

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL.

WRITTEN BY MAPHŒUS VEGIUS.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE,

By MOSES MENDES, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great character Maphæus Vegius bore among the learned, may be a sufficient reason for me to have attempted the following translation; in which I was the more encouraged, as I do not know of any other version but one by Thomas Twine, doctor of physic, printed in the year 1584; and he, I am sure, is no powerful antagonist. I shall not pretend to criticise upon my author; but shall only observe, by the way, that I think him too fond of repetitions, some of which I have hurried over, and others I have entirely struck out.

Maphæus Vegius was born at Lodi, in the Milaneze, in the year 1407, and was secretary of the briefs to pope Martin the Fifth, and afterwards datary. He was likewise endowed with a canonry of St. Peter's, with which he was so well contented, that he refused a rich bishoprick. Pope Eugenius the Fourth, and Nicholas the Fifth, out of their regard for his learning, and affection to his person, continued him in his office of datary.

He died at Rome in the year 1459.



T H E
T H I R T E E N T H B O O K
O F

V I R G I L.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Turnus being slain by Eneas, the Rutuli submit to the conqueror, and are suffered to carry off their dead leader with all his armour, except the belt of Pallas, which is to be sent back to Evander. Eneas sacrifices to the gods. Latinus deplores the death of Turnus. So does Daunus his father, who likewise laments a great conflagration, that lays his city in ashes, and is miraculously transformed into a bird called a heron. Latinus sends messengers to Eneas with proposals of peace, and a treaty of marriage with his daughter Lavinia, which are both accepted. He comes to Laurentum, marries the daughter of the king, and at his death succeeds him in the kingdom, having first founded a city of his own, which he names Lavinium. Venus interceeds with Jupiter to make her son a god, which he consents to. She flies with him to heaven, and he is afterwards worshipped by the Romans.

DEform'd in dust now Turnus press'd the ground,
The soul indignant rushing from the wound,
While eminent amid the gazing bands,
Like Mars himself, the Trojan victor stands :

Q 3

Groans

Groans thick in comfort from the Latians rise,
And ev'ry heart in every bosom dies.

As the tall wood bewails in hollow sound,
By storms impell'd, her honours on the ground :
Now, fix'd in earth their spears, the humbled foe
Rest on their swords, and targets from them throw ;
Condemn the thirst of battle, and abhor
The dreaded fury of destructive war ;
Submit to all the conqu'ror shall impose,
And pardon crave and end of all their woes.

As when two bulls, inflam'd with martial rage,
Impetuous in the bloody fight engage,
To each his herd inclines, who anxious wait
The dubious conflict, and their champion's fate ;
But, one victorious, t'others dames in awe
From their foil'd chief their former faith withdraw :
They grieve indeed, but join with one accord
To share the fortunes of an happier lord.

So the Rutulians, struck with mighty dread,
Tho' deep their sorrow for their leader dead,
Yet now the Phrygians glorious arms would join,
Conducted by a leader so divine ;
And a firm league of lasting peace implore,
That cruel war might vex their lives no more.
Then striding o'er the foe, the ghastly dead,
The Trojan chief expostulating said :

" What madness seiz'd thee, Daunian, in the thought,
 That we by Heaven's appointment hither brought,
 Here planted by the thunderer's decree,
 Could from our mansions be expell'd by thee ?
 Oh rash, the will celestial to oppose,
 To anger Jove, and make the gods thy foes.
 At length the utmost of thy rage is done
 'Gainst Teucer's race with breach of league begun :
 Lo, future times from this instructive day
 Almighty Jove shall fear to disobey ;
 And learn from dread example, to abhor
 The crime of kindling, without cause, a war.
 Now boast thy arms : a noble corse thou'rt laid ;
 Since such a price thou for Lavinia paid :
 Nor yet shall fame to thy dishonour tell,
 That thou defeated by Eneas fell.
 But, oh Rutulians, bear away your chief,
 Funereal rites perform, indulge your grief ;
 With all his arms your hero I restore,
 Except the belt which erst young Pallas wore ;
 That, to his hoary fire I mean to send,
 Perhaps some comfort may the gift attend :
 The sullen joy that slak'd revenge bestows,
 May sooth his soul, and mollify his woes.
 And ye, Ausonians, under better stars
 Shall lead your legions to successful wars,
 If justice wield the sword. I never fought
 To harm your friends, but self-defending fought,
 To save my own the hostile steel I drew,
 Fate crown'd my honest aim, and frown'd on you."

