

AENEID XII

When Turnus saw the Latins crushed and faint
Of heart, himself the object of the taint
F their claim for his pledge, implacably
He blazed with wrath and boosted energy.
As a Punic lion, which a grievous blow
Receives from hunters in the breast and so
Retaliates, tossing his shaggy mane,
And snaps the dart, undaunted, though a stain
Bedaubs his mouth, so Turnus' fury spread,
And to the king these whirling words he said: 10
'I'll brook no lull: the coward Aeneadae
Have no need to renounce their compact: I
Will meet them Father, frame the warranty
And bring the holy rites. This refugee
From Asia with my right hand I will send
To Erebus (let the Latins all attend
The deed). The nation's shame I will refute
Alone, or may a champion's repute
Be his and may Lavinia be his bride!'
To him Latinus tranquilly replied: 20
'O matchless youth, the more your valorous pride,
The more I must be heedful and decide
To weigh all possibilities. You're lord
Of Danaus' realm - your father – and your sword
Has won you many towns; gold and good will
Latinus has. In both domains there still
Live unwed, noble maids. Unfeignedly

Let me say this -drink it in thoroughly:
To any of my daughter's earlier beaux
I could not wed her – it was augured so 30
By gods and men. But by my love of you,
Our blood-ties and my sorrowing consort, too
I broke all shackles: from her fiancé
I snatched my daughter and the unholy fray
I entered. Turnus, from that time you see
What perils and what wars have followed me,
What heavy loads you bear. Twice beaten down
In mighty conflict, hardly is our town
By us protected. Tiber still remains
Warm with our blood and all the boundless plains 40
White with our bones. Why do I frequently
Drift back from my intent? What lunacy
Deflects it? If I mean, with Turnus dead,
To make then allies, why not, then, instead
Settle the strife while he is living still?
What will our Rutulian kinsmen say, what will
The rest of Italy – o Fortune, may
You now refute the word! – if I betray
Turnus to death, while he yet tries to woo
My daughter? Mull war's vagaries while you 50
Pity your aged father's misery
In far-off Ardea.; In no way he
Checked Turnus' Fury: growing more and more.
It, at his healing words, became more sore
When he could speak, he said: 'The care, great one,
That you have shown to me, put off. Have done

And let me trade death for celebrity.
Father, I, too, can scatter weaponry.
My hand can use hard steel, whence blood will flow.
Hs goddess-mother won't be nearby, no, 60
She won't be there the runaway to screen
Inside a cloud while she, too, can't be seen.'
By the new terms of conflict terrified
And clinging to her fiery son-in-law's side,
The queen shed tears, prepared to die, and said"
'Turnus, I beg you, by these tears I shed,
If you yet honour me - for you remain
My only hope, the one who can sustain
My sad old age; Latinus' sovereignty
And honour and our sinking dynasty 70
Lie in you – don't fight Troy. Whatever you
May face in combat, it awaits me, too.
I'll quit this hateful light in company
With you, refusing, in captivity,
To see Aeneas as my son. Face red
With blushing and the hot tears that she shed,
Lavinia heard her mother. Such was she
As when one mixes Indian ivory
With crimson dye and mingles many a rose
With lilies: it was colours such as those 80
The maiden showed. By Cupid disarrayed,
Turnus now fixed his eyes upon the maid.
Now keened all the more for combat, he
Addressed Amata briefly: 'Don't send me,
Mother, as I return into the war.

With tears or omens. I've no freedom for
Delaying death. Send to the Phrygian king
My words, Idmon – they won't be welcoming –
When Dawn's red chariot comes, let him not lead
His men against the Rutuli – indeed 90
Both must have rest. That war let me conclude
With our blood; let Lavinia be wooed
And won upon that field.' That said, he went
Into the palace rapidly and sent
For steeds (to see them neighing pleased him so):
Orithyia – for they gleamed more whit than snow
And topped the winds in speed – handed them out
In honour to Pilumnus. Round about,
The charioteers stood: as the horses neighed,
They patted them upon the breast and laid 100
Their combs along their flowing manes. Around
His shoulders Turnus then his breastplate bound,
Of gold and pallid mountain-bronze created,
And then his shield and sword appropriated
To arm and buckle and the red design
Made out of horn he donned, which the divine
Fire-Lord had for his father Daunus wrought
And dipped aglow into the Styx, then caught
His huge sword up (within the hall it leaned
Against a giant post – Actor had gleaned 110
This sword as spoil). He shook it, and then he
Yelled out: 'You never have deserted me,
My sword! The time is ripe. The mighty hand
Of Actor grasped you once; now I command

Your actions. Let me kill the man and tear
 His breastplate from him and defile the hair
 Of this half-man, crisped and in myrrh immersed.
 Such was his fury. From his face there burst
 Red sparks, his eager eyes ablaze with fire,
 Just like a bull before he fights, his ire 120
 Pinpointed in his horns, who fearfully
 Sets up a bellowing and butts a tree,
 Lashes the winds and - prelude for the fray –
 Then paws the sand. Meanwhile, in just that way,
 Fierce in his mother's gift of weaponry,
 His anger stirred, whetted his bravery,
 Rejoicing in this compact. He consoled
 His men and calmed sad Iulus' fear, and told
 Them all of fate and bade them to remit
 Firm answer to Latinus and submit 130
 To the conditions. Hardly had the light
 Of Dawn been sprinkled on the mountains' height,
 When the sun's steeds rose from the yawning sea
 To breathe daylight when both the Rutuli
 And Teucri by the mighty ramparts laid
 Their plans for war and at their centre made
 Ready their hearths and grassy shrines. Some came,
 Their brows with vervain bound, with water and flame,
 In aprons draped. The Ausonian army went
 Through the crammed gates; in diverse armament 140
 The Trojan and the Tuscan columns poured,
 Armed all in steel, as though the fierce War-Lord
 Called them; among the throng their captains, too,

