

## *Inferno XIII*

Virgil (70 B.C. - 19 B.C.)  
Book III, *Aeneid*

In Book III, Aeneas continues the story of his adventures after escaping from Troy. First he sails to Thrace, where he prepares to offer sacrifices. Tearing at the roots and branches of a tree, dark blood pours on the ground. The tree speaks to him, revealing itself to be the spirit of Polydorus, son of Priam, who had been killed by the Thracian king.

### **Liber Tertius, *Aeneid***

Postquam res Asiae Priamique euertere gentem  
immeritam uisum superis, ceciditque superbum  
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,  
diuersa exilia et desertas quaerere terras  
auguriis agimur diuum, classemque sub ipsa 5  
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,  
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,  
contrahimusque uiros. uix prima inceperat aestas  
et pater Anchises dare fatis uela iubebat,  
litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo 10  
et campos ubi Troia fuit. feror exsul in altum  
cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.

Terra procul uastis colitur Mauortia campis  
(Thraeces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,  
hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates 15  
dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curuo  
moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis  
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.  
sacra Dionaeae matri diuisque ferebam  
auspiciis coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem 20  
caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.  
forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo  
uirgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.  
accessi uiridemque ab humo conuellere siluam  
conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, 25  
horrendum et dictu uideo mirabile monstrum.  
nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbor  
uellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae  
et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror  
membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30  
rursus et alterius lentum conuellere uimen  
insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;  
ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.  
multa mouens animo Nymphas uenerabar agrestis  
Gradiumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet aruis, 35  
rite secundarent uisus omenque learent.

tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu  
 adgredior genibusque aduersae obluctor harenae,  
 (eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo  
 auditur tumulo et uox reddita fertur ad auris: 40  
 'quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,  
 parce pius scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia  
 externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.  
 heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:  
 nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit 45  
 telorum seges et iaculis increuit acutis.'  
 tum uero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus  
 obstipui steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.

Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno  
 infelix Priamus furtim mandaratum alendum 50  
 Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis  
 Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione uideret.  
 ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,  
 res Agamemnonias uicticiaque arma secutus  
 fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obtruncat, et auro 55  
 ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
 auri sacra fames! postquam pauor ossa reliquit,  
 delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem  
 monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.  
 omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, 60  
 linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus Austros.  
 ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens  
 aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae  
 caeruleis maestae uittis atraque cupresso,  
 et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; 65  
 inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte  
 sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro  
 condimus et magna supremum uoce ciemus.

Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque uenti  
 dant maria et lenis crepitans uocat Auster in altum, 70  
 deducunt socii nauis et litora complent;  
 prouehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.  
 sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus  
 Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,  
 quam pius arquiteus oras et litora circum 75  
 errantem Myconoe e celsa Gyaroque reuinxit,  
 immotamque coli dedit et contemnere uentos.  
 huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu  
 accipit; egressi ueneramus Apollinis urbem.  
 rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80  
 uittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro  
 occurrit; ueterem Anchisen agnouit amicum.  
 iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo uenerabar structa uetusto:

