

Verg. *Aen.* 8.26-65 Aeneas after landing in Italy

It was night, and through all the land, deep sleep gripped weary creatures, bird and beast, when Aeneas, the leader, lay down on the river-bank, under the cold arch of the heavens, his heart troubled by war's sadness, and at last allowed his body to rest. Old Tiberinus himself, the god of the place, appeared to him, rising from his lovely stream, among the poplar leaves (fine linen cloaked him in a blue-grey mantle, and shadowy reeds hid his hair), Then he spoke, and with his words removed all cares: 'O seed of the race of gods, who bring our Trojan city back from the enemy, and guard the eternal fortress, long looked-for on Laurentine soil, and in Latin fields, here is your house, and your house's gods, for sure (do not desist), don't fear the threat of war, the gods' swollen anger has died away. And now, lest you think this sleep's idle fancy, you'll find a huge sow lying on the shore, under the oak trees, that has farrowed a litter of thirty young, a white sow, lying on the ground, with white piglets round her teats, That place shall be your city, there's true rest from your labours. By this in a space of thirty years Ascanius will found the city of Alba, bright name. I do not prophesy unsurely. Now (attend), in a few words I'll explain how you can emerge the victor from what will come. Arcadians have chosen a site on this coast, a race descended from Pallas, friends of King Evander, who followed his banner, and located their city in the hills, named, from their ancestor Pallas, Pallantium. They wage war endlessly with the Latin race: summon them as allies to your camp, and join in league with them. I'll guide you myself along the banks by the right channels, so you can defeat the opposing current with your oars. Rise, now, son of the goddess, and, as the first stars set, offer the prayers due to Juno, and with humble vows overcome her anger and her threats. Pay me honour as victor. I am him whom you see scouring the banks, with my full stream, and cutting through rich farmlands, blue Tiber, the river most dear to heaven. Here is

my noble house, my fount flows through noble cities.'

Verg. *Aen.* 8.66-101 Aeneas Sails to Pallanteum

He spoke: then the river plunged into a deep pool,
seeking its floor: night and sleep left Aeneas.

He rose and, looking towards the heavenly sun's
eastern light, raised water from the stream
in his cupped hands, and poured out this prayer to heaven:

'Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom come the tribe
of rivers, and you, O Father Tiber, and your sacred stream,
receive Aeneas, and shield him at last from danger.

In whatever fountain the water holds you, pitying our trials,
from whatever soil you flow in your supreme beauty,
you will always be honoured by my tributes, by my gifts,
horned river, ruler of the Hesperian waters.

O, only be with me and prove your will by your presence.'

So he spoke, and chose two galleys from his fleet, manned them
with oarsmen, and also equipped his men with weapons.

But behold a sudden wonder, marvellous to the sight,
gleaming white through the trees, a sow the same colour
as her white litter, seen lying on the green bank: dutiful Aeneas,
carrying the sacred vessel, sets her with her young before the altar
and sacrifices her to you, to you indeed, most powerful Juno.

Tiber calmed his swelling flood all that night long,
and flowing backwards stilled his silent wave, so that
he spread his watery levels as in a gentle pool,
or placid swamp, so it would be effortless for the oars.

Therefore they sped on the course begun, with happy
murmurs, the oiled pine slipped through the shallows:
the waves marvelled, the woods marvelled, unused to the far-gleaming
shields of heroes, and the painted ships floating in the river.

They wore out a night and a day with their rowing
navigated long bends, were shaded by many kinds of trees,
and cut through the green woods, over the calm levels.

The fiery sun had climbed to the mid-point of the sky's arc,
when they saw walls and a fort in the distance, and the scattered
roofs of houses, which Roman power has now raised heavenwards:
then Evander owned a poor affair. They turned the prows
quickly towards land, and approached the town.