Eneas said, and fought with inward joy
 The walls that hold the poor remains of Troy;
 Mean while his troops their well-lov'd chief attend,
 And with reproach the conquer'd hosts offend:
 Their shouts triumphant eccho to the sky,
 The mettl'd coursers neigh, and seem to fly.

The pious Trojan ere he light the fire
 Due to his friends upon the sacred pyre,
 By other flames begins his just returns,
 And to the gods each holy altar burns;
 Observant ever of his country's rites,
 The mitred priest devoted heifers smites.
 The clam'rous swine increase the heaps of slain,
 And milk-white lambkins plead for life in vain.
 Forth from each victim are the entrails torn,
 And piece-meal cut, in sacred chargers borne.
 They strip the fleecy mother of her pride,
 And roasting fires th' attendant throngs provide:
 From deep-mouth'd urns they pour upon the shrine
 Their due libations to the god of wine.
 With grateful incense they the pow'rs invoke,
 And from each altar curls the fragrant smoke.
 The choral bands the hymns appointed sing
 To thee, O Venus, and to Heav'n's Great King;
 Saturnian Juno heard her praise with joy,
 Her rage abated tow'rd the sons of Troy.
 Mars too was sung, and then the num'rous host
 Of minor gods, who seats ætherial boast.

Eneas with his hands to Heaven address'd,
 And folding young Iulus to his breast,
 Bespoke the boy ; " At length, my only son,
 Our toils are o'er, the task of war is done,
 At length approaches the long wish'd-for hour
 To clasp soft quiet, now within our pow'r.
 Soon as the morn shall ope the gates of day
 To yon proud walls, O wing thy speedy way :"
 Next to his friends he turn'd him graceful round,
 " Ye sons of Ilion, ever-faithful found,
 Too long, alas, we've strangers been to ease,
 The brunt of battle, and the rage of seas
 Have been our lot, a scene of endless pain
 Involv'd us all, but better days remain ;
 Our pangs are past, our suff'rings all are o'er,
 Peace, dove-ey'd Peace, salutes us on this shore ;
 For know, Lavinia shall be firmly mine,
 And Trojan shall with Latian blood combine ;
 From whose great mixture shall a nation spring,
 To give the world one universal king,
 Whose wide domain shall stretch from pole to pole,
 Where earth is seen, or mighty oceans roll.
 Then, dear companions, with th'Aufonian band
 In peace and concord share this happy land ;
 The good Latinus as your king obey,
 For who more just, more fit for regal sway.
 This have I fix'd ; by me be taught to dare
 The rough approaches of invasive war,
 By me instructed, suffer as you ought,
 Nor on the gods cast one unhallow'd thought ;

By

By heav'n I swear, my friends so often try'd,
 Now wanton Fortune combats on my side,
 The toils you've suffered, and the dangers past,
 Shall meet with ample usury at last."

So spoke the chief, revolving in his mind
 The various fortunes that attend mankind,
 Rejoic'd to see the objects of his care
 Safe, thro' his means, from tempests, rage, and war.
 As when a kite in many a whirling ring
 Intent on blood, comes stooping on the wing,
 The anxious hen, for her young brood in dread,
 The fell destroyer hov'ring o'er their head,
 Whets her sharp bill, th' invader to engage,
 And urg'd by fondness conquers lawless rage ;
 The tyrant flies, nor yet her fears suppress'd,
 She calls each feather'd wand'rer to her breast,
 There shields them close, and counts them o'er and o'er,
 And dangers over-past regards no more :
 Anchises son thus to his bands of Troy
 By former woe enhances present joy,
 The perils past of battle, land and seas,
 Are sweet rememb'rance to an heart at ease,
 For which the hero grateful homage pays
 To ev'ry god, and hymns the thund'rer's praise.

The sad Rutulians their dead leader bear,
 And the last office for the chief prepare,
 The clam'rous sorrow catches all around,
 Latinus heard the melancholy sound ;

Prefaging

Presaging fears his anxious breast divide :
 But when he saw the wound in Turnus side,
 He quickly caught the epidemic woe,
 His bosom heav'd, his eyes in torrents flow,
 In graceful guise he wav'd his scepter'd hand,
 And order'd silence to th' intruding band,
 Who came in clusters thronging to the plain,
 To view the features of the mighty slain.

