

To be infirm, or danger's face appalls,
And let them tired in this land build them walls.
The city Acesta they will call, with leave.

The aged sage's words were short reprieve:
To various cares his thoughts distracted fly.
And black Night in her two-yoke clomb the sky.
Then from heaven gliding sudden did appear
Anchises' spectre, and thus claimed his ear:
Son!—dearer once than life, while life remained.
O Son!—by Trojan fates severely strained.
At the command I come of Jove, who late
The fired fleet saved, and did commiserate
From the high heavens at length.—Do thou firm hold
The counsels excellent which Nautes old
Now timely gives. Choice youths, and bravest hearts,
Lead down with thee into Italian parts:
A hardy race, and in their manners rude,
Must by thee in Latium be subdued.
But Pluto's homes infernal visit first,
And, from the deep Avernus' waters burst,
Seek thou, O Son, an interview with me;
For Tartarus, seat of impiety,