Virgil, Aeneis

Aeneid,
tr. by J. Dryden,
Vol. I.
Books I–VI
To the most Honourable

JOHN,

Lord Marquess of Normanby, Earl of Mulgrave, &c. and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

Heroick Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest Work which the Soul of Man is capable to perform. The Design of it, is to form the Mind to Heroick Virtue by Example; tis convey'd in Verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: The Action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial Episodes, or under-Actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient to carry on the main Design. Either so necessary, that without them the Poem must be Imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm Building;
even the Cavities ought not to be fill'd with Rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength: But with Brick or Stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same Nature, and fitted to the Crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the Epick kind; all things must be Grave, Majestical, and Sublime: Nothing of a Foreign Nature, like the trifling Novels, which Aristotle and others have inserted in their Poems. By which the Reader is miss-led into another sort of Pleasure, opposite to that which is design'd in an Epick Poem. One raises the Soul and hardens it to Virtue, the other softens it again and unbends it into Vice. One conduces to the Poet's aim, the compleating of his Work; which he is driving on, labouring and hast'ning in every Line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his Way, and locks him up like a Knight Errant in an Enchanted Castle, when he should be pursuing his first Adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observ'd, was ambitious of trying his strength with his Mafter Virgil, as Virgil had before try'd his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an Example, in the Games which were Celebrated at the Funerals of Patroclus. Virgilimitated the Invention of Homer, but chang'd the Sports. But both the Greek and Latin Poet, took their occasions from the Subject; though to confess the Truth, they were both Ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who through his whole Poem, is noted for want of Conduct and Judgment; instead of staying, as he might have done, for the Death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Teseus, or some other of his Seven Champions, (who are Heroes all alike) or more properly for the Tragical end of the two Brothers, whose Exequies the next Successor had leisure to perform, when the Siege was rais'd, and in the Interval betwixt the Poets first Action, and his second; went out of his way, as
it were on propensfe Malice to commit a Fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a Royal Infant; by the means of a Serpent, (that Author of all Evil) to make way for those Funeral Honours, which he intended for him. Now if this Innocent had been of any Relation to his Thebais; if he had either farther'd or hinder'd the taking of the Town, the Poet might have found some sorry Excuse at least, for detaining the Reader from the promis'd Siege. On these terms, this Capa-

neus of a Poet ingag'd his two Immortal Predecessors, and his Success was answerable to his Enterprie.

If this Oeconomy must be observ'd in the minutest Parts of an Epick Poem, which, to a common Reader, seem to be detach'd from the Body, and almost independent of it; what Soul, tho' sent into the World with great advantages of Nature, cultivated with the liberal Arts and Sciences, conversant with Histories of the Dead, and enrich'd with Observations on the Living, can be sufficient to inform the whole Body of so great a Work? I touch here but transitly, without any strict Method, on some few of those many Rules of imitating Nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads, and Odysses, and which he fitted to the Drama; furnishing himself also with Observations from the Practice of the Theater, when he flourish'd under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For the Original of the Stage was from the Epick Poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded Acting, and gave Laws to it: What at first was told Artfully was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight, and hearing. Those Episodes of Homer, which were proper for the Stage, the Poets amplify'd each into an Action: Out of his Limbs they form'd their Bodies: What he had Con-

tracted they Enlarg'd: Out of one Hercules were made infinite of Pigmies; yet all endued with humane Souls: For from him, their great Creator, they have each of Q
them the *Divina particularia Auri*. They flow’d from him at first, and are at last resolv’d into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and Symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great Action was Copied by them according to the proportions of the *Drama*: If he finish’d his Orb within the Year, it suffic’d to teach them, that their Action being less, and being also less diversified with Incidents, their Orb, of consequence, must be circumscrib’d in a less compass, which they reduc’d, within the limits either of a Natural or an Artificial Day. So that as he taught them to amplify what he had shorten’d, by the same Rule apply’d the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplifi’d. Tragedy is the miniature of Humane Life; an Epic Poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also, for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a Stage-Action should so strictly be confined to Twenty Four Hours, as never to exceed them, for which *Aristotle* contends, and the *Grecian* Stage has practis’d. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allow’d, especially for the *English* Theater, which requires more variety of Incidents, than the *French*. Coreille himself, after long Practice, was inclin’d to thin, that the time allotted by the Ancients was too short to raise and finish a great Action: And better a Mechanick Rule were stretch’d or broken, than a great Beaut were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the Passions, to purge the Soul from Pride, by the Examples of Humane Miseries, which befall the greatest; in new words, to expel Arrogance, and introduce Commination, are the great effects of Tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are Habits to be introdue’d at three Hours warning? Are radical
Dedicated to such a Cure, but a skilful Physician will not undertake it. An Epick Poem is not in so much haste; it works leisurely; the Changes which it makes are flow; but the Cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of Tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answer’d that for this reason Tragedies are often to be seen, and the Dose to be repeated; this is tacitely to confess, that there is more Virtue in one Heroick Poem than in many Tragedies. A Man is humbled one Day, and his Pride returns the next. Chymical Medicines are observ’d to Relieve oft’ner than to Cure: For tis the nature of Spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical Decoctions, to which I may properly compare an Epick Poem, have more of Body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle’s to prove, that Tragedy is the more Noble, because it turns in a shorter Compass; the whole Action being circumscribed within the space of Four-and-Twenty Hours. He might prove as well that a Mushroom is to be preferr’d before a Peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a Night. A Chariot may be driven round the Pillar in less space than a large Machine, because the Bulk is not so great: Is the Moon a more Noble Planet than Saturn, because she makes her Revolution in less than Thirty Days, and he in little less than Thirty Years? Both their Orbs are in proportion to their several Magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their Motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what Virtue is there in a Tragedy, which is not contain’d in an Epick Poem? Where Pride is humbled, Virtue rewarded, and Vice punish’d; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the Drama can admit? The shining Quality of an E-
pick Heroe, his Magnanimity, his Constancy, his Patience, his Piety, or whatever Characteristical Virtue his Poet gives him, raises first our Admiration: We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: And frequent Acts produce a habit. If the Hero's chief quality be vicious, as for Example, the Choler and obstinate desire of Vengeance in Achilles, yet the Moral is Instructive: And besides, we are inform'd in the very proposition of the Iliads, that this anger was pernicious: That it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian Camp. The Courage of Achilles is propos'd to imitation, not his Pride and Disobedience to his General, nor his brutal Cruelty to his dead Enemy, nor the felling his Body to his Father. We abhor these Actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: The Poet only shews them like Rocks or Quack-Sands, to be shun'd.

By this Example the Criticks have concluded that it is not necessary the Manners of the Heroe should be virtuous. They are Poetically good if they are of a Piece. Though where a Character of perfect Virtue is set before us, tis more lovely: for there the whole Heroe is to be imitated. This is the Aeneas of our Author: this is that Idea of perfection in an Epick Poem, which Painters and Statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the Beauties of a God in a Humane Body. When the Picture of Achilles is drawn in Tragedy, he is taken with those Warts, and Moles, and hard Features, by those who represent him on the Stage, or he is no more Achilles: for his Creator Homer has so describ'd him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect Heroe, though an imperfect Character of Virtue. Horace Paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the Stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a Heroick Poem, or faults cam
mon to the Drama. After all, on the whole merits of the Cause, it must be acknowledg'd that the Epick Poem is more for the Manners, and Tragedy for the Passions. The Passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute Distempers require Medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the Mind are like Chronical Diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and Cur'd by Alteratives: wherein though Purges are sometimes necessary, yet Diet, good Air, and moderate Exercise, have the greatest part. The Matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of Poetry are of use for their proper ends. The Stage is more active, the Epick Poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires. For Dialogue is imitated by the Drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a Fit like the Quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the Distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The Sun enlightens and chears us, dispels Fogs, and warms the ground with his daily Beams; but the Corn is sow'd, increas'd, is ripen'd, and is reap'd for use in process of time, and in its proper Season. I proceed from the greatness of the Action, to the Dignity of the Actors, I mean to the Persons employ'd in both Poems. There likewise Tragedy will be seen to borrow from the Epopee; and that which borrows is always of less Dignity, because it has not of its own. A Subject, tis true, may tend to his Sovereign, but the act of borrowing makes the King inferior, because he wants, and the Subject supplies. And suppose the Persons of the Drama wholly Fabulous, or of the Poet's Invention, yet Heroick Poetry gave him the Examples of that Invention, because it was first, and Homer the common Father of the Stage. I know not of any one advantage, which Tragedy can boast above Heroick Poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read: and instructs in the Closet, as
well as on the Theatre. This is an uncontended Excellence, and a chief Branch of its Prerogative; yet I may be allow’d to say without partiality, that herein the Actors share the Poet’s praise. Your Lordship knows some Modern Tragedies which are beautiful on the Stage, and yet I am confident you wou’d not read them. Tryphon the Stationer complains they are seldom ask’d for in his Shop. The Poet who Flourish’d in the Scene, is damn’d in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not esteem’d a good Poet by those who see and hear his Extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately Fustian, and lofty Childishness. Nothing but Nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, tis Grotesque Painting, the fine Woman ends in a Fishes Tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real Beauties in the reading, wou’d appear absurd upon the Stage: and those not only the Speciosa Miracula, as Horace calls them; of Transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Leisrigons, which cannot be represented even in Opera’s; but the Prowess of Achilles or Æneas wou’d appear ridiculous in our Dwarf-Heroes of the Theatre. We can believe they routed Armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but ne Hercules contra duos in the Drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the Stage cannot, or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this Subject, and shou’d fear it might be turn’d against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of Epick Poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil; if, this were the first time that I had deliver’d my Opinion in this Dispute. But I have more than once already maintain’d the Rights of my two Masters against their Rivals of the Scene, even while I wrote Tragedies my self, and had no thoughts of this present Undertaking. I submit my Opinion to your Judgment,
who are better qualified than any Man I know to decide this Controversie. You come, my Lord, instructed in the Cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was publish'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making my self more Moral than I am, not without some Envy. I was loath to be inform'd how an Epick Poem should be written, or how a Tragedy should be contriv'd and manag'd in better Verse, and with more Judgment, than I cou'd teach others. A Native of Parnassus, and bred up in the Studies of its Fundamental Laws, may receive new Lights from his Contemporaries; but tis a grudging kind of Praise which he gives his Benefactors. He is more oblig'd, than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of Malice in his Commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of Knowledge. A Judge upon the Bench, may, out of good Nature, or at least Interest, encourage the Pleadings of a puny Councillor; but he does not willingly commend his Brother Serjeant at the Bar; especially when he controls his Law, and exposes that Ignorance which is made Sacred by his Place. I gave the unknown Author his due Commendation, I must confess: But who can answer for me, and for the rest of the Poets, who heard me read the Poem, whether we shou'd not have been better pleas'd, to have seen our own Names at the bottom of the Title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the Censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown Critick; as the Ladies are with a Lampooner; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our Revenge. But great Excellencies will work their way through all sorts of Opposition. I applaud-
ed rather out of Decency, than Affection; and was Ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a Man, with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many Years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a Praise, which I shou'd willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy, than to commend a Patron of a long standing. The World wou'd join with me, if the Encomiums were just; and if unjust, wou'd excuse a grateful Flatterer. But to come Anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my Interest, was not altogether so Fair, give me leave to say, as it was Politick. For by concealing your Quality, you might clearly understand how your Work succeeded; and that the general Approbation was given to your Merit, not your Titles. Thus like Apelles you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and receiv'd the Praises of the passing Multitude: the Work was commended, not the Author: And I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing Adventures of you Life.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended in this Dispute of preference betwixt the Epick Poem, and the Drama: and yet have not formally answer'd any of the Arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and let in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the Book, I may have touch'd on some of the Objections. For in this Address to your Lordship, I design not a Treatise of Heroick Poetry, but write in a loose Epiflorary way, somewhat tending to that Subject, after the Example of Horace, in his First Epistle of the Second Book to Julius Cæsar, and of that to the Piso's, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he observes no Method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the Father, or Heinsius may have seen, or rather think they had
seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resum'd as often as I pleas'd the same Subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use thro' all this Prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been Sailing with some Side-Wind or other toward the Point I propos'd in the beginning; the Greatness and Excellency of an Heroick Poem, with some of the Difficulties which attend that Work. The Comparison therefore which I made betwixt the Epopée and the Tragedy, was not altogether a Digression; for tis concluded on all hands, that they are both the Master-pieces of Humane Wit.

In the mean time I may be bold to draw this Corollary from what has been already said, That the File of Heroick Poets is very short: all are not such who have assum'd that lofty Title in Ancient or Modern Ages, or have been so esteem'd by their partial and ignorant Admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Eneis, in so many Ages. The next, but the next with a long Interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of Time, as in Excellency. After these three are entred, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some Critick of Authority shou'd be set before the Door, to keep out a Crowd of little Poets, who press for Admission, and are not of Quality. Maevius wou'd be deafning your Lordship's Ears, with his Fortunam Priami cantabo, & Nobile Bellum.

meer Fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more Smoak than Fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, wou'd cry out, make room for the Italian Poets, the Descendants of Virgil in a Right-Line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alarick, for a Godly King, and a Gothick Conquerour; and Chapelain wou'd take it ill,
that his Maid shou’d be refus’d a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spencer has a better plea for his Fairy-Queen, had his Action been finish’d, or had been one. And Milton, if the Devil had not been his Heroe, instead of Adam; if the Gyant had not foil’d the Knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the World with his Lady Errant: and if there had not been more Machining Persons than Humane, in his Poem. After these, the rest of our English Poets shall not be mention’d. I have that Honour for them which I ought to have: but if they are Worthies, they are not to be rank’d amongst the three whom I have nam’d, and who are establish’d in their Reputation.

Before I quitted the Comparison betwixt Epick Poetry and Tragedy, I shou’d have acquainted my Judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the Preface of Segrais before his Translation of the Aeneis, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The Stile of the Heroick Poem is and ought to be more lofty than that of the Drama. The Critick is certainly in the right, for the Reason already urg’d: The work of Tragedy is on the Passions, and in Dialogue, both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which the Epopée delights. A Poet cannot speak too plainly on the Stage: for Volat irrevocabile verbum; the Sense is lost, if it be not taken flying: but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an Author may beautifie his Sense by the boldness of his Expression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the Manners by alterative Physick, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the Passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present Operation, and without repeated Doses. We must beat the Iron while tis hot, but we
may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the
Fine of my forgetfulness, and yet the merits of both
Causes are where they were, and undecided, till you
declare whether it be more for the benefit of Mankind
to have their Manners in general corrected, or their
Pride and Hardheartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present Business; and
not think of making more invasive Wars abroad, when
like Hannibal, I am call'd back to the defence of my
own Country. Virgil is attack'd by many Enemies:
He has a whole Confederacy against him, and I must
endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their
principal Objections being against his Moral, the du-
ration or length of time taken up in the Action of the
Poem, and what they have to urge against the Man-
ers of his Hero, I shall omit the rest as mere Cavils
of Grammarians: at the worst but casual slips of a great
Man's Pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable
Poem, which the Author had not leisure to review be-
fore his Death. Macrobius has answer'd what the An-
cients cou'd urge against him: and some things I have
lately read in Taneguy le Fevrè, Valois, and another
whom I name not, which are scarce worth answer
They begin with the Moral of his Poem, which I
have elsewhere confess'd, and still must own not to be
so Noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly sta-
ted, and without contradicr my first Opinion, I
can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of
his Age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his; in what
time so ever he may be suppos'd to have liv'd and flou-
rish'd. Homer's Moral was to urge the necessity of U-
nion, and of a good understanding betwixt Confederate
States and Princes engag'd in a War with a Mighty
Monarch: as also of Discipline in an Army, and Obe-
dience in their several Chiefs, to the Supream Com-
mander of the joint Forces. To inculcate this, he lets
forth the ruinous Effects of Discord in the Camp of those Allies, occasion'd by the Quarrel betwixt the General, and one of the next in Office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both Parties are faulty in the Quarrel, and accordingly they are both punish'd: the Aggressor is forc'd to sue for Peace to his Inferior, on dishonourable Conditions; the Deferer refuses the satisfaction offer'd, and his Obstinacy costs him his best Friend. This works the Natural Effect of Choler, and turns his Rage against him, by whom he was last Affronted, and most sensibly. The greater Anger expels the less; but his Character is still preserv'd. In the mean time, the Grecian Army receives losses on Lofs, and is half destroy'd by a Pestilence into the Bargain.

Quicquid delirant Reges plebiuntur Achivi.

As the Poet, in the first part of the Example, had shewn the bad effects of Discord, so after the Reconciliation, he gives the good effects of Unity. For Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this, tis probable, that Homer liv'd when the Median Monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians: and that the joint Endeavours of his Country-men, were little enough to preserve their common Freedom, from an encroaching Enemy. Such was his Moral, which all Criticks have allow'd to be more Noble than that of Virgil; though not adapted to the times in which the Roman Poet liv'd. Had Virgil flourish'd in the Age of Ennius, and address'd to Scipio, he had probably taken the same Moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian Commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian, or Median Monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his Poem in a time when the Old
Form of Government was subverted, and a new one just Established by Octavius Caesar: in effect by force of Arms, but seemingly by the Consent of the Roman People. The Commonwealth had receive'd a deadly Wound in the former Civil Wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The Commons, while the first prevail'd, had almost shaken off the Yoke of the Nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the Captains of the Mobb, under the specious Pretence of the Publick Good, and of doing Justice on the Oppressors of their Liberty, reveng'd themselves, without Form of Law, on their private Enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscrib'd the Heads of the adverse Party: He too had nothing but Liberty and Reformation in his Mouth; (for the Cause of Religion is but a Modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Christian Priesthood, refining on the Heathen :) Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman People than Marius before him, whatever he declar'd; but Sacrific'd the Lives, and took the Estates of all his Enemies, to gratify those who brought him into Power: Such was the Reformation of the Government by both Parties. The Senate and the Commons were the two Bases on which it stood; and the two Champions of either Faction, each destroy'd the Foundations of the other side: So the Fabrique of consequence must fall betwixt them; and Tyranny must be built upon their Ruines. This comes of altering Fundamental Laws and Constitutions. Like him, who being in good Health, lodg'd himself in a Physician's House, and was over-perswaded by his Landlord to take Physick, of which he dyed, for the benefit of his Doctor: Stavo ben (was written on his Monument) ma, perfar meglio, flo qui.

After the Death of those two Usurpers, the Commonwealth seem'd to recover, and held up its Head for a little time: But it was all the while in a deep Con-
fumption; which is a flattering Disease. Pompey, Cæsar, and Cæsar, had found the Sweets of Arbitrary Power; and each being a check to the others growth, struck up a false Friendship amongst themselves; and divided the Government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the publick Spirited Men of their Age; that is, Patriots of their own Interest. The Commonwealth look'd with a florid Countenance in their Management, spread in Bulk, and all the while was wasting in the Vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the Repetition of what you know: After the death of Cælius, Pompey found himself out-witted by Cæsar; broke with him, over power'd him in the Senate, and caus'd many unjust Decrees to pass against him: Cæsar thus injur'd, and unable to resist the Faction of the Nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian) had recourse to Arms; and his Cause was just against Pompey, but not against his Country, whose Constitution ought to have been Sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private Wrong. But he prevail'd, and Heav'n declaring for him, he became a Providential Monarch, under the Title of Perpetual Dictator. He being Murther'd by his own Son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante in his Inferno, has put him and Cælius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great Devil's Mouth) the Commonwealth popp'd up its Head for the third time, under Brutus and Cælius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman People were grossly gull'd; twice or thrice over: and as often enslav'd in one Century, and under the same pretence of Reformation. At last the two Battles of Philippi, gave the decisive stroke against Liberty; and not long after, the Commonwealth was turn'd into a Monarchy, by the Conduct and good Fortune of Augustus. Tis true, that the Despotick Power
Power could not have fallen into better Hands, than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your Lordship well knows what Obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: He saw, beside, that the Commonwealth was lost without ressource: The Heads of it destroy'd; the Senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own Necks into the Yoke, out of fear of being forc'd. Yet I may safely affirm for our great Author, (as Men of good Sense are generally Honest) that he was still of Republican Principles in Heart.

Secretisque Piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think, I need use no other Argument to justify my Opinion, than that of this one Line, taken from the Eighth Book of the Eneis. If he had not well studied his Patron's Temper, it might have Ruin'd him with another Prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was plac'd, by his own Poet, in Elisium; and there giving Laws to the Holy Souls, who deserv'd to be separat'd from the Vulgar sort of good Spirits. For his Conscience could not but whisper to the Arbitrary Monarch, that the Kings of Rome were at first Elective, and Govern'd not without a Senate: That Romulus was no Hereditary Prince, and though, after his Death, he receiv'd Divine Honours, for the good he did on Earth, yet he was but a God of their own making: that the last Tarquin was Expell'd justly, for Overt-Accts of Tyranny, and Male-Administration; for such are the Conditions of an Elective Kingdom: And I meddle not with others: Being, for my own Opinion, of Montaign's Principles, That an Honest Man ought to be contented with that Form of Government, and with those Fundamental Constitutions of it, which he receiv'd from Vol. II.
his Ancestors, and under which himself was Born: Though at the same time he confess'd freely, that if he could have chosen his Place of Birth, it should have been at Venice: Which for many Reasons I dislike, and am better pleas'd to have been Born an English Man.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weigh'd the Condition of the Times in which he liv'd: that an entire Liberty was not to be retriev'd: that the present Settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same Family, or those adopted into it: that he held his Paternal Estate from the Bounty of the Conqueror, by whom he was likewise enrich'd, esteem'd, and cherish'd: that this Conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the Arts of Peace flourish'd under him: that all Men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shew'd a great part of his Authority with the Senate: That he would be chosen into the Ancient Offices of the Commonwealth, and Rule by the Power which he deriv'd from them; and Prorogu'd his Government from time to time: Still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from publick Cares, which he exercis'd more for the common Good, than for any delight he took in greatness: These things, I say, being consider'd by the Poet, he concluded it to be the Interest of his Country to be so Govern'd: To infuse an awful Respect into the People, towards such a Prince: By that Respect to confirm their Obedience to him; and by that Obedience to make them Happy. This was the Moral of his Divine Poem: Honesty in the Poet: Honourable to the Emperor, whom he derives from a Divine Extraction; and reflecting part of that Honour on the Roman People, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present Age; and likely to be such to their
Potterity: That it was the receiv'd Opinion, That the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Julus the Son of Aeneas, was enough for Virgil; tho' perhaps he thought not so himself: Or that Aeneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the House of Priam, and was resolv'd to Transfer the Kingdom to the Family of Aeneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a Colony into a Foreign Country, and settling there: But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan Ancestry, is so undoubted a Truth, that I need not prove it. Even the Seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be Antique, have the Star of Venus over them, tho' they were all graven after his Death, as a Note that he was Deisti'd. I doubt not but it was one Reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concern'd for the preservation of the Aeneis, which its Author had Condemn'd to be Burnt, as an Imperfect Poem, by his last Will and Testament; was, because it did him a real Service as well as an Honour; that a Work should not be lost, where his Divine Original was Celebrated in Verse, which had the Character of Immortality stamp'd upon it.

Neither were the great Roman Families which flourish'd in his time, less oblig'd by him than the Emperor. Your Lordship knows with what Address he makes mention of them, as Captains of Ships, or Leaders in the War; and even some of Italian Extraction are not forgotten. These are the single Stars which are sprinkled through the Aeneis: But there are whole Constellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I Translated it, of some Favou- rite Families to which he gives the Victory, and awards the Prizes, in the Person of his Heroe, at the Funeral Games which were Celebrated in Honour of Anchises.
I insist not on their Names; but am pleas’d to find the Memmii amongst them, deriv’d from Mnestheus, because Lucretius Dedicates to one of that Family, a Branch of which destroy’d Corinth. I likewise either found or form’d an Image to my self of the contrary kind; that those who loft the Prizes, were such as disoblig’d the Poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or Enemies to Mecenas: And this was the Poetical Revenge he took. For genus irritabile Vatum, as Horace says. When a Poet is thoroughly provok’d, he will do himself Justice, however dear it cost him, Animamque in Vultere ponit. I think these are not bare Imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the Commentators: But one Poet may judge of another, by himself. The Vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman People were oblig’d by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an Ancestry which they affected. We, and the French are of the same Humor: They would be thought to descend from a Son, I think, of Hector: And we would have our Britain, both Nam’d and Planted by a descendant of Aeneas. Spencer favours this Opinion, what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the Heroe of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgress’d my Bounds, and gone farther than the Moral led me. But if your Lordship is not tir’d, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my Author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadow’d in the Person of Aeneas, of which I shall say more, when I come to the Manners which the Poet gives his Heroe: I must prepare that Subject, by shewing how dext’rously he manag’d both the Prince and People, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a Wise and an Honest Man: And proves, that it is possible for a Courtier not
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I shall continue still to speak my Thoughts like a free-born Subject, as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch Commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my Opinion of Virgil; that he was no Arbitrary Man: Oblig'd he was to his Master for his Bounty, and he repays him with good Counsel, how to behave himself in his new Monarchy, so as to gain the Affections of his Subjects, and deserve to be call'd the Father of his Country. From this Consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his Poem, one Empire destroy'd, and another rais'd from the ruins of it. This was just the Parallel. Æneas cou'd not pretend to be Priam's Heir in a Lineal Succession: For Anchises the Heroe's Father, was only of the second Branch of the Royal Family; and Helenus, a Son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that Account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the Fifth of his Æneis, the Son of Polites, youngest Son to Priam; who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the Second Book. Æneas had only Married Crousa, Priam's Daughter, and by her could have no Title, while any of the Male Issue were remaining. In this case, the Poet gave him the next Title, which is, that of an Elective King. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some Foreign Country. Ilioneus in his Speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the Name of King. Our Poet, who all this while had Augustus in his Eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of Inheritance, deriv'd from Julius Caesar; such a Title being but one degree remot'd from Conquest. For what was introduc'd by force, by force may be remot'd. Twas better for the People that they should give, than he should take. Since that Gift was indeed no more at bottom, than a Trust. Virgil gives
us an Example of this, in the Person of Mezentius. He Govern'd Arbitrarily, he was expell'd; and came to the deserved End of all Tyrants. Our Author shews us another sort of Kingship, in the Person of Latinus: He was descended from Saturn, and as I remember, in the Third Degree. He is describ'd, a just and a gracious Prince; solicitous for the Welfare of his People; always consulting with his Senate, to promote the common Good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the Council-Hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their Advice, and steering by it, as far as the Iniquity of the Times wou'd suffer him. And this is the proper Character of a King by Inheritance, who is Born a Father of his Country. Aeneas, tho' he Married the Heiress of the Crown, yet claim'd no Title to it during the Life of his Father-in-Law. Pater arma Latinus babeto, &c. are Virgil's Words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his Country Gods, who were not those of Latium. Wherein our Divine Author seems to relate to the After-Practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the Gods of those they Conquer'd, or receiv'd as Members of their Commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the Office of the High Priesthood, with which Augustus was invested: And which made his Person more Sacred and Inviolable, than even the Tribunitial Power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most Judicious of all Poets made that Office vacant, by the Death of Pantbus, in the Second Book of the Aeneis, for his Heroe to succeed in it; and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the Commentators have taken notice of that Passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the Observation; the Words of Virgil are very plain.
As for **Augustus**, or his Uncle **Julius**, claiming by descent from **Aeneas**; that Title is already out of doors. **Aeneas** succeeded not, but was elected. **Troy** was foredoom'd to fall for ever.

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**Postquam res Asia, Priamique evertere Regnum,**

**Immeritum visum Superis.** — **Aeneis**, lib. III. lin. 1.

**Augustus**, tis true, had once resolv'd to rebuild that City, and there to make the Seat of Empire: But **Horace** writes an Ode on purpose to deter him from that Thought; declaring the Place to be accurs'd, and that the Gods would as often destroy it, as it should be rais'd. Hereupon the Emperor laid aside a Project so ungrateful to the Roman People. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his Pedigree in his Head; and had an Itch of being thought a Divine King, if his Poets had not given him better Counsel.

I will pass by many less material Objections, for want of room to Answer them: What follows next is of great Importance, if the Criticks can make out their Charge; for tis levell'd at the Manners which our Poet gives his Heroe, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his **Augustus**. Those Manners were, Piety to the Gods, and a dutiful Affection to his Father; Love to his Relations; Care of his People; Courage and Conduct in the Wars; Gratitude to those who had oblig'd him; and Justice in general to Mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his Character: And the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be express'd in any Modern Language; for there it comprehends not only
Devotion to the Gods, but Filial Love and tender Affection to Relations of all sorts. As Instances of this, the Deities of Troy and his own Penates are made the Companions of his Flight: they appear to him in his Voyage, and advise him; and at last he re-places them in Italy, their Native Country. For his Father, he takes him on his Back; he leads his little Son, his Wife follows him: but losing his Footsteps, through Fear or Ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his Enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit 'till her Ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his Duty to his Father while he liv'd, his Sorrow for his Death; of the Games instituted in Honour of his Memory; or seeking him, by his Command, even after Death, in the Elysian Fields. I will not mention his Tenderness for his Son, which every where is visible: Of his raising a Tomb for Polydorus, the Obsequies for Misenus, his pious Remembrance of Deiphobus; the Funerals of his Nurse; his Grief for Pallas, and his Revenge taken on his Murtherer, whom, otherwise by his Natural Compassion, he had forgiven; and then the Poem had been left imperfect: for we could have had no certain prospect of his Happiness, while the last Obstacle to it was unremov'd. Of the other parts which compose his Character, as a King, or as a General, I need say nothing; the whole Aeneis is one continued Instance, of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them tax'd, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my Divine Master to your Lordship, and by you to the Reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable Preface to his Translation of the Aeneis, as the Author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better Criticks than the English, as
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they are worse Poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the Management of a War, than our Islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of Battel. They value themselves on their Generals, we on our Soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that Question, if they make it one. I shall say perhaps as much of other Nations, and their Poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my Assertion good, which is but doing Justice to my Country; part of which Honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose Thoughts are always just; your Numbers harmonious, your Words chosen, your Expressions strong and manly, your Verse flowing, and your Turns as happy as they are easy. If you would let us more Copies, your Example would make all Precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have Written is own’d, and that particularly by the Poets, (who are a Nation not over-lavish of Praise to their Contemporaries) as a principal Ornament of our Language: but the sweetest Essences are always confin’d in the smallest Glasses.

When I speak of your Lordship, tis never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his Preface is a perfect piece of Criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact Method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, Epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things, which he durst not touch: For tis dangerous to offend an Arbitrary Master; and every Patron who has the Power of Augustus, has not his Clemency. In short, my Lord, I wou’d not Translate him, because I wou’d bring you somewhat of my own. His Notes and Observations on every Book, are of the same Excellency; and for the same Reason I omit the greater part.
He takes no notice that Virgil is Arraign’d, for placing Piety before Valour; and making that Piety the chief Character of his Heroe. I have already said from Baffo, that a Poet is not oblig’d to make his Heroe a Virtuous Man: Therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blam’d, for giving what predominant quality they pleas’d to their first Character. But Virgil, who design’d to form a perfect Prince, and would insinuate, that Augustus, whom he calls Eneas in his Poem, was truly such, found himself oblig’d to make him without blemish; thoroughly Virtuous: and a thorough Virtue both begins and ends in Piety. Tasso, without question, observ’d this before me; and therefore split his Heroe in two: he gave Godfrey Piety, and Rinaldo Fortitude; for their chief Qualities or Manners. Homer, who had chosen another Moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles Vicious: for his Design was, to instruct in Virtue, by shewing the deformity of Vice. I avoid repetition of that I have said above. What follows, is translated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had consider’d, that the greatest Virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect Art of Governing his People; which caus’d him to Reign for more than Forty Years in great Felicity. He consider’d that his Emperor was Valiant, Civil, Popular, Eloquent, Politick, and Religious: he has given all these Qualities to Eneas. But knowing that Piety alone comprehends the whole Duty of Man towards the Gods, towards his Country, and towards his Relations; he judg’d, that this ought to be his first Character, whom he would set for a Pattern of Perfection. In reality, they who believe that the Praiseps which arise from Valour, are superior to those, which proceed from any other Virtues, have not consider’d (as they ought,) that Valour, destitute of other Virtues, cannot render a Man worthy of any true Esteem. That Quality which signifies
no more than an intrepid Courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompany'd with many which are ill. A Man may be very Valiant, and yet Impious and Vicious. But the same cannot be said of Piety, which excludes all ill Qualities, and comprehends even Valour it self, with all other Qualities which are good. Can we, for Example, give the praise of Valour to a Man who shou'd see his Gods prophan'd, and shou'd want the Courage to defend them? To a Man who shou'd abandon his Father, or desert his King in his last Necessity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to Piety, before Valour. I will now follow him, where he considers this Valour, or intrepid Courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Aeneas, and that in a Heroical degree.

Having first concluded, that our Poet did for the best in taking the first Character of his Heroe, from that Essential Virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the Ten Years War of Troy, he was consider'd as the second Champion of his Country; allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the Confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own Countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan Chiefs. But Virgil, (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomedé give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. His Testimony is this, in the Eleventh Book:

Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum affingat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo pratea tales Idea tulisset
Terra viros; utro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanum, & versis hujus Gracia fatis
Quicquid atque tua cessatione est mania Troja,
I give not here my Translation of these Verses; tho' I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a Master of the Original, that I have no reason to desire you shou'd see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin Author refines upon the Greek; and insinuates, That Homer had done his Heroe Wrong, in giving the advantage of the Duel to his own Countryman; though Diomedes was manifestly the second Champion of the Grecians: and Ulysses preferr'd him before Ajax, when he chose him for the Company of his Nightly Expedition: for he had a Head piece of his own; and wanted only the Fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his Design with Honour.

The French Translator thus proceeds: They who accuse Æneas for want of Courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwifethy would not raise an Objection fo easy to be answer'd. Here- upon he gives fo many Instances of the Heroe's Valour, that to repeat them after him, would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of Transcribing the greatest part of the three laft Æneids. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. Proxima quæque metit gladio, is the perfect Account of a Knight-Errant. If it be reply'd, contin- nues Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy Enterprizes, because he wore Enchanted Arms; that Accufation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, e'er it can reach Virgil.
chilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, tho' he was invulnerable without them: And Ariosto, the two Tasso's, Bernardo, and Torquato, even our own Spencer; in a word, all Modern Poets have Copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his famed Armour was only an Allegorical Defence, and signifi'd no more, than that he was under the peculiar Protection of the Gods? born, as the Astrologers will tell us out of Virgil, (who was well vers'd in the Chaldean Mysteries) under the favourable Influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an Art: though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself, thought otherwise. But in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular than either his Predecessor, or his Descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded, in the Twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same God-Smith to Forge his Arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no Warluck, as the Scots commonly call such Men, who they say, are Iron-free, or Lead-free. Yet after this Experiment, that his Arms were not impenetrable, when he was Cure'd indeed by his Mother's help; because he was that Day to conclude the War by the Death of Turnus, the Poet durst not carry the Miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former Vigour: He was still too weak to overtake his Enemy; yet we see with what Courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces, and renews the Combat. I need say no more, for Virgil defends himself, without needing my assistance; and proves his Heroe truly to deserve that Name. He was not then a Second-rate Champion, as they would have him, who think Fortitude the first Virtue in a Heroe. But being beaten from this Hold, they will not yet allow him to be Va-
liant; because he wept more often, as they think, than
well becomes a Man of Courage.

In the first place, if Tears are Arguments of Coward-
dise, what shall I say of Homer's Heroe? Shall Achilles
pafs for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less
occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted
to have excell'd his Master. For once both Heroes
are describ'd, lamenting their loft Loves: Briseis was
taken away by force from the Grecians, Creusa was lost
for ever to her Husband. But Achilles went roaring
along the Salt-Sea-Shoar, and like a Booby, was com-
plaining to his Mother, when he shou'd have reveng'd
his Injury by Arms. Æneas took a Nobler Courte;
for having secur'd his Father and Son, he repeated all
his former Dangers to have found his Wife, if she had
been above ground. And here your Lordship may ob-
serve the Address of Virgil: it was not for nothing, that
this Passage was related with all these tender Cir-
cumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he
had been so affectionate a Husband, was no ill Argu-
ment to the coming Dowager, that he might prove as
kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret Beauties, tho'
I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais on this Subject of a Heroe's shedding Tears,
oberves that Historians commend Alexander for weep-
ing, when he read the mighty Actions of Achilles.
And Julius Cæsar is likewise prais'd, when out of the
same Noble Envy, he wept at the Victories of Alex-
ander. But if we ob serve more closely, we shall find,
that the Tears of Æneas were always on a laudable Oc-
casion. Thus he weeps out of Compassion, and ten-
derness of Nature, when in the Temple of Carthage he
beholds the Pictures of his Friends, who Sacrific'd
their Lives in Defence of their Country. He deplores
the lamentable End of his Pilot Palinurus; the untimel-
ly death of young Dallas his Confederate; and the reft,
which I omit. Yet even for these Tears, his wretched Criticks dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithen-Heroe, always Rain-ing. One of these Censors is bold enough to argue him of Cowardise; when in the beginning of the First Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching Storm.

Exemplò Ænea solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, & duplicis tendens ad sydera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answer'd formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his People. And who can give a Sovereign a better Commendation, or recommend a Heroe more to the afection of the Reader? They were threatened with a Tempest, and he wept; he was promis'd Italy, and therefore he pray'd for the accomplishment of that Promise. All this in the beginning of a Storm, therefore he shew'd the more early Piety, and the quicker sense of Compassion. Thus much I have urg'd elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been inform'd, by Mr. Moyl, a young Gentleman, whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the Ancients accounted Drowning an accursed Death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself, and to his Subjects. I think our Adversaries can carry this Argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the Gods: But how was he assur'd that he had understood their Oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken, Phæbus might speak doubtfully, even his Mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his Voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he shou'd be the Founder of an Empire. For that she her self was doubtful of his Fortune, is apparent by the Address she
made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the God makes answer in these words:

Parce metu, Citberae, manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.

Notwithstanding which, the Goddess, though comforted, was not assur'd: For even after this, through the course of the whole Æneis, she still apprehends the Interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her Son. For it was a moot Point in Heaven, whether he cou'd alter Fate, or not. And indeed, some passages in Virgil would make us suspect, that he was of Opinion, Jupiter might deferr Fate, though he cou'd not alter it. For in the latter end of the Tenth Book, he introduces Juno begging for the Life of Turnus, and flattering her Husband with the power of changing Destiny. \textit{Tua qua potes, orsa reflectas.} To which he graciously answers:

\begin{align*}
\text{Si mora praesentis letbi, tempusque caduco} \\
\text{Ora tur Juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,} \\
\text{Tolle fugà Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.} \\
\text{Haecenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior iis} \\
\text{Sub precibus venia ulla latet, toiumque moveri,} \\
\text{Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inaneis.}
\end{align*}

But that he cou'd not alter those Decrees, the King of Gods himself confesses, in the Book above cited; when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invok'd his aid, before he threw his Lance at Turnus.

\begin{align*}
\text{——— Troja sub mænibus altis,} \\
\text{Tot nati cecidere Deum; quin occidit unà}
\end{align*}

Sarpedon
Where he plainly acknowledges, that he cou’d not have his own Son, or prevent the death which he fore-saw. Of his power to deferr the blow, I once occasionally discours’d with that Excellent Person Sir Robert Howard; who is better converfant than any Man that I know, in the Doctrine of the Stoicks, and he fet me right, from this concurrent Testimony of Philosophers and Poets, that Jupiter cou’d not retard the effects of Fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary Opinion in that Verse,

_Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis._

he reply’d, and I think with exact Judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly fore-knew that his Fatal-hour was not come: that it was in Destiny, for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obey’d Destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our Heroe’s Courage, and am much deceiv’d, if he ever be attack’d on this side of his Character again. But he is Arraign’d with more shew of Reason by the Ladies; who will make a numerous Party against him, for being false to Love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, tis an ill precedent for their Gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off, with flying Colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and for her fake, avoid a Cave, as the worst shelter they can chufe from a shower of Rain, especially when they have a Lover in their Company.
In the first place, Segrais observes with much acuteness, that they who blame Aeneas for his insensibleness of Love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former Accusation of him, for being always Crying, Compassionate, and Effeminately sensible of those Misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary Characters, but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by lying the Contradiction at Virgil's door. He, they say, has shown his Heroe with these inconsistent Characters: Acknowledging, and Ungrateful, Compassionate, and Hard-hearted; but at the bottom, Fickle, and Self-interested. For Dido had not only receiv'd his we..ther-beaten Troops before she saw him, and given them her Protection, but had also offer'd them an equal share in her Dominion.

Vultis & his necum pariter considere Regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.—

This was an Obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be consider'd, because antecedent to her Love. That Passion, tis true, produc'd the usual effects of Generosity, Gallantry, and care to please; and thither we referr them. But when she had made all these Advances, it was still in his power to have refus'd them: After the Intrigue of the Cave, call it Marriage, or Enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the Favour, and was oblig'd to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this Argument in the best light I can, that the Ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Culworth, who has rais'd such strong Objections against the Being of a God, and Providence, that many think
he has not answer'd them. You may please at least to hear the adverse Party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an Absolute Command from Jupiter, cou'd excuse this insensibility of the Heroe, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme Ingratitude. But at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made Piety the first Character of Aeneas: And this being allow'd, as I am afraid it muft, he was oblig'd, antecedent to all other Considerations, to search an Asylum for his Gods in Italy. For those very Gods, I say, who had promis'd to his Race the Universal Empire. Cou'd a Pious Man dispence with the Commands of Jupiter, to satisifie his Passion; or take it in the strongest fence, to comply with the Obligations of his Gratitude? Religion, tis true, must have Moral Honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to fufpect its truth; but an immediate Revelation dispenses with all Duties of Morality. All Casuists agree, that Theft is a breach of the Moral Law: Yet if I might presume to mingle Things Sacred with Prophane, the Israelites only spoil'd the Egyptians, not rob'd them; because the propriety was transferr'd, by a revelation to their Law-giver. I confefs Dido was a very Infidel in this Point; for she wou'd not believe, as Virgil makes her fay, that ever Jupiter wou'd send Mercury on such an Immoral Errand. But this needs no Answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

_Fata obfiant, placidasque viri Deus obf trium aures._

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shewn a little more fensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his Character.