'da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis et genus et mansuram urbem; serua altera Troiae Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli. quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes? da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.'	85
uix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia uisa repente, liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moueri mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis. summissi petimus terram et uox fertur ad auris: 'Dardanidae duri, quae uos a stirpe parentum prima tulit tellus, eadem uos ubere laeto accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem. hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.'	90
haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, quo Phoebus uocet errantis iubeatque reuerti. tum genitor ueterum uoluens monimenta uirorum 'audite, o proceres,' ait 'et spes discite uestras. Creta louis magni medio iacet insula ponto, mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae.	95
centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna, maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor, Teucus Rhoeteas primum est aduectus in oras, optauitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces Pergameae steterant; habitabant uallibus imis.	100
hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris, et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones. ergo agite et diuum ducunt qua iussa sequamur: placemus uentos et Cnosia regna petamus.	105
nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit, tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.' sic fatus meritos aris mactauit honores, taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo, nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.	110
Fama uolat pulsum regnis cecidisse paternis Idomeneia ducem, desertaque litora Cretae, hoste uacare domum sedesque astare relictas. linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque uolamus bacchatamque iugis Naxos uiridemque Donusam, Olearon niueamque Paros sparsasque per aequor Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris. nauticus exoritur uario certamine clamor: hortantur socii Cretam proauosque petamus.	115
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis, et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris. ergo audis muros optatae molior urbis Pergameamque uoco, et laetam cognomine gentem hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.	120
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lamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, conubiis arisque nouis operata iuuentus, iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque uenit arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.	135
linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros, arebant herbae et uictum seges aegra negabat. rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso hortatur pater ire mari ueniamque precari, quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum temptare auxilium iubeat, quo uertere cursus.	140 145
Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat: effigies sacrae diuum Phrygiique penates, quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis extuleram, uisi ante oculos astare iacentis in somnis multo manifesti lumine, qua se plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras; tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 'quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est, hic canit et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit.	150 155
nos te Dardania incensa tuaque arma secuti, nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor, idem uenturos tollemus in astra nepotes imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem. mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo. est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae; Oenotri coluere uiri; nunc fama minores	160 165
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem. hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus lasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum. surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arua.'	170
talibus attonitus uisis et uoce deorum (nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere uultus uelatasque comas praesentiaque ora uidebar; tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor)	175
corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas ad caelum cum uoce manus et munera libo intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando. agnouit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentis, seque nouo ueterum deceptum errore locorum. tum memorat: 'nate, Iliacis exercite fatis, sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.	180

nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna uocare.	185
sed quis ad Hesperiae uenturos litora Teucros crederet? aut quem tum uates Cassandra moueret? cedamus Phoebos et moniti meliora sequamur. sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ouantes.	
hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis uela damus uastumque caua trabe currimus aequor.	190
Postquam altum tenuere rates nec iam amplius ullae apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus, tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris.	195
continuo uenti uoluunt mare magnaue surgunt aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite uasto; inuoluere diem nimbi et nox umida caelum abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes, excutimur cursu et caecis erramus in undis.	200
ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo nec meminisse uiae media Palinurus in unda. tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.	
quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem uisa, aperire procul montis ac uoluere fumum. uela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae adnixa torquent spumas et caerulea uerrunt.	205
seruatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum exciunt. Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno Harpyiaequae colunt aliae, Phineia postquam clausa domus mensasque metu liquere priores.	210
tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saeuior ulla pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.	215
uirginei uolucrum uultus, foedissima uentris proluuies uncaeque manus et pallida semper ora fame.	
huc ubi delati portus intrauimus, ecce laeta boum passim campis armenta uidemus caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas. inruimus ferro et diuos ipsumque uocamus in partem praedamque louem; tum litore curuo exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.	220
at subitae horrido lapsu de montibus adsunt Harpyiae et magnis quatunt clangoribus alas, diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant immundo; tum uox taetrum dira inter odorem.	225
rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cauata [arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris]	230
instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem; rursum ex diuerso caeli caecisque latebris turba sonans praedam pedibus circumuolat uncis,	

polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum.	235
haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam disponunt ensis et scuta latentia condunt. ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curua dedere litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta	240
aere cauo. inuadunt socii et noua proelia temptant, obscenas pelagi ferro foedare uolucris. sed neque uim plumis ullam nec uulnera tergo accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae semesam praedam et uestigia foeda relinquunt.	245
una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, infelix uates, rumpitque hanc pectore uocem; 'bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuuencis, Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?	250
accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo praedixit, uobis Furiarum ego maxima pando. Italiam cursu petitis uentisque uocatis: ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.	255
sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem quam uos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.' dixit, et in siluam pennis ablata refugit. at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis	260
deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, sed uotis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem, siue deae seu sint dirae obscenaeque uolucres. et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis numina magna uocat meritosque indicit honores:	265
'di, prohibete minas; di, talem auertite casum et placidi seruate pios.' tum litore funem deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis. tendunt uela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis qua cursum uentusque gubernatorque uocabat.	270
iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis. effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna, et terram altricem saeui exsecramur Vlixi. mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.	275
hunc petimus fessi et paruae succedimus urbi; ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.	
Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti lustramurque loui uotisque incendimus aras, Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis.	280
exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras nudati socii: iuuat euasisse tot urbes Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.	

