hell's triple Porter, trembling, to the Day.

Those from his lofty Dome aspir'd to lead

The beauteous Partner of his Royal Bed.

To whom the Sacred Dame---How vain thy Fear!

These Arms intend no Violence or War. 555

May the huge Dog, thro' all the *Stygian* Coasts,

Roar from his Den and scare the flying Ghosts;

Untouch'd and chaste, PERSEPHONE may dwell,

And with grim PLUTO share the Throne of Hell:

The *Trojan* Prince, ÆNEAS, far around 560

For Valour, Arms and Piety renown'd,

Thro' these Infernal Realms decrees to go,

And meet his Father in the Shades below.

To bend thy Mind, if such high Virtue fail,

At least this glorious Present must prevail; 565

(Then show'd the Bough, that lay beneath her Vest)

At once his rising Wrath was hush'd to Rest;

At once stood reconcil'd the ruthless God,

And bow'd with Reverence to the Golden Rod;

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

But turns the fable Vessel to the Shore;

Drives from the Deck the flitting Airy Train;

Then in the Bark receiv'd the Mighty Man.

BOOK VI. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 263

The feeble Vessel groans beneath the Load,
And drinks at many a Leak th'Infernal Flood. 575
The Dame and Prince at last are wafted o'er
Safe to the Slimy Strand and Oozy Shore.

ARRIV'D, they first grim CERBERUS survey;
Stretch'd in his Den th'enormous Monster lay.
His three wide Mouths, with many a dreadful Yell, 580
And long, loud Bellowings, shook the Realms of Hell:
Now o'er his Neck the starting Serpents rose,
When to the Fiend the Dame a morsel throws.
Honey, and Drugs, and Poppy Juices steep
The temper'd Mass with all the Pow'rs of Sleep. 585
With three huge gaping Mouths, impatient flies
The growling Savage, and devours the Prize;
Then, by the Charm subdu'd, he sunk away;
And, stretch'd o'er all the Cave, the slumb'ring Monster lay.
The Fiend thus lull'd, the Heroe took the Road, 590
And left behind th'irremeable Flood.
Now, as they enter'd, doleful Screams they hear;
And tender Cries of Infants pierce the Ear.
Just New to Life, by too Severe a Doom,
Snatch'd from the Cradle to the silent Tomb! 595

Next

Next, mighty Numbers crowd the Verge of Hell,
 Who by a partial Charge and Sentence fell.
 Here, by a juster Lot, their Seats they took;
 The fatal Urn Imperious MINOS shook,
 Convenes a Council, bids the Spectres plead, 600
 Rehears the Wretches, and absolves the Dead.
 Then Crowds succeed, who, prodigal of Breath,
 Themselves anticipate the Doom of Death;
 Tho' free from Guilt, they cast their Lives away,
 And sad and fullen hate the Golden Day. 605
 Oh! with what Joy the Wretches now would bear
 Pain, Toil and Woe, to breathe the Vital Air!
 In vain!---by Fate for ever are they bound
 With dire AVERNUS and the Lake profound;
 And *Styx* with Nine wide Channels roars around. 610 }

NEXT, open wide the Melancholy Plains,
 Where Lovers pine in everlasting Pains;
 Those soft consuming Flames they felt Alive,
 Pursue the Wretches, and in Death survive.
 Here, where those Myrtle Groves their Shades display, 615
 In cover'd Walks they pass their Hours away.
 EVADNE, PHÆDRA, PROCRIS he survey'd,
 PASIPHÆ next, and LAODAMIA'S Shade.

BOOK VI. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. 265

Stabb'd by her Son, false ERIPHYLÉ there
Points to her Wound, and lays her Bosom bare : 620
COENEUS, who try'd both Sexes, trod the Plain,
Now to a Woman chang'd by Fate again.
With these, fair DIDO rang'd the silent Wood,
New from her Wound, her Bosom bath'd in Blood ;
The Chief, advancing thro' the shady Scene, 625
Scarce thro' the Gloom discern'd the fullen Queen :
So the pale Moon scarce glimmers to the Eye,
When first she rises in a clouded Sky.
He wept, and thus address'd her in the Grove,
With all the melting Tendernefs of Love ; 630

THEN was it true, that by revengeful Steel,
Stung with Despair, unhappy DIDO fell ?
And I, was I the Cause of that Despair ?
Yet oh ! I vow by every golden Star ;
By all the Pow'rs th'Ethereal Regions know, 635
By all the Pow'rs that rule the World below,
I left your Realm reluctant ; o'er the Floods
Call'd by the Fates, and summon'd by the Gods ;
Th' Immortal Gods ; -- by whose Commands I come
From yon' bright Realms to this Eternal Gloom : 640

Con-

Condemn'd the waftful Deep of Night to tread,
 And pafs thefe doleful Regions of the Dead.
 Ah! could I think, when urg'd by Heav'n to go,
 My Flight would plunge you in the Depth of Woe!
 Stay, DIDO, ftay, and fee from whom you fly! 645
 'Tis from your fond repentant Lover's Eye.
 Turn then One Moment, and my Vows believe,
 The laft, laft Moment Fate will ever give!