But let Virgil anfwer for himself. He still lov'd her, and struggled with his Inclinations, to obey the Gods:
Upon the whole Matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a Fault somewhere; and *Jupiter* is better able to bear the blame, than either *Virgil* or *Æneas*. The Poet it seems had found it out, and therefore brings the defecting Heroe and the forsaken Laddy, to meet together in the lower Regions; where he excuses himself when tis too late, and accordingly the will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now *Segrais* is forc'd to abandon his defence, and excuses his Author, by saying that the *Æneas* is an imperfect Work, and that Death prevented the Divine Poet from reviewing it; and for that Reason he had condemned it to the Fire: though at the same time, his two Translators must acknowledge, that the Sixth Book is the most Correct of the whole *Æneas*. Oh, how convenient is a Machine sometimes in a Heroick Poem! This of *Mercury* is plainly one, and *Virgil* was constrain'd to use it here, or the Honesty of his Heroe wou'd be ill-defended. And the Fair Sex however, if they had the Defender in their power, wou'd certainly have shewn him no more mercy, than the *Bacchanals* did *Orpheus*. For if too much Constancy may be a Fault sometimes, then want of Constancy, and Ingratitude after the last Favour, is a Crime that never will be forgiven. But of Machines, more in their proper place; where I shall shew, with how much Judgment they have been us'd by *Virgil*; and in the mean time, pass to another Article of his Defence, on the present Subject; where, if I cannot clear the Heroe, I hope at least to bring off the Poet; for here I must divide their Causes. Let *Æneas* trust to his Machine, which will only help to break his Fall, but the Address is incomparable. *Plato*, who
borrow'd so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the Banishment of all Poets, wou'd at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into Exile. But I go further, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved beside, the Bounty of Augustus, and the Gratitude of the Roman People. If after this, the Ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the Jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his Party, and was of the first Quality in Rome; she was also present at the reading of the Sixth Eneid, and we know not that she condemn'd Aeneas; but we are sure she Presented the Poet, for his admirable Elegy on her Son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret Reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this Noble Episode, wherein the whole Passion of Love is more exactly describ'd, than in any other Poet. Love was the Theme of his Fourth Book; and though it is the shortest of the whole Eneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: and had exhausted so entirely this Subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the Eight ensuing Books.

She was warm'd with the graceful appearance of the Heroe, she smother'd those Sparkles out of decency, but Conversation blew them up into a Flame. Then she was forc'd to make a Confident of her, whom she best might trust, her own Sister, who approves the Passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her publick owning it; and after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all Machining Work: but possession having cool'd his Love, as it increas'd hers, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change; this Suspicion soon turn'd to Jealousy, and Jealousy to Rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats: and nothing availing, despair, curses, and at last becomes her own Executioner.
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See here the whole Process of that Passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I shou'd lose the connection of my Discourse.

To love our Native Country, and to study its Benefit and its Glory, to be interested in its Concerns, is Natural to all Men, and is indeed our common Duty. A Poet makes a farther step; for endeavouring to do Honour to it, tis allowable in him even to be partial in its Cause; for he is not ty'd to Truth, or fetter'd by the Laws of History. Homer and Tasso are justly praised, for chusing their Heroes out of Greece and Italy, Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him; but all the three Poets are manifestly partial to their Heroes, in favour of their Country: For Dares Phrygius reports of Hec tro, that he was slain Cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, flew not Mezentius, but was slain by him: and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Esle, who Conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a Champion of the Church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the Siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engag'd in Honour to espouse the Cause and Quarrel of his Country against Carthage. He knew he cou'd not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to Patronize his Poem, than by disgracing the Foundation of that City. He shews her ungrateful to the Memory of her first Husband, doting on a Stranger; enjoy'd, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the Original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two Rival Nations. Tis true, he colours the falsehood of Æneas by an express Command from Jupiter, to forsake the Queen, who had oblig'd him: but he know the Romans were to be his Readers, and them he brib'd, perhaps at the expense of his Heroe's honesty, but he gain'd his Cause however; as Pleading before Corrupt Judges.
They were content to see their Founder false to Love, for still he had the advantage of the Amour: It was their Enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her Vows to her Sicelus; and variurn & mutabile semper Femina, is the sharpest Satire in the fewest words that ever was made on Wo- mankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and An- nimal must be understood, to make them Grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercy: If a God had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the Deity was forc'd to come twice on the same Errand: and the second time, as much a Heroe as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he fear'd not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his Voyage, yet he'll delay'd it, till the Messenger was oblig'd to tell him plainly, that if he weigh'd not Anchor in the Night, the Queen wou'd be with him in the Morning. Notumque sicrens quid Femina posset; she was Injur'd, she was Revenge- ful, she was Powerful. The Poet had likewise before hinted, that the People were naturally perfidious: For he gives their Character in the Queen, and makes a Proverb of Punicæ Fides, many Ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my Promise, and justified the Poet, whatever becomes of the false Knight. And sure a Poet is as much privi- leg'd to lye, as an Ambassador, for the Honour and Interest of his Country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defin'd.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the Fa- mous Anachronism, in making Æneas and Di bì Contemp- poraries. For tis certain that the Heroe liv'd almost two hundred years before the Building of Carthage. One who imitates Boceline, says that Virgil was accus'
before Apollo for this Error. The God soon found that he was not able to defend his Favourite by Reason, for the Case was clear: he therefore gave this middle Sentence; That any thing might be allow'd to his Son Virgil, on the account of his other Merits; That being a Monarch he had a dispensing Power, and pardon'd him. But that this special Act of Grace might never be drawn into Example, or pleaded by his puny Successors, in justification of their ignorance; He decreed for the future, No Poet shou'd presume to make a Lady dye for Love two hundred years before her Birth. To Moralize this Story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this Dispensing Power. His great Judgment made the Laws of Poetry, but he never made himself a Slave to them: Chronology at best is but a Cobweb-Law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must chuse, as he did, an obscure and a remote Æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false Computation of Times can be made out against him: This Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his Learned Friend Bochartus, who's Letter on this Subject, he has Printed at the end of the Fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordship and the Reader. Yet the Credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this Fable of his own Invention pass for an Authentick History, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an ancient Heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; Dictates a Letter for her just before her death, to the ingrateful Fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, as for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have Translated both. The Famous Author of the Art of Love
has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession; and which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being fore'd to his old Shift, he has recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil, in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our Author needs not their Admiration.

The Motives that induc'd Virgil to Coyn this Fable, I have shew'd already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this Anachronism, by superseding the Mechanick Rules of Poetry, for the same Reason, that a Monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own Laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those Laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be call'd a fault in Poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the Art; therefore a Man may be an admirable Poet, without being an exact Chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a Fiction against the order of Time, when we commend Ovid and other Poets who have made many of their Fictions against the order of Nature? For what are the splendid Miracles of the Metamorphoses? Yet these are Beautiful as they are related; and have also deep Learning and instructive Mythologies couch'd under them: But to give, as Virgil does in this Episode, the Original Cause of the long Wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw Truth out of Fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much Beauty, and so much for the Honour of his Country, was proper only to the Divine Wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his Discourses, admires him for this particularly. Tis not lawful indeed, to contradict a Point of History, which is known to all the World; as for Example, to make Hannibal and Scipio Contemporaries with Alexander; but in the dark Recesses of Antiquity, a great Poet
may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embelish that Subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill Poets is but thrown away, when they want the Genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the Fictions be delightful, which they always are, if they be natural, if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such Works can never fail of their deferv'd Success. And such is Virgil's Episode of Dido and Æneas; where the fourest Critick must acknowledge, That if he had depriv'd his Æneas of so great an Ornament, because he found no traces of it in Antiquity, he had avoided their unjust Cenfure, but had wanted one of the greatest Beauties of his Poem. I shall say more of this in the next Article of their Charge against him, which is, Want of Invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this Episode, that it is not only now esteem'd the most pleasing Entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own Age; and before it was mellow'd into that reputation, which Time has given it; for which I need produce no other Testimony, than that of Ovid, his Contemporary.

Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore tuto,
Quam non legitimo fædere junius amor.

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid in those words, Non legitimo fædere junius amor, will by no means allow it to be a lawful Marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in Banishment when he wrote those Verses, which I cite from his Letter to Augustus: You, Sir, faith he, have sent me into Exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own Poet was happy in your good graces,
though he brought *Dido* and *Aeneas* into a Cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your Majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the Art of unlawful Love, than to shew it in the Action? But was *Ovid* the Court-Poet so bad a Courtier, as to find no other Plea to excuse himself, than by a plain Accusation of his Matter? *Virgil* confessed it was a Lawful Marriage betwixt the Lovers, that *Juno* the Goddess of Matrimony had ratify'd it by her presence; for it was her business to bring Matters to that issue: that the Ceremonies were short we may believe, for *Dido* was not only amorous, but a Widow. *Mercury* himself, though employ'd on a quite contrary Errand, yet owns it a Marriage by an *Immendo*; —— Pulchramque uxorius urben Extruis, —— He calls *Aeneas* not only a Husband, but upbraids him for being a fond Husband, as the word *Uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why *Virgil* is so much concern'd to make this Marriage, (for he seems to be the Father of the Bride himself, and to give her to the Bridegroom) it was to make way for the Divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer Flatterer than *Ovid*; and I more than conjecture, that he had in his Eye the Divorce, which not long before had pass'd betwixt the Emperor and *Scribonia*. He drew this Dimple in the Cheek of *Aeneas*, to prove *Augustus* of the same Family, by so remarkable a Feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our home-spun English Proverb, *He kill'd two Birds with one Stone*; pleas'd the Emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his Ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that Age. For to leave one Wife and take another, was but a matter of Gallantry at that time of day among the *Romans*. *Neque hoc in fadera veni*, is the very Excuse which *Aeneas* makes, when he leaves his Lady, I made no such Bargain with you.
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at our Marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my Business was Italy, and I never made a Secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort your self with the next Stranger who happens to be shipwreck'd on your Coast: Be as kind an Hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another Husband. In the mean time, I call the Gods to witness, that I leave your Shore unwillingly; for tho' Juno made the Marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forfake you. This is the effect of what he faith, when it is dishonour'd out of Latin Verse, into English Prose. If the Poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind Heathen, who knew no better Morals.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended, on this Objection; which would indeed weigh something in a Spiritual Court; but I am not to defend our Poet there. The next I think is but a Cavil, though the Cry is great against him, and hath continu'd from the time of Macrobins to this present Age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of Invention to his Charge: a capital Crime, I must acknowledge: for a Poet is a Maker, as the word signifies; and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his Name for nothing. That which makes this Accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrow'd so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if Invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the Matter of a Poem must be wholly new, and that in all its Parts; then Scaliger hath made out, faith Segrais, that the History of Troy was no more the Invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an Old Woman, or almost a Child, but had it in their Mouths, before the Greek Poet or his Friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as
Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the Sun. Who then can pass for an Inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil must be depriv’d of that Glory? Is Versailles the lea a New Building, because the Architect of that Palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, Doors and Windows, Apartments, Offices, Rooms of Convenience and Magnificence, are in all great Houses. So Descriptions, Figures, Fables, and the rest, must be in all Heroick Poems: they are the common Materials of Poetry, furnish’d from the Magazin of Nature; every Poet hath as much right to them, as every Man hath to Air or Water. *Quid prohiberis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.* But the Argument of the Work, that is to say, its principal Action, the Oeconomy and Disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish Copies from Originals. The Poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be Born; he and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the Æneas, which resemble some parts both of the Ilias and of the Odyssey: as for Example, Æneas descended into Hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas lov’d Dido, and Ulysses lov’d Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer’s Odyssey in his first six Books, and in his six last the Ilias. But from hence can we infer, that the two Poets write the same History? Is there no Invention in some other parts of Virgil’s Æneas? The disposition of so many various Matters, is not that his own? From what Book of Homer had Virgil his Episode of Nysus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his Design of Bringing Æneas into Italy? of Establishing the Roman Empire on the Foundations of a Trojan Colony: to say nothing of the Honour he did his Patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best Features, that the Goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her Son. He
had indeed the Story from common Fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian Priestess. Aeneas was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his Heroe; to give him Piety or Valour for his Manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for Man, to save his King and Country; his Mother was forc'd to appear to him and restrain his Fury, which hurried him to Death in their Revenge. But the Poet made his Piety more successful; he brought off his Father and his Son; and his Gods witness'd to his Devotion, by putting themselves under his Protection, to be re-placed by him, in their promised Italy. Neither the Invention, nor the Conduct of this great Action, were owing to Homer, or any other Poet. Tis one thing to Copy, and another thing to imitate from Nature. The Copyer is that servile Imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a Name, than that of Animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a Man. Raphael imitated Nature; they who Copy one of Raphael's Pieces, imitate but him, for his Work is their Original. They Translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of Invention in the Imitation of Raphael; for though the thing was in Nature, yet the Idea of it was his own. Ulysses Travell'd, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first Travellers: for Cain went into the Land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the Poets ever heard of such a Man. If Ulysses had been kill'd at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to Sea, or he could never have arriv'd in Italy. But the Designs of the two Poets, were as different as the Courses of their Heroes; one went Home, and the other fought a Home. To return to my first Similitude. Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them Painted a Burning Troy; might not the Modern Painter have succeeded as well as the
Ancient, tho' neither of them had seen the Town on Fire? For the Draughts of both were taken from the Idea's which they had of Nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But to close the Simile as I began it; they wou'd not have design'd it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shew'd him, forcing his entrance into Priam's Palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his Figures; because he was a Grecian, and he wou'd do Honour to his Country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descend'd from the Trojans, wou'd have made Aeneas the Heroe of his Piece; and perhaps not with his Father on his Back; his Son in one hand, his Bundle of Gods in the other; and his Wife following; (for an Act of Piety is not half so graceful in a Picture, as an Act of Courage:) he would have rather drawn him killing Anchises, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the Fires shou'd have darted full upon his Face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This I think is a just Comparison betwixt the two Poets, in the Conduct of their several Designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urg'd, that I have granted a Resemblance in some parts; yet therein Virgil has excell'd him. For what are the Tears of Calypso for being left, to the Fury and Death of Dido? Where is there the whole Process of her Passion, and all its violent Effects to be found, in the languishing Episode of the Odysseys? If this be to Copy, let the Criticks shew us the same Disposition, Features, or Colouring in their Original. The like may be said of the Descent to Hell; which was not of Homer's Invention neither; he had it from the Story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that Journey? Aeneas undertook it by the
express Commandment of his Father’s Ghost: There he was to shew him all the succeeding Heroes of his Race: and next to Romulus, (mark, if you please, the Address of Virgil) his own Patron Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him, how to manage the Italian War, and how to conclude it with his Honour. That is, in other words, to lay the Foundations of that Empire which Augustus was to Govern. This is the Noble Invention of our Author; but it hath been Copied by so many Sign-post-Dawbers, that now tis grown fullsom; rather by their want of Skill, than by the Commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his Invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more, than if a Painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an Heroick Poem, and yet the Invention be my own: but I shou’d endeavour to avoid a servile Copying. I would not give the same Story under other Names, with the same Characters, in the same Order, and with the same Sequel; for every common Reader to find me cut at the first sight for a Plagiary, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better Language, and in better Verse. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low Rope, copying lubberly the same Tricks, which his Master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordship but with one Objection more; which I know not whether I found in Le Févre, or Valois; but I am sure I have read it in another French Critick, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his Reputation. Virgil, in the heat of Action, suppose for Example, in describing the Fury of his Heroe in a Battel, when he is endeavouring to raise our Concernments to the highest pitch, turns short
short on the sudden into some Similitude, which diverts, say they, your Attention from the main Subject, and mispends it on some trivial Image. He pours cold water into the Caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This Accusation is general against all who would be thought Heroick Poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a Master of his Art, to make a Blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for Tragedy, which is all violent, and where the Passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of Dialogue, unless in Comedy: A Metaphor is almost all the Stage can suffer, which is a kind of Similitude comprehended in a word. But this Figure has a contrary effect in Heroick Poetry; there tis employ'd to raise the Admiration, which is its proper business. And Admiration is not of so violent a nature as Fear or Hope, Compassion or Horror, or any Concernment we can have for such or such a Person on the Stage. Not but I confess, that Similitudes and Descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the Reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a Similitude of fourteen Lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blam'd for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he liv'd to have review'd his Work: But Faults are no Precedents. This I have observ'd of his Similitudes in general, that they are not plac'd, as our unobserving Critics tells us, in the heat of any Action: But commonly in its declining: When he has warm'd us in his Description, as much as possibly he can; then, left that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt Similitude, which illustrates his Subject, and yet palls not his Audience. I need give your Lordship but one Ex...
ample of this kind, and leave the rest to your Observation, when next you review the whole Ἄεινες in the Original unblemish'd by my rude Translation. Tis in the First Book, where the Poet describes Νεπτυνε componing the Ocean, on which Αἰολος had rais'd a Tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the Rebellious Winds for obeying the Commands of their Usurping Master: he had warn'd them from the Seas: he had beaten down the Billows with his Mace; dispell'd the Clouds, reftor'd the Sun-shine, while Triton and Cymothoe were heaving the Ships from off the Quick-Sands; before the Poet wou'd offer at a Similitude for illustration.

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sepe coorta est
Seditio, sævitique animis ignobile vulgus,
Famque faces, & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aqua postquam
Præsippiens genitor, caelo invensus aperto
Flecit equos, curruque volans datur lora secundo.

This is the first Similitude which Virgil makes in this Poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which Reason I the rather cite it. While the Storm was in its fury, any Allusion had been improper: For the Poet cou'd have compar'd it to nothing more impetu-ous than it self; consequently he could have made no Illustration. If he cou'd have illustrated, it had been an ambitious Ornament out of season, and would have diverted our Concernment: Nunc, non erat bisce locus; and therefore he deferr'd it to its proper place.

These are the Criticisms of moft moment which have been made against the Ἄεινες, by the Ancients or Mo-
moderns. As for the particular Exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answer'd them already. If I desir'd to appear more Learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their Objections and Solutions, as it is for a Country Parson to take the Expositions of the Fathers out of Junius and Tremellius: Or not to have nam'd the Authors from whence I had them: For so Ruaus, otherwise a most Judicious Commentator on Virgil's Works, has us'd Pontanus, his greatest Benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no Objection; for that implies a Fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his Action beyond a Year. At least Aristotle has set no precise Limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two Months; Tasso I am sure exceeds not a Summer: and if I examin'd him, perhaps he might be reduc'd into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's Actions were within the Year, or took up some Months beyond it. Indeed the whole Dispute is of no more concernment to the common Reader, than it is to a Plough-man, whether February this Year had 28 or 29 Days in it. But for the satisfaction of the more Curious, of which number, I am sure your Lordship is one; I will Translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: For he has made it highly probable, that the Action of the Æneis began in the Spring, and was not extended beyond the Autumn. And we have known Campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronfard and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of Opinion that the Action of this Poem takes up almost a Year and a half; ground their Calculation thus. Anchises dyed in Sicily at the end of Winter, or beginning of the Spring. Æneas, immediately after the In-
termen of his Father, puts to Sea for Italy: He is surpriz'd by the Tempeft describ'd in the beginning of the first Book; and there it is that the Scene of the Poem opens; and where the Action must Commence. He is driven by this Storm on the Coasts of Affrick: He stays at Cartbage all that Summer, and almost all the Winter following: Sets Sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the Spring; meets with contrary Winds, and makes Sicily the second time: This part of the Action compleats the Year. Then he celebrates the Anniversary of his Father's Funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumes, and from thence his Time is taken up in his first Treaty with Latinus; the Overture of the War; the Siege of his Camp by Turnus; his going for Succours to relieve it: His return: The raising of the Siege by the first Battel: The twelve days Truce: The second Battel: The Assault of Laurentium, and the single Fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five Months more; by which Account we cannot suppose the entire Action to be contained in a much less compass than a Year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his Computation is not condemn'd by the learned Raus, who compil'd and Publish'd the Commentaries on our Poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of Year when Anchises dyed, to be in the latter end of Winter, or the beginning of the Spring; he acknowledges that when Aeneas is first seen at Sea afterwards, and is driven by the Tempeft on the Coast of Affrick, is the time when the Action is naturally to begin: He confesses farther, that Aeneas left Cartbage in the latter end of Winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an Argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam Hyberno moliris sydere Classem.
But whereas Ronfard's Followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his Father, he set Sail immediately for Italy, (tho' the Tempest drove him on the Coast of Carthage,) Segrais will by no means allow that Supposition; but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his Heroe on the Sea; and there opens the Action of the Poem. From which beginning, to the Death of Turnus, which concludes the Action, there need not be supposed above ten Months of intermediate time: For arriving at Carthage in the latter end of Summer; staying there the Winter following; departing thence in the very beginning of the Spring; making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the War, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten Months. To this the Ronfardians reply, that having been for Seven Years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily, than to interr his Father; after that Office was perform'd, what remain'd for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first Adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the Obsequies of his Father, according to the Rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: That a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his Ships, after so tedious a Voyage; and in refreshing his weather-beaten Soldiers on a friendly Coast. These indeed are but Suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the Feast of Dido, when she entertain'd Æneas first, has the appearance of a Summer's Night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his Story: Therefore the Love was made in Autumn; the Hunting follow'd properly, when the heats of that scorching Country were declining: The Winter was pass'd in jollity, as the Season and their Love requir'd; and he left her
in the latter end of Winter, as is already prov'd. This Opinion is fortifi'd by the Arrival of Æneas at the Mouth of Tyber; which marks the Season of the Spring; that Season being perfectly describ'd by the Singing of the Birds, saluting the dawn; and by the Beauty of the Place: which the Poet seems to have painted expressly in the Seventh Æneid:

Aurora in roseis fulgebant lutea bigis,
Cam venti posuerunt varia circumque supraque
Assuetis ripis volucres, Et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.

The remainder of the Action requis'd but three Months more; for when Æneas went for Succour to the Tuscans, he found their Army in a readiness to march; and wanting only a Commander: So that according to this Calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a Year compleat, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other Circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caus'd the Tempest, describ'd in the beginning of the first Book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgicks, our Poet is found to be an exact Astronomer, according to the Knowledge of that Age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in Embassies, as the best Speaker of the Trojans) attributes that Tempest to Orion in his Speech to Didon,

Cum subito, assurgens fluétu nimbosus Orion,

He must mean either the Heliacal or Achronical rising of that Sign. The Heliacal rising of a Constellation, is when it comes from under the Rays of the Sun, and
begins to appear before Day-light. The Achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of Day, and in opposition of the Sun’s diurnal Course.

The Heliacal rising of Orion, is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes, or presages Tempests on the Seas.

Segrais has observ’d farther, that when Anna Counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the Winter; she speaks also of Orion,

Dum pelago desavit byems, & aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our Supposition, understand the Heliacal rising of Orion: Anna must mean the Achronical, which the different Epithetes given to that Constellation, seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him nimbosus, Anna aquosus. He is tempestuous in the Summer when he rises Heliacally, and Rainy in the Winter when he rises Achronically. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words; which I cou’d not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais; who I think deserves no little commendation in this new Criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil’s Machines, from my own observation of them. He has Imitated those of Homer, but not Copied them. It was establish’d long before this time, in the Roman Religion as well as in the Greek; that there were Gods; and both Nations, for the most part, worshipp’d the same Deities; as did also the Trojans: From whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the Rites of their Religion, than from the Grecians; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those Gods had his proper Office, and the chief of them their particular Attendants. Thus Jupiter had in pro-
priety, Ganymede and Mercury; and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new Ministers; he must take what he found in his Religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrow’d them from Homer, any more than from Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian Poet did: but he invents the Occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the Destruction of Troy, had gain’d Neptune entirely to her Party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the Aeneis, to calm the Tempest rais’d by Aéolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan Fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their Pilot; for whom he Bargains. I name those two Examples amongst a hundred which I omit; to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employ’d his Machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a Storm at Sea, upon the rising of Orion? What wonder, if amongst so many Ships there shou’d one be overlet, which was commanded by Orontes; though half the Winds had not been there, which Aéolus employ’d? Might not Palinurus, without a Miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the Sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the Skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the Machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this Senle:

Onimium Cælo & Pelago consîfe sereno,
Nudus in ignotià Palinure jacebis arenâ.

But Machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the Reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it sooth’d the vanity of the Romans, to find the Gods so visibly concern’d in all the Actions of their Predecessors. We
who are better taught by our Religion, yet own every wonderful Accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special Providence of Almighty God; and by the care of guardian Angels: And from hence I might infer, that no Heroick Poem can be writ on the Epicurean Principles. Which I cou'd easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it; or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the Eyes of her Son Æneas, to behold the Gods who combated against Troy, in that fatal Night when it was surpriz'd; we share the pleasure of that glorious Vision, (which Tasso has not ill Copied in the facking of Jerusalem.) But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their Divine assistance. The most crude Machine which Virgil uses, is in the Episode of Camilla, where Opis by the command of her Mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the Twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her Son Æneas. But in the last of these, the Poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, cou'd not have Engag'd him in single Combat, unless his Hurt had been miraculously heal'd. And the Poet had consider'd, that the Dittany which she brought from Crete, cou'd not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the Juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his Machine might not seem too violent, we see the Heroe limping after Turnus. The Wound was skin'd; but the strength of his Thigh was not restor'd. But what Reason had our Author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? And how came the Cuisses to be worse temper'd than the rest of his Armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his Journey-men? These difficulties are not easily to be solv'd, without confessing that Virgil had not Life enough to correct his Work: Tho' he had re-
view'd it, and found those Errors which he resolv'd
to mend: But being prevented by Death, and not will-
ing to leave an imperfect Work behind him, he or-
dain'd, by his last Testament, that his Æneis should
be burn'd. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot
by a Goddess, the Machine was not altogether so out-
rageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the Sword
of Diomede. Two Divinities, one wou'd have thought,
might have pleaded their Prerogative of Impassibility,
or at least not have been wounded by any mortal Hand.
Beside that the ἔκρος which they shed, was so very like
our common Blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd
from it, but only by the name and colour. As for
what Horace says in his Art Poetry; that no Machines
are to be us'd, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec Deus interst, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

That Rule is to be apply'd to the Theatre, of which
he is then speaking; and means no more than this,
that when the Knot of the Play is to be unt'y'd, and
no other way is left, for making the discovery; then
and not otherwise, let a God descend upon a Rope,
and clear the Business to the Audience: But this has
no relation to the Machines which are us'd in an Epick
Poem.

In the last place, for the Diva, or Flying Pest, which
flapping on the Shield of Turnus, and fluttering about
his Head, dishearten'd him in the Duel, and presag'd
to him his approaching Death, I might have plac'd it
more properly amongst the Objections. For the Cri-
ticks, who lay want of Courage to the Charge of Vir-
gil's Heroe; quote this Passage as a main Proof of their
 Assertion. They say our Author had not only secur'd
him before the Duel, but also in the beginning of it,
bad given him the advantage in impenetrable Arms,
and in his Sword: (for that of *Turnus* was not his own, which was forg'd by *Vulcan* for his Father) but a Weapon which he had snatch'd in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his Charioteer *Metisius*. That after all this, *Jupiter*, who was partial to the *Trojan*, and distrustful of the Event, though he had hung the Balance, and given it a jog of his Hand to weigh down *Turnus*, thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral Security, by sending the Scrreech-Owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of *Virgil*.

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*Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter Hestis.*

In answer to which, I say, that this Machine is one of those which the Poet uses only for Ornament, and not out of Necessity. Nothing can be more Beautiful, or more Poetical than his description of the three *Dias*, or the setting of the Balance, which our *Milton* has borrow'd from him, but employ'd to a different end: For first he makes God Almighty set the Scales for St. *Gabriel* and *Sathan*, when he knew no Combat was to follow; then he makes the good Angel's Scale descend, and the Devil's mount; quite contrary to *Virgil*, if I have translated the three Verses, according to my Author's Sense.

*Jupiter ipse duas, aquato Examine lances
Susinset; & fata imponit diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere letbum.*

For I have taken these words *Quem damnet labor*, in the Sense which *Virgil* gives them in another place; *Damnavis tu quoque votis*; to signify a prosperous Event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a Genius as *Milton*: For I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the
Text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the Balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my Subject. I said above, that these two Machines of the Balance, and the Diva, were only Ornamental, and that the Success of the Duel had been the same without them. For when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the Altar, Turnus look'd dejected, and his Colour faded in his Face, as if he desponded of the Victory before the Fight; and not only he, but all his Party, when the Strength of the two Champions was judged by the proportion of their Limbs, concluded it was impar pugna, and that their Chief was over-match'd: Whereupon Futurna (who was of the same Opinion) took this opportunity to break the Treaty and renew the War. Juno her self had plainly told the Nymph beforehand, that her Brother was to Fight.

Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus aquis;

So that there was no need of an Apparition to fright Turnus, he had the prelase within himself of his impending Destiny. The Diva only serv'd to confirm him in his first Opinion, that it was his Destiny to dye in the ensuing Combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

--- Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter Hostis.

I doubt not but the Adverb (solum) is to be understood; tis not your Valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this Portent, that Jupiter is my Enemy. For Turnus fled before, when his first Sword was broken, till his Sister supply'd him with a better; which indeed he cou'd not use; because Æneas
kept him at a distance with his Spear. I wonder Reuus
saw not this, where he charges his Author so unjustly,
for giving Turnus a second Sword, to no purpose. How
could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was
not suffer’d to approach? Besides, the chief Errand of
the Dira, was to warn futurna from the Field, for the
could have brought the Chariot again, when the saw
her Brother wrought in the Duel. I might farther add,
that Aeneas was so eager of the Fight, that he left the
City, now almost in his possession, to decide his Quar-
rel with Turnus by the Sword: Whereas Turnus had
manifestly declin’d the Combat, and suffer’d his Sister
to convey him as far from the reach of his Enemy as
she cou’d. I say not only suffer’d her, but consented to
it; for this plain, he knew her by these words:

O foror & dudum agnosi, cnum prima per artem
Cladera turbasti, que hac in bella dedisti;
Et tum necquequam fallis Dea.

I have dwelt so long on this Subject, that I must
contract what I have to say, in reference to my Tran-
slations: Unless I would swell my Preface into a Vo-
lume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when
you see so many Pages yet behind. And indeed what
I have already written either in Justification or Praise
of Virgil, is against my self; for presuming to Copy, in
my course English, the Thoughts and Beautiful Ex-
pressions of this inimitable Poet: Who flourish’d in an
Age when his Language was brought to its last per-
fection, for which it was particularly owing to him
and Horace. I will give your Lordship my Opinion,
that those two Friends had consulted each others Judg-
ment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and
they seem to have pitch’d on Propriety of Thought,
Elegance of Words, and Harmony of Numbers. Ac-
cording to this Model, Horace writ his Odes and Epodes: For his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for Instruction, requir'd another Style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore as he himself proffes, are Sermoni propiora, nearer Profe than Verfe. But Virgil, who never attempted the Lyrick Verfe, is every where elegant, sweet and flowing in his Hexameters. His Words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the Station wherein their Master fet them, spoils the Harmony. What he fays of the Sibyls Prophecies, may be as properly apply'd to every Word of his: They must be read, in order as they lie; the leaft Breath decomposes them, and somewhat of their Divinity is loft. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my Verses, but I have endeavour'd to follow the Example of my Master: And am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the Sound. On this last Consideration, I have shun'd the Csfura as much as possibly I cou'd. For wherever that is us'd, it gives a rougness to the Verfe, of which we can have little need, in a Language which is over-stock'd with Confonants. Such is not the Latin, where the Vowels and Confonants are mix'd in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judg'd the Vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with Csfura's. Such difference there is in Tongues, that the fame Figure which roughens one, gives Majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his Verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his Versification cannot so properly be call'd sweet, as luscious. The Italians are
for'd upon it, once or twice in every Line, because they have a redundancy of Vowels in their Language. Their Metal is so soft, that it will not Coyn without Alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the Reason already nam'd, tis all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our Language: We must not only chuse our Words for Elegance, but for Sound. To perform which, a Mastery in the Language is requir'd; the Poet must have a Magazin of Words, and have the Art to manage his few Vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the Vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present Occasions require: All which, and a thousand Secrets of Versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his Guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolv'd to follow his own Verve (as the French call it,) the Proverb will fall heavily upon him; Who teaches himself, has a Fool for his Master.

Virgil employ'd Eleven Years upon his Æneis, yet he left it as he thought himself imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the Translation of his Works, I had four years more allow'd me to correct my Errors, that I might make my Version somewhat more tolerable than it is. For a Poet cannot have too great a reverence for his Readers, if he expects his Labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my Age nor Sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: That I wanted time, is all that I have to say. For some of my Subscribers grew so clamorous, that I cou'd no longer deferr the Publication. I hope from the Candour of your Lordship, and your often experience'd goodness to me; that if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace;
Si plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
Offendam maculis, quas aut incuriae fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one Vowel gaping on another for want of a Cafera, in this whole Poem. But where a Vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a Consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aspirate, and our Dipthongues are plainly such: The greatest latitude I take is in the Letter I, when it concludes a word, and the first Syllable of the next begins with a Vowel. Neither need I have call'd this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general Rule: That no Vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the Pronunciation of it; as He, She, Me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a Beauty to imitate the Licence of the Greeks, and leave two Vowels opening on each other, as in that Verse of the Third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur aguis.

But, nobis non licet esse tam distis. At least, if we study to refine our Numbers. I have long had by me the Materials of an English Prosodia, containing all the Mechanical Rules of Versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the Feet, the Quantitics, and the Pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best Poets have not practis'd them. As for the Pauses, Malherb first brought them into France, within this last Century: And we see how they adorn their Alexandrians. But as Virgil propounds a Riddle which he leaves unsolv'd:

Dic
So I will give your Lordship another, and leave the Exposition of it to your acute Judgment. I am sure there are few who make Verses, have observ'd the sweetness of these two Lines in Coopers Hill,

Tho' deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.

And there are yet fewer who can find the Reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my Friends in Conversation, and they have allow'd the Criticism to be just. But since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cur'd in any Modern Language; since the French and the Italians as well as we, are yet ignorant what Feet are to be us'd in Heroick Poetry; since I have not strictly observ'd those Rules my self, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no Dictatorship among my Fellow-Poets; since if I shou'd instruct some of them to make well-running Verses, they want Genius to give them strength as well as sweetness: And above all, since your Lordship has advis'd me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your Counsel as your Command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts publick. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to my self, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spencer in English, have been my Masters. Spencer has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrian Line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindarick; because Mr. Cowley has often employ'd it in his Odes. It adds a certain Majesty to the Verse, when tis us'd
with Judgment; and stops the Sense from overflowing into another Line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five Feet, or ten Syllables in their Heroick Verse: But since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their Tongue too weak to support their Epick Poetry, without the addition of another Foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run, and measure of a Trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: Their Language is not strung with Sine transformations like our English. It has the nimbleness of a Greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a Mastiff. Our Men and our Verses overbear them by their weight; and Pondere von Numero, is the British Motto. The French have set up Purity for the Standard of their Language; and a Masculine Vigour is that of ours. Like their Tongue is the Genius of their Poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Elegies, than Heroick Poetry. The turn on Thoughts and Words is their chief Talent, but the Epick Poem is too stately to receive those little Ornaments. The Painters draw their Nymphs in thin and airy Habits, but the weight of Gold and of Embroideries is reserv'd for Queens and Goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those Turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing of them in his Aeneis, than in his Pastorals and Georgicks:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is Beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the Story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great Poem. I have us'd that License in his Aeneis sometimes: but I own it as my fault. 'Twas given to those who understand no better. 'Tis like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semivirumque virum.
The Poet found it before his Criticks, but it was a darling Sin which he wou'd not be perswaded to reform. The want of Genius, of which I have accus'd the French, is laid to their Charge by one of their own great Authors, though I have forgotten his Name, and where I read it. If Rewards cou'd make good Poets, their great Master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful Encouragements: For he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvirs and Proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the Emperor had not taken care to make Friends of him and Horace. I confess the Banishment of Ovid was a Blot in his Escutcheon, yet he was only Banish'd, and who knows but his Crime was Capital, and then his Exile was a Favour? Ariosto, who with all his faults, must be acknowledg'd a great Poet, has put these words into the mouth of an Evangelist, but whether they will pass for Gospel now, I cannot tell.

Non fu si santo ni benigno Augusto;
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
L'haver havuto, in poesia buon gusto
La proscrittione, iniqua gli pardona.

But Heroick Poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were Cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the Rules of Bossu; for no Man was ever Born with a greater Genius, or had more Knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their Skill; and hitherto we have wanted Skill to perform better. Segrais, whose Preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of Elevation; though his Version is much better than that of the two Brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great Name a-
Dedication.

Amongst the Italians, yet his Translation of the Æneis is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in Blank Verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern Rhime: (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as errant Rhime as they are Translated.) Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfetter'd, tis a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in Rhime, may write better in Blank Verse. Rhime is certainly a constraint even to the best Poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any Man, excepting Quarles, and Witheres. What it adds to sweetness it takes away from Sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be call'd a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an Author's meaning. As if a Mark be set up for an Archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least Wind will take his Arrow, and divert it from the White. I return to our Italian Translator of the Æneis: He is a Foot-Poet, he Lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean Critick in our Poetry, and therefore may be presum'd to be a better in his own Language, has confirm'd me in this Opinion by his Judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his Master's Sense. I wou'd say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: For I have forsook Ruëns, (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made Explications of my own in some, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two Examples, because they are so near each other, in the Tenth Æneid:
Sorti Pater &quus utrique.

_Pallas_ says it to _Turnus_, just before they Fight. _Rusins_ thinks that the word _Pater_ is to be refer'd to _Evander_ the Father of _Pallas_. But how cou'd he imagine that it was the same thing to _Evander_, if his Son were slain, or if he overcame. The Poet certainly intended _Jupiter_ the common Father of Mankind; who, as _Pallas_ hop'd, wou'd stand an impartial Spectatour of the Combat, and not be more favourable to _Turnus_, than to him. The Second is not long after it, and both before the Duel is begun. They are the words of _Jupiter_, who comforts _Hercules_ for the death of _Pallas_, which was immediately to ensue, and which _Hercules_ cou'd not hinder: (though the young Heroe had address'd his Prayers to him for his assistance:) Because the Gods cannot controul Destiny. — The Verse follows:

_Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis._

Which the same _Rusins_ thus construes: _Jupiter_ after he had said this, immediately turns his Eyes to the _Rutulian_ Fields, and beholds the Duel. I have given this place another Explication, that he turn'd his Eyes from the Field of Combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The Word _Rejicit_ I know will admit of both senses; but _Jupiter_ having confess'd that he could not alter Fate, and being griev'd he cou'd not, in consideration of _Hercules_, it seems to me that he shou'd avert his Eyes, rather than take pleasure in the Spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have follow'd _Virgil_s Sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my Country;
and therefore I will boldly own, that this English Translation has more of Virgil's Spirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our Country-men have translated Epistles, and other parts of Virgil, with great Success. As particularly your Lordship, whose Version of Orpheus and Eurydice, is eminently good. Amongst the dead Authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; tis the utmost of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the Living. But tis one thing to take pains on a Fragment, and Translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole Author on my Shoulders. They who believe the Burthen light, let them attempt the Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth Pastoral; the First or Fourth Georgick; and amongst the Aenides, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, or the Twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this Work, I was no stranger to the Original. I had also studied Virgil's Design, his disposition of it, his Manners, his judicious management of the Figures, the sober retrenchments of his Sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our Imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure: but above all, the Elegance of his Expressions, and the Harmony of his Numbers. For, as I have said in a former Dissertation, the Words are in Poetry, what the Colours are in Painting. If the Design be good, and the Draught be true, the Colouring is the first Beauty that strikes the Eye. Spencer and Milton are the nearest in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavour'd to form my Stile by imitating their Masters. I will farther own to you, my Lord, that my chief Ambition is to please those Readers who
have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other Poet in the Latin Tongue. Such Spirits as he desir'd to please, such would I chuse for my Judges, and wou'd stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three Classes: (He might have said the same of Writers too if he had pleas'd.) In the lowest Form he places those whom he calls Les Petits Esprits: such things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-House; who like nothing but the Husk and Rhind of Wit; prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense, and elegant Expression: These are Mobb-Readers: If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-Men, we know already who wou'd carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch Boors, brought over in Herds, but not Naturaliz'd: who have not Land of two Pounds per Annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not priviledg'd to Poll. Their Authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a Mountebank's-Stage, or to be Masters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden. Yet these are they who have the most Admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they may by reading better Books, and by conversation with Men of Judgment,) they soon forfake them: And when the Torrent from the Mountains falls no more, the swelling Writer is reduc'd into his shallow Bed, like the Mançanares at Madrid, with scarce Water to moisten his own Pebbles. There are a middle sort of Readers, (as we hold there is a middle state of Souls) such as have a farther insght than the former; yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for I speak not of those who are brib'd by a Party, and know better if they were not corrupted;) but I mean a Com-
pany of warm young Men, who are not yet arriv'd so far as to discern the difference betwixt Fustian, or offensive Sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's Epigrams, but they wou'd certainly set Virgil below Statius, or Lucan. I need not say their Poets are of the same Taste with their Admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but tis a bladder'd Greatness, like that of the vain Man whom Seneca describes: An ill Habit of Body, full of Humours, and swell'd with Dropse. Even these too desert their Authors, as their Judgment ripens. The young Gentlemen themselves are commonly mis-led by their Pedagogue at School, their Tutor at the University, or their Governor in their Travels. And many of those three sorts are the most positive Blockheads in the World. How many of those flatulent Writers have I known, who have funk in their Reputation, after Seven or Eight Editions of their Works? for indeed they are Poets only for young Men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a Wit said formerly, they cou'd not stand.

I have already nam'd two sorts of Judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and by his Example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest, or the middle Form of Readers.

