

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADVENTURES OF ÆNEAS.

YOU have already heard how the Greeks entered the city of Troy in the dead of night, massacred the inhabitants, and set fire to the beautiful buildings which had been the king's pride and delight. Now you shall hear how Virgil relates the escape of some of the Trojans from general destruction.

Unconscious of coming danger, Æneas, son of Venus and Anchises, lay fast asleep in his palace; but the gods had not doomed him to perish, and sent the shade of Hector to warn him in a dream to arise, leave the city, and fly to some distant land.

“‘ Ah, goddess-born,’ he warns me, ‘ fly!  
Escape these flames: Greece holds the walls;  
Proud Ilium from her summit falls.  
Think not of king's or country's claims:  
Country and king, alas! are names:  
Could Troy be saved by hands of men,  
This hand had saved her then, e'en then.  
The gods of her domestic shrines  
That country to your care consigns:  
Receive them now, to share your fate:  
Provide them mansions strong and great,  
The city's walls, which Heaven has willed  
Beyond the seas you yet shall build.’ ”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

Awakened at last by the ever-increasing tumult without, Æneas seized his arms and hastened forth, attended by many of his fellow-citizens, to ascertain the cause of the great uproar.

ADVENTURES OF ÆNEAS.

A few minutes later he discovered that the Greek army had entered the town, and was even now killing, plundering, and burning without mercy. The men were all slain, but the fairest women were dragged away to be sold as slaves in Greece; and among them Æneas beheld in the hands of Agamemnon's soldiers the unfortunate daughter of Priam, Cassandra, whom the gods had endowed with prophetic powers (p. 310), but whom no one would heed.

Æneas, seeing ere long that there was no hope of saving the doomed city, quickly disguised himself in a Greek armor which he tore from the corpse of one of his foes, and rushed on to the palace, hoping to save the aged king, who, at the first alarm, had seized his weapons, determined to fight to the very last.

Hecuba, his wife, was clinging to him, imploring him to remain, when suddenly Polites, their son, rushed into their presence, closely followed by Pyrrhus, or Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, who thrust his sword into the youth, and then murdered Priam also.

“ So Priam's fortunes closed at last:  
So passed he, seeing as he passed  
His Troy in flames, his royal tower  
Laid low in dust by hostile power,  
Who once o'er land and peoples proud  
Sat, while before him Asia bowed:  
Now on the shore behold him dead,  
A nameless trunk, a trunkless head.”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

Æneas, who arrived just too late to hinder this frightful catastrophe, now suddenly remembered that a similar fate awaited his aged father Anchises, his wife Creusa, and little son Iulus, who were at home without any protector near them. The hero therefore madly cut his way through the foe, and rushed through the once magnificent palace, which was now stripped of its rarest treasures and desecrated by an enemy's tread.

There, in one of the abandoned halls, he saw Helen, the fair

cause of all this war and bloodshed, — who, after Paris' death, had married Deiphobus, his brother, — and for a moment he determined to take her life; but ere he could do so, Venus appears to Æneas. Venus, his mother, stayed his hand, and bade him remember that the immortal gods had long ago decreed that the city should fall, and that Helen was merely the pretext used to induce the rival nations to fly to arms.

Further to convince him of the truth of her assertions, she enabled him to see what was hidden from mortal eyes: i.e., Neptune, Minerva, Juno, and Jupiter even, fighting and leveling the walls with mighty blows. She then vehemently implored her son to leave this scene of carnage, and fly, with his family and followers, to some safe place without the city, whence he could embark, and sail away to a more fortunate land; and her entreaties finally prevailed.

Æneas rushed home and bade his father prepare to leave Troy; but Anchises obstinately refused to leave his post, until he saw a bright flame hover for a moment above his grandson's head, which sign he interpreted as an omen that his race should endure. He no longer resisted; and, as he was too weak to walk, Æneas bade him hold the Lares and Penates, and, taking him on his back, carried him off, while with one hand he led his little son, and bade Creusa closely follow him.

