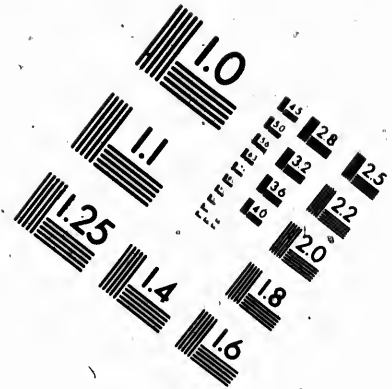
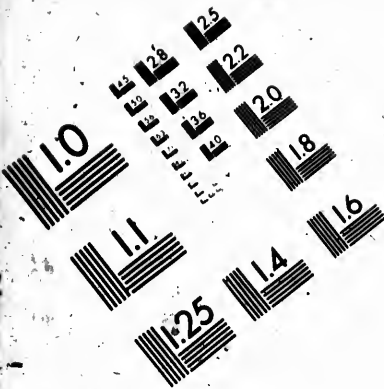




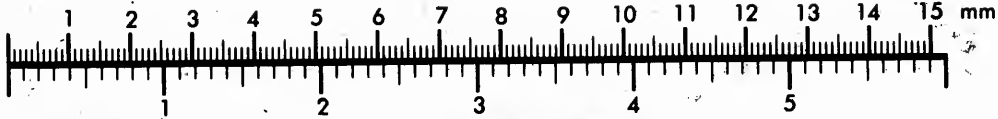
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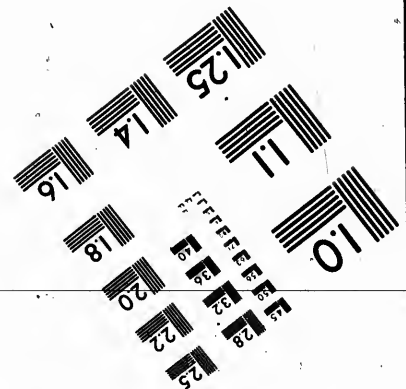
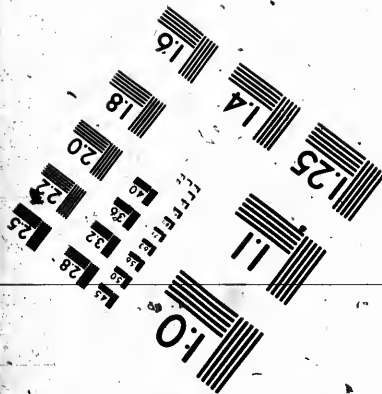
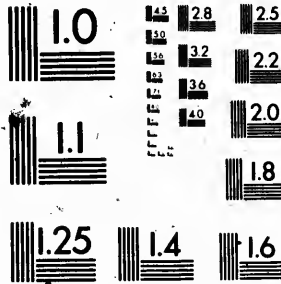
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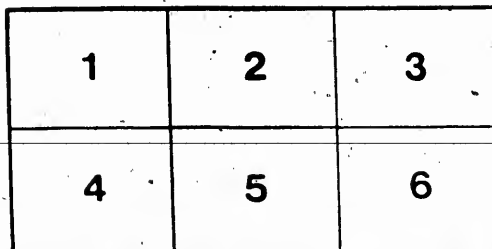
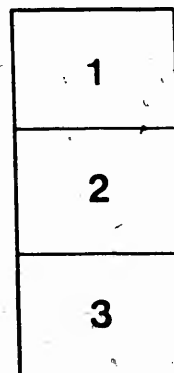
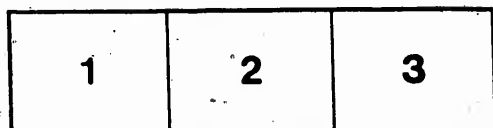
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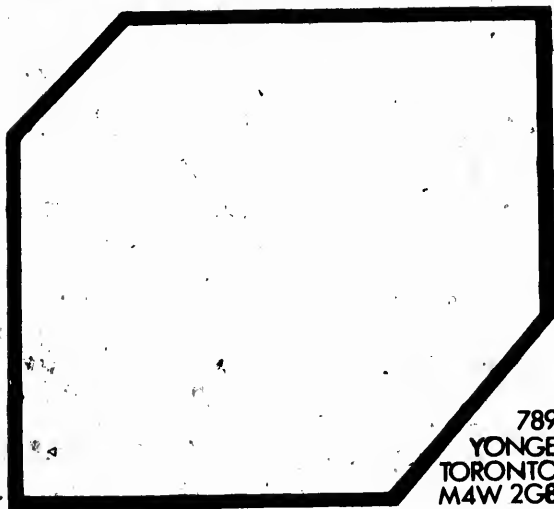
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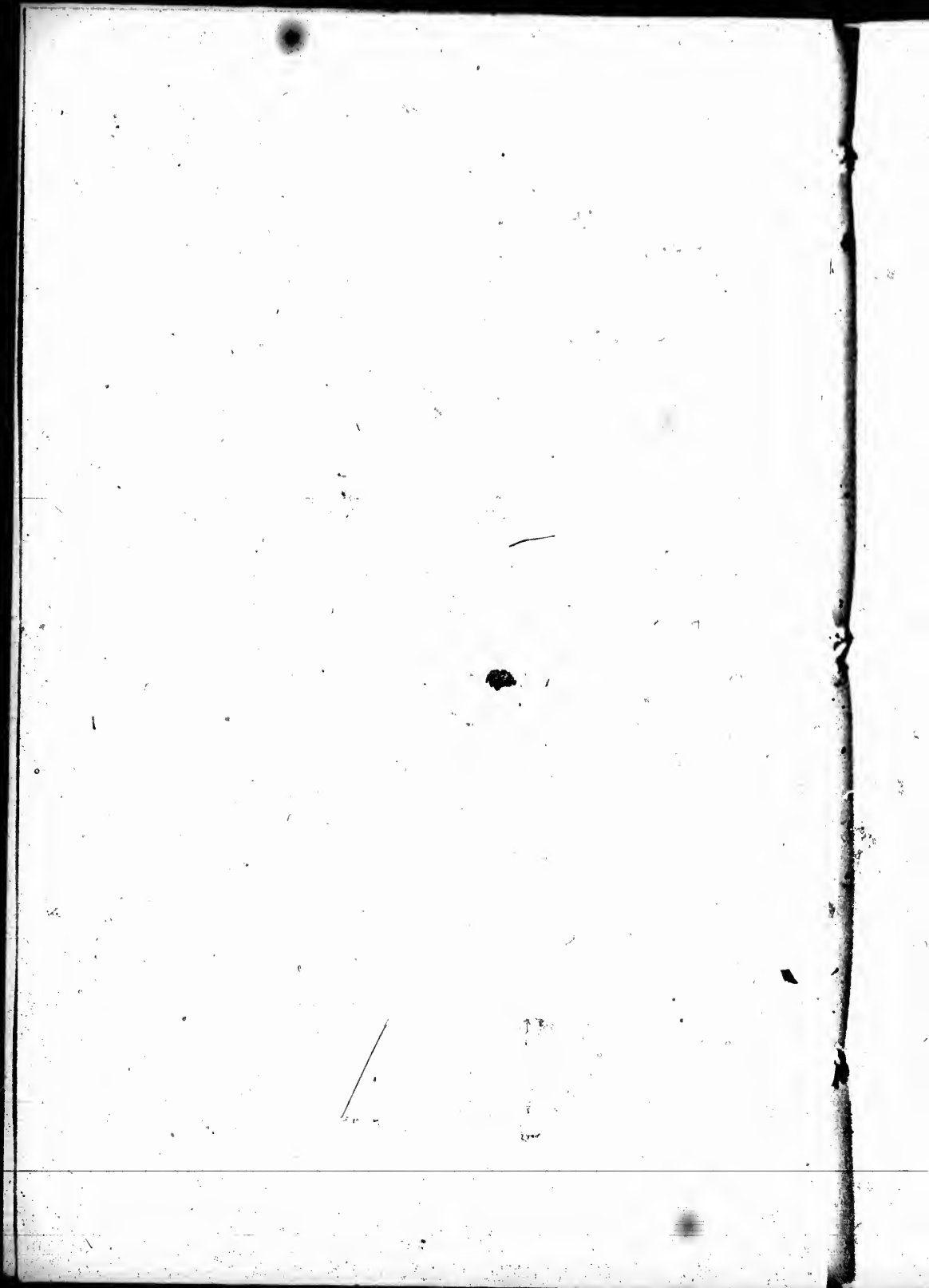
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TRANSLATIONS IN VERSE

FROM

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

By J. M. HARPER.

(ILIAD, BOOK IV.—ÆNEID, BOOKS I-II.)
THE TROJAN WAR.

MONTREAL:
DAWSON BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
1888.

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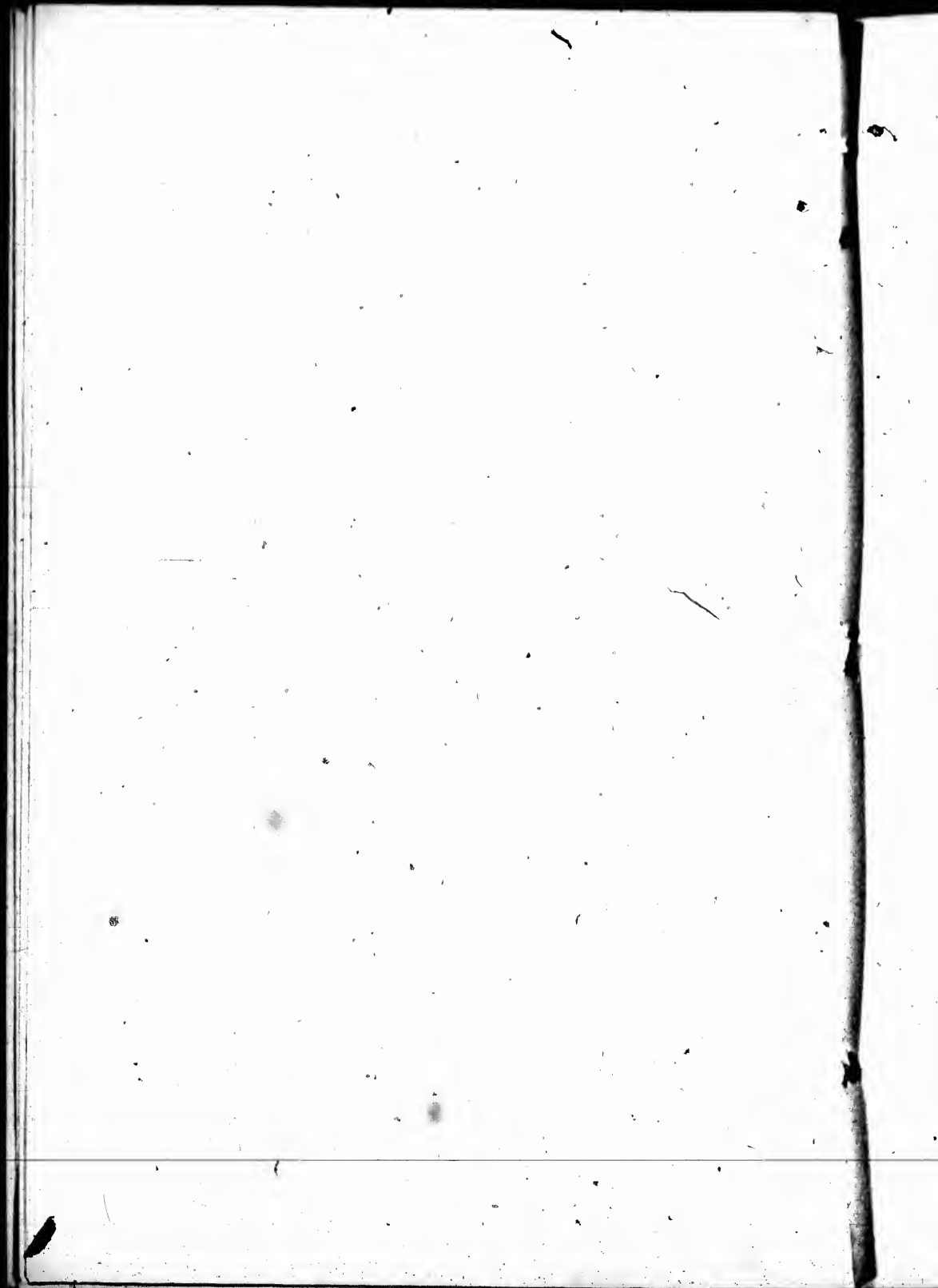
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HOMER.

"The poems of Homer do not constitute merely a great item of the splendid literature of Greece; but they have a separate position, to which no other can approach. They, and the manners they describe, constitute a world of their own; and are severed by a sea of time, whose breadth has not been certainly measured, from the firmly set continent of recorded tradition and continuous fact. In this sea they lie, as a great island. And in this island we find not merely details of events, but a scheme of human life and character, complete in all its parts. We are introduced to man in every relation of which he is capable; in every one of his arts, devices, institutions; in the entire circle of his experience. There is no other author whose case is analagous to this, or of whom it can be said that the study of him is not a mere matter of literary criticism, but is a full study of life in every one of its departments."