He chose to please the most Judicious: Souls of the highest Rank, and truest Understanding. There are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their Approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain Magnetism in their Judgment, which attracts others to their Sense. Every day they gain some new Proselyte, and in time become the Church. For this Reason, a well-weigh'd Judicious Poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the World than to be just receiv'd,
and rather not blam'd, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the Reader: The more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new Graces in it. And whereas Poems which are produced by the vigour of Imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first, which Time wears off; the Works of Judgment, are like the Diamond, the more they are polish'd, the more luster they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneis, and Marini's Adone. And if I may be allow'd to change the Metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes;

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundem.

Such a sort of Reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my Motto in the Title-Page; Sequiturque Patrem, non passibus aquis: and therefore I appeal to the Highest Court of Judicature, like that of the Peers, of which your Lordship is so great an Ornament.

Without this Ambition which I own, of desiring to please the Judices Natos, I cou'd never have been able to have done any thing at this Age, when the fire of Poetry is commonly extinguish'd in other Men. Yet Virgil has given me the Example of Entellus for my Encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger Champion cou'd not stand before him. And we find the Elder contended not for the Gift, but for the Honour; Nec dona moror. For Dampier has inform'd us, in his Voyages, that the Air of the Country which produces Gold, is never wholesome.

I had long since consider'd, that the way to please the best Judges, is not to Translate a Poet literally; and Virgil least of any other. For his peculiar Beauty
lying in his choice of Words; I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our Heroick Verse, unless I wou'd make use of Monosyllables only, and those clog'd with Consonants, which are the dead weight of our Mother-Tongue. Tis possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a Verse of Monosyllables may sound Harmoniously; and some Examples of it I have seen. My first Line of the Æneis is not harsh:

Arms, and the Man I Sing, who forc'd by Fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last Line of Manilius, made English by our Learned and Judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the World have born so fierce a Flame.

Where the many Liquid Consonants are plac'd so Artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the Words, though they are all of one Syllable.

Tis true, I have been sometimes forc'd upon it in other places of this Work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the Ornament of Words; for it seldom happens but a Monosyllable Line turns Verse to Prose, and even that Prose is rugged, and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing Twenty Monosyllables in line, without one Disyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken, is not so straigh as Metaphrase, nor so loose as Paraphrase: Some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions I hope, are but of Circumstances, and such as wou'd have no grace in English; and the Additions, I also hope, are easily deduc'd from Virgil's Sense. They will seem (at least I have the Vanity to think so,) not stuck into him, but
growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other Poet, but he had the advantage of a Language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the Modern Tongues, have more Articles and Pronouns, besides Signs of Tenses and Cases, and other Barbarities on which our Speech is built by the faults of our Forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: And the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their Language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those Signs, and cut off as many Articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrain'd to express in two; which is one Reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word Pater, for Example, signifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all Modern Tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the Ancients needed. But having before observ'd, that Virgil endeavours to be short, and at the same time Elegant, I pursue the Excellence, and forsake the Brevity. For there is he like Ambergrace, a Rich Perfume, but of so close and glutinous a Body, that it must be open'd with inferior scents of Musk or Civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another Language.

On the whole Matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two Extremes, of Paraphrase, and Literal Translation: To keep as near my Author as I cou'd, without losing all his Graces, the most Eminent of which, are in the Beauty of his words: And those words, I must add, are always Figurative. Such of these as would retain their Elegance in our Tongue, I have endeavour'd to graff on it; but most of them are of necessity to be loit, because they will not shine in any
but their own. *Virgil* has sometimes two of them in a Line; but the scantiness of our Heroick Verse, is not capable of receiving more than one: And that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the Languages, or such my want of Skill in chusing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the *French Translator*, that taking all the Materials of this divine Author, I have endeavour'd to make *Virgil* speak such English, as he wou'd himself have spoken, if he had been born in *England*, and in this present Age. I acknowledge, with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt, according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allow'd to have copied the Clearness, the Purity, the Easiness and the Magnificence of his Stile. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this Subject, before I end the Preface.

When I mention'd the Pindarick Line, I should have added, that I take another License in my Verses: For I frequently make use of Triplet Rhymes, and for the same Reason: Because they bound the Sense. And therefore I generally join these two Licenses together: and make the last Verse of the Triplet a Pindarique: For besides, the Majesty which it gives, it confines the Sense within the barriers of three Lines, which would languish if it were lengthen'd into four. *Spencer* is my Example for both these priviledges of *English* Verses. And *Chapman* has follow'd him in his Translation of *Homer*. *Mr. Cowley* has given in to them after both; and all succeeding Writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of Heroick Poetry; and am too much an *Englishman* to lose what my Ancestors have gain'd for me. Let the *French* and *Italians* value themselves on their Regularity: Strength and Elevation are our Standard. I said before, and I repeat it,
that the affected purity of the French, has unsinew'd
their Heroick Verse. The Language of an Epick
Poem is almost wholly figurative: Yet they are so
fearful of a Metaphor, that no Example of Virgil can
courage them to be bold with safety. Sure they
might warm themselves by that sprightly Blaze, with-
out approaching it so close as to singe their Wings;
they may come as near it as their Master. Not that I
wou'd discourage that purity of diction, in which he
excels all other Poets. But he knows how far to ex-
tend his Franchises: And advances to the verge, with-
out venturing a Foot beyond it. On the other side,
without being injurious to the Memory of our English
Pindar, I will presume to say, that his Metaphors are
sometimes too violent, and his Language is not always
pure. But at the same time, I must excuse him. For
through the Iniquity of the Times, he was forc'd to
Travel, at an Age, when, instead of Learning Foreign
Languages, he thou'd have studied the Beauties of his
Mother-Tongue: Which like all other Speeches, is to
be cultivated early, or we shall never Write it with
any kind of Elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost
at home: Like the Painter in the Arcadia, who going
to see a Skirmish, had his Arms lop'd off; and return'd,
says Sir Phillip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a
Battel, but without a Hand to perform his Work.

There is another thing in which I have presum'd to
deviate from him and Spencer. They both make He-
mysticks (or half Verses) breaking off in the middle of
a Line. I confess there are not many such in the Fairy
Queen: And even those few might be occasion'd by
his unhappy choice of so long a Stanza. Mr. Cowley
had found out, that no kind of Staff is proper for an
Heroick Poem; as being all too Lyrical: Yet though
he wrote in Couplets, where Rhyme is freer from con-
straint, he frequently affects half Verses; of which we
find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek Poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's Authority for that License. But I am confident, our Poet never meant to leave him any other such a Precedent. And I ground my Opinion on these two Reasons. First, we find no Example of a Hymnstick in any of his Pastorals or Georgicks. For he had given the last finishing Strokes to both these Poems: But his Æneis he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aim'd, that we know how hard a Sentence he pass'd upon it: And in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have fill'd up all those Hymnsticks, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ.

Which some foolish Grammarian has ended for him, with a half Line of Nonsense;

Peperit sumante Crœsa.

For Ascanius must have been Born some Years before the Burning of that City; which I need not prove. On the other side we find also, that he himself fill'd up one Line in the sixth Æneid, the Enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to Augustus,

Misenum Æolidem, quo non praestantior alter
Aite, ciere viros.

To which he added in that transport, Martemque ascendere cantu: and never was any Line more nobly finish'd; for the Reasons which I have given in the Book of Painting. On these Considerations I have
shun'd Hemysticks: Not being willing to imitate Virgil to a Fault; like Alexander's Courtiers, who affected to hold their Necks awry, because he cou'd not help it: I am confident your Lordship is by this time of my Opinion; and that you will look on those half Lines hereafter, as the imperfect Products of a hafty Muse: Like the Frogs and Serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into Life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated Mudd.

I am sensible that many of my whole Verses, are as imperfect as those halves; for want of time to digest them better: But give me leave to make the Excuse of Boccace; who when he was upbraided, that some of his Novels had not the Spirit of the rest, return'd this Answer; that Charlemain who made the Paladins, was never able to raise an Army of them. The Leaders may be Heroes, but the multitude must consist of Common Men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence: That from the beginning of the first Georgick to the end of the last Æneid; I found the difficulty of Translation growing on me in every succeeding Book. For Virgil, above all Poets, had a Stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and founding Words. I who inherit but a small portion of his Genius, and write in a Language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary Phrases, when the same Sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often express'd the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole Verses, which he had us'd before. Words are not so easily Coyn'd as Money: And yet we see that the Credit not only of Banks, but of Exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil call'd upon me in every Line, for some new Word: And I paid so long, that
I was almost Bankrupt. So that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle. And consequently the twelfth Aeneid cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had tax'd me with another Book? I had certainly been reduc'd to pay the Publick in Hammer'd Money for want of Mill'd; that is in the same old Words which I had us'd before: And the Receivers must have been forc'd to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all Translators. We are bound to our Author's Sense, though with the latitudes already mention'd, (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminish'd, on pain of an Anathema.) But Slaves we are; and labour on another Man's Plantation; we dress the Vine-yard, but the Wine is the Owners: If the Soil be sometimes Barren, then we are sure of being scourg'd: If it be fruitful, and our Care succeeds, we are not thank'd; for the proud Reader will only say, the poor Drudge has done his Duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being oblig'd to make his Sense intelligible, we are forc'd to untune our own Verses, that we may give his meaning to the Reader. He who Invents, is Master of his Thoughts and Words: He can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched Translator has no such Privilege: For being ty'd to the Thoughts, he must make what Musick he can in the Expression. And for this Reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the Original. There is a Beauty of Sound, as Segrais has observ'd, in some Latin Words, which is wholly lost in any Modern Language. He instances in that Mollis Amaracus, on which Venus lays Cupid in the First Aeneid.
If I should translate it Sweet-Marjoram, as the word signifies; the Reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: For those Village-words, as I may call them, gives us a mean Idea of the thing; but the Sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the Vowels with the Consonants, that it raises our Fancies, to conceive somewhat more Noble than a common Herb; and to spread Roses under him, and strew Lillies over him; a Bed not unworthy the Grandson of the Goddess.

If I cannot Copy his Harmonious Numbers, how shall I Imitate his noble Flights; where his Thoughts and Words are equally sublime?

*Quem quisquis studet amulari,*

—Caratis ope Dedaleâ

*Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus*

*Nomina ponto.*

What Modern Language, or what Poet can express the Majestic Beauty of this one Verse amongst a thousand others!

*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum*

*Finge Deo.*

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the World, when I think on it, and myself when I Translate it.

Lay by *Virgil,* I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of Judges, when you take up my Version, and it will appear a passable Beauty, when the Original Muse is absent: But like *Spencer's* false *Florimel* made of Snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify my self for one pretended Crime, with which I am liable to be charg'd.
by false Criticks, not only in this Translacion, but in many of my Original Poems; that I Latinize too much. Tis true, that when I find an English Word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin or any other Language: But when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding Words are not of our growth and Manufacture, who shall hinder me to Import them from a Foreign Country? I carry not out the Treasure of the Nation, which is never to return: but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: Here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the Coyn be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I Trade both with the Living and the Dead, for the Enrichment of our Native Language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of Magnificence and Splendour, we must get them by Commerce. Poetry requires Ornament, and that is not to be had from our Old Teuton Monosyllables; therefore if I find any Elegant Word in a Classick Author, I propose it to be Naturaliz'd, by using it myself: and if the Publick approves of it, the Bill passes. But every Man cannot distinguish betwixt Pedantry and Poetry: Every Man therefore is not fit to Innovate. Upon the whole matter, a Poet must first be certain that the Word he wou'd Introduce is Beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English Idiom: After this, he ought to take the Opinion of Judicious Friends, such as are Learned in both Languages: And lastly, since no Man is infallible, let him use this Licence very sparingly; for if too many Foreign Words are pour'd in upon us, it looks as if they were design'd not to assist the Natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a Conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me
first, to own what Helps I have had in this Undertaking. The late Earl of Launderdale, sent me over his new Translation of the Æneis; which he had ended before I ingag'd in the same Design. Neither did I then intend it: But some Proposals being afterwards made me by my Bookseller, I desir'd his Lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his Letter yet to shew, for that Permission. He resolv'd to have Printed his Work; which he might have done two Years before I cou'd Publish mine: and had perform'd it, if Death had not prevented him. But having his Manucript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my Author's Sense. For no Man understood Virgil better than that Learned Noble Man. His Friends, I hear, have yet another, and more Correct Copy of that Translation by them, which had they pleas'd to have given the Publick, the Judges must have been convinc'd, that I have not flatter'd him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the Favour to review the Æneis; and compare my Version with the Original. I shall never be ashamed to own, that this Excellent Young Man has shew'd me many Faults, which I have endeavour'd to Correct. Tis true, he might have easily found more, and then my Translation had been more Perfect.

Two other Worthy Friends of mine, who desire to have their Names conceal'd, seeing me straitned in my time, took Pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two Prefaces to the Pastorals, and the Georgics, and all the Arguments in Prose to the whole Translation. Which perhaps, has caus'd a Report that the two First Poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their Verses for my I own, I might have glory'd in their Aid; and like Terence, have farther'd the Opinion, that Scipio and Lslius join'd
with me. But the same Style being continu’d thro’ the whole, and the same Laws of Versification observ’d, are Proofs sufficient, that this is one Man’s Work: And your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is anothers.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest, when I promis’d to hasten to an end, I will not give the Reasons, why I Writ not always in the proper terms of Navigation, Land-Service, or in the Cant of any Profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he Writ not to Mariners, Souldiers, Astronomers, Gardners, Peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to Men and Ladies of the first Quality; who have been better Bred than to be too nicely knowing in the Terms. In such cases, tis enough for a Poet to write so plainly, that he may be understood by his Readers: To avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought Learn’d in all things.

I have omitted the Four Preliminary Lines of the First Æneid; because I think them inferior to any Four others, in the whole Poem; and consequently, believe they are not Virgil’s. There is too great a gap betwixt the Adjective vicina in the second Line, and the Substantive Arva in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long: and is contrary to the clearness of his Style.

Ut quamvis avidis

Is too ambitious an Ornament to be his, and

Gratum opus Agricolis,

Are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he had said before.
Horrentia Martis Arma,

Is worse than any of the rest. Horrentia is such a flat Epithete, as Tully wou’d have given us in his Verses. Tis a meer filler, to stop a vacancy in the Hexameter, and connect the Preface to the Work of Virgil. Our Author seems to found a Charge, and begins like the clangour of a Trumpet;

Arma, virumque cano; Troja qui primus ab oris.

Scarce a word without an R, and the Vowels for the greater part sonorous. The Prefacer began with Ille ego, which he was constrain’d to patch up in the fourth Line with At nunc, to make the Sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious Botches, I am much deceiv’d, though the French Translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the Opinion, that they were added by Theca and Varius, than Retrench’d.

I know it may be answer’d by such as think Virgil the Author of the four Lines; that he asserts his Title to the Aeneis, in the beginning of this Work, as he did to the two former, in the last Lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four Lines with the four others; which we know are his, because no Poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish Creeping from Flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his stead. My Master needed not the assistance of that Preliminary Poet to prove his Claim. His own Majestick Meen discovers him to be the King, amidst a Thousand Courtiers. It was a superfluous Office, and therefore I wou’d not set
those Verses in the Front of Virgil; but have rejected them to my own Preface.

\[I, \text{ who before, with Shepherds in the Groves,}\\n\text{Sung to my Oaten Pipe, their Rural Loves,}\\n\text{And issuing thence, compell'd the Neighb'ring Field}\\n\text{A plenteous Crop of rising Corn to yield,}\\n\text{Manur'd the Glebe, and stock'd the fruitful Plain,}\\n\text{(A Poem grateful to the greedy Swain,) &c.}\]

If there be not a tolerable Line in all these six, the Prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just Apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole Translation: Want of Time, the Inferiority of our Language, the inconvenience of Rhyme, and all the other Excuses I have made, may alleviate my Fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my Undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any Line? For even my own Confession makes against me; and it will always be return'd upon me, Why then did you attempt it? To which no other Answer can be made, than that I have done him less Injury than any of his former Libellers.

What they call'd his Picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the Daubers of almost all Nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatch'd up the Pencil with disdain: being satisfi'd before-hand, that I cou'd make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A Sixth Pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other Features, have been exactly taken: But those Holiday-Authors wrt for Pleasure; and only shew'd us what they cou'd have done, if they wou'd have taken pains, to perform the whole.
DEDICATION.

Be pleas’d, My Lord, to accept with your wond’rd
goodness, this unworthy Present which I make you.
I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it,
by acknowledging its Imperfections: And tho’ some
part of them are cover’d in the Verse; (as *Erichthonius*
rode always in a Chariot, to hide his lameness,) such
of them as cannot be conceal’d, you will pleae to con-
nive at, though in the strictness of your Judgment,
you cannot Pardon. If *Homer* was allow’d to nod some-
times, in so long a Work, it will be no wonder if I
often fall asleep. You took my *Aureng-zeb* into your
Protection, with all his faults: And I hope here can-
not be so many, because I Translate an Author, who
gives me such Examples of Correctness. What my
Jury may be, I know not; but ’tis good for a Criminal
to plead before a favourable Judge: If I had said Par-
tial, wou’d your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will
you give me leave to acquaint the World, that I have
many times been oblig’d to your Bounty since the Re-
volution. Though I never was reduc’d to beg a Cha-
rity, nor ever had the Impudence to ask one, either of
your Lordship, or your Noble Kinsman the Earl of
Dorset, much less of any other; yet when I least ex-
pected it, you have both remember’d me. So inherent
it is in your Family, not to forget an Old Servant. It
looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where
I have been so often oblig’d, I have appear’d so seldom
to return my thanks; and where I was also so sure of
being well receiv’d. Somewhat of Laziness was in the
case; and somewhat too of Modesty: But nothing of
Disrespect, or Unthankfulness. I will not say that your
Lordship has encourag’d me to this Presumption, lest
if my Labours meet with no success in Publick, I may
expose your Judgment to be Censur’d. As for my own
Enemies, I shall never think them worth an Answer;
and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to
Arraign you for want of Knowledge in this Art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your *Essay* on Poetry. Twas on this Consideration, that I have drawn out my Preface to so great a length. Had I not address'd to a Poet, and a Critick of the first Magnitude, I had my self been taxed for want of Judgment, and shamed my Patron for want of Understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tir'd as any other, because the Discourse is on your Art: Neither will the Learned Reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Clerum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the Church Doors are open. That I may pursue the Allegory with a short Prayer, after a long Sermon:

May you Live happily and long, for the Service of your Country, the Encouragement of good Letters and the Ornament of Poetry; which cannot be wish'd more earnestly by any Man, than by

*Your Lordship's*

*Most Humble, most Obliged,*

*and most Obedient Servant,*

*John Dryden.*
The ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a Seven Years Voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the Winds, and calms the Sea. Æneas with his own Ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of an Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage, where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido by a Device of Venus begins to have a Passion for him, and after some Discourse with him, desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy, which is the Subject of the Two following Books.

Thus, and the Man I sing, who forc'd by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting Hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan Shoar:
Long Labours, both by Sea and Land he bore;
And in the doubtful War, before he won
The Latian Realm, and built the destin'd Town:
His banish'd Gods restor'd to Rites Divine,
And sett'd sure Succession in his Line:
From whence the Race of Alban Fathers come,
And the long Glories of Majestick Rome.

O Muse! the Causes and the Crimes relate,
What Goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate:
For what Offence the Queen of Heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a Man!
Involv'd his anxious Life in endless Cares,
Expos'd to Wants, and hurry'd into Wars!
Can Heav'nly Minds such high resentment show;
Or exercise their Spight in Human Woe?

Against the Tiber's Mouth, but far away,
An ancient Town was seat'd on the Sea:
A Tyrian Colony; the People made
Stout for the War, and studious of their Trade.
Carthage the Name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian Shoar.
Here stood her Chariot, here, if Heav'n were kind,
The Seat of awful Empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient Rumour fly,
(Long cited by the People of the Sky;)  
That times to come shou'd see the Trojan Race
Her Carthage ruin, and her Tow'rs deface:
Nor thus confin'd, the Yoke of Sov'raign Sway,
Should on the Necks of all the Nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in Fate;
Nor cou'd forget the War she wag'd of late;
For conq'ring Greece against the Trojan State.
Besides long Causes working in her Mind,
And secret Seeds of Envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her Heart, the Doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her Form disdain'd:
The Grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's Glories, and her injur'd Bed.
Each was a Cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle Vengeance in her haughty Mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian Coast,
She drove the Remnants of the Trojan Hoad:
And sev'n long Years th' unhappy wand'ring Train,
Were toss'd by Storms, and scatter'd through the Main.
Such Time, such Toil requir'd the Roman Name,
Such length of Labour for so vast a Frame.

Now scarce the Trojan Fleet with Sails and Oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian Shoars:
Ent'ring with cheerful Shouts the wat'ry Reign,
And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main:
When lab'ring still, with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her Fury vent.

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his Force;
Nor can my Pow'r divert their happy Course.
Cou'd angry Pallas, with revengeful Spleen,
The Grecian Navy burn, and drown the Men?
She for the Fault of one offending Foe,
The Bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With Whirlwinds from beneath the toss'd the Ship,
And bare expos'd the Bosom of the deep:
Then, as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,
The Wretch yet hissing with her Father's Flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning Wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a Rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful State above,
The Majesty of Heav'n, the Sifter-wife of Jove;
For length of Years, my fruitless Force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What Nations now to Juno's Pow'r will pray,
Or Offerings on my flighted Altars lay?
Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,
The restless Regions of the Storms she fought.
Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant Eolus from his Airy Throne,
With Pow'r Imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
And founding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.
This Way, and that, th' impatient Captives tend,
And pressing for Release, the Mountains rend;
High in his Hall, th' undaunted Monarch stands,
And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted Sway
Wou'd sweep the World before them, in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas through empty Space wou'd rowl,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to those dark Abodes,
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with Mountain.
Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,
To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay.
To whom the suppliant Queen her Pray'rs addrest, And thus the tenour of her Suit express'd.

O Æolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempefts, and of Winds has giv'n:
Thy Force alone their Fury can restrain,
And smooth the Waves, or swell the troubl'd Main.

A race of wand'ring Slaves, abhor'd by me,
With prosp'rous Passage cut the Tuscan Sea:
To fruitful Italy their Course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd Gods design new Temples there.

Rais'd all thy Winds, with Night involve the Skies; Sink, or disperse my fatal Enemies.

Twice sev'n, the charming Daughters of the Main,
Around my Person wait, and bear my Train:
Succeed my Wish, and second my Design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine;
And make thee Father of a happy Line.

To this the God—-Tis yours, O Queen! to will
The Work, which Duty binds me to fulfil.

These airy Kingdoms, and this wide Command,
Are all the Presents of your bounteous Hand:

Yours is my Sov'raigns Grace, and, as your Guest, I sit with Gods at their Celestial Feast.

Rais'd Tempefts at your Pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of Empire, which I hold from you.
He said, and hurl'd against the Mountain side,
His quiv'ring Spear, and all, the God apply'd.
The raging Winds rush through the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground:
Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep;
Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West, with mix'd Confusion roar,
And rowl the foaming Billows to the Shoar.
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Ascend; and sable Night involves the Skies;
And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from their Eyes.
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue.
Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew;
The Face of things a frightful Image bears,
And present Death in various Forms appears.
Struck with unusual Fright, the Trojan Chief,
With lifted Hands and Eyes, invokes Relief.
And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
That under Ilian Walls before their Parents dy'd.
Tydicles, bravest of the Grecian Train,
Why cou'd not I by that strong Arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the Plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody Fields,
Where Sinois rows the Bodies, and the Shields
Of Heroes, whose dismemb'rd Hands yet bear
The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear?
Thus while the Pious Prince his Fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying Sails.
And rent the Sheets: The raging Billows rise,
And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow;
The Galley gives her side, and turns her Prow:
While those astern descending down the Steep,
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling deep.
Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blast,
And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast.
Those hidden Rocks, th' Ausonian Sailors knew,
They call'd them Altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious Backs above the Flood.
Three more, fierce Euris in his angry Mood,
Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
And in mid Ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes Barque that bore the Lycian Crew,
(A horrid Sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From Stem to Stern, by Waves was overborn:
The trembling Pilot, from his Rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round, the Ship was tost,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost.
And here and there above the Waves were seen
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave way,
And suck'd through loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.
Ilioneus was her Chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold
Endur'd not less: their Ships, with gaping Seams,
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.
Mean time Imperial Neptune heard the Sound
Of raging Billows breaking on the Ground:
Displeas'd, and fearing for his Wat'ry Reign,
He rear'd his awful Head above the Main:
Serene in Majesty, then rowl'd his Eyes
Around the Space of Earth, and Seas, and Skies.
He saw the Trojan Fleet dispers'd, distress'd
By stormy Winds and wintry Heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the God his Sister's envy knew,
And what her Aims, and what her Arts pursue:
He summon'd Eurus and the Western Blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious Winds! from whence
This bold Attempt, this Rebel Insolence?
Is it for you to ravage Seas and Land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supream Command?
To raise such Mountains on the troubl'd Main?
Whom I—But first tis fit, the Billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my Reign.
Hence, to your Lord my Royal Mandate bear,
The Realms of Ocean and the Fields of Air
Are mine, not his; by fatal Lot to me
The liquid Empire fell, and Trident of the Sea.
His Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the Jailor of the Wind:
With hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty Hall.
He spoke: And while he spoke, he smooth'd the Sea,
Dispell'd the Darkness, and restor'd the Day:
Cynothoe, Triton, and the Sea-green Train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the Daughters of the Main,
Clear from the Rocks the Vessels with their hands;
The God himself with ready Trident stands,
And opes the Deep, and spreads the moving Sands;
Then heaves them off the sholes: where-e'er he guides
His finny Courser, and in Triumph rides,
The Waves unruffle, and the Sea Subsides.
As when in Tumults rise th' ignoble Crowd,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud;
And Stones and Brands in ratling Vollies fly,
And all the Rustick Arms that Fury can supply:
If then some Grave and Pious Man appear,
They hush their Noise, and lend a lift'ning Ear;
He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood:
So when the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the Seas his Sov'raign Trident rears,
Their Fury falls: He skims the liquid Plains,
High on his Chariot, and with loofen'd Reins,
Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd Oars,
To nearest Land, and make the Lybian Shoars.
Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,
An Island shades it from the rowling Sea,
And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting Land on either side:
In double Streams the briny Waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of Rocks, a Sylvan Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever green:
A Grott is form'd beneath, with Mossy Seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the Heats.
Down thro' the Cranies of the living Walls
The Crystal Streams descend in murm'ring Falls.
No Haulfers need to bind the Vessels here,
Nor bearded Anchors, for no Storms they fear.
Sev'n Ships within this happy Harbour meet,
The thin Remainders of the scatter'd Fleet.
The Trojans, worn with Toils, and spent with Woes,
Leap on the welcome Land, and seek their wish'd Repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated Stroaks
Of clashing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes;
Short Flame succeeds, a Bed of wither'd Leaves
The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives:
Caught into Life, in fiery Fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger Food, invade the Skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lye along the Ground:
Some dry their Corn infected with the Brine,
Then grind with Marbles, and prepare to dine.
Aeneas climbs the Mountain's airy Brow,
And takes a Prospect of the Seas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus he cou’d spy;
Or see the Streamers of Cacus fly.
No Vessels were in view: But, on the Plain,
Three beamy Stags command a Lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they fed below,
He took the Quiver, and the trusty Bow
Achates us’d to bear; the Leaders first
He laid along, and then the Vulgar pierc’d:
Nor ceas’d his Arrows, till the shady Plain
Sev’n mighty Bodies, with their Blood distain.
For the sev’n Ships he made an equal Share,
And to the Port return’d, Triumphant from the War.
The Jars of gen’rous Wine, (Acestes Gift,
When his Trinacrian Shoars the Navy left)
He set abroach, and for the Feast prepar’d;
In equal Portions, with the Ven’lon shar’d.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious Chief,
With cheerful Words, allay’d the common Grief.
Endure, and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
To future good, our past and present Woes.
With me, the Rocks of Scylla you have try’d;
Th’inhuman Cyclops, and his Den defy’d.
What greater Ills hereafter you can bear?
Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care.
An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate,
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.
Through various Hazards, and Events we move To Latium, and the Realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the Seat, (the Promise of the Skies,)
Where Trojan Kingdoms once again may rise.
Endure the Hardships of your present State,
Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate.

These Words he spoke; but spoke not from his Heart;
His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.
The jolly Crew, unmindful of the past,
The Quarry share, their plenteous Dinner haste:
Some strip the Skin, some portion out the Spoil:
The Limbs yet trembling, in the Cauldrons boil:
Some on the Fire the reeking Entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy Turf, at ease they dine;
Restore their Strength with Meat, and cheer their Souls with Wine.
Their Hunger thus appeas'd, their Care attends
The doubtful Fortune of their absent Friends:
Alternate Hopes and Fears their Minds posses,
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in Distress.
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the Fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain State
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The Day, but not their Sorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, Almighty Jove surveys
Earth, Air, and Shoars, and navigable Seas,
At length on Lybian Realms he fix'd his Eyes:
Whom, pond'ring thus on Human Miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly Look,
Not free from Tears, her Heav’ly Sire bespoke.

O King of Gods and Men, whose awful Hand,
Disperses Thunder on the Seas and Land;
Disposing all with absolute Command:
How cou’d my Pious Son thy Pow’r incense,
Or what, alas! is vanish’d Troy’s Offence?

Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various Seas, by various Tempefts toft,
But shut from ev’ry Shoar, and barr’d from ev’ry Coast.

You promis’d once, a Progeny Divine,
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan Line,
In after-times thou’d hold the World in awe,
And to the Land and Ocean give the Law.

How is your Doom revers’d, which eas’d my Care?
When Troy was ruin’d in that cruel War?
Then Fates to Fates I cou’d oppofe; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former Blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?

What end of Labours has your Will decreed?

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian Hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th’ Illyrian Coasts:
Where rowling down the Steep, Timavus raves,
And thro’ nine Channels disembogues his Waves.

At length he founded Padua’s happy Seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure Retreat:
There fix’d their Arms, and there renew’d their Name,
And there in Quiet rules, and crown’d with Fame.
But we, descended from your sacred Line,
Entitled to your Heav'n, and Rites Divine,
Are banish'd Earth, and, for the Wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd Throne.
Are these our Scepters? These our due Rewards?
And is it thus that love his plighted Faith Regards?
To whom, the Father of th' immortal Race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent Face,
With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies:
First gave a holy Kiss; then thus replies.

Daughter, dismiss thy Fears: To thy desire
The Fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian Walls,
And, ripe for Heav'n, when Fate Aeneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
No Councils have revers'd my firm Decree.
And left new Fears disturb thy happy State,
Know, I have search'd the Mystick Rolls of Fate:
Thy Son (nor is th' appointed Season far)
In Italy shall wage successful War:
Shall tame fierce Nations in the bloody Field,
And Sov'reign Laws impose, and Cities build.
Till, after ev'ry Foe subdu'd, the Sun
Thrice through the Signs his Annual Race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now called Julus, shall begin his Reign.
He thirty rowling Years the Crown shall wear:
Then from Lavinium shall the Seat transfer:
And, with hard Labour, Alba-longa build;  
The Throne with his Succession shall be fill'd,  
Three hundred Circuits more: then shall be seen,  
Ilia the fair, a Priestess and a Queen.  
Who full of Mars, in time, with kindly Throws,  
Shall at a Birth two goodly Boys disclose.  
The Royal Babes a tawny Wolf shall drain,  
Then Romulus his Grandfire's Throne shall gain,  
Of Martial Tow'rs the Founder shall become,  
The People Romans call, the City Rome.  
To them, no Bounds of Empire I assign;  
Nor term of Years to their immortal Line.  
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless Broils,  
Earth, Seas, and Heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;  
At length atton'd, her friendly Pow'r shall joy,  
To cherish and advance the Trojan Line.  
The subject World shall Rome's Dominion own,  
And, prostrate, shall adore the Nation of the Gown.  
An Age is ripening in revolving Fate,  
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian State:  
And sweet Revenge her conqu'ring Sons shall call,  
To crush the People that conspir'd her Fall.  
Then Cæsar from the Julian Stock shall rise,  
Whose Empire Ocean, and whose Fame the Skies  
Alone shall bound. Whom, fraught with Eastern Spoils,  
Our Heav'n, the just Reward of Human Toyls,  
Securely shall repay with Rites Divine;  
And Incense shall ascend before his sacred Shrine.
Then dire Debate, and impious War shall cease,
And the stern Age be softened into Peace:
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal Fires in hallowed Temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain,
The righteous Laws, and Fraud and Force restrain.
Janus himself before his Fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his Gate,
With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains:
High on a Trophie rais'd, of useless Arms,
He sits, and threatens the World with vain Alarms.

He said, and sent Cullenius with Command
To free the Ports, and ope the Punique Land
To Trojan Guests; left ignorant of Fate,
The Queen might force them from her Town and State.
Down from the Steep of Heav'n Cullenius flies,
And cleaves with all his Wings the yielding Skies.
Soon on the Lybian Shoar descends the God;
Performs his Message, and displays his Rod:
The surly Murmurs of the People cease,
And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the Peace.
The Queen her self suspends the rigid Laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their Cause.

Mean time, in Shades of Night Æneas lies;
Care seiz'd his Soul, and Sleep forsook his Eyes.
But when the Sun restor'd the cheerful Day,
He rose, the Coast and Country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated Shoar:
But whether Human Kind, or Beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found Region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of Rocks his Fleet he hides;
Tall Trees surround the Mountains shady sides:
The bending Brow above, a safe Retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed Darts, he leaves his Friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Loe, in the deep Recedes of the Wood,
Before his Eyes his Goddess Mother stood:
A Huntress in her Habit and her Meen;
Her dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen.
Bare were her Knees, and knots her Garments bind;
Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind;
Her Hands sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a Virgin of the Spartan Blood:
With such Array Harpalice bestrode
Her Thracian Courser, and outstrip'd the rapid Flood.
Ho! Strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
One of my Sisters, like my self array'd;
Who crost the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd?
A Painted Quiver at her Back she bore;
Vary'd with Spots, a Linx's Hide she wore:
And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her Son reply'd agen;
None of your Sisters have we heard or seen,
O Virgin! or what other Name you bear
Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
Your Voice and Meen Cœlestial Birth betray!
If, as you seem, the Sifter of the Day;
Or one at least of Chaft Diana's Train,

Let not an humble Suppliant sue in vain:
But tell a Stranger, long in Tempefts toft,
What Earth we tread, and who commands the Coast?
Then on your Name shall wretched Mortals call;
And offer'd Victims at your Altars fall.

I dare not, she reply'd, assume the Name
Of Goddess, or Cœlestial Honours claim:
For Tyrian Virgins Bows and Quivers bear,
And Purple Buskins o'er their Ankles wear.

Know, gentle Youth, in Lybian Lands you are:
A People rude in Peace, and rough in War.
The rising City, which from far you see,
Is Carthage; and a Tyrian Colony.

Phenician Dido rules the growing State,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her Brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her Story full of Fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sicbeus known
For wealth, and Brother to the Punic Throne,
Poss'd fair Dido's Bed: And either heart
At once was wounded with an equal Dart.
Her Father gave her, yet a spotless Maid;
Pigmalion then the Tyrian Scepter sway'd:
One who contemn'd Divine and Humane Laws.
Then Strife ensu'd, and cursed Gold the Cause.
The Monarch, blinded with desire of Wealth;
With Steel invades his Brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred Altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some Tale, some new Pretence, he daily coin'd,
To sooth his Sister, and delude her Mind.
At length, in dead of Night, the Ghost appears
Of her unhappy Lord: The Spectre starts,
And with erect'd Eyes his bloody Bosom bares.
The cruel Altars, and his Fate he tells,
And the dire Secret of his House reveals.
Then warns the Widow, with her household Gods,
To seek a Refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her, in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden Treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The Queen provides Companions of her flight:
They meet; and all combine to leave the State,
Who hate the Tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a Fleet, which ready rigg'd they find:
Nor is Pigmalion's Treasure left behind.
The Vessels, heavy laden, put to Sea
With prosperous Winds; a Woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of Weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal Course dispos'd by Heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your Eyes 505
May view the Turrets of new Carthage rise:
There bought a space of Ground, which Byrsa call'd
From the Bulls hid, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you, what Country claims your Birth?
What seek you, Strangers, on our Lybian Earth? 510
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his Eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her Son replies:
Cou'd you with Patience hear, or I relate,
O Nymph! the tedious Annals of our Fate!
Thro' such a train of Woes if I shou'd run, 515
The day wou'd sooner than the Tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by Force expell'd we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan Name:
On various Seas by various Tempests tost,
At length we landed on your Lybian Coast. 520
The Good Æneas am I call'd, a Name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to Fame:
My household Gods, Companions of my Woes,
With pious Care I rescu'd from our Foes.
To fruitful Italy my Course was bent, 525
And from the King of Heav'n is my Descent.
With twice ten Sail I crost the Phrygian Sea;
Fate and my Mother Goddess, led my Way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin Remainder of my Fleet,
From Storms preserv'd, within your Harbour meet: 329
My self distress'd, an Exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown
In Lybian Desarts wander thus alone.
His tender Parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, fought to sooth his Care.
Who e'er you are; not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
Since on our friendly Shoar your Ships are driv'n:
Have Courage: To the Gods permit the rest,
And to the Queen expose your just Request.
Now take this earnest of Success, for more:
Your scatter'd Fleet is join'd upon the Shoar;
The Winds are chang'd, your Friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my Skill in Augury.
Twelve Swans behold, in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing Pinions from above:
Whom late the Bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And through the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng:
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.
As they, with Joy returning, clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings:
Not otherwise your Ships, and ev'ry Friend,
Already hold the Port, or with swift Sails descend.
No more Advice is needful, but pursue
The Path before you, and the Town in view.
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her Neck resfulgent, and dishevel'd Hair;
Which flowing from her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
And widely spread Ambrosial Scents around:
In length of Train descends her sweeping Gown,
And by her graceful Walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The Prince pursu'd the parting Deity,
With Words like these: Ah! whither dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your Son
In borrow'd Shapes, and his Embrace to shun:
Never to bless my Sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in Accents not your own.
Against the Goddess these Complaints he made;
But took the Path, and her Commands obey'd.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly throw'ds,
With Mists, their Persons, and involves in Clouds:
That, thus unseen, their Passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the Causes of their Way.
This part perform'd, the Goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos; and her native Clime:
Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r:
A hundred Altars in her Temple Smoke,
A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.

They climb the next Ascent, and looking down,
Now at a nearer Distance view the Town:
The Prince, with Wonder, sees the stately Tow'rs,
Which late were Huts, and Shepherd's homely Bow'rs.
The Gates and Streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,
The Noife, and busy Concourse of the Mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their Labour: Some extend the Wall,
Some build the Citadel; the brawny throng,
Or dig, or push unweildly Stones along.
Some for their Dwellings chuse a Spot of Ground, Which, first design'd, with Ditches they surround. Some Laws ordain, and some attend the Choice Of holy Senates, and elect by Voice. Here some design a Mole, while others there Lay deep Foundations for a Theatre:

From Marble Quarries mighty Columns hew, For Ornaments of Scenes, and future view. Such is their Toy!, and such their busy Pains, As exercise the Bees in flow'ry Plains; When Winter past, and Summer scarce begun, Invites them forth to labour in the Sun:

Some lead their Youth abroad, while some condense Their liquid Store, and some in Cells dispence. Some at the Gate stand ready to receive The Golden burthen, and their Friends relieve. All, with united Force, combine to drive The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive;

With envy flung, they view each others Deeds; The fragrant Work with Diligence proceeds. Thrice happy you, whose Walls already rise;

Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted Eyes, Their lofty Tow'rs; then ent'ring at the Gate, Conceal'd in Clouds, (prodigious to relate) He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy Throng, Born by the Tide, and pass'd unseen along. Full in the Centre of the Town there stood, Thick set with Trees, a venerable Wood:
The Tyrians landing near this holy Ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous Omen found:
From under Earth a Courser's Head they drew,
Their Growth and future Fortune to foreshew:
This fated Sign their Foundress Juno gave,
Of a Soil fruitful, and a People brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn State
Did Juno's Temple build, and consecrate:
Enrich'd with Gifts, and with a Golden Shrine;
But more the Goddes made the Place Divine.
On Brazen Steps the Marble Threshold rose,
And brazen Plates the Cedar Beams inclose:
The Rafters are with brazen Cov'ring's crown'd,
The lofty Doors on brazen Hinges found.
What first Aeneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his Courage, and his Fear expel'd.
For while, expecting there the Queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring Eyes, and round the Temple gaz'd:
Admir'd the Fortune of the rising Town,
The striving Artists, and their Arts renown:
He saw in order painted on the Wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The Wars that Fame around the World had blown,
All to the Life, and ev'ry Leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both Kings defies.
He stop'd, and weeping said, O Friend! ev'n here
The Monuments of Trojan Woes appear!
Our known Disasters fill ev'n foreign Lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the Mute Walls relate the Warrior's Fame,
And Trojan Griefs the Tyrians Pity claim.
He said, his Tears a ready Passage find,
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty Picture fed his Mind.
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield;
And here the trembling Trojans quit the Field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the Plain,
On his high Chariot driving o'er the Slain.
The Tents of Rhesus next, his Grief renew,
By their white Sails betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel Sword
The Centries slew; nor spar'd their slumbering Lord.
Then took the fiery Steeds, e'er yet the Food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian Flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
Achilles; and unequal Combat try'd.
Then, where the Boy disarm'd with loosen'd Reins,
Was by his Horse's hurry'd o'er the Plains:
Hung by the Neck and Hair, and drag'd around,
The hostile Spear yet sticking in his Wound;
With tracks of Blood inscrib'd the dusty Ground.

Mean time the Trojan Dames oppress'd with Woe,
To Pallas Fane in long Procession goe,
In hopes to reconcile their Heav'nly Foe:

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They weep, they beat their Breasts, they rend their
And rich embroider'd Veils for Presents bear: [Hair,]
But the stern Goddess stands unmov'd with Pray'r.

Thrice round the Trojan Walls Achilles drew

The Corps of Hector, whom in Fight he slew:
Here Priam sues, and there, for Sums of Gold,
The lifeless Body of his Son is fold.

So sad an Object, and so well express'd,
Drew Sighs and Groans from the griev'd Heroes Breast:
To see the Figure of his lifeless Friend,
And his old Sire his helpless Hand extend.

