

XI

Dawn rose and left the ocean: then, although
Aeneas was being prompted by his woe
To give his comrades burial, distressed
By death, yet as the sun came from the west
He paid the gods his vows of victory.
He lopped the branches from a huge oak-tree
And planted it upon the burial mound
And then his foe's bright arms he placed around
That oak as Mars's trophy, then to it
The blood-stained crests and broken spears he fit 10
And then the breastplate he had twelve times sought
And pierced; the shield, fashioned of brass, he brought
And to the left hand of his enemy
He fastened it, the sword of ivory
Hanging about his neck, then he urged
All his victorious comrades (for there surged
About him all the chiefs): 'A mighty blow
We've made today, my warriors, and so
Away with fear. Here's a presumptuous
King, fashioned by me – King Mezentius! 20
This is his booty. Now we must repair
To the walls of Latium's king. Therefore prepare
Your arms with courage and your hopes for war:
So, when the gods give us the signal for
Our standards to be taken up, our men
Led from the camp, there'll be no lagging then

Through fear. Let us meanwhile inter our dead
And honour them. Ennoble them, he said,
'With their last rites for they have won this land
By shedding blood. First Pallas I command 30
Be sent to Evander's mourning city, for
He fought with splendid courage in this war,
Yet bitter death has carried him away,
Swept off to Acheron by one black day.'
Weeping, he spoke and to the threshold made
His way, where Pallas' body had been laid,
Watched by old Aeolus who before
Parrhasian Evander's armour bore
But now had been, though less auspiciously,
Assigned to guard his foster-progeny. 40
All Troy's attendant servants stood around,
The Trojan women with their hair unbound,
As grief required. When to the lofty gate
Aeneas came, the groans they raised were great,
The palace ringing with their sounds of woe.
When he saw Pallas' face, as white as snow,
Upon the pillow and, on his smooth breast,
The gaping wound, he, as he wept, addressed
Him thus: "poor lad, did Fortune grudge it me,
Though opportune elsewhere, that you might see 50
My kingdom and be borne victorious
Back to your father's home? It was not thus
I promised him when I left Troy, when he
Embraced me and sent me across the sea
To win a great empire and yet, with fear,

Forewarned me that the fight would be severe.
Perhaps he offers pledges bootlessly
With altar-gifts while we unhappily
Pay our vain rites to his departed son,
Who owes the gods no more. O wretched one, 60
You'll see the bitter funeral of your boy!
Is this the pledge I made to you in Troy,
Our hoped-for triumph? But not shamefully,
Evander, did he fall – you need not plea
To die a cursèd death. Ausonia, you
Have lost a mighty friend – you, Iulus, too!
His weeping over, Aeneas bade his men
Raise up the piteous corpse, selecting then
Out of the host a thousand to be there
At Lausus' final obsequies and share 70
His father's grief, a scant condolence, though
A due requirement for a father's woe.
Others in haste fashioned a wicker bed
For his soft bier with oak-twigs and then spread
Leaves on that high couch. On it then they laid
The youth, just like a flower plucked by a maid,
A violet or hyacinth, whose sheen
And native are both still to be seen,
Yet sustenance and strength no longer wrought
In her by Mother Earth. Aeneas brought 80
Two robes of gold and purple, which Dido
Of Sidon had fashioned some time ago
For him. One robe he draped unhappily
About the youth: his locks, which Destiny

Would burn, it veiled. His prizes from the fray
He heaped and bade the spoils in long array
Be borne. The horses and the weaponry
Of which the youth had stripped his enemy
He added. The victims' hands he had made fast
Behind their backs so that they might be cast 90
As offerings to the Shades. The chiefs he bade
Bring tree-trunks that in hostile arms were clad
And add the foes' names to them. In they led
Sad Aeoetes, now with age half-dead:
He beat his breast and scratched his face and then
Her fell headlong upon the earth. The men
Brought chariots that with enemy blood were dyed.
Aethon, the war-horse, trappings laid aside,
Came then and with many a giant tear
Bedewed his face. The someone brought his spear 100
And helmet; Turnus, as the victor, had
All of the rest. There followed then the sad
Teucrians and Tuscans and, with arms reversed,
The Arcadians. His comrades all traversed
The field. Aeneas groaned immeasurably,
Halting, and said: 'The horrid destiny
Of battle prompts these mournful tears I shed.
Farewell, great man, forevermore.' This said,
He sought the lofty walls and then he bent
His steps towards the camp. Envoys were sent 110
Out of the Latin city, craving grace,
Shaded by olive boughs. Across the place
Of war the slain were strewn; thus they implored

That, for their burial, they might be restored.
 No war was waged with the vanquished and the dead,
 So may he spare his erstwhile hosts, he said,
 And fathers of their brides. Respectfully
 Aeneas granted what they begged, for he
 Could not refuse, then said: 'What fateful spite
 Hs tangled you in this appalling fight 120
 That you flee us, your friends? For all your slain
 Do you seek peace? For the living, too, I fain
 Would grant it. I would not have had a mind
 To come and fight, had I not been assigned
 A home here. Then your king renounced our pact,
 Preferring under Turnus' sway to act.
 For Turnus it had been a fairer thing
 To face his death. If he's envisioning
 In might to end this war and from this place
 Expel the Trojans, he should face-to-face 130
 Meet me in fight: he'll live who's given life
 By the gods or his own hand in mortal strife.
 Go, kindle flame beneath your hapless folk.
 Then aged Drances, ever the hateful foe
 Of youthful Turnus, said in answer: 'O
 Great Trojan warrior how may I extol
 You to the skies? Your justice or your role
 In war should I admire? We happily
 Will bear these words back home; if Destiny 140
 Allows, we will unite you with our lord,
 Latinus, and let Turnus find accord
 Just for himself! Indeed, we will enjoy

