

AENEID V

Meanwhile Aeneas, keeping steadfastly
A middle course, was cutting through the sea
Mad dark by north winds, looking back at Tyre
Which gleamed with helpless Dido's funeral fire.
Who kindled that great flame nobody knows;
But when a great love is profaned, its woes
And knowing what a frenzied woman may
Effect now caused the Trojans much dismay
And fear. Oh far from land upon the sea,
Which the heavens stretched out endlessly, 10
A black cloud loomed above them, bringing night
And tempest while the waves, bereft of light,
Shook even the helmsman Palinurus, high
Upon the stern, cried out: 'O heavens, why
Have such clouds ringed the sky?' Neptune, I pray,
What is it that you wish?' Then straightaway
He bade them fetch the tackle and resort
To their stout oars, then turned the sails athwart
The wind and said: 'Even if Jove should vow
Success, great Aeneas, I don't know how 20
We'll reach our goal. The winds have shifted course
And roar across our bows, a mighty force
Brought from the gloomy west. The air with mist
Is filled and we're unable to resist
The gale. Fortune prevails, so let us steer
Whither she calls us. I think very near
To us now are the ports of Sicily

And the shores of your brother Eryx, if I see
 Aright the stars once more and my recall
 Is true. Aeneas said: 'For long this squall 30
 Has had the upper hand and you in vain
 Have fought against them – that is very plain.
 Change course. Could any country please me more,
 Where I may bring my weary ships to shore,
 Than that which holds my old friend Acestes
 And keeps secure the bones of Anchises?'
 Fair winds then filled their sails and speedily
 They sped across the waves and joyfully
 They turned to the well-known shore. High on a rise,
 Acestes looked upon them with surprise 40
 And ran to those friendly ships. Weaponed he came,
 A Libyan she-bear's skin about his frame –
 Acestes, son of the river-deity
 Criniscus and a Trojan woman. He
 Was not unmindful of his ancient line
 And welcomed their return with joy and fine,
 Though rustic, wealth, and in their weariness
 He comforted them with his own cheeriness.
 The next day, when the stars were chased away,
 Aeneas called his friends throughout the bay 50
 And, standing on a mound, addressed the crew:
 'Great Trojans, each and every one of you
 God-born, a year has passed since in the earth
 We laid the sacred man who gave me birth
 And hallowed the sad shrines. The day draws nigh,
 If I am not inaccurate, which I

Will ever honour, though a time of grief
(So the gods will). If off the Gaetolian reef
I lived in exile or dwelled by the sea
Of Argolis or else in Mycenae 60

With yearly rites the solemn rites I'd keep
And with due gifts the altars I would heap.
Lo! By my father's ashes here we stand
(God's will, I think) and to a friendly land
We have been wafted. Come then, let us all
Observe the sacrifice and call
For winds and on the anniversary
Of Troy's foundation may he guarantee
That in his temples I may offer these
Initiations. Trojan Acestes 70

Gives every ship two oxen; we must share
The feast with those gods whom we worship there
In Troy and those of our good host; and then
Should the ninth Dawn display to mortal men
A kindly light, a contest for the fleet
And then for him who has the swiftest feet
And then for those who throw the javelin
And light shafts furthest, then those practised in
Boxing with raw-hide gloves I shall ordain.

Let everyone attend, eager to gain 80
The palm. Hush! Wreath your brows with greenery.'
He spoke and with his mother's myrtle he
Wreathed his own temples. Thus did Helymus,
Acestes, ripe in age, Ascanius,
The boy, then all the other youths. Along

He went, surrounded by a mighty throng,
Straight to his father's tomb. Appropriately
He poured two cups of unmixed wine, then he
Poured two of fresh milk, two of victims' blood
And showered purple blossoms in that flood 90

And said: 'O holy father, once again
Greetings! Greetings, a ashes, saved in vain!
My father's soul and shade! My destiny
Was not to seek the bounds of Italy
And destined Tiber with you by my side.'
Just then a slippery snake was seen to glide,
With seven massive coils, out of the base
That held the shrine and in a mild embrace
Circled the mound and slithered all about
The altars, while its scales were shining out 100

In dappled gold, its back diversified
With blue spots, just as a rainbow far and wide
Throws out a thousand shifting tints that fly
Athwart the sun when clouds are in the sky.
Aeneas was awestruck. Then finally
Among the polished cups and crockery
It went, licking the food, then to the base,
Harmless, it crept again, leaving the place
Where it had fed, and so more eagerly
Aeneas renewed his father's ceremony. 110

Was it a spirit of the place? Or did
It serve his father? Then as the gods bid,
Two sheep, two pigs, two dark-haired steers he slew,
Poured wine out of the bowls and called out to