NOUGHT to thefe tender Words the Fair replies,
 But fixt on Earth her unrelenting Eyes. 650
 The Chief ftill weeping; with a fullen Mein,
 In ftedfaft Silence, frown'd th'obdurate Queen.
 Fixt as a Rock amidft the roaring Main,
 She hears him figh, implore and plead in vain.
 Then, where the Woods their thickeft Shades difplay, 655
 From his detefted Sight ſhe fhoots away;
 There from her dear SICHÆUS, in the Grove,
 Found all her Cares repaid, and Love return'd for Love.
 'Touch'd with her Woes, the Prince, with ftreaming Eyes
 And Floods of Tears, purfues her as ſhe flies. 660

HENCE he proceeds; and laft the Fields appear,
 Where ftalk'd the proud Heroick Sons of War.

TYDEUS and pale ADRASTUS rose to Sight,
 With † ATALANTA'S Son renown'd in Fight.
 Here, a long Crowd of Chiefs the Prince beheld, 665
 Who fell lamented in the glorious Field,
 His *Trojan* Friends;---with Sighs he view'd the Train;
 Three valiant Sons of sage ANTENOR slain:
 Here brave THERSILOCUS and GLAUCUS stood,
 MEDON and POLYBOETES bath'd in Blood. 670
 IDÆUS there still glories in Alarms,
 Vaults on his Car and wields his shining Arms.
 Eager to view the Chief; on either Hand,
 Rank behind Rank, the airy Warriors stand:
 All in their Turn retard the Prince, to know 675
 What urg'd his Journey to the Shades below.
 Not so the Kings of *Greece*--Appall'd, dismay'd,
 The Hostile Chiefs the Godlike Man survey'd
 In Arms that glitter'd thro' the dusky Shade. }
 Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the View 680
 As when before him to their Fleets they flew.
 Some rais'd a Cry; the flutt'ring Accents hung
 And dy'd imperfect on the trembling Tongue.
 Here *Priam's* Son, DEIPHOBUS, he found;
 The mangled Youth was one continu'd Wound. 685
 For

† PARTHENOPÆUS.

For now his Face, his beauteous Face appears
 Gash'd and dishonour'd with a Thousand Scars.
 His Hands, Ears, Nostrils, hideous to survey !
 The stern insulting Foes had lopp'd away ;
 Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal 690
 The bloody Traces of the ruthless Steel.
 Soon as the Prince discern'd him, he began,
 And thus deplor'd the miserable Man :
 O brave DEIPHOBUS ! O Chief Divine !
 Sprung from majestic TEUCER'S Martial Line ; 695
 What fierce barbarian Hands could thus disgrace
 Thy manly Figure, and thy beauteous Face ?
 In that last Night, when ILION sunk in Flame,
 I heard, brave Warrior ! from the Voice of Fame,
 You fell on Heaps of Foes, with Slaughter tir'd, 700
 And on the glorious purple Pile expir'd.
 With Care I rais'd on our *Rhætean* Coast
 A vacant Tomb, and hail'd thy mighty Ghost :
 Thy Name and Arms adorn the Place around ;
 And, had thy mangled bleeding Corse been found, 705
 Thy Relicks had repos'd in *Trojan* Ground.

My Friend (replies the Chief) has duly paid,
 All funeral Honours to my penfive Shade ;

But

But these dire Woes from fatal HELEN came;
 These are the Triumphs of the *Spartan* Dame! 710
 For well, too well you know, in what Delight
 We fondly spent our last destructive Night:
 When the vast Monster, big with ILION'S Doom,
 Tower'd thro' the Town, an Army in the Womb;
 In solemn Show she bade the Dames advance, 715
 And in dissembled *Orgies* led the Dance;
 A flaming Torch she brandish'd in her Hand;
 Then from the Tow'r invites the *Grecian* Band,
 While, worn with Labours I repos'd my Head
 (Ah Wretch ill-fated!) on our Bridal Bed. 720
 My heavy Lids the Dews of Slumber steep,
 Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like Sleep.
 Then from beneath my Head, as tir'd I lay,
 My Loyal Bride conveys my Sword away,
 Removes my Arms, unfolds the Door, and calls 725
 Her *Spartan* Lord within my Palace Walls;
 Betrays her Last, to please her Former Spouse,
 And cancel all the Guilt of broken Vows!
 Fierce they broke in, by dire ULYSSES led,
 And basely flew me in the Bridal Bed. 730
 Hear my just Pray'rs, ye Gods! --to *Greece* repay
 A Fate like Mine; give all your Vengeance Way!

But

But Thee, O Prince, what wondrous Fortune led
 Alive, to these Dominions of the Dead?
 Say, did the Will and Counsel of the Gods, 735
 Or the rude Tempests and tumultuous Floods,
 Compell thy Course from yon' Etherial Light,
 To these dark Realms of Everlasting Night?