Resplendent in their gold and purple, flew -
Mnestheus, descendant of Assaracus,
The valiant Asilas, Messapus,
Horse-tamer, he of Neptune's kin. Now when
A signal had been given, each of the men
Planted his spear into the earth and placed
His shield against it. Eagerly there raced 150
Mothers, sick old men and the unarmed throng
To make the towers and house-tops and along
The lofty gates to stand. But then Juno
From what we call the Alban Hill (although
It then had neither honour, name or fame)
Looked on the plain as the twin columns came
Upon Latinus' city. Then said she,
Divinity unto divinity,
To Turnus's sister – she who now held sway
Over each fen and sounding waterway, 160
For mighty Jove had given this dignity
To her for stealing her virginity - :
'Glory of rivers, nymph, my most adored,
Of all the Latin maids my mighty lord
Has taken to his thankless bed you well
'Know you I've preferred, for you now dwell
In Heaven: learn your grief lest you berate
Your Juno – when it seemed to me that Fate
Let Latium flourish, I was guardian
To Turnus and to your dominion, 170
But now he faces unfair Destiny.
The enemy's fatal blow draws near, I see;

This fray, this pact I cannot face. If you
Dare help your brother now, I beg you, do!
You should. Perhaps there's happiness ahead
For the unhappy.' Scarcely was this said
When tears fell from Juturna's eyes, as she
Beat at her comely breast repeatedly,
Three or four times. The goddess made reply: 180
'No time for tears! Your brother you must try
To snatch from death or call for war and tear
Their treaty up. It's I who bid you dare.
This counsel left Juturna full of doubt,
Hers soul distracted by this cruel clout.
Meanwhile with all the kings, Latinus came,
Drawn by four steeds in splendid pomp, the flame
Of twelve gold rays about his brows, which showed
His own ancestral Sun; then Turnus rode
Behind two snow-white steeds while brandishing
Two broad steel spears, Aeneas issuing 190
Out of the camp, source of the Roman line,
With sacred arms and starry shield, whose shine
Blazed; next came Ascanius, his son,
The next hope of great Rome's dominion.
A priest then came, attired spotlessly,
Who bore the unshorn, two-year progeny
Of a sheep, a young boar, too, and placed each one
Beside the blazing shrines. To the new sun
The men then turned their eyes and salt-meal sprayed
And with a knife upon the beasts they made 200
A mark and poured out wine. Aeneas drew

His sword and prayed: 'Now, Sun, I call on you
 And Earth to be witnesses to my prayer –
 For that my labours I could ever bear
 You, Earth, have made it possible – and you,
 Almighty Jupiter and your consort, too,
 Now kindlier, and famous Mars, who all
 Our battles wield; on Fates and Floods I call,
 And all the powers that show their majesty
 In Heaven and upon each azure sea: 210
 Should Turnus conquer us, it is agreed
 That we to Evander's city should recede,
 That Julius quit the soil, Aeneas' men
 Never turn to hostility again
 Nor storm our realm, but if the victory
 Falls to us (as it will, it seems to me,
 And may the gods confirm it with their might!),
 I'll not reduce the Italians to the plight
 Of tyranny nor seek to master you.
 No, equal laws shall stand between us two 220
 In constant concord. You I will endow
 With gods and rites; Latinus I'll allow
 To keep his own command, since he will be
 My father-in-law. The Teucrians for me
 Shall raise our ramparts and the city's name
 Shall echo my Lavinia.' Then came
 Latinus, looking skyward, his right hand
 Stretched up: 'Aeneas, by the sea, the land,
 The stars, I, too, swear, the twin progeny
 Of Latona, Janus and the mastery 230

Of the gods below, the shrines of cruel Dis;
May Jove, who with his bolt the pacts of peace
Confirms, hear me. I touch the shrines and vow
By the fires and gods who stand between us now:
No time will break this truce for Italy,
Whatever happens; nothing would wrench me
From this vow even if the while world fell
In deluge or if Heaven plunged to Hell,
Just as this sceptre' (which he carried now)
'Will never leaf into a shady bough, 240
Uprooted from its mother, greenery
And twigs lopped by the sword's stroke: once a tree,
In fine bronze girt by a craftsman's expertise
Your leaders bear it now.' With words like these
The truce was made among the lords. They slew
The beasts above the flame, as was their due,
Tore out the guts, which were still living, then
Heaped dishes on the shrines. The Rutulian men
Had long thought that unequal was the fight,
Their hearts yet swaying to and fro in fright; 250
The ill-matched strength they scanned more carefully
Now. Turnus swelled their fear as noiselessly
He came and with a downcast eye adored
The altar humbly; on this youthful lord
The pallid cheeks were wasted. When she heard
The whispering that spread with every word
And found that every heart was wavering,
She moved into their midst, counterfeiting
The form of Camers – he whose pedigree

