

AENEID VII

Aeneas' nurse, you too have by your death
Given our shores renown's eternal breath;
Your tomb is honoured, Caieta, your name
Marking your ones, if we may trust such fame,
In great Hesperia. The last rites paid,
The mound piled up, the high seas' fury stayed,
Aeneas sailed away. Into the night
The breezes blew and the Moon, shining bright,
Assisted him as he sailed on the sea
Which under her fair beams gleamed dancingly. 10
They skirted Circe's shores whence endless song
Pours from the Sun's rich daughter all along
The empty groves, and, to enhance the night,
With fragrant cedar the high halls shine bright
As she the fine-spun web sweeps with shrill reed.
Hence angry lions chafing to be freed
Bellowed and growled at midnight, while there raged
Boars bristling with hair and bears encaged
And hulking, howling wolves which used to be
Human but now found their anatomy 20
By potent herbs changed into beastly frame
By cruel Circe. Neptune, lest the same
Affect the Trojans, lest the cursed strand
They should draw near or at the port reach land,
Sent favouring winds and thus secured their flight
Beyond the seething shoals. The sea was bright
With the Dawn's ruddy rays; she, saffron-hued,

Upon her roseate chariot imbued
The sea with light. The winds fell suddenly,
The oar-blades striving through the sluggish sea. 30
Aeneas saw a mighty wood; between
The trees the pleasant Tiber could be seen,
Yellow with plenteous sand and swirling out
To sea. Above this stream and all about
The banks and channels various birds with song
Enthralled the sky and flitted all along
The forest paths. He bade his comrades shift
Their course and seek land. Joyfully adrift,
He reached the shady river. I'll now tell,
Erato, of the kings and of the swell 40
Of incidents and of the ancient land
Of Latium when first upon its strand
The strangers beached their ships. I will recite
How the first strife began. Goddess, incite
Your bard. Grim wars and battles I'll relate,
Brave princes rushing forward to their fate,
Of Trojan bands, Hesperia totally
In arms. A greater story summons me,
A greater task. Latinus peacefully reigned
Over the lands and towns, though he'd attained 50
A ripe old age. He was the progeny
Of Faunus – so it has been told to me –
And a native nymph (Marica was her name).
Picus had sired Faunus, whose great claim
Was being Saturn's child. Through the descent
Of Saturn Rome was founded. By assent

Of Heaven was Latinus doomed to spawn
 No male descendant, all in youth's bright dawn
 Cut off. He had, to serve this noble house,
 One daughter, ripe at last to be a spouse. 60
 Throughout the land many men came to call
 Upon her, but the handsomest of all
 Was Turnus, who was of great ancestry,
 With whom her royal mother passionately
 Wished her to be united as his bride.
 Divine and dreadful portents, though, defied
 Her wish. High in the halls a laurel-tree
 There was, preserved in sacred greenery:
 Latinus found it – so it is related
 When building the first towers and dedicated 70
 It to Apollo, calling the settlers there
 Laurentians. Flying through the liquid air
 A mighty swarm of bees (wondrous to say)
 There settled, buzzing noisily, where they,
 Feet intertwined, hung from the leafy bough
 In a flash. At once the prophet cried: 'see now,
 A stranger comes and from the selfsame place
 In Heaven seeks it here and rules his race
 High on this tower. His torchlight sanctified,
 He lit the altars; standing by his side 80
 His child Lavina, poor child, now came
 Too near the fire, her long hair all aflame,
 Her crown, her jewels. Wreathed in yellow glare
 And smoke, she scattered fire everywhere –
 A dreadful, wondrous sight, it's said: for she,

They told, would have a glorious destiny
 Yet cause a mighty war. When he had heard
 Of this, the troubled king sought out the word
 Of his prophetic father, going out
 To the high Albunean groves (without a doubt 90
 The mightiest of forests, echoing
 With a hallowed spring, in darkness discharging
 A deadly vapour). All of Italy
 And the Oenotrian land would anxiously
 Seek answers there” there would the priestess bear
 Her offerings and in the silent air
 Of night lie on spread woolly fleeces, fit
 For sleep: she then saw many phantoms flit,
 Heard many voices, spoke with gods as well
 As Acheron in the lowest depths of Hell. 100
 Latinus, too, seeking an answer, slew
 A hundred woolly sheep (for this was due)
 And lay upon their fleeces. Suddenly
 From the deep grove a voice said: ‘Progeny
 Of mine, don’t look about in Latium
 To gain a son-in-law – strangers shall come
 Instead who by their blood shall bring you fame
 And to the very stars exalt our name.
 The children of these strangers then shall see
 The entire world under their sovereignty. 110
 What in that silent night Faunus replied
 Was by his son, the king, not kept inside
 His mouth; but Rumour, flying here and there,
 Told all the Latin cities everywhere,