Bearing upon our backs the stones of Troy
And raising these great walls which Destiny
Ordains.' All yelled their unanimity.
Both armies made their concord for twelve days,
Allowing them to roam the forest ways
And heights in harmony. Loud was the sound
Of two-edged axes razing to the ground 150
The lofty ash and pine-trees. Ceaselessly
They cleft each oak and fragrant cedar-tree
With wedges, while their groaning carts conveyed
The mountain-ash. Now winged Rumour made
Her way to Evander with great misery,
Although proclaiming Pallas recently
Victor in Latium. The Arcadians sped
To the gates and, in the ancient manner bred
In them, seized funeral torches: the long strand
Of flames parted the fields. The Phrygian band 160
Joined the sad throng and, when they had discerned
It coming near the walls, the mothers burned
The city with their shrieks. Nought could keep back
Evander as he burst into the pack,
And when the bier had been set down, he threw
Himself on Pallas, weeping, clinging to
His friends with groans, and grief could finally
Scarce grant him speech: 'Was this my guarantee
To your father, Pallas? Did I ensure you
Would, when in league with cruel Mars, pursue 170
A warier way? I knew how very strong
Was that fresh martial fame, how one may long

For treasured early glory. Bitter pride
Of firstfruits in your youth! O cruel guide
In battle! All my vows and prayers rejected!
And you, my blessed spouse, are not neglected
In grief, while happy in your death! For me,
I live on, lingering, my destiny
Endured – your father! Would I'd been allied
With Troy and at Rutulian hands had died, 180
Brought home instead of Pallas! I would not
Blame you nor blame the covenant we've got,
Hands clasped In friendship, Trojans: it was fair
This lot was mine because of my grey hair.
But if my son's demise was premature,
His slaying thousands would my joy ensure
And that he led the Trojans, as he was slain,
To Latium. Yes, he could not attain
A better death – Aeneas would agree
As would the Tuscan chiefs, the company 190
Of mighty Phrygians and the Tuscans. They
Whom you have slain bring wondrous spoils this day.
Indeed a mighty trophy you would be,
Turnus, in arms, if you had parity
In age and strength with him. In my distress,
However, why should I try to suppress
The Trojans from the fight? Go, tell your king
In hateful life I have been lingering
Since you slew Pallas and his death must be
His obligation to my son and me. 200
That's the one path of kindness you can show.

A joyful life I may not long for. No,
But to my son below I would convey
The news.' Aurora now had brought the day
To weary men so that their work once more
Might be resumed; upon the curving shore
Aeneas and Tarchon set up their pyres
And, when beneath they'd lit the murky fires,
Their men brought their dead kin and placed then there
In ancient fashion and, high in the air, 210
The heavens grew black. In gleaming armour clad,
They thrice ran round the piles and, uttering sad
And mournful wails, they three times rode around
The gloomy fires. Their tears streamed on the ground
And on their armour. High into the air
Were raised the cries of man and clarions' blare.
Some on the flames threw spoils stripped from the foe,
Swords, helmets, bridles and wheels all aglow,
Some offerings to the dead – their arms, their shields.
Then bristly swine and cattle from the fields 220
And many a stout ox now were slaughtered and
Offered to Death. Then over the whole strand
They watched their comrades burn while taking care
To guard the pyres, now charred, nor could they tear
Themselves away until the dewy night
Rolled all across the heavens, starry-bright.
The hapless Latins, too, built for their slain
Many pyres: some they buried in the plain,
Some in the nearby fields, others they bore
Into the city: but the thousands more 230

Became an undistinguishable mound,
Unreckoned and unhonoured: all around
The vast fields spread their flames in rivalry.
The third dawn had the chill obscurity
Withdrawn from heaven. From the deep ash they brought
The bones and on the earth a warm pile wrought:
But in the city of the wealthy king
Were heard the longest wails and uttering
Of grief. The mothers and the brides-to-be,
Dear sisters and young sons unhappily 240
Bereft of fathers cursed the fell war and
The wedding-day that King Turnus had planned;
They said that he himself should, by the sword,
Decide who should be given the reward
Of Italy. Fierce Drances felt the same
And spoke out, further kindling the flame:
'It's him alone we call to fight.' Meantime
Varied opinions would often chime
About the man, that he enjoyed the screen
Provided by the great name of the queen 250
And that his trophies had all been well-earned.
Amid this stir, while all the turmoil churned,
From Diomedes's great city there drew nigh
Ambassadors who brought a sad reply:
Nothing was gained by so much toil - strong pleas,
Gold, nothing! New auxiliaries
Latium must seek or sue for amity
With Aeneas. King Latinus' misery
Crushed him. Aeneas' lot none could gainsay –