Was fine, whose father's great celebrity 260
Spread far, most valiant himself - , aware
Of what she had to do, into the air
She scattered rumours, crying: 'Infamy!
Would you expose from this great company
One single life? Are we not, then, their peer
In strength and number? All of them are here,
Troy, Arcady and, led by Destiny,
Etruria, Turnus' enemy. If we
Fought with but half our strength, we'd scarcely count
One foe. Up to the gods Turnus will mount, 270
His life vowed on their altars, and upon
Men's lips he'll live, while we, our country gone,
Sit idly in the fields.' Resolve was then
Roused further by these words in all the men
And murmurs filled the ranks. The Latins, too,
And the Laurentines, changed their minds. Those who
Had hoped for their security now prayed
For arms and treaty the treaty be unmade
And pitied Turnus' unjust fate. Then she
Aroused them into further energy - 280
In heaven gave the sign which, by its might,
Could cheat the Italians with its wondrous sight,
Confounding them: for Jupiter's golden bird
Flew through the ruddy sky and chased a herd
Of screaming sea-fowls, swooping suddenly,
And in his crooked talons shamelessly
Snatched up a stately swan. Then – what a sight! –
The winged creatures, one and all, in flight,

Watched closely by the Italians, blotted out
The sky and, massing densely, in a rout, 290
Pursued their foe who, overcome by all
That powerful weight, surrendered, letting fall
His prey into the sea, then fled away
Into the clouds. Then with a loud 'Hurrray!'
The Rutuli hailed the omen. Stretching high
Their arms. 'O this, this signal from the sky
I've often prayed for,' said the augur. 'See,
I recognize the gods in this. With me
As leader, take up arms, you wretched band!
A shameless alien ravages your land 300
And cows you – like frail birds you yield. He, too,
Will take to flight and sail away from you.
With one accord close ranks. Your stolen king
Defend in battle.' With this, hastening,
He hurled his spear straight at the enemy.
The whistling cornel-shaft unerringly
Cut through the air. At once a mighty shout
Arose. The hordes, their feelings tossed about,
Were in turmoil. As onwards flew the spear
Nine handsome brothers happened to appear 310
Before it – all Gylippus' progeny,
Born of his faithful wife of Tuscany.
One of these warriors, just where the stitched belt
Near the waist causes a soreness to be felt,
The buckle biting him, was pierced straight through –
A comely man, in shining armour, too.
He lay stretched out upon the yellow sand.

But of his brothers, a most gallant band,
Grief-stricken, some now drew their swords while some
Their spears and charged. Those of Laurentium 320
Attacked them. Then the Trojans swarmingly
Streamed on, as well as the Argylines. As one,
They yearned that what they prayed for would be done
By steel. They stripped the altars. Iron rain
Fell down as in the sky a hurricane
Of weapons flew. Bowls and hearth-fires they
Removed. The king himself now sped away
With his defeated gods, the treaty halted.
The others reined their chariots or vaulted 330
Upon their steeds, swords drawn. Eager to shred
The treaty, Messapus rode straight ahead
And cared off Tuscan Aulestes, a king,
Who wore a king's device; he, scrambling,
Fell back upon the shrines, poor wretch, his head
And shoulders injured. Menapus now sped
In fury, mounted still, and heavily
Came down on him with his great spear, though he
Pled much, and said: 'He has the fatal blow!
A nobler victim, to the gods he'll go. 340
The Italians crowded round his warm limbs and
Stripped them of arms. Corynaeus snatched a brand
From off the shrine. Confronting them, and threw
Its flames straight in the face of Ebyssus, who
Was set to strike. His great beard stank of smoke
As up it blazed. Then, following with this stroke,
The locks of his bewildered enemy

He clutched in his left hand and with bent knee
Felled him and ran him through with rigid sword.

Meanwhile Podalirius came racing toward 350

The shepherd Alsus who was ranging through
The front lines: Alsus' axe, however, flew
And cleft his enemy's brow and chin: his blood
Drenched all his armour in a monstrous flood.

Then stern repose and iron slumber pressed
His eyes and endless night gave to him rest.

Aeneas now stretched out his unarmed hand,
Head bared, and shouted to his Trojan band:

'You flee? What means this sudden strife? Desist

From anger, for the truce is fixed, the list 360

Of laws agreed upon; it's only I

Who may do battle. Let your terror fly

And give me leave; I'll prove the treaty true;

Turnus is mine, it says! Amid this hue

And cry a whizzing arrow made its way

Towards him (who sent it one could not say,

Nor whether chance or some divinity

Brought such great glory to the Rutuli).

He who performed this great deed has no name –

Missing his mark, he will receive no fame. 370

When Turnus saw Aeneas leave his men,

His captains in bewilderment, why, then

He glowed with sudden hope; for horses he

Called out, and arms, then leapt elatedly

Into his chariot, the reins held tight,

And many men he gave to endless Night.

He crushed whole ranks or tumbled men half-dead
Or threw spear after spear as others fled.
As bloodstained Mars by chill Hebrus will roar,
Grasping his shield and calling out for war, 380
Urging his frenzied steeds; across the field
They race – to them the South and West winds yield
In speed. Even distant Thrace groans with the sound
Of hooves while the god's attendants rush around –
Black Terror, Anger, Ambush – even so
Did eager Turnus move to meet his foe,
Goading his horses smoking with their sweat
And crushed his foes, the bloody hooves all wet
With blood; he spurned the gore mixed with the sand.
He gave to death Pholus, Thamyris and 390
Sthenelus – he from afar, the other men
In close encounters. Imbrassus' sons then
He brought down with his spear from far away –
He named them Glaucus and Lades, and they
Were raised in Lycia and were equipped
With like arms, and on horseback they outstripped
The winds but in close combat equally
Were adept. Riding towards the enemy
Elsewhere Eumedes came, who gained his fame
In war, old Dolon's son who kept the name 400
Of his father's father but in bravery
And battling his father's son was he.
That father once, when acting as a spy
Within the Grecian quarters, was not shy
To seek as wage Achilles' chariot;