MEANTIME the swift-wing'd Courfers of the Sun
 Thro' Heav'n full half their fiery Race had run; 740
 And all th'appointed Hours in Talk had past,
 But thus the Priestess warn'd the Chief at last:
 Lo! Night advances, Prince!--we waste away
 In idle Sorrows the Remains of Day.

See---in two ample Roads, the Way divides; 745
 The Right, direct, our destin'd Journey guides,
 By PLUTO'S Palace, to th' *Elysian* Plains;
 The Left to *Tartarus*, where, bound in Chains,
 Loud houl the Damn'd in Everlasting Pains. }

Dismiss thy Wrath, replies the penfive Shade, 750
 But one Word more---I then rejoin the Dead:
 Go---mighty Prince, the promis'd Throne ascend;
 Go---but with better Fortune than thy Friend!
 With these last Accents, to the Warrior Host
 Retires the trembling, melancholy Ghost. 755

Now to the Left, ÆNEAS darts his Eyes,
 Where lofty Walls with triple Ramparts rise.
 There rolls swift *Phlegethon*, with thund'ring Sound,
 His broken Rocks, and whirls his fiery Surges round.
 On mighty Columns rais'd, Sublime are hung 760
 The massy Gates, impenetrably strong.
 In vain would Men, in vain would Gods essay,
 To hew the Beams of Adamant away.
 Here rose an Iron Tow'r: Before the Gate,
 By Night and Day, a wakeful Fury fate, 765
 The pale *TISIPHONÉ*; a Robe she wore,
 With all the Pomp of Horror, dy'd in Gore.
 Here the loud Scourge and louder Voice of *Pain*,
 The crashing Fetter and the ratt'ling Chain,
 Scar'd the great Heroe with the frightful Sound, 770
 The hoarse, rough, mingled Din, that thunders round:
 Oh! whence that Peal of Groans? what Pains are those?
 What Crimes could merit such stupendous Woes?

THUS she---brave Guardian of the *Trojan* State,
 None that are pure must pass that dreadful Gate. 775
 When

When plac'd by *HECAT* o'er *Avernus'* Woods, }
 I learnt the Secrets of those dire Abodes, }
 With all the Tortures of the vengeful Gods. }

Here *RHADAMANTHUS* holds his awful Reign,
 Hears and condemns the trembling Impious Train. 780
 Those hidden Crimes the Wretch till Death suppress,
 With mingled Joy and Horror in his Breast,
 The stern dread Judge commands him to display;
 And lays the guilty Secrets bare to Day.

Her Lash *TISIPHONÉ* that Moment shakes; 785
 The Ghost she scourges with a Thousand Snakes;
 Then to her Aid, with many a thund'ring Yell,
 Calls her dire Sisters from the Gulphs of Hell.

Now the loud Portals from their Hinges flew,
 And all the dreadful Scene appears in View. 790
 Behold (she cries) what direful Monster waits
 (Tremendous Form!) to guard the gloomy Gates!
 Within, her Bulk more dreadful *Hydra* spreads,
 And hissing rears her Fifty tow'ring Heads.
 Full twice as deep the Dungeon of the Fiends, 795
 The huge, *Tartarean*, gloomy Gulf descends
 Below these Regions, as these Regions lie
 From the bright Realms of yon' Etherial Sky.

Here

Here roar the *Titan* Race, th'enormous Birth;
 The antient Offspring of the teeming Earth. 800
 Pierc'd by the burning Bolts, of old they fell,
 And still roll bellowing in the Depths of Hell.
 Here lie th' ÆLIAN Twins, in Length display'd;
 Stretch'd as they lie, the Giants I survey'd,
 Who warr'd to drive the Thunderer from Above; 805
 And storm'd the Skies, and shook the Throne of JOVE.
 There proud SALMONEUS, wrapt in Chains below,
 Raves in Eternal Agonies of Woe;
 Who mock'd, with empty Sounds and Mimic Rays,
 Heav'n's awful Thunder and the Lightning's Blaze; 810
 O'er *Elis'* Walls he tower'd aloft in Air,
 Whirl'd by Four Coursers in his rattling Car;
 A blazing Torch he shook; o'er Crowds he rode;
 And madly claim'd the Glories of a God.
 O'er hollow Vaults he lash'd the Steeds along, 815
 And, as they flew, the brazen Arches rung.
 Vain Fool! to mock the Bolts of Heav'n above,
 And those Inimitable Flames of JOVE!
 But from the Clouds, th'avenging Father aims
 Far other Bolts and undissembled Flames. 820
 Dash'd from his Car, the Mimic Thunderer fell,
 And in a fiery Whirl-wind plung'd to Hell.