“Come, mount my shoulders, dear my sire:  
Such load my strength shall never tire.  
Now, whether fortune smiles or lowers,  
One risk, one safety shall be ours.  
My son shall journey at my side,  
My wife her steps by mine shall guide,  
At distance safe.”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

A trysting place near a ruined temple had already been appointed for his servants, and thither Æneas turned his steps. When he arrived there, he found many awaiting him, and counted

them carefully to make sure none were missing. All were there except Creusa, his beloved young wife; and he retraced his steps with anxious haste, hoping to find her still alive. But on the threshold of his once happy home he met her disembodied spirit, and heard her bid him seek the banks of the Tiber, where a beautiful young bride would comfort him for her loss. This speech ended, Creusa's ghost vanished, and Æneas sadly returned to the ruined temple, where he found many fugitives ready to follow him wherever he went, and eager to obey his every command. Their preparations for departure were speedily completed, the sails unfurled, and the little exiled band soon lost sight of the shores of Troy.

“Weeping I quit the port, the shore,  
The plains where Ilium stood before,  
And homeless launch upon the main,  
Son, friends, and home gods in my train.”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

Although they had escaped from burning Troy and the swords of the Greeks, their trials had only just begun. After many days' sailing, they landed in Thrace, viewed the country, decided to settle there, and began to trace the foundations of a new city, which they decided to call the Æneadæ, in honor of their leader.

Their next care was to offer a sacrifice to the gods; but when Æneas, with due ceremony, cut down a sapling, he was startled to see blood flow from its severed stem. At the same time a mysterious voice was heard, bidding him forbear, for his former friend Polydorus, sent to Thrace to conceal some treasures, had been murdered there by an avaricious king, and this grove of trees had sprouted from the spear handles driven into his unhappy breast.

After paying the customary funeral rites to appease the soul of his unfortunate friend, Æneas easily prevailed upon his followers to leave these inhospitable shores and seek another resting place. They rowed over the briny

deep until they came to Delos, where they stopped to consult the oracle, who bade them seek the cradle of their race, and settle there.

“‘Stout Dardan hearts, the realm of earth  
Where first your nation sprang to birth,  
That realm shall now receive you back:  
Go, seek your ancient mother’s track.  
There shall Æneas’ house, renewed  
For ages, rule a world subdued.’”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).

This obscure command left them uncertain what course to pursue, until the aged Anchises remembered that one of his ancestors, Teucer, had once reigned in Crete. Thither they sailed, and hoped to settle; but a terrible pestilence came upon them, and decimated their already sparse ranks.

One night Æneas had a vision, in which his household gods bade him seek the Italian or Hesperian shores; and when, on waking, he imparted this advice to Anchises, the latter remembered a long-forgotten prophecy of Cassandra, purporting that they would settle there, and also that Dardanus, their first progenitor, was reported to have come from thence.

Æneas’  
vision.

“There is a land, by Greece of old  
Surnamed Hesperia, rich its mold,  
Its children brave and free:  
CEnotrians were its settlers: fame  
Now gives the race its leader’s name,  
And calls it Italy.  
Here Dardanus was born, our king,  
And old Iasius, whence we spring:  
Here our authentic seat.”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).

Ere many days Æneas and his trusty followers were once more afloat, and forced to battle with fierce storms sent by Juno to hinder their advance. Exhausted, they landed on the Strophades Islands, where they proposed to recruit their strength by

a hearty meal; but no sooner was their table spread, than the meats were devoured and destroyed by the loathsome Harpies. A terrible prophecy uttered by Celæno, one of these monsters, — half woman and half bird, — made them embark again in great haste, and row on until they came to Epirus, where they again effected a landing. In this country they met the sorrowing Andromache, Hector’s widow, the slave of King Helenus, who entertained them royally and sent them on their way again, with many kindly cautions to beware of the Cyclopes and avoid Charybdis and Scylla by circumnavigating the whole island of Sicily.