When all the sons of Laomedon had tied
Their ships against the river's grassy side.
Beneath a high tree Aeneas took repose
Along with handsome Iulus and the with those
Who led his troops, then spread the feast and laid
Meal-cakes beneath it (Jupiter had bade 120
Them do so) and then placed upon the top
Of Ceres' food the fruits of all their crop.
All else consumed, the scantiness of fare
Drove them to turn their teeth upon a share
Of those slim cakes of meal and to profane
With hand and daring jaw the fateful grain
And even not to spare the crusts of bread:
We eat our tables!" Iulus, smiling, said
But joked no more. 'Tis cry that all the men
Heard ended all their toil. Aeneas then 130
Marked it and held it fast, the augury
Of Heaven shocking him. Immediately
He said: 'Hail, land, destined to be my due.
You faithful gods of Troy, hail to you, too."
Here is our home, our country. Anchises
(Now I recall) bequeathed to me all these
Secrets of fate, saying "When you've arrived
At unknown shores and find you are deprived,
My son, of food, your hunger will compel
You all to eat the tables. Seek to dwell 140
In that land, weary as you are to be.
Build homes and build, for your security,
A mound around them, too." This hungriness –

The last thing! – will conclude all our distress.
It was foretold. Come, then, and joyfully,
At dawn's first light, explore the place and see
What lands, what folk, what walls are here. Let's scout
All places. Bring libations, pour them out
To Jupiter, pray to Anchises and lay
The wine upon the tables.' Straightaway, 150
He wreathed his temples and offered a prayer
To the divinity that lingered there,
The streams, of which they not yet caught sight,
The Earth, the first god, and the nymphs, then Night,
Her rising tokens, Jupiter who dwelt
In Ida, Cybele – with each he dealt
In turn - and the twin parents both below
And in the heavens. Then a cloud aglow
With golden shafts of light Jove made appear
And thundered three times. Then both far and near 160
Ran Rumour through the host that now the day
Had come for them to found their city. They
Renewed the feast in friendly rivalry,
Delighted at this mighty augury,
And placed the bowls and wreathed the wine. Next day
At dawn, the earth spread out in bright array,
In separate groups they set out to explore
The town, its boundaries and every shore.
Here was Numicius' fountain, they were told,
Here was the Tiber river, here the bold 170
Latins resided. Then Aeneas bade
A hundred delegates of every shade

Of rank go to the grand walls of the king,
All wreathed with Pallas' boughs and carrying
Gifts for that hero, so that harmony
Might be attained. They went immediately.
Aeneas with a shallow trench marked out
His walls and laboured busily. About
This first outpost upon the beach he placed
A mound and battlements. His men now faced 180
High towers and steep roofs as they approached
The wall. Young man and boys were being coached
In horsemanship as in the dust they tamed
Their steeds and bent their eager bows and aimed
Stour darts and dared each other to compete
In boxing and in racing on swift feet.
A herald galloped up to gain the ear
Of the old king and say that coming near
Were mighty men in clothing quite unknown.
Before he sat on his ancestral throne 190
He summoned them. The stately house, they found,
Was vast with five-score columns and it crowned
The city, once owned by the future king,
Laurentian Picus – awe-inspiring
With holy groves and ancient sanctity.
For it was here that kings propitiously
Received the sceptre and first took the rods
And axes. Here their temple of the gods
Served as a senate-house; here was it, too,
Where they held sacred banquets, where they slew 200
A ram and all the elders sat around

The yawning board and feasted. Here they found
Depictions of their kin from long ago,
Carved in old cedar in a progressive row –
Italus, old Sabinus, who that land
Gad planted with the vine and in whose hand
Was the curved pruning-fork, and aged Saturn,
Two-faced Janus – a chronological pattern –
All in the hall, and from the very start
Of history, shown with the sculptor's art 210
All of the other kings and those who bore
The wounds that they received when in a war
To save their country. Plenteous weaponry
Hung from the sacred posterns; they could see
Some captive chariots, curving axes, crested
Helmets, great bars of gates, beaks that had been wrested
From ships. A man was seated in that place,
In his short robe and with the augural mace,
In his left hand the sacred shield – Picus, 220
Horse-tamer, once so amorous,
Struck him with a golden rod, because he spurned
Her love, and with her poisonous drugs she turned
The man into a many-coloured bird.
The king, on his ancestral throne, gave word
The Trojans might enter the halls. Then he
Addressed them gently: "Men of Troy (for we
Know both your city and your race, nor are
We ignorant of how you've sailed so far), 230
What do you seek? Why travel to our shore
Across so many dark-blue waters? For