THERE too the mighty *Tityus* I beheld,
 Earth's Giant Son, stretch'd o'er th'Infernal Field;
 He cover'd Nine large Acres as he lay, 825
 While with fierce Screams a Vultur tore away
 His Liver for her Food, and scoop'd the smoking Prey;
 Plung'd deep her bloody Beak, nor plung'd in vain,
 For still the fruitful Fibres spring again,
 Swell, and renew th'enormous Monster's Pain. 830
 She dwells for ever in his roomy Breast,
 Nor gives the roaring Fiend a Moment's Rest;
 But still th' Immortal Prey supplies th' Immortal Feast.
 Need I the *Lapiths'* horrid Pains relate,
 Ixion's Torments, or Pirithous' Fate? 835
 On high a tottering Rocky Fragment spreads,
 Projects in Air and trembles o'er their Heads.
 Stretch'd on the Couch, they see with longing Eyes
 In Regal Pomp successive Banquets rise,
 While lucid Columns, glorious to behold, 840
 Support th'Imperial Canopies of Gold.
 The Queen of Furies, a tremendous Guest,
 Sits by their Side, and guards the tempting Feast,
 Which if they touch, her dreadful Torch she rears,
 Flames in their Eyes, and thunders in their Ears. 845
 They

They that on Earth had low Pursuits in View,
 Their Brethren hated, or their Parents flew,
 And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their Store,
 But ne'er reliev'd their Kindred or the Poor,
 Or in a Cause Unrighteous fought and bled, 850
 Or perish'd in the foul Adulterous Bed,
 Or broke the Ties of Faith with base Deceit;
 Imprison'd deep, their destin'd Torments wait.
 But what their Torments, seek not thou to know,
 Or the dire Sentence of their endless Woe. 855
 Some roll a Stone, rebounding down the Hill,
 Some hang suspended on the whirling Wheel;
 There THESEUS groans in Pains that ne'er expire,
 Chain'd down for ever in a Chair of Fire.
 There PHLEGYAS feels unutterable Woe, 860
 And roars incessant thro' the Shades below;
 Be just, ye Mortals! by these Torments aw'd,
 These dreadful Torments, not to scorn a God.
 This Wretch his Country to a Tyrant fold,
 And barter'd glorious Liberty for Gold. 865
 Laws for a Bribe He past, but past in vain,
 For those same Laws a Bribe repeal'd again.
 This Wretch by hot preposterous Lust was led,
 To climb and violate his Daughter's Bed.

To some enormous Crimes they all aspir'd ; 870
 All feel the Torments that those Crimes requir'd !
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
 A Voice of Brass, and Adamantine Lungs,
 Not half the mighty Scene could I disclose,
 Repeat their Crimes, or count their dreadful Woes!— 875
 Thus spoke the Priests of the God of Day ;
 And, haste, she cry'd ; to Hell's great Empress pay
 The destin'd Present, and pursue thy Way. }
 For lo! the high CYCLOPEAN Walls are near,
 And in full View the Massy Gates appear. 880
 On these the Gods enjoin thee to bestow
 The sacred Offering of the Golden Bough.
 This said, they journey'd thro' the solemn Gloom,
 And reach'd at length the proud Imperial Dome :
 With eager Speed his Course the Heroe bore, 885
 With living Streams his Body sprinkled o'er,
 And fixt the glittering Present on the Door. }
 These Rites compleat, they reach the flowery Plains,
 The verdant Groves where endless Pleasure reigns.
 Here glowing *Æther* shoots a purple Ray, 890
 And o'er the Region pours a double Day.
 From Sky to Sky th'unweary'd Splendor runs,
 And nobler Planets roll round brighter Suns.

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Some wrestle on the Sands; and Some, in Play
And Games Heroick, pass the Hours away. 895
Those raise the Song Divine, and These advance
In measur'd Steps to form the Solemn Dance.
There ORPHEUS, graceful in his long Attire,
In Seven Divisions strikes the sounding Lyre;
Across the Chords the quivering Quill he flings, 900
Or with his flying Fingers sweeps the Strings.
Here TEUCER's antient Race the Prince surveys,
The Race of Heroes born in happier Days:
ILUS, ASSARACUS in Arms rever'd,
And Troy's great Founder DARDANUS appear'd: 905
Before him stalk'd the tall Majestic Train,
And pitch'd their idle Lances on the Plain.
Their Arms and airy Chariots he beheld;
The Steeds unharnes'd graz'd the flowery Field.
Those pleasing Cares the Heroes felt, Alive, 910
For Chariots, Steeds and Arms, in Death survive.
Some on the flowery Plains were stretch'd along;
Sweet to the Ear, their tuneful *Pæans* rung.
Others beneath a Laurel Grove were laid,
And joyful feasted in the fragrant Shade. 915
Here, glittering thro' the Trees, his Eyes survey
The Streams of *Po* descending from the Day.

