



# The Sword & The Plow

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## The Intermediate State

Adapted from Vol. IV, *Orthodox Church Magazine (Anglican)*, Feb. 1803

1. Matt. 5:22 – “In danger of HELL-fire.” The word in the Greek, here rendered HELL, is *Gehenna*. This word *Gehenna* relates, in its primary sense, to that dreadful doom of being burnt alive in the valley of *Hinnom*, where the idolatrous Jews (in that particular spot of the valley called *Tophet*) burnt their children in sacrifice to Moloch; and in its secondary sense, it means the place, or the state, of the damned. *Beza* subjoins to this verse a note, which has an imposing air of research into Jewish polity. He enumerates the “*quatuor Suppliciorum Genera Hebraeis usitata; Strangulatio, Gladius, Lapidation, Ignis*” [four kinds of capital punishment (literal: supplication, kneeling, viz., torture) used by the Jews: strangulation, sword, stoning, and fire]. To this our excellent WHITBY seems to allude in his Commentary; and, with more straightforward simplicity, thus determines the meaning of the passage. “*He that represents and censures his brother as a child of Hell, shall be*

*obnoxious to Hell-fire.* – *Gehenna* mean here *the place of torment* in the life to come; and it occurs in a singular sense in the 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> verses of this chapter.” *Principal Campbell*, in his very curious “preliminary dissertations” to his Translation of the Four Gospels, says that the word Γεεννα does not occur in the version of the LXX. It certainly does not. But in Josh. 18:16, the word Γαιεννα represents what in our English Bible is denominated the valley of Hinnom: this gives us the primary meaning of the word.

2. Matt. 10:28 – “Both soul and body in HELL.” Εν Γεενν. Here too the word is used in its secondary sense. – By the way, what do *materialists* say to this distinct mention of “*both soul and body,*” χια πσψχυν σωμια”

3. Luke 12:5 – The parallel passage to the preceding. HELL. Γεενναν.

4. Matt. 11:23 and the parallel text, Luke 10:15 – “Shalt be brought down to HELL.” Εωσ (τοπον subaudit.) Αδης is derived from a primitive, and ιδαιν to see; and indeed the word was spelt Αιδης by the older Greek writers, at least the poets. Thus Homer IX, IL, 312. “Αιδαιο πυλυσιν,” “the gates of hell.” Αιδαιο ΑΕλοιξε for Αιδε. “The Hebrew sheol the Greek Αδης, the Latin orcus, (says the very learned Bishop of St. Asaph, in his critical notes appended to his elaborate translation of HOSEA) are words of one and the same import; signifying *the place appointed fro the habitation of departed souls, in the interval between death and the general resurrection.* In the New Testament two words are indiscriminately rendered, in our English Bible, by the word HELL, Αδης and Γεεννα· the latter a word of Hebrew origin, translated into the Greek language, as the appropriate name of the place of the damned; which was generally called so by the Jews of the Apostolic age. This use of the word HELL, in the English New Testament, has imposed a sense upon it quite foreign to its etymology, and abhorrent from its more general application.” Our English, or Saxon word HELL, means a place *concealed or unseen*; in which it agrees with the Greek word *Hades*. “Another inaccuracy (says the Bishop) obtains in our English Bible; the Hebrew sheol being perpetually in the Old Testament, and the Greek Αδης sometimes in the New, rendered improperly by the word grave, which neither signifies. The Hebrew names of hell and the grave are never confounded, nor the Greek by the sacred writers. No two things can be more distinct; hell is the mansion of the departed spirit, the grave the receptacle of the dead body.” I find Hades translated grave but once in the text of the English New Testament, I Coir. 15:55; and once in the marginal rendering, Rev. 20:14. The words tomb or sepulcher are translations of Μμαν, or μννειον; though this latter word is more than once rendered grave

The situation of Hades is always described as far beneath the surface of the earth; where a large vacuity is represented, part o which forms *Hades*; and a part lower still, nearer the centre of the earth’s hollow sphere, in the site of *Gehenna*, the place of

the damned, answering to the *Tartarus* of the ancient poets. The Scriptures speak of three places inhabited by intelligent Beings; Heaven, Earth, and what is styled under the Earth. Rev. 5:3, in Heaven, εν τω ουρανω; in Earth, επι της γης; and under the Earth, υποχατω της γης; are distinctly enumerated. Υποκατω της γης, can refer to no place except one within the crust of this earth’s ball. Rational being are scripturally denominated επαρανιοι, επιγειοι, and καταχθονιοι. Thus at the name of Jesus every knee must bow επαρανιων, και ειπηριοι, and καταχθονιων Phil 2:10. To go into the lower parts of the earth, or into the pit, is to die; to come back to life, is to rise again. There is a word which may explain what I would here urge – “the DEEP” – the abyss; Rom. 10:7. “την Αβυσσου.” Who (say the Apostle) shall descend into the *deep*? (the abyss – Hades – the place of the separate spirits) that is, to *bring up* Christ again *from the dead*; - αναγαγειν.