However, this was far from what he got
From Diomedes for such gall, and then
He did not to Achilles' steeds again
Aspire. When Turnus saw his enemy
Afar across the open plain as he 410
Pursued him now with his light javelin,
He stayed his twin-yoked steeds and reined them in,
Leapt and stood upon the dying man's throat,
Wrested the sword out of his hand and smote
Him deeply there, the glittering blade to dye
With blood, and uttered these few words" 'There lie
Upon the fields and the Hesperian land
You looked for, Trojan! Those who try their hand
Against me merit this, and they may thus
Set up their walls.' Dares, Thersylochus, 420
Asbytes, Sybaris, Chloereus he slew
To bear him company; Themoetes, too,
From off his restive horse he flung; and so,
As where the waters of the Aegean flow
The North Wind roars and blows the waves from sea
To shore, the winds sweep and the clouds all flee
Across the sky, wherever Turnus cleft
S path, the ranks gave way, and right and left
The lies all scattered, and as on he sped,
The breezes blew the plume upon his head. 430
His furious onset Phegeus would not stand –
He faced the chariot and with one hand
He wrenched aside the horses' jaws: as he
Was fixed to the yoke and dragged precipitately,

Into his unprotected side the head
Of the broad spear Eumedes cast now sped
And it the double corselet entered in,
Though with its wound it merely grazed the skin.
But with his shield he sought his enemy,
Sword drawn, when wheel and axle, whirling free, 440
Felled him: beneath the helmet's lower rim
And the breastplate's top edge he beheaded him
And left the trunk upon the sand. While he
Wrought havoc on the plains victoriously,
Mnestheus, Ascanius and that loyal friend
Achates set Aeneas down to tend
To him within the camp – his long spear braced
His every second footstep while blood raced
Across his frame. The broken shaft's head he
Strove to pull out in anger with a plea 450
For instant aid, that with a broad sword they
Might cut the wound, find where the weapon lay,
Remove it and dispatch him to the fight
Once more. Now Iapyx came within his sight,
Iasus's son, whom Phoebus loved beyond
All others (once because he was so fond
Of him, the god had offered willingly
His medical skills, his lyre, his augury,
His speedy darts). To save a dying man,
He chose mute medical powers rather than 460
A life of glory. Chafing bitterly,
Aeneas stood with a large company
Of youths, with grieving Iulus, by their tears

Unmoved, his spear supporting him. In years
Well-struck, Iapyx, his robe rolled back, arrayed
In doctor's garb, with potent medicine made
Attempts to heal him – but all was in vain.
His right hand poked the dart and then again
He used his tongs. No Fortune found a course,
Nor had Apollo's counsel any force. 470
Fierce fear grew greater; tragedy was nigh,
And now they saw dust covering the sky.
The cavalry came and spears flew everywhere
And dismal cries of warriors filled the air
As they were felled by Mars. Venus, distressed
By Aeneas' pain, from Ida's crest
Removed a dittany with a mother's care –
Purple, with downy leaves, it burgeoned there,
Well-known to goats when speedy darts impale
Their flanks. This she, her features in a veil 480
Of mist, brought and, with secret artistry,
Made moist with water from the stream which she
Poured in a shining ewer, sprinkling
Panacea and ambrosia which bring
Health to the injured, and unwittingly
Old Iapyx bathed the wound, and suddenly
All pain was gone, the blood well-stanch'd. Without
Constraint, following his hand, the dart fell out,
His former strength restored. 'Arms! Instantly!
What are you waiting for?' thunderously 490
Cried Iapyx, rousing them against the foe.
'It was no human aid that served you so,

No expert art, not I. Divinity
Was working here, a greater mastery,
And sends you back to war and greater fame,
He sheathed his legs in gold, eager to claim
More glory, weapon brandished in his hand.
Scorning delay, he donned his corselet and
Fitted his shield, then in an armed embrace,
Despite his helmet, lightly kissed the face 500
Of Ascanius and said: 'Boy, learn from me
True toil and courage but fortuity
From others. I will keep you safe today
And where great glory lives I'll lead the way.:
Soon, when you've grown to your maturity.
Recall this pattern of your ancestry:
Let me and Hector stir your soul, ' and here
He left the camp, shaking his massive spear;
Antheus and Mnestheus went precipitately
With him and all the thronging company 510
Then quit the camp. In turmoil was the field
With blinding dust: the earth itself now reeled,
Startled by tramping feet, and Turnus spied
Them coming towards him on the opposite side.
The Ausonians shuddered to their very core.
Juturna heard and knew the sound before
The Latins and in terror disappeared
Across the open plain. Aeneas steered
His close ranks swiftly through the open ground,
As when a tempest sends a storm-cloud bound 520
For land mid-ocean, by poor farmers known

From far away, who shudder to the bone.
The trees and crops are ruined, everything
Is scattered far and wide, and the winds wing
Before it, howling to the shoreline: so
The Trojan chieftain rushed against his foe;
Densely they packed together; Thymraeus
Smote great Osiris with his sword, Mnestheus
Arcetius, Achates Epulo,
Gyas Ufens and, yielding to the foe, 530
Tolumnius fell, well-versed in augury,
Who cast the first spear. A cacophony
Of shouts rose to the sky. The Rutulian wing,
In clouds of dust, retreated, vanishing
Across the fields. Aeneas then laid low
The fugitives but had no wish to go
Against the cavalry or infantry
Who faced him: no, through that thick darkness he
Sought only Turnus for a two-man fight.
War-maid Juturna, stricken now with fright, 540
Flung Turnus' charioteer out of his car –
This was Metiscus: now he lay afar.
She grabbed the flowing thongs, taking his place,
Assuming him entirely – his face,
Form, voice, arms. As a black swallow may
Fly through a rich man's house and wings her way
Through stately halls and for her young that tweet
For sustenance picks off some tiny treat
And cheeps in empty courts and all about
The watery pools, Juturna galloped out 550