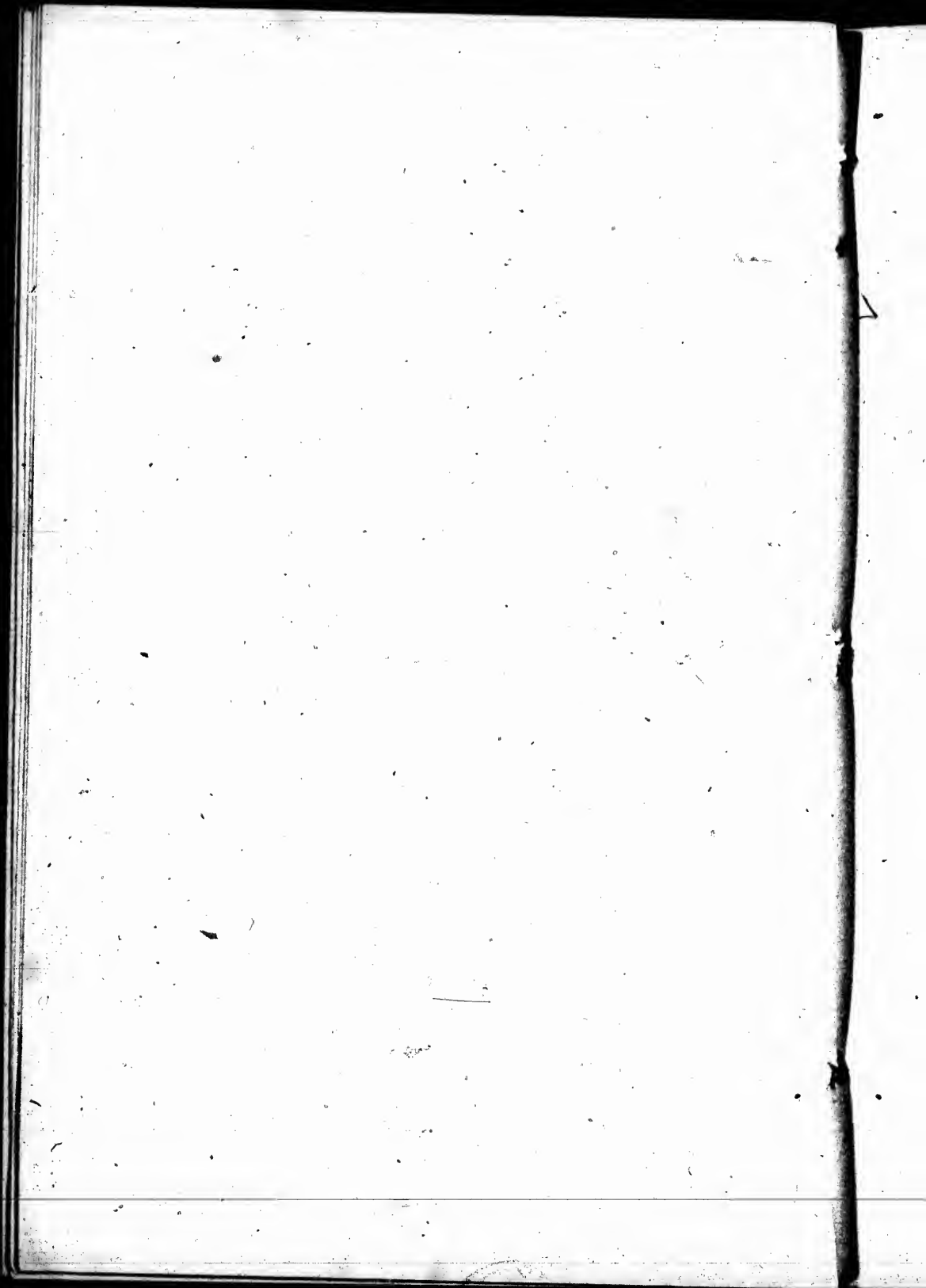
GLADSTONE.



THE ARGUMENT.

The gods in council on Olympus high
Discuss the war: Jove Juno irritates
By hinting peace: she maketh prompt reply
In wrath against the race she hates;
And counsels him to send Minerva down
To stir the embers lingering strife hath sown,
That rage, in flight on Pandar's shaft, may mate
With Agamemnon's martial pride, and urge
The Grecian host against the Trojan ranks to surge.

Brave Menelaus' wound Machaon cures:
The truce is o'er: the warlike king of men
Inspects his ally-bands: his praise allures,
His blame excites desire for strife again.
In Ajax, Nestor, and Ulysses' breast
There comes the zeal that dares to do its best:
With strength converged, like streams in mountain glen
That meet to overwhelm, the Greeks advance,
A host against a host, with shield defying lance.



HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

The gods, reclining on the golden floor,
High converse held, while in their midst
The venerated Hebe nectar served;
And each the other pledged from golden cups,
With gaze directed towards the city Troy.
Forthwith the son of Saturn Juno tried
To irritate, while her he thus addressed,
With words reproachful and with look askance:—

“Twain goddess-helpers still there are
To Menelaus—Argive Juno one,
The other the Alalcomenian-famed
Minerva. These in sooth amuse themselves
While sitting thus apart and looking on.
But winsome Venus ever keepeth watch,
And from her Paris wards off pending fate.
Even lately, thinking him about to die,
She rescued him. And yet the victory is
Indeed to Menelaus, friend of Mars.
Consult we, then, how things as these should be:
Shall we again excite destructive war
And dreadful battle din, or concord throw
Between the two? For if, perchance, to all

The latter be a grateful, pleasing thing,
 Then of a truth, King Priam's town shall have
 Domestic growth, and Menelaus lead
 His Argive Helen to his home once more."

He spoke. But Juno and Minerva pressed
 Within their lips the murmurings of their breasts.
 They sat beside each other, planning ills
 Against the Trojans. Silent was indeed
 Minerva: not a word she spoke: incensed
 Against her father Jove, a dreadful wrath
 Got hold of her. Still Juno could not check
 The rage within her breast, but thus spoke out:—
 "Dread son of Saturn, what is this thou say'st?
 Why thus desire to render labour vain—
 The sweat of none effect, which I have spent
 In toil? For me, assembling thus a host,
 My steeds are tired—an evil though it be
 To Priam and his sons. Do as thou wilt,
 But we, the other gods, do not approve."

Then cloud-compelling Jove, inflamed, replied:—
 "Strange one, how now do Priam and his sons
 Devise against thee thus so many wrongs,
 That thou, so unrelenting, shouldst desire
 To overturn the well-built city Troy?
 Methinks if thou shouldst pass within the gates
 And lofty walls, and Priam and his sons
 Devour alive, then possibly thy rage
 Wouldst thou appease. Continue as thou wilt,
 Lest this contention be between us two
 A strife prolonged for both. But let me say,
 And lay it to your heart, should ever I,
 Inclined, desire to strike a town where men
 Endeared to thee have had their birth, think not
 To curb my rage, but let me have my will.
 Though freely thus I grant thy wish, my soul
 Unwilling is; for of the towns, beneath

The sun and starry frame, where dwell the sons
 Of earth-born men, this Troy of sacred fame
 Retains the honored place within my heart,
 As even Priam does and all his kin ;
 For never there my altar banquet lacked,
 Libation, or sweet savour—honour ours."

Him answered then stern Juno much revered :—
 "To me by far there are three cities dear—
 My Argos, Sparta, and Mycenae, built
 With wide-paved streets. These strike, whene'er they stir
 Thy soul to hate. For them I stand not forth,
 Nor grudge them thee, since should I them refuse,
 Nor suffer thee them utterly destroy,
 My grudging would of no avail be found,
 Since thou of us by far the strongest art.
 Yet it is meet my toil should not be lost,
 For I a goddess am, my origin the same
 As thine : the wily Saturn me begat,
 Revered by most for reasons twain—my birth,
 And that I have been called thy spouse.
 'Tis true o'er all immortals thou hast sway ;
 So let us these concede, even I to thee
 As thou to me, and then the other gods
 Immortal will consent. Do thou at once
 Minerva bid the dreadful battle din
 Of Greeks and Trojans join, and in a way
 Contrive that first the Trojans may begin,
 Despite the truce, to wound the bravest Greeks."

Thus Juno spoke ; nor disobedient was
 The sire of gods and men, but forthwith he
 With wingéd words Minerva thus addressed :—
 "Go quickly to the hosts of both, and so
 Contrive that first the Trojans may begin,
 Despite the truce, to wound the bravest Greeks."

So speaking, did Minerva thus he urge,
 By no means disinclined. She, hastening down,

Descended high Olympus, not unlike
 The star that scintillates a thousand sparks,
 Which wily Saturn's son oft sends a sign
 To sailors and the nation-hosts abroad.
 Just such another, did she hasten down
 To earth, and leaped among the soldier-throngs.
 Surprise possessed at once the well-greaved Greeks
 And Trojans skilled with steeds, while looking on :
 And some one said, as one near by he saw :—
 " Again shall withering war and battle-din
 Arise, or else alliance Jove contrives
 Between the two, since he in war, as else,
 Is arbiter among the sons of men."

Thus of the Greeks and Trojans one did speak.
 But she heroic-like passed through the host
 Of Trojans—like the brave Laodocus,
 Antenor's son—to seek, if she might find
 Him anywhere, the god-like Pandarus.
 Lycaon's blameless valiant son she found
 In time, erect amid heroic ranks
 Of shielded warriors, who had followed him
 Beyond Æsepus' streams ; and, standing near,
 'Twas thus she him addressed with wingéd words :—
 " Wouldst thou me hear, Lycaon's son, the brave ;
 Then aim at Menelaus speeding shaft,
 And doubtless from the Trojans thou'lt receive
 Both grateful thanks and praise or, better still,
 From Alexander, prince of Troy, a gift
 Most splendid thou shalt carry off,
 Should he but see, subdued by dart of thine,
 The martial son of Atreus placed upon
 The sorrow-bearing pile. So come and aim
 An arrow swift at Menelaus proud,
 And vow to Phœbus, archer Lycian-born,
 That thou to him a splendid hecatomb
 Of firstling lambs wilt sacrifice, whene'er
 Thou, home again, shalt reach Zeleia's town."

So swayed Minerva's words, the rash youth's soul ;
For from its case, without delay, he drew
His highly polished bow,—erst part of some
Wild bounding goat, which, coming from its cave,
He once surprised, from ambush near, and struck
Beneath the breast, till on the rock it lay
A mass inert. [Its horns, full sixteen, palms
In length, an artist polisher had knit
Entire, and them, prepared and shaven smooth
Throughout, had mounted with a golden tip.]
And bending it, with skill he turned it down,
Inclining it against the ground ; in front
Of him his trusty comrades held their shields
Lest any of the martial sons of Greece
Should interfere, ere Atreus' son, the brave,
Had wounded been. The cover then he slipped
From off his quiver, and removed from it
An arrow winged afresh,—alas ! the cause
Of darksome ills. Then nimbly to the string
The arrow keen he placed, and made a vow
To great Apollo, archer Lycian-born,
That he to him a splendid hecatomb
Of firstling lambs would sacrifice, whene'er
He, home again, Zeleia's town had reached.
And seizing both, the notch and bull-hide cord
He drew, the string to touch his breast, the barb
The bow ; but when the bow, full length, he bent,
A circling line, it twanged : the bowstring rang
Aloud, while yet the keen-set shaft shot forth,
As if 'twere eager on the host to fall.

Nor thee, O Menelaus, did the gods forget,
The gods immortal, blest : for chief of all,
The plundering daughter, born of Jupiter,
Before thee stood and warded off the shaft.
Just as a mother whisks away a fly
From off her child, sunk sweet in sleep,

So from his body she repelled the dart.
Even where the golden clasps held fast his belt
She guided it, where met his corslet plates.
For 'twas on this, his closely fitting girdle, fell
The missile keen, to find its way at length
Within its well wrought tissue, through cuirass
Embossed, and zone inlaid with brass, which most
He wore, a bodyguard against all weapons edged.
Yet, as it was, the arrow only grazed
The hero's skin, though forthwith from the wound
There trickled down a stream of dark-hued blood.
And just as when some Lydian matron tints
An ivory plate with purple dye, for steeds
Head ornament, and in her chamber lays it past,—
Though knights enough desire to bear it off,
Yet stored it is, a trapping fit for kings,
Adornment for the steed, the rider's prize,—
Thy shapely limbs and handsome feet beneath,
O Menelaus, dark with blood were stained.
Then shuddered Agamemnon, king of men,
When from the wound the purple gore he saw,
As shuddered Menelaus, Mars-beloved ;
But, when he saw the barb and cord exposed,
His courage came within his soul again :
He took his brother Menelaus' hand,
And deeply sighing, spoke to those around,
His comrades, who with him in concert groaned :—
“ Dear brother mine, this truce thy death I've made,
Exposing thee to fight alone for us
Against the Trojans, since : thus wounding thee,
They've trodden under foot our plighted faith,
Yet this our treaty shall not be in vain,
Nor blood of lambs, libations pure, nor hands
We had in pledge ; for though Olympian Jove
Thus far hath failed, he shall not always fail
To bring these things to pass. They with their lives,

Their wives and children slain, great penalty
 Shall pay. For well I know in heart and soul
 A day approaching is, when sacred Troy
 Shall be destroyed with Priam and his kin.
 For Jove, the son of Saturn, high enthroned,
 Who dwells in æther-realms, shall over all
 His gloomy ægis shake, enraged because
 Of treachery such as this. Assuredly
 These things shall come to pass, nor fail to be.
 But, Menelaus mine, if thou shouldst die,
 And thus the fate of mortal life fulfil,
 Great grief shall be to me on thy account;
 For, shamed indeed, shall I perchance return
 To Argos dearly loved, since soon the Greeks
 Again shall long for fatherland, and we
 Be forced to leave the Argive Helen here,
 A boast to Priam and his Trojan sons;
 While as for thee, the mould shall sift thy bones
 Entombed in Troy, near work thus left undone.
 And so perchance may some proud Trojan say,
 Exulting on the grave of thee renowned:—
 ‘Ah, would that Agamemnon thus should wreak
 His wrath on all, just as in vain he led
 His Grecian forces here, and had to turn
 Him homewards to his fatherland beloved,
 With empty ships, and Menelaus left
 Behind!’ Thus shall hereafter some one say,
 But as for me may then the broad earth yawn.”

But, cheering him, the fair-haired Menelaus said:—
 “Fear not thyself, nor frighten thus the Greeks:
 The keen-drawn shaft hath struck no vital part,
 But rather hath been warded off by this
 My belt embossed, and girdle underneath,
 And plate of mail which artists wrought in brass.”

And Agamemnon, answering him, replied:—
 “Dear Menelaus mine, may thus it prove.

Yet, prithee, let some surgeon probe the wound
And remedies apply to ease thy pains."

Then summoned he his herald most esteemed :

"Do thou, Talthybius, Machaon call,

The son of Æsculapius, blameless leech,

That he may see at once the Grecian chief,

The martial Menelaus, whom some one

In archery skilled hath struck,—perchance

• A Trojan or a Lycian youth,—to him

Achievement proud, alas! to us a grief."

And giving heed, the herald him obeyed.

He, passing through the host of bronze-clad Greeks,

Made task to go, to seek Machaon brave,

Whom standing nigh he found, 'mid doughty ranks

Of shielded folk,—the heroes who had come

With him from Trika, famed for rearing steeds.

Approaching him, he spoke these message words :—

"O son of Æsculapius, arise !