The anger of the gods, the pyres that they 260
Looked on proved this. Therefore he gave command
To all the chieftains in the Latin land
For a high council, telling them to meet
In his great halls. They streamed, street after street,
To the king's palace. He was seated there,
The eldest and their chief, with many a care
Upon his brow. He bade the envoys then,
Back from the Aetolian city, give these men
Their news and told his chieftains each to tell
His views in turn, and then a silence fell 270
When Vetulus began obediently:
"We've seen Diomedes and the Greek company,
Citizens. All perils over, we've returned.
We've touched the hand through Troy's city burned.
He was founding Argyripa then, whose name
Was from his father's race, after he came
And took the fields of Iapygian Garganus.
We went straight on and leave was given us
To speak before his face. We gave our name
And country, offered gifts, told them who came 280
To conquer us and gave the reason why
We were at Arpi. This was his reply,
Soft-spoken: 'Old Ausonia's folk who dwell
In Saturn's realm, you who have fared so well,
What vexes you and lures you to provoke
Uncertain war? The fields of the Trojan folk
We have profaned – the sorrows that we bore
Beneath those lofty walls in that fell war,

The dead beneath the river Simois
 I do not speak of- and, because of this, 290
 We've paid the penalty so constantly
 Throughout the world that Priam's sympathy
 We may receive: Minerva's baleful star
 Is witness to the woes we bore, as are
 Euboea's cliffs and the high promontory
 Of Cephireus. And thence repeatedly
 Menelaus had been thrust from strand to strand
 And lives an exile in a foreign land
 Where Proteus' pillars stand, while Ulysses
 To Etna sailed and saw the Cyclopes. 300
 Am I to mention Pyrrhus' monarchy,
 Idomeneus' lost house or the Locri
 Who dwell in Libya? Agamemnon, king
 Of Achaea, met a bloody welcoming
 When scarce within his house, slain by the hand
 Of his foul wife – behind the Ssian land
 Adultery lurked! The gods begrudged it me
 That I should go back home again and see
 My longed-for wife and beautiful Calydon!
 Even now do dreadful portents follow on: 310
 My lost allies have winged to heaven or fly
 As birds across the rivers (thus have I
 Been punished by my folk). The rocks they swell
 With tearful cries. I must endure this hell
 Since madly I assailed divinity
 And wounded Venus. No, do not tempt me
 To fights like that! With Troy I have not fought

Since her demise. Such memories have brought
No joy to me. These gifts brought from your land
Give to Aeneas. We have hand-to-hand 320
Opposed him: so depend on one who knows
With what a whirling force his spear he throws,
How huge he looms above his shield. If two
Such man came from the Idaean land, then you
May know that even Argos may have bled
In their defeat and Greece would have instead
Been grieving now. While we in troy delayed
In fighting her, the victory was stayed
By Hector and Aeneas, who withdrew
Her advent for ten years. Both of these two 330
Were eminent in war and bravery.
Aeneas, though, excelled in piety.
Make peace as best you may, but yet beware
You do not clash your swords with him.” So there
You have his words, great king, you have his views
On this fell war. Immediately this news
Caused troubled murmurs as, when a swift rush
Of a stream is checked by rocks and from this gush
A roar is heard, with both banks echoing
The plashing waters. When their trembling 340
Was calmed and tongues were hushed, the king first prayed
To heaven from his high throne before he made
This speech: ‘Latins, would that our destiny
Was settled now, not when the enemy
Is at our gate. The war we wage is dire –
With gods and men unconquered, who don’t tire

In any battle. Even when the foe
Defeats them, they yet soldier on. Let go
Of any hope of an affiliation
You might have got from the Aetolian nation - 350
It's slim at best. The ruin before you lies:
You feel it with your hands, and with your eyes
You see it. I blame none: in bravery
We've done our best. But now listen to me:
What's in my wavering mind I will explain.
Beside the Tuscan stream an old domain
Of mine stands in the west, past Sicily:
There fields are tended by the Siculi
And Aurunci: the stubborn hills they plough
And graze the roughest slopes. This region now 360
The boasts of piny mountain-heights donate
To the trojans; treaty laws we'll nominate
And share our realm with them. If they're so willed,
There they may settle and a city build.
But if some other realm, some other race
They have a yen for and can quit this place,
Let's build them twenty vessels made from oak
Of Italy, and if these Trojan folk
Can people more, the timber lies at hand
Along the shore. Let them themselves command 370
The number and the fashion: we'll provide
The brass, manpower, docks. That we'll abide
By this, a hundred envoys will I send,
The élite of the Latins, to extend
The boughs of peace with gifts of ivory

And gold and ensigns of our royalty –
The chair and robe. Give us your counsel, then,
For all our sakes and aid out weary men.’
Then Drances, bitter yet, whom the repute
Of Turnus bitterly stung the very root 380
Of him with envy - rich and eloquent,
Yet cold in battle, judged as eminent
In counsel, strong in intrigue (his ancestry
Was noble on his mother’s side, though he
Gained little from his father) – rose and spoke
And amplified the anger of his folk:
‘My gracious king, the thing of which you speak
Is known to all – there is no need to seek
Our voice. All know the people’s destiny
Yet shrink from speech. Let him grant liberty 390
To speak, and yield his pride, whose wilfulness
And dreadful auspices (I *will* speak! Yes,
Though he may threaten me) have given rise
To countless glorious leaders’ death). Our eyes
Bear witness to our city’s grief, while he
Assails the Trojans, sure that they will flee,
And frightens Heaven with arms. Most gracious king,
Add one more gift to those you vowed to bring
To the Trojans – may no violence prevent
The worthy marriage to an excellent 400
Young man to your own daughter. May this lead
To everlasting concord. But indeed
If such great terror holds us even now,
Let us entreat the king himself to vow