His father's ghost; his comrades, furthermore
 Delightedly, according to their store,
 Offered their gifts, piled up the altars, then
 Slaughtered the heifers while some other men
 In turn set out the cauldrons, stretched along
 The greensward, placing glowing coals among 120
 The spits, then cooked the flesh. The day they'd been
 Awaiting came, the ninth Dawn ushered in
 By Phaëthon's steeds. Noble Acestes' name
 And fame had stirred the countryside: they came
 And happily filled the shoreline, some to see
 The Trojans, some to offer rivalry
 In contests. First of all, before their eyes
 The sacred tripods and the greenery
 Of garlands and the palm of victory, 130
 Arms, garments purple-dyed, talents of gold
 And silver. On a mound the trumpet told
 The games would now begin. Picked from the rest,
 Four well-matched ships were I the first contest,
 Equipped with heavy oars. And eager crew
 Drove Mnestheus' *Monster of the Sea*, he who
 Would soon become Mnestheus of Italy,
 Whose name derives from Memmian ancestry;
 Gyas drove huge *Chimaera*, which appeared
 To be a floating city; triple-tiered, 140
 Troy's young men spurred it. Sergian Sergestus
 Rode the great *Centaur*, while Cloanthus
 Drove sea-blue *Scylla*, he whose family
 Was yours, Cluentius. Far out at sea

There lies a rock against the foaming strand,
 Which s from time to time belaboured and
 Quashed by the swell, where the North-Westerns hide
 The stars; it rises from the placid tide;
 In times of calm in silence it lies flat
 And proves itself a welcome habitat 150
 For gulls that love the sun, and in this place,
 So that the sailors might know that the race
 Was half-complete and now across the sea
 They must return, a bough from an ilex-tree
 Aeneas put as marker. Each ship's lane
 Was picked by lot, while far across the main
 In gold and purple how the captains shone
 Upon the sterns! The rest had all put on
 Their poplar garlands. Labouring 160
 Upon their oars, they manned the thwarts. Intent
 Upon the sign the zeal for glory lent
 Them throbbing fear, and when the trumpet sounded,
 Then from their lanes without delay they bounded;
 Their shouting struck the heavens. They churned the sea
 To foam; the waves in synchronicity
 They cleft. Each oar and each three-pointed prow
 Tore up the gaping sea just like a plough.
 Less speed is shown in a two-horse chariot race
 When, darting from their stalls, the horses pace 170
 Across the plain; the charioteers, when they shake
 The waving reins and ply the horsewhip, make
 A slower progress. The whole wood resounds
 With the applause of men and zealous sounds

Of partisans; the sheltered beach rotates
The sound and then the din reverberates
Back from the hills. Amid a great uproar
Gyas glides forwards on the waves before
The rest; Cloanthus follows – though his crew
Is stronger, he has to surrender to 180

A heavier ship. *The Monster of the Sea*
And *Centaur* follows, each striving to be
The third, the *Monster* leading first, but then
The *Centaur* passing her, but yet again
They're tied in third place as they onward plough
With their long keels across the sea; and now
They near the rock, when, still ahead of these
In first, Gyas calls out to Menoetes,
His helmsman: 'Why so far to the right? Go more
This way! Keep close to shore and let each oar 190

Graze the rocks on the left and let the rest
Seek the deep. But Menoetes, fearing lest
He strike the hidden rocks, turned out to sea.
Gyas again cried out vociferously:
'So far off course?? The rocks, man!' Looking back,
He saw Cloanthus keep a nearer tack
Close on his heels, who managed then to force
His way across the roaring rocks – a course
Much shorter – to the left, where he assumed
The lead and left the marker and then zoomed 200

To open sea and safety. Anger flared
Within the youth nor were his features spared
Hot tears" pride and the safety of the men

Ignoring, he took slack Menoetes then
And heaved him from the stern into the sea;
Himself helmsman and captain equally,
He stepped up to correct direction, cheered
The man and then towards the shoreline veered.
Now heavily Menoetes rose at last
Out of the waters where he had been cast, 210
No longer young, his garments dripping wet,
And looked to find a craggy peak and set
Himself upon a dry rock. All the men
Of Troy had laughed when he fell in and then
Was forced to swim and now they laughed as he
Spewed brine. The two behind them joyfully
Renewed their hopes. Now with superior speed
Sergestus neared the rock, but with a lead
Of less than one ship's length. The *Monster* now,
His rival, moved ahead by just its prow, 220
While Mnestheus paced the ship and urged his crew:
'Lean on those oars, lads, Hector's comrades who
IN Troy's last hour were picked by me. Be strong!
Display the guts you showed to me along
Gaetulia's quicksands, in the Ionian Sea
And Malea's racing waves. The victory
I do not seek, but it would be a shame
To finish last – but let Lord Neptune name
The winner. Anything but last and you
Wil dodge disgrace. With that the men set to 230
With utmost strain, the bronze stern trembling
With their strong strokes, the sea-floor hurtling

Beneath; their rapid panting shook each frame
And each parched mouth, while down their limbs there came
Rivers of sweat. Now accidentally
They won their hankered-for celebrity.
For while Sergestus furiously propelled
His vessel inward to the rocks and held
A tight course, o a jutting reef he stuck.
The cliffs were jarred, the knife-edged flint was struck 240
By the oars, which snapped, the bow just hovering
Where it had crashed. With a loud clamouring
At this delay, the men sprang up and brought
Sharp-pointed poles and iron spikes and sought
To fetch the broken oars out of the sea.
Enlivened by this seeming victory,
Mnestheus now prayed for winds and, with swift play
Of oars, made for the waves as on his way
He sought the open sea. Like a dove, when she
Is startled from her shelter suddenly 250
And in that hidden cove her sweet nestlings
She leaves behind and in fright beats her wings,
But soon she glides on through the peaceful air,
Making her liquid way without a care
To use her rapid pinions, similarly
Did Mnestheus on the *Monster* cleave the sea
In this last stretch, leaving the struggling
Sergestus on that high rock, bellowing
In vain for help, thus moored, while he essayed
To race without a single unsplit blade. 260
He went by huge *Chimaera*, for Gyas,