King Agamemnon calls that thou may'st see

The martial Menelaus, Grecian chief,

Whom some one skilled in archery hath struck,—

Perchance a Trojan or a Lycian youth,—

To him a glory, though to us a grief."

Thus stirred he in his breast Machaon's soul,

And through the host they essayed to go, along

The stretching lines of Greeks; and when they came

Where fair-haired Menelaus gat his wound,—

Where in a circle stood the bravest Greeks

Around the godlike hero in their midst,—

Machaon forthwith from the graven belt

The arrow drew; though as it was withdrawn

The keen barb broke. Then loosened he the belt

And girdle underneath, as else the plate

Of mail which skilful artists wrought in brass.

And when he saw the wound, where piercing fell

The cruel shaft, he sucked the blood from it,

And, knowing what to do, he sprinkled it
 With mollifying drugs, which Cheiron erst
 In friendliness had given to his sire.

Thus gave they heed to Menelaus brave,
 Until the shielded Trojan ranks came up :
 And then they donned their battle-gear, and thought
 Of instant strife. Nor longer do you see
 The god-like Agamemnon slow of pace,
 Or fraught with fear, or wishing not to fight,
 But rather rushing to the glorious fray,
 He set aside his steeds and chariot bronze-embossed,
 Which Tolymaeus' son, his groom
 Eurymedon, held panting in the rear,
 Whom strictly he enjoined to hold them near
 Against the time when weariness should seize
 His limbs, since such a host he had in charge.
 Afoot he passed along the heroes' ranks ;
 And those, his Grecian knights, he saw in haste,
 He standing near, encouraged with these words :—
 " Argives, abate your fiery courage naught,
 For father Jove shall have no part in lies :
 But those, forsooth, who first hath injury wrought
 Despite the league, shall have their tender frames
 By vultures torn, while we shall bear away
 In ships their wives beloved, and offspring young in years."

But whomsoever else he saw refrain
 From strife distasteful, them rebuked he much
 With words of indignation such as these :
 " Ye arrow-fighting Argives, meet disgrace,
 Have ye no shame? Why stand ye thus amazed,
 Like fawns, a-wearied running through a plain,
 Which halt alarmed, with little strength of heart?
 Amazed is't thus ye stand and do not fight?
 Do ye await the Trojans drawing near,
 Where on the hoary sea and near its shore
 Your fair-prowed fleet at anchor lies? Await

Ye their approach to learn how Saturn's son
Shall over you extend protecting hand?"

Assuming charge, 'twas thus he made his rounds
Along his soldiers' ranks, and through the throng
Of men, until he came upon the Cretans.
Around Idomeneus, the brave, they stood
In arms,—Idomeneus, a boar in strength
And leader of the van; while, in the rear,
Meriones for him the phalanx urged.
And, seeing these, the king of men rejoiced,
And thus Idomeneus addressed with rallying words:
"Idomeneus, above all other Grecian knights
I honour thee, in war as else in skill
Of other kind: for even at our feasts,
Where mix the Argive chiefs the dark-red wine
Of princes in their cups, though other Greeks
By measure drink, thy cup stands ever full
As mine, to drink whene'er thy heart desires;
But hasten battlewards, just such an one
As thou thyself didst ever boast to be."

To him in turn, the Cretan chief replied:
"O son of Atreus, faithful shall I be
An ally, true as when at first assent
I gave and promise; but do thou urge on
The other crested Greeks, that we may fight
Without delay, since now in sooth, the truce
The Trojans have betrayed. Alas! for them
Hereafter death and sorrows come, since they
The first wrought harm to us, despite their pledge."
Thus did he speak: and then, rejoiced at heart,
The son of Atreus onward went his way,
Till, through the troops of warlike men, he came
Upon the Ajaces armed, and having in their train
A cloud of infantry. For just as when,
Beneath north-western blast, a cloud is seen
By goatherd, as it passes o'er the sea,

To him, aloof, it seems as black as pitch
With mighty whirlwinds in its wake; with fear,
He trembles at the sight, and drives his flock
Within some cave,—so with the Ajaces moved
The phalanxēs, as dark and dense as clouds,
In full array of battle, bristled o'er
With shields and spears. And, when he them beheld,
The king was glad and spoke them wingéd words :

“ Ajaces, leaders of the Argive host
War-clad in brazen mail, I do not urge
The twain of you, for it would ill-beseeming be,
Since both of you are wont to instigate
The people valiantly to take up arms.
O father Jove and thou Minerva fair,
Would that such courage were in every heart !
For then king Priam's city soon would fall,
Ta'en by our hands and utterly destroyed.”

Thus speaking, them he left and others sought
Elsewhere, till on his rounds he chanced to meet
The Pylian Nestor, sweet voiced orator,
A-marshalling his friends, and counselling them
To fight, with mighty Pelagon near by,
With Chromius, prince Haemon and Alastor,
As well as Bias, shepherd of a host.
With steeds and chariots well in front, he ranged
His mounted knights, and in the rear his foot,
Both numerous and brave, he placed to be
A battle-stay : while all the ill-disposed
He massed between, that every man of needs
Must join the fight, unwilling though he were.
He counselled first his cavalry to rein
Their steeds, nor at the crowd be aught confused.
“ Before the rest, let no one seek to fight
The Trojans, single-handed, confident
In strength his own and skill in horsemanship.
Nor let him once draw back, for thus shall ye

The weaker be. And yet whatever man
 Can reach another chariot from his own,
 Let him reach forward with his spear, since
 'Tis better far; for so the ancients overthrew
 Both walls and towns, while holding in their souls
 Such purpose and resolve."

Well skilled in wars

Of yore, 'twas thus the old man gave advice:
 And lordly Agamemnon, seeing him, rejoiced,
 And, him saluting, spoke these winged words:
 "Old man, I would thy limbs could still keep pace,
 And that thy strength were firm as is the faith
 Within thy breast. But age, to all the same,
 Doth weary thee. I would some other man
 Possessed thine age, and thou wert still in youth."

Then Nestor, knight Goreanian, him replied:

"O son of Atreus, dearly would I wish
 To be the same, in sooth, as when I slew
 Great Eruthalion. The gods, howe'er,
 Have never yet bestowed all things on men
 At once. If I was young, old age now falls
 On me again. But even so,
 I shall be with the captains, and them
 Exhort with my advice and words matured;
 For this an old man's duty is. The young,
 Who younger are than I and trust their might,
 Let them aloft extend their threatening spears."

Thus spoke he; and, rejoicing in his heart,
 The son of Atreus onward went his way.
 Menestheus, son of Peteus, mounted knight,
 Then found he standing near; about him were
 The Athenians skilled in war; nor far away
 The shrewd Ulysses stood amid his stalwart bands
 Of Cephalonian braves; for not as yet
 To them, a host, was heard the battle-cry,
 Since only late the excited phalanxes
 Of Greeks and steed-subduing Trojans had advanced.

These waiting stood, until, advancing still,
Another band of Greeks the Trojans charged,
And thus began the fight. So, seeing them,
The king of men did sharply them reprove,
And, them accosting, spoke these winged words :
"O son of Peteus ! Jove-befavoured prince,
And thou, O crafty one ! well trained in evil wiles,
Why, trembling, keep ye back from battle thus,
And wait for others ? Being of the foremost,
'Twas meet you should make stand and take your part
In such a burning contest ; for, the first,
Ye ever are invited to my feasts,
Whenever for the chiefs we Greeks prepare
A banquet proud. How pleasant then it is
To eat the roasted meats, and quaff the bowls
Of mellow wine, as long as e'er you wish ;
And now that you should mere beholders be
Is just as pleasant, though ten cohorts of the Greeks
Should in your presence fight with ruthless sword."

Then looking at him sternly, thus Ulysses spoke :
"O son of Atreus ! what a speech is this
That hath escaped the boundary of thy teeth !
How canst thou say that we keep back from war ?
Whene'er against the steed-subduling Trojans
We Greeks fierce battle urge, thou shalt behold,
If thou shouldst wish and care for things as these,
The father, well-beloved of Telemach,
Take part against the first of Trojan knights :
'Tis rash of thee that thou shouldst say such things."

But when he thus observed him angry grown,
King Agamemnon, smiling, answer made,
And thus withdrew his seeming hasty words :
"O thou, Laërtes' son, both noble-born and shrewd,
I chide thee not in words unduly rash,
Nor even thee exhort ; for well I ween,
The soul within thy breast sweet counsel stores ;

For thou dost think even as I do myself.
 But come, these things in time we shall arrange,
 If ought of evil hath been spoken now.
 And may the gods decree them all as vain."

Thus speaking left he them and took his way
 Among the others. Diomede the brave,
 The son of Tydeus, found he standing near,
 Among his steeds and chariots brazen-bound.
 Beside him Sthenelus had ta'en his place,—
 Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus,—
 And seeing him, King Agamemnon made rebuke,
 And, him accosting, spoke these wingéd words :
 " Alas ! O son of Tydeus, valiant knight,
 Why tremblest thou, or why dost thou so scan
 The spaces 'twixt the ranks. It was not so
 That Tydeus used to tremble, but to fight
 The foe, far in advance of comrades dear.
 Thus did they say, at least, who saw him toil.
 Him never have I met nor once beheld ;
 But people say all others he surpassed.
 For, of a truth, without the pomp of war,
 A guest indeed, with Polynices brave,
 Mycenæ once he entered, listing men :
 These two an expedition had in train
 Against the sacred walls of Thebes,
 And urgently besought that they would give
 Recruits the most renowned. They willing were
 Such help to give and favour as required.
 But Jove them changed, when once he token gave
 By unpropitious signs. So, when they left
 And still were on their way, they reached in time
 Asopus, thick with reeds and grass-o'ergrown.
 And then it was upon an embassy
 The Achæans Tydeus sent. He went forsooth
 And came upon the Cadmeans, quite a throng,
 As festival they held within the halls

Of brave Eteocles. Though stranger he,
 And even alone among so many men,
 The good knight Tydeus gave no sign of fear;
 But them hé rather challenged to contend,
 And overcame them all with ease, so great
 A helpmeet was Minerva fair to him.
 But they, the furious managers of steeds,
 Enraged, with fifty youths in charge, for him
 Returning laid a crafty ambushade.
 And leaders twain there were, like unto gods,
 Proud Mæon, son of Haemon, and with him
 The son of Autophon, brave Polyphontes.
 But Tydeus brought upon them bitter death.
 Them all he killed, save only one he let return;
 Since, bowing to the omens of the gods,
 He Mæon homeward sent upon his way.
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus; but the son
 He hath begot inferior is in war,
 However great in council he may be."

Thus spoke he, but brave Diomede said naught,
 Abiding the reveréd king's rebuke;
 Yet him the son of Capaneus addressed.
 "Lie not, O son of Atreus! knowing well
 How 'tis to tell the truth. We boast, indeed,
 To be of better stuff than were our sires;
 We, too, have ta'en of seven-gated Thebes
 The citadel, trusting heaven's signs
 As well as promised aid from Jupiter,
 And leading fewer men beneath the walls
 That sacred are to Mars; while they, our sires,
 Have perished aye to violence their own.
 Ne'er place them, then, in equal rank with me."

But looking at him sternly, Diomede thus spoke:
 "My friend, in silence sit and give thou heed
 Unto these words of mine; I do not blame
 The king, because, the shepherd of a host,

He thus exhorts the well-greaved Greeks to fight.
 For if, perchance, the Greeks the Trojans crush
 And Troy o'erthrow, renown shall him attend,
 But grief as great shall be to him, in sooth,
 If chance it be the Greeks should be cut off.
 But come and let us two now mindful be
 Of instant valour that unbridled is."

He said, and with his arms in hand he leaped
 Out of his chariot to the ground ; the mail
 Upon the prince's breast made dreadful clang
 As on he passed ; then, of a truth, would fear
 Have taken hold upon the bravest soul.
 As when a wind on ocean's sounding shore,
 Born of north-western breeze, incessant moves,—
 At first it crested curves along the deep
 Till, dashed against the land it roars aloud,
 And, swoln, bursts upon the headlands round,
 And spits in spray the curling salt sea-foam,—
 So did the Grecian phalanx, thick arrayed,
 Continuous move to join the impending fray.
 Each Chieftain led his own : the residue
 In silence moved apace,—nor yet perchance
 Would you have said that there a teeming host
 Came up, who in their breasts had power of speech,
 So silently they revered their chiefs.
 About them shone their variegated arms,
 With which adorned, they advanced in battle-line.
 But, as the ewes of some land-owner rich
 Stand countless in their fold while being milked,
 And bleat incessant as their lambkins' cries
 They hear, so were the Trojans ; thus their din
 Arose and spread throughout the army-wide.
 Nor was the shout of all alike, nor yet the voice :
 Their speech was mixed, since called they were from many
 climes.

These Mars pressed on ; but those Minerva urged,
 The blue-eyed one, and Terror, Rout, and Strife
 Relentlessly enraged,—the last, of cruel Mars
 The helpmeet sister, lifts her head, that is
 But small at first, though afterwards in heaven
 She finds it place and stalks along the earth,—
 ✓ And she it was, who, passing through the throng,
 Contention cast among them, dire to all,
 Thus giving edge to human lamentation.

But when they, meeting, came to common ground,
 At once together rushed both spears and bull-hide shields
 And might of warriors clad in brazen mail.
 Against each other clanged their targes bossed,
 And great arose the dreadful battle din.
 Then there was heard the shouts and groans of men,
 Some slaying, others being slain.
 The earth was drenched with blood. Indeed,
 As, rushing down the hills, the torrents wild,
 From swelling source, oft mix their headlong streams
 Near by the meeting place of mountain glens,
 Within some echoing vale, till even the swain
 On hillside hears the distant roar,—so rose
 The panic-shouts of those thus locked in strife.

And first Antilochus a Trojan slew,
 One valiant in the van, brave Echebol
 Thalysius' son. Him struck he first
 Upon his helmet's horse-hair crested cone :
 Right through his forehead crashed the brazen point
 And pierced the bone, when darkness veiled his eyes :
 So, like a tower in conflict fierce, he fell.
 The chief of all the Abantes, stout of heart,
 Chalcodon's son, the king of Elphenor,
 On him, thus prostrate, by the feet laid hold,
 And, in his haste, was dragging him beyond the darts,
 That of his mail he might at once him spoil.
 But this attempt of his had speedy end ;

For brave Antenor saw him drag the dead,
 And with a brazen lance did pierce his side,—
 The side exposed to view beneath his shield—
 As he did stoop; and so his limbs relaxed.
 His spirit left him thus; while o'er him rose
 A struggle fierce of Trojans and of Greeks:
 Like wolves they on each other headlong rushed,
 Each hero bearing down upon his foe.

