THE ÆNEID

of Virgil

to which are attached the ***Eclogues*** *and the* ***Georgics***

translated by John Dryden



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THE ÆNEID

VIRGIL

Translated by John Dryden

BOOK I

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 a 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.



RMS, AND the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involved his anxious life in endless cares,

Exposed to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tyber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea,
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; beloved by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she designed.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she waged of late,
For conquering 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 remained
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained;
The grace bestowed on ravished Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combined
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train
Were tossed by storms, and scattered through the main.
Such time, such toil, required 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 shores,

Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent:
"Then am I vanquished? 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 power divert their happy course.
Could 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 presumed to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she tossed the ship,
And bare exposed the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seized, and with a burning wound
Transfixed, and, naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruined Troy!
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus raged the goddess; and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, the impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall the undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;

Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confined their fury to those dark abodes,
And locked them safe within, oppressed with mountain loads;
Imposed a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay;
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers addressed,
And thus the tenor of her suit expressed:—
"O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main—
A race of wandering slaves, abhorred by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Tuscan sea:
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And, for their vanquished gods, design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice seven, 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 fulfill.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:
Yours is my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast.
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."
He said, and hurled against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.
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 mixed confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heaven itself is ravished 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 cried,
"That under Ilian walls, before their parents, died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simoïs rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismembered 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 shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the Southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks the Ausonian sailors knew:
They called them Altars, when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurus, in his angry mood,

Dashed on the shallows of the moving sand,
    And in mid ocean left them moored a-land.
Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
    (A horrid sight!) even in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
    The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled: thrice round the ship was tossed,
    Then bulged 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 sucked, through loosened planks, the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Aletes old,
    Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endured 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.
Displeased, and fearing for his watery reign,
    He reared his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty; then rolled his eyes
    Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispersed, distressed,
    By stormy winds and wintery heaven oppressed.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
    And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summoned Eurus and the Western blast,
    And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuked—"Audacious winds! from whence
    This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
    Un-authorized by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled 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 power to hollow caverns is confined:
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 smoothed the sea,
Dispelled the darkness, and restored the day.
Cymothoë, 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 shoals.—Where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening 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 sovereign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosened reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shattered oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling 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 grot is formed beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereïds, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls,
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
No halsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scattered fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wished repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
Short flame succeeds: a bed of withered 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 lie along the ground.
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caïcus 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 used to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierced:
Nor ceased his arrows, till the shady plain

Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the seven ships he made an equal share,
And to the port returned, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepared,
In equal portions with the venison shared.
Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With cheerful words, allayed 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 tried;
The inhuman Cyclops, and his den defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you 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 foredoomed by Jove.
Called 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 yourselves for better fate."
These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles concealed 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.
Stretched on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,

Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and the 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 shores, and navigable seas:
At length on Libyan realms he fixed his eyes—
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke:—
"O king of gods and men! whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land;
Disposes all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy power incense?
Or what, alas! is vanished Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests tossed,
But shut from every shore, and barred from every coast.
You promised once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom reversed, which eased my care
When Troy was ruined in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose: 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 the Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fixed their arms, and there renewed their name,

And there in quiet rules, and crowned with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are banished earth, and, for the wrath of one,
Removed from Latium, and the promised throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom the Father of the 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 fixed, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wished Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
No councils have reversed my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have searched the mystic rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is the appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after every foe subdued, the sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefixed. Ascanius then,
Now called Iülus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling 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 filled,
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:

Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial towers 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.
Even haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself, turmoils,
At length atoned, her friendly power shall join,
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 conquering sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspired 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 heaven, the just reward of human toils,
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 banished 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
Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,

The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod.
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the Fates required, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Mean time, in shades of night Æneas lies:
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But, when the sun restored the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.—
It looked a wild uncultivated shore:
But, whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possessed the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Armed with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—
A huntress in her habit and her mien:
Her dress a maid, her air confessed a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wantoned in the wind;
Her hand sustained a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seemed a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and out-stripped the rapid flood.
"Ho! strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself arrayed,
Who crossed the lawn, or in the forest strayed?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;

Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:—
"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 mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests tossed,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offered victims at your altars fall."—
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan 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.
Phœnician 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. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possessed fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre swayed—
One who contemned divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, 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 concealed the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coined,
To sooth his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And, with erected 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, and 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.
Admonished thus, and seized 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 rigged they find;
Nor is Pygmalion'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 driven,
Or was their fatal course disposed by heaven;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa called,
From the bull's hide) they first inclosed, and walled.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:—
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done.
From ancient Troy, by force expelled, we came—
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.