To give up his own license to the king
And to his country. Why do you yet fling
Your poor folk into gaping perils, fount
Of Latium's woes? On war we may not count
For safety. Turnus, bring us harmony
And pledge that it will last eternally. 410
I'm your first suppliant and not your foe,
As you imagine me: no, let that go!
Pity your folk! Away with pride and yield,
Defeated! We have seen our every field
Laid waste and too much death through our reverse.
Yet, if fame stirs you, if such strength you nurse
Within you, if a palace yet is dear
To you as dowry, go, then, without fear
To meet the foe. You'll have a royal bride
While we, unburied, unwept, cast aside, 420
Lie strewn about the plains? If you have might
And your ancestral bravery in the fight,
Then face your challenger.' Furiously
King Turnus blazed at this and heavily
He groaned and from his bosom's depths cried out:
'Drances, when battle calls for men, you spout
An awful lot. You are the first to go
To the senate when it's summoned. But there's no
Need for speech there. Your large words harmlessly
Fly from you, while we keep the enemy 430
Away with ramparts, and no trenches spew
Their blood. The thunder on (it's what you *do!*),
Charge me with fear while you have heaped up high

The Trojan dead and all your trophies lie
Scattered about the fields. What bravery
Can win you may assay. The enemy
Is not far off, besetting everywhere
Our walls. Let's go! Why do you linger there?
Perhaps that windy tongue, those flying feet
Hold all your grit! I dare you to repeat 440
I'm beaten! Can one person honestly
Claim that, foul man? No, for that man shall see
The Tiber rising high with Trojan gore,
Evander's race wiped out and, furthermore,
The Arcadians stripped of arms. Great Pandarus
And Bitias did not pronounce me thus,
Nor did those thousand warriors whom I sent
In one day down to Tartarus, though pent
Within the enemy's walls. "In war," you say,
"There is no safety"! Madman, rant away 450
In fear for Aeneas and yourself and raise
That great alarm, confounding all, and praise
Your people twice subdued. The Myrmidon
Chieftains now quiver when they look upon
The Phrygian arms; Achilles quakes at us,
And Diomedes, too; the Audfidus
Recoils from the Adriatic waves, while he
Pretends to fear my slurs, and calumny
He hones with fright, vile man! Don't be distressed –
I will not deign to kill you. Let your breast 460
Still house your life. Father, I now return
To your great controversy. If you lack

Hope in our arms and we are brought thus low
To utter ruin and Fortune can find no
Way back, let us beseech you helplessly
For peace! Would that our wonted bravery
Still lived to some extent! That man is blessed
In toil and soul who seeks eternal rest
And bite the dust that he may shun this sight.
But if we yet possess some martial might 470
And have support from towns in Sicily,
And trojans have with copious butchery
Gained glory (they, too, have their deaths, for all
Alike have braved the storm), why do we stall
Ignobly on the threshold's edge, and why
Tremble before the trumpets sound? For by
And by our ills are mended – many men
Have been by Fortune mocked but once again
She places them on solid ground. We'll see
No aid from the Aetoli or Arpi: 480
Messapus, though, and blessed Tolumnius
And other nations' chiefs will flock to us,
The pick of Latium and the Laurentian land
Will gain great fame. The glorious Volscian band,
Led by Camilla with his cavalry
And squadrons bright with brass. But if it's me
Alone the trojans summon to a fight,
And you approve and I stand here, a blight
To the common good, then Victory does not fly
From me with such hate that, with hope so high, 490
I should not venture anything. I'll fight

The man courageously, although he might
Crush great Achilles, armoured equally
With what was forged by Vulcan's artistry.
To you and to the father of my bride,
Latinus, I, who've never been outvied
By any ancestor, have consecrated
My life. "Aeneas calls on him, " he stated,
"Alone." Well, let him! And let not Drances,
If Heaven's anger lives in this, appease 500
It by his death or by his bravery
And prowess win the prize. In rivalry
They wrangled thus. Meanwhile Aeneas passed
From camp to field. A messenger, running fast,
Went through the halls amid the wild affray
And terrified the folk: in battle-array
From the Tiber and across the plains there spread
The Trojans and Tyrrhenians, and this fed
Each mind with chaos, rousing instantly
Their hearts severely. Waving fearfully, 510
The young men called for arms; their fathers wept
And muttered. Then from every side there swept
A loud, discordant din as when a throng
Of birds roosts in some high grove, or, along
Padusa's fish-filled stream, one hears the shriek
Of raucous swans. 'A council do you seek?'
King Turnus seized the moment. 'Amity
Is what you want? See there, the enemy
Is rushing at our realm!' He said no more
But leapt from those high walls, intent on war. 520