Then Telamonian Ajax Simoisius smote,
 Anthemion's son,—a youth of blooming years,
 Whom formerly his mother had brought forth
 Beside the banks of Simois' winding stream,
 When she, by chance, her parents did attend
 From Ida's slopes to view the Phrygian flocks;
 And thus it was they called him Simoisius.
 Alas! his parents dear he ne'er repaid
 The recompense of birth: his life was short,
 Since slain he was with spear of Ajax brave.
 For foremost in advance, him Ajax struck
 Upon the breast, and through his shoulder passed
 The brazen dart outright. Amid the dust
 Upon the ground he fell, like poplar tree
 That hath up-grown in humid meadow soil
 Of some great marsh; symmetrical in shape,
 Even branches flourish on its very top
 Which chariot-wright lops off with glittering steel
 To bend the felloe of some splendid car:
 Upon the river's bank it lies to dry.
 And thus it was the high-born Ajax spoiled
 Young Simoisius, Anthemion's son.

But Antiphus, in corslet bright attired,
 At Ajax from the crowd with weapon keen took aim:
 From him it glanced aside; but in the groin
 It Leucus struck, Ulysses' faithful friend,
 While in the act of dragging off the dead.
 Alas! he fell, and from his ruthless hand
 There dropped the corpse of Simoisius.

And then, in turn, for friend thus fallen low,
 Ulysses was enraged within his soul.
 Full armed in burnished brass he headlong rushed
 Right through the van, and drawing very near,
 He stood, and glancing keenly all around,
 He shot ahead his glittering spear.
 The Trojans checked their pace while thus he thrust;
 And yet 'twas not in vain he hurled his spear,
 For strike he did Democöon, the son
 Of Priam, he who from Abydos came,
 From tending of the swift-paced royal steeds.
 Ulysses, raging for his comrade lost,
 Him struck upon the temple with his lance,
 And through the other temple passed the point,
 Till darkness veiled his sight. He, fallen prone,
 Made clanging noise as on him crashed his arms.

Illustrious Hector and the lines in front
 Fell back. The Argives cried aloud, and dragged
 The dead away, then further forward rushed.
 But Phœbus, looking forth from Pergamus,
 Felt deep enraged, and sending forth his voice,
 The Trojans thus addressed :

“Arouse ye then,
 Ye steed-subduing Trojans! Yield ye not
 The battle to the Greeks, since stone nor iron
 Is flesh to them, when they are stricken down,
 That it withstand the muscle-rending brass.
 Nor does Achilles, fair-haired Thetis' son,
 Have portion in the fight, but near his ships,
 Doth nourish still his soul-disturbing spleen.”

Thus from the city spoke the dreadful god:
 But Jove's own daughter, beauteous Triton queen,
 While passing through the host did rouse the Greeks,
 Where'er she saw them giving way to men.

Then fate gat hold of Amarynceus' son,
 Diöres; for above the ankle joint,

His dexter-limb was struck with jagged stone :
And Pirus, son of Imbrusus, who came
From Ænos, leader of the Thracian braves,
He it was who struck him ; and both bone
And sinew, recking not, the stone had crushed entire.
And, prone amid the dust, he fell with hands
Outstretched towards his friends, while forth he poured
His soul. And Pirus, he who had him struck,
Made haste and pierced him with his spear,
So that death's shadow fell upon his eyes.

Then, rushing with his couched lance,
Ætolian Thoas Pirus struck abreast,
And in his lungs the brass took bitter hold.
Near by him Thoas came and from his breast
The mighty weapon drew : his keen-set sword
He then unsheathed, and with it him did pierce
And thus, alas ! did him deprive of life.
Yet of his arms he did not him despoil,
For near him stood his crested ally-friends,
A-brandishing in hand their long-drawn spears,
With which they drove him in retreat from them,
Though strong and valiant-glorious he was.
Thus near each other lay these two in dust,—
Diores, leader of the Epeans brazen-clad,
And Pirus, leader of the Thracian clans :
And many others else were slain around.

Not longer then could any one at all
The action blame, who, neither near nor far
Annoyed by sharpened brass, might busied be
Within the melee's midst, and whom indeed
Minerva, taking by the hand, might lead,
And from him turn away the force of darts.
For Greeks and Trojans many lay that day
Prone in the dust beside each other's clay.

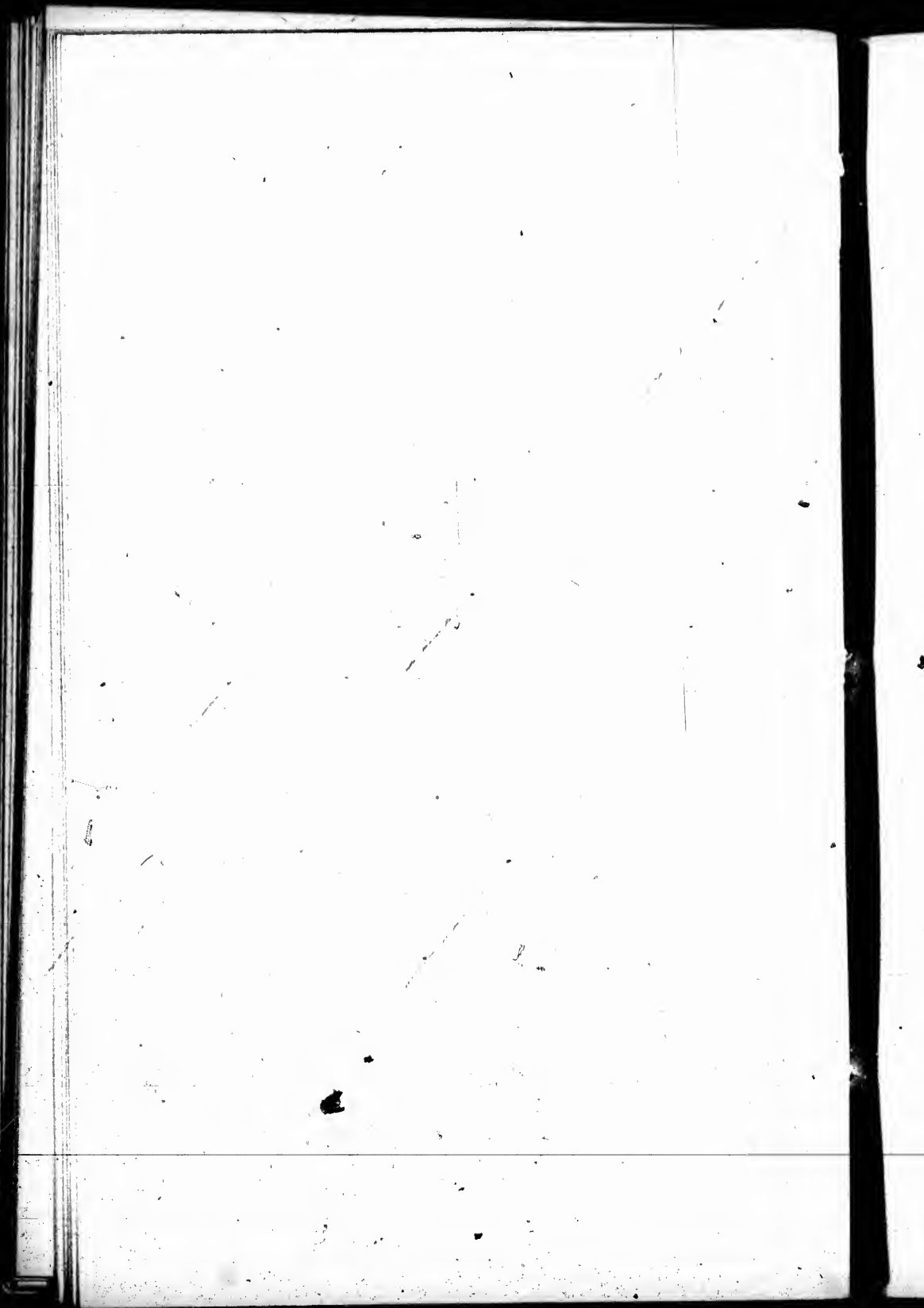
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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

“The Æneid is replete with all the qualities which are essential to a great work of art. It is great in conception and invention. It is wonderfully diversified in scenes, incidents and characters. It is adorned with the finest diction and imagery of which language is capable. In discoursing of great achievements and great events, it never comes short of the grandeur which befits the epic style: in passages of sorrow and suffering it takes hold of our sympathies with all the power of the most heart-rending tragedy.”

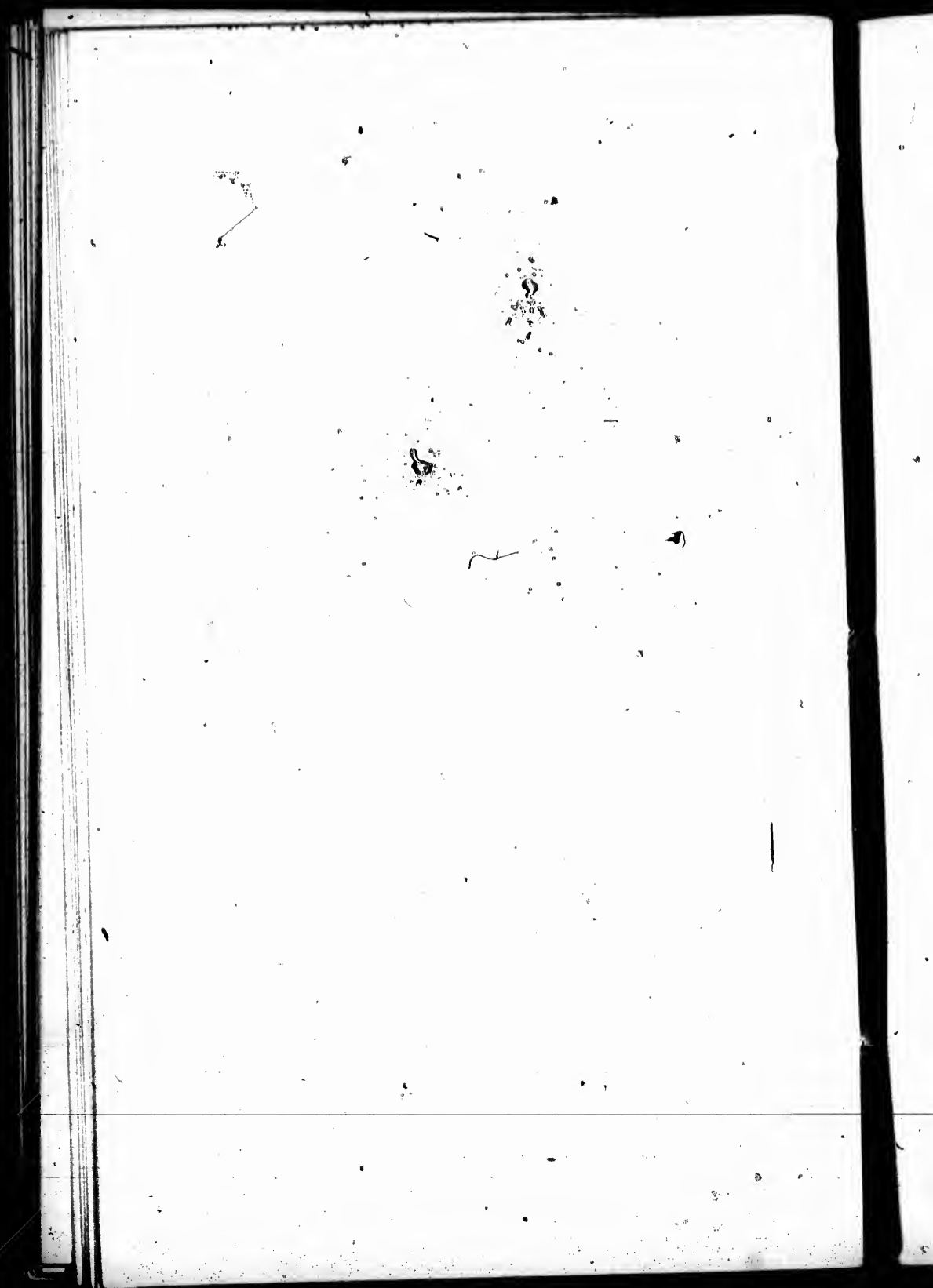
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THE ARGUMENT.

For seven years the Trojans roamed the seas :
They Latium seek : the winds, set free, arise,
That Trojan woes may Juno's wrath appease,
'Mid perils of the sea and shipwreck cries.
But Neptune curbs the winds and calms the waves
Till what is left of Troy Æneas saves.
Then Venus Jove upbraids, and weeping, sighs
O'er hopes betrayed ; he reads to her the fates,
And, as a place of refuge, opens Dido's gates.

Since Juno favours Dido's wondrous zeal,
Shrewd Venus thinks the peace of Troy to make,
And gives command to Cupid, ever leal,
The son to double for the father's sake.
Then at the feast the little god appears,
And fills poor Dido's heart with hopes and fears,
As she aglee, with woman's love awake,
Desires Æneas to narrate the tale
Of Troy's overthrow by Grecian guile and Sinon's wail.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

Of horrid arms I sing, and eke the man
Who first from shores of Troy, escaping fate,
Came to Italia and Lavinium's coasts,
Severely tossed about on land and sea
Through hostile bias of the higher powers,—
By virtue of the memorable ire
Of Juno truculent; and ills enough besides
Were his to bear in war, while he, its founder, built
His capital, and introduced his gods
From Latium: whence there sprung the Latin race,
Our Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

To me, O muse, the causes now relate,
For what decree o'erlooked, or, grieved at what,
The queen of heaven did think to force a man
For piety renowned, to ward aside
Reverses manifold, to bear so many toils.
Alas! is there such wrath in heavenly minds?