The meaning of the expression then in the two text Matt 11:23 and Lk. 10:15 is this – “Thou, Capernaum, which are now very highly exalted, shalt be abased and brought low hereafter, by the just judgment of God.” – Hades is here used in a figurative sense.

I have treated upon the words *Gehenna* and *Hades* the more diffusely on their first occurrence; because if we rightly apprehend their meaning in the outset, the progress of our inquiry will be much facilitated.

5. Matt. 15:18 – “And the gates of HELL shall not prevail against it;” (see the Church of Christ) Πυλαι αδου the gates of Hades: the confines of death. The word is here used figuratively; and the expression, as Whitby has proved at length, amounts to this; “My church shall continue for ever, it shall never perish.”

6. Matt. 18:9 – “To be cast into HELL-fire.” “Εις την Γεενναν το πυρος.” Here, as well as in the parallel passages, Matt. 9:43, 45, 47, the meaning is the same with that laid down under No. 1.

7. Matt.23:15 – “The child of HELL.” “Υιον Γεεννης.” Verse 33. “The damnation of HELL.” “Της κριανθς της Γεεννης.” HELL here means the torment, where burns the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels “το πυρ το αιωνιον, το ετοιμασμενον τω διαβολθ και τοι Αγγελιοσ αυτο.”

8. Lk. 16:23 – “In HELL he lift up his eyes, being in torments.” “**Εν το Αδο.**” The rich man is here described as in torments; and therefore he must be supposed to be in that lowest abyss, (already mentioned under No. 4.) which, though in Hades, may be considered as *Gehenna* [better, *Tartarus*, Editor]. This passage occurs in a parable; but it is more than probable that it is couched in terms agreeable to truth, and coinciding with the popular belief of the Jews. The ancients, generally, held the same opinion. Homer’s Hades, Virgil’s infernal regions, are formed on the same model. You descend below the earth’s surface; you behold the receptacle of separate spirits; and the place of the damned is comprehended beneath the same tremendous vault. The “*Descensus Averni*” leads to both to Elysium and Tartarus. (See No. 12.) Abraham’s bosom is Paradise, the receptacle of happy, and that part of Hades which we may call *Gehenna* of guilty souls.

9. Acts 2:27 – Thou wilt not leave my soul in HELL.” “**Εις αδου.**” Verse 31. “Not left in HELL.” “**Εις Αδου.**” This passage refers to Ps. 16:10 where the word is Sheol, Hades. Our Lord’s sufferings terminated at his death on the cross. There is was that he said, “**τετελεσται,**” consummatus est, it is finished. He had nothing to undergo in the palace of torment. The expression means only “Thou wilt not leave my soul in the receptacle of separate spirits; it shall be re-united to my body, and I shall rise again.” Our Lord told the repentant thief that he should be with him that day in Paradise – doubtless that place where the souls of the righteous are reserved, “in happy rest and tranquil hope,” in the enjoyment of some portion of felicity, till the day of judgment.

A great deal has been surmised, and a great deal affirmed concerning I Pet. 3:18, 19, 20. “Christ was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit; by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was preparing.” Bishop Horsley interprets it in this way, that “the soul of Christ went and preached to the souls not in prison, as we read in our English Bible; but **εν φυλαχη** “in safe keeping,” (if that text of St. Peter is to be understood literally, and I know not how it can be understood otherwise,) which had been disobedient (**απειθησσι ποτε**); but, as the expression “one while had been” implies, were at length recovered from that disobedience, probably by the preaching of Noah, and before their death had been brought to repentance and faith in the redeemer to come. To these souls our Lord Jesus Christ went in his soul and preached. But what could he preach to them? Not repentance. They had repented of their

disobedience before they were separated from the body by death, or they had not been found in the bundle of life. But, if he went and proclaimed to them (**εκηρυξεν**) the great tidings that he had actually offered the sacrifice of their redemption, and was now about to enter into glory; this was a preaching that would give new animation and assurance to their hope of the consummation, in due season, of their bliss. And this, by the way, I take to be the true sense of this text of St. Peter. (Critical notes upon Hosea, p. 158.)