'Volusus, bid the Volscians arm and head
The Rutuli. And you, Messapus, spread
In arms across the plains your cavalry –
Your brother Carus, too. Some of you, see
To the guarding of the gates and towers. The rest
Charge under my command. Then on they pressed
At once out of the city. Terrified
At this reverse, Latinus set aside
His council and his lofty plans and chid
Himself continually not to have bid 530
Aeneas, for his city's sake, to be
His son-in-law. Some of the company
Dug troughs before the gates or else conveyed
Boulders and stakes. The raucous clarion made
The sign for battle, and around the walls
Pressed boys and matrons; all heeded the calls
To end the strife. The queen with a great mass
Of mothers and her servant, the young lass
Lavinia, source of all that misery,
To Pallas' shrine, high on her promontory, 540
Now rode, with gifts, her beauteous eyes downcast.
The mothers all into the temple passed
And filled it with incense and from its height
Bewailed: 'War's mistress, strong in martial might,
Tritonian maiden break in tow, I pray,
The Phrygian pirate's spear; hurl him and lay
Him on the earth to lie prostrate
Before our gates.' Now, furiously irate,
Turnus put on his armour for the fight –

The breastplate boasting scales and shining bright 550
With brass, gold greaves, no helmet on his head
As yet, his buckled sword – all gold, he sped
Down from the fortress, full of bravery,
Imagining he's caught his enemy
Already, as a horse that breaks away,
Bursting his tether, and once more holds sway
Upon the plain, and either he looks for
The meadows where the mares are grazing or,
Knowing the famous river, with a neigh
Darts forth, his head stretched high in wanton play, 560
Mane rippling. Camilla met him then
In company with all the Volscian men,
While at the gates the queen leapt from her steed
And her entire troop echoed her deed,
Gliding to earth. 'If in his bravery,'
She said, 'a man has trust, the cavalry
Of Trojans, Turnus, I will meet. Then let
Me by the early perils be beset.
Protect the walls on foot.' He fixed his eyes
On the dread maid and said and said: 'Italy's prize, 570
How can I thank you? Since your spirits soar
So far above the rest, your toil in war
Let me abet. Aeneas – as is said
And as the scouts confirm – has thrown ahead
His light horse, wicked man, and now they sweep
Across the plains. He marches by the steep
And lonely heights across the elevation
And comes towards the town. My preparation

Consists of snares I've laid along the brake
Upon the arching trail that we may make 580
An ambush there with all our weaponry
At those twin jaws. Await the cavalry
Of the Tuscans, ready for the fight. With you
Shall be brave Messapus, the squadrons, too,
Of the Latins, and Tiburtus' troops' you'll be
Their captain.' Thus he spoke. Similarly
He heartened Messapus and those who led
The allied warriors, then he went ahead
To meet the foe. A vale swept curvingly,
Perfect for stratagems and trickery, 590
Hemmed in by dusky leaves on either side.
A narrow path with gorges far from wide
And dangerous approaches thither led
Amid the watch-towers up above one's head
There lay safe shelter on a veiled plateau –
From left or right one could assail the foe
Or stand upon the ridge and thence propel
Huge stones. Upon the path he knew so well
The young man went and, having seized his ground,
Sat down within the copse that would confound 600
His foe. Meanwhile Latonia sorrowfully
Addressed swift Opis of the company
Of sacred maidens up in Heaven and said:
'Maiden, to cruel war we're being led
By Camilla, though our armour pointlessly
We gird on and she's dearer yet to me
Than all the others. For this sudden dart

Of love which has inflamed Diana's heart
Is not new. Hatred of his tyrant might
Caused Messapus to leave in fearful flight 610
Ancient Privernum. Through the battle-strife
He took his child to share his exile's life,
And for his wife Casmilla gave her the name
Camilla. To the lonely woods he came
With their long ridges, bearing on his breast
The babe. On every side fierce weapons pressed,
The Volscian troops a constant threat. Then lo!
The clouds had burst and it was raining so
Fiercely the Amasenus flooded high
Above its banks. Now Messapus, checked by 620
Parental love, had fears, though he could swim,
For his dear burden. Then it came to him
As he thought out each possibility:
The huge, hard-knotted, seasoned-oak spear he
Held in his sturdy hand he used to tie
The child around the shaft. Up to the sky
He raised the spear and prayed: 'Latonian maid,
Kind wood-dweller, my child to be your aid
I offer. As she flees the enemy,
Your weapon is her first. Accept from me 630
My child, committed to the uncertain air.'
He threw the spinning shaft. The river there
Roared as above it poor Camilla flew
Upon the whizzing steel. Now closer to
Her father came the mighty company.
He crossed the river and victoriously

Plucked up those offerings, the spear and child.
No cities took him but, his mood being wild,
He would not have accepted them: his days
With shepherds in the lonely mountain-ways 640
He spent; her at the breast of a wild mare
Out of the herd he nourished, taking care
To place her tender lips around each teat.
Then when her earliest steps on baby feet
She made, he put a lance into her hand,
About her shoulders placed a quiver and
A bow. No golden combs did he provide
For her, no trailing robe – a tiger's hide
He draped across her back, and while yet young
She hurled her little javelins and swung 650
The smooth-thonged sling around and around her head
With which Strymonian cranes she struck down dead
Or else white swans. Many matrons would fain
Be her mother there in Tuscany – in vain!
Content with just Diana, she, unstained,
Her lifelong love of weaponry maintained.
I would she'd not gained such proclivity
For war and fighting Trojans, for then she
Would be my darling sister in my train
Even now, but since she's taxed with ill-timed bane, 660
Descend, nymph, seek the sad hostilities
In inauspicious Latium. Take these,
Draw out an avenging dart: whoever he be
Who wounds her sacred frame – from Italy
Or Troy – avenge that man and make him pay