Whether you strayed or met wild storms (for these
 Are things sailors must bear when on high seas)
 To reach our banks and port, do not disdain
 Our welcome, for I now shall make it plain
 That we, the Latins, are of Saturn's race,
 Righteous neither by law or the disgrace
 Of slavery. No, we are self-controlled
 And ancient Saturn's customs we yet hold 240
 Now I recall (though time the tale has blurred)
 That from Auruncan elders I once heard
 That Dardanus was born into this land,
 Hence passing into Phrygian Ida and
 Samos (now Samothrace), and thence he came
 From Corythus's Tuscan home, to fame –
 The golden palace of the starry sky
 Ensconced him on a throne to multiply
 The altars of the gods.' Then, answering
 These words, Idomeneus spoke out: 'O king, 250
 Famed seed of Faunus, no black hurricane
 Tossed upon the waves that we might gain
 Your land. No, neither shore nor constellation
 Deceived us: willing hearts and motivation
 Have brought us hither, exiled from a realm
 That underneath the sun was at the helm
 Of all the world. We're sons of Jove, and he
 Who rules us is of that famed family:
 Aeneas brought us here. How harsh the blast
 From pitiless Mycenae as it passed 260
 Through Ida, both Europe and Asia thrown

By fate against each other – this is known
 By those far from our land and those who dwell
 Beneath the zone of the sun's tyrannous hell.
 Out of that flood we sailed so many seas
 And a safe place for our divinities
 We crave, and air and water that is free
 To all. We'll not disgrace you nor shall we
 Be thankless and you will not feel regret
 That you took Troy unto your bosom. Let 270
 Me day that by Aeneas' destiny
 And has strong right hand, whether by loyalty
 Or martial strength we prove that it is true
 (Don't scorn us: we hold out our hands to you
 In prayer and offer wreaths) that many a nation
 Has sought to join us in confederation,
 But heaven's ill has sent us to your shores.
 Here Dardanus was born, and he is yours
 Once more! Apollo with his high command
 Urges our race to come to Tiber's strand 280
 And to Numicius' sacred spring. Our king,
 Moreover, gives to you these footling
 Tokens that show our old fortuities,
 Snatched from our burning Troy. Old Anchises
 Poured offerings at the altars with this gold
 Thus Priam was arrayed after he'd told
 His nations all his laws, for here you see
 The staff, the holy crown, the finery –
 The robes made by our womenfolk.' Their king
 At these words rolled his eyes while lowering 290

His gaze. The staff of Priam did not touch
Latinus, nor the purple robes, so much
As that his daughter kept him occupied –
The fact that she was fit to be a bride.
He dwelt on Faunus' prophecy and thought:
'This man from foreign lands by fate was brought
To be my son-in-law, whose sovereignty
He shall share with me and whose progeny
Shall shine in valour and possess the might
To rue the world.' At last with great delight 300
He said: 'May the gods approve of our design
And their own prophecy, for I incline
To grant your wish. Your gifts I don't disdain.
You'll not be lacking, while I yet remain
The king, much fruitful soil, the wealth your nation
Once had. Yet, if he has the inclination
To join us, let Aeneas come and see
Our friendly faces, for the peace, for me,
Shall be when I have grasped his sovereign hand.
Go back and take to him my royal command. 310
I have a daughter whom the auguries
From Father's shrine and countless prodigies
From heaven won't allow her to be wed
To someone of our race; for it is said
That strangers will fulfil our destiny
And with their blood exalt their progeny.
Fate calls upon Aeneas, I believe,
And if there's truth in what I now conceive,
I choose him.' He took horses from his men

(three hundred stood in their high stalls) and then 320

Gave orders that these swift steeds, that were spread

With purple coverlets, should forth be led

For all the Trojans (each steed had been fit

With pendent chains and yellow gold they bit)

Twin fire-breathing steeds from holy seed

He chose for absent Aeneas, each steed

Sprung from sly Circe's stock, appropriated

And bred as bastards, with her own mare mated.

The Trojans carried peace back, mounted high

Upon their steeds. But, flying through the sky, 330

The cruel Juno in her airy flight

Was coming back from Argos; in her sight

Far off in Pachynus in Sicily

Was blithe Aeneas and his argosy,

The growing walls Aeneas seeing good,

In the land, the ships deserted. There she stood,

Pierced with sharp sorrow. Then she shook her head

And, speaking from her heart, she said:

'Ah, hated race, whose fates are contrary

To those of mine! Why couldn't their destiny 340

Have been to die in the Sigeian land

Or burn in Trojan fire or withstand

The yoke of slavery? They found a way,

However, through the flames and the array

Of arms. Perhaps my power's outworn at last

Or else my wrath lies, sated, in the past.