Into the foe and scoured the entire plain,
Displaying here and there, now and again,
Triumphant Turnus, flitting far away
So that her brother might not join the fray.
Aeneas tracked his footsteps, all the same,
Throughout the winding maze and called his name
Amid the scattered ranks. As often as he
Attempted to match the velocity
Of those swift steeds while looking on the foe,
So often did Juturna to and fro 560
Twist round her chariot. What to do, then? He
Was on a shifting tide tossed bootlessly,
Plagued by conflicting cares. In his left hand
Messapus held two tough steel weapons and,
Lightly advancing, cast unerringly
One of the two. Aeneas stopped while he
Dropped to his knee behind his shield, although
The swift spear took his helmet-peak and so
Lopped off the crests. Piqued by this treachery,
Aware the chariot of his enemy 570
Had with his horses been withdrawn from there
Some distance and, having with many a prayer
Implored Jove and the shrines of the broken pact,
At last Aeneas into the battle hacked
His way, inflicting vicious butchery
And loosening the reins of ardency.
What god can tell of so much bitter dread
Or who in song recall the many dead
Among the captains, driven by those two

Chieftains across the plain? Did it please you, 580

O Jove, that nations should endure such hell

That would in harmony hereafter dwell?

Without delay Aeneas Sucro caught

Upon his side (the Trojan push was brought

To a stand by this): where death was speediest,

The cruel steel drove straight into his chest.

Amycus and his brother Diores

Turnus on foot unseated and, of these,

His long spear dispatched one, the other died

By sword: beheading both, he from the side 590

Of his chariot hung their heads which, dripping red,

He carried off. Aeneas Tanais fed

To death, Talon and brave Cethegus, too,

In one fell swoop: sad Onites he slew

(Theban Peridia's son). His enemy,

Arcadian Menoetes slew, who fruitlessly

Loathed battle, a Ernaeus angler who

Possessed a merely humble home and knew

No lordly halls, whose father tilled the ground

Of another man. As with a mighty sound 600

Full rivers from on high race to the sea,

As into a dry wood or shrubbery

Of laurel fires scatter, everything

Laid waste behind, those two went ravaging.

In anger, both their hearts invincibly

Burst as they joined the fray unswervingly.

Now at Murranus, boasting of his past

Through lines of Latin kings, Aeneas cast

A stone and a mighty whirling rock: he tumbled
Headlong and over him the wheels now rumbled 610
Beneath the reins and yoke: remembering
Their lord no more, the steeds went thundering
Above him. Hyllus, raging in his heart,
Was met by Turnus who now whirled a dart
Straight at his gold-rimmed forehead, where it passed
Right through his helmet where it bonded fast
Within his brain. The bravest of the band
Of Greeks, you, Cretheus, could not trust your hand
To stave off Turnus; the divinities
Of Turnus' priest, despite his litanies, 620
Could not protect him when his enemy
Aeneas came, for the trajectory
Of his spear led to his breast, and so his shield
Was of no use to him. The Laurentian field
Saw Aeolus sink upon the ground. He fell
Whom Argive squadrons could not send to Hell
Nor Achilles, Priam's conqueror. In death
He lay upon the field who first drew breath
Near Ida and dwelt in Lyrnesus, too,
In stately homes. But, Aeolus, now you 630
Lie on Laurentian plains. Whole lines applied
Themselves to battle – the whole Latin side,
The Greeks, Mnesteus and gallant Serestus,
That tamer of wild horses Messapus,
Brave Asilas, the Tuscan company,
Evander's troop of men from Arcady,
All striving mightily – no stay, no rest –

As into measureless conflict on they pressed.
Aeneas' beauteous mother stirred him then
To approach the city's walls with all his men 640
At once, thus bringing swift calamity
To the Latins. So Aeneas carefully
Looked here and there among that multitude
To track his enemy, and now he viewed
The city, quite secure, untouched by war.
Immediately his heart was yearning for
A greater battle. Valiant Serestus
He called upon, Mnestheus and Sergestus,
His captains, and then stood upon a mound,
Where all the Trojan throng gathered around 650
In droves, both shield and spear still in each hand.
'Let no deferral impede my command,'
He said from that high mound, 'for on our side
Is Jupiter. Let nobody backslide
From such a sudden venture. For today,
Unless these Latin folk announce that they
Accept our yoke, their city, the well-spring
Of war between our nations, I shall bring
To nought, its smoking roofs razed totally.
Am I to wait for Turnus' fight with me 660
Or till, once beaten, he decides to meet
Myself a second time just to repeat
My victory? This is the head, the sum
Of this accursed struggle. Well then, come,
My fellow-citizens, immediately
Bring brands, reclaim the pact with flames.' Thus he

Gave orders, and then, in a wedge formation,
His men advanced, with like determination,
Towards the walls in serried mass, and then
Ladders and fire appeared. Some of the men 670
Ran to the gates: the foremost guards they killed.
Some hurled their steely weaponry and filled
The air with javelins. Aeneas raised his hand,
Among the first, that he could reprimand
Latinus: 'Witness, gods, that I'm compelled,'
He said, 'to fight once more, the Latins held
My foes a second time, another pact.
Now broken.' Now the citizens were wracked
With strife. 'Allow the Trojans in,' said some,
'And drag Latinus to the walls.' 'No, come, 680
Bring arms. Defend those walls,' others would say,
As, tracking bees, a shepherd finds his way
Into their dingy rock and drives them out
With acrid smoke, and they scurry about
Their waxy fortress, buzzing noisily
In rage and fear for their security;
Throughout their dwelling-place the black reeks flows,
The rocks in secret hum and the smoke blows
Into the empty air. Further distress
Befell the weary Latins: wretchedness 690
Shook them from top to toe. The enemy
Was seen to threaten their security
By the queen, the walls assailed and flames ascending
Up to the roofs, yet not a squadron lending
A hand – not Turnus' troops, no Rutuli;