Celæno,  
the Harpy.

This advice was duly followed by Æneas, who, while rounding one of the promontories of the island, saw and rescued Achemenides, one of Ulysses’ companions, accidentally left behind when they escaped from the rage of Polyphemus, the Cyclops. This giant now came down to the shore, and was regarded with unconcealed horror by the Trojans, who rowed away in haste. Soon after, Æneas moored his ships in the harbors of Sicania and Drepanum, and while there lost his aged father Anchises.

Rescue of  
Achemenides.

“There  
I lose my stay in every care,  
My sire Anchises!”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).

Juno, in the mean while, had not been idle, and gloated over the dangers she had forced the unhappy Trojans to encounter during the seven years which had already elapsed since they first sailed from Troy. She was not yet weary of persecuting them, however; and as soon as she saw them once more afloat, she hurried off to Æolus, and bade him let loose his fiercest children, and scatter the fleet by a terrible storm.

“‘O Æolus! since the Sire of all  
Has made the wind obey thy call  
To raise or lay the foam,  
A race I hate now plows the sea,

Transporting Troy to Italy  
 And home gods reft of home :  
 Lash thou thy winds, their ships submerge,  
 Or toss them weltering o'er the surge."  
VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

This request was immediately granted. The vessels, tossed hither and thither, lost sight of each other. Some were stranded, some sank, and still the tempest raged on with unabated fury, and death stared the unhappy Trojans in the face. The commotion on the deep finally aroused Neptune, who came to the surface just in time to see all the misfortunes which had overwhelmed Æneas. He imperiously sent the winds away, and lent a helping hand to float the stranded ships once more.

“ Back to your master instant flee,  
 And tell him, not to him but me  
 The imperial trident of the sea  
 Fell by the lot's award.”  
VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

The Trojans, grateful for his timely aid, and reassured by the calm which now reigned supreme, steered for the nearest port, where they anchored their seven vessels, all that now remained of their once large fleet.

Æneas and Achates, his faithful friend, immediately set out to view the land, and ere long encountered Venus, disguised as a mortal, who informed them that they had landed upon the Libyan coast, which was under the sway of Dido, a fugitive from Tyre. Dido's husband, Sychæus, King of Tyre, the possessor of untold riches, had been murdered by Pygmalion, his brother-in-law; but the queen was kept in complete ignorance of this crime, until visited in a dream by the shade of Sychæus, which bade her fly with his treasures, whose place of concealment she alone knew.

Dido obeyed the ghost's commands, and, accompanied by a number of faithful subjects, landed on the Libyan coast, where

she entreated the inhabitants to sell her as much land as an ox-hide would inclose. This seemingly modest request was immediately granted; but the Libyans regretted their compliance when they saw the ox-hide cut up into tiny strips, which inclosed a considerable tract of land, the site of Dido's beautiful capital, Carthage.

Thither Venus advised her son to proceed and claim the queen's protection. Æneas and Achates obediently hastened onward, and entered the town unseen, for Venus had enveloped them both in a mist. Their attention was first attracted by the festive appearance of the people assembled together, and by the beauty of the queen, giving audience to some of their companions, who had miraculously escaped from the waves.

These men spoke to the queen of their renowned chief, whose fame had already reached her ear; and she gladly promised to send out a search party to discover him, and aid him if necessary.

“ I will send  
 And search the coast from end to end,  
 If haply, wandering up and down,  
 He bide in woodland or in town.”  
VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

At these gracious words, Æneas stepped forward, the mist vanished, and he stood before the queen in all his manly beauty.

Dido then led her guests to the banquet hall, where they recounted their adventures by land and sea, while partaking of the viands and wines set before them. At this feast, Cupid, at Venus' request, assumed the face and form of Iulus, Æneas' young son, and, reclining on the queen's bosom, secretly thrust one of his darts into her heart, and made her fall in love with Æneas.