As when the foaming boar, whom dogs surround,
 Rips up their gen'rous chief with mortal wound,
 The howling pack about the hunter throng,
 And seem to call him to avenge the wrong ;
 The well known signals of his hand and voice
 Reduce their tumult, and compose the noise :
 Latinus silenc'd thus the clam'rous train,
 And a dumb sorrow dwelt on all the plain ;
 The solemn pause the good old monarch broke,
 And the big drops fell from him as he spoke.

" What scenes of various ills, of care, and strife,
 Await poor mortals on this sea of life ;
 Pride finds in crowns her pleasures all compleat,
 Deluded wretch to call a poison sweet ;
 Ambition hastens to the dusty field,
 Can death, can dangers soft contentment yield ?
 Th' example now is recent to your eyes,
 Young Turnus fate shou'd teach you to be wise.
 Beneath the glitt'ring throne that bears a king
 Are poniards hid, and aspies dart their sting :

Few,

Few, few alas, a monarch's cares behold,
 He sighs in purple, and repines in gold,
 Control'd to act against his own intent,
 And when he sighs for peace, to war consent.

“ Ah, what avail'd, mistaken Turnus say,
 To urge my people to the lawless fray,
 To break that knot which sacred faith had ty'd,
 And war 'gainst those with whom th' immortals side?
 'Twas with regret the sword of rage I drew,
 For ah too well the consequence I knew.
 Oft have I seen thee on thy bounding steed,
 In burnish'd arms the willing nations lead,
 As oft my prayers have sooth'd thee from the plain;
 But sober prudence counsels rage in vain.

“ My cities thinn'd, are nodding to their fall,
 Each useless fortress weeps her ruin'd wall,
 A sanguine dye, once happier rivers yield,
 And Latian coursers whiten ev'ry field:
 Ah me, what scenes attend Latinus' age,
 Grief, devastation, war, despair, and rage!

“ Farewel, once more. Ah, Turnus, where is now
 That warmth for glory, and that awful brow?
 That pleasing face, by youth more pleasing dress'd,
 Now shocks the sight that once charm'd ev'ry breast.
 Ah me! what horrors shall on Daunus wait,
 When he shall hear his Turnus' rigid fate!

What stings of sorrow shall his bosom tear,
 And Ardea's sons their monarch's grief shall share !
 Yet soil'd with dust, and grim with clotted blood,
 Cleanse the pale corse in yonder silver flood,
 Perhaps some ease his father's heart may feel,
 To know he sunk beneath an hero's steel."

He spake and wept, and turning to the train,
 They raise the body off the dusty plain,
 Plac'd on a bier, to Ardea's walls they tend,
 A horrid present to a fire to send.

Shields, horses, swords, the prizes of the war,
 Are borne aloft, next moves the rattling car,
 Still wet with Phrygian blood. Metiscus now
 Moves slowly on, and sorrow clouds his brow ;
 Metiscus, born to tame the gen'rous steed,
 Doth in procession Turnus' courser lead.
 The noble beast, who ne'er before knew fear,
 Now shakes, and drops the sympathizing tear.
 Full oft had he his daring master led,
 Where the war thunder'd, and the nations bled,
 To death, to danger, never known to yield,
 The pride, the fear, the glory of the field.

Inverted arms the foll'wing legions bear,
 And shrieks of sorrow pierce the yielding air.
 Thro' night's dull shade they march, while Latium's king
 Deep in his palace feels keen sorrow's sting,

Foresees strange horrors : widows, maids, and wives,
 Young men and old, all anxious for their lives,
 Join in one shrill complaint : thus surges roar,
 When press'd by winds, they break upon the shore.

Nor yet had Daunus heard, his son no more
 Should cheer his age, or what his army bore
 In fullen pomp approaching Ardea's walls,
 Another grief the pensive monarch calls :
 For while the Latins had engag'd in fight,
 And war-like Turnus glory'd in his might,
 Involving flames had seiz'd his native land,
 And Ardea's town was level'd to the sand.
 Beyond the stars ascending sparkles fly,
 And gleamy horror blazes thro' the sky.
 So will'd the gods ; perhaps the crumb'ling wall
 In omen dread predicted Turnus fall ;
 Th' affrighted citizens in dread array,
 Thro' flames and death pursue their dubious way ;
 The shrieks of matrons witness their despair,
 And clouds of smook involve the dark'ning air.