Now pilotless, was forced to let him pass.
That left Cloanthus near the goal, and he
Pressed after him with all his energy
The shouts redoubled and that mighty sound
Rang in the air, for they felt honour-bound
To keep the fame they'd won, and they would trade
Their lives for glory. Their success had made
Them bold; because they thought that they were strong,
They were indeed, and when they pulled along 270
Beside the *Scylla's* hull, the victory
Might have been his but, hands stretched to the sea,
Cloanthus prayed: 'O gods who rule the deep,
Where now I race, my promise I will keep
And offer a white bull upon the strand
Most happily before your altars and
Fling entrails and pour wine into the sea.'
When Panopea and the company
Of Nereids and Phorcus down below
Heard him, Father Portunus bade him go 280
Upon his way, waving his mighty hand.
Wind-swift, may, arrow-swift, towards the land
He sped and found a deep, safe harbour. Then
Aeneas duly summoned all his men
And bade the herald trumpet victory
For Cloanthus, then with laurel greenery
Wreathed him, and that he might give some reward
To the other three, their choice of an award
Was wine, three bullocks and a quantity
Of silver. He rewarded specially 290

Th captains, giving him who won the race
A gold-wrought cloak around which one could trace
A wavy, purple line where Ganymede
Was woven, tiring with a hunter's speed
Some stags in leafy Ida eagerly,
And panting hard – Jove's bird precipitously
With gripping talons snatched the lad up high;
His old wards stretched their hands up to the sky
In vain, the dogs barked savagely, each face
Raised skyward. Then the second in the race 300
Received a coat of mail that had been knit
With polished hooks of triple gold, for it
Had once been taken from his enemy
Demoleus beneath high Troy whom he
Defeated by the rapid Simois –
A glory and defence in war was this.
His servants scarce could bear the heavy weight
Of all its many folds, and yet of late
Demoleus wore that coat when he dispelled
The Trojans at full speed. Now he that held 310
Onto third place received the accolade
Of two bronze cauldrons and bowls which were made
Of embossed silver; and now the first three
To finish, proud of their prosperity,
Brows bound with purple bands, had their awards
When from that savage rock there came towards
Them all Sergestus, who had broken free
But barely, yet with great dexterity,
The oars all lost and one tier crippled, steering

Hs shameful ship. surrounded by much jeering. 320

Just like a serpent by a brazen wheel

Is often crushed or else is made to feel

A heavy stone's blow and is left half-dead:

It trails its long coils, lifting up its head,

In part defiant, hissing, eyes ablaze,

In part stayed by the pain as with its maze

Of coils it struggles, twisting – in this way

The ship moved slowly; yet into the bay

It limped full-sailed. The promised accolade

Aeneas to Sergestus duly paid. 330

A slave-woman was given him – she knew

Minerva's tasks, and at her breast were two

Twin boys: she was a Cretan, Pholoë

By name. the naval race now history,

Aeneas moved on to some meadowland,

Well-wooded and where winding hillocks fanned

About it. In the valley's very core

A theatre's circuit ran. With thousands more

He sat down in their midst, and in that place

He lured them with awards and bade them race 340

On foot against each other, finally

Setting out the prizes. A great company

Of Trojans and Sicilians were there,

All mingling together everywhere,

But foremost Nisus and Euryalus,

The latter young and pulchritudinous,

The former loving him most tenderly,

Then Diores, one of the dynasty

Of Priam, Salius and Patron – one,
 The former, was an Acarnanian, 350
 The other Tegean-born from Arcady;
 And then came two young men from Sicily,
 Helymus and Panopes, both woodland men,
 Attendants of old Acestes, and then
 So many more whose fame was hid in night.
 Aeneas said: 'Hera me and with delight
 Take this to heart. Out of this company
 There's none who will receive no gift from me.
 Two shining Gnosian steel darts I'll award
 As well as a silver axe: this same reward 360
 I'll give to each of you. The leading three
 Shall have awards and have the greenery
 Of silver wreaths about their heads. A horse
 I'll give to him who finishes the course
 In first, embossed by trappings. Second place
 Shall have as his award arrows from Thrace
 In an Amazonian quiver – all around
 An ample belt is fixed and it is bound
 By a gem-girt clasp, and let the third man's head
 Assume the Argive helmet.; This he said. 370
 They lined up, heard the signal and then ran
 Across the course, like clouds, as every man
 Dashed forth, upon the finish line each eye
 Now fixed. Before them all, see Nisus fly,
 Wind-swift, a thunderbolt! In second place
 Comes Salius, though there is ample space
 Between the two, and then Euryalus;

Behind Euryalus is Helymus.

Then close upon him, grazing she to shoe,

Diores flies, shoulder to shoulder, too. 380

If there had been more space remaining, he

Would have shot past or left in mystery

The outcome. Nearly at the end, they all

Were weary, when poor Nisus took a fall

In blood spilt by some steers that had been slain

In sacrifice and soaked the grassy plain.