Day after day now passed in revelry and pleasure, and still Æneas lingered by Dido's side, forgetful of the new kingdom he was destined to found. One whole year passed thus; and the

gods, impatient of delay, finally sent Mercury to remind Æneas of his duty.

To avoid Dido's tears and recriminations, the hero kept his preparations for departure a complete secret, and finally set sail while she was wrapt in slumber. When she awoke and looked out of her palace window, it was only to see the last vessel sink beneath the horizon.

Concealing her grief, and pretending an anger she did not feel, she bade her servants make a funeral pyre, and place upon it all the objects Æneas had used during his sojourn in her palace; then, on top of it all, she set an effigy of her false lover, set fire to the pyre, sprang into the midst of the flames, and there stabbed herself.

Death of  
Dido.

“Yet let me die: thus, thus I go  
Exulting to the shades below.  
Let the false Dardan feel the blaze  
That burns me pouring on his gaze,  
And bear along, to cheer his way,  
The funeral presage of to-day.”

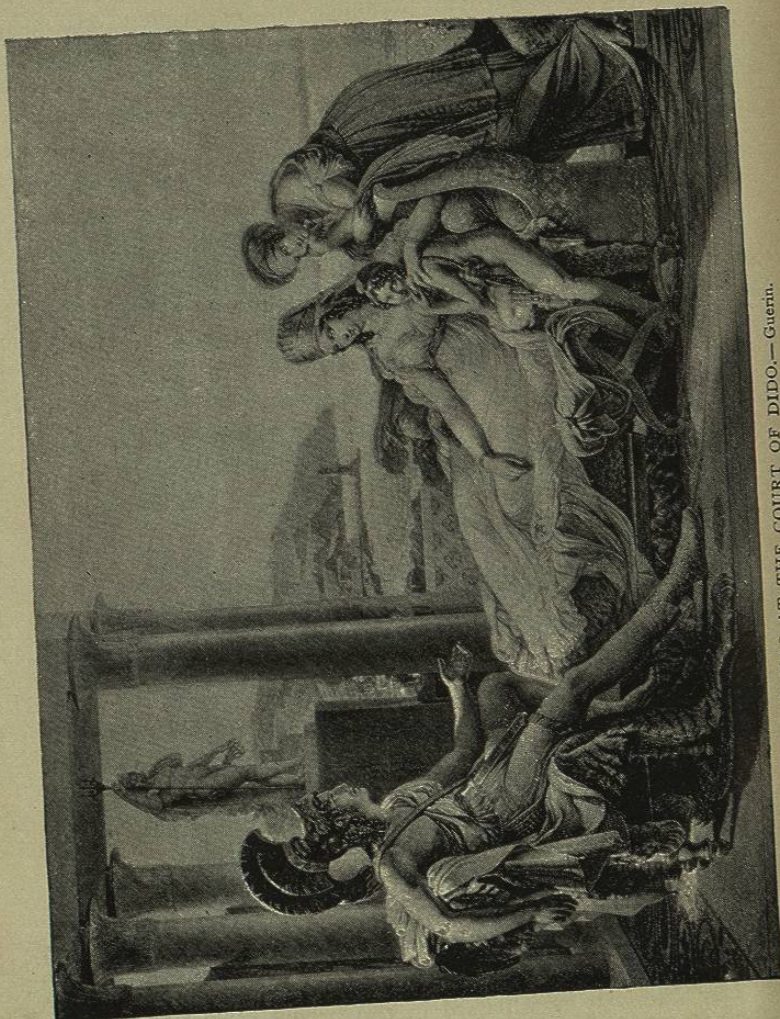
VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

From the mast of his vessel Æneas saw the rising column of smoke, and his heart sank within him; for he suspected its fatal import, and honestly mourned the death of the beautiful queen.