Himself he saw amidst the Grecian Train,
Mix'd in the bloody Battel on the Plain.

And swarthy Mennon in his Arms he knew,
His pompous Ensigns, and his Indian Crew.

Penthisilea there, with haughty Grace,
Leads to the Wars an Amazonian Race:
In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;

The left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar Shield.
Athwart her Breast a Golden Belt she throws,
Amidst the Press alone provokes a thousand Foes:
And dares her Maiden Arms to Manly Force oppose.

Thus, while the Trojan Prince employs his Eyes,

Fix'd on the Walls with wonder and surprize;
The Beauteous Dido, with a num'rous Train,
And pomp of Guards, ascends the sacred Fane.

Such on Eurota's Banks, or Cynthus' hight,
Diana seems; and so she charms the fight,
When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
The Quire of Nymphs, and overtops their Heads.
Known by her Quiver, and her lofty Meen,
She walks Majestick, and she looks their Queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest;
And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming State;
Amidst the Crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their Labour to her future Sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious Glance proceeds:
Then mounts the Throne, high plac'd before the Shrine;
In Crowds around the swarming People join.
She takes Petitions, and dispenses Laws,
Hears, and determines ev'ry private Cause.
Their Tasks in equal Portions she divides,
And where unequal, there by Lots decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His Eyes, and unexpected sees his Friends:
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their Backs a mighty Trojan Throng:
Whom late the Tempest on the Billows tost,
And widely scatter'd on another Coast.
The Prince, unseen, surpriz'd with Wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste to join their Hands:
But doubtful of the wish'd Event, he stays,
And from the hollow Cloud his Friends surveys:
Impatient till they told their present State;
And where they left their Ships, and what their Fate;
And why they came, and what was their Request:  
For there were sent commission'd by the rest,  
To sue for leave to land their sickly Men,  
And gain Admission to the Gracious Queen.  
Entering, with Cries they fill'd the holy Fane;  
Then thus, with lowly Voice, Ilium began.  
O Queen! indulg'd by Favour of the Gods,  
To found an Empire in these new Abodes;  
To build a Town, with Statutes to restrain  
The wild Inhabitants beneath thy Reign:  
We wretched Trojans toil on ev'ry Shore,  
From Sea to Sea, thy Clemency implore:  
Forbid the Fires our Shipping to deface,  
Receive th' unhappy Fugitives to Grace,  
And spare the remnant of a Pious Race.  
We come not with design of waftful Prey,  
To drive the Country, force the Swains away:  
Nor such our Strength, nor such is our Desire,  
The vanquish'd dare not to such Thoughts aspire.  
A Land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,  
The Soil is fruitful, and the Men are bold:  
Th'Oenatrians held it once, by common Fame,  
Now call'd Italia, from the Leaders Name.  
To that sweet Region was our Voyage bent,  
When Winds, and ev'ry warring Element,  
Distrub'd our Course, and far from sight of Land,  
Cast our torn Vessels on the moving Sand:
The Sea came on; the South with mighty Roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the Rocky Shoar.
Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a Shipwreck here;
What Men, what Monsters, what inhuman Race,
What Laws, what barb'rous Customs of the Place,
Shut up a desart Shoar to drowning Men,
And drive us to the cruel Seas again!
If our hard Fortune no Compassion draws,
Nor hospitable Rights, nor human Laws,
The Gods are just, and will revenge our Cause.
Æneas was our Prince, a juster Lord,
Or nobler Warrior, never drew a Sword:
Observant of the Right, religious of his Word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital Air:
Nor we his Friends of Safety shall despair;
Nor you, great Queen, these Offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not Cities, nor Cicilian Coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan Lineage boafts.
Permit our Ships a Shelter on your Shoars,
Refitted from your Woods with Planks and Oars;
That if our Prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd Course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of Men! the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Lybian Main:
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismis our Navy from your friendly Shoar
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our Friends our common Losses mourn. 785
Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan Crew
With Cries and Clamours his Request renew.
The modest Queen a while, with down-cast Eyes,
Ponder'd the Speech; then briefly thus replies.

Trojans dismiss your Fears: my cruel Fate, 790
And doubts attending an unsettled State,
Force me to guard my Coast, from Foreign Foes:
Who has not heard the story of your Woes?
The Name and Fortune of your Native Place,
The Fame and Valour of the Phrygian Race? 795
We Tyrians are not so devoid of Sense,
Nor so remote from Phæbus influence.
Whether to Latian Shores your Course is bent,
Or driv'n by Tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes Government; 800
Your Men shall be receiv'd, your Fleet repair'd,
And fail, with Ships of Convoy for your guard;
Or, wou'd you stay, and join your friendly Pow'rs,
To raise and to defend the Tyrian Tow'rs;
My Wealth, my City, and my Self are yours. 805
And wou'd to Heav'n the Storm, you felt, wou'd bring
On Carthaginian Coasts your wand'ring King.
My People shall, by my Command, explore
The Ports and Creeks of ev'ry winding shore;
And Towns, and Wilds, and shady Woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a Guest. 811
Rais'd in his Mind the Trojan Heroe stood,
And long'd to break from out his Ambient Cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O Goddess born, this long delay? 815
What more can you desire, your Welcome sure,
Your Fleet in safety, and your Friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain
Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the Main.
Orontes in his Fate our Forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your Mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the Cloud gave way,
The Mist flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan Chief appear'd in open sight,
August in Visage, and serenely bright.
His Mother Goddess, with her hands Divine, [shine:
Had form'd his Curling Locks, and made his Temples
And giv'n his rowling Eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his Face:
Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian Marble, when enchas'd in Gold:
Thus radiant from the circling Cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modesty he spoke.
He whom you seek am I: by Tempests tost,
And sav'd from Shipwreck on your Lybian Coast: 83
Presenting, gracious Queen, before your Throne,
A Prince that owes his Life to you alone.
Fair Majesty, the Refuge and Redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and Wants oppress.
You, who your pious Offices employ
To save the Reliques of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the Shipwreck'd on your friendly Shore,
With hospitable Rites relieve the Poor:
Associate in your Town a wandring Train,
And strangers in your Palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched Fugitives return,
Who scatter'd thro' the World in exile mourn?
The Gods, (if Gods to Goodness are inclin'd,)
If Acts of mercy touch their Heav'ly Mind;
And more than all the Gods, your gen'rous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this Age is happy, and this Earth:
And Parents more than Mortal gave you birth.
While rowling Rivers into Seas shall run,
And round the space of Heav'n the radiant Sun;
While Trees the Mountain tops with Shades supply,
Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall never dye.
What e'er abode my Fortune has assign'd,
Your Image shall be present in my Mind.
Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting Friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereftus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the Noble Gyas prest;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian Queen stood fix'd upon his Face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:
Admir’d his Fortunes, more admir’d the Man; Then recollected stood; and thus began.

What Fate, O Goddess born, what angry Pow’rs Have cast you shipwreck’d on our barren Shores? 871 Are you the great Æneas, known to Fame, Who from Coelestial Seed your Lineage claim! The fame Æneas whom fair Venus bore To fam’d Anchises on th’ Idaan Shore? 875 It calls into my mind, tho’ then a Child, When Teucer came from Salamis exil’d; And fought my Father’s aid, to be reslor’d: My Father Belus then with Fire and Sword Invaded Cyprus, made the Region bare, 880 And, Conqu’ring, finish’d the successful War. From him the Trojan Siege I understood, The Grecian Chiefs, and your Illustrious Blood. Your Foe himself the Dardan Valour prais’d, And his own Ancestry from Trojans rais’d. 885 Enter, my Noble Guest; and you shall find, If not a costly welcome, yet a kind. For I my self, like you, have been distress’d; Till Heav’n afforded me this place of rest. Like you an Alien in a Land unknown; 892 I learn to pity Woes, so like my own. She said, and to the Palace led her Guest, Then offer’d Incense, and proclaim’d a Feast. Nor yet less careful for her absent Friends, Twice ten fat Oxen to the Ships she sends: 895
Besides a hundred Boars, a hundred Lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their Milky Dams.
And Jars of gen'rous Wine, and spacious Bowls,
She gives to cheer the Sailors drooping Souls.
Now Purple Hangings cloath the Palace Walls,
And sumptuous Feasts are made in splendid Halls:
On Tyrian Carpets, richly wrought, they Dine;
With loads of Maffy Plate the Side-boards shine.
And Antique Vases all of Gold Embofs'd;
(The Gold it self inferior to the Cost:)
Of curious Work, where on the sides were seen
The Fights and Figures of Illustrious Men;
From their first Founder to the present Queen.

The Good Æneas, whose Paternal Care
Lūlus absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the Ships in haft,
To give a glad Relation of the past;
And, fraught with precious Gifts, to bring the Boy
Snatch'd from the Ruins of unhappy Troy:
A Robe of Tiflue, stiff with golden Wire;
An upper Veil, once Hellen's rich Attire;
From Argos by the fam'd Adultress brought;
With Golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;
Her Mother Lada's Present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the World on flame.

The Scepter Priam's eldest Daughter bore,
Her orient Necklace, and the Crown she wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order set with Gems, and one with Gold.
Instructed thus, the wife Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty shows.
But Venus, anxious for her Son's Affairs,
New Councils tryes; and new Designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the Shape and Face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace:
Shou'd bring the Presents, in her Nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's Veins the gentle Poison shed.
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double tongu'd,
And knew the Town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by Night her Golden Slumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke.
My Son, my Strength, whose mighty Pow'r alone
Controlls the Thund'rer, on his awful Throne;
To thee thy much afflicted Mother flies,
And on thy Succour, and thy Faith relies.
Thou know'lt, my Son, how Jove's revengeful Wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy Brother's life.
And often hast thou mournd with me his Pains:
Him Dido now with Blandishment detains;
But I suspect the Town where Juno reigns.
For this, tis needful to prevent her Art,
And fire with Love the proud Phoenician's heart.
A Love so violent, so strong, so fierce,
As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind: 

Ascanius, by his Father is design'd

To come, with Presents, laden from the Port,
To gratifie the Queen, and gain the Court.
I mean to plunge the Boy in pleasing Sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian Bow'rs to keep;

Or high Cythara: That the sweet Deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the Cheat,
Take thou his Form and Shape. I beg the Grace
But only for a Night's revolving Space;

Thy self a Boy, assume a Boy's dissembl'd Face. 960
That when amidst the fervour of the Feast,
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her Breast,
And with sweet Kisses in her Arms constrains,
Thou may'Lt infuse thy Venom in her Veins.
The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
His Bow, and Quiver, and his plumy Pride:
He walks Iulus in his Mother's Sight:
And in the sweet Resemblance takes Delight.

The Goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing Slumber seals his Eyes;
Lull'd in her Lap, amidst a Train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful Groves:
Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,
And softly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.

Cupid mean time assum'd his Form and Face,

Foll'wing Achates with a shorter Pace,
En. I. AENEIS.

And brought the Gifts. The Queen, already fate
Amidst the Trojan Lords, in shining State,
High on a Golden Bed: Her Princely Guest
Was next her side, in order fate the rest.
Then Canisters with Bread are heap'd on high;
The' Attendants Water for their Hands supply;
And having wash'd, with silken Towels dry.
Next fifty Handmaids in long order bore
The Censers, and with Fumes the Gods adore.
Then Youths, and Virgins twice as many, join
To place the Dishes, and to serve the Wine.
The Tyrian Train, admitted to the Feast,
Approach, and on the painted Couches rest.
All on the Trojan Gifts, with Wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous Boy with more amaze.
His Rosy-colour'd Cheeks, his radiant Eyes,
His Motions, Voice, and Shape, and all the God's
disguise.
Nor pass unprais'd the Vest and Veil Divine,
Which wand'ring Foliage and rich Flow'rs entwine.
But far above the rest, the Royal Dame,
(Already doom'd to Love's disastrous Flame;)
With Eyes infatiate, and tumultuous Joy,
Behold the Presents, and admires the Boy.
The guileful God, about the Heroe long,
With Children's play, and false Embraces hung;
Then fought the Queen: She took him to her Arms,
With greedy Pleasure, and devour'd his Charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what Guest;
How dire a God she drew so near her Breast. 1605
But he, not mindless of his Mother’s Pray’r,
Works in the pliant Bosom of the Fair;
And moulds her Heart anew, and blots her former
Care.
The dead is to the living Love resign’d,
And all Aeneas enters in her Mind.

Now, when the Rage of Hunger was appeas’d,
The Meat remov’d, and ev’ry Guest was pleas’d;
The Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine are crown’d;
And through the Palace cheerful Cries resound.
From gilded Roofs depending Lamps display 1615
Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.
A Golden Bowl, that shone with Gems Divine;
The Queen commanded to be crown’d with Wine;
The Bowl that Belus us’d; and all the Tyrian Line.
Then, Silence through the Hall proclaim’d, she spoke:
O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, 1620
With solemn Rites, thy sacred Name and Pow’r!
Bless to both Nations this auspicious Hour.
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian Line,
In lasting Concord, from this Day combine: 1625
Thou, Bacchus, God of Joys and friendly Cheer,
And gracious Juno; both be present here:
And you, my Lords of Tyre, your Vows address
To Heav’n with mine, to ratifie the Peace.
The Goblet then she took, with Nectar crown'd, 
(And rais'd it to her Mouth with sober Grace,) 
Then sipping, offer'd to the next in place. 
Twas Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty Soul, 
He took the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl: 
With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw; 
Till he the bottom of the Brimmer saw. 
The Goblet goes around: Iopas brought 
His Golden Lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught. 
The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon, 
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun. 
Th' Original of Men, and Beasts; and whence 
The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence; 
And fix'd, and erring Stars, dispose their Influence. 
What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays 
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days. 
With Peals of Shouts the Tyrians praise the Song; 
Those Peals are echo'd by the Trojan Throng. 
Th' unhappy Queen with Talk prolong'd the Night; 
And drank large Draughts of Love with vast Delight. 
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more; 
Then ask'd what Arms the swarthy Memnon wore; 
What Troops he landed on the Trojan Shore. 
The Steeds of Diomede vary'd the Discourse, 
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless Force. 
At length, as Fate and her ill Stars requir'd, 
To hear the Series of the War desir'd.
Relate at large, my God-like Guest, she said,  
The Grecian Stratagems, the Town betray'd;  
The fatal Issue of so long a War,  
Your Flight, your Wand'reings, and your Woes declare.  
For since on ev'ry Sea, on ev'ry Coast,  
Your Men have been distress'd, your Navy tost,  
Sev'n times the Sun has either Tropick view'd,  
The Winter banish'd, and the Spring renew'd.
The Second Book of the

ÆNEIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Aeneas relates how the City of Troy was taken, after a Ten Years Siege, by the Treachery of Sinon, and the Stratagem of a Wooden Horse. He declares the first Resolution he had taken not to survive the Ruins of his Country, and the various Adventures he met with in the Defence of it: at last, having been before advis'd by Hector's Ghost, and now by the Appearance of his Mother Venus, he is prevail'd upon to leave the Town, and settle his Household-Gods in another Country. In order to this, he carries off his Father on his Shoulders, and leads his little Son by the Hand, his Wife following him behind. When he comes to the Place appointed for the general Rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of People, but misses his Wife, whose Ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the Land which was design'd for him.

All were attentive to the God-like Man;
When from his lofty couch he thus began.
Great Queen; what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad Remembrance of our Fate.
An Empire from its old Foundations rent,
And ev'ry Woe the Trojans underwent:
A People'd City made a Desart Place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes cou'd hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a Tear.
And now the latter Watch of wasting Night,
And setting Stars to kindly Rest invite.
But since you take such Int'rest in our Woe,
And Troy's disast'rous end desire to know:
I will restrain my Tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal Night befel.

By Destiny compell'd, and in Despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious War:
And by Minerva's Aid a Fabrick rear'd,
Which like a Steed of monstrous height appear'd;
The Sides were plank'd with Pine, they feign'd it made
For their Return, and this the Vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow Side,
Selected Numbers of their Souldiers hide:
With inward Arms the dire Machine they load,
And Iron Bowels stuff the dark Abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an Isle,
(While Fortune did on Priam's Empire smile)
Renown'd for Wealth, but since a faithless Bay,
Where Ships expos'd to Wind and Weather lay.
There was their Fleet conceal'd: We thought for Greece
Their Sails were hoisted, and our Fears release.
The Trojans coop'd within their Walls so long,
Unbar their Gates, and issue in a Throng,
Like swarming Bees, and with Delight survey
The Camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
The Quarters of the sev'ral Chiefs they show'd,
Here Phænix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the Battels, there the Navy rode.
Part on the Pile their wonder-ring Eyes employ,
(The Pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.)
Thymætes first (tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan Destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the Ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the Monster Fabrique in the Town.
But Capys, and the rest of founder Mind,
The fatal Present to the Flames design'd;
Or to the wat'ry deep: At least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden Frauds explore:
The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
With Noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous Crowd,
Ran from the Fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched Country-men! what Fury reigns?
What more than Madness has posses'd your Brains?
Think you the Grecians from your Coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses Arts no better known?
This hollow Fabrick either must inclose,
Within its blind Recess, our secret Foes;
Or 'tis an Engine rais'd above the Town, 60
'T'o'erlook the Walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by Fraud or Force;
Trust not their Presents, nor admit the Horse.
Thus having said, against the Steed he threw
His forceful Spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding Planks of jointed Wood,
And trembling in the hollow Belly flood.
The sides transpierc'd, return a ratling Sound,
And Groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through
the Wound.
And had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70
Or had not Men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t'inspire a better Mind:
Then had our Lances pierc'd the treach'rous Wood,
And Ilian Tow'rs, and Priam's Empire stood.
Mean time, with Shouts, the Trojan Shepherds bring
A captive Greek in Bands, before the King: 76
Taken, to take; who made himself their Prey,
T'impose on their Belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his Aim, and oblinately bent
'To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80
About the Captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the Foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their Wiles disguis'd,
Behold a Nation in a Man compris'd.
'Trembling the Miscreant flood, unarm'd and bound;
He stare'd, and rowl'd his hagger'd Eyes around: 86
Then said, Alas! what Earth remains, what Sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What Fate a wretched Fugitive attends,
Scorn’d by my Foes, abandon’d by my Friends.
He said, and sigh’d, and cast a ruful Eye:
Our Pity kindles, and our Passions dye.
We cheer the Youth to make his own Defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What News he cou’d impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive Foe.
His fear at length dismiss’d, he said, what e’er
My Fate ordains, my Words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare my Birth disclaim,
\textit{Greece} is my Country, \textit{Simon} is my Name:
Though plung’d by Fortune’s Pow’r in Misery,
Tis not in Fortune’s Pow’r to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the Name
Of \textit{Palamedes}, not unknown to Fame,
Who suffer’d from the Malice of the times;
Accus’d and sentenc’d for pretended Crimes:
Because the fatal Wars he would prevent;
Whose Death the Wretched \textit{Greeks} too late lament;
Me, then a Boy, my Father, poor and bare
Of other Means, committed to his Care:
His Kinsman and Companion in the War.
While Fortune favour’d, while his Arms support
The Cause, and rul’d the Counsels of the Court,
I made some figure there; nor was my Name
Obscure, nor I without my share of Fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious Arts,
Had made Impression in the Peoples Hearts;
And forg'd a Treason in my Patron's Name,
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by Fame)
My Kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his Loss, and left the Court.
Mad as I was, I cou'd not bear his Fate
With silent Grief, but loudly blam'd the State:
And curs'd the direful Author of my Woes.
Twas told again, and hence my Ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Wou'd land me safely on my Native Shore,
His Death with double Vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the Murderer's Hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' Effects of Malice from a Man so proud.
Ambiguous Rumors thro' the Camp he spread,
And sought, by Treason, my devoted Head:
New Crimes invented, left unturn'd no Stone,
To make my Guilt appear, and hide his own.
Till Calchas was by Force and Threatning wrought:
But why —— Why dwell I on that anxious Thought?
If on my Nation just Revenge you seek,
And tis't appear a Foe, t'appear a Greek;
Already you my Name and Country know,
Afiwage your thirst of Blood, and strike the Blow:
My Death will both the Kingly Brothers please,
And set infatiate Ithacus at ease.
This fair unfinish'd Tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing Hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian Arts.

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted Fear, the Villain thus pursu'd.

Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless Care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful War,)
Resolv'd to raise the Siege, and leave the Town;
And had the Gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the Wintry Seas, and Southern Winds,
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their Minds.
Portents and Prodigies their Souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendious Pile was rais'd.
Then flaming Meteors, hung in Air, were seen,
And Thunders ratled through a Skie serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire Event,
Eurypylus, t'enquire their Fate, was sent;
He from the Gods this dreadful Answer brought;
O Grecians, when the Trojan Shores you fought,
Your Passage with a Virgin's Blood was bought:
So must your safe Return be bought again;
And Grecian Blood, once more attone the Main.
The spreading Rumour round the People ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the Man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the Wretch, ordain'd by Fate, 
The Publick Victim, to redeem the State. 170
Already some presag'd the dire Event, 
And saw what Sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old Seer withflood
Th' intended Treason, and was dumb to Blood.
Till tir'd with endless Clamours, and pursuit 175
Of Ithaca, he stood no longer Mute:
But, as it was agreed, pronounce'd, that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful Gods to die.
All prais'd the Sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose Fury threaten'd all. 180
The dismal day was come, the Priests prepare
Their leaven'd Cakes; and Fillets for my Hair.
I follow'd Nature's Laws, and must avow
I broke my Bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy Lake all Night I lay, 185
Secure of Safety when they fail'd away.
But now what further Hopes for me remain,
To see my Friends or Native Soil again?
My tender Infants, or my careful Sire;
Whom they returning will to Death require? 190
Will perpetrated on them their first Design,
And take the forfeit of their Heads for mine?
Which, O if Pity Mortal Minds can move!
If there be Faith below, or Gods above!
If Innocence and Truth can claim desert, 195
Ye Trojans from an injur'd Wretch avert.
Falce Tears true Pity move: the King commands,
To loose his Fetters, and unbind his Hands:
Then adds these friendly Words; Dismiss thy Fears,
Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for Force or Guile,
Or some Religious End, you rais'd the Pile?
Thus said the King. He full of fraudulent Arts,
This well invented Tale for Truth imparts.
Ye Lamps of Heav'n! he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, thou venerable Sky,
Inviolable Pow'rs, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal Fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred Altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a Crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the Secrets of the guilty State,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O King, preserve the Faith you gave,
If I to save my self your Empire save.
The Grecian Hopes, and all th' Attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's Aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive Head,
Her fatal Image from the Temple drew,
The sleeping Guardians of the Castle flew,
Her Virgin Statue with her bloody Hands
Polluted, and prophan'd her holy Bands:
From thence the Tide of Fortune left their Shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their Courage languish'd, as their Hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her Aid.
Nor did the Goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd Mind, and alienated Care:
When first her fatal Image touch'd the Ground,
She sternly cast her glaring Eyes around;
That sparkl'd as they rowl'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her Heav'nly Limbs distill'd a briny Sweat.
Thrice from the Ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd Lance, and shake her horrid Shield.
Then Calchas bad our Host for flight prepare,
And hope no Conquest from the tedious War:
Till first they fail'd for Greece; with Pray'rs besought
Her injur'd Pow'r, and better Omens brought.
And now their Navy ploughs the Wat'ry Main,
Yet, soon expect it on your Shoars again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd Maid,
For her stolen Statue, and her Tow'r betray'd;
Warn'd by the Seer, to her offended Name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wond'rous Frame:
So lofty, left through your forbidden Gates
It pass, and intercept our better Fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast.
For so Religion and the Gods ordain;
That if you violate with Hands prophane
Minerva's Gift, your Town in Flames shall burn,
(Which Omen, O ye Gods, on Grecia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting Hands,
The Trojan Walls, and in the City stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
And the reverse of Fate on us return.
With such Deceits he gain'd their easie Hearts,
Too prone to credit his pernicious Arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis greater Son,
A thousand Ships, nor ten years Siege had done:
False Tears and fawning Words the City won.
A greater Omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary Minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire Event.
Laocoon, Neptune's Priest by Lot that Year,
With solemn Pomp then sacrifice'd a Steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from Sea we spy'd
Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.
Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,
Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:
Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,
And on the sounding Shoar the flying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
Their ardent Eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his Children make:
And first around the tender Boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd Fangs their Limbs and Bodies
The wretched Father, running to their Aid [grind.
With pious Haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his Waist their winding Volumes rowl'd,
And twice about his gasping Throat they fold.
The Priest, thus doubly choak'd, their Crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his Head, in Triumph ride.
With both his Hands he labours at the Knots,
His Holy Fillets the blue Venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting Air around.
Thus, when an Ox receives a glancing Wound,
He breaks his Bands, the fatal Altar flies,
And with loud Bellowings breaks the yielding Skies.
Their Tasks perform'd, the Serpents quit their Prey,
And to the Tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her Feet, they lie protected there,
By her large Buckler, and protended Spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral Cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the Will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the Sacred Wood.
All Vote t'admit the Steed, that Vows be paid,
And Incense offer'd to th' offended Maid.
A spacious Breach is made, the Town lies bare,
Some hoisting Leavers, some the Wheels prepare,
And fasten to the Horses Feet: the rest
With Cables haul along th' unwieldly Beast.
Each on his Fellow for Assistance calls:
At length the fatal Fabrick mounts the Walls,
Big with Destruction. Boys with Chaplets crown'd,
And Quires of Virgins sing, and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our Heads, and threats the Town.
O sacred City! built by Hands Divine!
O valiant Heroes of the Trojan Line!
Four times he struck; as oft the clashing sound
Of Arms was heard, and inward Groans rebound.
Yet mad with Zeal, and blinded with our Fate,
We hawl along the Horse, in solemn state;
Then place the dire Portent within the Tow'r.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy Hour;
Foretold our Fate; but by the Gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd the Prophecy.
With Branches we the Fanes adorn, and waft
In jollity, the Day ordain'd to be the last.
Mean time the rapid Heav'ns rowl'd down the Light,
And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night:
Our Men secure, nor Guards nor Centries held,
But easie Sleep their weary Limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their Naval Pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well known Shears:
Safe under Covert of the silent Night,
And guided by th' Imperial Galley's light.

When Sinon, favour'd by the Partial Gods,
Unlock'd the Horse, and op'd his dark abodes:

Restor'd to vital Air our hidden Foes,
Who joyful from their long Confinement rose.

Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their Guide,
And dire Ulysses down the Cable slide:

Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haft;
Nor was the Podalyrian Heroe laft:

Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal Engine fram'd.

A nameless Crowd succeed; their Forces join
T' invade the Town, oppress'd with Sleep and Wine.

Those few they find awake, first meet their Fate,
Then to their Fellows they unbar the Gate.

Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs

Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,

When Hector's Ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody Shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in Tears.

Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,

Thebalian Courfers drag'd him o'er the Plain.

Swoln were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thrust
Through the bor'd holes, his Body black with dust.

Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils

Of War Triumphant, in Æacian Spoils:

Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,

And lanch'd against their Navy Phrygian Fire.
His Hair and Beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;  
And all the Wounds he for his Country bore,  
Now stream'd afresh, and with new Purple ran:  
I wept to see the visionary Man:  
And while my Trance continu'd, thus began.  
O Light of Trojans, and Support of Troy,  
Thy Father's Champion, and thy Country's Joy!  
O, long expected by thy Friends! from whence  
Art thou so late return'd for our Defence?  
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,  
With length of Labours, and with Toils of War?  
After so many Fun'ral's of thy own,  
Art thou restor'd to thy declining Town?  
But say, what Wounds are these? What new Disgrace  
Deforms the Manly Features of thy Face?  
To this the Spectre no Reply did frame;  
But answer'd to the Cause for which he came:  
And, groaning from the bottom of his Breast,  
This Warning, in these mournful Words express'd.  
O Goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,  
The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.  
The Foes already have posses's'd the Wall,  
Tro' y nods from high, and totters to her fall.  
Enough is paid to Priam's Royal Name,  
More than enough to Duty and to Fame.  
If by a Mortal Hand my Father's Throne  
Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future State,
And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate:
From their assistance happier Walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable Statues of the Gods:
With ancient Vesta from the sacred Quire,
The Wreaths and Relicks of th' Immortal Fire.

Now peals of Shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingl'd War:
The Noise approaches, though our Palace stood
Aloof from Streets, encompass'd with a Wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' Alarms
Of Human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:
Fear broke my Slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the Terras, thence the Town survey,
And hearken what the frightful Sounds convey.

Thus when a flood of Fire by Wind is born,
Crackling it rowls, and mows the standing Corn:
Or Deluges, descending on the Plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's gains:
Unroot the Forest Oaks, and bear away
Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguishing Prey.
The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far,
The wasteful Ravage of the wat'ry War.
Then Hector's Faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian Frauds in open light appear'd.
The Palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoaky Flames, and catches on his Friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the Seas are bright
With splendor, not their own; and shine with Trojan
New Clamours and new Clangors now arise,
The sound of Trumpets mix’d with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz’d, I run to meet th’Alarms,
Resolv’d on death, resolv’d to die in Arms.
But first to gather Friends, with them t’oppose,
If Fortune favour’d, and repel the Foes.
Spurr’d by my Courage, by my Country sir’d;
With sense of Honour, and Revenge inspir’d.

Pantheus, Apollo’s Priest, a sacred Name,
Had seiz’d the Grecian Swords, and pass’d the Flame;
With Reliques loaden, to my Doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender Grand-son led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a Town!
The fatal Day, th’appointed Hour is come,
When wrathful Jove’s irrevocable Doom
Transfers the Trojan State to Grecian Hands.
The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands:
And armed Hosts, an unexpected Force,
Break from the Bowels of the Fatal Horse.
Within the Gates, proud Sinon throws about
The Flames, and Foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
More than from Argos, or Mycenae came:
To several Posts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th' unwaried they sur prise; 449
Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal Combat, and resist in vain.
I heard; and Heav'n, that well born Souls inspires,
Prompts me, thro' lifted Swords, and rising Fires
To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls, 455
And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
Ripheus and Iphitas by my side engage,
For Valour one Renown'd, and one for Age.
Dymas and Hypanis by Moonlight knew 459
My Motions, and my Meen, and to my Party drew:
With young Chorabes, who by Love was led
To win Renown, and fair Cassandra's Bed;
And lately brought his Troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain, by the Prophetic Maid.
Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in Arms to fall, 463
And that one Spirit animated all;
Brave Souls, said I, but Brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finish what our Cruel Fates ordain:
You see the desp'r. &e state of our Affairs;
And Heav'n's protecting Pow'rs are deaf to Pray'rs. 470
The passive Gods behold the Greeks desile
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
Their own Abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking Town, involv'd in Fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our Foes,
Despair of Life, the Means of living shows.
So bold a Speech encourag'd their desire
Of Death, and added fuel to their Fire.

As hungry Wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro' the Fields, nor fear the Stormy Night;
Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood:
So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in Death the last Extremes to try.

We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square:
Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.
What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?
What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright!

An ancient and imperial City falls,
The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:
Houses and Holy Temples float in Blood,
And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but in their turn,
The vanquish'd Triumph, and the Victors mourn.
Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night;
Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight.
All parts refound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
And ghastly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his Band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to Land:
From whence, said he, my Friends this long delay?
You loiter, while the Spoils are born away:
Our Ships are laden with the Trojan Store,
And you like Truants come too late ashore.
He said, but soon corrected his Mistake,
Found, by the doubtful Answers which we make:
Amaz'd, he wou'd have shun'd th' unequal Fight,
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some Peasant in a bushy Brake,
Has with unwary Footing press'd a Snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising Crest, blue Neck, and rowling Eyes;
So from our Arms, surpriz'd Androgeos flies.
In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
Possess'd with Fear, unknowing of the Ground;
And of their Lives an easy Conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first Endeavour sinil'd:
Chorabux then, with youthful Hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with Success, and of a daring Mind,
This new Invention fatally design'd.
My Friends, said he, since Fortune shows the way,
Tis fit we shou'd th' auspicious Guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian Arms bestow'd,
But their Destruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we Shields, and their Devices bear,
Let Fraud supply the want of Force in War.
They find us Arms. This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' Spoils, his upper Vest,
His painted Buckler, and his plummy Crest.
Thus Riphæus, Dymas, all the Trojan Train
Lay down their own Attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill Presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy Rage:
Unknown, assaul ting whom we blindly meet,
And strew, with Grecian Carcasses, the Street.
Thus while their stragling Parties we defeat,
Some to the Shoar and safer Ships retreat:
And some oppress'd with more ignoble Fear,
Remount the hollow Horse, and pant in secret there.

But ah! what use of Valour can be made,
When Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid!
Behold the royal Prophetess, the Fair
Cassandira, drag'd by her dishevel'd Hair;
Whom not Minerva's Shrine, nor sacred Bands,
In safety cou'd protect from sacrilegious Hands:
On Heav'n she cast her Eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
(Twas all she cou'd) her tender Arms were ty'd.
So sad a Sight Choræbus cou'd not bear,
But fir'd with Rage, distracted with Despair;
Amid the barb'rous Ravishers he flew:
Our Leader's rash Example we pursue.
But storms of Stones, from the proud Temple's heigh
Pour down, and on our batter'd Helms alight:
We from our Friends receiv'd this fatal Blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken Crests, from high,
And ours beneath the pond'rous Ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with Anger and Difdain, to see
Their Troops dispers'd, the Royal Virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their Pow'rs unite;
With Fury charge us, and renew the Fight.
The Brother-Kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole Squadron of Thessalian Horse,

Thus, when the Rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Skie;
South, East, and West, on airy Courser's born,
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep, the Billows rise,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.
The Troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several Quarters, and enclose the Rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray
Our diff'rent Speech; our borrow'd Arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chrombus first,
At Pallas' Altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal Fight;
Just of his Word, observant of the right;
Heav'n thought not so: Dynas their Fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their Friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy Mitre nor the Bands
Of awful Phæbus, sav'd from impious Hands.
Ye Trojan Flames your Testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife,
Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.
Witness, ye Heav'n's! I live not by my Fault,
I strove to have serv'd the Death I sought.
But when I cou'd not fight, and wou'd have dy'd,
Born off to distance by the growing Tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without Defence.
New Clamors from th' invested Palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the King.
So hot th' Assaul't, so high the Tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose;
As all the Dardan and Argolick Race
Had been contracted in that narrow Space:
Or as all Ilium else were void of Fear,
And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, the Foes
Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling Ladders, some more bold
Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their Bucklers, in th' ascent,
While with the right they seise the Battlement.
From the demolish'd Tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe:
And heavy Beams, and Rafters from the sides,
(Such Arms their last necessity provides:)
And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of State, and ancient Royalty.
The Guards below, fix'd in the Pass, attend
The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.
Renew'd in Courage with recover'd Breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our Death:
To clear the Palace from the Foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A Postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind Gallery,
To the King's Closet led; a way well known
To Hector's Wife, while Priam held the Throne:
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his Grandfire, and his Grandfire's Queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the Tow'r, from whence
With unavailing Arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling King had oft descri'd
The Grecian Camp, and saw their Navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with Swords we hew;
Then wrenching with our hands, th' Assault renew.
And where the Rafter's on the Columns meet,
We push them headlong with our Arms and Feet:
The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall;
Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the Gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring Arms conspicuous in the Crowd.  
So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake:
And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
Restor'd with pois'nous Herbs, his ardent sides  
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:
High o'er the Grass, hissing he rowls along,
And brandishes by fits his fork'y Tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Antomedon,
His Father's Charioteer, together run
To force the Gate: The Scyrian Infantry
Rush on in Crouds, and the barr'd Passage free.
Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his Blows,  
And with his Ax repeated Stroaks be twixs
On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double Bars at length
Yeild to his Ax, and unresisted Strength.  
A mighty Breach is made; the Rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
The Halls of Audience, and of publick State,
And where the lonely Queen in secret fate.
Arm'd Souldiers now by trembling Maids are seen,  
With not a Door, and scarce a Space between.
The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.
The fearful Matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.

Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his force sustain;
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
In rush the *Greeks*, and all the Apartments fill;
Those few Defendants whom they find, they kill.

Not with so fierce a Rage, the foaming Flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid Course with flood:
Bears down the Dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away.

These Eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The Brother-Kings: I saw th' unhappy Queen,
The hundred Wives, and where old *Priam* stood,
To stain his hallow'd Altar with his Blood.
The fifty Nuptial Beds: (such Hopes had he,
So large a Promise of a Progeny.)
The Posts of plated Gold, and hung with Spoils,
Fell the Reward of the proud Victor's Toils.
Where e'er the raging Fire had left a space,
The *Greechans* enter, and possess the Place.

Perhaps you may of *Priam's* Fate enquire.
He, when he saw his Regal Town on fire,
His ruin'd Palace, and his ent'ring Foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
In Arms, difus'd, invests his Limbs decay'd
Like them, with Age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pain;
Despairing of Success; ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view
An Altar; near the hearth a Lawrel grew;
Dodder'd with Age, whose Boughs encompass round
The Household Gods, and shade the holy Ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless Train
Of Dames, for shelter fought, but fought in vain.
Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Skie,
Their Images they hugg, and to their Altars fly.
The Queen, when she beheld her trembling Lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy Sword,
What Rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my Husband's Mind?
What Arms are these, and to what Use design'd?
These times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam wou'd appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common Fate with us be join'd.
She said, and with a last Salute embrac'd
The poor old Man, and by the Lawrel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's Sons,
Pursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Thro' Swords, and Foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Through empty Courts, and open Galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his Lance, pursues;
And often reaches, and his thrusts renewes.
The Youth transfix'd, with lamentable Cries
Expires, before his wretched Parent's Eyes.
Whom, gasping at his Feet, when Priam saw,
The Fear of Death gave place to Nature's Law.
And shaking more with Anger, than with Age,
The Gods, said He, requite thy brutal Rage:
As sure they will, Barbarian, sure they must,
If there be Gods in Heav'n, and Gods be just:
Who tak'ft in Wrongs an insolent delight;
With a Son's death t' infect a Father's sight.
Not He, whom thou and lying Fame conspire
To call thee his: Not he, thy vaunted Sire,
Thus us'd my wretched Age: The Gods he fear'd,
The Laws of Nature and of Nations heard.
He hear'd my Sorrows, and for Sums of Gold
The bloodless Carcass of my Hector fold.
Pity'd the Woes a Parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his Tent.
This said, his feeble hand a Javelin threw,
Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly th'ickl'd on the Brazen Shield.

Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to Fate;
And to my Father my foul deeds relate.
Now dye: with that he dragg'd the trembling Sire,
Slidd'ring through clotter'd Blood, and holy Mire,
(The mingl'd Paste his murder'd Son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade;
And on the Sacred Pile, the Royal Victim laid.
His right Hand held his bloody Fauchion bare;
His left he twifted in his heavy Hair:
Then, with a speeding Thrult, his Heart he found:
The lukewarm Blood came rushing through the
Wound,
And sanguine Streams distain'd the sacred Ground.
Thus Priam fell: and shar'd one common Fate
With Troy in Ashes, and his ruin'd State:
He, who the Scepter of all Asia sway'd,
Whom Monarchs like Domestick Slaves obey'd,
On the bleak Shoar now lies th'abandon'd King,
*A headless Carcass, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my crul'd Blood
Congeal with Fear; my Hair with horror flood:
My Father's Image fill'd my pious Mind;
Left equal Years might equal Fortune find.
Again I thought on my forfaken Wife;
And trembl'd for my Son's abandon'd Life.
I look'd about; but found my self alone:
Deserted at my need, my Friends were gone,
Some spent with Toil, some with Despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the Heights; the Flames con-
sum'd the rest.

*This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.
Thus, wander’d in my way, without a Guide,
The graceless Helen in the Porch I spy’d
Of Vesta’s Temple: there she lurk’d alone;
Muffled he fate, and what she cou’d, unknown:
But, by the Flames, that cast their Blaze around,
That common Bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan Sword;
More dreads the Vengeance of her injur’d Lord;
Ev’n by those Gods, who refug’d her, abhor’d.
Trembling with Rage, the Strumpet I regard’d;
Resolv’d to give her Guilt the due reward.
Shall she triumphant fail before the Wind,
And leave in Flames, unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she, her Kingdom and her Friends review,
In State attended with a Captive Crew;
While unreveng’d the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian Fires consume the Trojan Walls?
For this the Phrygian Fields, and Xanthian Flood
Were swell’d with Bodies, and were drunk with Blood?
Tis true a Souldier can small Honour gain:
And boast no Conquest from a Woman slain:
Yet shall the Fact not pass without Applause,
Of Vengeance taken in so just a Cause.
The punish’d Crime shall set my Soul at ease:
And murm’ring Manes of my Friends appease.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing Light
Spread o’er the Place, and shining Heav’nly bright,
My Mother clos’d reveal’d before my Sight.
Never so radiant did her Eyes appear;
Nor her own Star confess'd a light so clear.
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
She looks, and breaths her self into their Love.

She held my Hand, the destin'd Blow to break:
Them from her rosie Lips began to speak.

My Son, from whence this Madness, this neglect
Of my Commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly Rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forfake, what Pledges leave behind.

Look if your helpless Father yet survive;
Or if Ascanius, or Creusa live.

Around your House the greedy Greeks err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly War,
But for my Presence and protecting Care.

Not Helen's Face, nor Paris was in fault:
But by the Gods was this Destruction brought.

Now cast your Eyes around; while I dissolve
The Mists and Films that Mortal Eyes involve:

Purge from your sight the Dross, and make you see
The Shape of each avenging Deity.

Enlightned thus, my just Commands fulfill:
Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.

