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9 OC THE APPLICA PROVIDED ONLY IN COLUMN TO A CONTROL OF MAN ONLY THE ADMITT AND A CO
                                                                                                            s of my woes, With pious care I rescued from our foes. To fruitful Italy my course was bent; And from the King of He hin remainders of my fleet, From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet. Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown t, interposing, sought to soothe his care. "Whoe'er you are not unbelov'd by Heav'n, Since on our friendly shore you f success, for more: Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore; The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger fr; Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along, And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng: Now, all united in a of the skies in rings; Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend, Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend. No r neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair, Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground. And widely spread amb prince pursued the parting deity With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly? Unkind and cruel! to deceive your so own." Against the goddess these complaints he made, But took the path, and her commands obey'd. They march, ob Or force to tell the causes of their way. This part perform'd the goddess flies sublime To visit Paphosa, and her nati
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; Ne scure; for Venus kindly shrouds With mists their pers
                                                                                                       Own. Against the goddess these complaints he made, But took the path, and her commands obey d. They march, on her force to tell the causes of their way. This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime To visit Paphos and her natioke; A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r invoke. They climb the next ascent, and, looking down, ow at the streets; and hears, from ev'ry part, The noise and busy concourse of the mart. The unwieldly stones along. Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground, Which, first de sign'd, wit while others there Lay deep foundations for a theater; From marble quarries mighty columns hew, For ornamen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r sees the stately tow'rs, Which late we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e toiling Tyrians on each other call To ply their labor: som
h ditches they surround. Some laws ordain; and some atten
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ts of scenes, and future view. Such is their toil, and such th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     eir busy pains, As exercise the bees i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              digious to relate) He mix'd, unmark'd, among the bus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      y throng, Borne by the tide, and pas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             digging here, a prosp'rous omen found: From under e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       arth a courser's head they drew, The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             olemn state Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate, Enrich'd w
                                                                                                    divine. On brazen steps the marble threshold rose, And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose: The rafters ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e with brazen cov'rings crown'd; The lofty doors on brazen hinge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s sound. What first Aeneas this place
                                                                                                   is fear expell'd. For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd His wond'ring eyes, and round the temp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          gaz'd, Admir'd the fortune of the rising town, The striving artists, a
                                                                                                   unhappy Troy befall: The wars that fame around the world had blown, All to the life, and ev'ry l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             amemnon, Priam here, he spies, And fierce
                                                                                                 ev'n here The monuments of Trojan woes appear! Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lan
He said (his tears a ready passage find), Devouring what he sa
fierce Achilles thro' the plain, On his high chariot driving o'er
r'd their slumb'ring lord, Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet th
th loosen'd reins, Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains, Hu

men so will design'd, An
the field ev'n foreign lan
w so well design'd, An
the slain. The tent
e food Of Troy th
ng by the neck an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Id unhappy Priam stands! Ev'n the mute w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       alls relate the warrior's fame, And T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         an empty picture
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              fed his mind: For there he saw the fainting
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Grecians yield, And here the tremble
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           esus next his grief renew, By their white sails betray'd to nightly vi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ew; And wakeful Diomede, whose cr
   I sword The sentries slew, nor spa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e, or drink the Xanthian flood. Elsewhere he saw where Troilus de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       fied Achilles, and unequal combat tr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               and dragg'd around: The hostile spear, yet sticking in his woun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       d, With tracks of blood inscrib'd the
                                                                                                  ames, oppress'd with woe, To Pallas' fane in long procession go, In hopes to reco
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                heir heav'nly foe. They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       their hair, And rich embroider'd ves
                                                                                                 ddess stands unmov'd with pray'r. Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew Th, and so well express'd, Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast, T ttle on the plain; And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew, His pompous ensi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  se of Hector, whom in fight he slew. Here Priam sues; and the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               eс
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      re, for sums of gold, The lifeless bod
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   he figure of his lifeless friend, And his old sire his helpless h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     and extend. Himself he saw amidst th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             0 S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nd h<mark>is Indian cre</mark>w. Penthisilea there, with haughty grace, Le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            gns
                                                                                                   wield; The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield. Athwart her breast a golden
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        t the press alone provokes a thousa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nd foes, And dares her maiden arms t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     he throws, Amids
                                                                                                   Trojan prince employs his eyes, Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