In joy of triumph, he could not control

His tottering steps and fell, only to fall

In all that slime, yet he could still recall

Euryalus, his love – as from his fall 390

He rose upon the sodden ground, he threw

Himself straight in the way of Salius, who

Rolled over on the clotted sand and lay

Prostrate. Euryalus thus wins the day

Amid applause and cheers as on he flies.

Helymus came after and the final prize

Went to Diores. But then Salius

Filled that great theatre with much noise and fuss,

Claiming the chiefs should give a trophy ill-

Obtained to him instead. And yet goodwill 400

Fell to Euryalus. In tears and grace

Showed more attractive in so fair a face.

Diores loudly made complaint, for he

Would lose the last prize if the victory

Now went to Salius. Aeneas then

Said: 'Nothing changes in the order, men,

Although my poor friend has my sympathy
 For his mishap.' Then, having said this, he
 Gave a huge lion's hide to Salius –
 It was from Gaetuiia, quite ponderous 410
 With shaggy hair and gilded claws. But then
 Said Nisus: 'If such prizes beaten men
 May gain and you feel sad for those who fall,
 What apt prize shall I have? Before them all
 Would I have come had Salius' bad luck
 Not aught me too.' At this he showed the muck
 And slime upon his hands and limbs. This made
 The gracious father smile and so he bade
 Them fetch a shield that had been snatched away
 By Greeks from Neptune's hallowed entryway. 420
 It was the handiwork of Didymaon.
 This lordly trophy he bestowed upon
 The noble youth. The races now were done,
 The gifts bestowed. 'Now, if there's anyone',
 He cried, 'Who's valiant and free of fear,
 Let him put on his hidebound gloves and here
 Compete in boxing.' Thus he spoke, then he
 Assigned a double prize – for victory
 A steer with gold and fillets decorated,
 The loser in the contest compensated 430
 With a sword and splendid helmet. Straightaway
 Came massive Dores, ready for the fray,
 Amidst great murmurs. He alone could face
 Prince Paris back in Troy, and at the place
 Where Hector lies laid out the champion

Butes when he impressively came on –
 He was of that Bebrycian ancestry
 That sprang from Amycus – and by the sea
 He left him dying. For the coming fray,
 He raised his head, the better to display 440
 His spacious shoulders, sparring left and right,
 Punching the air with blows. To clinch the fight,
 They sought for an opponent. There was none
 Among that mighty crowd who dared to don
 His gloves and fight him. So, exultantly
 Thinking that all had yielded to him, he
 Stood before Aeneas and straightaway
 Grasped the bull's horn with his left hand to say:
 'O goddess-born, if no-one dares to fight,
 What shall I gain? How long do you think it's right 450
 For me to wait? Give me a prize.' Then all
 The Trojans bade a prize duly to fall
 To him as they applauded, and at that
 Acestes chid Entellus as he sat
 Upon the grass" 'Once bravest – though in vain –
 Of heroes, will you let a man obtain
 A splendid prize like that without a fray,
 Entellus? Where's that glorious teacher, pray –
 Eryx, whose fame lies idle? Indeed, where
 Is your renown in Sicily or there 460
 Where all your spoils hang in your house? Thereon
 He said: 'My love of glory is not gone,
 My pride not barred by fear; my blood is slow
 And chilled by sluggish age, though; I have no

Strength left. But if that youth still lived in me
Of which that braggart boasts so pompously,
Not lured by goodly steer or any prize
Would Al have come nor would I have my eyes
On any gift.' Into the ring he cast
A pair of giant gloves which in the past 470
Brave Eryx used in contests, fastening
Those tough hides on his arms. Astonishing
Them all were seven massive hides, all bound
With lead and iron, enough to astound
Dares, who shrank away and turned down flat
The chance to fight. Meanwhile, this way and that
Anchises' splendid son hefted the great
Folds of those heavy thongs' stupendous weight.
The old man said:' What if you had caught sight
Of Hercules' arms and gloves in that dire fight 480
Upon these very shores? These arms were used
By your own brother Eryx, still suffused –
As you may see – with spattered brains and gore.
He faced Alcides wearing them, what's more.
While strong, I wore them, while old age, in spite,
Had not yet made my temples snowy-white.
But if Dares declines our arms and he's
Backed by good Aeneas and Acestes,
My patron, let us even up the fight.
I'll waive Eryx's gloves (so have no fright) 490
So you throw down your Trojan gloves.' This said,
His two-fold cloak he threw back and then shed
His clothes and showed his massive bones and thighs,

Huge joints and limbs of a gigantic size,
Then with his giant's bulk stood in the ring.
Then Father Aeneas began to bring
Gauntlets of equal weight and bound each hand
Of both with equal arms. At once their stand,
Fearless, they took, hands raised high, on tiptoe.
They raised their heads, drew back from every blow 500
And sparred in readiness. While one was fast
And counted on his youth, the other cast
A giant shadow. Yet a trembling
Attacked him and he took to tottering
And gasping heavily. Each man would strain
To land his many blows, each man would rain
His many punches on his adversary;
Their chest rang out; a multiplicity
Of strokes struck ears and brows; a rattling sound
Came from their cheeks; Entellus stood his ground, 510
Unmoving, with one stance and side-stepping,
Forever focussed, each potential sting.
Dares, like one who storms a city's height
Or else besets, armed with a soldier's might,
A mountain fort, ranges across the ground
In vain hope that an opening might be found.
Entellus raised his right hand. Dares spied
It speedily and nimbly stepped aside
And dodged it; thus Entellus fruitlessly
Used up his strength on air and heavily 520
The mighty man collapsed upon the ground,
As sometimes might a hollow pine be found