The Trojans sailed onward until the threatening clouds made them take refuge in the Sicilian port, where they celebrated the usual games to commemorate Anchises' death, which had occurred there just one year previous.

Funeral  
games.

While the men were engaged in the customary naval, foot, and horse races, boxing, wrestling, and archery matches, the women gathered together, and, instigated by Juno, began to bewail the hard lot which compelled them to encounter again the perils of the sea. Their discontent ultimately reached such a pitch that they set fire to the vessels. When Æneas heard of this new misfortune, he rushed down to the shore, tore his costly festal



ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO.—Guerin.

garments, and cried to Heaven for assistance in this his time of direst need.

“Dread Sire, if Ilium’s lorn estate  
Deserve not yet thine utter hate,  
If still thine ancient faithfulness  
Give heed to mortals in distress,  
Oh, let the fleet escape the flame!  
Oh, save from death Troy’s dying name!”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).

This prayer was instantly answered by a sudden severe shower, which quenched the devouring flames. Soon after this miracle, Anchises appeared to Æneas, and bade him leave the women, children, and aged men in Sicily, and travel on to Cumæ, where he was to consult the Sibyl, visit the Infernal Regions, and there receive further advice from him.

Apparition of  
Anchises.

“First seek the halls of Dis below,  
Pass deep Avernus’ vale, and meet  
Your father in his own retreat.”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).

Æneas again dutifully obeyed; but when Venus saw him afloat once more, she hastened to Neptune, and bade him watch over her unfortunate son. Neptune listened very graciously to her appeal, and promised to take but one of all the many lives intrusted to his care. That one was Æneas’ pilot, Palinurus, who, falling asleep at the helm, fell overboard and was drowned.

As for the fleet, it reached the Cumæan shore in safety; and Æneas hastened off to the Sibyl’s cave, made known his wish to visit Hades, and entreated her to serve as his guide in that perilous journey. She consented, but at the same time informed him that he must first obtain a golden twig, which grew in a dark forest.

The Cumæan  
Sibyl.

“None may reach the shades without  
The passport of that golden sprout.”

VIRGIL (Conington’s tr.).



CUMÆAN SIBYL.—Domenichino.  
(Borghese Gallery, Rome.)

(371)

Almost despairing, Æneas now prayed for assistance; for how could he find a tiny golden sprig in the midst of the dense forest foliage without the gods' aid? In answer to this appeal, Venus, ever mindful of her son, sent two of her snowy doves to lead the way and alight on the tree, where Æneas readily found the object of his search.

Armed with this branch as key, he and the Sibyl boldly entered the Lower Regions, where all the ghastly sights and sounds we have already described (p. 167) met them on every side. Charon quickly ferried them over the Acheron, on whose bank they saw the wandering shade of Palinurus, who had no obolus to pay his way across, and that of Dido, with a gaping wound in her breast.

They did not pause, however, until they reached the Elysian Fields, where they found Anchises, gravely considering among the unborn souls those who were destined to animate his race and make it illustrious in the future. These he carefully pointed out to Æneas, foretelling their future achievements, and called by name Romulus, Brutus, Camillus, the Gracchi, Cæsar,—in fact, all the heroes of Roman history.

“Anchises showed Æneas, in long line,  
The illustrious shades of those who were to shine  
One day the glory of the Italian shore.”

TOMAS DE IRIARTE.

After a prolonged conversation with his father, Æneas returned to his companions, and led them to the mouth of the Tiber, whose course they followed until they reached Latium, where their wanderings were to cease. Latinus, king of the country, received them hospitably, and promised the hand of his daughter Lavinia in marriage to Æneas.

Lavinia was very beautiful, and had already had many suitors, among whom Turnus, a neighboring prince, boasted of the most exalted rank. The queen, Amata, specially favored this youth's suit; and the king would gladly have received him for a son-in-

Arrival in  
Latium.

law, had he not twice been warned by the gods to reserve his daughter for a foreign prince, who had now appeared.