As careful ants for future wants provide,
 Where an old oak presents her riven side,
 But if the ax the shelt'ring timber wound,
 Or bring its leafy honours to the ground,
 Among the croud what cares tumultuous rise,
 This way and that the fable cohort flies ;
 Or as the tortoise broiling on the fire,
 When on her back, unable to retire,

With

With head, with feet, with tail declares her pain,
 And tries all strength and stratagem in vain :
 Thus Ardea's sons, beset with perils round,
 And wild confusion, no deliv'rance found ;
 When from amid the flames was seen to rise
 With clapping wings, a fowl that cuts the skies :
 'Twas Ardea *, but transform'd, and she e'er while
 With turrets crown'd, and many a stately pile,
 Now, giv'n the city's name and mark to bear,
 On ample pinions flits around in air.
 Fix'd with dismay th' astonish'd vulgar gaze,
 Nor further fly to shun the dreadful blaze ;
 But who a monarch's sorrows can relate,
 A monarch trembling for his country's fate,
 Doom'd tales of fresh affliction soon to know,
 Doom'd to a sad variety of woe.

The solemn train approaches now too near,
 And Turnus corse beheld upon the bier ;
 Black torches, so their country's rites demand,
 Each sad attendant carries in his hand ;
 A gen'ral sorrow seizes all the croud,
 The tim'rous matrons, in afflictions loud,
 Pierce heav'ns blue arch, their flowing garments tear,
 Beat their soft breasts, and rend their flowing hair.
 But when the father heard his Turnus slain,
 He seem'd a statue fix'd upon the plain :
 But soon his sorrows found a different way,
 He flies like light'ning where the body lay,

* Ardea, the Latin name for a heron or hern.

The breathless corse he held in grapples fast,
And, tongue-ty'd long by grief, found words at last.

“ My son, my son ! my age's last relief,
Thy fire's late glory, now his cause of grief ;
Prop of my age, and guardian of my throne,
Which totters to its fall now thou art gone :
Comfort no more her healing balm will shed,
My Turnus falls, and Daunus peace is fled.
Are these the trophies of thy vast renown ?
Are these the glories of an added crown ?
Are these the honours of extended pow'r,
O Fortune, giddy as the whirling hour ?
Man builds up schemes for her to over-turn,
We grasp at sceptres, and possess an urn :
And thou, who, lately a whole nation's joy,
Didst drive thy thunders on the sons of Troy,
Now ly'st an empty form of lifeless clay,
Our hope no longer, nor the foe's dismay.
No more that tongue shall list'ning crouds persuade ;
No more that face shall charm each gazing maid,
No more that form shall catch th' admiring view,
Those eyes no more their lustre shall renew ;
Thy port majestic no one now shall prize,
In arts of peace, ah, Turnus, vainly wise ;
Mars crop'd thy honours in their vernal bloom,
And ev'ry virtue withers on thy tomb.
Urg'd on to war, too eager in thy hate,
Thou rush'd to fight, and half-way met thy fate.

O Death,

O Death, relentless, thy unerring blow
 Strikes down the great, and lays the haughty low;
 Kings, princes, people, his dread rigor fear,
 And shrink to dust when he approaches near.
 Infatiate pow'r, among the old and young,
 Each day o'er whom thy fable stole is flung,
 Could not thy hand arrest one single dart,
 That thro' a son's has riv'd a parent's heart?
 Amata happy! now at endless rest,
 Thy slaughter'd son moves not thy quiet breast.
 Say, say, ye pow'rs! have I yet more to dread?
 What drive ye next on this devoted head?
 Ye crop'd my blossom in his earliest spring,
 And blazing Ardea flutters on the wing.
 Yet what is Ardea? for my child I moan,
 The loss of him is ev'ry loss in one;
 Some woe superior was for me decreed,
 I have it now, and am a wretch indeed.
 When once the Fates have mark'd their destin'd prey,
 Each various ill pursues him on his way;
 This way and that the fainting wretch is hurl'd,
 The sport of heav'n, and pity of the world."

No more he said, but down his rev'rend cheeks,
 In scalding streams, the briny torrent breaks;
 Thick groans distend his breast, his eye-balls stare,
 And all his looks are horror and despair.

So when a fawn is from th'embow'ring grove,
 Truss'd by the bird of thunder-bearing Jove,

The hapless mother shakes with deadly fear,
And gives what aid she can, a fruitless tear.

Now from the portals of the rosy sky
The morn arising, earth born vapours fly;
When good Latinus, finding that 'twas vain
To try the fortunes of the warlike plain,
(For his pale legions shudder'd at the word,
And almost wish'd to call Eneas, lord,)
He much revolv'd of former breach of vows,
The truce infring'd, and long-disputed spouse.
At length a solemn embassy is sent,
A thousand men select for that intent;
Commission'd these the virtuous chief t' implore,
To waste Laurentum with his arms no more;
To quiet hostile rage amongst the bands,
And visit friendly old Latinus' lands.

