

In honor of his sire ; if it to deem  
The Genius of the place or, as 'twould seem,  
His father's messenger, uncertain still.  
After the custom he proceeds to kill  
Five sheep, as many swine and dark backed steers ;  
From goblets pours out wine, and, checked his tears,  
The great Anchises' spirit he invites,  
And *manès*, freed from Acheron,\* to the rites.  
His friends no less, right freely, as each may,  
Bring gifts, the altars load, and oxen slay :  
Some range the pots, and, o'er the grassy coast,  
Put live coals 'neath the spits and the inwards roast.

The appointed day arrived, and with calm light  
The ninth *aurora* cheered the longing sight.  
Fame, and respect for great Acestes' name  
Had called the neighbors forth ; in crowds they came  
And filled the shores up : curious these to see  
The Trojans, those bent on the rivalry.

The prizes first to view within the ring,  
Rare tripods and green chaplets, forth they bring,  
And palm the victor's guerdon ; arms ; and dress  
Deeply imbued with purple's rich impress ;