In blood. The hapless maid I'll take away
In a hollow cloud and, with her weaponry
Unspoiled, I'll lay her in her tomb.' Thus she
Addressed the Opis who, with a whirring sound,
Sped through the heavens' light air, her body bound 670
In a black whirlwind, while the Trojan band,
The Etruscan chiefs, in mounted groupings, and
Their cavalry, in numbered squadrons, made
Towards the walls. The war-steeds prance and neighed
And tugged against the reins, while everywhere
The field bristled with steel, the plains aglare
With upraised spears. The speedy Latins, too,
And the maid Camilla's troop came into view,
Messapus and Tiburtus' progeny,
Catillus and Coras ; the enemy 680
They faced, their weaponry all primed to pierce.
Their advent and the neighing steeds grew fierce.
They halted at a spear's-length: suddenly
Each host dashed forth with a cacophony
Of shouts and spurred their furious steeds. The air
At once was thick with weapons everywhere,
Like snowflakes, and the sky was veiled in shade.
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus swiftly made
A charge, the first to fall: with a great crash
Both charges shattered; like a thunderflash 690
Or some huge mass, Aconteus was cast
Headlong afar, thus breathing out his last.
The squadrons wavered and the Latins threw
Their shields behind them, turning their steeds to

The walls: the Trojans followed them, led by
Asilas. To the gates they now drew nigh,
The Latins shouting and turning about
Their horses' supple necks; thus in a rout
The Trojans fled afar wit loosened rein,
Just a driving flood upon the main 700
Attacks te land and, swelling mightily,
Dashes and foams across the promontory,
With curving wave drenching the furthest sand.
Then sucks back stones as it retreats, the strand
Left with a gliding shoal. The Rutuli
Were twice thrust by the Tuscan enemy
Back the city-walls and then twice more
In turn repulsed the Tuscan foe, who bore
Their shields behind them for security.
But at the third skirmish, each company 710
Locked with the other, man marked man, and then,
Knee-deep in blood, the horses and the men
Who groaned out loudly in their agony,
Half-dead, along with all the weaponry,
Went tumbling. The fighting grew severe.
At Remulus' steed Orchomenus hurled his spear –
He shrank to meet its rider – and impaled
Its ear. Enraged at this, the charger flailed,
His chest uplifted, furious at the gash,
And flung its legs up, hurling Remulus smash 720
Upon the ground. Now hurling down lollas came,
And then Herminus, of giant fame
In size and courage, with his yellow hair

On his uncovered head, his shoulders bare,
Both by Camillus killed. Wounds caused no fear
To the latter – such a huge man faced the spear.
The weapon pierced his shoulder, quivering;
He bent in agony, black blood flowing
Everywhere, the armies both seeking to deal
Out carnage while they hoped, amid the steel, 730
To meet a glorious death. An Amazon,
Quiver-girt Camilla ran amok upon
The plain amid the fray, one breast displayed
For slaughter; with tough javelins she sprayed
The foe; she grasped battle-axe tirelessly;
Diana's golden bow resoundingly
Rang out upon her shoulders. When thrust back,
Even then she turned about with an attack
Of arrows from her bow. Around her fought
Young Tulla and Lavina, whom she'd sought 740
To be her pride; Tarpeia, too, was there,
Shaking her axe of bronze high in the air –
Daughters of Italy, all maids of grace
In peace and war: the Amazons of Thrace
Are such as over the streams of Thermodon
They stamp and go to war, when they've put on
Their blazoned armour – near Hippolyte
Or when Penthesilea, progeny
Of Mars, returns upon her chariot, and
With loud, tumultuous cries, the female band 750
Exult with crescent shields. Ferocious maid,
Whom first, whom last have you brought down and laid

Stretched out? How many of the enemy
Did you dispatch? First was the progeny
Of Clytius, Euneus – her long pine-shaft bore
Into his exposed breast and, spouting gore,
He fell and bit the blood-red dust and then
He writhed in pain and died. Then two more men
She felled, Liris and Pagasus: one's steed
Was stabbed and so he grabbed the reins; his need 760
To catch him caused the other, as he fell,
To stretch his hand out and both men pell-mell
Were thrown. To these she added Amastrus,
The son of Hippotas, Harpolycus,
Tereus, Demophoon, Chromis as well –
As many darts she threw as Phrygians fell.
The hunter Ornytus, armed curiously,
On a lapygian charger, she could see
Far off, his broad frame swathed by a steer's hide,
Head shielded by a wolf's mouth, gaping wide 770
With white-fanged jaws, a rustic pike in hand,
Moving amongst the troops from band to band,
A head above them all. The exodus
Caused her to pierce him easily, and thus,
Standing above him, she yelled pitilessly:
'Did you imagine, men of Tuscany,
That in the forests you were hunting prey?
Your vaunts will be disproved this very day –
You and your woman's weapons! Your renown
Is great, however, that you'll carry down 780
To Hades – that Camilla's spear felled you!