With these went sages vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
Well skill'd to plead, and princes stand before:
Instructed to declare their king's desire,
To accomplish what the awful gods require;
And as they will'd, that Troy and Latium's blood
Should flow commingl'd in one common flood,
He yielded gladly to their wise decree,
And wish'd the Dardans and their chief to see.

Mean while Latinus cheers the anxious crew,
Relates his measures, and his pious view;

Hope swells their bosoms, and expels their fears,
The news in transport all Ausonia hears.

Now the glad city rings with peals of joy,
And all prepare to meet the sons of Troy,
Not in the plain in warfare to contend,
But as to meet a brother or a friend.
The royal court is deck'd with double care,
Worthy the chief who shall be shortly there.

The appointed envoys reach the camp design'd,
Their reverend heads fair olive-branches bind,
Of peace the token, and their tongues no less
Of friendly talk the full intent profess.
Within his palace, Venus' god-like son
With kind demeanor welcomes ev'ry one ;
To whom thus Drances, Drances, first in age,
And who 'gainst Turnus nourish'd endless rage:

“ O Trojan chief ! thy Phrygia's chiefest boast,
In virtue first, and mightiest of the host,
Our royal master swears by all the pow'rs,
(Hear me, immortals, in your heav'nly bow'rs)
That 'gainst his will the treaties sworn, he broke,
Or did to fight your valiant bands provoke ;
But inly wish'd to gratify the choice
The gods had made, by his assenting voice ;
To give his daughter to thy longing arms,
Lavinia, fam'd for virtue, as for charms.

But if stern rage has turn'd his view aside,
 If seas of blood have flow'd on either side ;
 If madding fury, reason over came,
 O powerful chief, let Turnus bear the blame ;
 His busy mind disdain'd all peace and rest,
 And floods of gall o'erflow'd his ranc'rous breast.
 Long our Latinus stedfastly deny'd
 To lend his troops, and 'gainst his will comply'd :
 Ev'n then our armies wish'd the frantic boy
 Would yield obedience to the chief of Troy.
 Our monarch too requesting nations join'd ;
 But say, can Reason bend the stubborn mind ?
 Can human reason hope for weight or force,
 When not the gods could turn his impious course ?
 In dire portents they spoke their will in vain,
 His rage renews, he hurries to the plain,
 Where his reward the daring caitiff found ;
 O'erborn by thee, he bites the bloody ground.
 Ah, wicked youth ! in Tartarus' black shade
 Contract new nuptials with some Stygian maid ;
 If rage and fury still be thy delight,
 In Acheron display thy skill in fight.
 But thou, the happy heir of Latium's throne,
 Whom all our people their protector own ;
 Whose ample praises are with rapture sung,
 Whose glorious deeds untie the infant's tongue ;
 Our youth, our sages, and each sober dame,
 With one accord all celebrate thy name :
 That Turnus fell by thee we all rejoice,
 Believe not me, but hear a nation's voice ;

On thee, the Latians turn an eye of joy,
 Latinus waits thee. O thou son of Troy,
 Forbear a while to seek the shades of night,
 In full expectance of the nuptial rite ;
 So shall th' Italian and the Phrygian race
 Join in one stock, which time shall ne'er efface.
 Then haste, great chief ! thy conduct be our care,
 To gain those honours thou wast born to wear."

He said ; the shouting bands his sense approve,
 And former hate gives way to new-born love :
 To which the pious hero smiling kind,
 Thus spoke the gentle dictates of his mind :

" The rage of combats, and past scenes of woe,
 Ye and your king are guiltless of I know :
 Turnus alone provok'd the martial strife,
 Lavish of blood, and prodigal of life ;
 A raging passion for delusive fame
 Too oft we find the youthful breast inflame ;
 Then tell your king his will shall be obey'd,
 With rapture I embrace the Latian maid,
 And peace eternal swear. Nor till the pow'rs
 Have stopp'd the course of good Latinus' hours,
 Shall his imperial sceptres grace these hands ;
 But, born a king, he still shall rule these lands.
 Another city shall my Trojans found,
 Where added household gods shall bless the ground ;
 Lavinia's name shall grace the rising town,
 And equal laws united bands shall own :

May love and friendship spread thro' all the host,
 And Troy and Latium in one name be lost.
 What now remains but with a pious care
 To burn those corfes that infect the air,
 Sad victims of the war, whose rav'nous hand
 Smites mighty heroes, and destroys a land?
 That bus'ness done, to-morrow's sun shall guide
 The happy lover to his blooming bride."