She thought her warrior slain, and misery
Now overcame her. 'Of these griefs,' she said,
'I am the source, the spring, the very head.
In frenzy she professed her woe and tore,
Resolved to die, the purple robe she wore. 700
Around a lofty beam a noose she tied,
And when the Latin dames heard that she'd died,
Lavinia, her child, tore her fair locks
And rosy cheeks and then, in grieving flocks,
The rest raved madly and, with many a shout
Of woe the wide halls rang, and then throughout
The town the unhappy news disseminated.
Hears sank and King Latinus lacerated
His raiment – for his consort's tragedy
Ad his city's loss had dazed him totally - 710
And showered with filthy dust his hoary hair.
Turnus meanwhile was battling somewhere
On the plain's margin as a straggling few
He followed with a less exultant view
Of his steeds, less swift himself, ad now the breeze
Brought news with unseen terrors: mixed with these
Came to his pricked ears a cacophony,
The joyless hum of a community
In turmoil. 'What great sorrow shakes this town?
What is the distant clamour speeding down 720
To us?' he said. His bridle frenziedly
He checked and halted. Then immediately
His sister, as Metiscus still, now sped
Upon the chariot, greeted him and said:

'Let's dog the Trojans, Turnus: thus we can
Go on to victory. Others can man
The walls. Aeneas storms the Itali:
Let's to the Trojans deal out butchery.
Your numbers equal their, in honour you
Shall come off better.' Turnus said: 'I knew 730
You, sister, ever since you marred the pact
So cleverly and joined the war. In fact
You hide your deity in vain. But who
Of all the gods was anxious to send you
To mete out dreadful toils? That you may see
Your wretched brother perish cruelly?
What may I d? Can Fate grant me the right
Of sanctuary? Murranus in my sight –
My dearest friend - , while crying out to me,
Received a mighty wound and cruelly 740
Was slain, a mighty man. Lest he behold
Our shame Ufens died, too. The Trojans hold
His corpse and armour. Shall I tolerate
The razing of our homes (the one thing Fate
Has overlooked)? Shall I not vilify
The taunts of Drances with my sword? Shall I
Just turn my back and let our nation see
Turnus in flight? Is there such misery
In death? O Shades, show me kindheartedness –
The gods Have shunned me. Thus, in openness 750
And innocent of their disapprobation,
And of the antecedents of my nation
Forever worthy, I'll descend to you.'

At this, straight at the enemy Saces flew
Upon his foaming steed, an injury
From an arrow on his face. On Turnus he
Cried out for aid. 'Turnus, our last hope lies
In you. Pity your folk. Aeneas flies
In thundering arms and threatens to bring down
Your citadel and thus destroy your town. 760
Even now brands burn your roofs. Your folk reach out
To you. Latinus mutters now in doubt –
Who should his sons be? What pact should he lean
Towards? Moreover, his most loyal queen
Has died by her own hand, fleeing the light
In fear. Messapus and bold Asinas fight
The foe alone before the gates and hold
The lines. Around them squadrons manifold
Stand densely packed, a harvest of drawn steel;
Reverse upon the desert sward and wheel 770
Towards them. ' Turnus stood, confused and dazed,
And at the changing picture mutely gazed.
Into that single heart a mighty shame,
Grief, madness, love by fury stung, all came
In surges, and, as soon as shadows fled
His mind and light returned, he turned his head
And from his chariot looked with blazing eyes
Upon his spacious town. Up to the skies,
From roof to roof, a great inferno came
And on a tower fastened with its flame – 780
A tower which he with jointed beams had fit,
High bridges linked and with wheels under it.

'Fate is triumphant, sister, now; forestall
No more; where od and cruel Fortune call,
Let's follow! For however bitterly,
I'll die at Aeneas' hands, and you will see
My shame no longer. Suffer me, I pray,
This madness first.' He leapt into the fray
From off his chariot immediately,
Leaving his sorrowful sister, and then he 790
Burst through their ranks, as when a rock is torn
From a mountain by the wind, now headlong borne,
Whether the whirling storm has tossed it free
Or age has loosened it; precipitately
It bounds across the earth and, as it falls,
Rolls with it woods, beasts, men – thus to the walls
Rushed Turnus through the scattered columns, where
The blood was deepest and the very air
Was shrill with spears. He beckoned and began
To shout: 'Withhold your weapons, every man, 800
Latini, Rutuli, for I alone
On your behalf should for the pact atone
In arms. All drew apart and gave leeway
To him. Aeneas, hearing someone say
Turnus's name, the high ramparts forsook,
For, breaking off all tasks, he would not brook
Delay. In arms he thundered terribly
In joy; like Athos or Eryx was he
Or Father Apennine who lifts up high
His snowy head and roars into the sky, 810
His oaks aquiver. Then the Rutuli,