Here

Here a blest Train advance along the Meads,
 And Snowy Wreaths adorn their graceful Heads:
 Patriots who perish'd for their Country's Right, 920
 Or Nobly triumph'd in the Field of Fight:
 There, holy Priests, and sacred Poets stood,
 Who sung with all the Raptures of a God:
 Worthies, who Life by useful Arts refin'd,
 With those, who leave a deathless Name behind, 925 }
 Friends of the World, and Fathers of Mankind ! }

THIS shining Band the Priests thus address,
 But chief *Musæus*, tow'ring o'er the rest;
 So high the Poet's lofty Stature spreads
 Above the Train, and overtops their Heads! 930
 Say, happy Souls! and thou, blest Poet, say,
 Where dwells *ANCHISES*, and direct our Way?
 For Him we took the dire Infernal Road,
 And stem'd huge *Acheron's* tremendous Flood.
 To whom the Bard---Unsettled we remove, 935
 As Pleasure calls, from verdant Grove to Grove;
 Stretch'd on the flowery Meads, at Ease we lie,
 And hear the Silver Rills run bubbling by.
 Come then, ascend this Point, and hence survey
 By yon' Descent an open easy Way. 940

He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the Brow :
Points out the smiling flowery Fields below.
They leave the proud Aërial Height again,
And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful Plain.

ANCHISES there, the Heroe's Sire Divine, 945
Deep in the Vale had rang'd his glorious Line;
Rank behind Rank, his joyful Eyes survey
The Chiefs in bright Succession rise to Day.
He counts th' Illustrious Race with studious Cares,
Their Deeds, their Fates, their Victories and Wars. 950
Soon as his lov'd ÆNEAS he beheld,
His dear, dear Son, advancing o'er the Field;
Eager he stretch'd his longing Arms, and shed
A Stream of Tears, and thus with Transport said:
Then has thy long-try'd pious Love surpass 955
The dreadful Road, to meet thy Sire at last?
Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,
But hear, and answer to my Godlike Son?
This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran
O'er Times and Seasons; nor presag'd in vain. 960
From what strange Lands, what stormy Seas and Skies
Returns my Son, to bless my longing Eyes?

How

How did my anxious Mind your Danger move,
Then, when in *Carthage* you indulg'd your Love!

YOUR Shade, the Prince replies, your angry Shade, 965
In many a frightful Vision I survey'd.

By your Behest I came to these Abodes;
My Fleet lies anchor'd in the *Tuscan* Floods:
Give me, O Father! give thy Hand, nor shun!
The dear Embraces of a duteous Son. 970

While yet he spoke, the tender Sorrows rise,
And the big Drops run trickling from his Eyes.
Thrice round his Neck his eager Arms he threw;
Thrice from his empty Arms the Phantom flew,
Swift as the Wind, with momentary Flight, 975
Swift as a fleeting Vision of the Night.

Meantime the Heroe saw, with wondering Eyes,
Deep in a Vale a waving Forest rise:
Thro' those sequester'd Scenes flow *Lethe* glides,
And in low Murmurs lulls her slumbering Tides: 980
Unnumber'd Ghosts around the Waters throng,
And o'er the Brink the Airy Nations hung.
So to the Meads in glowing Summer pour
The clustering Bees, and rifle every Flow'r:

O'er

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O'er the sweet Lillies hang the busy Swarms; 985
 The Fields remurmur to the deep Alarms.
 Struck with the Sight, the Prince astonish'd stood;
 Oh! Say, why throng such Numbers to the Flood?
 Or what the Nature of the wondrous Tide,
 And who the Crowds?---to whom the Sire reply'd: 990
 To all those Souls who round the River wait,
 New Mortal Bodies are decreed by Fate.
 To yon' dark Streams the gliding Ghosts repair,
 And quaff deep Draughts of long Oblivion there.
 How have I wish'd before Thee to display 995
 These my Descendants, ere they rise to Day!
 Thus shalt thou *Latium* find with double Joy,
 Since Fate has fixt th' Eternal Throne of *Troy*.--
 O Father! Say, can Heavenly Souls repair
 Once more to Earth, and breathe the Vital Air? 1000
 What! --- can they covet their Corporeal Chain?
 Gods! --can the Wretches long for Life again!--
 Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the Whole,
 And clear these Wonders that amaze thy Soul.
 Then the great Sire the Scheme before him lays, 1005
 And thus each awful Secret he displays:

KNOW first, a Spirit, with an active Flame,
 Fills, feeds and animates the mighty Frame;
 Runs thro' the Watry Worlds, the Fields of Air,
 The pondrous Earth, the Depths of Heav'n; and there
 Shines in the Sun and Moon, and every golden Star. }
 Thus, mingling with the Mass, the general Soul
 Lives in the Parts, and agitates the Whole.
 From that Celestial Energy began
 The Low-brow'd Brute; th'Imperial Race of Man; 1015
 The painted Birds who wing th'Aërial Plain,
 And all the mighty Monsters of the Main.
 Their Souls at first from high *Olympus* came;
 And, if not blunted by the Mortal Frame, }
 Th' Etherial Fires would ever burn the Same! 1020 }
 But while on Earth; by Earth-born Passions tost,
 The Heavenly Spirits lie extinct and lost;
 Nor steal One Glance, before their Bodies die,
 From those dark Dungeons to their native Sky.
 Ev'n when those Bodies are to Death resign'd, 1025
 Some old inherent Spots are left behind;
 A fulying Tincture of Corporeal Stains
 Deep in the Substance of the Soul remains.