He said; th' attentive people round him gaze,
 His virtues charm them, and they shout his praise.
 Now see the busy legions all around,
 Trees crack'ling fall, and axes loud resound;
 With holy zeal they shape the diff'rent pyres,
 And high to heav'n ascend the curling fires;
 Thick clouds of smoke mount slowly to the sky,
 A thousand sheep, appointed victims, die;
 The blood of swine impurples all the plain,
 And in the flames they cast the heifers slain:
 No more the field is loaded with the dead,
 And noisy shouts around the plain are spread;
 At length the sun diffus'd his golden ray,
 And all prepar'd to hasten on their way.
 Eneas first his fiery steed bestrode,
 And at his side the rev'rend Drances rode,
 Who much bespoke the chief; the next to fight
 Ascanius came, in youthful honours bright:
 The good Aletes, deeply worn with age,
 Ilioneus, and Mnestheus, worthy sage;

Sereftus and Sergeftus pafs'd along,
 And valiant Gyas, and Cloanthus ftrong.
 In bands commix'd, the foll'wing troops fucceed,
 For fo the friendly leaders had decreed.

Now on Laurentum's wall, a gaping train
 View'd the proceffion moving o'er the plain;
 Each citizen exults with inward joy,
 To think the fword no longer fhall deftroy.

Latinus from the town, a certain way
 With chofen friends, to meet the Trojan, lay:
 Nor could the croud the god-like chief conceal,
 The mighty prince his actions all reveal;
 High o'er the reft in graceful pomp he trod,
 Each action fpoke the offspring of a god.

Thus met, the leader of the Latian band
 Addrefs'd the chief, and prefs'd his friendly hand:

“ At length, thou glory of the Trojan race,
 My hope's compleat, for I behold thy face.
 To me at length the happy hour is giv'n,
 To clasp the choicest fav'rite of heav'n;
 With joy to yield to the divine decree,
 That here hath fix'd a refting place for thee.
 Long tofs'd thro' perils, here thy rigors ceafe,
 Thefe lands, thefe happy lands, enjoy in peace.
 Tho' furious rage that knows not e'er to yield,
 Tho' Jove fhould frown, has drench'd with blood the field,

Tho' lawless licence arm'd her harpy claws,
 And wildly boasted violated laws ;
 Yet I, alas, unwillingly comply'd,
 With tears, not blood, Latinus' steel was dy'd :
 Deceiv'd my legions fought, and he who most,
 In Jove's despight, attack'd thy pious host,
 Now lies a carcass on the barren sand,
 Victim of heav'n, and of thy mighty hand,
 No more the trumpet shall awake to arms
 Thy martial soul, that bends to Hymen's charms.
 Some realms I have, and towns my own I call,
 Fit for defence, and girdl'd with a wall :
 Yet of all objects that my soul engage,
 Lavinia's chief, the comfort of my age ;
 She and her charms, O mighty son, be thine,
 In this embrace I the sweet maid resign.
 Dear to my soul, thy virtues I adore,
 Sprung from my loins, I could not love thee more."

To whom Eneas, " When that rev'rend head
 Meets my glad sight, by hoary Time o'erspread,
 I soon conclude that battle's stubborn rage
 Was ne'er the option of thy prudent age ;
 If thou hast fears, oh, give them to the wind,
 In thee, oh monarch, I a father find ;
 Believe thy son, when'er that form I view,
 The thoughts of good Anchises rise anew ;
 Again his figure in full sight appears,
 And filial duty melts me into tears."

Now to the palace hastes the royal pair,
 The Latian crowd confess the strangers fair;
 Maids, women, boys, and hoary fires combine
 To praise the beauties of their guests divine.
 But chief Eneas struck their wond'rous eyes:
 His fair demeanour, and superior size,
 Caught ev'ry gazer, and sincere their praise
 Attends the chief who blest with peace their days.

As when long rains have drench'd the genial plain,
 In gloomy sadness sits each pensive swain;
 With arms infolded, and dejected brow,
 The farmer weeps his unavailing plow:
 But clad in splendor should the sun arise,
 And pour his golden glories thro' the skies,
 They haste exulting to their honest care,
 And wound earth's bosom with the crooked share:
 So the Ausonians lull'd their mind to ease,
 And shout and revel at the approach of peace.