When they were exiled, I dared vengefully

To follow them and over every sea

Confound them: all the strength of sea and sky
 Were spent upon that race. Yet what have I
 Gained from the Syrtes or the jeopardy
 Of Scylla and Charybdis? Cheating me
 And Ocean, they found shelter in the place
 They longed-for. All the great Lapithian race 350
 Mars could destroy and even Jupiter
 Had to yield Calydon to her
 Who rules the hunt. Was such a penalty,
 However, earned by great iniquity
 That the committed? I've left not a thing
 Undared, however – I, spouse of the king
 Of the gods – and yet Aeneas finally
 Has conquered me. But if my mastery
 Is insufficient, I'll not hesitate
 To ask for more. Yes, Hell I'll stimulate 360
 If I can't move the gods. I can't restrain
 His kingship and Lavinia will reman
 His bride, yet I may bring about delay
 And kill both nations. What a price to pay
 For marriage! Maid, your dowry shall be paid
 With Trojan and Rutulian blood. Your maid-
 Of-honour will Bellona be. You'll be
 Another Hecuba, for it was she
 Who gave birth to a firebrand. Indeed
 A second Paris comes again to breed 370
 A funeral torch for new-born Troy.' That said,
 All scowls, she sought earth, calling on the dread
 Allecto from the hellish shades where dwell

The baleful goddesses. Her heart is fell
And broods on passions, intrigues, gloomy wars,
Foul sins. Her father yet abhors
This monster, and her fiendish sisters. She
Can turn into a multiplicity
Of shapes, all savage, while around her head
Black vipers sprout. To her Queen Juno said, 380
Inflaming her: 'Night's daughter, maid, grant me
This boon so that my fame and dignity
May not be lost: don't let the sons of Troy
Cajole Latinus and attain the joy
Of marriage and then colonize the land
Of Italy. You can invest a band
Of warlike men with arms and overturn
Houses with hate, apply the whip and burn
Them down. You have a thousand names, possess
A thousand means of ravagement, no less. 390
Arouse your fertile bosom and confound
The pact of peace, let seeds of war abound;
Let the men crave, demand and seize the sword!
At once the high halls of the Latian lord
Allecto sought, steeped in the Gorgon's bane.
Amata, with a grieving woman's pain,
She found and on her silent threshold she
Sat down. Amata in her misery
Was seething at the Trojans' coming there
And Turnus' marriage. From her dusky hair 400
Queen Juno threw a snake to penetrate
Her inmost breast that she might implicate

The house with chaos, maddened by the pest.
 Between her raiment and each silky breast
 It slid unseen and breathed on her. This thing
 Became a massive collar in a ring
 Of gold, a lengthy ribbon, and inside
 Her locks it crept, continuing to glide
 Over her limbs, and when this poison came
 At first, it thrilled her, wrapping her in flame, 410
 Which did not wholly capture her, and so
 Queen Juno, like a mother, whispered low
 About the marriage of her progeny
 And that of the Phrygian, weeping copiously:
 'So, father, is Lavinia to be wed
 To Trojans who have been exiled?' she said.
 'Have you no pity for your family?
 The faithless pirate will head out to sea
 At the first wind, stealing the maid away
 As spoil. Was it not in this very way 420
 The Phrygian shepherd from the Spartan strand
 Took Leda's Helen to the Trojan land?
 What of your true pledge, your old amity
 To family, your hand so frequently
 Pledged to your Turnus? If it has been fixed
 Your blood should with a foreigner be mixed
 And Father Faunus' charges weigh on you,
 All lands free of our rule – this must be true –
 Are foreign lands indeed, and thus say all
 The gods. If Turnus' roots you can recall, 430
 From Inachus you'll trace his ancestry

Don to Acrisius and Mycenae.'

Ashe couldn't move Latinus, though that pest

Slid poisonously into her inmost breast.

Maddened, the luckless queen raged all about

The city. As under its twisting knout

A top is spinning round an empty space,

Lashed by young boys, and on each childish face

Stands wonder at this whirling toy, by blows

Enlivened, even so Queen Juno goes 440

Among proud folk. Into the forest she,

Like Bacchus, fled - a greater devilry,

A greater madness - and her daughter hid

Among the leafy mountains: this she did

To foil the Trojan marriage and delay

The nuptial torch, and as she made her way

She shrieked, 'Evoe, Bacchus!' Only you

Deserve the maiden, for indeed it's true

That for your sake she waves the Bacchic wand

And dances, honouring her holy bond, 450

And grows her sacred tresses.' Rumour flew

Abroad. This frenzy roused the matrons, too.

They sought new dwellings, kindled passionately,

Filling the air with their cacophony,

Carrying vine-bound spears, in fawn-skins clad,

While in their midst the queen, quite driven mad,

Held up a pine-torch, singing the marriage-song

Of Turnus and her daughter, all along

Rolling her eyes, then shouting suddenly:

'Mothers of Latium wherever you be, 460

Give ear: if poor Amata in your sight
Is still beloved and if the stinging bite
Of a mother's love still brings you misery,
Take off the fillets in your hair, join me
N revelling.' Allecto far and wide
Drove on the queen where savage beasts reside,
The woodland haunts, with Bacchic goad. When she
Had thought the first shafts of ferocity
Were amply whetted, and Latinus' plan
And palace were unseated, she began 470
That grim goddess, on dusky wings to fly
To the bold Rutulian's walls across the sky –
The city which they say that Danaë
Once built for the Acrisian citizenry,
Borne by the headlong South Wind. Once its name
Wes Ardea, a place of splendid fame.
The name remains, its fortunes vanished quite.
In his high palace at the dead of night
Turnus was sleeping. Now Allecto shed
Her grim face and her fiendish limbs. Instead 480
She now became an ancient, furrowing
Her ugly brow with wrinkles, fashioning
Greay locks and fillet, with an olive spray
Entwined in them, becoming Calybe,
The old priestess of Juno and her fane,
And thus she spoke: 'These toils poured forth in vain,
Turnus, will you yet suffer and pass on
To Trojan strangers your dominion?
Your bride and dowry that your blood has won

The king demies you; its heir to your throne 490

Will be a stranger if he has his way.

