

Not tongue prevails ; not wonted powers their due
In body quit ; nor voice nor words ensue :
To Turnus so, by force whate'er way tried,
Success the goddess Dira still denied.
Now various feelings in his bosom raised
Are coursing : to Rutulians he gazed
And city ; and he hesitates with fear :
And tremble 'gins to be discharged the spear.
How 'scape he knows not ; what force 'gainst foe
bear :

Nor car he sees, nor sister anywhere.

Æneas having chance with eyes purveyed,
Dart fatal 'gainst him hesitating swayed
And with whole body's force hurled from afar.
Ne'er stones from battering engine driven in war
So sound ; nor noises booming so surprise
From thunderbolt. Spear dark like whirlwind flies
Bearing dire fate : the lowest borders yield
Of brigantine and orbs of sevenfold shield :
Hissing it passes through mid thigh. Struck he—
To earth huge Turnus falls with doubled knee.
Rutulians rise with plaint ; rings whole mount round