An ancient city once there was, which erst
Some Tyrian yeomen held—on nether side
From Italy, remote from Tiber's mouth:
Carthage by name, replete with wealth, and skilled
Severe in all the arts of war; and which

Alone, 'tis said, beyond all other towns,
 Had Juno loved, with even Samos thought of loss.
 Here were her arms, here was her goddess-car;
 And, if perchance the fates permit decree,
 This place, she plans and fondly hopes, shall be
 Her seat of sovereign power to every race.
 Yet dread was hers, for she had heard a tribe
 Would yet be raised from Trojan blood, which would,
 In time to come, o'erturn the Tyrian towers.
 Hence, ruling far and wide, and proud in war,
 A race would come for Afric's overthrow;
 At least so was it that they solved the fates.
 So fearing this, and mindful of the war
 Which she of yore had carried on near Troy
 In favour of her Argives much beloved,—
 Nor even yet were exiled from her mind
 The causes of her wrath, the reckless guile;
 Since there remained deep-seated in her soul
 The verdict-claims of Paris, and the slight
 To her out-rivalled form, the hateful race,
 And honours paid to ravished Ganymede;—
 She, deep incensed at these, did think to drive,
 From Latium, far away, the Trojans tossed about
 On every sea, alas! survival left
 From Grecian's guile and fierce Achilles' wrath,—
 Indeed, compelled by fate, for many years
 They, roaming, sailed the waters all around:
 Such task it was to found the Roman power.
 But, hardly out of sight of Sicily,
 They joyful had set sail upon the deep,
 And ploughed with brazen prows the foaming brine,
 When Juno, nursing in her breast her wound
 Eternal, said within herself, "Shall I, o'ercome,
 Desist from task begun, nor able be
 To turn the Trojan's king from Italy?
 Am I, forsooth, forbidden by the fates?"

Had Pallas power to burn the Argives' fleet,
 And in the deep to overturn the Greeks,
 All for the guilt of one, and hate of Ajax?
 She, throwing from the clouds the speeding fire
 Of Jupiter, o'erthrew their ships, and raised
 The wind-tossed waves, while she gat hold of him,
 With fire exuding from his transfixed breast,
 And him impaled upon the piercing rock.
 But I, who walk the queen of gods, the wife
 Of Jove and sister, shall I wage a war
 Upon a nation for so many years?

Ah me! who shall respect poor Juno's will,
 Or suppliant place an offering near her shrine?

With soul incensed, and musing all alone
 Of such as these, the goddess seeketh out
 Æolia, the fatherland of clouds,—
 A habitation teeming with the direst storms.
 Within an ample cave, king Æolus here
 Holds in his sway the restive winds and gales
 Sonorous: them he chains in prison-house,
 While they, rebellious, groan with murmurings loud,
 Around the enclosures of their mountain home.
 Here Æolus sits on lofty pinnacle,
 Wielding his sceptre, as he checks their zeal
 And mollifies their wrath. For had he not,
 They reckless would in sooth have with them borne
 Both land and sea and heaven profound,
 And swept them through the air. But, fearing this,
 All powerful Jove them stored in darksome caves,
 And over them a mighty mass had placed
 And mountains high; and gave to them a king
 Who, by decree assured, should, ordered, know
 Both how to check them and to give them rein.
 And now 'twas him whom Juno thus addressed:—

“O Æolus,—for hath the sire of gods
 And king of men not given to thee to calm

The waves, or raise them with the wind ?—a race,
 To me unfriendly, sails the Tyrrhenian sea
 Transporting Troy, survived, to Italy,
 And even its conquered household gods : infuse
 A forcé in every blast and overwhelm
 Their sinking ships ; or drive them near and far,
 And cast their bodies into depths unknown.
 Twice seven nymphs of winsome form are mine,
 And Deiopea, who of these by far
 The sweetest is in mien, to thee I'll join,
 In stable wedlock and proclaim her thine,
 That she with thee may spend her years throughout
 For meritorious deeds like this, and make
 Thee father of a comely progeny."

Then Æolus replied to her : " The task is thine,
 O queen, to realize whate'er you wish ;
 'Tis mine to undertake your proud commands.
 Whate'er of rule this is to me, my realm
 And Jove's good-will thou dost for me obtain :
 To me thou giv'st to sit at heaven's feasts,
 And mak'st me sovereign of the clouds and storms."

When thus he spoke, he struck with spear reversed
 The hollow mountain on its side ; and forth
 The winds, as if in column formed, make rush
 Through any outlet found, and in a gale
 Sweep o'er the land : they settle on the sea,
 And from its lowest depth they plough it up.
 The east wind and the south and Africus
 Replete with storms,—these one and all roll on
 The mighty billows roaring to the shore.
 The shouts of men and creaking noise of ropes
 Arise : at once the light of day the clouds
 Shut out from Trojan's eyes, and o'er the deep
 Hangs darkling gloom : the heavens reverberate,
 With frequent flash, the air is cleft with fire,
 Till all portends an instant death to men.

Then forthwith tremble with the chill of dread
Æneas' limbs. He groans, and holding up his hands
To heaven he cries: "O thrice and four times blessed
Who chanced to die in presence of your sires,
Near by the lofty walls of Troy! O Diomedé,
Thou bravest of the Grecian race, that I
Should not have fallen on the Trojan plain,
And this my life resigned to thy right hand,
When from Achilles' dart proud Hector died,
When great Sarpedon died, when shields enough
Of men, and helms, and bodies brave all intertwined
Sunk underneath the waves of Simois' stream."
While speaking thus, a howling northern blast
Strikes full against the sails and drives to heaven
The waves: the oars are broken: then the prow
Swings round and tilts exposed the weather-side
To every sea; a headlong mountain-wave
Descends, a curving watery heap.
These hang upon the billow's crest, to those
Between the waves a yawning gulf lays bare
The land: the tide is seen to rage with sand;
Upon the hidden rocks, the south wind hurls
Three shattered ships,—such rocks as show their heads
In waters deep, the Italians *Aras* call,
A reef immense above full tidal mark,—
And three the east wind drives from the open sea
On shoals and treacherous sands, a doleful sight,
And dashes them upon the shelving flats,
And them encircles in a bed of sand.
Before the hero's eyes a billow huge
Strikes, from on high upon the stern, the ship
Which bore the Lycians and Orontes true.
The master of the craft is forward thrown
And headlong rolls on deck; while thrice a wave,
A-driving in its wake, whirls round his craft,
Which else a speeding vortex swallows up.

Then floating here and there in whirlpool vast,
 The arms of men appear upon the waves,
 And planks and treasure-relics brought from Troy ;
 And now the strong-built ship of Ilioneus,
 And now the craft the brave Achates helmed,
 The storm hath water-logged, as well as those
 In which sailed Abas and Alétes old ;
 With beams apart and loose, each side alike
 Receives the hostile brine and gapes with chinks.

While yet the sea kept seething noisily,
 King Neptune, grievously annoyed, perceived
 The storm set free, and from their lowest depths
 The under-seas disturbed ; and, looking forth,
 He raised his placid head above the waves,
 O'er all the deep ; he sees Æneas' fleet
 Tossed up and down ; and 'neath the fallen sky,
 The Trojans sore oppressed with heavy seas.
 Nor were the guile and wrath of Juno hid
 Beyond her brother's ken. He calls to him
 The east wind and the west, and thus exclaims :—
 "Is't of your tribe ye have such confidence ?
 Beyond decree of mine, is't thus ye dare,
 O winds, confuse the heavens and earth as one,
 Or turmoils great upraise, ye winds whom I—
 But better 'tis to calm the restive waves ;
 Your evil deeds in time you shall to me atone,
 By other penalty. Make haste your flight,
 And to your king these things announce :—
 The ruthless trident, and the realm of sea
 Do not to him belong, but given to me
 By lot. 'Tis his to hold the rocks immense,
 Your homes, O Eurus ; there, in halls his own,
 'Tis his to boast himself and hold full sway
 Within the pent-up prison-house of storms."
 He speaks : and with a word he quickly calms
 The surging waves, and puts to flight the clouds
 Collected thick, and makes the sun return.

Then both Cymothoe and Triton, roused
Together, thrust the ships from off the rocks:
Even Neptune of himself with trident helps,
And opens up the quicksands vast, and calms
The sea, while o'er the surface of the deep
He, gliding, wafted is in noiseless car.
And just as when in crowdings great,
Whene'er sedition company keeps, when rage
The rabbles crass: now stones and cudgels fly,
As fury finds them arms: then, if by chance
Some man they see, far-famed for pious deeds,
They silent are, and stand with ears intent:
With words he curbs their spirits and soothes their hearts.
So all the turmoil of the sea subsides,
When Neptune, looking from the deep, and borne
Through open air, his steeds compels,
And, speeding, flings his reins to his prosperous car.

The worn-out Trojans strive to reach the shores
The nearest in their course, and turn themselves
To Afric's strand. Within a long recess
There is a place, where with its jutting sides
An island forms a roadstead safe, whereby
All breakers from the sea are broken up,
And pass in spray within the bay retired.
And here and there great rocks and twinlike cliffs
To heaven seem to climb, while far and near
Beneath their crests the peaceful waters lie.
With waving woods, the landscape lies beyond,
And near at hand there is a darksome grove
With gloomy shade o'erhung; beneath the brow
Of heights beyond, with rocks o'erhead,
There is a grotto cool, the home of nymphs,
Wherein are waters sweet, and seats of virgin rock;
Here ropes nor anchor with its curving fluke
The ships disabled bind; though when he these
Has moored, Æneas finds but seven in all.

And disembarking, with o'erpowering wish for land,
 The Trojans soon possess the longed for sands,
 And stretch their brine-wet limbs upon the shore.

And first Achates strikes a spark from flint,
 And slips the fire among some leaves, then lays
 Some brittle kindling round, and throws the flame
 Upon the fuel dry : though sorely tired with toil,
 They fetch the brine-soaked corn and cooking irons,
 And on the glowing embers parch the grain,
 That has been saved, and crush it with a stone.

Meanwhile Æneas climbs a cliff near by,
 And o'er the sea, both far and near, he seeks
 A prospect full, if aught he can discern
 Of Antheus tossed about by adverse wind,
 Or of the Phrygian vessels bireme-trimmed,
 Of Capys, or Caicus' arms uplift astern.
 Though not a ship's in sight, he sees three stags
 A-wandering on the shore : these all the herd
 Are following from behind, as through the vale
 They feed, a long and lingering line.
 Here took he stand, and in his hands uplift
 His bow and arrows swift, the weapons which
 Achates faithful bore. The leaders first,
 That bore their heads aloft with branching horns,
 He prostrate lays ; then driving with his darts,
 Within the leafy grove, the common herd,
 He throws into confusion all the throng.
 Nor did he cease, until he, on the ground,
 As victor, stretched seven bodies huge, and made
 Their number equal to the rescued ships.
 The harbour then he seeks, and shares his spoils
 Among all his followers. Then portions he the wine
 Which good and brave Acestes erst had stored
 In casks, and which he had bestowed on them
 As they departed from Sicilian shores ;
 And with these words he calms their sorrowing hearts :—

"O comrades mine, O ye who've had to bear
 More grievous things—for ignorant are we not
 Of former ills—to these even Jove an end shall give.
 The rage of Scylla, and its echoing crags
 Ye have approached; ye even have explored
 The Cyclops' rocky realms. Fresh courage take,
 And lay aside your sorrowing fear. Perchance, in time,
 It will delight you to recall these things.
 Through many woes, through sundry feints of fate,
 To Latium we proceed, where fortune shows
 A peaceful resting-place; there will it be
 Our right to raise once more the realms of Troy.
 Bear up, and save yourselves for better things."

Such words he speaks, and, pale with pressing cares,
 He in his countenance simulates a hope,
 Subduing deep within his breast his grief.
 Then stir they for the approaching feasts of game;
 The hides they from the ribs detach, and lay
 The entrails bare: some cut the carcass into roasts,
 And place them quivering fresh upon the spits;
 While others range the caldrons on the shore,
 And tend the fires. With food they strength regain,
 And filled with mellow wine and fat of venison,
 They stretch themselves along the grassy slopes.

Appeased their hunger, and the tables moved,
 In converse long they talk of comrades lost;
 'Twixt hope and fear, some, doubtful, think they live,
 Or yet have borne, perchance, the final lot of men,
 And ne'er again may hear when called upon.
 And chief of all, Æneas meek bemoans
 The mishap to Orontes, brave in strife,
 Amycus' fate, and Lycus' cruel lot,
 Or Gyas and Cloanthus, fearless both.

And now there was an end, when Jupiter,
 From æther-heights, made prospect of the sea
 All winged with sails, and of the lands near by,

The shores, and all the massing throngs of folk.
On heaven's pinnacle he took his stand,
And fixed his full intent on Afric's realms ;
And, pondering in his soul on cares like these,
Him Venus thus approached with will to speak :
" O thou who rulest with eternal sway
The affairs of gods and men, and with thy bolts
Them fill'st with fear, what wickedness so great
Could my Æneas have against thee done,
Or what the Trojans, since so oft beset
With woes, all earthly obstacles arise
To shut them out from Italy as theirs.
What thought hath changed thee, O my sire,
Who, of a truth, didst erewhile promise me
That, from the race restored of Teucer's line,
The Trojans would the leaders be in time,
To hold, in universal sway, the land and sea ?
Indeed with this fond hope I soothed my grief
At Troy's mischance and tristful overthrow,
Atoning adverse fate by fate's decree.
But now like fortune follows them distressed
By frequent ills. O, great and mighty king,
What issue to their labour givest thou ?
Antenor could, escaping through the Greeks,
Explore the Illyrican gulf, and safe o'ercome
The Liburnian realms remote, and even trace
Timavus' stream, from where, through seven mouths,
With growing echoes of the hillsides near,
It joins the surging sea and laves the strand
With hissing spray. Yet here it was he built
His town, Patavium, a new abode
For Trojans there, to which he gave his name,
And stablished permanent the arms of Troy.
Now laid to rest, in calm repose he sleeps ;
While we, thy progeny, to whom thou'st vowed
Heaven's highest exaltation, we, with ships

Astray—alas! even we are being betrayed
For wrath of one, and kept from Italy's shores.
Is this the recompense of piety?
Is't thus thou us hast placed in sovereign power?