Confront these thankless perils; go and lay

Low all those Tuscans – you have now lost face;

Go now, with peace safeguard the Latin race.

When you were sleeping peacefully, to me

Came Saturn's mighty daughter: this decree

She bid me tell you. Take heart and prepare

Your youths for war and bid them go, and dare

To baste their chiefs who harbour in the lee

Of our fair stream. Their painted argosy 500

Ignite! That is the mighty gods' command.

Inform our king that, if he doesn't stand

By his word about the marriage, he will know

That Turnus will regard him as a foe.'

At this the young man spoke, mocking the seer"

'A fleet has entered Tiber's waters here -

Be sure this news has not escaped my ears,

Though you suspect it has. Don't make up fears

For me, Queen Juno's not forgotten me.

Mother, old age, steeped in fragility 510

And lacking truth, frets you with vain distress;

Your prophet's soul it mocks amid the stress

Of warlike kings with false alarms. While you

Keep the gods' shrines and icons, what we do

Is deal with war and peace. At these words she

With outrage was inflamed and instantly

A tremor seized his limbs, eyes fixed in fright

As the Fury's countless serpents met his sight,

Monstrously hissing. She thrust him away,
Her red eyes rolling, as he thought to say 520
Yet more and faltered. Then from off her head
She reared two snakes: through rabid lips she said,
Cracking her whip: 'Steeped in fragility,
Am I? Does old age, lacking truth, mock me
With false alarms amid the worrying strain
Of warlike kings? Well, look on me again!
I come from my dread sisters, bringing you
Conflict and death.' Then with these words she threw
The torch at him and fixed deep in his breast
The lurid brand. Great fear disturbed his rest, 530
Sweat drenching him, and, now out of his mind,
He shrieked for weapons, struggling to find
Them in his chamber, even in his bed.
A lust for steel and frenzied conflict fed
His heart, resentment crowning everything,
As flaming, piled-up sticks, loud-crackling,
Make water dance inside the billowing pot,
Seething with foam and steaming, piping-hot.
At last it can contain itself no more
And the black smoke is rising high. Therefore, 540
Rejecting peace, against the Latian king
He gave the word for conflict, ordering
The youth to muter arms that Italy
Might be defended and the enemy
Thrust out. He was a match foe either nation,
He said, then t the gods made supplication.
Meanwhile the Rutuli in rivalry

Urged all to arms. His royal ancestry,
His youthful looks, his warlike deeds affected
Those who beheld him. While Turnus injected 550
His men with pluck, Allecto speedily
Flew to the Trojans on dark wings, where she
Spied out the place with new wiles. There, astride
A horse, fair Iulus hunted beasts beside
The sea. Sudden furore this maid from Hell
Turned mad hos hounds and place a well-known smell
Right at their nostrils that an ardent thirst
Might make them course the stag. This was the first
Source of distress, reaching the very core
Of rustic spirits, rousing them to war. 560
There was a mighty-antlered stag, a beast
So beautiful, tor from its mother's breast,
Raised by Tyrrhus's sons – for of the herd
Of the king the management had been conferred
Upon their father, who was charged with care
Of all the pastures here and everywhere.
Their sister Sylvia trained it to obey
And in great love would crown it with an array
Of garlands, comb it and in a crystal spring
Cleanse it. With patience all her ministering 570
It bore and fed upon its master's fare,
Roaming the woods, ever returning there,
However late, up to the known doorway.
While Iulus' maddened hounds far, far away
Surprised it as it strayed and down a brook
Was floating: then on the green bank it took

A cooling rest. Ascanius, inflamed
With longing for the greatest honour, aimed
An arrow; while his aim was faltering,
The goddess honoured it; with a loud zing 580
The missile pierced the belly and the thigh.
The wounded creature, with a groaning sigh,
Crept to its stall, where from its wound it spilled
Much blood and, suppliant-like, the house it filled
With groans. Their sister Silvia called for aid,
Beating her arms with both her hands, and made
Appeal to all her hardy countrymen,
Who came, unlooked-for, and (for even then
The fiend lurked in the silent forestland)
They all were armed – one with a flaming brand, 590
Another with a heavy, knotted bat.
Rage found a weapon for each one. Thereat
Tyrrhus called up his bands; with savage spleen
He snatched an axe, for just then he had been
Cleaving an oak in four. The fierce goddess
Was planning an act of unfriendliness
In her watchtower; now from the farm-roof she
Called to the shepherds, blowing hellishly
Upon the crooked horn, and all aquiver
Was the whole grove, the white and sulphurous
Nar and the Veline springs picked up the sound, 600
While startled mothers wrapped their arms around
Their babes; the savage peasants instantly,
At this dread sign, rushed to their weaponry.
The Trojan youth ran from their camp to aid