Where yon disorder'd heap of Ruin lies,
Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of Dust arise,
Amid that smother, Neptune hold his place:
Below the Wall's foundation drives his Mace:

And heaves the Building from the solid Base.
Look where, in Arms, Imperial Juno stands, 830
Full in the Scaean Gate, with loud Commands;
Urging on Shore the tardy Grecian Bands.
See Pallas, of her snaky Buckler proud,
Bestrides the Tow’r, refulgent through the Cloud:
See Jove new Courage to the Foe supplies, 835
And Arms against the Town, the partial Deities.
Haste hence, my Son; this fruitless Labour end:
Haste where your trembling Spouse, and Sire attend.
Haste, and a Mother’s Care your Paffage shall befriend.
She said: and swiftly vanish’d from my Sight, 840
Obscure in Clouds, and gloomy Shades of Night.
I look’d, I listen’d; dreadful Sounds I hear;
And the dire Forms of hostile Gods appear.
Troy sunk in Flames I saw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old Foundations rent. 845
Rent like a Mountain Ash, which dar’d the Winds;
And stood the sturdy Stroaks of lab’ring Hinds:
About the Roots the cruel Ax resounds,
The Stumps are pierc’d, with oft repeated Wounds.
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown 850
Now threats a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.
To their united Force it yields, though late;
And mourns with mortal Groans th’approaching Fate:
The Roots no more their upper load sustain; 854
But down the falls, and spreads a ruin thro’ the Plain.
Descending thence, I scape through Foes, and Fire:
Before the Goddesses, Foes and Flames retire.
Arriv’d
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only fake,
Or moft for his, fuch Toils I undertake,
The good Anchifer, whom, by timely Flight,
I purpo'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the Journey: Resolute to die,
And add his Fun'rals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than Exile and old Age fustain.
Go you, whose Blood runs warm in ev'ry Vein:
Had Heav'n decreed that I shou'd Life enjoy,
Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
Tis fure enough, if not too much for one;
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haft to save the poor remaining Crew;
And give this useless Corps a long Adieu.
These weak old Hands fuffice to ftop my Breath:
At leaft the pitying Foes will aid my Death,
To take my Spoils: and leave my Body bare:
As for my Sëpulchre let Heav'n take Care.
Tis long since I, for my Coelestial Wife,
Loath'd by the Gods, have drag'd a lingring Life:
Since ev'ry Hour and Moment I expire,
Blafted from Heav'n by Jove's avenging Fire.
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
My self, my Wife, my Son, my Family,
Intreat, pray, beg; and raise a doleful Cry.
What, will he still perfift, on Death resolve,
And in his Ruin all his House involve!
He still persists, his Reasons to maintain;
Our Pray'rs, our Tears, our loud Laments are vain.

Urg'd by Despair, again I go to try
The fate of Arms, resolv'd in Fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my Death must give?
Can I without so dear a Father live?

You term it Prudence, what I Baseness call:
Cou'd such a Word from such a Parent fall?

If Fortune please, and so the Gods ordain,
That nothing shou'd of ruin'd Troy remain:

And you conspire with Fortune, to be slain;
The way to Death is wide, th' Approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's Blood: The wretch who flew
The Son (inhuman) in the Father's view,
And then the Sire himself, to the dire Altar drew.

O Goddess Mother, give me back to fate;
Your Gift was undesir'd, and came too late.

Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through Foes and Fires to see my House a Prey?

Shall I, my Father, Wife, and Son, behold
Welt'ring in Blood, each others Arms infold?

Haft', gird my Sword, tho' spent, and overcome:
Tis the last Summons to receive our Doom.

I hear thee, Fate, and I obey thy Call:
Not unrevenge'd the Foe shall see my Fall.

Restore me to the yet unfinish'd Fight:
My Death is wanting to conclude the Night.
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring Sword I wield,
While th'other hand sustains my weighty Shield:
And forth I rush to seek th'abandon'd Field. 915
I went; but sad Creusa stop'd my way,
And cross the Threshold in my Passage lay;
Embrac'd my Knees; and when I cou'd have gone
Shew me my feeble Sire, and tender Son.
If Death be your design; at least, said she;
Take us along, to share your Destiny.
If any farther hopes in Arms remain,
This Place, these Pledges of your Love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your Father's Life,
Your Son's, and mine, your now forgotten Wife! 925
While thus she fills the House with clam'rous Cries,
Our Hearing is diverted by our Eyes.
For while I held my Son; in the short space,
Betwixt our Kisses and our last Embrace;
Strange to relate, from young Tulus Head 930
A lambent Flame arose, which gently spread
Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running Water we prepare
To quench'd the sacred Fire, and shake his Hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in Omens; rear'd 935
His Hands to Heav'n; and this Request preferr'd.
If any Vows, Almighty Love, can bend
Thy Will, if Piety can Pray'rs commend,[send.
Confirm the glad Presage which thou art pleas'd to
Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of ratling Thunder rowl in Air:
There shot a streaming Lamp along the Sky,
Which on the winged Lightning seem'd to fly;
From o'er the Roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vanish'd in th' Iden Grove.

It swept a path in Heav'n, and shone a Guide;
Then in a steaming stench of Sulphur dy'd.

The good old Man with suppliant Hands implor'd
The Gods protection, and their Star ador'd.
Now, now, said he, my Son, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
Keep (O my Country Gods) our dwelling Place,
And guard this Relick of the Trojan Race:
This tender Child; these Omens are your own;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd Town.

At least accomplish what your Signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said; the crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising Winds conspire;
And near our Palace rowl the flood of Fire.
Haste, my dear Father, (tis no time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.
What e'er befalls, your Life shall be my care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance we will share.
My Hand shall lead our little Son; and you
My faithful Confort, shall our Steps pursuie.
Next, you my Servants, heed my strict Commands:
Without the Walls a ruin'd Temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a Cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable Head on high;
By long Religion kept: there bend your Feet;
And in divided Parties let us meet.
Our Country Gods, the Relicks, and the Bands,
Hold you, my Father, in your guiltless Hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with Slaughter, new from War:
Till in some living Stream I cleanse the Guilt
Of dire Debate, and Blood in Battel spilt.
Thus, ord'reing all that Prudence cou'd provide,
I cloath my Shoulders with a Lion's Hide;
And yellow Spoils: Then, on my bending Back,
The welcome load of my dear Father take.
While on my better Hand A'iscanius hung,
And with unequal Paces tript along.
Creusa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious Way.
I, who so bold and dauntless just before,
The Grecian Darts and shock of Lances bore,
At ev'ry Shadow now am seiz'd with Fear:
Not for my self, but for the Charge I bear,
Till near the ruin'd Gate arriv'd at laft,
Secure, and deeming all the Danger past;
A frightful noife of trampling Feet we hear;
My Father looking through the Shades, with fear,
Cry'd out, Haste, haste my Son, the Foes are nigh;
Their Swords, and shining Armour I descry.
Some hostile God, for some unknown Offence,
Had sure bereft my Mind of better Sense:
For while thro' winding Ways I took my Flight;
And sought the shelter of the gloomy Night;
Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell
If by her fatal Destiny she fell,
Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My Friends, at Ceres now deserted Seat:
We met: not one was wanting, only she
Deceiv'd her Friends, her Son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my Tongue refuse!
Whom did I not of Gods or Men accuse!
'Tis this the fatal Blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my Loss, and raving with Despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten Care,
Of Counsel, Comfort, and of Hope bereft,
My Sire, my Son, my Country Gods, I left.
In shining Armour once again I sheath
My Limbs, not feeling Wounds, nor fearing Death.
Then headlong to the burning Walls I run,
And seek the Danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former Tracks: through Night explore
Each Passage, ev'ry Street I cross'd before.
All things were full of Horrour and Affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the Night.

Then, to my Father's House I make repair,
With some small Glimps of hope to find her there:
Instead of her the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with Foes, with Flames beset.

Then, to my Father's House I make repair,
With some small Glimps of hope to find her there:
Instead of her the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with Foes, with Flames beset.

Driv'n on the wings of Winds, whole sheets of Fire,
Through Air transported, to the Roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's Palace I resort;
And search the Citadel, and desert Court.

Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's Church;
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the Porch:
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the Prey:
And thither all the Wealth of Troy convey.
The Spoils which they from ransack'd Houses brought;
And golden Bowls from burning Altars caught.
The Tables of the Gods, the Purple Veils;
The People's Treasure, and the Pomp of Priest's.

A rank of wretched Youths, with pinion'd Hands,
And captive Matrons in long Order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd Madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent Streets, Creusa's Name.

Creusa still I call: At length she hears;
And sudden, through the Shades of Night appears.
Appears, no more Creusa, nor my Wife:
But a pale Spectre, larger than the Life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with Fear, I stood; like Bristles rose my Stiffen'd Hair.
Then thus the Ghost began to sooth my Grief:
Nor Tears, nor Cries can give the dead Relief;
Desist, my much lov'd Lord, t'indulge your Pain:
You bear no more than what the Gods ordain. 1055
My Fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great Comptroller of the Sky.
Long wandring Ways for you the Pow'rs decree:
On Land hard Labours, and a length of Sea.
Then, after many painful Years are past, 1060
On Latium's happy Shore you shall be cast:
Where gentle Tiber from his Bed beholds
The flow'ry Meadows, and the feeding Folds.
There end your Toils: And there your Fates provide
A quiet Kingdom, and a Royal Bride: 1065
There Fortune shall the Trojan Line restore;
And you for lost Creusa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch with servile Shame,
Th' imperious Looks of some proud Grecian Dame:
Or, stooping to the Victor's Lust, disgrace
My Goddess Mother, or my Royal Race. 1070
And now, farewell: the Parent of the Gods
Restrains my fleeting Soul in her Abodes:
I trust our common Issue to your Care.
She said: And gliding pass'd unseen in Air. 1075
I strove to speak, but Horror ty'd my Tongue;
And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung;
And thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung.
Light as an empty Dream at break of Day,
Or as a blast of Wind, she rush'd away.
Thus, having pass'd the Night in fruitless Pain,
I, to my longing Friends, return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented Number to behold,
Of Men, and Matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched Exil'd Crew together brought,
With Arms appointed, and with Treasure fraught.
Resolv'd, and willing under my Command,
To run all hazards both of Sea and Land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy Cheeks, and Phosphor led the day;
Before the Gates the Grecians took their Post:
And all pretence of late Relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire;
And loaded, up the Hill convey my Sire.
The Third Book of the

AENEIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Aeneas proceeds in his Relation: He gives an Account of the Fleet with which he sail'd, and the Success of his first Voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his Course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his Habitation? By a mistake of the Oracle's Answer, he settles in Crete; his Household Gods give him the true Sense of the Oracle, in a Dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: He is cast on several Shores, and meets with very surprising Adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his Father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the Tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian Coast.

HEN Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan State,
And Priam's Throne, by too severe a Fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians Prey,
And Ilium's lofty Tow'rs in Ashes lay:
Warn'd by Coelestial Omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign Lands a happier Seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The Timber of the sacred Groves we cut:
And build our Fleet; uncertain yet to find
What place the Gods for our Repose assign'd.

Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly Spring
Began to cloath the Ground, and Birds to sing;
When old Anchises summon'd all to Sea:
The Crew, my Father and the Fates obey.
With Sighs and Tears I leave my native Shore,
And empty Fields, where Ilium stood before.
My Sire, my Son, our less, and greater Gods,
All sail at once; and cleave the briny Floods.

Against our Coast appears a spacious Land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the Name; the People bold in War;
Vast are their Fields, and Tillage is their Care.
A hospitable Realm while Fate was kind;
With Troy in Friendship and Religion join'd.
I land; with luckless Omens, then adore,
Their Gods, and draw a Line along the Shore:
I lay the deep Foundations of a Wall;
And Enos, nam'd from me, the City call.
To Dionean Venus Vows are paid,
And all the Pow'rs that rising Labours aid;
A Bull on Jove's Imperial Altar laid.
Not far, a rising Hillock stood in view;  
Sharp Myrtles, on the sides, and Cornels grew. 
There, while I went to crop the Silvan Scenes, 
And shade our Altar with their leafy Greens; 
I pull'd a Plant; (with horror I relate 
A Prodigy so strange, and full of Fate.) 
The rooted Fibres rose; and from the Wound, 
Black bloody Drops distill'd upon the Ground. 
Mute, and amaz'd, my Hair with Terour stood; 
Fear shrunk my Sinews; and congeal'd my Blood. 
Man'd once again, another Plant I try; 
That other gush'd with the same sanguine Dye. 
Then, fearing Guilt, for some Offence unknown, 
With Pray'rs and Vows the Driads I attone; 
With all the Sistres of the Woods, and most 
The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian Coast: 
That they, or he, these Omens wou'd avert; 
Release our Fears, and better Signs impart. 
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 
To learn the Cause, I tug'd with all my Strength; 
I bent my knees against the Ground; once more 
The violated Myrtle ran with Gore. 
Scarce dare I tell the Sequel: From the Womb 
Of wounded Earth, and Caverns of the Tomb, 
A Groan, as of a troubled Ghost, renew'd 
My Fright, and then these dreadful Words enfu'd. 
Why doft thou thus my bury'd Body rend? 
O spare the Corps of thy unhappy Friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious Hands with Blood:
The Tears distil not from the wounded Wood;
But ev'ry drop this living Tree contains,
Is kindred Blood, and ran in \textit{Trojan Veins}:
O fly from this unhospitable Shore,
Warn'd by my Fate; for I am \textit{Polydore}!
Here loads of Lances, in my Blood embru'd,
Again shoot upward, by my Blood renew'd.
   My falttring Tongue, and fhiv'ring Limbs declare
   My Horror, and in Britfles rose my Hair.
   When \textit{Troy} with Grecian Arms was closely pent,
   Old \textit{Priam}, fearful of the Wars Event,
   This hapless \textit{Polydore} to \textit{Thracia} sent.
   Loaded with Gold, he sent his Darling, far
   From Noife and Tumults, and destructive War:
   Committed to the faithless Tyrant's Care.
   Who, when he saw the Pow'r of \textit{Troy} decline,
   Forfook the weaker, with the strong to join.
   Broke ev'ry Bond of Nature, and of Truth;
   And murder'd, for his Wealth, the Royal Youth.
   O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,
   What bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!
Now, when my Soul had shaken off her Fears,
   I call my Father, and the \textit{Trojan Peers}:
   Relate the Prodigies of Heav'n; require
   What he commands, and their Advice desire.
   All vote to leave that execrable Shore,
Polluted with the Blood of \textit{Polydore}.
But e'er we fail, his Fun'ral Rites prepare; 90
Then, to his Ghost, a Tomb and Altars rear.
In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the round:
With baleful Cypresses, and blue Fillets crown'd;
With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound.
Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour;
And thrice invoke the Soul of Polydore.

Now when the raging Storms no longer reign; 95
But Southern Gales invite us to the Main;
We launch our Vessels, with a prosp'rous Wind;
And leave the Cities and the Shores behind.

An Island in th' Ægean Main appears:
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs. 100
It floated once, 'till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted Earth, and now it braves the Tides.
Here, born by friendly Winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary Limbs restore;
And the Sun's Temple, and his Town adore. 105

Aenus the Priest, and King, with Lawrel crown'd,
His hoary Locks with purple Fillets bound,
Who saw my Sire the Delian Shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his Friend.
Invites him to his Palace; and in sign 110
Of ancient Love, their plighted Hands they join.
Then to the Temple of the God I went;
And thus, before the Shrine, my Vows present.
Give, O Thymbraus, give a resting place,
To the sad Relicks of the Trojan Race:
A Seat secure, a Region of their own,
A lasting Empire, and a happier Town.
Where shall we fix, where shall our Labours end,
Whom shall we follow, and what Fate attend?
Let not my Pray'rs a doubtful Answer find,
But in clear Auguries unveil thy Mind.
Scarce had I said, He shook the Holy Ground:
The Lawrels, and the lofty Hills around:
And from the Tripos rush'd a bellowing Sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present God,
Who gave this Answer from his dark Abode.
Undaunted Youths, go seek that Mother Earth
From which your Ancestors derive their Birth.
The Soil that sent you forth, her Ancient Race,
In her old Bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide World th' Æneian House shall reign,
And Childrens Children shall the Crown sustain.
Thus Phæbus did our future Fates disclose;
A mighty Tumult, mix'd with Joy, arose.
All are concern'd to know what place the God
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My Father, long revolving in his Mind,
The Race and Lineage of the Trojan Kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: Ye Princes, hear
Your pleasing Fortune; and dispel your fear.
The fruitful Isle of Crete well known to Fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's Imperial Name,
In the mid Ocean lies, with large Command;
And on its Plains a hundred Cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan Ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain Fame,
To the Rhætean Shores old Teucer came.
There fix'd, and there the Seat of Empire chose,
E' er Ilium and the Trojan Tow'rs arose.
In humble Vales they built their soft abodes:
Till Cybele, the Mother of the Gods,
With tinkling Cymbals charm'd the Ibean Woods.
She, secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke, the saline Lions brought.
Let us the Land, which Heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the Winds, and seek the Gnoßian Shore.
If Jove affists the Passage of our Fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.
Thus having said, the Sacrifices laid
On smoking Altars, to the Gods He paid.
A Bull, to Neptune an Oblation due,
Another Bull to bright Apollo flew:
A milk white Ewe the Western Winds to please;
And one cole black to calm the stormy Seas.
E' er this, a flying Rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd, that the Coast was free
From Foreign or Domestick Enemy:

We
We leave the Delian Ports, and put to Sea.
By Naxos, fam'd for Vintage, make our way:
Then green Donysa pass; and Sail in sight
Of Paros Isle, with Marble Quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd Isles of Cylecades;
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the Seas.
The thouts of Sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars.
All hands aloft, for Crete for Crete they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.
Full on the promis'd Land at length we bore,
With Joy descending on the Cretan Shore.
With eager haste a rising Town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The Name it self was grateful; I exhort
To found their Houses, and erect a Fort.
Our Ships are haul'd upon the yellow Strand,
The Youth begin to Till the labour'd Land.
And I my self new Marriages promote,
Give Laws: and Dwellings I divide by Lot.
When rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
And blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year:
The Trees, devouring Caterpillers burn:
Parch'd was the Grass, and blited was the Corn.
Nor scape the Beasts: for Syrius from on high,
With pestilential Heat infects the Sky:
My Men, some fall, the rest in Feavers fry.
Again my Father bids me seek the Shore
Of sacred Delos; and the God implore:
To learn what end of Woes we might expect,
And to what Clime, our weary Course direct. 200

Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature, void of Cares,
The common gift of balmy Slumber shares:
The Statues of my Gods, (for such they seem'd)
Those Gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood; Majestically bright,
Full in the Beams of Pmbe's entering light.
Then thus they spoke; and eas'd my troubled Mind:
What from the Delian God thou go'ft to find,
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
Those Pow'rs are we, Companions of thy Fate, 210
Whom from the burning Town by thee were brought;
Thy Fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through Seas and Lands, as we thy Steps attend,
So shall our Care thy Glorious Race befriend.
An ample Realm for thee thy Fates ordain;
A Town, that o'er the conquer'd World shall reign.
Thou, mighty Walls for mighty Nations build;
Nor let thy weary Mind to labours yield:
But change thy Seat; for not the Delian God,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our Abode. 220
A Land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The Soil is fruitful, and the Natives bold.
Th'Oenotrians held it once; by later Fame,
Now call'd Italia from the Leader's Name.
Jafius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy Sire with these glad Tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
Astonish'd at their Voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they Dreams, but Visions of the Night;)
I saw, I knew their Faces, and descry'd
In perfect View, their Hair with Fillets ty'd:
I started from my Couch, a clammy Sweat
On all my Limbs, and shiv'ring Body fate.
To Heav'n I lift my Hands with pious haste.
And sacred Incense in the Flames I cast.
Thus to the Gods their perfect Honours done,
More cheerful to my good old Sire I run:
And tell the pleasing News; in little space
He found his Error, of the double Race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful Seat.
Then said, O Son, turmoil'd in Trojan Fate;
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This Day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy;
And Latian Lands: but who cou'd then have thought,
That Phrygian Gods to Latium should be brought;
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phæbus leads the way:
He said, and we with glad Consent obey.
Forsake the Seat; and leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing Wind.
Now from the sight of Land our Gallies move,
With only Seas around, and Skies above.

When o'er our Heads, descends a burst of Rain;
And Night, with fable Clouds involves the Main:
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise:
The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to sev'ral Ways:
The face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,
And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
Cast from our Course, we wander in the Dark;
No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.

Ev'n Palmarus no distinction found
Betwixt the Night and Day; such Darkness reign'd
Three starless Nights the doubtful Navy strays
Without distinction, and three Sunless days.
The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds
We view a rising Land like distant Clouds:
The Mountain tops confirm the pleasing Sight;
And curling Smoke ascending from their Height.
The Canvas falls; their Oars the Sailors ply;
From the rude strokes the whirling Waters fly,
At length I land upon the Strophades;
Safe from the danger of the stormy Seas.

Those Isles are compass'd by th' Ionian Main;
The dire Abode where the foul Harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged Warriors to repair
To their old Homes, and leave their costly Fare.
Monsters more fierce, offended Heav'n ne'er sent
From Hell's Abyss, for Human Punishment.
With Virgin-faces, but with Wombs obscene,
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean:
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.

We landed at the Port; and soon beheld
Fat Herds of Oxen graze the flowry Field:
And wanton Goats without a Keeper stray'd:
With Weapons we the welcome Prey invade.
Then call the Gods, for Partners of our Feast:
And Jove himself the chief invited Guest.

We spread the Tables, on the green-swarded Ground:
We feed with Hunger, and the Bowls go round,
When from the Mountain tops, with hideous Cry,
And clatt'ring Wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the Meat; defiling all they find:
And parting leave a loathsome Stench behind.

Close by a hollow Rock, again we sit;
New dress the Dinner, and the Beds refit:
Secure from Sight, beneath a pleasing Shade;
Where tufted Trees a Native Arbour made.

Again the Holy Fires on Altars burn:
And once again the rav'nous Birds return:
Or from the dark Recesses where they ly,
Or from another Quarter of the Sky.
With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome Ordures with their Meat.
I bid my Friends for Vengeance then prepare;  
And with the Hellish Nation wage the War.  
They, as commanded, for the Fight provide,  
And in the Grass their glitt'ring Weapons hide:  

Then, when along the crooked Shoar we hear  
Their clatt'ring Wings, and saw the Foes appear;  

Misenus sounds a charge: We take th' Alarm;  
And our strong hands with Swords and Bucklers arm.  

In this new kind of Combat, all employ  
Their utmost Force, the Monsters to destroy.  
In vain; the fated Skin is proof to Wounds:  
And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds.  
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled Prey,  
And their stretch'd Pinions to the Skies display.  

Yet one remain'd, the Messenger of Fate  
High on a craggy Cliff Celano fate,  

And thus her dismal Errand did relate.  
What, not contented with our Oxen flain.  

Dare you with Heav'n an impious War maintain,  
And drive the Harpies from their Native Reign?  
Heed therefore what I say; and keep in Mind  
What Jove decrees, what Phæbus has design'd:  

And I, the Fury's Queen, from both relate:  
You seek th' Italian Shores, foredoom'd by Fate:  

Th' Italian Shores are granted you to find:  
And a safe Passage to the Port assign'd,  
But know, that e'er your promis'd Walls you build,  
My Curses shall severely be fulfill'd.  

Fierce.
Fierce Famine is your Lot, for this Misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the Plates on which you feed.
She said; and to the neighb'ring Forest flew:
Our Courage fails us, and our Fears renew.
Hopeless to win by War, to Pray'rs we fall:
And on th' offended Harpies humbly call.
And whether Gods, or Birds obscene they were,
Our Vows for Pardon, and for Peace prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring Sacrifice,
And lifting up to Heav'n his Hands, and Eyes;
Ador'd the greater Gods: Avert, said he,
These Omens, render vain this Prophecy:
And from th' impending Curse, a Pious People free.
Thus having said, he bids us put to Sea;
We loose from Shore our Haulfers, and obey:
And soon with swelling fails, pursue the wat'ry Way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian Woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested Shore,
And curse the Land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucates cloudy top appears;
And the Sun's Temple, which the Sailor fears.
Refolv'd to breath a while from Labour past,
Our crooked Anchors from the Prow we cast;
And joyful to the little City haste.
Here safe beyond our Hopes, our Vows we pay
To Jove, the Guide and Patron of our way.
The Customs of our Country we pursue;
And Trojan Games on Asian Shores renew.
Our Youth, their naked Limbs besmear with Oyl;
And exercise the Wraftlers noble Toil.
Pleas'd to have fail'd so long before the Wind;
And left so many Grecian Towns behind.
The Sun had now fulfill'd his Annual Course,
And Boreas on the Seas display'd his Force:
I fix'd upon the Temples lofty Door,
The brazen Shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The Verfe beneath, my Name and Action speaks,
These Arms, Æneas took from Conqu'ring Greeks.
Then I command to weigh; the Seamen ply
Their sweeping Oars, the smoking Billows fly.
The fight of high Phæacia soon we loft:
And skim'd along Epirus rocky Coast.
Then to Chaonia's Port our Course we bend,
And landed, to Buthrotus heights ascend.
Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame;
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan Name;
And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive Son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his Bed and Throne.
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan Mate.
I leave my Gallies riding in the Port;
And long to see the new Dardanian Court.
By chance, the mournful Queen, before the Gate,
Then solemniz'd her former Husband's Fate.
Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts she Crown'd; 
And sacred Priests in order stand around; 
And thrice the Name of hapless Hector found. 
The Grove it self resembles Ida's Wood; 
And Simois seem'd the well dissembl'd Flood. 
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 
My shining Armour, and my Trojan Shield; 
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital Heat 
Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat: 
She faints, she falls, and scarce recover'ing strength, 
Thus, with a faint'ring Tongue, she speaks at length. 
Are you alive, O Goddess born! she said, 
Or if a Ghost, then where is Hector's Shade? 
At this, she cast a loud and frightful Cry: 
With broken words, I made this brief Reply. 
All of me that remains, appears in sight, 
I live; if living be to loath the Light. 
No Phantom; but I drag a wretched life; 
My Fate resembling that of Hector's Wife. 
What have you suffer'd since you lost your Lord, 
By what strange blessing are you now restor'd! 
Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled, 
And his Remembrance lost in Pyrrhus Bed? 
With Eyes dejected, in a lowly tone, 
After a modest pause, she thus began. 
Oh only happy Maid of Priam's Race, 
Whom Death deliver'd from the Foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles Tomb to die.
Not forc'd, like us, to hard Captivity:
Or in a haughty Master's Arms to lie.
In Grecian Ships unhappy we were born:
Endur'd the Victor's Luft, sustain'd the Scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a Handmaid than a Bride.
Cloy'd with Possession, He forsook my Bed,
And Helen's lovely Daughter sought to wed.
Then me, to Trojan Helenus resign'd:
And his two Slaves in equal Marriage join'd.
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd Fair,
Before Apollo's Altar flew the Ravisher.
By Pyrrhus death the Kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, He Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his rising Walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our Coast,
What Gods have sent you, or what Storms have tost?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the Ruins of unhappy Troy!
O tell me how his Mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his Face appears?
She spoke: and mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries:
And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes.
At length her Lord descends upon the Plain;
In Pomp, attended with a num'rous Train:
Receives his Friends, and to the City leads;
And Tears of Joy amidst his Welcome sheds.

Proceeding on, another Troy I see;
Or, in less compass, Troy's Epitome.

A Riv’let by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Seean Gate again.
My Friends in Portico’s were entertain’d;
And Feasts and Pleasures through the City reign’d.

The Tables fill’d the spacious Hall around:
And Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine were crown’d.

Two days we pass’d in mirth, till friendly Gales, Blown from the South, supply’d our swelling Sails.

Then to the Royal Seer I thus began:

O thou who know’st beyond the reach of Man,
The Laws of Heav’n, and what the Stars decree,
Whom Phoebus taught unerring Prophecy,
From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:

Skill’d in the wing’d Inhabitants of Air,
What Auspices their notes, and flights declare:
O say; for all Religious Rites portend
A happy Voyage, and a prosp’rous End:

And ev’ry Pow’r and Omen of the Sky,
Direct my Course for destin’d Italy:
But only dire Celæno, from the Gods,
A dismal Famine fatally fore-bodes:
O say what Dangers I am first to shun:
What Toils to Vanquish, and what Course to run.
The Prophet first with Sacrifice adores
The greater Gods; their Pardon then implores:
Unbinds the Fillet from his holy Head;
To Phæbus next, my trembling Steps he led:
Full of religious Doubts and awful dread.
Then with his God possess'd, before the Shrine,
These words proceeded from his Mouth Divine.
O Goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed Will,
With greater Auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy Voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy Fates conspire, and love himself protects:)
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the Main,
And how at length the promis'd Shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry Pow'r forbids to tell.
First then, that happy Shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded Wishes fly:
Long tracts of Seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian Shoars;
And stem the Currents with your struggling Oars:
Then round th' Italian Coast your Navy steer;
And after this to Circe's Island veer.
And last, before your new Foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian Lake, and view the neather Skies.
Now mark the Signs of future Ease and Rest; And bear them safely treasur'd in thy Breast.

When in the shady Shelter of a Wood,
And near the Margin of a gentle Flood,
Thou shalt behold a Sow upon the Ground,
With thirty fucking young encompass'd round;
The Dam and Offspring white as falling Snow:
These on thy City shall their Name bestow:
And there shall end thy Labours and thy Woe.
Nor let the threaten'd Famine fright thy Mind,
For Phæbus will assist; and Fate the way will find.

Let not thy Course to that ill Coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian Continent;
Those parts are all by Grecian Foes possesse'd:
The savage Locrians here the Shores infest:
There fierce Idomeneus his City builds,
And guards with Arms the Salentinian Fields.
And on the Mountains brow Petilia stands,
Which Philectetes with his Troops commands.
Ev'n when thy Fleet is landed on the Shore,
And Priests with holy Vows the Gods adore;
Then with a Purple Veil involve your Eyes,
Left hostile Faces blast the Sacrifice.

These Rites and Customs to the rest commend;
That to your Pious Race they may descend.

When parted hence, the Wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the Streights:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea:
Veer Star-board Sea and Land. Th'Italian Shore,
And fair Sicilia's Coast were one, before
An Earthquake caus'd the Flaw, the roaring Tides
The Passage broke, that Land from Land divides:
And where the Lands retir'd, the rushing Ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the Streights, on either hand,
Now rising Cities in long order stand;
And fruitful Fields: (So much can Time invade
The mouldring Work, that beauteous Nature made.)
Far on the right, her Dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charibdis roaring on the left presides;
And in her greedy Whirl-pool sucks the Tides:
Then Spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
The Waves mount up, and wash the face of Heav'n.
But Scylla from her Den, with open Jaws,
The sinking Vessel in her Eddy draws;
Then dashes on the Rocks: A Human Face,
And Virgin Bosom, hides her Tails disgrace.
Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
With Dogs inclos'd; and in a Dolphin end.
Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to Sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of wat'ry Wolves to hear.

Besides, if Faith to Helenus be due,
And if Prophetick Phoebus tell me true,
Do not this Precept of your Friend forget; Which therefore more than once I must repeat. Above the rest, great Juno's Name adore: Pay Vows to Juno; Juno's Aid implore. Let Gifts be to the mighty Queen design'd; And mollify with Pray'rs her haughty Mind. Thus, at the length, your Passage shall be free, And you shall safe descend on Italy. Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the Flood Of black Avernus, and the founding Wood, The mad prophetick Sibyl you shall find, Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd. She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits, The Notes and Names inscrib'd, to Leaves commits. What she commits to Leaves, in order laid, Before the Caverns Entrance are display'd: Unmov'd they lie, but if a blast of Wind Without, or Vapours issue from behind, The leaves are born aloft in liquid Air, And she resumes no more her Museful Care: Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse; Nor sets in order what the Winds disperse. Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid The Madness of the visionary Maid; And with loud Curses leave the mystick Shade. Think it not loss of time a while to stay; Though thy Companions chide thy long delay:
Tho' summon'd to the Seas, tho' pleasing Gale Invite thy Course, and stretch thy swelling Sails.
But beg the sacred Priests to relate
With swelling Words, and not to write thy Fate.
The fierce Italian People she will show;
And all thy Wars, and all thy Future Woe;
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy Course, instruct thy Mind;
And teach thee how the happy Shores to find.
This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in Peace; pursue thy better Fate;
And raise, by strength of Arms, the Trojan State.
This, when the Priest with friendly Voice declar'd,
He gave me Licence, and rich Gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of Treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy Gold, and polish'd Elephant.
Then Dodonsean Caldrons put on Board,
And ev'ry Ship with Sums of Silver flor'd.
A trusty Coat of Mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Use and Ornament:
The Helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
Then flourish'd with a Plume and waving Crest.
Nor was my Sire forgotten, nor my Friends:
And large Recruits he to my Navy sends;
Men, Horses, Captains, Arms, and Warlike Stores:
Supplies new Pilots, and new sweeping Oars.
Mean time, my Sire commands to hoist our Sails;
Left we should lose the first auspicious Gales.

The
The Prophet bless'd the parting Crew: and last,
With Words like these, his ancient Friend embrac'd.
Old happy Man, the Care of Gods above,
Whom Heav'ly Venus honour'd with her Love,
And twice preserv'd thy Life, when Troy was lost;
Behold from far the wish'd Aesolian Coast:
There land; but take a larger Compass round;
For that before is all forbidden Ground.
The Shore that Phoebus has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new Abodes;
Bless'd in a Son, and favour'd by the Gods:
For I with useles words prolong your stay;
When Southern Gales have summon'd you away.

Nor less the Queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan Lord.
A noble Present to my Son she brought,
A Robe with Flow'rs on Golden Tissue wrought;
A Phrygian Vest; and loads, with Gifts beside
Of precious Texture, and of Asian Pride.
Accept, she said, these Monuments of Love;
Which in my Youth with happier Hands I wove:
Regard these Trifles for the Giver's sake;
Tis the last Present Hector's Wife can make.
Thou call'dst my lost Asyranx to mind:
In thee his Features, and his Form I find.
His Eyes so sparkled with a lively Flame;
Such were his Motions, such was all his Frame;
And ah! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his Years had been
the same.

With Tears I took my last adieu, and said,
Your Fortune, happy Pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther Wish: My diff'rent state,
Avoiding one, incurs another Fate.

To you a quiet Seat the Gods allow,
You have no Shores to search, no Seas to plow,
Nor Fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding Visions, and a vain Embrace!)

You see another Sismonis, and enjoy
The labour of your Hands, another Troy;
With better Auspice than her ancient Tow'rs:
And less obnoxious to the Grecian Pow'rs.

If e'er the Gods, whom I with Vows adore,
Conduct my Steps to Tiber's happy Shore:
If ever I ascend the Latian Throne,
And build a City I may call my own,
As both of us our Birth from Troy derive,
So let our Kindred Lines in Concord live:
And both in Acts of equal Friendship strive.

Our Fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
The double Troy shall differ but in Name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late Posterity descend.
Near the Ceraunean Rocks our Course we bore:
(The shortest passage to th' Italian shore:)
Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night:
We land; and on the bosom of the Ground
A safe Retreat, and a bare Lodging found;
Close by the Shore we lay; the Sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The Night proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon; and view'd with equal Face,
Her sleepy rise, and her declining Race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of Heav'n, and the Nocturnal Skie;
And listen'd ev'ry breath of Air to try:
Oberves the Stars, and notes their sliding Course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd Gold.
Then when he saw no threat'ning Tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled Skie;
He gave the Sign to weigh: we break our sleep;
Forsake the pleasing Shore, and plow the Deep.
And now the rising Morn, with rosie light
Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight:
When we from far, like bluifh Mists, descry
The Hills, and then the Plains of Italy.
Achates first pronounc'd the Joyful Sound;
Then Italy the cheerful Crew rebound.
My Sire Anchises crown'd a Cup with Wine:
And off'ring, thus implor'd the Pow'rs Divine.
Ye Gods, presiding over Lands and Seas,
And you who raging Winds and Waves appease,
Breath on our swelling Sails a prosp'rous Wind,
And smooth our Passage to the Port assign'd.
The gentle Gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy Harbour is in view.
Minerva's Temple then salutes our sight;
Plac'd, as a Land-mark, on the Mountains height:
We furl our Sails, and turn the Prows to shore;
The curling Waters round the Galleys roar:
The Land lies open to the raging East,
Then, bending like a Bow, with Rocks compres'd,
Shuts out the Storms; the Winds and Waves complain,
And vent their malice on the Cliffs in vain.
The Port lies hid within; on either side
Two Tow'ring Rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The Temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the Shore.
Scarce landed, the first Omens I beheld
Were four white Steeds that crop'd the flow'ry Field.
War, War is threaten'd from this Foreign Ground,
(My Father cry'd) where warlike Steeds are found.
Yet, since reclaim'd to Chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn Yokes, and champ the Bitt,
Peace may succeed to War. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred Hill ascend.
There, prostrate to the fierce Virago pray;
Whose Temple was the Land-Mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian Mantle veil'd his Head;
And all Commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious Rites to Grecian Juno paid.

These dues perform'd, we stretch our Sails, and stand
To Sea, forsaking that suspected Land.
From hence Tarentum's Bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if Fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian Tow'rs, and Scylacian Strands
For Shipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we spy,
Known by the smoaky Flames which Cloud the Skie.
Far off we hear the Waves, with furly sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the sounding Strand;
And rowl the rising Tide, impure with Sand.
Then thus Anchises, in Experience old,
Tis that Charibdis which the Seer foretold:
And those the promis'd Rocks; bear off to Sea:
With haste the frightened Mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the Larboard veer'd;
Then all the Fleet by his Example steer'd.
To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride;
Then down to Hell descend, when they divide.
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with dews around.
The flagging Winds forsook us, with the Sun;
And weary'd, on Cyclopean Shores we run.
The Port capacious, and secure from Wind,
Is to the foot of thundring Ætna joynd.
By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high;
By turns hot Embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting Flames, that lick the Skie.
Oft from her Bowels masly Rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted Limbs came trembling from above:
And, where he fell, th'Avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides.
In thady Woods we pass the tedious Night,
Where bellowing Sounds and Groans our Souls affrapt;
Of which no cause is offer'd to the fight.
For not one Star was kindled in the Skie;
Nor cou'd the Moon her borrow'd Light supply:
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament;
The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising Sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the Woods there bolts, before our fight,
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright.
So thin, so ghaftly meager, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t'implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the Shore.

We look behind; then view his shaggy Beard;
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs besmear'd:
The rest, in Meen, in Habit, and in Face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for Foes he knew:
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
To stretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his Knees he falls,
And thus with Tears and Sighs for pity calls.
Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we share
From Nature's common Gift, this vital Air,
O Trojans take me hence: I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy Shore.
Tis true I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your Foes besieg'd th' Imperial Town;
For such Demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only Favour let my Tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid Main:
Since nothing more than Death my Crime demands,
I die content, to die by human Hands.
He said, and on his Knees my Knees embrac'd:
I bad him boldly tell his Fortune past;
His present State, his Lineage and his Name;
Th' occasion of his Fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his Hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our Demand:
From Ithaca my Native Soil I came
To Troy, and Achemenides my Name.
Me, my poor Father with Ulysses sent;
(O had I stay'd, with Poverty content!)
But fearful for themselves, my Country-men
Left me forsaken in the Cyclop's Den.
The Cave, though large, was dark, the dismal Flore
Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
Our monstrous Host, of more than Human Size,
Erects his Head, and stares within the Skies.
Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.
Ye Gods, remove this Plague from Mortal View!
The Joints of slaughter'd Wretches are his Food:
And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.
These Eyes beheld, when with his spacious Hand
He seiz'd two Captives of our Grecian Band;
Stretch'd on his Back, he dash'd against the Stones
Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones:
With spouting Blood the Purple Pavement swims,
While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their Fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy State.
For, gorg'd with Flesh, and drunk with Human Wine,
While fast asleep the Giant lay supine;
Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
His indigested Foam, and Morsels raw:
We pray, we cast the Lots, and then surround
The monstrous Body, stretch'd along the Ground:
Each, as he cou'd approach him, lends a hand
To bore his Eyeball with a flaming Brand:
Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye,
(For only one did the vast Frame supply;)  
But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd,
Like the Sun's disk, or like a Grecian Shield.
The Stroke succeeds; and down the Pupil bends;
This Vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd Friends.
But haste, unhappy Wretches, haste to fly;
Your Cables cut, and on your Oars rely.
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated Island bears:
Like him in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
Like him, their Herds on tops of Mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty Strides, they stalk from Steep
To Steep.
And now three Moons their sharpen'd Horns renew,
Since thus in Woods and Wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome Days with mortal Fright;
And in deserted Caverns lodge by Night.
Oft from the Rocks a dreadful Prospect see,
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking Tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring Voice resound;
And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.
Cornels and salvage Berries of the Wood,
And Roots and Herbs have been my meagre Food.

While all around my longing Eyes I cast,
I saw your happy Ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
Tis all I ask this cruel Race to shun:

What other Death you please your selves, bestow.
Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's brow,
We saw the Giant-Shepherd stalk before
His following Flock, and leading to the Shore.
A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight,
His Staff a trunk of Pine, to guide his steps aright.
His pondrous Whistle from his Neck descends;
His whollyly Care their pensive Lord attends:

This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,
From his bor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves:
He gnash'd his Teeth and groan'd; thro' Seas he strides,
And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden Fear, we run to Sea,
The Cables cut, and silent haste away:
The well deserving Stanger entertain;
Then, buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
The Giant hearken'd to the dashing found:
But when our Vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward; and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian Deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful Cry
Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas; the Billows fly
Before the bellowing Noise, to distant Italy.
The neigh'ring Ætna trembling all around;
The winding Caverns eccho to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling Roar;
And, rushing down the Mountains, crowd the Shoar:
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-ey'd Glance, that vainly threatned War.
A dreadful Council, with their heads on high;
The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of Love;
Or tallest Cypress of Diana's Grove.
New Pangs of mortal Fear our Minds affail,
We tug at ev'ry Oar, and hoist up ev'ry Sail;
And take th' Advantage of the friendly Gale.
Forewarn'd by Helemus, we strive to shun
Charibdis Gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal Fate on either side appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from Fears.
For from Pelorus Point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His Rocky Mouth we pass; and make our Way
By Thapsus, and Megara's winding Bay;
This Passage Achmenides had shown,
Tracing the Course which he before had run,
Right o'er-against Plemmyrium's watry Strand
There lies an Isle, once call'd th' Ortygian Land:
Alpheus, as Old Fame reports, has found

From Greece a secret Passage under-ground:
By Love to beauteous Arethusa led,
And mingling here, they rowl in the same Sacred Bed.
As Helemus enjoin'd, we next adore

Diana's Name, Protectress of the Shore.