                                                                                                   and seems; and so she charms the sight, When in the dance the graceful god
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ds The choir of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nymphs, and overtops their heads: K
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   nown by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
                                                                                                    ir queen; Latona sees her shine above the rest, And fee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ent breast. Such Dido was; with such becoming state, A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  midst the crowd, she walks serenely gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                arming people join. She takes petitions, eas bends His eyes, and unexpected see
                                                                                                    eeds, And passing with a gracious glance proceeds; T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         high plac'd before the shrine: In crowds around, the sw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nequal, there by lots decides. Another way by chance Aen
                                                                                                      Cloanthus strong, And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng, Whom late the t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    st on the billows toss'd, And widely scatter'd on another c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               oast. The prince, unseen, surpris'd with
                                                                                                       ste, to join their hands; But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, And from
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   llow cloud his friends surveys, Impatient till they told thei
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               r present state, And where they left their
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            o the gracious queen. Ent'ring, with cries the strain The wild inhabitants beneath thy reight
                                                                                                        me, and what was their request; For these were sent, commission d by the res ly voice, llioneus began: "O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods To found an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ue for leave to land their sickly men, And gain admission t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e in these new abodes, To build a town, with statutes to re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          emnant of a pious race! We come not with desperia nam'd of old; The soil is fruitful, and
    We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry sho
                                                                                                           re, From sea to sea, thy clemency implore. Forbid the fires our shipping to def
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y fugitives to grace, And spare the r
                                                                                                              force the swains away: Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire; The van qui
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   thoughts aspire. A land there is, H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        esperia nam'd of old; The soil is fruitful, and ent Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight o , and fear, Unless you interpose, a shipwreck ur hard fortune no compassion draws, Nor hos his word. If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, ge boasts. Permit our ships a shelter on your shor ibyan main, And if our young lulus be no more, Dis t renew. The modest queen a while, with downcast e not heard the story of your woes, The name and fort ent, Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent, You s to defend the Tyrian tow'rs, My wealth, my city, and my ng shore. And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in gu

    by common fame Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name. To that sweet region

                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s our voyage bent, V
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hen winds and ev'ry warring elem
                                                                                                               nd: The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar, Dispers
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    st upon the rocky shore. Those few you see escap'd the Storm
   re. What men, what monsters, what inhuman
                                                                                                                 race, What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                hore to drowning men, And drive us to the cruel seas again? If o
                                                                                                                   t, and will revenge our cause. Aeneas was our prince: a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              r warrior, never drew a sword; Observant of the right, religious of
  or we, his friends, of safety shall despair; Nor y
s, Refitted from your woods with planks and oars
hiss our navy from your friendly shore, That we to
es, Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
                                                                                                                   ou, great queen, these offices repent, Which he will equal, and perhaps au
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts, Where King Acestes Trojan linea
                                                                                                                        That, if our prince be safe, we may renew Our destin'd course, and Italy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain That thou art swallow'd in the L
                                                                                                                       good Acestes may return, And with our friends our common losses in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ourn." Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew With cries and clamors his reques
                                                                                                                           Frojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate, And doubts attending a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ard my coast from foreign foes. Who has
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             te from Phoebus' influence. Whe our guard: Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs To raise and
                                                                                                                            rygian race? We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense, Nor so remo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ther to Latian shores your course is b
   ek the good Acestes' government, Your men shall be r
elf are yours. And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt,
                                                                                                                              eceiv'd, your fleet repair'd, And sail, with ships of convoy for y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ing shore, And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quence, O goddess-born, this long delay? What more can your forfeit paid; The rest agrees with what your mother said. her goddess, with her hands divine, Had form'd his curling locenchas'd in gold: Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke ne, A prince that owes his life to you alone. Fair majesty, the refugshore, With hospitable rites relieve the poor; Associate in your towness are inclin'd; If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind, And, mor le rolling rivers into seas shall run. And round the space of heav'n the results.