In spite of all the years which had elapsed since Paris scorned her attractions and bribes (p. 307), Juno had not yet forgotten her hatred of the Trojan race, and, afraid lest her enemy's course should now prove too smooth, she sent Alecto, the Fury, down upon earth to stir up war, and goad Amata to madness. The Fury executed both commands, and Amata fled to the woods, where she concealed her daughter Lavinia, to keep her safe for Turnus, whom she preferred to Æneas.

As Iulus and some companions had unfortunately wounded the pet stag of Silvia, daughter of the head shepherd, a brawl ensued, which, fomented by Alecto, soon developed into a bloody war. Hostilities having thus begun, Turnus, with the various Latin chiefs, immediately besought Latinus to open the gates of Janus' temple. He refused; but Juno, afraid lest even now her plans might be set at naught, came down from Olympus, and with her own hand flung wide the brazen doors. This unexpected apparition kindled a general ardor; new troops enlisted; and even Camilla, the Volscian warrior-maiden, came to proffer her aid to Turnus.

War with the  
Latins.

“Last marches forth for Latium's sake  
Camilla fair, the Volscian maid,  
A troop of horsemen in her wake  
In pomp of gleaming steel arrayed;  
Stern warrior queen!”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

When but a babe in arms, Camilla had been carried off by her father, as he fled before the Volscian troops. When he came to the Amasenus River, he found his pursuers close at his heels. Tying his infant daughter to his spear, he hurled her to the opposite bank, which, thanks to Diana's aid, she reached unharmed, while her father plunged into the waves to join her. In his gratitude to find her safe, he dedi-

Story of  
Camilla.

cated her to Diana, who trained her to love the chase and all manly pursuits.

Surprised to see Latinus' friendly offers of hospitality so suddenly withdrawn, Æneas made rapid preparations for war, and sailed farther up the Tiber to secure the aid of Evander, king of the Tuscans, the hereditary foe of the Latins. This monarch, too old to lead his troops in person, nevertheless promised his aid, and sent his beloved son Pallas in his stead to command the troops he supplied.

Juno, still implacable, had in the mean while sent Iris to apprise Turnus of Æneas' departure, and to urge him to set fire to the remainder of the fleet,—a suggestion which Turnus joyfully obeyed. The Trojans, headed by young Iulus, Æneas' son, defended themselves with their usual courage; but, seeing the enemy would soon overpower them, they dispatched Nisus and Euryalus, two of their number, to warn Æneas of their danger, and entreat him to hasten up with his reinforcements. These unfortunate youths passed through the camp unseen, but farther on fell into the hands of a troop of Volscian horsemen, who cruelly put them to death, and then hurried with the Rutules to lend assistance to Turnus. Next some of the Trojan vessels were fired by the enemy; but, instead of being consumed by the flames, they were changed into water nymphs by the intervention of the gods, and, sailing down the Tiber, met Æneas, and warned him to hasten to his son's rescue.

“His vessels change their guise,  
And each and all as Nereids rise.”

VIRGIL.

In the mean while, Venus, who befriended the Trojans, had sought Vulcan's detested abode, and had prevailed upon him to forge a beautiful armor for Æneas. On the shield, which is minutely described in one of the books of Virgil's celebrated epic poem, the Æneid, were depicted many of the stirring scenes in the lives of the future descendants of

The armor.

Æneas, the heroes of Roman history. As soon as this armor was completed, Venus brought it to her son, who donned it with visible pleasure, and, encouraged by his mother's words, prepared to meet the Latins and hold his own.

Venus and Juno were not the only deities interested in the coming struggle; for all the gods, having watched Æneas' career, were anxious about his fate. Seeing this, and fearful lest their interference should still further endanger the hero whom he favored, Jupiter assembled the gods on high Olympus, and sternly forbade their taking any active part in the coming strife, under penalty of his severe displeasure.