In Erymanthus or great Ida. Then
With zeal the Trojan Sicilian men
Rose up and clamour surged into the air.
Acestus was the first to have a care
For his old friend and raised him up. Dismay,
However, did not touch him – to the fray
He now returned, yet keener than before,
His wrath rousing his fierceness all the more 530
Shame and his conscious valour roused him, too,
As eagerly he started to pursue
Dares headlong across the ring, his right,
Then left connecting. There was no respite;
As storm-clouds rattle on a roof, just so
Did he deliver blow on vicious blow
At Dares. Aeneas would not concede
At this point that the contest should proceed
Further – to stop the animosity
And bitterness Entellus now showed, he 540
Ended the fight and snatched Dares away,
As weary as he was, out of the fray.
Comforting him, he said: 'What lunacy
Took hold of you, poor man? Do you not see
His greater strength and that the gods now bend
Their minds to him? Yield, then.' And thus an end
He put to the fight. His loyal mates now bore
Dares back to the ships, his mouth all gore,
Teeth mingled with the blood, his weak knees dragging
Behind, while side to side his face was sagging 550
When called, they took the helmet and the sword;

The palm and bull Aeneas would award
 To Entellus, who, proud of his victory
 And of the bull, said: 'Now listen to me,
 You, goddess-born, you men of Troy, and know
 What strength there was within me long ago
 And how you saved Dares from death.' This said,
 He stood before the bull, hand at its head,
 And in between the horns at his full height
 He brought the hard glove down with all his might 560
 And smashed its brains: it fell to earth, quite dead,
 Though trembling, and lay there. Then he said:
 'A nobler sacrifice is this – in lieu
 Of Dares' death – and this I offer you.
 Here I am laying down, in victory,
 My gauntlets and my arms.' Immediately
 Aeneas offered to whatever men
 Were keen to vie in archery, and then
 He raised Serestes' mast, surrounded by
 A mighty throng, suspending way up high 570
 Upon a cord a fluttering dove to stand
 As target. Soon the rivals were on hand
 And into a bronze helmet lots were thrwn
 And, warmly cheered, first came Hippocoön,
 Hyrtacus' son, then Mnestheus, who had won
 The ship-race, olive-wreathed. Eurytion,
 The brother of famed Pandarus (of old,
 When told to break the treaty, he made bold
 To be the first to hurl a shaft amid
 The Greeks) was third. The final lot they hid 580

Deep in the helmet. It was Acestes
Who dared a young man's task. Then all of these
Took arrows from their quivers and then drew
Their bows back mightily. The first dart flew
From young Hippocoön's bow through the swift air
And struck the wood. The dove, suspended there,
Trembled with terror and, with loud ovation,
The venue rang. And now, taking his station,
Brave Mnestheus drew his bow and, aiming high,
He focussed equally both dart and eye. 590

Alas, he did not hit the bird but slit
The knots and hempen bands that fastened it
By its own foot. It flew off hurriedly
To the South Winds and black clouds. Speedily
Eurytion, who long with patient heart
Had stood with his bow ready and the dart
Already drawn, that he might hear his vow
Called to his brother Pandarus, for now
He spied the dove in freedom revelling
And pierced it while its wings were fluttering 600
Beneath a black cloud, and it fell down dead,
Its soul now with the stars, and as it sped
To earth brought the dart. Two men had missed
The prize – the one man left upon the list
Was Acestes, who aimed high in the air,
Making his bow ring, showing his age-long flair.
He suddenly saw a portent, which would be
A lofty presage. In posterity
Dread seers would sing of it. Up high the reed

Caught fire and flew, drawing a flaming bead, 601

Then vanished into thin air: even so

Often are shooting stars observed to go

Across the sky, their tresses trailing. Then

All the Trinacrian and Trojan men

Stood rooted to the spot, then sent a prayer

Up to the gods. Aeneas was aware

Of what the omen meant: so he embraced

Happy Acestes and before him placed

Greta gifts and said 'Take them, for it is plain

That by this sign great Jove wants you to gain 620

These gifts. This graven bowl belonged to my

Father Anchises, for in days gone by

Cisseus of Thrace once gave it him, for he

Wished to remind him of their amity.'

With this he bound fresh bay around his head:

Before them all Acestes was, he said,

The victor. Good Eurytion, however,

Did not begrudge him, though his own endeavour

Brought down the bird. The runner-up was he

Who cut the cord that held it. Finally 630

Third prize went to the man who pierced the mast

And yet, before the tournaments were passed,

Father Aeneas called Epytides,

Young iulus' friend: to him his words were these:

'Go, tell Ascanius, if he has fit

A boyish band and marshalled steeds, that it,

In his grandfather's honour, should appear

With him in arms. He told the crowd to clear

The field, leaving the long course. Evenly
Before their fathers came the company 640
Of boys on steeds in glittering array –
In admiration rose a huge hurray
From those from Troy and those from Sicily.
The boys were all garlanded properly,
Each with two cornel spear-shafts, iron-tipped,
While some there were with smooth quivers equipped.
Breast-high, a pliant loop of twisted gold
Was hanging from the necks of all, threefold
The troops of horse, three leaders at their head,
Twelve youths in shining glory being led 650
By each; each troop was from each other one
Detached, one line led by Priam's grandson,
Grandfather's name renewed – your ancestry,
Polites, which will swell the progeny
Of Italy; a white-flecked steed of Thrace
Bore him, its feet before with many a trace
Of white, its lofty brow white, too. Nest came
Atys, from whom was drawn the Latin name
Of Atii - wee Atys, who was dear
To the boy Iulus. Bringing up the rear 660
Was Iulus, fairest of them all, and he
Rode a Sidonian horse, a surety
Of fairest Dido's love. The others rode
On steeds of Sicily for which they owed
Aged Acestes. Then each bashful boy
The Trojan folk greeted with cheers of joy
To see their fathers' features in each one.

When all had seen them and the tour was done,
Epytides shouted from far away
The looked-for sign and cracked his whip. Then they 670
Broke ranks; recalled, they wheeled about and tossed
Their spears; in different marches then they crossed
And recrossed, each opposing company
Lapping the others in a mimicry
Of battle. Now they turned their backs in flight,
Now charged, now made suspension from the fight
And rode on side by side, just as of old
The Labyrinth in high Crete, we are told,
Had blind walls and a thousand meandering ways –
A baffling, woven pathway – and that maze 680
Bewidered all: just so that company
Of Trojan youngsters marched elaborately,
Pretending flight and battle, all in sport,
Like dolphins in the oceans that cavort,
Cleaving Carpathian and Libyan seas.
Ascanius was first to bring back these
Cavalry tactics when he built a wall
Round Alba Longa; and he tutored all
The early Latins in them, just as he
Had solemnized them in the company 690
Of Trojan youth; the Albans duly taught
Their sons, and mighty Rome in turn then brought
Them all into the fold, and this became
An ancient custom; the boys took the name
Of “Trojan”, the squadron “Trojan”. That was how
Those sports hymned Aeneas. Yet it was now

That Fortune first broke faith, for it was here,
 While they with games paid due rites at the bier,
 That Juno sent down Iris so that she
 Could send the Trojan fleet over the sea 700
 With billowing winds. Her ancient grudge unsated
 As yet, there was much that she contemplated.
 She on her multi-coloured rainbow flew,
 Unseen by all; the vast throng met her view;
 She scanned the shore and saw the harbour-bay
 Empty, the fleet abandoned. Far away
 The Trojan women on the lonely shore
 Gazed on the fathomless ocean, weeping for
 Anchises' loss. "Alas! In weariness
 These folk must travel such a copiousness 710
 Of water!" Every one of them now prayed
 For a city; all the ocean-toil had made
 Them weary. Skilled in doing injury,
 She flung herself into the company,
 A goddess' face and robe laying aside,
 Becoming ancient Beroë, once the bride
 Of Tmariian Doryclus, who had had fame,
 Family, children. In this guise she came
 Among the Dardan mothers, saying, "We
 Are wretched, whom the Grecian panoply 720
 Did not destroy in Troy! O hapless race,
 What fate is waiting for you? Now you face
 The seventh summer after Troy's defeat.
 All seas, lands, hostile rocks and stars we mete
 As on we sail through the great deep, and we

Are tossed an chase a fleeing Italy.
 These are our bother Eryx' lands, our host
 Acestes. Who is here upon this coast
 Who'll grudge us walls to found a city? O
 Troy, household gods, delivered from the foe 730
 In vain! Shall Troy possess no battlements?
 Shall Hector's rivers not be noted hence,
 Xanthus and Simois? Let's set alight
 These cursed ships: it seemed she gave to me
 Hot torches. "Here stands Pergamum, " said she.
 "Your home. " It's time to labour. No delay
 With portents such as these! Go, seize the day!
 Here are four shrines to Neptune. Fixity
 Of purpose and this fire he lends', and she 740
 Then grasped the deadly flame; with all her might
 She brandished it and flung it, causing fright
 In the bewildered Trojan dames. Pyrgo,
 The eldest of them all, the nurse of so
 Many of Priam's sons, said: 'Mothers, see –
 This isn't Doryclus's Beroë;
 Look at her godly beauty and the blaze
 Within her eyes, the fire she has, her gaze,
 Her voice, her gait! I came from Beroë
 Just now – she's very ill and fidgety 750
 That she can't take part in these obsequies,
 And she alone, nor pay to Anchises
 Due offerings.' At first, though, doubtfully
 The women gazed, showing their jealousy,
 Upon the ships, half-yearning for the land

That they had reached, in melancholy, and
Half-yearning for the realm that destiny
Had marked for them, when Iris wingedly
Rose in the air; beneath the clouds she cleft
The mighty bow in flight. Indeed this left 760
Them all amazed and running mad, for they
Cried out and, while some snatched the fire away
From off the hearths within, others laid bare
The shrines to throw leaves, twigs and torches there.
With free rein how the god of fire roars
Through thwarts and hulls of painted pine and oars!
To the theatre and Anchises' tomb there sped
Eumelus ad the news he heralded
Of all the burning ships. With their own eyes,
When looking back, all saw black ash arise 770
And float I smoky clouds. Initially
Ascanius, as he galloped happily
Before the troops, to the flustered camp his steed
Spurred on – the breathless trainers could indeed
Not hold him back. 'What is this strange furore?
Where are you bound? What are you looking for?'
He cried, 'you wretched citizens? No foe,
No hostile Argive camp you burn! Oh no!
It's your own hopes you're burning! Look at me –
I am Ascanius.' For all to see 780
He threw his helmet down before their feet,
Which he had worn when mimicking the heat
Of battle. Thither came Aeneas, too,
And all the Trojans. In dismay, though, through