Ascanius. The battle-lines arrayed,
This was not now a rustic quarrel fought
With heavy clubs and seared stakes, for they brought
Two-edged steel to the fray; hither and yon
A crop of drawn swords bristled and brass shone 610
Beneath the clouds, as waves start to turn white
With the first wind and as seas grow in height
And reach the sky. In the front rank, Almo,
Tyrrhus's eldest son, was then laid low,
Struck by a whistling arrow; for the wound
Had pierced his throat, thus cutting off the sound
Of Almo's liquid speech and slender breath.
Around him many bodies lay in death,
Among them old Galaesus, whom they slew
Whilst on the battlefield he tried to sue 620
For peace. The finest man in all that land,
The wealthiest, too – five bleating flocks in hand
He had, five pasturing herds, a century
Of ploughs to turn the soil. While evenly
The battle faded, her promise now fulfilled,
The goddess, having in the battle killed
The first combatants, from the east took wing
To Queen Juno, in triumph swaggering:
'Look here's your war, your dire disharmony!
Bid them to join in peace and unity, 630
Since Trojans and Ausonians I have strewn
With blood. I'll give to you a further boon
If you assure me you are willing: for
With gossip I'll incite to maddening war

The neighbouring towns: they'll come from every side
To aid, and I'll sow discord far and wide.'
'Enough of fraud and terror,' Queen Juno
Replied.' War's cause is just, and bow for blow,
Men fight. The arms that chance brought now we see
Bloodstained. Such bridal vows, such unity – 640
The great Aeneas and the mighty king
Of Latium! Your unshackled wandering
Above the earth great Jove would not allow.
Give place; whatever in the fray will bow
To chance, / will control!' Then, raising high
Her serpent-wings, Allecto left the sky
And went home to Cocytus. There's a coombe
Beneath high mountains in the very womb
Of Italy, renowned both far and wide:
It's called Ampsanctus, and on either side 650
A dark-leaved forest hems it. At its core
A torrent and its swirling eddies roar
Across the rocks. There a dread cave is seen
And a vent for foul Dis and a vast ravine,
Where Hell bursts forth, which gapes malevolently.
Herein the Fury's loathed authority
Is hid, relieving heaven and earth. At last
The royal progeny of Saturn cast
Her final throw in war. The entire train
Of shepherds from the battle brought the slain - 660
Young Almo and Galaesus with his face
All mangled – to the city. The gods' grace
They there implored and urged the charity

Of Latinus. There, amid the butchery,
Turnus redoubled dread: 'The Trojan nation
Summoned to govern here! Miscegenation!
Myself turned out!' Their wives now danced about,
Treading the pathless woods in Bacchic rout
(Amatas was no lightweight name), while they
Amassed and prayed to Mars, keen for the fray. 670
Despite the omens, they roared wilfully
For war, and round the palace emulously
They swarmed: Latinus, like an ocean-rock
That stands unmoved against the howling shock
Of waves, while foaming crags roar bootlessly
And sea-weed, tossed about, is by the sea
Whirled back, resisted. Since he could not sway
Their blind resolve and all things went the way
As cruel Juno wished, repeatedly
He prayed to the empty skies. 'Alas,' said he, 680
'Fate shatters us. By storm we're swept away.
You wretches, you yourselves for this will pay
With your base blood. A bitter penalty
Shall, Turnus, wait for you. Too tardily
Shall you adore the gods with vows. I've gained
My rest, for now my haven I've attained,
Though cheated of a happy death.' No more
He said but shut instead the palace door
And dropped the reins of rule, and from that day
The Albans forged a custom that would stay 690
Inviolat (Rome, mistress of us all,
Keeps it as well) – when first its people call

On Mars for battle, whether the foe may be
The Getae, Arabs or the Hyrcani
Or India or if they plan to claim
Their standards from the Parthians – all the same
There are twin gates of war (so specified
By everyone) that have been sanctified
By fierce Mars' frightful deeds and are closed tight
By five score brass bolts and the timeless might 700
Of iron and its guarded constantly
By Janus. When they irrevocably
Are set on war, dressed in the Gabine way,
The consul gives all notice for the fray,
Unlocking the gratin gate. The cry is then
Taken up by all the other men,
The brass horns hoarsely blaring. By the same
Custom Latinus then was to proclaim
War on the sons of Aeneas and free
The locks of those grim gates. However, he 710
Shrank from the loathsome office, burying
Himself in darkness. Juno, travelling
Across the sky, dashed in the doors and burst
The iron gates of war. Though from the first
Unmoved, Ausonia blazed now. Infantry
Set out across the plains, while cavalry
Stirred up the dust astride her steeds. Thereat,
All yelled for arms. Some smoothed with creamy fat
Their shields and shiny javelins and ground
Their axes and delighted in the sound 720
Of trumpets as their standards they conveyed.