interea magnum sol circumuoluitur annum et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas.	285
aere cauo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis, postibus aduersis figo et rem carmine signo: aeneas haec de danais victoribus arma; linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.	290
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt: protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.	
Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris, Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum, et patrio Andromachen iterum cecidisse marito. obstupui, miroque incensum pectus amore compellare uirum et casus cognoscere tantos.	295
progredior portu classis et litora linquens, sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam libabat cineri Andromache manisque uocabat Hectoreum ad tumulum, uiridi quem caespite inanem et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacrauerat aras.	300
ut me conspexit uenientem et Troia circum arma amens uidit, magnis exterrita monstris deriguit uisu in medio, calor ossa reliquit, labitur, et longo uix tandem tempore fatur: 'uerane te facies, uerus mihi nuntius adfers, nate dea? uiuisne? aut, si lux alma recessit, Hector ubi est?' dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem impleuit clamore locum. uix pauca furenti subicio et raris turbatus uocibus hisco:	305
'uiuo equidem uitamque extrema per omnia duco; ne dubita, nam uera uides. heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna reuisit, Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia seruas?'	310
deiecit uultum et demissa uoce locuta est: 'o felix una ante alias Priameia uirgo, hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos nec uictoris heri tetigit captiua cubile!	315
nos patria incensa diuersa per aequora uectae stirpis Achilleae fastus iuuenemque superbum seruitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.	320
ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore coniugis et scelerum furis agitatus Orestes excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras. morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit	325
	330



longa procul longis uia diuidit inuia terris.  
 ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda  
 et salis Ausonii lustrandum nauibus aequor 385  
 infernique lacus Aeaeaeque insula Circae,  
 quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.  
 signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:  
 cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam  
 litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus 390  
 triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,  
 alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,  
 is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.  
 nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:  
 fata uiam inuenient aderitque uocatus Apollo. 395  
 has autem terras Italiq̄ue hanc litoris oram,  
 proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,  
 effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Grai.  
 hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,  
 et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400  
 Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei  
 parua Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.  
 quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes  
 et positis aris iam uota in litore solues,  
 purpureo uelare comas adopertus amictu, 405  
 ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum  
 hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.  
 hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;  
 hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.

### Book III, *Aeneid*

"When 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 celestial 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 clothe 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 Aenos, nam'd from me, the city call.  
 To Dionaean Venus vows are paid,  
 And all the pow'rs that rising labors 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 sylvan 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 fibers rose, and from the wound  
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.  
 Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;  
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.  
 Mann'd once again, another plant I try:  
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.  
 Then, fearing guilt for some offense unknown,  
 With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone,  
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most  
 The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian coast,  
 That they, or he, these omens would avert,  
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.  
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length  
 To learn the cause, I tugged 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 ensued:  
 'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?  
 O spare the corpse 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 Trojan veins.  
 O fly from this unhospitable shore,  
 Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!  
 Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,  
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'  
 "My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare

My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.  
 When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,  
 Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,  
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:  
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far  
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war,  
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;  
 Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,  
 Forsook 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 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 Polydore;  
 But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,  
 Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.  
 In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,  
 With baleful cypress 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,  
 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' Aegaeon main appears;  
 Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs.  
 It floated once, till Phoebus fix'd the sides  
 To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.  
 Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,  
 With needful ease our weary limbs restore,  
 And the Sun's temple and his town adore.  
 "Anius, the priest and king, with laurel 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  
 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 Thymbraeus, give a resting place  
 To the sad relics 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 labors 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 laurels, and the lofty hills around;  
And from the tripods 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.  
Thro' the wide world th' Aeneian house shall reign,  
And children's children shall the crown sustain.'  
Thus Phoebus 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 't is divulg'd by certain fame,  
To the Rhoetean shores old Teucus came;  
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,  
Ere 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 th' Idaean woods,  
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,  
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.  
Let us the land which Heav'n appoints, explore;  
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.  
If Jove assists 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 slew;  
A milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,  
And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.  
Ere this, a flying rumor had been spread  
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,  
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free  
From foreign or domestic enemy.  
"We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea;

By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;  
 Then green Donyssa pass; and sail in sight  
 Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.  
 We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,  
 That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.  
 The shouts 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 thro' 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 itself 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 labor'd land;  
 And I myself new marriages promote,  
 Give laws, and dwellings I divide by lot;  
 When rising vapors choke the wholesome air,  
 And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;  
 The trees devouring caterpillars burn;  
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:  
 Nor 'scape the beasts; for Sirius, from on high,  
 With pestilential heat infects the sky:  
 My men- some fall, the rest in fevers 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.  
 "'T was 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 Phoebe's ent'ring light.  
 Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:  
 'What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,  
 He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.  
 Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate,  
 Who from the burning town by thee were brought,  
 Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.  
 Thro' 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 labors yield:  
 But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,  
 Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.  
 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.  
 Iasius 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 descried,  
 In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied;)  
 I started from my couch; a clammy sweat  
 On all my limbs and shiv'ring body sate.  
 To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste,  
 And sacred incense in the flames I cast.  
 Thus to the gods their perfect honors 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 could then have thought  
 That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,  
 Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?  
 Now let us go where Phoebus 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 galleys move,  
 With only seas around and skies above;  
 When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,  
 And night with sable 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 Palinurus no distinction found  
 Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd around.  
 Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays,  
 Without distinction, and three sunless days;  
 The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,  
 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 flow'ry 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 greensward 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 arbor made.  
Again the holy fires on altars burn;  
And once again the rav'nous birds return,  
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,  
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 shore 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 Celaeno sate,  
And thus her dismal errand did relate:

'What! not contented with our oxen slain,  
 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 Phoebus has design'd,  
 And I, the Furies' 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 ere your promis'd walls you build,  
 My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.  
 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 haulsers, and obey,  
 And soon with swelling sails 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 Leucate's cloudy top appears,  
 And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.  
 Resolv'd to breathe a while from labor 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 Actian shores renew.  
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,  
 And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil;  
 Pleas'd to have sail'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 temple's lofty door  
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore;  
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks:  
 'These arms Aeneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.'  
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply

Their sweeping oars; the smoking billows fly.  
 The sight of high Phaeacia soon we lost,  
 And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.  
 "Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,  
 And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.  
 Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd 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 galleys 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 sound.  
 The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;  
 And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.  
 But when at nearer distance she beheld  
 My shining armor 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 recov'ring strength,  
 Thus, with a falt'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 loathe 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 begun:  
 "'O 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 borne,  
 Endur'd the victor's lust, 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 slew 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 toss'd?  
 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 Scaean gate again.  
 My friends in porticoes were entertain'd,  
 And feasts and pleasures thro' 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 supplied 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 power and omen of the sky  
 Direct my course for destin'd Italy;  
 But only dire Celaeno, from the gods,  
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes-  
 O say what dangers I am first to shun,  
 What toils 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 Phoebus, 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,  
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;  
 Thy fates conspire, and Jove 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 shores,  
 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 nether 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 sucking 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 labors and thy woe.  
 Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,  
 For Phoebus 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 possess'd;  
 The salvage Locrians here the shores infest;  
 There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,  
 And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;  
 And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,  
 Which Philoctetes 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,  
 Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.  
 These rites and customs to the rest commend,  
 That to your pious race they may descend.

(Translation by John Dryden)