The shores hither and yon dispersedly
The women fled in fear and stealthily
Sought woods or hollow rocks or any place
That they could ferret out, hating the face
Of day and what they did. They knew their kin,
Now with changed thoughts, Juno no longer in 790
Their hearts. But not so did the fire choke
Their unquelled fury: under that wet oak
The tow lived on, gradually vomiting
Its smoke, the smouldering heat devouring
The timber by degrees, a pestilence
Now plaguing all: the heroes; virulence,
The floods they poured gave them no remedy.
Aeneas tore his shirt off. Arms raised, he
Called on the gods: 'Great Jove, if to a man
You do not hate the Trojans, if you can 800
Be gracious still with human toil, allow
The fleet to dodge the fire even now
And snatch from doom the Trojans' slender fate!
Or if I merit it, obliterate
With levelled bolt what's left and with your hand
Destroy us.' Then at once across the land
A black and furious storm roared unrestrained;
Its tremors shook the hills and plains; it rained
And rained, south Winds laden with blackened streams;
The ships were full of water and the beams, 810
Half-burnt, were soaked until eventually
All heat was quenched; from this calamity
All hulls, save only four, were saved, although

Father Aeneas by this bitter blow
 Was stunned; this way and that anxiety
 Pestered him greatly: should their destiny
 Then be discarded? Should they settle here
 In the Sicilian fields or should they steer
 For the Italian shores? Then old Nautes,
 Above all taught by Pallas mysteries 820
 Which made him famous (she gave him replies –
 The reason why gods' anger should arise
 Or what the Fates ordain), gave sympathy
 To Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, our destiny
 We must pursue; whatever may befall
 Our company, we must endure it all.
 You have god-born Acestes at your side –
 He'll share your plans. In him you should confide.
 Entrust to him the lost ships' crew and those
 Whose weariness of your endeavour grows; 830
 Choose old man, sea-worn women and the weak,
 The fearful, granting them the thing they seek –
 A city *here*; with your permission they
 Shall call the place Acesta. In this way
 His old friend cheered him up, and now with care
 His soul was torn apart. Now in the air,
 Borne in her chariot, black Night held the sky:
 And then there seemed to glide down from on high
 Anchises, saying: 'Son, dearer to me
 Than life when I lived, by Troy's destiny 840
 Much tried, Jove sent me here – the conflagration
 Of ships he doused and now finds mitigation

At last for you. Old Nautes' words obey.
 Select the bravest men and sail away
 For Italy A harsh and rugged race
 Of Latians you must conquer in that place.
 But first in Dis's nether dwelling, here
 In deep Avernus seek me out, for drear
 And impious Tartarus does not hold me.
 No, for I dwell in the sweet company 850
 Of blessed ones here in Elysium.
 With blood of black sheep pure Sibyl will come
 With you. Then you will learn where you will dwell
 And what your race shall be. For now farewell,
 For dewy Night wheels on her midway course;
 The cruel East breathes with each panting horse
 Upon me.' With these words into this air
 Like smoke he fled. Aeneas cried out: 'Where
 Are you now rushing? Who's pursuing you?
 Or who bars the embraces of us two? 860
 With this the fires he regenerated;
 With meal and incense then he venerated
 Troy's Lar and hoary Vesta. Instantly
 He called upon his Trojan company –
 Acestes first – and told of Jove's command
 As well as his dear father's precepts and
 His own resolve and then, at his behest,
 In a short time Acestes acquiesced,
 And they enrolled the women for the town
 And all who wished to stay there they set down 870
 Upon the shoreline – souls that never yearned

For high renown. The wood that had been burned
The men placed on the ships and they restored
The thwarts, then oars and rigging placed on board –
Though few, a brave band that was ripe for war.
Meanwhile Aeneas used a ploughshare for
Setting the city's boundaries and then
Apportioned out the homes for all his men.
Here "Ilium" stood, there "Troy" was his decree.

Trojan Acestes in his chieftancy 880

Took great delight, a court of law pronounced
And to his gathered senate he announced
His laws. To Idalian Venus was a shrine
Built high on Eryx, near the stars that shine;
Anchises' tomb was then assigned a priest
Within a wide and hallowed grove. A feast
Was held for nine days; offerings were paid
At the altars, and the gentle winds now laid
The waves to rest, and once again to sea
The South Wind called, while breathing frequently 890

On them. Along the winding shore a shrill
Ament rose. Folk embraced each other, still
Delaying for one day, for one more night.
The mothers and the men, to whom the sight
Of waves seemed cruel once – intolerable
Its very name – now found again the pull
Of exile's toil. Aeneas tenderly
Comforted them, and then, while weeping, he
Consigned them to Acestes. He said, 'Slay