Thus

Thus are her Splendors dimm'd, and crufted o'er
 With thofe dark Vices, that ſhe knew before. 1030
 For this the Souls a various Penance pay,
 To purge the Taint of former Crimes away :
 Some in the ſweeping Breezes are refin'd,
 And hung on high to whiten in the Wind :
 Some cleanſe their Stains beneath the guſhing Streams, 1035
 And Some riſe glorious from the ſearching Flames.
 Thus All muſt ſuffer ; and, thoſe Sufferings paſt,
 The clouded Minds are purify'd at laſt.
 But when the circling Seasons, as they roll,
 Have cleans'd the Droſs long-gather'd round the Soul ; 1040
 When the Celeſtial Fire, Divinely bright,
 Breaks forth Victorious in her Native Light ;
 Then We, the choſen Few, *Elyſium* gain,
 And here expatiate on the bliſſful Plain.
 But thoſe thin Airy Throngs thy Eyes behold, 1045
 When o'er their Heads a Thouſand Years have roll'd,
 In mighty Crowds to yon' *Lethæan* Flood
 Swarm at the potent Summons of the God ;
 There the deep Draught of dark Oblivion drain ;
 Then they deſire New Bodies to obtain, 1050
 And viſit Heaven's Etherial Realms again.

This

This said, he ceas'd ; and led their Steps along
 Thro' the loud Tumult of th' Aërial Throng ;
 Then climb'd a Point, and every Face descry'd,
 As the huge Train prest forward to the Tide : 1055

Now hear, while I display our Race Divine,
 And the long Glories of our *Dardan* Line,
 The noble *Roman* Heroes, who shall rise
 From *Trojan* Blood, Successive, to the Skies.
 This mighty Scene of Wonders I relate, 1060
 And open all thy glorious future Fate.
 First then behold yon' blooming Youth appear,
 That Heroe leaning on his shining Spear !
 This the last Son, thy hoary Age shall grace,
 Thy first brave Offspring of the *Latian* Race ; 1065
 From fair *Lavinia* in the Groves he springs,
 A King, and Father of a Race of Kings ;
 SYLVIVS his Name ; proud ALBA shall he sway,
 And to his Sons th' Imperial Pow'r convey.
 See ! where the Youth, already wing'd to rise, 1070
 Stands on the Verge of Life, and claims the Skies.
 PROCAS the next Behold, a Chief Divine,
 PROCAS the Glory of the *Trojan* Line ;

CAPYS and NUMITOR there pant for Fame ;
 There a new § SYLVIVS bears thy mighty Name ; 1075
 Like Thee, Just, Great and Good, for Valour known,
 The Chief shall mount th' Imperial *Alban* Throne.
 What Strength each Youth displays? but who are Those
 With *Civic* Crowns around their manly Brows?
 By those shall GABII and NOMENTUM rise, 1080
 And proud *Collatian* Tow'rs invade the Skies.
 Then FAUNUS' Town with Turrets shall be crown'd,
 And fair FIDENA stretch her Ramparts round.
 Then BOLA too shall rise, of mighty Fame ;
 Unpeopled now they lie, and Lands without a Name ! 1085
 Bright ILIA, sprung from *Trojan* Blood, shall bear
 Yon' Glorious Heroe to the God of War :
 Behold great ROMULUS, her Victor Son ;
 Whose Sword restores his Grandfire to the Throne.
 Lo ! from his Helmet what a Glory plays ! 1090
 And JOVE's own Splendors round his Temples blaze.
 From this brave Prince, Majestic *Rome* shall rise ;
 The boundless Earth, her Empire shall comprize ;
 Her Fame and Valour tow'r above the Skies !
 Seven ample Hills th' Imperial City grace, 1095
 Who nobly glories in her Martial Race ;

Proud

Proud of her Sons, ſhe lifts her Head on high ;
 Proud, as the mighty Mother of the Sky,
 When thro' the *Phrygian* Towns, Sublime in Air,
 She rides Triumphant in her golden Car, 1100
 Crown'd with a nodding Diadem of Tow'rs;
 And counts her Offspring, the Celeſtial Pow'rs,
 A ſhining Train, who fill the bright Abodes,
 A Train Succeſſive of a Hundred Gods !
 Turn, turn thine Eyes! See here thy Race Divine, 1105
 Behold thy own Imperial *Roman* Line:
 CÆSAR, with all the *Julian* Name, Survey ;
 See where the glorious Ranks aſcend to Day !-
 This---This is He!---The Chief ſo long foretold
 To bleſs the Land where SATURN rul'd of old, 1110 }
 And give the *Latian* Realms a Second Age of Gold ! }
 The promis'd Prince, AUGUSTUS the Divine,
 Of CÆSAR'S Race, and Jove's Immortal Line!
 This mighty Chief his Empire ſhall extend
 O'er *Indian* Realms, to Earth's remotest End. 1115
 The Hero's rapid Victories out-run
 The Year's whole Courſe, the Stars, and Journeys of the Sun !
 Where, high in Air, huge ATLAS' Shoulders riſe,
 Support th'Ethereal Lights, and prop the rolling Skies!