With prosp'rous Gales we pass the quiet Sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful Bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachymus, we survey
The rocky Shore extended to the Sea.
The Town of Camarine from far we see;
And fenny Lake undrain'd by Fates decree.
In sight of the Geloan Fields we pass,
And the large Walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lofty Summits crown'd;
Long for the Race of warlike Steeds renown'd:

We pass'd Selinus, and the Palmy Land,
And widely shun the Lilybean Strand,
Unsafe, for secret Rocks, and moving Sand.
At length on Shore the weary Fleet arriv'd;
Which Drepanum's unhappy Port receiv'd.

Here, after endless Labours, often tost
By raging Storms, and driv'n on ev'ry Coaft,
My dear, dear Father, spent with Age I lost.
Eafe of my Cares, and Solace of my Pain,

Sav'd through a thousand Toils, but sav'd in vain.
The Prophet, who my future Woes reveal’d,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal’d:
And dire Celano, whose foreboding Skill
Denounce’d all else, was silent of this Ill:
This my last Labour was. Some friendly God,
From thence convey’d us to your blest Abode.
Thus to the listning Queen, the Royal Guest
His wand’ring Course, and all his Toils express’d;
And here concluding, he retir’d to Rest.
The Fourth Book of the

ÆNEIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her Sister her Passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of Marrying him. She prepares a Hunting-Match for his Entertainment. Juno by Venus's consent raises a Storm, which separates the Hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same Cave, where their Marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage; Æneas secretly prepares for his Voyage: Dido finds out his Design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own, and her Sister's Entreaties, and discovers all the variety of Passions that are incident to a neglected Lover: When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own Death, with which this Book concludes.

BUT anxious Cares already seiz'd the Queen:
She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen:
The Heroe's Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire
Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.
His Words, his Looks imprinted in her Heart, 5
Improve the Passion, and increase the Smart.
Now, when the Purple Morn had chas'd away
The dewy Shadows, and restor'd the Day;
Her Sister first, with early Care she sought,
And thus in mournful Accents eas'd her Thought. 10
My dearest Anna, what new Dreams affright
My lab'ring Soul; what Visions of the Night
Disturb my Quiet, and distract my Breast,
With strange Ideas of our Trojan Guest?
His Worth, his Actions, and Majestick Air, 15
A Man descended from the Gods declare:
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His Birth is well asserted by his Mind.
Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave Attempts for falling Troy he made! 20
Such were his Looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That were I not resolv'd against the Yoke
Of hapless Marriage; never to be curs'd
With second Love, so fatal was my first;
To this one Error I might yield again: 25
For since Siecbeus was untimely slain,
This only Man, is able to subvert
The fix'd Foundations of my stubborn Heart.
And to confess my Frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30
Too like the Sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning Earth a Passage rend;
And let me through the dark Abys descend;
First let avenging Jove, with Flames from high,
Drive down this Body, to the neather Sky,
Condemn'd with Ghosts in endless Night to lye;
Before I break the plighted Faith I gave;
No; he who had my Vows, shall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the Grave.

She said; the Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,
And stop'd her Speech; her Sister thus replies.
O dearer than the vital Air I breath,
Will you to Grief your blooming Years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waste in Woes your lonely Life,
Without the Joys of Mother, or of Wife.

Think you these Tears, this pompous Train of Woe,
Are known, or valu'd by the Ghosts below?
I grant, that while your Sorrows yet were green,
It well became a Woman, and a Queen,
The Vows of Tyrian Princes to neglect,
To scorn Hyarbas, and his Love reject;
With all the Lybian Lords of mighty Name,
But will you fight against a pleasing Flame!
This little Spot of Land, which Heav'n beflows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike Foes:
Getulian Cities here are spread around;
And fierce Numidians there your Frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren Waste of thirsty Land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving Sand:

Barcæan
Barcean Troops besiege the narrow Shore;
And from the Sea Pigmalion threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring Navy to your needful Aid:
How will your Empire spread, your City rise
From such an Union, and with such Allies!
Implore the Favour of the Pow'rs above;
And leave the Conduct of the rest to Love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay;
Till Storms, and Winter Winds, shall cease to threat;
And Planks and Oars, repair their shatter'd Fleet.

These Words, which from a Friend, and Sister came,
With ease resolv'd the Scruples of her Fame;
And added Fury to the kindled Flame.

Infpir'd with Hope, the Project they pursue;
On ev'ry Altar Sacrifice renew;
A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day:
Preferring Juno's Pow'r: For Juno ties
The Nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys.

The beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
And holds the Golden Goblet in her Hands:
A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;
And while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
She feeds their Altars with Sabean Smoke.
With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting Entrails views.
What Priestly Rites, alas! what Pious Art,
What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart!
A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins;
Where the soft God secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From Street to Street, the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;
Distracted with her pain she flies the Woods,
 Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods;
With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
Sticks in her side; and rankles in her Heart.

And now she leads the Trojan Chief, along
The lofty Walls, amidst the busy Throng;
Displays her Tyrian Wealth, and rising Town,
Which Love, without his Labour, makes his own.
This Pomp she shows to tempt her wandering Guest;
Her falter'ring Tongue forbids to speak the rest.

When Day declines, and Feasts renew the Night,
Still on his Face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the Prince relate
His own Adventures, and the Trojan Fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it, once again.
The Hearer on the Speaker's Mouth depends;
And thus the Tragick Story never ends.
Then, when they part, when Phæbe's paler Light
Withdraws, and falling Stars to Sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry Guest is gone,
Sits on the Bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent Heroe sees and hears;
Or in her Bosom young Ascænus bears:
And seeks the Father's Image in the Child,
If Love by Likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising Tow'rs are at a stand:
No Labours exercise the youthful Band:
Nor use of Arts, nor Toils of Arms they know;
The Mole is left unfinish'd to the Foe.
The Mounds, the Works, the Walls, neglected lye,
Short of their promis'd heighth that seem'd to threat the

But when Imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the Chains of Love;
Hot with the Venom, which her Veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of Shame to be reclaim'd:
With soothing Words to Venus she begun.
High Praises, endless Honours you have won,
And mighty Trophies with your worthy Son:
Two Gods a sily Woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising City, which my Hands erect:
But shall Coelestial Discord never cease?
Tis better ended in a lasting Peace.
You stand possess'd of all your Soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming Love is stir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common Kingdom, one united Line.
Eliza shall a Dardan Lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a Dow'r convey.
Then Venus, who her hidden Fraud descry'd,
(Which wou'd the Scepter of the World misguide
To Lybian Shores,) thus artfully reply'd:
Who but a Fool, wou'd Wars with Juno chuse,
And such Alliance, and such Gifts refuse?
If Fortune with our joint Desires comply:
The Doubt is all from Jove, and Destiny.
Left he forbid, with absolute Command,
To mix the People in one common Land.
Or will the Trojan, and the Tyrian Line,
In lasting Leagues, and sure Succession join?
But you, the Partner of his Bed and Throne,
May move his Mind; my Wishes are your own.
Mine, said Imperial Juno, be the Care;
Time urges, now, to perfect this Affair:
Attend my Counsel, and the Secret share.
When next the Sun his rising Light displays,
And guilds the World below, with Purple Rays;
The Queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian Court,
Shall to the shady Woods, for Silvan Game, resort.
There, while the Huntsmen pitch their Toils around,
And cheerful Horns, from Side to Side, resound.
A Pitchy Cloud shall cover all the Plain
With Hail, and Thunder, and tempestuous Rain:
The fearful Train shall take their speedy Flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy Night:
One Cave a grateful Shelter shall afford
To the fair Princess and the Trojan Lord.
I will my self, the bridal Bed prepare,
If you, to bless the Nuptials, will be there:
So shall their Loves be crown'd with due Delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the Rites.
The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain Project, and discover'd Wiles.

The rosy Morn was risen from the Main,
And Horns and Hounds awake the Princely Train:
They issue early through the City Gate,
Where the more wakeful Huntsmen ready wait,
With Nets, and Toils, and Darts, beside the force
Of Spartan Dogs, and swift Massylian Horse.
The Tyrian Peers, and Officers of State,
For the flow Queen, in Anti-Chambers wait:
Her lofty Courser, in the Court below,
(Who his Majestick Rider seems to know,)
Proud of his Purple Trappings, paws the Ground;
And champs the Golden Bitt; and spreads the Foam
The Queen at length appears: On either Hand around.
The brawny Guards in Martial order stand.
A flower'd Cymarr, with Golden Fringe she wore;
And at her Back a Golden Quiver bore:
Her flowing Hair, a Golden Caul restrains;
A golden Clasp, the Tyrian Robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly Grace,
Leads on the Trojan Youth to view the Chace.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the Troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian Coast;
When to his Native Delos he retours,
Ordains the Dances, and renewes the Sports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretin Bands,
Before the joyful Altars join their Hands.
Himself, on Cyntbus walking, sees below
The merry Madness of the sacred Show.
Green Wreaths of Bays his length of Hair inclose,
A Golden Fillet binds his awful brows:
His Quiver sounds: Not less the Prince is seen
In manly Presence, or in lofty Meen.

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat
Of salvagé Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat;
The Cry pursues the Mountain-Goats; they bound
From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:
Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train,
In Herds unsingl'd, scour the dusty Plain;
And a long Chace, in open view, maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his Courser guides,
Spurs through the Vale; and these and those outrides.
His Horses' flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the Steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble Prey,
Wishing some Nobler Beast to cross his way.
And rather would the tusky Boar attend,
Or see the tawny Lyon downward bend.

Mean time, the gathering Clouds obscure the Skies;
From Pole to Pole the fork'y Lightning flies;
The ratling Thunders rowl; and Juno pours
A wintry Deluge down, and founding Show'rs.
The Company dispers'd, to Coverts ride,
And seek the homely Cotts, or Mountains hollow side.
The rapid Rains, descending from the Hills,
To rowling Torrents raise the creeping Rills.
The Queen and Prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common Cavern in her Bosom hides.

Then first the trembling Earth the signal gave;
And flashing Fires enlighten all the Cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling Nymphs, were conscious to their Love.
From this ill Omen'd Hour, in Time arose
Debate and Death, and all succeeding Woes.

The Queen, whom Sense of Honour cou'd not move,
No longer made a Secret of her Love;
But call'd it Marriage, by that specious Name,
To veil the Crime, and sanctifie the Shame.

The loud Report through Lybian Cities goes;
Fame, the great Ill, from small beginnings grows.
Swift from the first; and ev’ry Moment brings
New Vigour to her flights, new Pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the Pygmee to Gygantic size;
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies:
Inrag’d against the Gods, revengeful Earth
Produc’d her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haft:
A monstrous Fantom, horrible and vast;
As many Plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing Eyes inlarge her sight:
Millions of opening Mouths to Fame belong;
And ev’ry Mouth is furnish’d with a Tongue:
And round with lightning Ears the flying Plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries;
No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes.
By Day from lofty Tow’rs her Head she shews;
And spreads through trembling Crowds disaftrous News.
With Court Informers haunts, and Royal Spyes,
Things done relates, not done she feigns; and mingles
Truth with Lyes.
Talk is her business; and her chief delight
To tell of Prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the Peoples Ears with Dido’s Name;
Who, lost to Honour, and the sense of Shame,
Admits into her Throne and Nuptial Bed
A wandring Guest, who from his Country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights;
And wastes in Luxury long Winter Nights.
Forgetful of her Fame, and Royal Trust;
Dissolv’d in Ease, abandon’d to her Lust.

The Goddes wisely spreads the loud Report;
Aud flies at length to King Hyarba’s Court.
When first possess’d with this unwelcome News,
Whom did he not of Men and Gods accuse!

This Prince, from ravish’d Garamantis born,
A hundred Temples did with Spoils adorn,
In Ammon’s Honour, his Celestial Sire;
A hundred Altars fed, with wakeful Fire;
And thro’ his vast Dominions, Priests ordain’d,
Whose watchful Care these holy Rites maintain’d.

The Gates and Columns were with Garlands crown’d,
And Blood of Victim Beasts enrich the Ground.

He, when he heard a Fugitive cou’d move
The Tyrian Princess, who disdain’d his Love,
His Breast with Fury burn’d, his Eyes with Fire;
Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire.

Then on the Sacred Altars pouring Wine,
He thus with Pray’rs implor’d his Sire divine.

Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish Race,
Who feast on painted Beds, with Off’rings grace
Thy Temples, and adore thy Pow’r Divine
With Blood of Victims, and with sparkling Wine:
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted Thunder, and thy thoughtless Reign?

Do thy broad Hands the forkly Lightnings lance,

Thine are the Bolts, or the blind work of Chance?
A wandring Woman builds, within our State,
A little Town, bought at an ease Rate;
She pays me Homage, and my Grants allow,
A narrow space of Lybian Lands to plough.
Yet scorning me, by Passion blindly led,
Admits a banish’d Trojan to her Bed:
And now this other Paris, with his Train
Of conquer’d Cowards, must in Affrick reign!
(Whom, what they are, their Looks and Garb confes;
Their Locks with Oil perfum’d, their Lydian dress:)
He takes the Spoil, enjoys the Princely Dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty Name.

His Vows, in haughty Terms, he thus preferr’d,
And held his Altar’s Horns; the mighty Thund’rer heard,
Then cast his Eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful Pair, in lawless pleasure drown’d.
Lost in their Loves, insensible of Shame;
And both forgetful of their better Fame.

He calls Cyllenius; and the God attends;
By whom his menacing Command he sends.
Go, mount the Western Winds, and cleave the Skie;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan Chief, who waftes his Days
In sloathful Riot, and inglorious Ease.
Nor minds the future City, giv’n by Fate;
To him this Message from my Mouth relate.
Not so, fair Venus hop’d, when twice she won
Thy Life with Pray’rs; nor promis’d such a Son.
Hers was a Heroe, destin'd to command
A Martial Race; and rule the Latian Land.
Who shou'd his ancient Line from Teucer draw;
And, on the conquer'd World, impose the Law.
If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,
Nor future Praife, from fading Pleasure wean,
Yet why shou'd he defraud his Son of Fame;
And grudge the Romans their Immortal Name!
What are his vain Designs! what hopes he more,
From his long ling'ring on a hostile Shore?
Regardless to redeem his Honour lost,
And for his Race to gain th' Ausonian Coast!
Bid him with speed the Tyrian Court forfake;
With this Command the slumb'ring Warrior wake.

Hermes obeys; with Golden Pinions binds
His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds:
And whether o'er the Seas or Earth he flies,
With rapid Force, they bear him down the Skies.
But first he grasps within his awful Hand,
The mark of Sov'raign Pow'r, his Magick Wand:
With this, he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian Waves;
With this he seals in Sleep, the wakeful sight;
And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light.
Thus arm'd, the God begins his Airy Race;
And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies;
Whose brawny Back supports the Starry Skies:
Atlas, whose Head with Piny Forests crown'd, 364
Is beaten by the Winds; with foggy Vapours bound. Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin The Founts of Rolling Streams their Race begin: A beard of Ice on his large Breast depends:
Here pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends: Then, rest'd thus, he from the tow'ring height 370 Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight: Light on the Seas, and skims along the Flood: As Water-fowl, who seek their filthy Food, Less, and yet less, to distant Prospect show, By turns they dance aloft, and dive below: 375 Like these, the steerage of his Wings he plies; And near the surface of the Water flies. Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands, He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on Lybian Lands: 379 Where Shepherds once were hous'd in homely theds, Now Tow'rs within the Clouds, advance their Heads. Arriving there, he found the Trojan Prince, New Ramparts raising for the Town's defence: A Purple Scarf, with Gold Imbroider'd o'er, (Queen Dido's Gift) about his Waist he wore; 385 A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd, For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his side. Then thus, with winged Words, the God began; (Refuming his own Shape) Degenerate Man, Thou Woman's Property, what mak'st thou here, 390 These foreign Walls, and Tyrian Tow'rs to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All pow’rful Jove,
Who sways the World below, and Heav’n above,
Has sent me down, with this severe Command:
What means thy ling’ring in the Lybian Land?
If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,
Nor future Praise, from flitting Pleasure wean,
Regard the Fortunes of thy rising Heir;
The promis’d Crown let young Aescanus wear.
To whom th’ Ausonian Scepter, and the State
Of Rome’s Imperial Name, is ow’d by Fate.
So spoke the God; and speaking took his flight,
Involv’d in Clouds; and vanish’d out of sight.

The Pious Prince was seiz’d with sudden Fear;
Mute was his Tongue, and upright stood his Hair:
Revolving in his Mind the stern Command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming Land.
What shou’d he say, or how shou’d he begin,
What Course, alas! remains, to steer between
‘Th’ offended Lover, and the Pow’rful Queen!’
This way, and that, he turns his anxious Mind,
And all Expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix’d on the Deed, but doubtful of the Means;
After long thought to this Advice he leans.
Three Chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The Fleet, and ship their Men with silent Care:
Some plausible Pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design’d.
V I R G I L’s

Himself, mean time, the softest Hours wou’d chuse, Before the Love-sick Lady heard the News. And move her tender Mind, by slow degrees, To suffer what the Sov’reign Pow’r decrees: Love will inspire him, when, and what to say: They hear with Pleasure, and with haste obey. But soon the Queen perceives the thin Disguise; (What Arts can blind a jealous Woman’s Eyes!) She was the first to find the secret Fraud, Before the fatal News was blaz’d abroad. Love, the first Motions of the Lover hears, Quick to presage, and ev’n in Safety fears. Nor impious Fame was wanting to report The Ships repair’d; the Trojans thick Resort, And Purpose to forsake the Tyrian Court. Frantick with Fear, impatient of the Wound, And impotent of Mind, she roves the City round. Less wild the Bacchanalian Dames appear, When, from afar, their nightly God they hear, And houl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear. At length she finds the dear perfidious Man; Prevents his form’d Excuse, and thus began. Base and ungrateful, cou’d you hope to fly, And undiscover’d scape a Lover’s Eye! Nor cou’d my Kindness your Compassion move, Nor plighted Vows, nor dearer bands of Love! Or is the Death of a despairing Queen Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the Wint'ry Winds command your stay,
You dare the Tempefts, and despe the Sea.
False, as you are, suppose you were not bound
To Lands unknown, and foreign Coasts to found;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy Reign,
Now durft you tempt for Troy, the raging Main?
See, whom you fly; am I the Foe you shun?
Now by those holy Vows, so late begun,
By this right Hand, (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the Faith you gave before;)  
I beg you by these Tears too truly shed,
By the new Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your Eyes, or touch'd your Mind;
By these my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have Place,
Pity the Fortunes of a falling Race.
For you I have provok'd a Tyrant's Hate,
Incens'd the Lybian, and the Tyrian State;
For you alone I suffer in my Fame;
Bereft of Honour, and expos'd to Shame:
Whom have I now to trust, (ungrateful Guest,)  
That only Name remains of all the rest!
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Must I attend Pigmaliou's Cruelty!
Or till Hyarba shall in Triumph lead
A Queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd Bed!
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hafty Flight,
And left behind some Pledge of our delight,
Some Babe to bless the Mother's mournful sight;
Some young Aeneas, to supply your place;
Whose Features might express his Father's Face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my Husband, or be wholly left.

Here paus'd the Queen; unmov'd he holds his Eyes,
By Love's Command; nor suffer'd Love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his Heart; and thus at length, replies.
Fair Queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless Favours, or I own my Debt;
Nor can my Mind forget Eliza's Name,
While vital Breath inspires this Mortal Frame.
This, only let me speak in my Defence,
I never hop'd a secret Flight from hence:
Much less pretended to the Lawful Claim
Of Sacred Nuptials, or a Husband's Name.
For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my Life to Fate's Decree,
My Choice would lead me to the Trojan Shore,
Those Reliques to review, their Dust adore;
And Priam's ruin'd Palace to restore.
But now the Delphian Oracle Commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian Lands.
That is the promis'd Place to which I steer,
And all my Vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a Stranger born,
With Walls and Tow'rs a Lybian Town adorn;
Why may not we, like you, a Foreign Race,
Like you seek shelter in a Foreign Place?
As often as the Night obscures the Skies
With humid Shades, or twinkling Stars arise,
Anchises angry Ghost in Dreams appears;
Chides my delay, and fills my Soul with fears:
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Of his defrauded Fate, and des霆’d Reign.
Ev’n now the Herald of the Gods appear’d,
Waking I saw him, and his Message heard.
From Jove he came commission’d, Heav’nly bright
With Radiant Beams, and manifest to Sight.
The Sender and the Sent, I both attest,
These Walls he enter’d, and those Words express’d.
Fair Queen, oppose not what the Gods command;
Forç’d by my Fate, I leave your happy Land.

Thus, while he spoke, already She began,
With sparkling Eyes, to view the guilty Man:
From Head to Foot survey’d his Person o’er,
Nor longer these outrageous Threats forbore.
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,
But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;
And rough Hyrcanian Tygers gave thee suck.

Why shou’d I fawn, what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a lift’ning Ear;
Sigh’d when I sob’d, or shed one kindly Tear?
All Symptoms of a base Ungrateful Mind,
So foul, that which is worse, tis hard to find.
Of Man’s Injustice, why shou’d I complain?
The Gods, and Jove himself behold in vain
Triumphant Treason, yet no Thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my Wrongs with equal Eyes;
Faithless is Earth, and faithless are the Skies!
Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more;
I sav’d the Shipwrack’d Exile on my Shore:
With needful Food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the Traitor to my Throne and Bed:
Fool that I was—— tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor’d and Rigg’d his ruin’d Fleet.
I rave, I rave: A God’s Command he pleads,
And makes Heav’n accessory to his Deeds.
Now Lycian Lotts, and now the Delian God;
Now Hermes is employ’d from Jove’s abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful State
Of Heav’nly Pow’rs were touch’d with Human Fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis’d Kingdom through the Main:
Yet if the Heav’ns will hear my Pious Vow,
The faithless Waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret Sands, shall Sepulchers afford
To thy proud Vessels, and their perjur’d Lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur’d Dido’s Name;
Dido shall come, in a black Sulph’ry flame;
When Death has once dissolv’d her Mortal frame.
Shall smile to see the Traitor vainly weep,
Her angry Ghost arising from the Deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy Sleep.
At least my Shade thy Punishment shall know; 560
And Fame shall spread the pleasing News below.

Abruptly here she stops: Then turns away
Her loathing Eyes, and shuns the sight of Day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his Mind
What Speech to frame, and what Excuse to find. 565
Her fearful Maids their fainting Mistres's led;
And softly laid her on her Iv'ry Bed.

But good Æneas, tho' he much desir'd
To give that Pity, which her Grief requir'd, 569
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his Love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the Will of Jove:
Reviews his Forces; they with early Care
Unmoor their Vessels, and for Sea prepare.
The Fleet is soon afloat, in all its Pride:
And well calk'd Gallies in the Harbour ride. 574
Then Oaks for Oars they fell'd; or as they stood,
Of its green Arms despoil'd the growing Wood.
Studious of Flight: The Beach is cover'd o're
With Trojan Bands that blacken all the Shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, 580
Thick swarms of Souldiers loaden from the Town.
Thus, in Battalia, march embody'd Ants,
Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,
T' invade the Corn, and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey; 585
The fable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain;
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train;
All ply their sev'ral Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.
What Pangs the tender Breast of Dido tore,
When, from the Tow'r, she saw the cover'd Shore,
And heard the Shouts of Sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the Murmurs of the war'ry War?
All pow'rful Love, what Changes canst thou cause
In Human Hearts, subjected to thy Laws!
Once more her haughty Soul the Tyrant bends;
To Pray'rs and mean Submissions she descends.
No female Arts or Aids she left untry'd,
Nor Counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to Sea,
They spread their Canvas, and their Anchors weigh.
The shouting Crew, their Ships with Garlands bind;
Invoke the Sea-Gods, and invite the Wind.
Cou'd I have thought this threaten, Blow so near,
My tender Soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last Request deny,
With yon persidious Man your Int'rest try,
And bring me News, if I must live or die.
You are his Fav'rite, you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost Mind:
In all his trusted Secrets you have part,
And know the soft Approaches to his Heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty Foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go.
Nor did my Fleet against his Friends employ,
Nor swore the Ruin of unhappy Troy.
Nor mov'd with Hands prophane his Father's Dust;
Why should he then reject a suit so just!
Whom does shun, and wish her would he fly;
Can he this last, this only Pray'r deny!
Let him at least his dang'rous Flight delay,
Wait better Winds, and hope a calmer Sea.
The Nuptials he disclaims I urge no more;
Let him pursue the promis'd Latio'n Shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now,
A pause of Grief; an interval from Woe:
Till my soft Soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd Sorrows, and inure'd to Pain.
If you in Pity grant this one Request,
My Death shall glut the Hatred of his Breast.
This mournful message, Pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her Sifter's Tears.
But all her Arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd Heart nor Pray'rs nor Threatnings move;
Fate, and the God, had stop'd his Ears to Love.
As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try;
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the Sky;
This way and that, the Mountain Oak they bend,
His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend;
With Leaves, and falling Mast, they spread the Ground,
The hollow Vallyes echo to the Sound:
Unmov'd, the Royal Plant their Fury mocks;
Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks:
Far as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,
So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.
No less a Storm the Trojan Heroe bears;
Thick Messages and loud Complaints he hears;
And bandy'd Words, still beating on his Ears.
Sighs, Groans and Tears, proclaim his inward Pains,
But the firm purpose of his Heart remains.

The wretched Queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of Heav'n to hate:
And loaths to live: Then dire Portents she sees,
To haften on the Death her Soul decrees.
Strange to relate: For when before the Shrine
She pours, in Sacrifice, the Purple Wine,
The Purple Wine is turn'd to putrid Blood:
And the white offer'd Milk, converts to Mud.
This dire Prefage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her Sister, she conceal'd.
A Marble Temple stood within the Grove.
Sacred to Death, and to her Murther'd Love;
That honour'd Chappel she had hung around
With snowy Fleeces, and with Garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely Dome,
Strange Voices issu'd from her Husband's Tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his Grave; and chide her Stay.
Hourly tis heard, when with a bodeing Note
The solitary Screech-Owl strain's her Throat:
And on a Chimney's top, or Turret's height,
With Songs obscene, disturbs the Silence of the Night.
Befides, old Prophecies augment her Fears;
And stern Æneas in her Dreams appears,
Disdainful as by Day: She seems alone,
To wander in her Sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guidless and dark: or, in a Desart Plain,
To seek her Subjects, and to seek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when distracted with his Fear,
He saw two Suns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Õrestes, when his Mother's Ghoul
Full in his Face, infernal Torches tost;
And shook her shaky locks: He shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the Stage, surpriz'd with mortal fright;
\[ \text{The Furies guard the Door; and intercept his flight.} \]
Now, sinking underneath a load of Grief,
From Death alone, she seeks her last Relief:
The Time and Means, resolv'd within her Breast,
She to her mournful Sister, thus address'd.
(Diffembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears.)
Rejoice, she said, instroduced from above,
My Lover I shall gain, or lose my Love.
Nigh rising Altas, next the falling Sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian Climates run:
There, a *Mafylian Priestess* I have found,
Honour'd for Age; for Magick Arts renown'd:
Th' *Hesperian* Temple was her trusted Care;
Twas she supply'd the wakeful Dragons Fare.
She Poppy-Seeds in Honey taught to sleep;
Reclaim'd his Rage; and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the Golden Fruit; her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love; or fix them on the Mind.
She stops the Torrents, leaves the Channel dry;
Repels the Stars; and backward bears the Sky.
The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call;
Pale Ghosts ascend; and Mountain Ashes fall.
Witness, ye Gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious Art!
Within the secret Court, with silent Care,
Erect a lofty Pile, expos'd in Air:
Hang on the topmost part, the *Trojan Veil*;
Spoils, Arms, and Presents of my faithless Guest.
Next, under these, the Bridal Bed be plac'd,
Where I my Ruin in his Arms embrac'd:
All Relicks of the Wretch are doom'd to Fire;
For so the Priestess, and her Charms require.
Thus far she said, and farther Speech forbears:
A Mortal Paleness in her Face appears:
Yet, the mistrustless *Anna*, could not find
The secret Fun'ral, in these Rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a Rage possess'd her Mind.
Unknowing of a Train conceal’d so well,  
She fear’d no worse than when Sichæus fell:  
Therefore obeys. The fatal Pile they rear,  
Within the secret Court, expos’d in Air.  
The cloven Holms and Pines are heap’d on high;  
And Garlands on the hollow Spaces lye.  
Sad Cypress, Vervain, Eugh, compose the Wreath;  
And ev’ry baleful green denoting Death,  
The Queen, determin’d to the fatal Deed,  
The Spoils and Sword he left, in order spread:  
And the Man’s Image on the Nuptial Bed.  
And now (the sacred Altars plac’d around)  
The Priestess enters, with her Hair unbound,  
And thrice invokes the Pow’rs below the Ground.  
Night, Erebus and Chaos she proclaims,  
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred Names,  
And three Diana’s: next she sprinkles round,  
With feign’d Avernian Drops, the hallow’d ground;  
Culls hoary Simples, found by Phæbe’s Light,  
With brazen Sickles reap’d at Noon of Night.  
Then mixes baleful Juices in the Bowl:  
And cuts the Forehead of a new born Fole;  
Robbing the Mother’s love. The destin’d Queen  
Observes, assisting at the Rites obscene:  
A leaven’d Cake in her devoted Hands  
She holds, and next the highest Altar stands:  
One tender Foot was shod, her other bare;  
Girt was her gather’d Gown, and loose her Hair.
Thus drefs’d, the summon’d with her dying Breath,
The Heav’ns and Planets conscious of her Death:
And ev’ry Pow’r, if any rules above, 755
Who minds, or who revenges injur’d Love.

Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose:
The Winds no longer whisper through the Woods,
Nor murmur’ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods. 760

The Stars in silent order mov’d around, [ground.
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
The Flocks and Herds, and parti-colour’d Fowl,
Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool;
Stretch’d on the quiet Earth securely lay, 755

Forgetting the past Labours of the day.
All else of Nature’s common Gift partake;

Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor Sleep nor Eafe the Furious Queen can find,
Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her Mind. 770

Despair, and Rage, and Love, divide her heart;
Despair, and Rage had some, but Love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret Mind:
What shall I do, what Succour can I find!
Become a Supplyant to Hyarba’s Pride, 775
And take my turn, to Court and be deny’d!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an Empire, and attend a Foe?
Himself I refug’d, and his Train reliev’d;
’Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv’d? 780
Can Gratitude in Trojan Souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his Race!
Then, shall I seek alone the Churlish Crew,
Or with my Fleet their flying Sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before 785
I drew reluctant from their Native Shore?
Will they again Embark at my Desire,
Once more sustain the Seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with Steel thy guilty Breast invade,
And take the Fortune thou thy self hast made.
Your pity, Sister, first seduce'd my Mind;
Or secon ded too well, what I design'd.
These dear-bought Pleasures had I never known,
Had I continu'd free, and all my own; 795
Avoiding Love; I had not found Despair:
But shar'd with Salvage Beasts the Common Air.
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the Living, nor disturb'd the Dead.
These Thoughts the brooded in her anxious Breast;
On board, the Trojan found more ease rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in Sleep he pass'd the Night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged God appears;
His former Youthful Meen and Shape he wears, 805
And with this new alarm invades his Ears.
Sleep'st thou, O Goddess born! and can't thou drown
Thy needful Cares, so near a Hostile Town?
Befet with Foes; nor hear'st the Western Gales
Invite thy passage, and Inspire thy falls?
She harbours in her Heart a furious hate;
And thou shalt find the dire Effects too late;
Fix'd on Revenge, and Obliterate to die:
 Hasten swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The Sea with Ships will soon be cover'd o're,
And blazing Firebrands kindle all the Shore.
Prevent her rage, while Night obscures the Skies;
And sail before the purple Morn arise.
Who knows what Hazards thy Delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful Thing.
Thus Hermes in the Dream, then took his flight,
Aloft in Air unseen; and mix'd with Night.
Twice warn'd by the Coelestial Messenger,
The Pious Prince arose with hasty fear:
Then row'd his drowsie Train without delay,
Haste to your banks; your crooked Anchors weigh;
And spread your flying Sails, and stand to Sea.
A God commands; he stood before my sight;
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred Pow'r, what Pow'r so e'er thou art,
To thy blest'd Orders I resign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan Bands;
And prosper the Design thy Will commands.
He said, and drawing forth his flaming Sword,
His thund'ring Arm divides the many twisted Cord:
An emulating Zeal inspires his Train;
They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert Shores,
And brush the liquid Seas with lab’ring Oars.

*Aurora* now had left her Saffron Bed,
And beams of early Light the Heav’ns o’erspread,
When from a Tow’r the Queen, with wakeful Eyes,
Saw Day point upward from the rose Skies:
She look’d to Seaward, but the Sea was void,
And scarce in ken the failing Ships descry’d:
Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling Breast, and tore her Hair.
And shall th’ ungrateful Traitor go, she said,
My Land forsaken, and my Love betray’d?
Shall we not Arm, not rush from ev’ry Street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur’d Fleet?
Haste, haul my Gallies out, pursue the Foe:
Bring flaming Brands, set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
My Brain; and my distemper’d Bosom burns.

Then, when I gave my Person and my Throne,
This Hate, this Rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis’d Faith, the vaunted Name,
The Pious Man, who, rushing through the Flame,
Preserv’d his Gods; and to the *Phrygian* Shore

The Burthen of his feeble Father bore!
I shou’d have torn him piece-meal; throw’d in Floods
His scatter’d Limbs, or left expos’d in Woods:
Deftroy’d his Friends and Son; and from the Fire
Have set the reeking Boy before the Sire.
Events are doubtful, which on Battels wait;
Yet where’s the doubt, to Souls secure of Fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur’d Queen’s Command,
Had toss’d their Fires amid the Trojan Band:
At once extinguish’d all the faithless Name;
And I my self, in vengeance of my Shame,
Had fall’n upon the Pile to mend the Fun’ral Flame.
Thou Sun, who view’st at once the World below,
Thou Juno, Guardian of the Nuptial Vow,
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye Furies, Fiends, and violated Gods,
All Pow’rs invok’d with Dido’s dying breath,
Attend her Curses, and avenge her Death.
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th’ ungrateful Wretch should find the Latian lands;
Yet let a Race untam’d, and haughty Foes,
His peaceful Entrance with dire Arms oppose;
Oppress’d with Numbers in th’ unequal Field,
His Men discourag’d; and himself expell’d,
Let him for Succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his Subjects, and his Son’s embrace:
First let him see his Friends in Battel slain;
And their untimely Fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel War shall cease;
On hard Conditions may he buy his Peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme Command;
But fall untimely, by some hostile Hand:
And lie unbury'd on the barren Sand.
These are my Pray'rs, and this my dying Will:
And you my Tyrians ev'ry Curse fulfil.
Perpetual Hate, and mortal Wars proclaim;
Against the Prince, the People, and the Name.
These grateful Off'ring's on my Grave bestow;
Nor League, nor Love, the Hostile Nations know:
Now, and from hence in ev'ry future Age,
When Rage excites your Arms, and Strength supplies
Rise some Avenger of our Lybian Blood,
With Fire and Sword pursue the perjur'd Brood:
Our Arms, our Seas, our Shores, oppos'd to theirs,
And the same hate descend on all our Heirs.
This said, within her anxious Mind she weighs
The Means of cutting short her odious Days.
Then to Sicbeus' Nurse, she briefly said,
(For when she left her Country, hers was dead)
Go Barce, call my Sifter; let her Care
The solemn Rites of Sacrifice prepare:
The Sheep, and all th'attoneing Off’ring’s bring;
Springling her Body from the Crystal Spring
With living Drops: then let her come, and thou
With sacred Fillets, bind thy hoary Brow.
Thus will I pay my Vows, to Stygian Jove;
And end the Cares of my disaftrous Love.
Then cast the Trojan Image on the Fire;
And as that burns, my Passion shall expire.

The Nurse moves onward, with officious Care,
And all the speed her aged Limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark Thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd.
With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Space,
Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath,
And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd;
And mounts the Fun'ral Pile, with furious haste.
Unsheaths the Sword the Trojan left behind,
(Not for so dire an Enterprize design'd,)
But when she view'd the Garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious Bed,
She paus'd, and, with a Sigh, the Robes embrac'd;
Then on the Couch her trembling Body cast,
Repress'd the ready Tears, and spoke her last.
Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a Soul, of Mortal Anguish cas'd:
My fatal Course is finish'd; and I go
A glorious Name, among the Ghosts below.
A lofty City by my Hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my Lord appeas'd.
What cou'd my Fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my Shore!
Then kiss'd the Couch; and must I die, she said; 945
And unreveng'd; tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this Death with Pleasure I receive;
On any Terms, tis better than to live.
These Flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding Omens his base flight pursue. 950
She said, and struck: Deep enter'd in her side
The piercing Steel, with reeking Purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the Wound the cruel Weapon stands;
The spouting Bloodcame streaming on her Hands.
Her sad Attendants saw the deadly Stroke, 955
And with loud Cries the sounding Palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal fight they fled;
And thro' the Town the dismal Rumor spread.
First from the frightened Court, the Yell began,
Redoubled thence from House to House it ran: 960
The groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries,
Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.
Not less the Clamour, than if ancient Tyre;
Or the new Carthage, set by Foes on Fire;
The rowling Ruin, with their lov'd Abodes, 965
Involv'd the blazing Temples of their Gods.
Her Sifter hears, and, furious with Despair,
She beats her Breast, and rends her yellow Hair:
And calling on Eliza's Name aloud, 969
Runs breathless to the Place, and breaks the Crowd.
Was all that Pomp of Woe for this prepar'd,
These Fires, this Fun'ral Pile, these Altars rear'd, 
Was all this Train of Plots contriv'd, said she,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst, didst thou in Death pretend To scorn thy Sister, or delude thy Friend!
Thy summon'd Sister, and thy Friend had come:
One Sword had serv'd us both, one common Tomb.
Was I to raise the Pile, the Pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal Stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thy self and me;
Thy Town, thy Senate, and thy Colony!
Bring Water, bathe the Wound; while I in death Lay close my Lips to hers; and catch the flying Breath.
This said, she mounts the Pile with eager haste;
And in her Arms the gasping Queen embrac'd:
Her Temples chaf'd; and her own Garments tore
To staunch the streaming Blood, and cleanse the Gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping Head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and fought the Light,
But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;
And clos'd her Lids at last, in endless Night.
Then Juno, grieving that she shou'd sustain
A Death so lingering, and so full of Pain;
Sent Iris down, to free her from the Strife
Of laboring Nature, and dissolve her Life.
For since the dy'd, not doom'd by Heav'n's Decree,
Or her own Crime; but Human Casualty;
Æn. IV. \[ ÆNÉIS \]

And rage of Love, that plung’d h’r in Despair, 

The Sifters had not cut the topmost Hair;

Which Proserpine, and they can only know;

Nor made her sacred to the Shades below.

Downward the various Goddesses took her flight;

And drew a thousand Colours from the Light:

Then stood above the dying Lover’s Head,

And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.

This Off’ring to th’ Infernal Gods I bear:

Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal Hair; 

The struggling Soul was loos’d; and Life dissolv’d in Air.
The Fifth Book of the

ÆNEIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a Storm on the Coasts of Sicily: Where he is hospitably receiv'd by his Friend Aeetes, King of part of the Island, and born of Trojan Parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the Memory of his Father with Divine Honours: And accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the Ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Isis to perswade the Trojan Women to burn the Ships, who upon her Instigation set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous Shower extinguish'd it. Upon this Æneas by the Advice of one of his Generals, and a Vision of his Father, builds a City for the Women, Old Men, and others, who were either unfit for War, or weary of the Voyage, and sails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a safe Voyage for him and all his Men, excepting only his Pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Mean time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his Voyage, thro' the curling Sea:
Then, casting back his Eyes, with dire Amaze,
Sees on the Punic Shore the mounting Blaze.
æn. v. Æneis

The Cause unknown; yet his presaging Mind,
The Fate of Dido from the Fire divin'd:
He knew the stormy Souls of Woman-kind:
What secret Springs their eager Passions move,
How capable of Death for injur'd Love.
Dire Auguries from hence the Trojans draw;
Till neither Fires, nor shining Shores they saw.
Now Seas and Skies, their Prospect only bound;
An empty space above, a floating Field around.
But soon the Heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling Cloud hung hov'ring o'er their Head:
Livid it look'd, (the threatening of a Storm;
Then Night and Horror Ocean's Face deform.
The Pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What Gusts of Weather from that gath'ring Cloud
My Thoughts presage; e'er yet the Tempest roars,
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars;
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind:
The frighted Crew perform the Task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless Chief, not Heav'n, said he,
Tho' Jove himself thou'd promise Italy,
Can stem the Torrent of this raging Sea.
Mark how the shifting Winds from West arise,
And what collected Night involves the Skies!
Nor can our shaken Vessels live at Sea,
Much less against the Tempest force their way;
Tis Fate diverts our Course; and Fate we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observ'd a right,  
The southing of the Stars, and Polar Light,  
Sicilia lies; whose hospitable Shores  
In safety we may reach with strugling Oars.  

Æneas then reply'd, Too sure I find,  
We strive in vain against the Seas, and Wind:  
Now shift your Sails: What place can please me more  
Than what you promise, the Sicilian Shore;  
Whose hallow'd Earth Anchifes Bones contains,  
And where a Prince of Trojan Lineage reigns?  
The Course resolv'd, before the Western Wind  
They scud amain; and make the Port assign'd.

Mean time Æcestes, from a lofty Stand,  
Beheld the Fleet descending on the Land;  
And not unmindful of his ancient Race,  
Down from the Cliff he ran with eager Pace:  
And held the Heroe in a strict Embrace.  
Of a rough Lybian Bear the Spoils he wore;  
And either Hand a pointed Jav'lin bore.  
His Mother was a Dame of Dardan Blood;  
His Sire Crinifus, a Sicilian Flood;  
He welcomes his returning Friends ashore  
With plenteous Country Cates; and homely Store.  