Three steers to Eryx. To the Tempests pay 900

A lamb and duly loose the moorings. He
Stood on the prow far off, the greenery
Of olive trimmed and garlanded about
His head and held the platter and flung out
The entrails to the salt flood, poured as well
The liquid wine while, causing a sea-swell,
A wind astern attended them. The sea
They lashed, sweeping the waves in rivalry.
Venus meanwhile poured out her tale of woe,
Distressed with cares, to Neptune: 'I am so 910
Constrained by Juno's rage and obstinacy
That I must stoop to every prayer, for she
Yields to no lapse of time or tenderness;
Fate and Jove's orders do not make her less
Submissive. No, it's not enough that she
In Phrygia through foul hostility
Devoured their city and what had survived
Of Troy through dreadful vengeance now rived;
The dust and ashes of that slaughtered race
She still pursues. So be it hers to face 920
The causes of such madness. Recently
You saw that sudden turmoil in the sea
Of Libya, waves mixed with sky; in vain
She placed reliance on the stormy rain
Of Aeolus – and this she dared within
Your own realm! And again, in wicked sin,
She chased the Trojan dames, in conflagration
Wrecking their ships and leaving to a nation
Unknown their friends, their fleet now lost. I pray

That you allow the rest to sail away 930

I safety and to let them reach the strand

Of Tiber, if I ask what's proper and

The Fates may grant those walls.' Then Saturn's son,

Lord of the high seas, sad: 'Cytherean,

It's right that you should have trust n my realm,

From whence you draw your birth. I'm at the helm

Through merit; the great rage of sea and sky

I often checked. No less on land have I

Aided Aeneas – witnesses to this

I cite the Xanthus and the Simois – 940

And when Achilles hurled the Trojan men

Upon their walls, slew countless souls and then

Those choked-off rivers groaned and to the sea

The Xanthus could not roll, it was by me

Aeneas in a hollow cloud was caught

As the brave son of Peleus he now fought

When weak and unblessed by the gods on high,

Although the walls of perjured Troy that I

Had built with my own hands I wished to bring

Down to the ground. I wish for that same thing 950

Even now; do not fear. To the port you pray

For in Avernus you shall find your way.

There's only one whom you'll seek fruitlessly,

Lost in the ocean: many lives shall be

Redeemed for just one.' Thus when he had told

Her this, it soothed her. Then his steeds with gold

He yoked, fastened the foaming bits and shook

The reins. The azure chariot then took

I lightly on the waves, which now were eased;
 The thundering, swollen waters were appeased; 960
 The storm-clouds fled. And now before his face
 Came several comrades there to do him grace –
 Great whales, old Glaucus' people, Ino's son,
 Palaemon, the swift Tritons, every one
 Of Phorcus' host; Thetis and Melite
 Were on the left, Spio, Cymodoce
 And thalia, Nesaea and the aid
 Panopea. Soothing happiness was laid
 On Aeneas at this sight; 'Raise up, 'he said,
 'The masts and see that all the sails are spread 970
 Upon the yards.' The sheets in unison
 They set and, all at once, hither and yon,
 They all unfurl the canvas. Here and there
 They twist the yardarms; favouring breezes bear
 The fleet along. Leading this closely-pressed
 Column was Palinurus, for the rest
 Were under his directorial command.
 Now dewy Night high in the sky had spanned
 Its course half-way to Dawn; the company,
 On their hard benches, in tranquillity 980
 Relaxed beneath the oars and from on high
 Sleep slid down lightly, cleft the dusky sky
 And scattered all the gloom, seeking out you,
 Palinurus, bringing you dire dreams – you who
 Were guiltless; in the guise of Phorbas he
 Sat on the high stern, speaking thus: 'The sea,
 Helmsman, bears on the fleet, the breezes blow

Smoothly. The hour is given to respite. So
 Steal weary eyes from toil, lay down your head.
 For now I'll take your duty in your stead.' 990
 With heavy lids Palinurus said: 'Do you
 Tell me to close my eyes, a stranger to
 The peaceful deep and calm waves? Put my trust
 In this salt fiend? Aeneas, too – why must
 I delegate him to the treachery
 Of winds – I, who have felt the trickery
 Of cloudless skies so often?' Speaking so,
 He grasped the tiler, never letting go,
 Eyes fixed upon the stars. A branch, then, dewed
 With Lethe and with Stygian might imbued 1000
 Sleep shakes over his temples: though he tries
 To fight it he relaxes his moist eyes.
 As soon as sudden slumber forced him to
 Unbend his limbs, Sleep leaning over, threw
 Him headlong to the waves and, as he fell,
 He tore part of the stern away as well
 As the helm, and to his comrades fruitlessly
 He called. Sleep flew away. Yet through the sea
 The fleet sailed safely onward, crediting
 The vows of Father Neptune. Journeying 1010
 Further, it reached the Sirens' rocks, now white
 With the bones of many men, a dreadful sight
 (With ceaseless surf the rocks boomed raucously);
 Seeing the fleet was drifting aimlessly,
 Her pilot lost, Aeneas steered her among
 The waves of night, amazed and groaning long

At his comrade's mischance: 'The sky and sea,'

He said, 'made you trust their serenity

Too much. So, Palinurus, this is your

Fate – naked to lie upon an unknown shore.' 1020