Latinus now had reach'd the palace gate,
 Eneas joins, Iulus swells the state;
 Trojans, Italians, march in pomp along,
 And the court brightens with a noble throng:
 By matrons circled, and by virgins led,
 Appear'd the partner of Eneas bed;
 Her eyes like stars diffus'd a lustre round,
 Her modest eyes she rivets to the ground.
 Soon as the Trojan saw the beauteous maid,
 He gaz'd, he lov'd, and thus in secret said:

“ I blame

“ I blame not, Turnus, thy ambitious rage,
 For such a prize who'd not in war engage ?
 To taste such beauties, such transcendent charms,
 Kings rouse the nations, and the world's in arms.”

The sacred priest fast by the altar stands,
 And joins in marriage-bond their plighted hands :
 With peals of joy the vaulted roofs resound,
 And Hymeneal songs are wafted all around.
 And now Achates, by his prince fore-taught,
 From out the camp the various presents brought.
 Vests work'd with gold which Hector's consort gave,
 Ere yet the Greeks had cross'd the briny wave ;
 A collar too, whose gems emitted flame,
 And once the honour of the princely dame :
 Nor was forgot a bowl insculptur'd high,
 Pond'rous to bear, and beauteous to the eye,
 Which on Anchises' board did whilom blaze,
 The gift of Priam in his happier days.
 This for Latinus good Achates brings,
 Such royal presents kings may send to kings :
 But the gay robes, and collar's radiant pride,
 Are justly destin'd for the blooming bride.

Now converse sweet, and joy without allay,
 Deceives the winged hours, and closes day ;
 The genial feast is serv'd in sumptuous state,
 For luxury, at times, becomes the great.
 On purple couches all the nobles lie,
 The taught attendants wait attentive by ;

From

From chryſtal urns are living waters pour'd,
 And every dainty loads the regal board.
 Bright Ceres here provides her gifts divine,
 And the red god beſtows his choiceſt wine.
 With eye attentive ev'ry waiter ſtands,
 And flies to execute each gueſt's commands.
 This ſerves the chargers, that the mantling bowl,
 And crowds in billows ſeem to wave, and roll.
 Latinus near Iulus at the board,
 Heard him with tranſport, and devour'd each word;
 For in the godlike youth at once combin'd,
 The grace of feature with the worth of mind;
 His manly talk, his obſervations ſage,
 Beſpoke a judgment riper than his age.
 Nor could the king with-hold his honeſt praiſe,
 "Take this embrace, thou wonder of thy days:
 Thrice bleſs'd Eneas, ſure the gods conſpire
 To make each ſon add luſtre to the fire."

The banquet ended, ſome their talk employ
 On Grecian battles, and the fall of Troy:
 Now of Laurentum's broils, what ſhrinking bands
 Fled from the foe, or dar'd oppoſers hands;
 Who firſt broke thro' the ranks with furious force,
 And thro' the ſlaughter urg'd his foaming horſe.
 But much Eneas and Latinus told
 Of Latium's ancient deeds, and hero's old;
 How Saturn flying from his offspring's rage,
 In fair Heſperia hid his hoary age,

Hence

Hence Latium call'd : he taught to raise the vine,
 And the forc'd earth her bounties to resign ;
 A wand'ring race, and mountain-bred he tam'd,
 By arts improv'd them, and with laws reclaim'd.
 Again Jove seeks his father's realms, to taste
 Electra's beauties, and the dame embrac'd,
 Whence Dardanus was born : his brothers slain
 By his own hand, he fled across the main.
 From Corythus he fled, with num'rous bands,
 And safely settled on the Phrygian lands.
 Proud of his birth, he in his banner bore
 The bird of Jove, which after, Hector wore.
 Much fame he won, which time shall ne'er destroy,
 Th' immortal founder of imperial Troy.
 To choral airs the high-roof'd palace rings,
 The torches blaze, the minstrel sweeps the strings ;
 Trojan and Latians to the sound advance,
 And mingle friendly in the mazy dance.
 For thrice three days in revelry and joy
 They drown'd their cares : at length the chief of Troy
 To other tasks directs his curious eyes,
 Mark'd out by plows shall destin'd cities rise ;
 Here form they trenches, there dig ditches wide,
 When, strange to say, the Phrygian leader spy'd
 A blazing glory round Lavinia's head,
 Which to the sky its flamy honours spread.
 He stood aghast, nor knew what meant the sign ;
 But thus his pray'r address'd : " O king divine,
 Of men and gods ! if e'er my Trojan bands
 Have unrepining follow'd thy commands,