Trojans and all the men of Italy
Turned eyes to look at him – both those who manned
The lofty ramparts and the enemy band
Who used their battering ram from far below –
And doffed their armour. Looking at the foe,
Latinus stood astonished that these bands
Of mighty men from many distant lands
Were met to make decisions with the sword.
Once there was no-one on the open sward, 820
They first propelled their spears from far away
And then, with shields and brass, sped to the fray.
The earth gave out great groans; then, blow on blow,
Sword answered sword in battle, just as though
In Sila or upon Taburnus' height
Two bulls may fight – their keepers cower in fright,
The flock as well, the heifers wondering
Who shall be forest-lord and thereby bring
Hegemony to the herds; with all their might
Inflicting wounds, they lock horns as they fight, 830
Blood streaming from their necks, while the woods ring
And echo to the skies their bellowing;
Thus shield on shield these warriors now clashed,
While with the battle-sounds the heavens crashed.
Jove held two even scales and on each side
Placed each man's destiny thus to decide
Who'd sink and who'd prevail. Thinking that he
Was safe, his sword raised to its apogee,
Turnus sprang forth and struck, and all about,
Both sides on tiptoe eagerly, came a shout 840

From the Trojans and the fearful Latin band.
But clean in two the traitorous sword snapped and
It in mid-stroke forsook the fiery king.
Yet flight came to his succour: noticing
That his right hand held but a hilt, he fled
More swiftly than the East Wind. It is said
That at the first when climbing up behind
His yoked steeds, in his harried state of mind
He left his father's sword and in its stead
Snatched up Metiscus's and, while there fled 850
Those straggling Trojans, it well served the lord
For a long time, but then the mortal sword
Of Vulcan, god-wrought, met it, at one blow,
Like brittle ice, it flew apart. Aglow
Its fragments lay upon the yellow sand.
So Turnus hither and thither madly spanned
The plain, forever wavering; circling
Him on all sides the foe in a dense ring
Closed in, upon one side a vast morass,
High walls upon the other. Aeneas, 860
Though sometimes by that arrow's injury
Impeded with decreased velocity,
Pursued him hotly, like a barking hound
Who in the chase a wounded stag has found,
Or one pent by a stream, and, terrified
By snares and the high bank after he's tried
So hard to escape his Umbrian enemy,
Who grips or snaps its jaws or fruitlessly
At nothing bites! A clamour then rose high,

Re-echoed by the banks, the lakes, the sky. 870

Turnus reproached the Rutuli with shame

While fleeing, calling each of them by name,

Demanding, too, his father's well-known sword.

Meanwhile death and destruction did the Lord

Aeneas vow should anyone come near

His person, causing all his foes to fear

With threats to raze the town, continuing

His rout despite his wound. Then, circling

Five times, then back five times, they at full speed

Raced on and for no trifling prize – indeed 880

Each strove for Turnus' life or death. A tree

Of bitter olive, by men of the sea

Revered of old – when saved and brought to shore,

They'd hang their gifts and votive clothes there, for

It was to Faunus sacred – once stood there.

Its sacred stem, however, with never a care

The Trojans severed that they might fight clear

Across an open plain, and it was here

Aeneas fixed his spear, where it now stuck

In that tough root. Aeneas, keen to pluck 890

Away the steel and hamper with his spear

The foe he could not catch, bent down. With fear

Made mad, then Turnus said: 'O pity me,

Faunus! Most gracious Earth, tenaciously

Hold tight that steel if I have ever kept

Your worship in my heart, though it was swept

By the Trojans clean away!' No fruitless vow

Was this that begged for Heaven's help, for now,

Despite Aeneas' endless struggling
Against that stubborn stem, this wrestling 900
Was fruitless. While he tugged with sweat and strain,
The Daunian goddess, changing once again
Into Metiscus, gave him back his sword.
But, angry that the heavens should afford
Such license to the bold nymph, Venus drew
The weapon from the deep root. Now those two,
Refreshed in weaponry and bravery,
One trusting in his sword, one vehemently
Now towering with his spear, prepared to fight.
Jove said to his consort as she caught sight 910
Of the fray upon her golden cloud: 'Tell me,
O wife, what will the end of this fight be?
You know Aeneas, Hero of the Land,
Is marked for Heaven. What, then have you planned?
Why stay on those chill clouds? Do you believe
That one so elevated should receive
A mortal wound? Or that his lost sword should be
Returned to Turnus that new energy
Be granted him (what could Juturnus do,
Indeed, without your help?)? I beg of you, 920
Desist lest great distress should silently
Assail you, causing you to bitterly
Pour cares from your sweet lips. Well then, no more!
You've had the power to kindle monstrous war,
To mar a home and wedding hymnals blend
With grief. I disallow you to extend
This power. ' Then Saturn's child submissively

Cast down her eyes and answered: 'Known to me
Was this desire of yours, and so the earth
And Turnus I have given a wide berth – 930
Unwillingly: for you would otherwise
Have not seen me alone up in the skies
Upon my throne enjoying foul and fair.
No, flame-girt near the battle-lines out there
I'd stand, bringing the Trojans to the fight.
I bade Juturna aid the wretched plight
Of Turnus, I confess, and bade her take
On greater deeds of war for his life's sake,
Yet not with weapons. By the fountain-head
Of ruthless Styx, the one sole name of dread 940
Ordained for all divinities, I vow.
I quit this strife I execrate and now
I beg a boon no law of fate has banned:
For both the greatness of your kindred and
For Latium: when they're linked in harmony
And happy bridal rites (so let it be!)
With laws and pacts, don't bid the Latin race
Alter their ancient name and in its place
Be Trojan: let their language still remain,
And their attire, and let their kings yet reign 950
In Alba, and, as it was formerly,
Let Latium stand. Italian bravery
Instil in Roman stock. Troy fell – and so,
Together with her name, please let her go.'
He who created all said smilingly:
'Jove's sister, Saturn's other progeny,