Orsilochus and Butes next she slew,
Two massive Trojans: in Butes, betwixt
Breastplate and helmet, in his back she fixed
Her spear as on he rode, his neck aglow,
His shield on his left arm; Orchomenus, though,
She fled but foiled him as they wheeled around
Each other – in a tighter ring he found
He now as she pursued. Redoubling
Her blows, through bone and armour puncturing 700
The man, she brought her strong axe down as she
Rose higher, though he made plea after plea
For mercy, warm brain spattering his face
Now came a man of the Apennine race,
The warrior son of Aunus, full of fright
At suddenly beholding such a sight
(Of the Ligurians, ever used to guile,
Tis man was nor the meanest person while
The Fates allowed deceit). Once he had seen
That speed was useless and the raging queen 800
He could not rout, relying on his wit
And fraudulence, he said: 'How great is it
That you, a woman, have such certainty
In him you ride? Away with flight! With me
Prepare to fight on foot and you shall know
That arrogance brings injury!' And so,
In fury at this man's indignity,
She gave a friend her steed, armed equally,
And faced him now, on foot and unafraid –
Her sword was ready and her shield displayed 810

No scutcheon. But the youth, thinking that he
Had won by guile, rode off precipitately,
His iron spur goading his steed. She said:
'Foolish Ligurian, your silly pride
Is all in vain; the slippery trickery
Of all your tribe's for naught; chicanery
Won't get you home to lying Aunus.' So
The maiden spoke, and then he saw her go
Across the horse's path: facing the steed,
She grasped the reins and with insensate speed 820
She met him face-to-face and made him pay
With the blood she hated, like that bird of prey,
The ominous falcon, who from a rock on high
Follows a dove up in the cloudy sky,
Grips it and with its crooked talons rends
Its heart and blood an mangled plumage sends
To earth. All this the lord of gods and men
Saw from his high Olympian throne and then
Roused Tuscan Tarchon to the savage fight,
Pricking his wrath – his goad was far from light! 830
So Tarchon rode amid the butchery
And wavering columns, calling variously
To every man by name and rallying
The routed. 'You who'll never feel the sting
Of shame, constantly dawdling, what fear,
Tuscan, what utter cowardice is here
Within your hearts? Are you then routed by
A woman, then, disordered? Tell me why
We're fighting, why we carry bootlessly

These weapons? You're not slow to revelry 840
And sex and Bacchic flutes that are the sign
For dance. Look forward to the cups of wine,
The groaning board (your passion, your delight)
Until the seer proclaims the time is right
To start the sacrifice, when the plump beast
Calls you to the high wood to enjoy the feast!
With this he spurred his steed without delay,
Himself prepared to die, into the fray,
Then charged at Venulus like a hurricane
And snatched him from his horse with might and main 850
And bore him off clutched to his breast. A shout
Rose up, and all the Latins looked about
To watch as Tarchon, swift as lightning, thus
Sped through the plain, weapons and Venulus
Before him; when his spear's edge broke, he sought
A spot wherein to wound him as they fought;
Venulus kept his mortal enemy
From his throat while they combatted equally,
As when a tawny eagle from the skies
Has laid hold of a serpent and now flies 860
Away, her claws entwined and gripping tight;
The wounded reptile writhes to left and right,
Bristling, hissing, rearing; meanwhile she
Assails it as it twists in agony
With her curved beak, still flying; even thus
Out of the line Tarchon took Venulus
In triumph. All of the Maeonian men
Advance, echoing their chief's example. Then

Arruns paid Fate a debt – initially

He circled swift Camilla dexterously, 870

Javelin hand, and tried the easiest mode:

Wherever the maid Camila madly strode,

He silently dogged her tracks; when she returned

In triumph from the foe, he swiftly turned

His reins. Traversing all around, now here,

Now there, he went, with his unerring spear

Aquiver, savagely. There chanced to be

The late priest, Choreus, sacred to Cybele,

Shining in Phrygian armour far away:

His foaming steed, in a skin in which there lay 880

Brazen scales clasped with gold, he spurred. Aglow

In foreign purple, from his Lycian bow

He launched Gortynian shafts. That bow was gold,

His helmet too; each rustling linen fold

Upon his saffron scarf was pleated by

A knot of yellow gold; a needle's eye

Had weaved his tunic and hid curious

Leggings. Perhaps she felt a stimulus

To aim at sacred Trojan weapons or

To flaunt herself in golden spoils of war 890

For now this huntress singled out her prey

And blindly dogged him as she raged away,

A woman's zeal for spoil impassioning

Here heart; at last Arruns, at last noticing

His chance, took up his weapon to waylay

The maid and spoke aloud to Heaven: "I pray,

Phoebus, highest of all the gods, who keep

Holy Soracte, for whom the pine heap
We, your chief acolytes, feed with your flame
And tread the many ashes, let this shame 900
Be ousted from our arms, almighty one.
I'll not, when we the victory have won
Against the maid, seek an award or plunder:
From all my other deeds my fame shall thunder.
But if I can remove this malady,
Back to my house I'll go ingloriously.'
Phoebus fulfilled one half of Arruns' prayer,
The other casting out into the air:
That he should kill Camilla suddenly
He granted, but that he should ever see 910
His noble land again, the god denied:
To the smooth gales his words flew and there died.
The spear whizzed from his hand into the air
And to the queen the Volsci turned to stare
In eagerness. The maiden did not heed
Its coming till he bare breast felt its speed
As it drank of her virgin blood. In fright
Her comrades quickly caught the queen. In flight
Arruns, surprised more than the others there,
Both crowed and trembled, nor did he now dare 920
Trust in his spear or face the maid again.
Just as a wolf who has a shepherd slain
Or a great steer, before fierce weaponry
Can follow him, plunges immediately
Among the heights on many a pathless trail:
Aware of his mad deed, he tucks his tail