He

He comes!--He comes!--proclaim'd by every God! 1120
 NILE hears the Shout, and flakes in every Flood.
 Proud ASIA flies before his dire Alarms,
 And distant Nations tremble at his Arms.
 So many Realms not great ALCIDES past,
 Not, when the brazen-footed Hind he chas'd, 1125
 O'er ERYMANTHUS' Steeps the Boar purfu'd;
 Or drew the huge *Lernæan* Monster's Blood.
 Nor BACCHUS such a Length of Regions knew,
 When on his Car the God in Triumph flew,
 And shook the Reins, and urg'd the fiery Wheels, 1130
 Whirl'd by swift Tygers down the *Indian* Hills.--
 And doubt we yet, by Virtuous Deeds to rise,
 When Fame Immortal is the certain Prize?
 Rise, Rise, my Son; thy *Latian* Foes o'ercome!
 Rise, the great Founder of Majestic *Rome*! 1135

BUT who that ‡ Chief, who crown'd with Olive stands,
 And holds the sacred Relicks in his Hands?
 I know the pious *Roman* King from far,
 The Silver Beard, and Venerable Hair;
 Call'd from his little barren Field away, 1140
 To Pomp of Empire and the Regal Sway.

TULLUS

‡ NUMA COMPILIUS.

TULLUS the next succeeds, whose loud Alarms
Shall rouse the flumbring Sons of *Rome* to Arms.
Inspir'd by Him, the soft unwarlike Train
Repeat their former Triumphs o'er again. 1145
Lo ANCUS there!--the giddy Crowd he draws,
And swells too much with Popular Applause.
Now wou'dst thou TARQUIN's haughty Race behold,
Or fierce avenging BRUTUS, brave and bold?
See the stern Chief stalk awful o'er the Plain, 1150
The glorious Chief, who breaks the 'Tyrant's Chain!
He to his Ax shall proud Rebellion doom,
The First great Consul of his rescu'd *Rome*!
His Sons (who arm, the *Tarquins* to maintain,
And fix Oppression in the Throne again,) 1155
He nobly yields to Justice, in the Cause
Of sacred Liberty and righteous Laws.
Tho' harsh th'unhappy Father may appear,
The Judge compells the Sire to be Severe;
And the fair Hopes of Fame the Patriot move, 1160
To sink the Private in the Public Love.

LIKE Him, TORQUATUS, for stern Justice known,
Dooms to the Ax his brave Victorious Son.

Behold

Behold the DRUSI prodigal of Blood!
 The DECII, dying for their Country's Good! 1165
 Behold CAMILLUS there; that Chief shall come
 With Four proud Triumphs to Imperial *Rome*.
 Lo! in bright Arms two Spirits rise to Sight!
 How strict their Friendship in the Realms of Night!
 How fierce their Discord when they spring to Light! 1170
 How furious in the Field will Both appear!
 With what dire Slaughter! What a Waste of War!
 Impetuous to the Fight the Father pours
 From the steep *Alps*, and tall *Ligurian* Tow'rs.
 The Son, with Servile Monarchs in his Train, 1175
 Leads the whole *Eastern* World, and spreads the Plain.
 Oh! check your Wrath, my Sons; the Nations spare;
 And save your Country from the Woes of War;
 Nor in her sacred Breast, with Rage abhorr'd,
 So fiercely plunge her own Victorious Sword! 1180
 And thou, be thou the First; thy Arms resign,
 Thou, my great Son, of Jove's Celestial Line!--
 † Yon' Chief shall vanquish all the *Grecian* Pow'rs,
 And lay in Dust the proud *Corinthian* Tow'rs,
 Drive to the Capitol his gilded Car, 1185
 And grace the Triumph with the Spoils of War.