Then smiling with that look of his, with which
He calms the wind and sky, the sire of gods and men
His daughter's lips with kisses laves, and speaks:
"My Venus, spare thyself from fear, the fates
Remain unchanged for thee and thine; thou'lt see
Lavinium arise in all its promised strength
And even bear aloft to heaven's stars,
Æneas, great of heart. No thoughts me change.
In Italy he'll wage a mighty war,—
For since these cares oppress thee thus,
I will confess; unravelling fate to thee,
The secret things of fate I will expose.
The barbarous tribes he'll utterly subdue,
And men to law and order introduce;
While yet the summer, passed but thrice, shall see
Him rule in Latium, while winters only three
Shall wing their way till Turnus be subdued.
But young Ascanius, whose cognomen is
Iulus now—for Iulus was he called
While Ilium's perstige stood—shall last in power
While roll the months in thirty circuits great,
And from Lavinium's site transfer his realm
When Alba Longa he shall fortify.
And hence for full three hundred years
The sovereign power shall be to Hector's seed,
Till Ilia, priestess-queen, with child by Mars,
Bring forth her twin-born progeny.
Then Romulus, delighting in his she-wolf nurse,
Shall found Mavortian walls, and call
The Romans by the name his own. To these
I do assign no end of rule or time,
But have bestowed on them an endless reign.

Nay even Juno fierce, who now wears out
 The heavens, and earth, and sea with fear,
 Shall change her mind to better end, and join
 With me to raise the Romans, gods of earth,
 A race to wear the toga. So 'tis meet.
 An age will come, while yet the years roll by,
 When Rome shall Phthia press in servitude,
 As else Mycenæ famed, and hold its sway
 O'er Argos since subdued. Then shall be born
 The Trojan Cæsar, sprung from noble blood,
 Julius by name, so from Iulus great,
 Who shall extend his power beyond the seas,
 His fame above the stars. In time to come,
 Assured, thou shalt receive him into heaven,
 Well laden with his eastern spoils,
 Where he shall be invoked by Roman prayers.
 Then ages fierce shall milder grow when war
 Is laid aside. Then faith with silvery locks
 And purity shall frame the laws,
 As shall Quirinus with his brother Remus.
 The direful gates of war, with bolts of iron,
 And morticed beams, shall closed together be ;
 While, sitting on her cruel arms within,
 Bound, with her hands behind, with brazen knots
 A hundred, impious Fury groans aloud,
 A horrid sight, with gnashing utterance.

So speaks he, and from realms above he sends
 The son of Maia, in order that the lands
 And new-built towers of Carthage should afford
 A place of refuge for the sons of Troy,—
 Lest Dido, knowing naught of fate, should drive
 Them from her realms. He skims the mighty void,
 With the oarlike motion of his wings, and soon
 Finds resting-place on Libya's shores.
 And now he gives command, and pleasing Jove,
 The Carthaginians doff their natures fierce,

And first sweet patience doth the queen receive,
A kindly feeling towards the men of Troy.

While pondering over crowding cares at night,
Æneas made resolve that he would go,
As soon as kindly dawn had lent its light,
To explore the places new, to investigate.
What shores, through chance of wind, he had approached,
Who them inhabit, man or untamed beast—
For them he sees untilled—and carry back
To his trusty friends a verified report.
Beneath a hollow bluff, he safe secretes
His fleet, within the convex—meeting groves,
Enclosed around with woods and dismal shades.
Attended by Achates all alone
He sallies forth, upholding in his hand
A pair of lances tipped with wingéd steel.
Right in his way, within the forest glades,
His mother showed herself, in mien and dress
A maid that bore a Spartan maiden's arms,—
Just such an one as was Harpalyce,
The Thracian huntress, when she spent her steeds,
And in her speed outsped the swift east-wind.
For on her shoulders, huntress-like, she had
A comely bow arranged, while, with her limb
Exposed, and robes looped up in graceful knot,
She gave her hair to wanton with the winds:
And first she asks: "Tell me, alas! O youths,
If any of my sisters here ye've seen
Abroad, adorned with fur of spotted lynx,
Or pressing with a shout the course of foaming boar."

So Venus spoke and thus her son replied:—
"None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
O—how shall I address thee—maiden fair?
No mortal's face is thine, nor human sounds.
Thy voice. Ah! goddess of a truth art thou:
Art thou Apollo's sister, or a maid

Of Nymph-descent? Whoe'er thou art, be kind
 And lighten our anxiety, and say!
 Beneath what sky or on what shores of earth
 We have at last been cast; for wander we,
 Tossed hither by the wind and mountain waves,
 All ignorant of the places and their folk.
 So teach us, and by this right hand of mine
 Shall many a victim fall before thy shrine."

Then Venus said: "Me flatter not, indeed,
 With honour such as this: it is the wont
 Of Tyrian maids a quiver thus to don,
 And with the purple buskin reaching high
 To bind their comely limbs. The Punic realms,
 Thou now behold'st—the Tyrians, and the town
 Of old Agenor's sons; the region round
 Is Africa, where roams a race of men
 Intractable in war. Here Dido reigns,
 Come hither from the town of Tyre, to flee
 Her brother's guile. The offence is long to hear,
 The tale is roundabout; yet I shall trace
 The main events. Sychæus was her spouse
 A Tyrian landlord rich, so singled out
 By love intense of one so wretched soon;
 On him her sire bestowed the spotless maid,
 And under brightest prospect saw her wed.
 Deep-stained in guilt beyond all other men,
 Pygmalion, her brother, ruled in Tyre;
 And soon between the two his fury raged.
 He, impious, blinded with the love of gold,
 And heedless of his sister's love,
 With treacherous weapon did Sychæus slay,
 Before the altars taken unawares,
 And long concealed the deed: full oft and deep
 The villian lied, and dared deceive with hopes
 Deferred, the poor love-stricken bride, until in sleep
 The form of her unburied spouse appeared

And weird upraised to her his pallid face.
The altars cruel-stained he showed, his breast
He bared, and thus announced his kindred's crime
All hidden heretofore. He her persuades
To hasten flight and flee her fatherland,
And as a succour on her way reveals
The wealth of olden times beneath the ground,
An unknown weight of silver and of gold.
Perplexed by these revealments Dido bids
Her friends prepare for flight. And those of them,
On whom had fallen the tyrant's cruel hate
Or bitter fear of him, make covenant :
They seize some ships, by chance prepared for sail,
And cargo them with gold. Thus is the wealth
Of miser King Pygmalion embarked
Upon the sea, a woman leader of the deed.
In time they reached these places here, where now
You soon will see the high-built battlements,
As else the rising towers of Carthage new.
But who are ye at length? whence have ye come?
Or whether hold your way?" To her such things
Enquiring he with sighs replied, as if
His words were drawn from inmost soul disturbed :
" O goddess, if, recounting from the first,
Our origin I tell, and time there were
For thee to hear the tale of all our toils,
Ere I were done, the evening star would mourn
The day when heaven had closed its gates.
We hail from ancient Troy,—perchance the name
Of Troy hath reached your ears ;—by fate
Its own, a storm, to these the Lybian shores
Hath tossed us wafted over many seas.
Well known to fame o'er all the upper air,
Æneas am I, who now bear with me
The household gods erst rescued from the foe.
Of noble race from Jove exalted high,

Tis' Italy I seek a fatherland.
 With twice ten ships I've sailed the Phrygian sea,
 My goddess mother pointing out the way,
 As thus I followed up the fates declared ;
 And now but seven survive, sore weather-racked
 By wind and wave ; and needy and forlorn
 I wander over Lybia's desert sands,
 From Europe exiled as from Asia."

Nor longer him complaining Venus bore,
 But thus did interrupt him in his grief:—
 Whoe'er thou art, thou breath'st the breath of life,
 I feel assured, unhated by the gods ;
 And, now thou'rt come to this the Tyrians' town,
 Proceed at once, and hence betake thyself
 To Dido's palace, for to thee I dare proclaim
 Thy friends are safe, thy ships brought back from sea,
 Securely moored from overwhelming storms,—
 Unless my parents, thinking to deceive,
 Have taught me augury in vain. Behold
 These swans, two groups of six, disporting in a line,
 Which instantly the royal bird of Jove,
 While swooping o'er his æther-plains, disturbs
 In open sky : they either now are seen
 In line prolonged, or halting on the land,
 Or else selecting resting-place near by :
 But free from danger, soon they sport again
 With flapping of their wings, and in a flock
 They circle in the air and utter notes of joy.
 Not otherwise thy ships and Trojan youths
 A harbour reach, or roadstead pass within
 With full-set sail. Proceed thou then at once :
 Direct your ship where'er the path thee leads."

She spoke ; and turning round, her grace was seen
 With neck of rosy hue, while from her head
 Her scented tresses breathed of sweets divine.
 Her garments drooped around her comely feet,

While by her mien she goddess stood revealed.
He, when he knew his mother, followed her
In flight, with words like these: "How oft thy son
Shalt thou, alas! so cruel too, deceive
With false appearances? Why is't not given to us
To grasp each other by the hand, to hear
And answer in the tones our own in truth?"
In phrase like this he made complaint, and bent
His steps then cityward. But Venus girt
Them, as they onward passed, within a mist obscure,
And, as a goddess powered, poured forth around
A covering thick of cloud, lest anyone
Should them perceive, or any them accost,
Or cause delay, or of their coming ask
The reason why. But she herself aloft
To Paphos went, and joyful viewed again
Her own abode, where is her temple-shrine,
And where for her a hundred altars glow
With Arab frankincense, and shed around
The sweetness born of flowers in garlands fresh.

Meanwhile, where'er the pathway points, their course
They eager take. And now they climb the hill
That, high uplift, o'erhangs the city near,
And from above o'erlooks the towers beyond.
Æneas marvels at the city's size,
Where once were only huts, and at the gates,
The din, as else the paving of the streets.
The zealous Tyrians bustle round,—a part to raise
The walls or strengthen still the citadel,
And roll along by hand the stones immense.
Some choose the ground for tenements and mark
It with the ploughshare's trail. Some frame the laws,
The magistrates elect or senate held in awe.
Here dredge the harbour some, while others lay
Foundations deep for the drama's fane, and hew
The mighty columns from the rocks near by,

The high adornment of approaching scenes.
 Such labour as was theirs, the bees pursue,
 Though summer be but young, when forth
 Among the flowers afield, in golden light of day,
 They lead the growing offspring of their kind,
 And when they store their liquid honey drops,
 And bounteous fill their cells with nectar sweets ;
 Or, having formed a cohort, from the hives
 Drive out the drones, a good-for-nothing herd.
 Thus fervid plies the work, and fragrant smells
 The honey pure all redolent with thyme.

“ O happy ye, whose walls already rise !”

Æneas cries, as the city's towers he sees.
 Begirt with cloud, he, marvellous to relate,
 Betakes himself within, nor is he seen
 By any though he mixes with the crowd.

In centre of the town there was a grove
 Most grateful for its shade, and where at first
 The Tyrian exiles, after being tossed
 About by wind and wave, their ensign raised—
 The head of eager charger—in the place
 Which royal Juno had revealed to them ;
 For she, forsooth, had said that they would be
 For aye a nation rich and famed in war.
 Here first within this grove, the novelty
 Decreased their fear ; here first Æneas dared
 For safety hope, and hold a brighter faith
 In his adversity. For while they all
 In turn survey the temple huge and wait
 The queen, while they discuss among themselves
 The handicraft and finish of the work,
 And what perchance would be the city's fate,
 He sees in panoramic line designed
 The Trojan contests and the wars proclaimed
 Already o'er the world ; the sons of Atreus too,
 And Priam and Achilles vexed by both

He stood surprised, and weeping, thus exclaimed :—
“ Achates, ah! what realm or region now
Of earth is not replete with these our toils?
See Priam there! Even noble deeds have here
Their own rewards: tears flow for human woe
And things that die the emotions ever stir.
Thy fear dismiss: this fame will safety bring.”

Thus does Æneas speak, and feeds his soul
On the lifeless picture's tale; and, groaning oft,
He laves his face with copious floods of tears.
For here he saw how fled the warring Greeks,
There how the youthful Trojans urged the fight;
Here how the Trojan's had to make escape,
There how Achilles plumed in chariot pressed—
Nor far away he, weeping, recognized
The tents of Rhesus with their snow-white roofs,
Which heartless Diomede, at early watch,
With craft surprising, razed with slaughter great,
And brought the fiery steeds within his camp
Ere they had Trojan fodder touched to taste,
Or drank of Xanthus' stream. On the other side,
Poor Troilus in flight, bereft of arms,—
Unhappy boy and all unequal matched
Against Achilles,—by his steeds is borne,
And in his empty chariot prostrate hangs,
Still holding by the reins: alas! his head
And flowing locks are dragged along the ground,
While with his lance reversed the dust is ploughed.
Meanwhile the matrons of the city Troy,
With hair dishevelled, in procession seek,
The temple-shrine of Pallas unbenign;
And suppliant-sad and beating with their palms
Their breasts, they're seen to bring a robe as gift;
Though the unpropitious goddess seemed to hold
Her eyes still steadfast fixed upon the ground.
Thrice round the walls Achilles Hector drags
And sells his body life-bereft for gold.

Then from his inmost soul Æneas groaned
 In truth, when he beheld his comrade's corse,
 His arms despoiled, as else his chariot,
 And Priam holding forth his helpless hands.
 Himself he also recognises there
 Among the Grecian princes taking part,
 The eastern lines, and swarthy Memnon's arms.
 Penthesilea raging leads her bands
 Of Amazons, adorned with crescent shields ;
 And binding, underneath her breast exposed,
 Her golden girdle, like a warrior queen,
 She, in the midst of thousands, fervour shows,
 And dares, though but a woman, war with men.

While thus Æneas scans these wondrous things,
 While mute he stands and stares with fixed gaze
 Queen Dido, beauteous in form, draws near
 The temple with a crowd of youths in train.
 Just such an one Diana is wont to lead
 The woodland dances, as a thousand nymphs
 Run here and there to follow her,—she wears
 A quiver on her shoulders, and excels
 In stature all the sylvan deities,
 While silent joy pervades Latona's breast.
 So Dido was, so joyous did she press
 Within the crowd, while urging on the work,
 In favour of her realm to be matured.
 Then at the shrine within, near by its doors,
 Beneath the temple's central dome, with guard
 Of armed men, uplift on throne she sits,
 And there to subjects brave dispenses law
 And justice, portioning out or yet by lot
 Determining the toils of handicraft.
 When suddenly Æneas Antheus sees,
 And then Sergestus and Cloanthus come
 Within the throng, and others of the Trojans,
 Those whom the tempest raging black had thrown

Into the sea, and after carried them
To other shores unknown and far away.
He, as Achates, stands amazed, with joy
And fear disturbed. They eager long to embrace,
Had not uncertainty restrained their wish.
They feign, yet wonder, hidden in their cloud,
What future hath been theirs, or on what shores
They've left the fleet, or why they venture here ;
For chosen from each ship, they were abroad
To beg for heaven's grace ; and thus it was,
With suppliant noise they sought Diana's shrine.