The five great cities there new weapons made
Upon new anvils – the Crustumeri,
Atina, with her mighty potency,
Turreted Antemnae, Ardea and great
Tibur; helmets they hastened to create
And wicker-frames for shields; some worked upon
Laggings with pliant silver till they shone;
Others forged brazen breastplates; This is how
They overturned their passion for the plough, 730
Their pride in share and sickle; tempered steel
Of yesteryear was once more made to feel
The furnace. Now the trumpet's call to war
Wes heard; one wildly scampered homeward for
A helmet, while another yoked his team
Of horses as they snorted out a stream
Of noise, donned shield and coat of mail, thrice-bound
With gold, and then his trusty sword around
His waist he slung. You goddesses, now fling
The doors of Helicon wide and start to sing – 740
Who were the kings who had been roused to war,
Each regiment, battalion, each corps,
The blooming youth of kindly Italy,
Who glowed in arms, for in your memory
This lives, divine ones: this you can recount.
To us is wafted but a small amount
Of news of fame. The fierce Mezentius,
A Tuscan, of the gods contemptuous,
Was first to arm his troops, Lausus, his son,
Who in his beauty outshone everyone 750

But Turnus, by his side. (This man could break
In steeds and vanquish wild beasts). In his wake
Came from Argylla, although bootlessly,
A thousand men. A better father he
Deserved. Then Aventinus, beauteous son
Of beauteous Hercules, for everyone
To see displayed his chariot, which shone
With palms, and his victorious steeds; upon
His shield his father's mark of cadency –
Hydra with five score snakes. In secrecy 760
The priestess Rhea near the Aventine
Gave him birth, having lain with a divine,
When the Tirynthian victor, having slain
Geryon, had come to the Laurentian plain
And bathed his Spanish herd in Tiber. Then,
With javelins armed and savaged pikes, the men
Fought with Sabellian dart and tapering sword,
While he himself on foot went through the sward,
Swinging a massive, matted lion's hide,
Whose teeth shone in its head. He went inside 770
The palace thus, his shaggy back concealed
By Herculean garb. Into the field
Twin brothers, brave Coras and Catillus,
Came, leaving Tibur's ramparts – Tiburtus,
Their brother, gave to them their family name – ,
Young Argive men. Among the first they came,
Amid the thronging spears: they seemed to be
Cloud-born Centaurs from some high promontory,
Hurriedly leaving Othrys with its snow

Or Homole, and as they onward go 780

The thickets and the mighty forest yield
With a loud crash. Nor absent from the field
Was Caeculus, Praeneste's founder (he,
It has been said throughout all history,
Among the herds was born to Vulcan and
Was found upon the hearth. A rustic band
Attended him in loose array. They dwelt
In steep Praeneste and the pastoral belt
Of Sabine Juno, by cold Anio

And the Hernican rock where dewy rivers flow 790

And Amasenus, father of the land,
And rich Anagnia. Some men of this band
Had no arms, shields, loud chariots. Instead
Most of them showered bolts of livid lead;
Some used twin darts, some wore caps of wolf-hide;
A boot made out of rawhide shields supplied
Support for their right foot; the left foot bore
Nothing. Messapus, who in any war
Could not be quelled (he was the progeny
Of Neptune, a horse-tamer) suddenly 800

Called tribes long idle and unused to war
To arm themselves and grasped the sword once more –
The Fescenni, the Aequi Falisci,
Those on Soracte's heights, the Flavinii,
Those whom Ciminus' lake and hill contain
And the Capenans. To a measured strain
They marched and praised their king, as frequently
Snow-white, long-throated swans sing tunefully,

Returning through the moist clouds from their feed;
The river and the smitten Asian mead 810
Echoed. Great ranks of armoured men, it seemed,
Were not amassed but rather that there streamed
A cloud of hoarse-voiced birds high in the air
From the deep gulf and heading shoreward. There
Was Clausus, leading forth a mighty host –
Of ancient Sabine blood this man could boast,
A mighty host himself! His clan is spread
Through Latium since the Sabines had been wed
To Rome. The men of ancient Cures and
Amiternum's vast cohort and the whole band 820
Of Eretum and Mutusca, thriving well
With olives came; then there were those who dwell
In Noventum and Rosen Velinus,
Upon Severus and the mountainous
Tetrican crags, Cesperia, Foruli,
And those who drink of the Tiber tributary
And fabaris and those who came from cold
Nursia; the Orsine squadrons, too, enrolled
And the Latin folk and those who dwell beside
The ill-named Allia, like the great tide 830
Round Libya that drive, crest after crest,
Where fierce Orion sinks to take his rest
Beneath the cold waves, just as fast they came
As cornstalks, by a bright sun set aflame
On Hermus' plains or Lycia's golden land.
Beneath the clanging bucklers of each band,
The earth shook with the tramping company.