Æneas and his Tuscan allies arrived on the battle scene just in time to give the necessary support to the almost exhausted Trojans; and now the fight raged more fiercely than ever, and prodigies of valor were accomplished on both sides, until finally young Pallas fell, slain by Turnus. When aware of the death of this promising young prince, Æneas' heart was filled with grief, for he could imagine the sorrow of the aged Evander when he saw his son's corpse brought home for burial; and he then and there registered a solemn vow to avenge Pallas' death by slaying Turnus, and immediately hastened forth to keep his word.

In the mean while, Juno, suspecting what his purpose would be, and afraid to allow Turnus to encounter such a formidable antagonist as Æneas, had determined to lure her favorite away from the field. To compass this, she assumed the form of Æneas, challenged Turnus, and, as soon as he began the fight, fled toward the river, and took refuge on one of the vessels, closely pursued by him. No sooner did she see the Rutule chief safe on board, than she loosed the vessel from its moorings, and allowed it to drift down the stream, bearing Turnus away from the scene of battle. Aware now of the delusion practiced, Turnus raved, and accused the gods, and then eagerly watched for an opportunity to land, and make his way, alone and on foot, back to the scene of conflict.

Æneas' arrival.

Juno's treachery.



During Turnus' involuntary absence, Æneas had ranged all over the battlefield in search of him, and had encountered and slain many warriors, among others Lausus and his aged father Mezentius, two allies of Latinus, who had specially distinguished themselves by their great valor. The dead and dying covered the field, when Latinus, weary of bloodshed, summoned a council, and again vainly tried to make peace. But his efforts were of no avail. The war was renewed more fiercely than ever; and in the next encounter, Camilla, the brave Volscian maiden, fell at last, breathing a fervent entreaty that Turnus should hasten to the succor of his despairing people if he would not see them all slain and the town in the hands of the Trojans.

“Go: my last charge to Turnus tell,  
To haste with succor, and repel  
The Trojans from the town — farewell.”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

Shortly after her death, in the very midst of the fray, Æneas suddenly felt himself wounded by an arrow sent by some mysterious hand. He hastened to seek the aid of the leech Iapis; but, in spite of his ministrations, the barb could not be removed nor the wound dressed, until Venus brought a magic herb, which instantly healed the hero, and enabled him to return to the fight with unabated strength and energy.

The tide was now decidedly turning in favor of the Trojans; for Amata, the Latin queen, sorry for her ill-advised opposition to her daughter's marriage with Æneas, brought Lavinia home and hung herself in a fit of remorse.

Æneas, appearing once more on the battlefield, finally encountered the long-sought Turnus, who had made his way back, and was now driving about in his chariot, jealously guarded by his sister Juturna, who, the better to watch over his safety, had taken the place of his chariot driver. The two heroes, having met, instantly closed in deadly fight;

Æneas' prowess.

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Æneas' wound.

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Death of Turnus.

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but, in spite of Turnus' bravery, he was finally obliged to succumb, and sank to the ground, frankly acknowledging himself beaten as he exhaled his last sigh.

“Yours is the victory: Latian bands  
Have seen me stretch imploring hands:  
The bride Lavinia is your own:  
Thus far let foeman's hate be shown.”

VIRGIL (Conington's tr.).

With the death of Turnus the war came to an end. A lasting peace was made with Latinus; and the brave Trojan hero, whose woes were now over, was united in marriage with Lavinia. In concert with Latinus, he ruled the Latins, and founded a city, which he called Lavinia in honor of his bride, and which became for a time the capital of Latium.

Æneas, as the gods had predicted, became the father of a son named Æneas Silvia, who founded Alba Longa, where his descendants reigned for many a year, and where one of his race, the Vestal Virgin Ilia, after marrying Mars, gave birth to Remus and Romulus, the founders of Rome (p. 142).

Æneas' progeny.