P p

That

‡ That Chief shall stretch fair ARGOS on the Plain,
 And the proud Seat of AGAMEMNON'S Reign,
 O'ercome † th' ÆACIAN King, of Race Divine,
 Sprung from the great ACHILLES' glorious Line; 1190
 Avenge MINERVA'S violated Fane,
 And the great Spirits of thy Fathers slain.
 What Tongue, Just CATO, can thy Praise forbear?
 Or each brave SCIPIO'S noble Deeds declare,
Africk's dread Foes; Two Thunderbolts of War! 1195
 Who can the bold FABRICIUS' Worth repeat,
 In Pride of Poverty, Divinely great;
 Call'd by his bleeding Country's Voice, to come
 From the rude Plow, and rule Imperial *Rome*!
 Tir'd as I am the glorious Roll to trace, 1200
 Where am I snatch'd by the long *Fabian* Race!
 See where the § Patriot shines, whose prudent Care
 Preserves his Country by protracted War!---
 The Subject Nations, with a happier Grace,
 From the rude Stone may call the Mimic Face, 1205
 Or with new Life inform the breathing Brass:
 Shine at the Bar, describe the Stars on high,
 The Motions, Laws, and Regions of the Sky:

‡ T. QUINCTIUS FLAMINIUS.

† PHILIP, King of *Macedon*.

§ Q. FABIUS MAXIMUS.

Be t'is Your nobler Praise, in Times to come,
 These Your Imperial Arts, ye Sons of *Rome!* 1210
 O'er distant Realms to stretch Your awful Sway,
 To bid Those Nations tremble and obey;
 To crush the Proud, the Suppliant Foe to rear,
 To give Mankind the Peace, or shake the World with War!-
 He said---awhile their ravish'd Eyes admire 1215
 The wondrous Scenes :---when thus proceeds the Sire :
 See! where MARCELLUS tow'rs above the Train,
 And bears the Regal Trophies from the Plain.
 Endanger'd *Rome* shall bless his Guardian Care,
 And stand Unshaken in a Storm of War. 1220
Carthage and *Gaul* the Hero's Might shall prove,
 The Third who hangs th' Imperial Spoils to J O V E.---
 With Him the *Trojan* Prince a Youth beheld
 In shining Arms advancing o'er the Field ;
 A beauteous Form ; but Clouds his Front furround, 1225
 And his dim Eyes were fixt upon the Ground.
 Say, who that Youth (he cries) o'ercast with Grief ;
 The Youth who follows that Victorious Chief?
 His Son? or one of his Illustrious Line?
 What Numbers crowd, and shout around the Form Divine? 1230
 His Port how Noble! how August his Fame!
 How Like the Former! and how Near the Same!

But gloomy Shades his penfive Brows o'erspread,
 And a dark Cloud involves his beauteous Head.
 Seek not, my Son, replies the Sire, to know 1235
 (And, as he spoke, the gulhing Sorrows flow,)
 What Woes the Gods to thy Descendants doom,
 What endless Grief to every Son of *Rome*!
 This Youth on Earth the Fates but just display,
 And soon, too soon, they snatch the Gift away! 1240
 Had *Rome* for ever held the glorious Prize,
 Her Bliss had rais'd the Envy of the Skies!
 Oh! from the *Martial* Field what Cries shall come!
 What Groans shall echo thro' the Streets of *Rome*!
 How shall old *Tyber*, from his Oozy Bed, 1245
 In that sad Moment rear his Reverend Head,
 The length'ning Pomp and Funeral to survey,
 When by the mighty Tomb he takes his mournful Way!
 A Youth of nobler Hopes shall never rise,
 Nor glad like him the *Latian* Fathers Eyes: 1250
 And *Rome*, proud *Rome* shall boast, she never bore,
 From Age to Age, so brave a Son before!
 Honour and Fame, alas! and antient Truth
 Revive and die with that Illustrious Youth!
 In vain embattled Troops his Arms oppose: 1255
 In every Field he tames his Country's Foes,

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Whether on Foot he marches in his Might,
Or spurs his fiery Courser to the Fight.
Poor pitied Youth! the Glory of the State!
Oh! cou'dst thou shun the dreadful Stroke of Fate, 1260
Rome shou'd in Thee behold, with ravish'd Eyes,
Her Pride, her Darling, her *Marcellus* rise!
Bring fragrant Flow'rs, the whitest Lillies bring,
With all the purple Beauties of the Spring;
These Gifts at least, these Honours shall be paid 1265
To the dear Youth, to please his pensive Shade ---
Thus, while the wondrous Scenes employ their Sight,
They rove with Pleasure in the Fields of Light.

WHEN the great Sire had taught his Son the Whole,
And with the ROMAN Glories fir'd his Soul; 1270
Next to the lifting Heroe he declares
His Toils in LATIUM, and successive Wars;
Gives him their Nations and their Towns to know,
And how to shun, or suffer every Woe.

Two Gates the silent Courts of *Sleep* adorn, 1275
That of pale Ivory, This of lucid Horn.
Thro' This, true Visions take their airy Way,
Thro' That, false Phantoms mount the Realms of Day.
Then

Then to the Ivory Gate he led them on,
 And there dismiss the Priests and his Son. 1280

Now the great Chief, returning to the Main,
 Reviews his Fleet and glads his Friends again.
 Then, steering by the Strand, he plows the Sea,
 And to CAÏETA'S Port directs his Way.
 There all the Fleet the crooked Anchors moor; 1285
 And the tall Ships stood rang'd along the Shore.

The End of the Sixth Book.