When ushered in and given chance to speak,
Great Hioneus with soul becalmed began :
"O queen, to whom Jove hath given to found
This new abode, to train your people proud
In righteousness, we thee indeed beseech,
Poor Trojans we, storm-tossed on every sea ;
Ward off the fire-attack on yonder ships ;
A race, god-fearing spare and nearer scan
Our straits. We have not come to devastate
With ruthless sword your Libyan dwelling-place,
Or booty seize and sea-ward drag away.
We have no thought of violence in our minds,
Nor from the vanquished comes such insolence.
There is a place the Greeks Hesperia call,
An ancient land, in arms and wealth of land
Yet powerful, where Ænotrian yeomen dwell,—
Though now there is report their offspring call
Their nation Italy, from Italus their chief—
'Twas there our course was held, when suddenly
Orion, stormful, rising from the deep
Us bore upon the treacherous shoals, and drove
Us far away on wing of boisterous blasts,
Between the billows and the ship-wreck rocks,
With mountain seas o'erwhelming us ; and now
A few of us have swum to these your shores.

What race of men is this? What fatherland
 So barbarous which this demeanour bears?
 We are forbid the shelter of your coasts.
 The wrath of war is stirred, and us prevents
 From resting on the primal water's edge.
 If ye think little of the human race
 And spleen of men despise, at least ye know
 The gods are mindful of the good and ill.
 Æneas was our king than whom, more just,
 No other man excelled in piety,
 In war's command, or even bearing arms,
 And if the fates the hero still preserve,
 If still he nourished be by air, nor yet
 Hath found abode within the cheerless shades,
 We have no fear that thou wilt e'er repent
 That thou the first hast striven to look on us
 With kindness. In the realm of Sicily
 We claim, as one of us, Acestes sprung
 From Trojan blood, his towns and prestige ours.
 So let us beach our tempest-shattered ships,
 And bring repairing timbers from the woods,
 And plenish them with oars there cut anew,
 That Italy and Latium we may seek,
 Joyful if it be given us there to sail
 With rescued king and friends; if safety's gone,
 And thee, most pious of our Trojan sires;
 The Lybian sea now holds, there now remains
 No heirship-hope for young Ascanus,
 Though we, again embarked on Sicily's seas,
 May seek, at least, Acestes for our king
 And his abodes prepared, whence we have come."
 With words like these spoke Ilioneus, while all
 The Trojans murmured audible assent.
 Then briefly Dido spoke with downcast look:
 "O Trojans, banish from your breasts your fear,
 Your cares dismiss. Necessity oft hard,

As else the newness of my rule, compels
 Me thus to act, while watching o'er my realm,
 Who knows not of Æneas and his race?
 Who hath of Troy, their city, failed to learn—
 Its heroes and their valour, and the flames
 Of such a war? Phœnicians though we be,
 We carry with us no such callous hearts;
 Nor yet does Phœbus drive his steeds so far
 From this our Tyrian city built anew.
 And choose ye, as ye list, Hesperia
 The broad, the plains of Saturn, or perchance
 The sunny slopes of Eryx for your home,
 And Acestes for your king; I will dismiss
 You safe, with what of needful help you ask,
 And you encheer with what of wealth we have.
 And should you wish to settle in these realms
 On equal terms with me, this town I build
 Is yours; lead up your ships to mooring-ground;
 Your Trojans and my Tyrians ruled shall be
 By me with bias tending neither way.
 And would that now, compelled by chance of wind,
 Your king Æneas were but here! Indeed
 Some faithful fellows I will now disperse
 Along the shores, and orders issue them,
 To scan my Libyan limit-lines, if near
 He wanders, shipwrecked in some grove or town."

At once now soul-disturbed by such reply,
 The brave Achates and the sire Æneas longed
 To rid them of their cloud. Achates first
 Æneas thus addressed:—"O goddess-born,
 What purpose now hath birth within your soul?
 You see all safe,—your fleet and rescued friends:
 But one's away, whom we ourselves beheld
 Overwhelmed in open sea. The rest assures
 Your goddess-mother's late prophetic words."
 He had but spoken, when at once the cloud

Surrounding them breaks up and melts in air.
 Æneas stood revealed and beauteous shone,
 With face and form a god's, in noonday light.
 For Venus had on him, her son, bestowed
 The flowing locks and ruddy glow of youth;
 Had filled his eyes with joyous dignity,—
 Just such a grace as art to ivory adds,
 Or such as when the Parian marble-stone
 Or silver ornament is chased with gold.

Then suddenly in presence of them all
 He unexpectedly the queen addressed:
 "Here am I in your presence whom ye seek,
 Trojan Æneas snatched from waters near.
 O thou, who thus alone has pity shown
 Anent the toils unspeakable of Troy,
 Who think'st to share with us thy home and town,
 With us the remnant left of Grecian guile,
 Deprived of everything and sorrow-worn
 With woe of every kind of land and sea;
 O Dido, 'tis not in our power to show
 You gratitude enough, nor in the power
 Of all of Troy where'er they scattered be
 Throughout the world wide. The gods,—in sooth,
 If any god the pious yet respects,
 If sense of justice there is anywhere,
 Or soul that conscious is of rectitude,—
 To thee, the gods shall grant meet recompense,
 What age so blest as this that gave thee birth?
 What parents blessed as thine on thy account?
 So long as flow the rivers to the sea,
 Whilst forest shadows run the mountains side,
 While heaven's darkness plenishes the stars,
 Thine honour, name, and fame shall aye endure,
 Whatever realms may as their king me call."
 Thus having spoken, with his right hand out
 His friend Ilioneus he greets, and with his left

Serestus, and the others afterwards,
As also Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

At first in wonder at the marvel-sight,
Then at the hero's fate, a-musing stands
Sidonian Dido; then 'twas thus she spoke:—
“O goddess-born, what fateful fortune is't
That follows thee through perils such as these?
What power drives thee on these cruel shores?
Art thou not that Æneas Venus bore
Belovéd of Anchises, prince of Troy,
Near by the stream of Phrygian Simois.
And truly I remember Teucer come
To Sidon, driven from his native land,
And through the help of Belus seeking realm anew.
'Twas then my father Belus overran
The fertile Cyprus, and, as victor, held
It in his sway; and from such time
There has been known to me the ruin dire
Of Troy, thy name, and all the Grecian kings.
He, though estranged, extolled the Trojans high
And gave it wing that from an ancient line
Of Trojan ancestors his father came.
Come therefore, O ye youths, and spare our homes;
Like fortune hath decreed that also I,
Long racked with many toils, should here at length
Make settlement; not ignorant of ill
I well may learn the needy to assist.”
So does she speak, and at the same time leads
Æneas underneath the royal roof,
And orders temple-service to the gods.—
Meanwhile with no less care she shoreward sends
To those his comrades there, full twenty bulls,
A hundred head of lusty bristly swine,
A hundred fattened lambs, with ewes besides,
And needful Bacchus-gifts ferment with joy.

The halls within are gorgeously adorned

With regal pomp, and in an inner court
 The feast is being laid. The robes are wove
 By cunning art, with beauteous purple tints.
 The silver vases large enchase in gold
 Ancestral deeds,—heroic series long
 Of past events, led through the lives of men,
 Even from the primal source of every tribe.

Æneas—for a parent's love restrains
 But ill the will to wait,—then sends ahead,
 Back to the ships, Achates, swift of foot,
 That he may tell Ascanius these events,
 And effort make to bring him citywards :
 A parent's fond solicitude surrounds
 The boy. Achates also he commands
 To bring the gifts preserved from Troy's o'erthrow,—
 A cloak thick brodered with designs in gold ;
 A veil all diamond-wove with saffron flowers,
 Of Argive Helen once the winsome dress,—
 A wondrous gift her mother Leda gave,—
 And which she from Mycenæ took with her
 When she, adulterous-paired, set out for Troy ;
 Besides the sceptre Ilione bore
 Of Priam's daughters known the eldest born ;
 A pearl necklace also, and a crown
 Arranged one circlet gemmed, the other gold.
 For these Achates hastened to the ships.

But Venus in her breast new strategies
 Devised, and strange designs, arranging so
 That Cupid, changed in features and in form,
 In place of sweet Ascanius should go,
 And with his gifts still further flame the queen,
 And plant his burning arrow in her heart.
 Yet, sooth to say, she fears the crafty race,
 The Tyrian's double-tongued ; while Juno fierce
 Keeps vexing her, and cares at night return.
 Thus was it that to Cupid winged she spoke :

“O son, who art my strength and influence,
Who dar'st defy the bolts of Jove supreme,
To thee. I flee and, suppliant, prestige beg:
'Tis known to thee how tossed on every sea
Æneas is, thy brother, through the hate
Of Juno ill-disposed; and with my grief
Thou hast compassion oft. Him Dido holds,
The Tyrian Dido, and with specious words
Delays while on his way; yet I do fear
Where this Junonian kindness tends: no peace
There is in such a turning tide of things.
And therefore think I to anticipate
The queen by guile, and fascinate with love,
Lest she should change her mind at nod
Of other god; and so may she be held
Infatuate with love for my Æneas.
That you may somehow this achieve for me,
Give will to my intent. The princeling boy
My fondest care, is ready now to go
To Carthage, at his loving father's call,
Carrying gifts, survived from shipwreck-seas,
And Trojan overthrow. Him deep in sleep
I'll safe secrete in sacred place remote,—
Cythera's heights or yet Idalium,—
That he may neither know my strategy
Nor interrupt it half-way done. Do thou
Then counterfeit, but for a night, his form,
And as a boy assume his well-known face,
So that when Dido, overjoyed, receives
Thee to her breast, while last the royal feasts
And flow of wine, when thee she doth embrace
And lave with kisses sweet, your secret fire
Breathe forth, and feign with love that's poisoned false.
Love then obeys his mother's sweet commands,
And doffs his wings, and with Iulus' gait,
Grimacing goes his way. But Venus pours

The sleep, that peaceful is, upon the limbs
 Of tired Ascanius; and, thus composed,
 She carries him away within the groves,
 Thick grown, of far Idalium, where, sweet
 With blossoms, him marjoram holds embraced
 'Mid scented shade. Meanwhile, as if he went
 By order of Æneas, Cupid passed,
 With swift Achates for his guide, and bore
 The royal gifts bespoke the Trojans.
 When come, the queen, reclining in the midst,
 Hath ta'en her place on couch adorned with gold
 And gorgeous draperies; while sire Æneas
 And the Trojan youth draw near, and lie
 Incumbent on the couches purple-decked,
 The attendant males bring water for the hands,
 As else the towels with their shaven nap,
 And then in baskets offer bread. The maids
 Within are fifty strong, whose care it is
 To cook the viands, and to serve them up
 In courses one by one. A hundred else,
 With just as many mates of equal age,
 The tables load with dainties, while the cups
 They place at hand. The Tyrians congregate,
 A crowd, within the festal halls, and lay
 Themselves, when bid, each on a broidered couch.
 They marvel at Æneas' gifts when brought;
 They marvel at Iulus,—at the face
 Aglow of Cupid and his converse feigned,
 As else the cloak and veil all damask-wove
 With flowers of saffron hue and shape designed.
 And most of all poor Dido cannot sate
 Her soul, but, destined for a love to come,
 By looking is inflamed; and by the-child
 As by the gifts is equally amazed.
 He, after hanging round Æneas' neck,
 In sweet embrace, and thus appeasing love,—

A father's love beguiled,—he seeks the queen.
 Her eyes on him she fixes; then her soul
 Entire, as to her breast she presses him.
 Alas for her! poor Dido, 'gnorant
 How far the wicked Cupid her deceived!
 But, mindful aye of what his mother said,
 He, by degrees, Sichæus' memory sere'd,
 And strove with love alive to fire the soul
 So long at ease, the heart unused to love.

When came a pause, the first throughout the feast,
 When tables were removed, they range the bowls
 And garland-wreath the wine. A note is struck
 Within the walls, and through them voices ring:
 From inter-roofs inlaid with gold depend
 The lamps a-lit; while torches, night dispels.
 Then seeks the queen a golden drinking-cup
 All set with gems, and fills it full of wine,—
 A cup which Belus and his kindred used.
 Then silence reigns around the festal halls:
 "O Jupiter," she says, "since they assert
 That hospitality hath laws from thee,—
 This day decree a joyful one, alike
 To Tyrians and to these exiled from Troy,
 One aye to be remembered by our race.
 May Bacchus, author of our joys be here,
 And Juno, good and kind; and well-disposed,
 Ye Tyrians brave, the feast now celebrate."

She said, and on the table poured some wine,
 An honouring libation; when 'twas o'er,
 She with her lips just sipped a drop, and gave
 The cup to Bitias, saluting him.
 He in a moment drained the foaming bowl,
 And from its dripping gilding drenched himself;
 And after him drank other of the chiefs.
 Iopas, minstrel of the flowing locks,
 By Atlas taught, now plays upon his harp.

He celebrates in verse the wandering moon,
 The mishaps of the sun, or whence at first
 The race of men and beasts, whence comes the rain
 And lightening bolts ; or else Arcturus sings,
 The weeping Hyades, or Bears twin-born,
 Or why the wintry sun so hastes to dip
 Itself into the sea, or what delay
 Retards the nights of summer coming late.

The Tyrians shout applause, the Trojans join :
 While Dido, all unconscious of her woe,
 With converse varied still prolongs the feast,
 And drinks deep draughts of love,—oft asking much
 Of Priam, much of Hector, how, with arms
 Adorned, Aurora's son had come, what steeds
 Were Diomedes's, or how Achilles looked ;
 Until at last she says : " Come now, O prince,
 And from the first, the Grecian wiles narrate,
 As else the woes thine own and wanderings ;
 For now the seventh summer is at hand
 That sees thee wandering over sea and land."