Now, when the following Morn had chas'd away  
The flying Stars, and light restor'd the Day,  
Æneas call'd the Trojan Troops around;  
And thus bespoke them from a rising Ground.
Off-spring of Heav’n, Divine Dardanian Race,
The Sun revolving thro’ th’ Etherial Space,
The shining Circle of the Year has fill’d,
Since first this Isle my Father’s Ashes held:
And now the rising Day renews the Year,
(A Day for ever fad, for ever dear,)
This wou’d I celebrate with Annual Games,
With Gifts on Altars pil’d, and holy Flames,
Tho’ banish’d to Getulia’s barren Sands,
Caught on the Grecian Seas, or hostile Lands:
But since this happy Storm our Fleet has driv’n
(Not, as I deem, without the Will of Heav’n,)
Upon these friendly Shores, and flow’ry Plains,
Which hide Anchifes, and his blest Remains;
Let us with Joy perform his Honours due;
And pray for prosp’rous Winds, our Voyage to renew.
Pray, that in Towns, and Temples of our own,
The Name of great Anchifes may be known;
And yearly Games may spread the Gods renown.
Our Sports, Acesles of the Trojan Race,
With royal Gifts, ordain’d, is pleas’d to grace:
Two Steers on ev’ry Ship the King bestows;
His Gods and ours, shall share your equal Vows.
Befides, if nine days hence, the rosy Morn
Shall with unclouded Light the Skies adorn,
That Day with solemn Sports I mean to grace;
Light Gallies on the Seas, shall run a wat’ry Race.
Some shall in Swiftness for the Goal contend,
And others try the twanging Bow to bend:
The strong with Iron Gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
Oppos'd in Combat on the yellow Sand.
Let all be present at the Games prepar'd;
And joyful Victors wait the Just Reward.
But now assist the Rites, with Garlands crown'd;
He said, and first his Brows with Myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his Example led,
And old Acetles, each adorn'd his Head;
Thus, young Ascanius, with a sprightly Grace,
His Temples ty'd, and all the Trojan Race.

Aeneas then advance'd amidst the Train,
By thousands follow'd thro' the flowry Plain,
To great Anchises Tomb: Which when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd Ground,
Two Bowls of sparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
And two from offer'd Bulls of Purple Gore.
With Roses then the Sepulchre he strow'd;
And thus, his Father's Ghost bespoke aloud.
Hail, O ye Holy Manes; hail again
Paternal Ashes, now review'd in vain!
The Gods permitted not, that you, with me,
Shou'd reach the promis'd Shores of Italy;
Or Tiber's Flood, what Flood so e'er it be.
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled Pride,
A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide;
His hugy Bulk on sev'n high Volumes rol'd; [Gold: Blue was his breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly
Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass
A rowling Fire along; and singe the Grass.
More various Colours thro' his Body run,
Than Iris when her Bow imbibes the Sun;
Betwixt the rising Altars, and around,
The sacred Monster shot along the Ground;
With harmless play amidst the Bowls he pass'd;
And with his lolling Tongue assay'd the Taste:
Thus fed with Holy Food, the wond'rous Guest:
Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to rest.
The Pious Prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The Fun'ral Honours with more Zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the Place's Genius were,
Or Guardian of his Father's Sepulchre.
Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he flew;
As many Swine, and Steers of sable Hue;
New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
And call'd his Father's Ghost, from Hell restor'd.
The glad Attendants in long Order come,
Off'ring their Gifts at great Anchises Tomb:
Some add more Oxen, some divide the Spoil,
Some place the Chargers on the grassy Soil;
Some blow the Fires and offer'd Entrails broil.
Now came the Day desir'd; the Skies were bright
With rosy Lustre of the rising Light:
The bord’ring People, rowz’d by sounding Fame
Of Trojan Feasts, and great Acesfes Name;
The crowded Shore with Acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their Skill.
And first the Gifts in Publick View they place,
Green Lawrel Wreaths, and Palm, (the Victors grace:)
Within the Circle, Arms and Tripods lye;
Ingotts of Gold, and Silver, heap’d on high;
And Vests embroider’d of the Tyrian dye.
The Trumpet’s clangor then the Feast proclaims;
And all prepare for their appointed Games.
Four Gall’es first which equal Rowers bear,
Advancing, in the wat’ry Lifts appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that out-strips the Wind,
Bore Mnestheus, Author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas, the vaft Chymara’s Bulk commands,
Which rising like a tow’ring City stands:
Three Trojans tug at ev’ry lab’ring Oar;
Three Banks in three degrees the Sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy Stroaks the Billows roar.
Sergefibus, who began the Sergian Race,
In the great Centaur took the leading Place:
Cloamibus on the Sea-green Scylla lstood;
From whom Cloemius draws his Trojan Blood.
Far in the Sea, againft the foaming Shoar,
There stands a Rock; the raging Billows roar
Above his Head in Storms; but when tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
In Peace below the gentle Waters run;
The Cormorants above, lye basking in the Sun.
On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in sight,
The mark to guide the Mariners right.
To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars;
Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former
The Lots decide their place; above the rest, [Shoars.
Each Leader shining in his Tyrian Vest:
The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs,
Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
Befmear'd with Oil, their naked Shoulders shine;
All take their Seats, and wait the sounding sign.
They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.
The clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign;
At once they start, advancing in a Line:
With shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies, Lah'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise;
Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal Strokes they row;
At once the brushing Oars, and brazen Prow
Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.
Not fiery Couriers, in a Chariot Race,
Not the fierce Driver with more Fury lends
The sounding Lah; and, e'er the Stroke descends,
Low to the Wheels his pliant Body bends.
The partial Crowd their Hopes and Fears divide; 195
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd Side.
Cries, Murmurs, Clamours, with a mixing Sound,
From Woods to Woods, from Hills to Hills rebound.

Amidst the loud Applauses of the Shore,
Gyas outstrip'd the rest, and sprung before;
Cloanthbus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
But his o'er-mast'd Gally check'd his Haste.
The Centaur, and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal Oars, advancing in a Line;
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a head:
Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row;
The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.
They reach'd the Mark; proud Gyas and his Train,
In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main:
But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand.
Let others bear to Sea. Menstes heard,
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd:
And fearing, sought the Deep; and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder Cries the Captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky Shore, and shun the Main.
He spoke, and speaking at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthbus near the Shelvings draw;
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
And in a closer Compass plow'd the Flood,
He pass'd the Mark; and wheeling got before;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore,
Cry'd out for Anger, and his Hair he tore.
Mindless of others Lives, (so high was grown
His rising Rage,) and careless of his own:
The trembling Dotard to the Deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and over-board he threw,
This done he seiz'd the Helm; his Fellows cheer'd;
Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.
Hardly his Head, the plunging Pilot rears,
Clog'd with his Cloaths, and cumber'd with his Years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the Cliff with Pain;
The Crowd that saw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the distant Shore; and loudly laught,
To see his heaving Breast disgorge the briny Draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's Crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of Victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the Race.
To reach the Mark; Sergeinthus takes the place:
Mnestheus pursu'd; and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his Gally's length behind.
Then, on the Deck amidst his Mates appear'd;
And thus their drooping Courages he cheer'd.
My Friends, and Hector's Followers heretofore;
Exert your Vigour, tug the lab'ring Oar;
Stretch to your Stroaks, my still unconquer'd Crew,
Whom from the flaming Walls of Troy I drew.
In this, our common Int'rest, let me find
That strength of Hand, that courage of the Mind,
As when you stem'd the strong *Małoan* Flood,
And o'er the *Syrtes* broken Billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost Palm to gain;
Tho' yet—— But ah, that haughty *Wish* is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the Gods ordain.
But to be last, the Lags of all the Race,
Redeem your selves and me from that Disgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the Brazen Prow.
The Sea beneath 'em sinks; their lab'ring sides
Are swell'd, and Sweat run gutt'ring down in Tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd Success;
*Seresphus*, eager with his Beak, to press
Betwixt the Rival Gally and the Rock;
Shuts up th' unwieldly *Centaur* in the Lock.
The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful shock
Her Oars the shiver'd, and her Head she broke.
The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
And anxious for themselves renounce the Prize.
With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores;
And gather, from the Sea, their floating Oars.
The Crew of *Mnestheus*, with elated Minds,
Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds:
Then ply their Oars and cut their liquid way;
In larger Compass on the roomy Sea.
As when the Dove her Rocky Hold forsakes,
Rowz'd in a Fright, her founding Wings she shakes,
The Cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
And leaves her Callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her Wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the Sea,
And flying with a force, that force assists his Way.
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the Rocky Sholes, and sticking fast.
In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
And practices to row with shatter'd Oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and out-slies:
The Ship without a Pilot yields the Prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude arise,
Applauding Echo to the Shouts replies; [Skies.]
Shouts, Wishes, and Applause run ratling through the
These Clamours with disdain the Scylla heard;
Much grudg'd the Praise, but more the rob'd Reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obstinate to dye, or gain the Race.
Rais'd with Success, the Dolphin swiftly ran,
(For they can Conquer who believe they can:)
Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies;
And both, perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize,
When to the Seas Cloanthus holds his Hands;
And Succour from the Watry Pow'rs demands:
Gods of the liquid Realms, on which I row,
If giv'n by you, the Lawrel bind my Brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my Vow.
A Snow-white Bull shall on your Shore be slain;
His offer'd Entrails cast into the Main;
And ruddy Wine from Golden Goblets thrown,
Your grateful Gift and my Return shall own.
The Quire of Nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With Virgin Panopea, heard his Vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of Hand,
Push'd on, and sped the Gally to the Land.
Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, she flies;
And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.
The Herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus Conqu'ror of the Naval Games.
The Prince with Lawrel crowns the Victor's Head,
And three fat Steers are to his Vessel led;
The Ship's Reward: with gen'rous Wine beside;
And Sums of Silver, which the Crew divide.
The Leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
The Victor honour'd with a nobler Vest:
Where Gold and Purple strive in equal Rows;
And Needle-work its happy Cost bestows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living Art,
Chasing thro' Ida's Groves the trembling Hart:

Breathless
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft, descends in open view;
The Bird of Jove; and fowling on his Prey,
With crooked Talons bears the Boy away.
In vain, with lifted Hands, and gazing Eyes;
His Guards behold him soaring thro’ the Skies;
And Dogs pursue his Flight, with imitated Cries.

Mnestheus the second Victor was declar’d;
And summon’d there, the second Prize he shar’d.
A Coat of Mail, which brave Demoleus bore;
More brave Æneas from his Shoulders tore;
In single Combat on the Trojan Shore.
This was ordain’d for Mnestheus to posses;
In War for his Defence; for Ornament in Peace.
Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet so pond’rous with its Plates of Gold,
That scarce two Servants cou’d the Weight sustain;
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o’er the Plain
Pursu’d, and lightly seiz’d the Trojan Train.
The Third succeeding to the last Reward;
Two goodly Bowls of Maffy Silver shar’d;
With Figures prominent, and richly wrought:
And two Brass Caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the Heroe’s hands,
Their conqu’ring Temples bound with Purple Bands.
And now Sergesthus, clearing from the Rock,
Brought back his Gally shatter’d with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding Oar;  
And howted, by the Vulgar, made to Shoar.  
As when a Snake, surpris'd upon the Road,  
Is crush'd athwart her Body by the load  
Of heavy Wheels; or with a Mortal Wound  
Her Belly bruis'd, and trodden to the Ground:  
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along,  
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue:  
Glares with her Eyes, and brillis with her Scales,  
But groveling in the Dust, her parts unsound she trails.  
So flowly to the Port the Centaur tends,  
But what she wants in Oars, with Sails amends:  
Yet, for his Gaily fav'd, the grateful Prince,  
Is pleas'd th'unhappy Chief to recompence.  
Pholoe, the Cretan Slave, rewards his Care,  
Beauteous her self, with lovely Twins, as fair.  
From thence his way the Trojan Heroe bent,  
Into the neighb'ring Plain, with Mountains pent;  
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding Wood:  
Full in the midst of this fair Vally stood  
A Native Theatre, which rising flow,  
By just degrees, o'er-look'd the Ground below.  
High on a Sylvan Throne the Leader sat,  
A num'rous Train attend in Solemn State;  
Here thosc, that in the rapid Course delight,  
Desire of Honour, and the Prize invite.  
The Rival Runners, without Order stand,  
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian Band.
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears, 385
Euryalus a Boy of blooming Years;
With sprightly Grace, and equal Beauty crown'd:
Nisus, for Friendship to the Youth, renown'd.
Diores, next, of Priam's Royal Race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron took their Place: 390
But Patron in Arcadia had his Birth,
And Salius his, from Acarnanian Earth.
Then two Sicilian Youths, the Names of these
Swift Helynus, and lovely Panopes:
Both jolly Huntsmen, both in Forests bred; 395
And owning old Acestes for their Head.
With sev'ral others of Ignobler Name;
Whom Time has not deliver'd o'er to Fame.
To these the Heroe thus his Thoughts explain'd,
In Words, which gen'ral Approbation gain'd. 400
One common Large is for all design'd:
The Vanquish'd and the Victor shall be join'd.
Two Darts of polish'd Steel, and Gnossian Wood,
A Silver'd studded Ax alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have Olive Wreaths decreed; 405
The first of these obtains a stately Steed
Adorn'd with Trappings; and the next in Fame,
The Quiver of an Amazonian Dame;
With feather'd Thracian Arrows well supply'd;
A Golden Belt shall gird his Manly side; 410
Which with a sparkling Diamond shall be ty'd:

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The third this Grecian Helmet shall content.
He said; to their appointed Base they went:
With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Barrier leave.

Spread out, as on the winged Winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy view.
Shot from the Crowd, swift Nipsus all o'er-pas'd;
Nor Storms, nor Thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far dis-join'd,

Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diore ply'd,
Step after Step, and almost Side by Side:
His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space,
Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last;
When eager Nipsus, hapless in his haste,
Slip'd first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen, newly slain:
The careless Victor had not mark'd his way;
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
His Heels flew up; and on the grassy Floor,
He fell, besmear'd with Filth, and Holy Gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the Sacred Bonds of Amity;
He strove th' immediate Rival's hope to cross;
And caught the Foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the Plain;
Euryalus springs out, the Prize to gain;
And leaves the Crowd; applauding Peals attend

The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend.

Next Helymus, and then Diores came;
By two Misfortunes made the third in Fame.

But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud

For Justice, deafens, and disturbs the Crowd:

Urges his Cause may in the Court be heard;
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

But Favour for Euryalus appears;

His blooming Beauty, with his tender Tears,
Had brib'd the Judges for the promis'd Prize;

Besides Diores fills the Court with Cries,

Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,

If the first Palm on Salius be conferr'd.

Then thus the Prince; Let no Disputes arise:

Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.

But Fortune's Errors give me leave to mend,

At least to pity my deserving Friend.

He said, and from among the Spoils, he draws,

(Pond'rous with shaggy Main, and Golden Paws)

A Lyon's Hide; to Salius this he gives:

Nifus, with Envy sees the Gift, and grieves.

If such Rewards to vanquish'd Men are due,

He said, and Falling is to rise by you,

What Prize may Nifus from your Bounty claim,

Who merited the first Rewards and Fame?

In falling, both an equal Fortune try'd;

Wou'd Fortune for my Fall so well provide!
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands, and all his habit smeare'd with blood.
'Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd;
And caus'd to be produce'd an ample shield;
Of wond'rous art by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Nisus; he divides the rest;
And equal justice, in his gifts, express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd;
Once more the prince bespeaks th'attentive crowd.
If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain'd in open view,
Stand forth the champion; and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide,
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief:
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the lifts appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erect'd bears;
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield;
And loud applause echo thro' the field.
Dares alone, in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
The same, at Hector's fun'ral's undertook
Gygantick brutes, of th' amiciana stock;
And by the stroak of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strod along,  
And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.  
His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows;  
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;  
And deals, in whistling Air, his empty Blows.  
His Match is fought; but thro' the trembling Band,  
Not one dares answer to the proud Demand.  
Presuming of his Force, with sparkling Eyes,  
Already he devours the promis'd Prize.  
He claims the Bull with awless Insolence;  
And having seiz'd his Horns, accosts the Prince.  
If none my matchless Valour dares oppose,  
How long shall Dares wait his daftard Foes?  
Permit me, Chief, permit without Delay,  
To lead this uncontended Gift away.  
The Crowd assents; and, with redoubled Cries,  
For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.  
Acestes, sir'd with just Disdain, to see  
The Palm usurp'd without a Victory;  
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who fate beside,  
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Trojan's Pride:  
Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,  
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd Crown?  
A Prize in triumph born before your sight,  
And shun for fear the danger of the Fight?  
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted Name,  
The God who taught your thund'ring Arm the Game;
Where now, your baffled Honour, where the Spoil
That fill'd your House, and Fame that fill'd our Isle?
Entellus, thus: My Soul is still the same;
Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with Martial Fame:
But my chill Blood is curdled in my Veins;
And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.
Oh, cou'd I turn to that fair Prime again,
That Prime, of which this Boaster is so vain,
The Brave who this decrepid Age defies,
Shou'd feel my force, without the promis'd Prize.
He said, and rising at the Word, he threw
Two pond'rous Gauntlets down, in open view:
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in Fight to wield,
And sheath his Hands with in the lifted Field,
With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Crowd beholds
The Gloves of Death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds,
Of tough Bull Hides; the space within is spread
With Iron, or with loads of heavy Lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the fight,
Renounce'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight the Heroe stands,
And poiz'd the pond'rous Engins in his hands.
What had your wonder, said Entellus, been?
Had you the Gauntlets of Alcides seen?
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy Green!
These which I bear, your Brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.
With these he long sustaine’d th’ Herculean Arm;
And these I weilded while my Blood was warm:
This languish’d Frame, while better Spirits fed,
E’er Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o’er snow’d my
But if the Challenger these Arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas, and Acestes join
In his Request, these Gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal Arms perform the Fight,
And let him leave to Fear, since I resign my Right.
This said, Entellus for the Strife prepares;
Strip’d of his quilted Coat, his Body bares:
Compos’d of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands,
A goodly tow’ring Object on the Sands,
Then just Æneas equal Arms supply’d,
Which round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty’d.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent;
Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear a far;
With clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies;
One on his Sinews, and his Gyant fize.
The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,
He heaves for Breath, he staggers to and fro;
And Clouds of issuing Smoak his Nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are diff’rent, but their Art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the ratling Thumps resound.
A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes.
Nor always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke, along the crackling Jaws.
Heavy with Age, Entellus stands his Ground,
But with his warping Body wards the Wound.
His Hand, and watchful Eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place.
And like a Captain, who beleaguer round
Some strong built Castle, on a rising Ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing Eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on Industry, than Force relies.
With Hands on high, Entellus threatens the Foe;
But Dares watch'd the Motion from below,
And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long descending Blow.
Entellus wafts his Forces on the Wind;
And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,
Headlong, and heavy fell: his ample Breast,
And weighty Limbs, his ancient Mother press'd.
So falls a hollow Pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus Wood,
Torn from the Roots: the diff'ring Nations rise,
And Shouts, and mingl'd Murmurs, rend the Skies.
Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:
Dauntless he rose, and to the Fight return'd: With shame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with fury Disdain, and conscious Virtue fir'd his Breast; And with redoubled Force his Foe he press'd. He lays on load with either Hand, amain, And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the Plain. Nor stops, nor stays; nor Rest, nor Breath allows, But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows; A ratling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows. But now the Prince, who saw the wild increase Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to ceaze: And bounds Entellus Wrath, and bids the Peace. First to the Trojan spent with Toil he came, And soothe'd his Sorrow for the suffer'd Shame. What Fury seiz'd my Friend, the Gods, said he, To him propitious, and averse to thee, Have giv'n his Arm superior Force to thine; Tis Madness to contend with Strength Divine. The Gauntlet Fight thus ended, from the Shore, His faithful Friends unhappy Dares bore: His Mouth and Nostrils, pour'd a Purple Flood; And pounded Teeth, came rushing with his Blood. Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing Throng; And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along. The Sword and Casque, are carry'd by his Train; But with his Foe the Palm and Ox remain. The Champion, then, before Aeneas came, Proud of his Prize; but prouder of his Fame;
O Goddess-born, and you Dardanian Host,
Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boast:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending Fate, you saw'd my Foe.
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the Bull;
And, on his ample Forehead, aiming full,
The deadly Stroke descending, pierc'd the Skull.
Down drops the Beast; nor needs a second Wound:
But sprawls in pangs of Death; and spurns the Ground.
Then, thus: In Dares stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice:
Take the last Gift my wither'd Arms can yield,
Thy Gauntlets I resign; and here renounce the Field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of Archers, with contending Bows.
The Macht, Sergesthus shatter'd Gally bore,
With his own Hands, he raises on the Shore:
A flutt'ring Dove upon the Top they tye,
The living Mark, at which their Arrows fly.
The rival Archers in a Line advance;
Their turn of Shooting to receive from Chance.
A Helmet holds their Names: The Lots are drawn,
On the first Scroll was read Hippocoon:
The People shout; upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with Naval Honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's Noble Name,
Thy Brother, Pandarvs, and next in Fame:
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Whom Pallas urg'd the Treaty to confound, 660
And send among the Greeks a feather'd Wound.
Acestes in the bottom, last remain'd;
Whom not his Age from Youthful Sports restrain'd.
Soon, all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose: 665
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way:
Fix'd in the Mast the feather'd Weapon stands,
The fearful Pidgeon flutters in her Bands;
And the Tree trembled: and the shouting Cries
Of the pleas'd People, rend the vaulted Skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his Arrow drove,
With lifted Eyes; and took his Aim above;
But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove.
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord
Which fasten'd, by the Foot, the flitting Bird.
The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
His Bow already bent, Eurytion stood,
And having first invok'd his Brother God,
His winged Shaft with eager haste he sped;
The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground;
And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Acestes grudging at his Lot, remains,
Without a Prize to gratifie his Pains.
Yet shooting upward, sends his Shaft, to show
An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.
The feather'd Arrow gave a dire Portent:
And latter Augures judge from this Event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and as it flew,
A Trail of following Flames, ascending drew:
Kindling they mount; and mark the shiny Way:
Across the Skies as falling Meteors play,
And vanish into Wind; or in a Blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare:
And trembling, turn their Wonder into Pray'r.
The Dardan Prince put on a smiling Face,
And flrain'd Aecele with a close Embrace:
Then hon'ring him with Gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad Omen, nor his Fears confess'd.
The Gods, said he, this Miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the Prize without the Lot.
Accept this Goblet rough with figur'd Gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my Sire of old:
This Pledge of ancient Amity receive,
Which to my second Sire I jufly give.
He said, and with the Trumpets cheerful sound;
Proclaim'd him Victor, and with Lawrel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envy'd him the Prize;
Tho' he transfix'd the Pidgeon in the Skies.
Who cut the Line, with second Gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose Arrow pierc'd the Maft.
The Chief, before the Games were wholly done,
Call’d Periphantes, Tutor to his Son;
And whisper’d thus; with speed Ascanius find,
And if his Childish Troop be ready join’d,
On Horse-back let him grace his Grandfire’s Day;
And lead his Equals arm’d, in just Array.
He said, and calling out, the Cirque he clears:
The Crowd withdrawn, an open Plain appears.
And now the Noble Youths, of Form Divine,
Advance before their Fathers, in a Line:
The Riders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory
Thus marching on, in Military Pride,
Shouts of Applause resound from side to side.
Their Casques, adorn’d with Lawrel Wreaths, they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear.
Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore;
Their Chains of burnish’d Gold hung down before.
Three graceful Troops they form’d upon the Green;
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen;
Twelve follow’d ev’ry Chief, and left a Space between.
The first young Priam led; a lovely Boy,
Whose Grandfire was th’ unhappy King of Troy:
His Race in after times was known to Fame,
New Honours adding to the Latian Name;
And well the Royal Boy his Thracian Steed became.
White were the Fetlocks of his Feet before,
And on his Front a snowy Star he bore:
'Then beauteous *Atys,* with *Iulus* bred;  
Of equal *Age,* the second *Squadron* led.  
The last in order, but the first in place,  
*First* in the lovely Features of his *Face;*  
Rode fair *Ascanius* on a fiery *Steed,*  
*Queen Dido’s Gift,* and of the *Tyrian* breed.  
Sure *Courfers* for the rest the *King* ordains;  
*With* Golden *Bitts* adorn’d, and *Purple* *Reins.*  
    The *pleas’d* *Spectators* peals of *Shouts* renew;  
And all the *Parents* in the *Children* view:  
*Their* Make, their *Motions,* and their sprightly *Grace;*  
And *Hopes* and *Fears* alternate in their *Face.*  
Th’unfledg’d *Commanders,* and their *Martial* *Train,*  
*First* make the *Circuit* of the *sandy* *Plain,*  
Around their *Sires:* And at th’ appointed *Sign,*  
*Drawn* up in beauteous *Order* form a *Line.*  
The second *Signal* sounds: *the Troop* divides,  
[Guides.  
In three distinguish’d parts, with three distinguish’d  
Again they close, and once again dis-join,  
In *Troop* to *Troop* oppos’d, and *Line* to *Line.*  
They meet, they wheel, they throw their *Darts* afar  
*With harmless* *Rage,* and well dissembled *War.*  
*Then* in a round the mingl’d *Bodies* run;  
*Flying* they follow, and *pursuing* *shun.*  
*Broken* they break, and *rallying,* they *renew*  
*In other* *Forms* the *Military* *shew.*  
At last, in order, undiscern’d they join;  
And march together, in a friendly *Line.*  
    And,
And, as the Cretan Labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring Ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary Feet, without redress,
In a round Error, which deny'd recess;
So fought the Trojan Boys in warlike Play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus Dolphins, in the Deep, each other chase,
In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race.
This Game, these Carousels Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: The Latin Sires impart,
To their succeeding Sons, the graceful Art:
From these Imperial Rome receiv'd the Game;
Which Troy, the Youths the Trojan Troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred Sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resumm'd her ancient hate.
For while they pay the dead his Annual dues,
Those envy'd Rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the Goddess of the various bow,
To try new Methods of Revenge below:
Supplies the Winds to wing her Airy way;
Where in the Port secure the Navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her Arch descends;
And undiscern'd her fatal Voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring Crowd; and gliding thence,
The desart Shore, and Fleet without defence.
The Trojan Matrons on the Sands alone,
With Sighs and Tears, Anchises death bemoan.
Then, turning to the Sea their weeping Eyes,
Their pity to themselves, renews their Cries.
Alas! said one, what Oceans yet remain
For us to sail; what Labours to sustain!
All take the Word; and with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the Gods for Peace; and Places of their own.
The Goddess, great in Mischief, views their pains;
And in a Woman's Form her heav'ly Limbs restrains.
In Face and Shape, old Berœ she became,
Doriclus Wife, a venerable Dame;
Once bless'd with Riches, and a Mother's Name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying Crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the Matrons, and these words began.
O wretched we, whom not the Grecian Pow'r,
Nor Flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by Cruel Fate,
Beyond the Ruins of the sinking State!
Now sev'n revolving Years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous Voyage we begun:
Since tos's'd from Shores to Shores, from Lands to Lands,
Inhosiptable Rocks and barren Sands;
Wand'ring in Exile, through the stormy Sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now Cast by Fortune on this kindred Land,
What shou'd our Rest, and rising Walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd Band?
O, Country lost, and Gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless Exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan Walls renew,
Or Streams of some dissembl'd Simois view!
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy Fleet consume:
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands,
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming Brands:
With these, said she, these wand'ring Ships destroy;
These are your fatal Seats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious Hour employ.
Slack not the good Prefage, while Heav'n inspires
Our Minds to dare, and gives the ready Fires.
See Neptune's Altars minister their Brands;
The God is pleas'd; the God supplies our hands.
Then, from the Pile, a flaming Firr she waw drew,
And, toss'd in Air, amidst the Gallies threw.
Wrap'd in a maze, the Matrons wildly flare:
Then Pyrgo, reverence'd for her hoary Hair,
Pyrgo, the Nurse of Priam's num'rous Race,
No Beroe this, tho' she belies her Face:
What Terrors from her frowning Front arise;
Behold a Goddess in her ardent Eyes!
What Rays around her heav'nly Face are seen,
Mark her Majestick Voice, and more than mortal Meen!
Beroe but now I left; whom pin'd with pain,
Her Age and Anguish from these Rites detain.
She said; the Matrons, seiz'd with new Amaze,
Rowl their malignant Eyes, and on the Navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated Land, but fear the fatal Way.
The Goddess, having done her Task below, Mounts up on equal Wings, and bends her painted Bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with Rage Divine;
The Matrons prosecute their mad Design:
They shriek aloud, they snatch, with Impious Hands,
The food of Altars, Firs, and flaming Brands.
Green Boughs, and Saplings, mingled in their haste;
And smoking Torches on the Ships they cast.
The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd Reins:
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,
And seizes in his way, the Banks, and crackling Oars.
Enmelmus was the first, the News to bear,
While yet they crowd the Rural Theatre.
Then what they hear, is witness'd by their Eyes;
A storm of Sparkles, and of Flames arise.
Aemius took th' Alarm, while yet he led
His early Warriors on his prancing Steed.
And spurring on, his Equals soon o'erpass'd,
Nor cou'd his frightened Friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the Royal Youth appear'd in view,
He sent his Voice before him as he flew;
What Madness moves you, Matrons, to destroy
The last Remainders of unhappy Troy!
Not hostile Fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your Friends, your fatal Fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius: while he said,
He drew his glitt'ring Helmet from his Head;
In which the Youths to sportful Arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his Train appear;
And now the Women, seiz'd with Shame and Fear,
Dispers'd, to Woods and Caverns take their Flight;
Abhor their Actions, and avoid the Light:
Their Friends acknowledge, and their Error find;
And shake the Goddes's from their alter'd Mind.
Not so the raging Fires their Fury cease;
But lurking in the Seams, with seeming Peace,
Work on their Way, amid the smould'ring Tow,
Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.
The silent Plague, thro' the green Timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy Flame, by fits.
Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
Nor Buckets pour'd, nor strength of Human Hand,
Can the victorious Element withstand.
The Pious Heroe rends his Robe, and throws
To Heav'n his Hands, and with his Hands his Vows.
O Jove, he cry'd, if Pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorrit not all the Dardan Race;
If any spark of Pity still remain;
If Gods are Gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the Relicks of the Trojan Train.
Yet from the Flames our burning Vessels free:
Or let thy Fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted Head thy Thunder throw,
And send the willing Sacrifice below.
Scarce had he said, when Southern Storms arise,
From Pole to Pole, the forky Lightning flies;
Loud ratling shakes the Mountains, and the Plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in Rain.
Whole Sheets of Water from the Clouds are sent,
Which hissing thro' the Planks, the Flames prevent:
And stop the fiery Pest: Four Ships alone
Burn to the waft; and for the Fleet attone.
But doubtful thoughts the Hero's Heart divide;
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his Fates; or tempt the Main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old, and wise, to whom alone
The Will of Heav'n, by Pallas was fore-shown;
Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd and inspir'd,
To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful Words reliev'd his lab'ring Mind.
O Goddes-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate.
By suffer'ing well, our Fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
Your Friend Acesles is of Trojan Kind,
To him disclose the Secrets of your Mind:
Truf't in his Hands your old and useless Train,
Too num'rous for the Ships which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their Ease,
The Dames who dread the Dangers of the Seas,
With all the daftard Crew, who dare not stand
The shock of Battel with your Foes by Land;
Here you may build a common Town for all;
And from Acefts name, Acefta call.
The Reasons, with his Friend’s Experience join’d,
Encourag’d much, but more disturb’d his Mind.
Twas dead of Night; when to his slumb’ring Eyes,
His Father’s Shade descended from the Skies;
And thus he spoke: O more than vital Breath,
Lov’d while I liv’d, and dear ev’n after Death;
O Son, in various Toils and Troubles tost,
The King of Heav’n employs my careful Ghost.
On his Commands; the God who sav’d from Fire
Your flaming Fleet, and heard your just desire:
The wholsom Counsel of your Friend receive;
And here, the Coward Train, and Women leave:
The chosen Youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport; to tempt the Dangers of the War.
The stern Italians will their Courage try;
Rough are their Manners, and their Minds are high.
But first to Pluto’s Palace you shall go,
And seek my Shade among the blest below.
For not with impious Ghosts my Soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the Damn’d, perpetual Pains;
But breaths the living Air of soft Elysian Plains.
The chaste Sybilla shall your steps convey;
And Blood of offer'd Victims free the way.
There shall you know what Realms the Gods assign;
And learn the Fates and Fortunes of your Line.

But now, farewell; I vanish with the Night;
And feel the blast of Heav'ns approaching Light:
He said, and mix'd with Shades, and took his airy flight.
Whither so fast, the filial Duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wish'd Embrace deny'd!
He said, and rose: as holy Zeal inspires
He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.
His Country Gods and Vestia, then adores
With Cakes and Incense; and their Aid implores.
Next, for his Friends, and Royal Host he sent,
Reveal'd his Vision and the Gods intent,
With his own Purpose: All, without delay,
The Will of Jove, and his Desires obey.
They lift with Women each degenerate Name,
Who dares not hazard Life, for future Fame.
These they cashier; the brave remaining few,
Oars, Banks, and Cables half consum'd renew.
The Prince designs a City with the Plough;
The Lots their sev'ral Tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new King ascends the Throne with Joy.
A chosen Senate from the People draws;
Appoints the Judges, and ordains the Laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin

A rising Temple to the Paphian Queen:

Anchises, last, is honour'd as a God,

A Priest is added, annual Gifts bestow'd;

And Groves are planted round his blest Abode.

Nine days they pass in Feasts, their Temples crown'd;

And fumes of Incense in the Fanes abound.

Then, from the South arose a gentle Breeze,

That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy Seas:

The rising Winds, a ruffling Gale afford,

And call the merry Marriners aboard.

Now loud Laments along the Shores resound,

Of parting Friends in close Embraces bound.

The trembling Women, the degenerate Train,

Who shun'd the frightful Dangers of the Main;

Ev'n those desire to fail, and took their share

Of the rough Passage, and the promis'd War.

Whom Good Æneas cheers; and recommends

To their new Master's Care, his fearful Friends.

On Eryx Altars three fat Calves he lays;

A Lamb new fall'n to the stormy Seas;

Then slips his Haulfers, and his Anchors weighs.

High on the Deck, the Godlike Heroe stands;

With Olive crown'd; a Charger in his Hands;

Then call the reeking Entrails in the brine,

And pour'd the Sacrifice of Purple Wine.

Fresh Gales arise, with equal Strokes they vye,

And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly.
Mean time the Mother-Goddess, full of Fears,
To Neptune thus address’d, with tender Tears.
The Pride of Jove’s Imperious Queen, the Rage,
The malice which no Sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these Pray’rs: Since neither Fate,
Nor Time, nor Pity, can remove her hate.
 Ev’n Jove is thwarted by his haughty Wife;
Still vanquish’d, yet she still renews the Strife.
As if twere little to consume the Town
Which aw’d the World; and wore th’ Imperial Crown:
She prosecutes the Ghost of Troy with Pains;
And gnaws, ev’n to the Bones, the last Remains.
Let her the Causes of her Hatred tell;
But you can witness its Effects too well.
You saw the Storm she rais’d on Lybian Floods,
That mix’d the mounting Billows with the Clouds.
When, bribing Eolus, she shook the Main;
And mov’d Rebellion in your wat’ry Reign.
With Fury she possess’d the Dardan Dames;
To burn their Fleet with execrable Flames.
And forc’d Aeneas, when his Ships were lost,
To leave his Followers on a Foreign Coast.
For what remains, your Godhead I implore;
And trust my Son to your protecting Pow’r.
If neither Jove’s, nor Fate’s decree withstand,
Secure his Passage to the Latian Land.
Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main,
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune’s Reign?
My Kingdom claims your Birth: My late Defence
Of your indanger'd Fleet, may claim your Confidence,
Nor less by Land than Sea, my Deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my Care.
Thee Xanthus, and thee Simois I attest:
Your Trojan Troops, when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the Plain,
And dash'd against the Walls the trembling Train,
When Floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When Crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the Sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his way:
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
Of Force unequal, and unequal Gods;
I spread a Cloud before the Victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secure'd his flight.
Ev'n then secure'd him, when I fought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My Will's the same: Fair Goddess fear no more,
Your Fleet shall safely gain the Latin Shore:
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd Head alone
Shall perish, and for Multitudes atone.
Thus having arm'd with Hopes her anxious Mind,
His finny Team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then, adds the foamy Bridle to their Jaws;
And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
High on the Waves his Azure Car he guides,
Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides;
And the smooth Ocean rowls her silent Tides.
The Tempefts fly before their Father's face, 1075
Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;
And Monster Whales before their Master play,
And Quires of Tritons crownd the wat'ry way.
The Martial'd Pow'rs, in equal Troops divide,
To right and left: the Gods his better side 1080
Inclos'd, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Now smiling Hope, with sweet Vicissitude,
Within the Hero's Mind, his Joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the Masts, the Sheets display;
The Cheerful Crew with diligence obey; 1085
They scud before the Wind, and fail in open Sea.
A Head of all the Master Pilot steers,
And as he leads, the following Navy veers.
The Steeds of Night had travell'd half the Sky,
The drowzy Rowers on their Benches lye; 1090
When the soft God of Sleep, with easie flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of Light.
Thou Palinurus art his destin'd Prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire Dreams to thee, and Iron Sleep he bears; 1095
And lighting on thy Prow, the Form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the Traitor God began his Tale:
The Winds, my Friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The Ships, without thy Care, securely fail.
Now steal an hour of sweet Repose; and I 1100
Will take the Rudder, and thy room supply.
To whom the yawning Pilot, half asleep;
Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous Deep!
The Harlot-smiles of her dissembling Face,
And to her Faith commit the Trojan Race?  
Shall I believe the Syren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the Monster Main?
He said, his fasten'd hands the Rudder keep,
And fix'd on Heav'n, his Eyes repel invading Sleep.
The God was wroth, and at his Temples threw
A Branch in Lethe dip'd, and drunk with Stygian Dew:
The Pilot, vanquish'd by the Pow'r Divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming Eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his Limbs extended at their length,
The God, insulting with superior Strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the Sea,
And, with the Stern, the Rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and struggling in the Main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The Victor Dæmon mounts obscure in Air;
While the Ship fails without the Pilot's care.
On Neptune's Faith the floating Fleet relics;
But what the Man forsook, the God supplies;
And o'er the dang'rous Deep secure the Navy flies.
Glides by the Syren's Cliffs, a shelvy Coast,
Long infamous for Ships, and Sailors lost;
And white with Bones: Th'impetuous Ocean roars;
And Rocks rebellow from the founding Shores.
The watchful Heroe, felt the knocks; and found
The tossing Vessel sail'd on shoaly Ground.

Sure of his Pilot's loss, he takes himself
The Helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the Shelf.
Inly he griev'd; and groaning from the Breast,
Deplor'd his Death; and thus his Pain express'd:
For Faith repos'd on Seas, and on the flatt'ring Sky,
Thy naked Corps is doom'd, on Shores unknown to lie.
The Sixth Book of the

ÆNEIS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the Adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell; describing to him the various Scenes of that Place, and conducting him to his Father Anchises. Who instructs him in those sublime Mysteries of the Soul of the World, and the Transmigration: And shews him that glorious Race of Heroes, which was to descend from him, and his Posterity.

He said, and wept: Then spread his Sails before The Winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman Shore: Their Anchors drop'd, his Crew the Vessels moor.

They turn their Heads to Sea; their Sterns to Land; And greet with greedy Joy th' Italian Strand.

Some strike from clashing Flints their fiery Seed; Some gather Sticks, the kindled Flames to feed:
Or search for hollow Trees, and fell the Woods,
Or trace thro' Valleys the discover'd Floods.
Thus, while their sev'ral Charges they fulfil,
The Pious Prince ascends the sacred Hill
Where Phæbus is ador'd; and seeks the Shade,
Which hides from sight, his venerable Maid.
Deep in a Cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.
Thro'Trivia's Grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.
When Dedalus, to fly the Cretan Shore,
His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore,
(The first who fail'd in Air,) tis sung by Fame,
To the Cumean Coast at length he came;
And, here alighting, built this costly Frame.
Inscrib'd to Phæbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky:
Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art embois'd
Androgeos Death, and Off'rings to his Ghost.
Sev'n Youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful Creet.
And next to those the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the deslin'd Names by Lots were cast:
The mournful Parents stand around in Tears;
And rising Creet against their Shore appears.
There too, in living Sculpture, might be seen
The mad Affection of the Cretan Queen:
Then how she cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye:
The rushing leap, the doubtful Progeny,
The lower part a Beast, a Man above,
The Monument of their polluted Love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous Maze;
A thousand Doors, a thousand winding Ways;
Here dwells the Monster, hid from Human View,
Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue:
Till the kind Artist, mov'd with Pious Grief,
Lent to the loving Maid this last Relief.
And all those erring Paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the Monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
Had not the Father's Grief restrain'd his Art.
He twice essay'd to cast his Son in Gold;
Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.
All this with wond'ring Eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying Object his Delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining Dame;
The Priestess of the God, Deiphobe her Name.
Time suffer's not, she said, to feed your Eyes
With empty Pleasures: haste the Sacrifice.
Sev'n Bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phæbus chuse,
And for Diana sev'n unspotted Ewes.
This said, the Servants urge the Sacred Rites;
While to the Temple she the Prince invites.
A spacious Cave, within its farmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious Art,
Thro' the Hills hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace:
As many Voices issue; and the sound
Of Sibyl's Words as many times rebound.
Now to the Mouth they come: Aloud she cries,
This is the time, enquire your Destinies.
He comes, behold the God! Thus while she said,
(And shiv'ring at the sacred Entry said)
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,
And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came.
Her Hair stood up; convulsive Rage posses'd
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast.
Greater than Human Kind she seem'd to look:
And with an Accent, more than Mortal, spoke.
Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury rowl;
When all the God came rushing on her Soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
Why this Delay, she cry'd; the Pow'rs invoke.
Thy Pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my Demands, and dumb the God.
She said no more: The trembling Trojans hear;
O'er-spread with a damp Sweat, and holy Fear.
The Prince himself, with awful Dread posses's'd,
His Vows to great Apollo thus address'd.
Indulgent God, propitious Pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose Hand, the Dardan Dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only Mortal part:
Thus far, by Fates Decrees, and thy Commands,
Through ambient Seas, and thro' devouring Sands,
Our exil'd Crew has fought th' Ausonian Ground:
And now, at length, the flying Coast is found.
Thus far the Fate of Troy, from place to place,
With Fury has pursu'd her wand'ring Race:
Here ceafe ye Pow'rs, and let your Vengeance end,
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred Maid, inspir'd to see
Th' Event of things in dark Futurity;
Give me, what Heav'n has promis'd to my Fate,
To conquer and command the Latian State:
To fix my wand'ring Gods; and find a place
For the long Exiles of the Trojan Race.
Then shall my grateful Hands a Temple rear
To the twin Gods, with Vows and solemn Pray'r;
And Annual Rites, and Festivals, and Games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious Names.
Nor shalt thou want thy Honours in my Land,
For there thy faithful Oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in Shrines: and ev'ry Sacred Lay,
Which, by thy Mouth, Apollo shall convey.
All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen Train
Of holy Priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetick Mind
To flitting Leaves, the sport of ev'ry Wind:
Left they disperse in Air our empty Fate:
Write not, but, what the Pow’rs ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her Load,
And lab’ring underneath the pond’rous God;
The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,
With more, and far superior Force he press’d:
Commands his Entrance, and without Controil,
Usurps her Organs, and inspires her Soul.
Now, with a furious Blast, the hundred Doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing Whirlwind roars
Within the Cave; and Sibyl’s Voice restores.
Escap’d the Dangers of the wat’ry Reign,
Yet more, and greater Ills, by Land remain.
The Coast so long desir’d, (nor doubt th’ Event)
Thy Troops shall reach, but having reach’d, repent.
Wars, horrid Wars I view; a field of Blood;
And Tyber rolling with a Purple Flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
A new Achilles shall in Arms appear:
And he, too, Goddess-born: fierce Juno’s Hate,
Added to hostile Force, shall urge thy Fate.
To what strange Nations shalt not thou resert,
Driv’n to sollicite Aid at ev’ry Court!
The Cause the same which Ilium once oppress’d,
A foreign Mistress, and a foreign Guest:
But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppole.
The dawning of thy Safety, shall be shown, 
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian Town.