                                                                                                                                would bring On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king. My ind the Trojan hero stood, And long'd to break from out h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              people shall, by my command, explore The ports and creeks of ev'ry wind
 elf are yours. And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, st Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest." Rais'd in his m desire, your welcome sure, Your fleet in safety, and your f Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way, The mists s, and made his temples shine, And giv'n his rolling eyes a sp And thus with manly modesty he spoke: "He whom you seek am and redress Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress, Yo a wand'ring train, And strangers in your palace entertain: What tha than all the gods, your gen'rous heart. Conscious of worth, requite its diant sup: While trees the mountain tons with shades supply. Your hon-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ud: Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way: "From wh
                                                                                                                                     riends secure? One only wants; and him we saw in vai
flew upward and dissolv'd in day. The Trojan chief a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Storm, and swallow'd in the main. Orontes in his fate
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n Oppose the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          sight, August in visage, and serenely bright. His mot
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ppear'd in open
                                                                                                                                            arkling grace, And breath'd a youthful vigor on hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           face; Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold, Or Parian marble, when
and the set of many modest in a set of month process. And set of the minute of minute 
                                                                                                                                                I; by tempests toss'd, And sav'd from shipwre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ck on your Libyan coast; Presenting, gracious queen, before your thro
                                                                                                                                                  u, who your pious offices employ To save t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e relics of abandon'd Troy; Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly
                                                                                                                                                      nks can wretched fugitives return, Who,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        catter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn? The gods, if gods to good
 t revenge you seek, And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek; Already you my name and country know; Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow: My death will both the kingly brothers please, And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.' This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts, Rais'd expectations in ou
    ging hearts: Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. His former trembling once again renew'd, With acted fear, the villain thus pursued: "Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care, And wearied with an unsuccessful war) Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town; And, had the gods permitted, to
   had gone; But oft the wintry seas and southern winds. Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds. Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd; But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd: Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen, And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene. Dismay'd, an
 fearful of some dire event, Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent. He from the gods this dreadful answer brought: "O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought, Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought: So must your safe return be bought again, And Grecian blood once more atone the main.
 e spreading rumor round the people ran; All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man. Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright; Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight: Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate The public victim, to redeem the state. Already some presag'd the dire event, And
 w what sacrifice Ulysses meant. For twice five days the good old seer withstood Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood, Till, tir'd, with endless clamors and pursuit Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute; But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die. All prais'd the s
  tence, pleas'd the storm should fall On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. The dismal day was come; the priests prepare Their leaven'd cakes, and filets for my hair. I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow. Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, Secure of safety when
   ey sail'd away. But now what further hopes for me remain, To see my friends, or native soil, again; My tender infants, or my careful sire, Whom they returning will to death require; Will perpetrate on them their first design, And take the forfeit of their heads for mine? Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move
  f there be faith below, or gods above, If innocence and truth can claim desert, Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.' "False tears true pity move; the king commands To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands: Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears; Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert
   irs. But truly tell, was it for force or guile, Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?' Thus said the king. He, full of fraudful arts, This well-invented tale for truth imparts: 'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky! Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread! Ye fatal fill
  that once bound this head! Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled! Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may, Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray, Reveal the secrets of the guilty state, And justly punish whom I justly hate! But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave, If I, to save myself, your em
   save. The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made, Were only founded on Minerya's aid. But from the temple drew, The sleeping quardians of the castle slew, Her virgin statue with their bloody hands Pol
 d, and profan'd her holy bands; From thence the tide of fortune left their shore, And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd; And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid. Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare Her alter'd mind and alienated care. When first her
   al image touch'd the ground, She sternly cast her glaring eyes around, That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat: Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat. Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield. Then Calchas bade our host for fligh
   nd hope no conquest from the tedious war, Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought. And now their navy plows the wat'ry main, Yet soon expect it on your shores again, With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain. But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd
   aid For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd, Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame, So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates It pass, and intercept our better fates: For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost; And Troy may then a new Palladium boast; Fo
 o religion and the gods ordain, That, if you violate with hands profane Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn, (Which omen, O ye gods, on Graecia turn!) But if it climb, with your assisting hands, The Trojan walls, and in the city stands; Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn, And the reverse of f
 on us return.' "With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts, Too prone to credit his perfidious arts. What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater omen, and of worse portent, Did our unwary minds with fea
 torment, Concurring to produce the dire event. Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year, With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer; When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide, And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide. Their flaming crests above the wave
  they show; Their bellies seem to burn the seas below; Their speckled tails advance to steer their course, And on the sounding shore the flying billows force. And now the strand, and now the plain they held; Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd; Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they ca
 ne, Ánd lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame. We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they wind, Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind. The wretched father, running to their aid With pious haste, but
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