* * * * *

All silent were, and eager fixed their gaze,
 While sire Æneas from his lofty couch began :
 " Of woes the most intense thou urged me,
 O queen, to give account : how Trojan wealth
 And realm to be deplored the Greeks o'erthrew ;—
 Events most pitiful which I myself beheld,
 In which, indeed, I had no little share.
 Recounting such, who of the Myrmidons,
 What soldier of Ulysses indurate
 Can keep himself from tears ? The humid night
 From heaven descends, the sinking stars invite
 To sleep, but since such eagerness is thine
 To know our awful fate, to hear in brief
 The final throes of Troy, how'er my soul
 Still shudders to remember, and recoils

From such with grief, my tale I shall begin.
Worn out with war and kept in check by fate,
Through lapse of many years, the Grecian chiefs,
By art divine of Pallas, build a horse
Of wondrous size, and line its curving sides
With planks of fir. 'Tis thus they simulate
A votive offering for their safe return,
And spread its fame abroad; while secretly
Within its hidden sides they enclose a band
Of men detached by lot, and, far within,
Its hollows wide they stow with soldiery.

There is in sight the island Tenedos,
Most widely known by fame and ripe with wealth,
While yet the sway of Priam held its own,—
Now but a bay and treacherous ground for ships,—
And hither come, 'twas here they hid themselves
Along the desert shore. We thought them gone,
With favouring wind bound homeward for Mycenæ.
And thus it was, all Troy from woe prolonged
Was freed. The gates are open thrown: 'tis joy
To pass without, to explore the Grecian camp,
The sites forsaken and the abandoned shore:
Here pitched their tents erewhile the Dolepian bands,
Here fierce Achilles his; here for the fleet
Was place of anchorage, here was it where
The lines were wont to exercise. The gift
To chaste Minerva, alas! so full of woe,
Some stand amazed to see, and marvelling scan
Its wondrous size. And first, perchance from craft,
Or else because the fates had so decreed,
Thymoetes urges that, within the walls
It should be led and stationed in the citadel.
But Capys then, and those whose souls possessed
A better judgment, bid us headlong throw
Such snares of Grecian guile and doubtful gifts
Into the sea, and burn the wreck with flames

Placed underneath; or else, attacking, pierce,
And thus lay bare the hollow hiding-place.

Then right before us all, a crowd in train,
Laocoon runs from the citadel
In burning haste, and from afar cries out :
' O wretched folk, what foolishness is this ?
Can you believe our enemies have gone ?
Or think you that a Grecian gift can be
Devoid of craft ? Is thus Ulysses known ?
Enclosed within this pile the Greeks lie hid,
Or else against our walls this vast machine
Hath been up-raised to overlook our homes
And thus assail our town. Whate'er it be,
The Greeks I fear, even when they bring us gifts.'
Thus calling out, he hurled his powerful spear
Full tilt against the side and belly of the beast
Curved out with dove-tailed work ; it trembling stood
And when the bulging part vibrating shook,
The hollows sounded and gave forth a groan.
And if the fate of heaven and mental sway
Had not then adverse been, he had us forced
To probe with steel the Grecian wiles, and now,
O Troy, thou would'st still standing be, and thou
The lofty citadel of Priam, would'st remain.

Behold meanwhile some Trojan shepherd lads
With shoutings loud were dragging towards the king
A youth, whose hands were tied behind his back,
And who, a stranger, freely of himself
Had crossed their path as they drew near,—alas !
This very business to mature, and Troy
Lay open to the Greeks : soul-confident
He seemed, and full prepared in either case
To further craft or die a certain death.
From all sides rush around the Trojan youth
With zeal to see, and vie to quiz the captive.
And now of Grecian guile give heed, and learn

From one foul charge the manner of them all.
 For while he stood unnerved, with eyes all round,
 And all unarmed beheld the Trojan crowds,
 'Ah, now,' he cries, 'what land will shelter me?
 What sea indeed? or what at length remains
 For wretched me, for whom, among the Greeks,
 There is no longer place, while, deep incensed,
 The Trojans seek reprisal stained with blood.'
 Our minds are changed with such a grief-like groan:
 All chaffings cease; we bid him speak and tell
 Whence sprung, from what a race, what news he brings,
 What faith in him, a captive, may be placed?

His fear at length dismissed, these words he speaks:—
 'Whate'er, O King, I now confess to thee,
 Is all a truth indeed: deny I not
 That from a Grecian tribe I sprung: this first
 I say, for even if fortune hath decreed
 That Sinon should be wretched, harsh, indeed
 She cannot make him fond of lies and false.
 While gossiping of aught, perchance the name
 And glory, far-renowned of Palamede
 The son of Belus, may have reached your ears,—
 How him, though innocent, yet under charge
 Of treason false and cruel calumny,
 The Greeks gave o'er to death since he forbade the war,
 And how they mourn him now deprived of light.
 My father, poor enough, me sent to war
 In very early years, an ally-friend
 By blood akin to this same Palamede.
 By his advice the kingdom grew apace,
 While safe in power he stood, and then we had
 Both name and fame. But when from mundane scenes
 He passed away through false Ulysses' wiles,
 (Things not unknown I speak) I, sorrow-struck,
 Dragged out my life in grief and dismal thought,
 And, by myself, denounced the fate of this

My blameless friend. Nor did I silent keep
 When maddened sore, but spoke myself avenger,
 If but some lucky chance would take me back,
 If, victor, I should e'er return to Greece
 My fatherland. And so with such like threats
 I kindled soon a hate the most intense :
 Thus fell the final stain of ill on me :
 Hence was 't Ulysses sought from time to time
 To frighten me with fresh recriminations,
 Reports of dubious import spread abroad,
 Till openly obnoxious, he a quarrel sought.
 Nor did he cease till Calchas helping him—
 But why need I unpleasant things narrate
 Like these, forsooth in vain? why linger thus?
 If all the Greeks you reckon of a kind
 This is enough to hear,—for this Ulysses prays,
 This shall the sons of Atreus rich reward.
 Then of a truth we long to know and learn
 The causes, ignorant of wickedness
 Like this and Grecian guile. All trembling still,
 He thus proceeds and speaks with purpose feigned :
 'The Greeks, awearied with protracted war,
 Did often have desire to take their flight,
 To sail away, with Troy left far behind.
 Would that they had! Yet oft a bois'trous storm
 At sea them hindered, while the south-west wind
 Them terrified at times when setting forth.
 Indeed, when, built of maple beams, this horse
 Arose, the clouds made noise o'er all the sky.
 In deep suspense, we send Eurypylus,
 The oracle of Phæbus to consult,
 And from the shrine he brought these sorrow-words :
 'With blood, and with a virgin sacrificed,
 The winds you did appease, when first, as Greeks,
 You came to Trojan shores : with blood, return
 In safety must be sought, with life of Greek

The fates must be secured.' And when report
Like this came to the public ear, our minds
Amazéd were, and through our inmost bones
A curdling tremor ran,—for whom the fates
May now preparè, whom Phœbus soon may claim.

'Tis then Ulysses, 'mid a tumult great,

The prophet Calchas draws within the throng,
And asks him what may be the gods' decrees.
And now the most of us could well foretell
The trickster's cruel crime against myself,
And silently foresaw events about to be.
Ten days he held his peace, and, still reserved,
Refused with word of his to injure any one
Or him expose to death. At length, perforce,
By sly Ulysses' pressing hints urged on,
He silence broke, according to his pledge no doubt,
And me appointed for the sacrifice.

All gave assent: what each one feared himself
He well could tolerate, when once 'twas turned
Towards the ruin of one poor wretched soul.

And now the direful day drew near: for me
The rites were being preparèd, the salted grain,
The fillets to be bound around the brow.

From death I snatchèd myself (I do confess)
And burst my bonds; and, favourèd during night,
I hid within the sedge, near by a slimy lake,
While they set sail, if yet perchance they had.

Nor is there any hope now left to me
Of seeing more my ancient native land,
My children dear, and father well-belovèd,
Whom they no doubt will seek for punishment
Because of this my flight, and expiate
This blame of me by their distressing death.
And by the gods, and by their will divine
That conscious is of truth, by what of faith
Remains inviolate to mortal man,

If any such there be, I thee beseech
 To sympathize with hardships such as these,
 Have pity on a soul that's pressed unworthily.

O'ercome with tears like these, we grant him life,
 And willingly compassion on him take;
 And Priam first of all an order gives
 To unloose the wretch's manacles and bonds,
 And thus with friendly words addresses him:
 'Who'er thou art, the Greeks, now gone, forget;
 Thou wilt be ours, and to me asking thee
 Repeat the truth:—Why have they reared this mass,
 This mighty horse? Who was its architect?
 What seek they, or what rite do they observe?
 Or what machine of war is it?' He asked.

Well trained in craft and Grecian guile, he raised
 His hands, now free from chains, towards the stars:
 'O ye eternal fires, your will divine,
 Inviolatè, I call to bear me out,' he cries;
 'Ye altars of the impious and weapons foul
 Which now I flee, ye fillets of the gods
 Which, as a victim, I have lately borne,—
 'Tis lawful now that I reveal things sworn
 And sacred of the Greeks; 'tis right to hate
 Such men, and publish all abroad what'er
 They seek to hide, since now I'm not restrained
 By any laws of theirs or fatherland;
 Do only thou hold fast thy promises
 And keep good faith, when Troy hath been preserved;
 So shall I speak the truth, and rich thee recompense.

'All Grecian hope, and faith in war declared
 Had ever ground in fair Minerva's aid;
 But from the time when impious Diomede
 And dread Ulysses, working ever ill,
 Had underta'en to steal from sacred shrine
 The ominous Palladium,—they, having slain
 The guards of the Acropolis, had dared

To touch the virgin fillets of the goddess
With blood-stained hands, and carry off
The image much revered,—through such a crime
The hope of Greece began to wane, and, losing ground,
Went retrograde; their strength seemed broken down,
From them the will divine was turned away.
Nor did Tritonia give them these her signs
Of wrath with doubtful omen; hardly placed
Had been the image in the camp, when flames
All flashing darted from its eyes uplift,
And from its joints exuded briny sweat,
While, wonderful to tell, it thrice did leap
Upon the ground, still holding by its shield
And trembling spear. Forthwith did Calchas say,—
'Twas theirs to attempt the sea in flight, since now
'Twas not with Grecian spears the Trojan realm would fall;
Nor need they omens seek for Greece, nor think
To appease the will divine, which they had borne
With them across the sea in curving ships.
And now, nor seek they did with favouring breeze
Mycenae, fatherland,—they arms select
And gods, meet company; and then they embark
In sudden haste on the returning voyage.
Thus Calchas did the oracles arrange,
And, so advised, they build this image here,
In place of the Palladian defile
To make atonement for their awful crime
In presence of the goddess-power offended.
This towering mass, with oaken beams immense,
Did Calchas order them to raise aloft
To lift it heavenwards, impossible
To be received within a city's gates,
Or to be led beyond a city's walls,
Or even protect a nation under ancient rites.
For if your hands Minerva's gift profane,
Then ruin great shall on the Trojans fall,

And on King Priam's realm (which may the gods
 Rather divert upon the thing itself),
 But if within your town with these your hands
 It should ascend, then of its own accord,
 All Asia shall come against the walls
 Of Greece with hostile force, and thus the fates
 Shall fall in time upon our offspring's race."

With snares like these, and artifice
 Of Sinon perjurer, the thing's believed:
 O'ercome by craft, and thus compelled by tears
 Are those whom Diomedé could not subdue,
 Nor ev'n Achilles, Larissæan chief,
 Nor full ten years, nor yet a thousand ships.

* * * * *

We lower the walls and entrance freely give
 Between the towers. All gird them to the work,
 And underneath the horse for feet they give
 The gliding ease of wheels, and from its neck
 Stretch hempen cords. Then past the walls
 The fatal structure enters, filled with arms.
 Young men around and maidens chant their hymns,
 And deem it joy to take the cord in hand.
 So does it move, and fort-ward threatening glides.
 O fatherland! O Troy the home of gods,
 O city of the Trojans, smitten in war!
 Four times upon the threshold of the gate
 It paused; four times it gave the sound of arms.
 Yet stand we help-
 And place the poor monster, full of woe,
 Within the citadel sacred-safe.
 Then else Cassandra utters prophecy,
 That by decree divine, is ne'er believed,
 While we, alas! for whom that day's the last,
 Festoon with flowers the temples of the gods.
 Meanwhile the sky is changed, and night descends
 Upon the deep, doeshrouding with its shades

Intense, both heaven and earth and Grecian craft.
The Trojans scattered o'er the town are hushed :
Deep sleep hath fallen on their wearied limbs.
And now the Grecian bands, with ships in line,
From Tenedos set out, by friendly chance
Of moonlight quiet, and seek the well-known shores.
When signal-lights the royal deck sent forth,
Then Sinon, screened by will of god estranged,
In secret draws the wooden bolts, and frees
The Greeks that lay within. Thus opened wide,
The horse returned its burdens to the air,
Who, joyful, issued from their hiding-place
And seized the town o'ercome with sleep and wine.
They slay the sentinels: and when the gates
Are open thrown, they usher in their friends
And marshal them as bands that duty know.

And soon the city's filled with varied woe,
And more and more (although my father's house
Secluded stands apart begirt with trees)
The sounds grow clear and war-alarms draw nigh.
From sleep I rouse, and with a bound I climb
The upmost roof, and stand with ears intent.
And just as when descends the lightning's flash
On harvest field, while fiercely blows the wind,
Or as the rapid torrent of a mountain stream
Lays waste the farmlands rich with ripening grain,
The toil of beeves, and headlong falls the trees,
And as the shepherd ignorant till then,
Stands speechless, listening from some vantage peak,
So then was manifest our faith betrayed.
And Grecian strategy exposed to light.
The spacious palace of Deiphobus
Now falls to ruin in the whelming flames ;
Then burns Ucalegon's near by, and far
Away Sigeum's cape the glare reflects.
The shouts of men arise, the shouts of crowds :

All dazed I took up arms, though why to arms
I ran, sufficient reason there was none :
Excitement longs to see the crowd in arms
And with its allies seek the citadel ;
For rage and fury drive the will extreme
Till glorious 'tis felt to die in arms.
But why detail the night's catastrophe
Or mortal loss ? Can these our tears the toils
Atone ? The poor old city soon in ruin lies,—
The town supreme in power, so many years ;
And here and there are strewn along the streets
The listless dead, as in our very homes
And temple-porches sacred to the gods.
* * * * *
Alas ! the day of all, the last, has come,
The inevitable time to us of Troy,
Thus perish Trojans, perish Troy, for Jove
Transfers to Argos all ; our foes, the Greeks,
Have made them masters of the burning town.