Beneath his legs while quivering, as he
Makes for the woods. Thus Arruns, all at sea,
Stole out of sight: into the warrior-band
He fled. Dying, Camilla with her hand 930
Tugged at the dart, but deep within her still
It stuck between her ribs. Here eyes, now chill
In death, were closed. Bloodless she fell. Her breath
Was now forsaking her and at her death
Her radiant colour paled and, as she died,
She spoke to Acca (ever at her side,
Of all the maidens of her coterie
She was her faithfulest contemporary):
'Acca, my sister, thus far I've held out,
But now there's shadowy darkness all about: 940
This sharp wound's sapping me. So haste away!
Tell Turnus to succeed me in the fray
And keep the Trojans out. And now – farewell!
At this she dropped the reins and, helpless, fell
To earth. She left her body gradually
And drooped her nerveless neck and head which she
Now gave to Death' her armour then she left
Behind and, with an angry groan, bereft
Of life she passed beneath the earth. There rolled
A boundless roar up to the stars of gold 950
And, with Camilla's death, the battle grew
Yet fiercer – Trojans, Tuscan chieftains, too,
Evander's squadrons, out of Arcady,
Now clashed. Long-seated on his promontory,
Trivia's guardian, Opis, watched the fight

Undaunted; at a distance she caught sight,
In that mad fray, of the maiden as she died,
So piteously slain: at this she sighed
A deep-felt sigh and said: 'O piteous maid,
Too cruel is the price that you have paid 960
For braving Troy in battle! Though amid
The wilds, alone, great services you did
To Diana, and our shafts you carried, too,
Across your back, it did not benefit you.
But you weren't left dishonoured by your queen
In death's last hour nor will you yet have been
Without renown in any land. He who
Profaned your limbs with wounds will pay his due
With death.' The tomb of the Laurentian king
Of old, Dercennius, in a mighty ring 970
Of earth, beneath the mountain stood, a tree
Of ilex screening it. Precipitately
The beauteous goddess leapt upon that mound
And from its very height her eyes no found
Arruns who was rejoicing pridefully.
'Why flee so far?' she said. 'Come back to me
And die! Diana's darts will make you pay
For the maid's death.' That's all she had to say.
The Thracian nymph then plucked a winged dart
From her gold quiver and pulled wide apart 980
Her bow: the curved ends came together and,
While she the steel's point touched with her left hand,
Her right one grazed her breast. Immediately
The whistling dart and stirred air equally

He heard. The arrow pierced his breast; as he
Gasped out his last, his friends forgetfully
Left him upon that unknown, dusty plain,
And Opis flew away to Heaven again.
Camilla lost, her light corps was the first
To flee and then the Rutuli were dispersed, 990
Then valiant Atinas; captains then
Were scattered, squadrons of leaderless men
Sought shelter as they wheeled their steeds about
And galloped to the walls, for in their rout
None could withstand the death-dealing attack
Of Trojans: casting on his weakened back
His bow, each warrior caused the crumbling field
To shake with hoof-beats. The black dust-cloud reeled
Towards the walls while mothers up on high
In watch-towers beat their breasts with many a cry. 1000
Those who had through the open gates sped first
Were pressured by a hostile mish-mash burst
And died a piteous death within the lee
Of their own homes, so close to sanctuary.
Some closed the gates, nor did they dare admit
Their comrades though they importuned that it
Be granted them. Foul slaughter then began
Of the armed guardians and those who ran
Into their swords. Some of the company,
While weeping parents watched, fell heedlessly 1010
Into the trenches, others, slackening
Their reins, charged, blindly roused, then battering
The well-barred gates. In keenest rivalry

Their patriot hearts prompting such bravery,
Threw weapons down and did the work of steel
With stout poles and seared stakes, burning to feel,
Among the first, the sting of death upon
The walls. Meanwhile, the dreadful news had gone
To Turnus in the woods: the tale of woe
Was told by Acca – how the Trojan foe 1020
Had crushed the Volscians and killed the maid
Camilla and were now making a raid
In triumph, causing panic. Furious
(For Jove's stern will gave them the impetus),
Turnus now quite the hills' security
And left the rough woodlands. Barely had he
Moved out of sight and on to the plateau
Than, entering the open pass, his foe
Aeneas climbed the ridge and came in view
Out of the shady wood, and now these two 1030
Came swiftly to the wall, with either side
In full force, at close range. Aeneas spied
The smoke-filled plain just as his enemy
Heard footsteps, and, among the cavalry,
Their snoring steeds. They would have straightaway
Joined combat but it was the end of day –
Hisweary team Apollo, shining bright,
Washed in the Iberian waters, as daylight
Ebbd and the night approached. They camped outside
The city while the walls they fortified. 1040