Such waves of anger roil within your breast.
This rage, thus vainly summoned, put to rest
I am content to yield and grant your will.
Their fathers' speech and ways the Ausonii still 960
Will keep. Their name will stay. The Trojan race
Will merely sink into the mass. I'll place
One language in all Latins. Trojan laws
And rites I'll introduce and thereby cause
A new race with mixed lineage to arise,
Surpassing men and gods before your eyes:
No other race with equal piety
Serve you in worship.' Juno happily
Agreed, changing her purpose and was gone
From off her cloud. Now Jupiter pondered on 970
Another plan – that he would send away
Juturna from her brother's side. Men say
There were twin fiends – 'Dread Ones' - whom dismal Night
To hellish Megaera bore and fastened tight
With serpent's coils and added wings that flew
Just like the winds. At Jupiter's throne these two
Stood in attendance, serving the fierce king
Upon his very threshold, frightening
Weak mortals when the king of gods would blight
Them with grim death and illness and affright 980
With war the guilty towns. One of these two
He swiftly sent from Heaven, as a cue,
To meet Juturna. Down she darted and,
Just like a swift whirlwind, she came to and.
Just like an arrow, which a Parthian –

A Parthian or a Cydonian –

Through a cloud may launch, well-armed with poison's blight,

Beyond all cure: it whizzes in its flight,

Unknown, through speedy gloom. The progeny

Of Night then sped and sought the earth. When she 990

Saw all the squadrons, she appropriated

The guise of that small bird which sings its fated

Melody on tombs or desert roofs at night,

The fiend flit screaming back and forth in sight

Of Turnus, bludgeoning dementedly

His buckler with her wings. With terror he

Felt a strange numbness and his voice was stayed

Within his throat, and he was so afraid

His hair stood up. Juturna grievously,

Knowing afar those whizzing wings, pulled free 1000

Her hair and tore at it: gashes she made

Upon her cheeks, she beat her breast. 'What aid,

Turnus, ' she said can I now give to you?

What more awaits your wretched sister who

Has borne so much With what destiny

May I survive? Can this monstrosity

Be quelled by me? I quit the field. Don't fright

My fluttering soul, you creatures of the night!

Your beating wings I can identify,

And the dread noise they're making, nor do I 1010

Not know great Jove's haughty commands. Did he

Thus pay me for my lost virginity?

Why grant me endless life? Why dispossess

Me of the law of death? For this distress

I'd gladly end and in eternity
Join my poor brother! Is my destiny
To be immortal? Must I live forever?
Will anything of mine comfort me? Never,
Not without you. Can Earth open so wide
That I among the nethermost shades may bide, 1020
Though yet a goddess?' With her coat of grey
She covered up her head and plunged her way
Into the deep stream, moaning constantly.
Aeneas pressed against his enemy
While brandishing his massive, tree-like spear,
And fiercely cried: 'What more delay is here?
Turnus, why yet draw back? We must contend
In combat, hand to hand, not running. Bend
Yourself in myriad shapes, use all the art
And bravery you have. Take wing, depart 1030
Up to the lofty stars, or go inside
The hollow prison of the earth and hide.'
The other shook his head. 'The words you say,
Though fiery, proud one, don't cause me dismay.
No, it's the gods and Jupiter's hate I dread!
He looked about him – for no more he said –
And spied a giant, ancient stone which lay
Upon the field, a landmark to convey
Possession tight (twelve men could barely raise
It to their shoulders, huge men we these days 1040
See on the earth): against his enemy
He seized and hurled this weapon rapidly
At his full height. Himself he did not know,

However, as this stone against his foe
He flung while running – for, weak at the knees,
He tottered as his blood began to freeze.
The whirling boulder never reached its mark,
And as our eyes are heavy in the dark
Of night and we are dreaming that we press
On eagerly but, in our weariness, 1050
We sink midway and, not able to speak,
Our wonted strength now gone, our body weak,
Thus Turnus, howsoever his fearlessness
Sought victory, was yet denied success
By the dread goddess. Shifting fancies wheeled
About his soul; his troops upon the field
And the city he surveyed, and in his fear
He faltered, trembling at his enemy's spear,
Observing no escape, no force to bear
Against his foe; his sister was not there, 1060
To drive his absent chariot. As he
Thus wavered, Aeneas at his enemy
Mightily cast his spear. No stone was ever
Launched in a seige with such a clamour, never
Did thunderbolt explode with such a sound.
The spear, death-dealing, flew across the ground,
Like a black whirlwind, piercing the corselet's rim –
The seven-fold shield could give no aid to him.
It whistled through his thigh. With bended knee
He sank to earth. With a groan the Rutuli 1070
Sprang up, the hill resounding all around,
The wooded steeps re-echoing the sound.

He raised his eyes in suppliance and said,
Right hand extended: 'This is merited:
I ask no mercy. Take your chance. I pray,
If piety for a wretched parent may
Affect you (fr you had a father, too,
In Anchises, let that piety induce you
To pity aged Daunus and give me,
If you allow, back to my family, 1080
A lifeless corpse: the Ausonii have seen
My hands stretched out as I have vanquished been:
Lavinia is yours – so do not press
Your hatred further.' In tempestuousness
Aeneas stood in arms and yet the man
Held back his hand – his enemy's words began
To make him pause when on his shoulder lo!
The fated belt appeared and sparkled so
With those familiar studs, which young Pallas
Had owned, who now lay stretched out on the grass, 1090
By Turnus slain – now on his shoulders he
Wore that same emblem of his enemy.
This belt, a memory of dread distress,
Aeneas drank in and then, in furious bitterness
Cried: 'In my loved one's spoils shall you evade
My grasp? Oh no, atonement will be paid
By Pallas with this stroke.' At this, his steel
He pierced full through his breast with fiery zeal.
His limbs grew slack and chill and, moaning, he
Passed to the Shades below indignantly. 1100