Still

Still thro' all perils or by land or sea
 To thee have pray'd, have sacrific'd to thee;
 If I have led them to these pious deeds,
 Explain this omen that belief exceeds.
 Ah may no dire portent our peace oppose,
 Be ended here, O Jove! our various woes."
 While thus he pray'd, his mother lay conceal'd
 Behind a cloud; but, soon to fight reveal'd,
 Thus sooths her son: "Thy doubts and cares give o'er,
 Interpret right the happiness in store
 The gods predict. Peace spreads her olive wand,
 And buxom plenty crowns the laughing land.
 The lambient glories round Lavinia seen,
 Portend the god-like issue of the queen;
 From her a mighty race of chiefs shall rise,
 Whose fame immortal shall ascend the skies;
 The vanquish'd world with pride shall wear their chain,
 Realms far divided by the seas in vain.
 This flame, great Jove from high Olympus sent;
 Fame yet reserv'd is mark'd by this portent;
 Her share of honours let Lavinia claim,
 Call thy new city by her happy name.
 Thy household gods, escap'd from burning Troy,
 Shall in these walls a double peace enjoy;
 With pious awe their kindly love revere,
 For know they ever shall inhabit here.
 With such affection for these realms they burn,
 That forc'd from hence again they shall return;
 No other climes their godheads deign to bless,
 Then, my best son, thy happiness confess.

O'er

O'er Trojan bands thy legal sway maintain,
 'Till good Latinus seeks the Elyfian plain ;
 Then double scepters shall my offspring grace,
 Ruler of Troy, and Latium's hardy race :
 One common law shall bind them all in one,
 No fell divifion, and diftinction none.
 Yet mark, O mark, what ftill remains for thee,
 The gods confenting fix'd the kind decree,
 Thy days fpun out, thou fhalt not mix with earth,
 More honours claim thy virtues and thy birth ;
 'Tis thine to enter in the blefs'd abodes,
 Vanquifh proud Fate, and mingle with the gods." *And he*
She fpoke, and quickly darting from the fight,
 Streak'd the thin ether with a trail of light.

The hero flood revolving in his mind
 The various bounties which the pow'rs defign'd ;
 Peace crown'd his days, Latinus yields to Fate,
 The pious Trojan rules the happy ftate,
 Full wide extends his undisputed fway,
 And all alike one common king obey ;
 Their rites, their cuftoms, and their will the fame,
 As citizens they fhare one gen'ral name.

And now the mother of each fmiling love,
 Prostrate, and trembling at the throne of Jove,
 Befpoke the god : " Almighty fire of Heav'n !
 To whom the ruling of the world is giv'n,
 Who read'ft mankind, and feeft the heart's intent,
 Ere yet the lips have giv'n the fecret vent,

Thy

Thy sacred promise let a goddess claim,
 A goddess pleading for the Trojan name:
 Didst thou not vow in pity of their woes,
 To ease their suff'rings by a blest repose?
 Nor can I tax thy promise made in vain,
 Three years hath peace beheld this happy plain;
 Yet think, O Jove, to sooth a mother's care,
 There yet remains a seat in heav'n to spare
 For great Eneas, who transcends all praise:
 Speak thy decree, thine humbler suppliant raise.
 Past mortal strength his growing virtues rise,
 Too great for earth, he ripens for the skies."
 To whom the mighty pow'r with looks serene,
 But first he rais'd, and kiss'd the Cyprian queen:

"Thy mighty son and all his pow'rful bands
 That much I love, bear witness sea and lands,
 My arm hath snatch'd them from each peril near,
 And at their suff'rings Jove has shed a tear
 For thy fair sake. My Juno now relents,
 And to my grant, o'ercome, at length consents.
 Then 'tis decreed, his virtues shall prevail,
 Purge off each part that makes the mortal frail,
 Then add him to the stars; should others rise
 Of equal merit, they shall share the skies."
 The gods assent, and Juno vex'd no more,
 Requests the boon she often cross'd before.

Quick from the starry pole fair Venus glides,
 And where Numicus rolls thro' reeds his tides,

She

She dips her son, and washes well away
 Each grosser particle of mortal clay;
 The part divine to heav'n the goddess bears,
 And the just prince ætherial honours shares.
 Him as their god the Julian race invoke,
 For him do temples rise, and sacred altars smoke.