Behind them came Halaesus, progeny
Of Agamemnon, to the Trojan land
An enemy: he yoked his horses and 840
A thousand warriors in warlike parade
He swept along to bring to Turnus' aid:
With hoes they farmed the wine-rich Massic earth,
Sent by the Auruncan men who gave them birth
From their high hills and the Silician land
Hard by, and those who came from Cures and
Those who Volturnus' shallow tributary
Inhabit, by their side the Oscuri
And the rough Saticuli. The arms they chose
Were shapely javelins, while attached to those 850
Were pliant thongs. On their left side they bore
A Spanish shield, while close combat in war
Was served by curving swords. Nor, Oebalus,
Shall you not garner accolades from us –
The nymph Sebethis bore you, so they say,
To Talon at the time that he held sway
In Teleboean Capreae, though he
Was now well-struck in years. His progeny
Was not content to own his father's land
But even then his sovereignty spanned 860
The Sarratians and the land that is supplied
By Sarnus' water and those who reside
In Batulum, Celemna and Rufræ
And those who from Abella's wells espy
Lush orchards. These used a Teutonic spear;
With bark stripped from a cork-tree their headgear

Was fashioned, while their shields were shimmering
With bronze, their swords as well. From towering
Nersae came Ufens, whose celebrity
In warfare was well-known; especially 870
Rugged above all others was his race
On the rough Aequian earth, keen in the chase.
They harrow armed and glory constantly
In gaining spoil and living on robbery.
From the Marruvian race, sent by their king,
Archippus, came a priest with a green ring
Of fruitful olives round his helmet. He
Was valiant Umbro, whose ability
Was shedding slumber upon viperous snakes
And the vile-smelling asps that live in lakes, 880
Soothing their wrath and by his expertise
Curing their bites. But his abilities
Could not repair a wound a Trojan made
With his spear-point; his slumberous charms no aid
Could offer, nor the herbs that can be found
On Marsian hills. For you there came the sound
Of grieving from Angitia's grove, for you
Fucinus' glassy wave lamented, too,
And all her limpid lakes! And Virbius
Came, too, the handsome son of Hippolytus, 890
A fine man, whom his mother Aricia sent –
Around Egeria's moist shores he had spent
His youth, where stands Diana's altar, blessed
With wealth and grace. Hippolytus, they attest,
Brought down by his stepmother's trickery,

Fulfilled a father's vengeance bloodily,
By frightened horses torn asunder, then
Went into Heaven's upper air again,
Called by the Healer's herbs and by the love
Of Diana. Jupiter, the lord above 900
All other gods, was so infuriated
That any mortal should be elevated
Out of the shadows to the world of light
And life that he into the Stygian night
Hurled with his thunder Aesculapius,
The Healing-Master. But Hippolytus
By kindly Trivia was hidden away
In the grove of the nymph Egeria that he
Might al alone live in obscurity 910
Amid Italian woods where he became
Virbius now by changing of his name.
From sacred groves and Trivia's temple far
The steeds were kept since they had strewn both car
And youth, spooked by sea-monsters, on the strand.
And yet his son upon the level land
Now drove his fiery horses as he sped
To war. Now Turnus, taller by a head
Than all the rest, a wondrous sight to see,
Came with his sword, amid the forest. He 920
Wore a high, triple-crested helm, which bore
A Chimaera breathing fire, and the more
It madly raged, the more the blood would flow,
The fiercer was the fighting. But lo,
Upon his polished shield, was glistening,

Her horns raised, even now a bristling
Heifer - a splendid emblem – and Argus,
Her guard, was there and Father Inachus
Who from an embossed urn poured water. Then
Behind him came a cloud of infantrymen 930
And everywhere the shielded columns spanned
The plain – the Argive manhood's ready band,
The old Sicanians and the Rutuli,
Sacranians and the Labicii,
Their bucklers painted; those who plough the land
Near Tiber and Numicius' sacred strand
And Circe's ridge and the Rutulian chain
Of hills; under Auxurian Jupiter's reign
Their fields abide; a squadron could be seen
From Feronia who in her woods of green 940
Revels; there lies Satura's inky fen;
There cold Ufens winds through the vales and then
Sinks in the sea. Then, crowning the array,
The Volscian Camilla made her way
To join them with her troop of cavalry
And bands shining with brass a warrior she,
Her hands unused to Queen Minerva's work
Of spinning wool, but war she did not shirk;
Stalwart she was and in her speed surpassed
The winds themselves – she ran so very fast 950
The topmost grains of unmown corn she might
Have flown across without a single blight
To their soft ears or sped across the sea
And never touched the waves. A company

Of youths and dames from home and field there flowed
To gaze and marvel, as she onward rode,
At how the royal purple seemed to mould
Her silky shoulders, how the clasp of gold
Entwined her hair, a steel-tipped myrtle and
A Lycian quiver, held one in each hand.

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