Thus, from the dark Reces, the Sibyl spoke, 
And the resisting Air the Thunder broke; 
The Cave rebellow’d; and the Temble shook. 
Th’ ambiguous God, who rul’d her lab’ring Breast, 
In these mysterious Words his Mind express’d: 
Some Truths reveal’d, in Terms involv’d the rest.

At length her Fury fell; her foaming ceas’d, 
And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas’d, 
Then thus the Chief: No Terror to my view, 
No frightful Face of Danger can be new. 
Inur’d to suffer, and resolv’d to dare, 

The Fates, without my Pow’r, shall be without my 
This let me crave, since near your Grove the Road. 
To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode, 
Which Acheron surrounds, th’innavigable Flood: 
Conduct me thro’ the Regions void of Light, 
And lead me longing to my Father’s flight. 
For him, a thousand Dangers I have fought; 
And, rushing where the thickest Grècians fought, 
Safe on my Back the sacred Burthen brought. 
He, for my sake, the raging Ocean try’d, 
And Wrath of Heav’n; my still auspicious Guide, 
And bore beyond the strength decrepid Age supply’d. 
Oft since he breath’d his last, in dead of Night, 
His reverend Image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek below, his holy Shade;
Conducted there, by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious Minds by Pray'rs are won,
Oblige the Father, and protect the Son.
Yours is the Pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you Priestess of her nightly Reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting Lyre,
The ruthless King with Pity could inspire;
And from the Shades below redeem his Wife:
If Pollux, off'ring his alternate Life,
Cou'd free his Brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below:
Why name I Theseus, or his greater Friend,
Who trod the downward Path, and upward cou'd ascend!
Not less than theirs, from Jove my Lineage came:
My Mother greater, my Descent the same.
So pray'd the Trojan Prince; and while he pray'd
His Hand upon the holy Altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the Prophet's Divine:
O Goddess-born! of Great Anchises Line;
The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;
Smooth the Descent, and easie is the Way:
But, to return, and view the cheerful Skies;
In this the Task, and mighty Labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this Grace:
And those of shining Worth, and Heav'nly Race.
Betwixt those Regions, and our upper Light,
Deep Forests, and impenetrable Night
Possess the middle space: Th' Infernal Bounds
Cocytus, with his sable Waves, surrounds.
But if so dire a Love your Soul invades;
As twice below to view the trembling Shades;
If you so hard a Toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable Lake;
Receive my Counsel. In the Neighb'ring Grove
There stands a Tree; the Queen of Stygian Love
Claims it her own; thick Woods, and gloomy Night,
Conceal the happy Plant from Human sight.
One Bough it bears; but, wond'rous to behold;
The ductile Rind, and Leaves, of Radiant Gold:
This, from the vulgar Branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine, the Present born:
E'er leave be giv'n to tempt the neather Skies:
The first thus rent, a second will arise;
And the same Metal the same room supplies.
Look round the Wood, with lifted Eyes, to see
The lurking Gold upon the fatal Tree:
Then rend it off, as holy Rites command:
The willing Metal will obey thy Hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy Fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian State:
If not, no labour can the Tree constrain:
And strength of stubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend
Th' unworthy Fate of your unhappy Friend:
Breathless he lies: And his unbury'd Ghost, Depriv'd of Fun'ral Rites, pollutes your Host. Pay first his Pious Dues: And for the dead, Two fable Sheep around his Herse be led. Then, living Turfs upon his Body lay; This done, secure'y take the destin'd Way, To find the Regions destitute of Day. She said: and held her Peace. Æneas went Sad from the Cave, and full of Discontent; Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant. Aehates, the Companion of his Breast, Goes grieving by his side; 'with equal Cares oppress'd. Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd What Friend, the Priestess by those Words design'd. But soon they found an Object to deplore: Misenus lay extended on the Shore. Son of the God of Winds; none so renown'd, The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to found: With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Allarms; And rouze to dare their Fate, in honourable Arms. He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near; Not with his Trumpet only, but his Spear. But, by Pelides Arms, when Hector fell, He chose Æneas, and he chose as well. Swoln with Applause, and aiming still at more, He now provokes the Sea Gods from the Shore; With Envy Triton heard the Martial sound, And the bold Champion, for his Challenge, drown'd.
Then cast his mangled Carcass on the Strand;
The gazing Crowd around the Body stand.
All weep, but most Aeneas mourns his Fate;
And hastens to perform the Funeral state.
In Altar-wise, a stately Pile they rear;
The Basis broad below, and top advance'd in Air.
An ancient Wood, fit for the Work design'd,
(The shady Covert of the Salvage Kind)
The Trojans found: The founding Ax is ply'd:
Firrs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Forest Ashes, feel the fatal Stroke:
And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, rowl with Ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan Prince appears:
And, by his pious Labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his Mind,
The ways to compass what his Wish design'd,
He cast his Eyes upon the gloomy Grove;
And then with Vows implor'd the Queen of Love.
O may thy Pow'r, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal Tree,
In this deep Forest; since the Sibyl's Breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus Death.
Scarce had he said, when full before his sight
Two Doves, descending from their Airy Flight,
Secure upon the grassly Plain alight.
He knew his Mother's Birds: And thus he pray'd: 
Be you my Guides, with your auspicious Aid: 
And lead my Footsteps, till the Branch be found, 
Whose glitt'ring Shadow gilds the sacred Ground: 285 
And thou, great Parent! with Coelestial Care, 
In this Distress, be present to my Pray'r. 
Thus having said, he stop'd: With watchful sight, 
Observing still the motions of their Flight. 
What course they took, what happy Signs they shew. 
They fed, and flutt'ring by degrees, withdrew 291 
Still farther from the Place; but still in view. 
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on 
To the flow Lake; whose baleful Stench to shun, 294 
They wing'd their Flight aloft; then, stooping low, 
Perch'd on the double Tree, that bears the golden Bough. 
Thro' the green Leaves the glitt'ring Shadows glow; 
As on the sacred Oak, the wintry Misleto: 
Where the proud Mother views her precious Brood; 
And happier Branches, which she never sow'd. 300 
Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy Rind, 
And dancing Leaves, that wanton'd in the Wind. 
He seiz'd the shining Bough with griping hold; 
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring Gold. 
Then, to the Sibyl's Palace bore the Prize. 305 
Mean time, the Trojan Troops, with weeping Eyes, 
To dead Misenum pay his Obsequies. 
First, from the Ground, a lofty Pile they rear, 
Of Pitch-trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Firr:
The Fabrick's Front with Cypress Twigs they strew;
And stick the sides with Boughs of baleful Yeugh.
The topmost part, his glitt'ring Arms adorn;
Warm Waters, then, in brazen Caldrons born,
Are pour'd to wash his Body, Joint by Joint:
And fragrant Oils the stiff'en'd Limbs anoint.
With Groans and Cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless Body, thus bewail'd, they lay:
And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away:
(Such reverend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.)
Pure Oil, and Incense, on the Fire they throw:
And Fat of Victims, which his Friends bestow.
These Gifts, the greedy Flames to Dust devour;
Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour:
And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose;
Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.
Old Chorineus compass'd thrice the Crew;
And dip'd an Olive Branch in holy Dew;
Which thrice he sprinkl'd round; and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the Crowd:
But good Aeneas order'd on the Shore
A stately Tomb; whose top a Trumpet bore:
A Souldier's Fauchion, and a Sea-man's Oar.
Thus was his Friend interr'd: And deathless Fame
Still to the lofty Cape consigns his Name.
These Rites perform'd, the Prince, without delay,
Hastens to the neather World, his destin'd Way.
Deep was the Cave; and downward as it went
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent;
And here th' access a gloomy Grove defends;
And there th'un navigable Lake extends.
O'er whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,
No Bird presumes to steer his Airy Flight;
Such deadly Stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming Sulphur, that infects the Skies.

From hence the Grecian Bards their Legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the Lake.
Four sable Bullocks, in the Yoke untaught,
For Sacrifice the pious Heroe brought.
The Priestess pours the Wine betwixt their Horns:
Then cuts the curling Hair; that first Oblation burns.
Invoking Hecate hither to repair;
(A pow'rful Name in Hell, and upper Air.)
The sacred Priests with ready Knives bereave
The Beasts of Life; and in full Bowls receive
The streaming Blood: A Lamb to Hell and Night,
(The sable Wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers: And, by Fates decree,
A barren Heifar, Proserpine to thee.
With Holocaufts he Pluto's Altar fills:
Sev'n brawny Bulls with his own Hand he kills:
Then on the broiling Entrails Oyl he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging Flame devours.
Late, the Nocturnal Sacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning Sun.
Then Earth began to bellow, Trees to dance;
And howling Dogs in glimm'ring Light advance;
E'er Hecate came: Far hence be Souls profane;
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the Grove abstain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy Fates afford:
Assume thy Courage, and unsheathe thy Sword.
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy Space:
The Prince pursu'd her Steps with equal pace.
Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to Human sight,
Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystick Wonders of your silent State.
Obscure they went thro' dreary Shades, that led
Along the waste Dominions of the dead:
Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
By the Moon's doubtful, and malignant Light:
When Jove in dusky Clouds involves the Skies;
And the faint Crescent shoots by fits before their Eyes.
Just in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares, and fullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Want; Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep:
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head:
And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread.
Of various Forms unnumber'd Specters more;
Centaurs, and double Shapes, besiege the Door:
Before the Passage horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred Hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple Frame;
And vain Chimera vomits empty Flame.
The Chief unsheath'd his shining Steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden Fear, to force the Guard.
Off'ring his brandish'd Weapon at their Face;
Had not the Sibyl stop'd his eager Pace,
And told him what those empty Fantomes were;
Forms without Bodies, and impasive Air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way;
Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary Coast:
A fordid God; down from his hoary Chin
A length of Beard descends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on Fire:
A Girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene Attire.
He spreads his Canvas, with his Pole he steers;
The Freights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears.
He look'd in Years; yet in his Years were seen
A youthful Vigour, and Autumnal green.
An Airy Crowd came rushing where he stood;  
Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood.  
Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarry'd Maids;  
And mighty Heroes more Majestick Shades.  
And Youths, intomb'd before their Fathers Eyes,  
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:  
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods:  
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forfike the Floods,  
And wing their hasty flight to happier Lands:  
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands:  
And press for passage with extended hands.  
Now these, now those, the surly Boatman bore:  
The rest he drove to distance from the Shore.  
The Heroe, who beheld with wond'ring Eyes,  
The Tumult mix'd with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries;  
Ask'd of his Guide, what the rude Concourse meant?  
Why to the Shore the thronging People bent?  
What Forms of Law, among the Ghosts were us'd?  
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?  
Son of Anchises, Offspring of the Gods,  
The Sibyl said; you see the Stygian Floods,  
The Sacred Stream, which Heav'n's Imperial State  
Attest's in Oaths, and fears to violate.  
The Ghosts rejected, are th'unhappy Crew  
Depriv'd of Sepulchers, and Fun'ral due.  
The Boatman Charon; those, the bury'd hoist,  
He Ferries over to the Farther Coast.
Nor dares his Transport Vessel cross the Waves,
With such whose Bones are not compos'd in Graves. 450
A hundred years they wander on the Shore,
At length, their Penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan Chief his forward pace repress'd;
Revolving anxious Thoughts within his Breast. 454
He saw his Friends, who whelm'd beneath the Waves,
Their Fun'ral Honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet Graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the Crowd he knew;
And the brave Leader of the Lycian Crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene Seas, the Tempests met;
The Sailors master'd, and the Ship o'erfet. 460
Amidst the Spirits Palinurus press'd;
Yet fresh from life, a new admitted Guest.
Who, while he steering view'd the Stars, and bore
His Course from Affrick, to the Latian Shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view, 465
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen Shadow knew:
Then thus the Prince. What envious Pow'r, O Friend,
Brought your lov'd Life to this disaftrous end?
For Phæbus, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my Faith betray'd? 470
The God foretold you shou'd not die, before
You reach'd, secure from Seas, th' Italian Shore?
Is this th' unerring Pow'r? The Ghost reply'd,
Nor Phæbus flatter'd, nor his Answers ly'd;
Nor
Nor envious Gods have sent me to the Deep: But while the Stars, and course of Heav’n I keep;
My weary’d Eyes were seiz’d with fatal sleep.
I fell; and with my weight, the Helm constrain’d,
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain’d.
Now by the Winds, and raging Waves, I swear,
Your Safety, more than mine, was then my Care:
Left, of the Guide bereft, the Rudder lost,
Your Ship shou’d run against the rocky Coast.
Three blust’ring Nights, born by the Southern blast;
I floated; and discover’d Land at last:
High on a mounting Wave, my head I bore:
Forcing my Strength, and gath’ring to the Shore:
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz’d
The Craggy Cliffs, and my tir’d Members eas’d:
While, cumber’d with my dropping Cloaths, I lay,
The cruel Nation, covetous of Prey,
Stain’d with my Blood th’ unhospitable Coast:
And now, by Winds and Waves, my lifeless Limbs are
Which O avert, by yon Etherial Light
Which I have lost, for this eternal Night:
Or if by dearer tics you may be won,
By your dead Sire, and by your living Son,
Redeem from this Reproach, my wand’ring Ghost;
Or with your Navy seek the Velin Coast:
And in a peaceful Grave my Corps compose:
Or, if a nearer way your Mother shows,
Without whose Aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful Passage o'er the Stygian Lake;
Lend to this Wretch your Hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet Banks of yon forbidden Shore.
Scarce had he said, the Prophetess began;
What Hopes delude thee, miserable Man?
Think'st thou thus unintomb'd to cross the Floods,
To view the Furies, and Infernal Gods;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving Years:
Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears.
This Comfort of thy dire Misfortune take;
The Wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
With Vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman Coast.
Till they propitiate thy offended Ghost,
And raise a Tomb, with Vows, and solemn Pray'r;
And Palinurus name the Place shall bear.
This calm'd his Cares: soft'nd with his future Fame;
And pleas'd to hear his propagated Name.

Now nearer to the Stygian Lake they draw:
Whom from the Shore, the surly Boatman saw:
Observ'd their Passage thro' the shady Wood;
And mark'd their near Approaches to the Flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with Wrath;
Mortal, what e'er, who this forbidden Path
In Arms presum'd to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy Name, and Buis'ness in the Land.
Know this, the Realm of Night; the Stygian Shore: My Boat conveys no living Bodies o'er: 
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear; 
Who forc'd a Passage with his pointed Spear; 
Nor strong Alcides, Men of mighty Fame; 
And from th'immortal Gods their Lineage came. 
In Fetters one the barking Porter ty'd, 
And took him trembling from his Sov'raign's side: 
Two fought by Force to seize his beauteous Bride. 
To whom the Sibyl thus, compose thy Mind: 
Nor Frauds are here contriv'd, nor Force design'd. 
Still may the Dog the wand'ring Troops constrain 
Of Airy Ghosts; and vex the guilty Train; 
And with her grisly Lord his lovely Queen remain. 
The Trojan Chief, whose Lineage is from Jove, 
Much fam'd for Arms, and more for filial Love, 
Is sent to seek his Sire, in your Elysian Grove. 
If neither Piety, nor Heav'n's Command, 
Can gain his Passage to the Stygian Strand, 
This fatal Present shall prevail, at least; [her Vest. 
Then shew'd the shining Bough, conceal'd within 
No more was needful: for the gloomy God 
Stood mute with Awe, to see the Golden Rod: 
Admir'd the destin'd Off'ring to his Queen; 
(A venerable Gift so rarely seen.) 
His Fury thus appeas'd, he puts to Land: 
The Ghosts forsake their Seats, at his Command:
He clears the Deck, receives the mighty Freight,
The leaky Vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly he sails; and scarcely items the Tides:
The pressing Water pours within her sides.
His Passengers at length are wasted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy Weeds, upon the miry Shore.
No sooner landed, in his Den they found
The triple Porter of the Stygian Sound:
Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A Sop, in Honey steep'd, to charm the Guard.
Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning Jaws, just op'd to roar:
With three enormous Mouths he gapes; and fright,
With Hunger preft, devours the pleasing Bait.
Long draughts of Sleep his monstrous Limbs enslave;
He reels, and falling, fills the spacious Cave.
The Keeper charm'd, the Chief without Delay
Pafs'd on, and took th' irreremeable way.
Before the Gates, the Cries of Babes new born,
Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
Assault his Ears: Then those, whom Form of Laws
Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cause.
Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
The wrongful Sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict Inquisitor, appears;
And Lives and Crimes, with his Assessor, hears.
Round, in his Urn, the blended Balls he rolls;
Absolves the Just, and dooms the Guilty Souls.
The next in Place, and Punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their Souls away.
Fools, who repining at their wretched State,
And loathing anxious life, suborn’d their Fate.
With late Repentance, now they would retrieve
The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live.
Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,
To view the Light of Heav’n, and breath the vital Air:
But Fate forbids; the Stygian Floods oppose; [close.
And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls in-
Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear;
So call’d, from Lovers that inhabit there.
The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,
Lament too late, their unextinguish’d Fire.
Here Procris, Eryphile here, he found
Baring her Breast, yet bleeding with the Wound
Made by her Son. He saw Pasiphae there,
With Phaedra’s Ghost, a foul incestuous pair;
There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both; but loyal in their Loves.
Cneo’s, a Woman once, and once a Man;
But ending in the Sex she first began.
Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood;
Fesh from her Wound, her Bosom bath’d in Blood.
Whom, when the Trojan Heroe hardly knew,
Obscure in Shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky Night,
Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain Light:) 615
With Tears he first approach'd the sullen Shade;
And, as his Love inspir'd him, thus he said.
Unhappy Queen! then is the common breath
Of Rumour true, in your reported Death,
And I, alas, the Cause! by Heav'n, I vow,
And all the Pow'rs that rule the Realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly State:
Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.
Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresisted Might
Have sent me to these Regions, void of Light, 625
'Thro' the vast Empire of eternal Night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with Grief,
My Flight should urge you to this dire Relief.
Stay, stay your Steps, and listen to my Vows:
'Tis the last Interview that Fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,
With Tears and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground:
And, what he says, and swears, regards no more, 635
Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful fight,
Hid in the Forest, and the Shades of Night.
Then fought Sicheus, thro’ the shady Grove,
Who answer’d all her Cares, and equal’d all her Love.
Some pious Tears the pitying Heroe paid;
And follow’d with his Eyes the flitting Shade.
Then took the forward Way, by Fate ordain’d,
And, with his Guide, the farther Field is attain’d;
Where, sever’d from the rest, the Warrior Souls remain’d.

Titeus he met, with Meleager’s Race;
The Pride of Armies, and the Souldier’s Grace;
And pale Adrafitus with his ghastly Face.

Of Trojan Chiefs he view’d a numerous Train:
All much lamented, all in Battel slain.

Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor’s Sons, and Ceres sacred Priest:
And proud Iteus, Priam’s Charioteer;
Who shakes his empty Reins, and aims his Airy Spear.
The gladsome Ghosts, in circling Troops, attend,
And with unwearied Eyes behold their Friend.
Delight to hover near; and long to know
What buis’ness brought him to the Realms below.

But Argive Chiefs, and Agamemnon’s Train,
When his refulgent Arms flash’d thro’ the shady Plain,
Fled from his well known Face, with wonted Fear,
As when this thund’ring Sword, and pointed Spear,
Drove headlong to their Ships, and glean’d the routed

They rais’d a feeble Cry, with trembling Notes:
But the weak Voice deceiv’d their gasping Throats.
Here Priam's Son, Deiphobus, he found:
Whose Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound.
Dishonest, with lop'd Arms, the Youth appears:
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670
His blotted Form, and blushing to be known.
And therefore first began. O Teucer's Race,
Who durst thy Faultless Figure thus deface? 675
What heart cou'd wish, what hand inflict this dire Dis-
Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal Night,
Your single Prowess long sustain'd the Fight:
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious Fate you chose:
And fell upon a Heap of slaughter'd Foes.
But in remembrance of so brave a Deed,
A Tomb, and Fun'ral Honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your Manes, on the Trojan Plains:
The place your Armour, and your Name retains.
Your Body too I fought; and had I found,
Design'd for Burial in your Native Ground.
The Ghost reply'd, your Piety has paid 685
All needful Rites, to rest my wand'ring Shade:
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel Wife,
To Grecian Swords betray'd my sleeping Life.
These are the Monuments of Helen's Love: 689
The Shame I bear below, the Marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding Joys we past
The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our last.
For when the fatal Horse, descending down,
Pregnant with Arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy Town,
She feign'd Nocturnal Orgyes: left my Bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan Dames, the Dances led.
Then, waving high her Torch, the Signal made,
Which rouz'd the Grecians from their Ambuscade.
With Watching overworn, with Cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs possess'd.
Mean time my worthy Wife, our Arms mislay'd;
And from beneath my head my Sword convey'd:
The Door unlatch'd; and with repeated calls,
Invites her former Lord within my walls.
Thus in her Crime her confidence she plac'd:
And with new Treasons wou'd redeem the past.
What need I more, into the Room they ran;
And meanly murther'd a defenceless Man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way:
Avenging Pow'rs! with Justice if I pray,
That Fortune be their own another day.

But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian State?
Driv'n by the Winds and Errors of the Sea,
Or did you Heav'n's Superior Doom obey?
Or tell what other Chance conducts your way?
To view, with Mortal Eyes, our dark Retreats,
Tumults and Torments of th' Infernal Seats?
While thus, in talk, the flying Hours they pass,

The Sun had finish'd more than half his Race:

And they, perhaps, in Words and Tears had spent

The little time of stay, which Heav'n had lent.

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day:

Tis here, in different Paths, the way divides:

The right, to Pluto's Golden Palace guides:

The left to that unhappy Region tends,

Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;

The Seat of Night profound, and punish'd Fiends.

Then thus Deiphobus: O Sacred Maid!

Forbear to chide; and be your Will obey'd:

Lo to the secret Shadows I retire,

To pay my Penance till my Years expire.

Proceed Auspicious Prince, with Glory Crown'd,

And born to better Fates than I have found.

He said; and while he said, his Steps he turn'd

To Secret Shadows; and in silence Mourn'd.

The Heroe, looking on the left, espy'd

A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side

With treble Walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,

Whole fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds:

And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing noise

refounds.

Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high

With Adamantine Columns, threats the Sky.
Vain is the force of Man, and Heav'ns as vain,
To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain.
Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the Ward.
Girt in her sanguine Gown, by Night and Day,
Observant of the Souls that pass the downward way:
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the pains
Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their Cries;
And ask'd his Guide, from whence those Yells arise?
And what the Crimes and what the Tortures were,
And loud Laments that rent the liquid Air?
She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy Race,
Are all forbidden this polluted Place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the Woods,
Then led me trembling thro' those dire Abodes:
And taught the Tortures of th' avenging Gods.
These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate:
And awful Rhadamantus rules the State.
He hears and judges each committed Crime;
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time.
The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal:
Loath to confess, unable to conceal:
From the first Moment of his vital Breath,
To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.
Straight, o'er the guilty Ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes:
And the pale Sinner, with her Sifters, takes.
Then, of it self, unfolds th’ Eternal Door:
With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar. 775
You see, before the Gate, what stalking Ghost
Commands the Guard, what Centuries keep the Post:
More formidable Hydra stands within;
Whose Jaws with Iron Teeth severely grin.
The gaping Gulph, low to the Centre lies; 780
And twice as deep as Earth is distant from the Skies.

The Rivals of the Gods, the Titan Race, [space.
Here sing’d with Lightning, rowl within th’ unfathom’d
Here lye th’ Alban Twins, (I saw them both)
Enormous Bodies, of Gigantick Growth;
Who dar’d in Fight the Thund’rer to defy;
Affect his Heav’n, and force him from the Sky.
Salmonesus, suff’ring cruel Pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the ratling Sound
Of Mimick Thunder, and the glitt’ring Blaze
Of pointed Lightnings, and their fork’d Rays.
Through Elis, and the Grecian Towns he flew:
Th’ audacious Wretch four fiery Courfers drew:
He wav’d a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought Godlike Worship from a Servile Train. 795
Ambitious Fool, with horny Hoofs to pass
O’er hollow Arches, of resounding Brafs;
To rival Thunder, in its rapid Course:
And imitate inimitable Force.
But he, the King of Heav’n, obscure on high, 800
Bar’d his red Arm, and launching from the Sky
His writhen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoak,
Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.
There *Tityus* was to see; who took his Birth
From Heav’n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth.
Here his Gygantick Limbs, with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of Infernal Space.
A rav’nous Vulture in his open’d side,
Her crooked Beak and cruel Tallons try’d:
Still for the growing Liver dig’d his Breast;
The growing Liver still supply’d the Feast.
Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains:
Th’immortal Hunger lafts, th’immortal Food remains.
Ixion and *Perithous* I cou’d name;
And more Thessalian Chiefs of mighty Fame.
High o’er their Heads a mould’ring Rock is plac’d,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev’ry B’aff.
They lye below, on Golden Beds display’d,
And genial Feasts, with Regal Pomp, are made
The Queen of Furies by their sides is set;
And snatches from their Mouths th’untaasted Meat.
Which, if they touch, her hisling Snakes she rears:
Tossing her Torch, and thund’ring in their Ears.
Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne;
Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre fold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold:
Who dare not give, and ev’n refuse to lend
To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend:
Vast is the Throng of these; nor less the Train Of lustful Youths, for foul Adult'ry slain.
Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,
And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold:
All these within the Dungeon's depth remain:
Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.

Ask not what Pains; nor farther seek to know
Their Process, or the Forms of Law below.
Some rowl a mighty Stone; some laid along,
And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his Eternal Chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the World with Cries;
(Cou'd Warning make the World more just or wise,)
Learn Righteousness, and dread th'avenging Deities.
To Tyrants others have their Country fold,
Imposing Foreign Lords, for Foreign Gold:
Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made;
Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.
With Incest some their Daughters Bed prophan'd,
All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,
And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,
I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat:
Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met.
But let us haste our Voyage to pursue;
The Walls of Pluto's Palace are in view.
The Gate, and Iron Arch above it, stands
On Anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops Hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the Golden Bough.
She said, and thro' the gloomy Shades they past,
And chose the middle Path: Arriv'd at last,
The Prince, with living Water, sprinkl'd o'er
His Limbs, and Body; then approach'd the Door.
Possess'd the Porch, and on the Front above
He fix'd the fatal Bough, requir'd by Pluto's Love.
These Holy Rites perform'd, they took their Way,
Where long extended Plains of Pleasure lay.
The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vye;
With Æther vested, and a Purple Sky:
The blissful Seats of Happy Souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know.
Their Airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,
And, on the Green, contend the Wrestler's Prize.
Some, in Heroick Verse, divinely sing.
Others in artful Measures lead the ring.
The Thracian Bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing Vest.
His flying Fingers, and harmonious Quill,
Strike sev'n distinguish'd Notes, and sev'nat once they fill.
Here found they Tancer's old Heroick Race;
Born better times and happier Years to grace.
Aßaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual Fame, with him who founded Troy.
The Chief beheld their Chariots from afar; 885
Their shining Arms, and Couriers train'd to War:
Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,
Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.
The love of Horses which they had, alive,
And care of Chariots, after Death survive. 890
Some cheerful Souls, were feasting on the Plain;
Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.
Beneath a Laurel Shade, where mighty Po
Mountsup to Woods above, and hides his Head below.
Here Patriots live, who for their Countries good, 895
In fighting Fields, were prodigal of Blood:
Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode;
And Poets worthy their inspiring God:
And searching Wits, of more Mechanick parts,
Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts. 900
Those who, to Worth, their Bounty did extend;
And those who knew that Bounty to commend.
The Heads of these with Holy Fillets bound;
And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her Speech address'd: 905
And first, to him surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breast;
Say happy Souls, Divine Musæus say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our Way
To find the Heroe, for whose only sake
We fought the dark Abodes, and cross'd the bitter Lake?
To this the Sacred Poet thus reply'd;
In no fix'd place the Happy Souls reside.
In Groves we live; and lye on mossy Beds
By Crystal Streams, that murmur through the Meads:
But pass yon eafe Hill, and thence descend,
The Path conducts you to your Journeys end.
This said, he led them up the Mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining Fields below;
They wind the Hill, and thro' the blissful Meadows go.
But old Anchifes, in a flow'ry Vale,
Review'd his muster'd Race; and took the Tale.
Those Happy Spirits, which ordain'd by Fate,
For future Being, and new Bodies wait.
With studious Thought observ'd th' illustrious Throng;
In Nature's Order as they pass'd along.
Their Names, their Fates, their Conduct, and their Care,
In peaceful Senates, and successful War.
He, when Aeneas on the Plain appears,
Meets him with open Arms, and falling Tears.
Welcome, he said, the Gods undoubted Race,
O long expected to my dear Embrace;
Once more tis giv'n me to behold your Face!
The Love, and pious Duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the Perils of so hard a way.
Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy Day approach'd; nor are my Hopes deceiv'd.
What length of Lands, what Oceans have you pass'd,
What Storms sustain'd, and on what Shores been call?
How have I fear'd your Fate! But fear'd it most, 
When Love assail'd you, on the Lybian Coast.
To this, the Filial Duty thus replies;
Your sacred Ghost, before my sleeping Eyes,
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful Enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrhene Sea,
My Navy rides at Anchor in the Bay.
But reach your Hand, oh Parent Shade, nor shun
The dear Embraces of your longing Son!
He said; and falling Tears his Face bedew:
Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting Shadow flip'd away;
Like Winds, or empty Dreams that fly the Day.
Now in a secret Vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze [Trees.]
Plays with a passing Breath, and whispers thro' the
And just before the Confines of the Wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent Flood.
About the Boughs an Airy Nation flew,
Thick as the humming Bees, that hunt the golden Dew;
In Summer's heat, on tops of Lillies feed,
And creep within their Bells, to suck the balmy Seed.
The winged Army roams the Field around;
The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wond'ring stood: Then ask'd the Cause,
Which to the Stream the Crowding People draws.
Then thus the Sire. The Souls that throng the Flood
Are those, to Whom, by Fate, are other Bodies ow'd;
In Lethe's Lake they long Oblivion tast,
Of future Life secure, forgetful of the Past.
Long has my Soul desir'd this time, and place,
To set before your sight your glorious Race.
That this prefaging Joy may fire your Mind,
To seek the Shores by Destiny design'd.
O Father, can it be, that Souls sublime,
Return to visit our Terrestrial Clime?
And that the Gen'rous Mind, releas'd by Death,
Can Covet lazy Limbs, and Mortal Breath?
Achilus then, in order, thus begun
To clear those Wonders to his Godlike Son.
Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,
And both the Radiant Lights, one common Soul
Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.
This Active Mind infus'd through all the Space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty Mass.
Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain;
And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main.
Th' Ethereal Vigour is in all the same,
And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame:
As much as Earthy Limbs, and gross allay
Of Mortal Members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n and edge of Day.
From this course mixture of Terrestrial parts,
Desire, and Fear, by turns posse's their Hearts:
And Grief, and Joy: Nor can the groveling Mind,
In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
Asser the Native Skies; or own its heav'ny Kind.
Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains;
But long contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul remains.
The Reliques of inveterate Vice they wear;
And Spots of Sin obscene, in ev'ry Face appear.
For this are various Penances enjoyn'd;
And some are hung to bleach, upon the Wind;
Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,
Till all the Dregs are drain'd; and all the Rust expires:
All have their Manes, and those Manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd to the Abodes repair:
And breath, in ample Fields, the soft Elysian Air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The Scurf is worn away, of each committed Crime.
No Speck is left, of their habitual Stains;
But the pure Aether of the Soul remains.
But, when a Thousand rowling Years are past,
(So long their Punishments and Penance last;)
Whole Drov'es of Minds are, by the driving God,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean Flood:
In large forgetful draughts to steep the Cares
Of their past Labours, and their Irksom Years.
That, unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.
Thus having said; the Father Spirit, leads
The Priestess and his Son through Swarms of Shades.
And takes a rising Ground, from thence to see
The long Procession of his Progeny.
Survey (purfu'd the Sire) this airy Throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian Names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan Line.
Observe the Youth who first appears in fight;
And holds the nearest Station to the Light:
Already seems to snuff the vital Air;
And leans just forward, on a shining Spear,
Silvius is he: thy last begotten Race;
But first in order sent, to fill thy place,
An Alban Name; but mix'd with Dardan Blood;
Born in the Covert of a shady Wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving Wife,
Shall breed in Groves, to lead a solitary Life.
In Alba he shall fix his Royal Seat:
And, born a King, a Race of Kings beget.
Then Procas, Honour of the Trojan Name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless Fame.
And second Silvius after these appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy Name he bears.
For Arms and Justice equally renown'd;
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vig'rously they wield
Their weighty Lances, and sustain the Shield!
But they, who crown'd with Oaken Wreaths appear,
Shall Galbion Walls, and strong Fidenia rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;  
And raise Colatian Tow'rs on Rocky Ground.
All these shall then be Towns of mighty Fame;  
Tho' now they lye obscure; and Lands without a Name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore  
The Crown that once his injur'd Grand'ire wore.
This Prince, a Priest's of your Blood shall bear;  
And like his Sire in Arms he shall appear.
Two rising Crefs his Royal Head adorn;  
Born from a God, himself to Godhead born.
His Sire already signs him for the Skies,  
And marks the Seat amidst the Deities.
Auspicious Chief! thy Race in times to come  
Shall spread the Conquests of Imperial Rome.
Rome whose ascending Tow'rs shall Heav'n invade;  
Involving Earth and Ocean in her Shade.
High as the Mother of the Gods in place;  
And proud, like her, of an Immortal Race.
Then when in Pomp she makes the Phrygian round;  
With Golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:  
A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply;  
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.
Now fix your Sight, and fland intent, to see  
Your Roman Race, and Julian Progeny.
The mighty Cæsar waits his vital Hour;  
Impatient for the World, and grasps his promis'd Pow'r.  
But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his Line;
Æn. VI.  ÆNEIS.

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the Realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better Age of Gold.
Affrick, and India, shall his Pow'r obey,
He shall extend his propagated Sway,
Beyond the Solar Year; without the stary Way.
Where Atlas turns the rowling Heav'ns around:
And his broad shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.
At his fore-seen Approach, already quake
The Caspian Kingdoms, and Mæorian Lake.
Their Seers behold the Tempest from afar;
And threatening Oracles denounce the War.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;
And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's Fates.

Nor Hercules more Lands or Labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he flew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming Boar,
And dip'd his Arrows in Lernaan Gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian War,
By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car,
From Nifus top descending on the Plains;
With curling Vines around his purple Reins.
And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue
The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view?
But what's the Man, who from afar appears,
His Head with Olive crown'd, his Hand a Censer bears?
His hoary Beard, and holy Vestments bring
His loft Idea back: I know the Roman King.
He shall to peaceful Rome new Laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a Scepter to sustain.
Him, Tullus next in Dignity succeeds;
An active Prince, and prone to Martial Deeds.
He shall his Troops for fighting Fields prepare,
Difus'd to Toils, and Triumphs of the War.
By dint of Sword his Crown he shall increase;
And scour his Armour from the Ruft of Peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning Air;
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin Kings: Th' avenging Sword
Of Brutus, juftly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the Rods, and Ax severe;
And gives the Consuls Royal Robes to wear.
His Sons, who seek the Tyrant to sustain,
And long for Arbitrary Lords again,
With Ignominy scourg'd, in open fight,
He dooms to death deserv'd; asserting Publick Right.
Unhappy Man, to break the Pious Laws
Of Nature, pleading in his Children's Cause!
Howe'er the doubtful Fact is understood,
Tis Love of Honour, and his Country's good:
The Consul, not the Father, sheds the Blood.
Behold Torquatus the fame Track pursue;
And next, the two devoted Decij view.
The Druian Line, Camillus loaded home
With Standards well redeem’d, and foreign Foes o’ercome.
The Pair you see in equal Armour shine;
(Now, Friends below, in close Embraces join:
But when they leave the shady Realms of Night,
And, cloth’d in Bodies, breath your upper Light,)
With mortal Heat each other shall pursue:
What Wars, what Wounds, what Slaughter shall ensue!
From Alpine Heights the Father first descends;
His Daughter’s Husband in the Plain attends:
His Daughter’s Husband arms his Eastern Friends.
Embrace again, my Sons, be Foes no more:
Nor stain your Country with her Childrens Gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim;
Thou, of my Blood, who bear’st the Julian Name.
Another comes, who shall in Triumph ride;
And to the Capitol his Chariot guide;
From conquer’d Corinth, rich with Grecian Spoils.
And yet another, fam’d for Warlike Toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman Laws:
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan Cause:
Shall drag in Chains their Achillæan Race;
Shall vindicate his Ancestors Disgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated Place.
Great Cato there, for Gravity renown’d,
And conqu’ring Cossus goes with Lawrels crown’d.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipio’s Worth, those Thunderbolts of War,
The double Bane of Carthage? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous Poverty,
Severe Fabritius, or can cease t’admire
The Ploughman Consul in his Course Attire!
Tir’d as I am, my Praise the Fabij claim;
And thou great Heroe, greatest of thy Name;
Ordain’d in War to save the sinking State,
And, by Delays, to put a stop to Fate!
Let others better mold the running Mass
Of Mettals, and inform the breathing Brats;
And soften into Flesh a Marble Face:
Plead better at the Bar; describe the Skies,
And when the Stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, ’tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule Mankind; and make the World obey;
Disposing Peace, and War, thy own Majestick Way.
To tame the Proud, the fetter’d Slave to free;
These are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee.
He paus’d: And while with wonder’ring Eyes they view’d
The passing Spirits, thus his Speech renew’d.
See great Marcellus! how, untir’d in Toils;
He moves with Manly grace, how rich with Regal Spoils!
He, when his Country, (threaten’d with Alarms,) Requires his Courage, and his Conqu’ring Arms,
Shall more than once the Punic Bands affright:
Shall kill the Gaulish King in single Fight.
Then, to the Capitol in Triumph move,
And the third Spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of Form Divine
A Godlike Youth, in glittering Armour shine:
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his Eyes, dejected was his Face.
He saw, and, wond’ring, ask’d his airy Guide,
What, and of whence was he, who press’d the Hero’s side?
His Son, or one of his Illustrious Name,
How like the former, and almost the same:
Observe the Crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hov’ring Mists around his Brows are spread,
And Night, with sable Shades, involves his Head.
Seek not to know (the Ghost reply’d with Tears)
The Sorrows of thy Sons, in future Years.
This Youth (the blissful Vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on Earth, and snatch’d away.
The Gods too high had rais’d the Roman State;
Were but their Gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of Men shall fill the Martian Field!
How fierce a Blaze his flaming Pile shall yield!
What Fun’ral Pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his Bed, he views the sad Solemnity!
No Youth shall equal hopes of Glory give:
No Youth afford so great a Cause to grieve.
The Trojan Honour, and the Roman Boast;
Admir’d when living, and Ador’d when lost!
Mirror of ancient Faith in early Youth!
Undaunted Worth, Inviolable Truth!
No Foe unpunish'd in the fighting Field;
Shall dare thee Foot to Foot, with Sword and Shield.
Much less, in Arms, oppose thy matchless Force,
When thy sharp Spurs shall urge thy foaming Horse.
Ah, cou'dst thou break through Fate's severe Decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!

Full Canisters of fragrant Lillies bring,
Mix'd with the Purple Roses of the Spring:
Let me with Fun'ral Flowers his Body throw,
This Gift which Parents to their Children owe,
This unavailing Gift, at least I may bestow!
Thus having said, He led the Heroe round
The confines of the blest Elysian Ground.
Which, when Anchises to his Son had shown,
And stir'd his Mind to mount the promis'd Throne,
He tells the future Wars, ordain'd by Fate;
The Strength and Customs of the Latian State:
The Prince, and People: And fore-arms his Care
With Rules, to push his Fortune, or to bear.
Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn;
Of Polish'd Iv'ry this, that of transparent Horn:
True Visions thro' transparent Horn arise;
Thro' polish'd Iv'ry pass deluding Lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his Steps at last.
Then, through the Gate of Iv'ry, he dismiss'd
His valiant Offspring, and Divining Guest.
Stright to the Ships Æneas took his way;
Embarqu'd his Men, and skim'd along the Sea:
Still Coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's Bay. 1245
At length on Oozy ground his Gallics moor:
Their Heads are turn'd to Sea, their Sterns to Shoar.

The End of the Second Volume.