But Bishop Pearson says, that “Christ preached **τοις εν φυλακη πνευμασι**), by the same spirit by virtue of which he was raised from the dead; but that spirit was not his soul, but something of a great power. 2dly, That those to whom he preached were such as were disobedient. 2dly, That the time when they were disobedient was the tem before the flood, while the Ark was preparing. It is certain then, that Christ did preach unto those person, which in the days of Noah were disobedient all that time the long-suffering of God waited, and consequently so long as repentance was offered.”...” It remaineth therefore, that the plain interpretation be acknowledged for the time that Christ did preach unto those men which lived before the flood, even while they lived.”...” For though this was not done by an immediate act of the Son of God, as if he personally ad appeared on earth, and actually preached to that old world; but by the ministry of a prophet, by the sending of Noah, the eighth preacher of righteousness; yet to do any thing by another not able to perform it without him, as much demonstrates the existence of the principal cause, as if he did it of himself without any intervening instrument.” (Bishop Pearson on the Creed, p. 113, 10<sup>th</sup> edition.) The Bishop is here discussing the pre-existence of Christ before his incarnation. In his exposition of the article of the Creed “he descends into Hell;” after recapitulating this comment on the text in question, he refers his readers to the passage quoted. (p. 229.) [Editor: the better view is the latter, that Christ preached to the spirits in Tartarus *now* (when Peter wrote) through the Holy Spirit in Noah *when* the ark was preparing; not that he preached to the souls in Hades following his death upon the cross.]

I Cor. 15:55 – The word HELL occurs in the margin here. In the text we have the well-known apostrophe, “O grave! Where is thy victory?” **Ho συ, αδη, το νικος;** Grave here, and Hell in the margin, mean only the place of separate spirits, out of which “the prisoners of hope” shall come forth at “the resurrection of the just.”

11. Jam. 3:6 – “It is set on fire of HELL.” **Φυλογιζομενη (η’ Γλωσσα) υπο της Γεεννης.** In this passage, though used figuratively in an hyperbolic sense, the word means the place of everlasting fire, the place of torment.

12. II Peter 2:4 – “Cast them down to HELL.” **“Ταρταρθσας;”** casting them into Tartarus. The word hell here undoubtedly signifies the place of punishment prepared for the devil and his angels, “the angels that sinned.” [Editor: Better, Tartarus was the intermediate place of punishment and confinement pending final execution of judgement and sentence in Gehenna; viz., eternal death. The “angels” who sinned should be interpreted as the “sons of God” (viz., the sons of Seth or children of faith) who apostatized before the flood by marrying unbelieving women.]

13. Rev. :18 – “And I have the keys of HELL and Death.” **“Και εχω τασ κλεις το θανατος και το Αδυ.”** Of Death and of Hades. HELL means here the palce of separate spirits.

14. Rev. 6:8 – “Death and HELL followed with him.” **Οθανατος καιο Αδης ακολοθει μετ αυτο.”** The same.

15. Rev. 20:13 – “Death and HELL delivered up the dead which were in them. **“Ο θανατολς και ο Αδης εδωχαν τασ εν αυτοις νεκροσ.”** These two passages (the last quosted and this), says Bishop Horsley, afford the boldest personifications of Hell and which occur to my memory.” Stript of its figurative form, and once more disembodied, Hades in each instance has the same meaning. The bishop says (p. 159), “I am inclined to think, but suggest it only to the examination of the learned, without venturing to assert, that death and hell are always conjointly personified by the sacred writers, never one without another.” I submit tot the learned a passage where HELL is personified alone. Isa. 14:9 0 “HELL from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee (the King of Babylon) at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee.”

16. Rev. 20:14 – “And Death and HELL were cast into the lake of fire.” **Και ο θανατος και ο Αδης εςληθησαν εις την λιμην το πυροσ.”** Hades has here the same meaning as in the two last quoted passages. IT appears evidently that there is a place lower than Hades; into which abyss, being personified, together with Death, it is cast. **Εις την λιμην τα πυροσ,** is, I conceived, a phrase of the import as **εις την Γεενναν τα πυροσ.**

Gehenna and Hades are perfectly well distinguished from each other in the New Testament, and are no more confounded than Sheol and Keber in the Old. Bishop Horsley, to whom the Christian world is under lasting obligation for his translation of Hosea, specifies six instances where Sheol may seem to be used for Keber. We have found but one where Hades appears to have the sense of Gehenna; that which I have already explained under No. 8.

I have noticed twenty-three places where the word HELL occurs in the text in our English Bibles, and one where it is found in the margin; which we may call twenty-four in all. In *thirteen* of these, the word in the original is **Γεεννα**, and in one **Ταρταροσ;** for this later word is wrapt up in the participle **ταρταρωσας;** and in these it is to be deemed *the place of torment;* and in the remaining eleven, including the instance where it stands in the margin, it must be counted *the receptacle of separate spirits.*

Bishop Horsley, I perceive, (Hosea, p. 46) says, “we find the word Hell in our English Bibles in twenty-one passages.” His lordship, though he counts three verses in Matt. 5 22, 29, 30, in which the word occurs; counts but on in Mark 9, viz, verse 47; but it occurs also in verses 43 and 45; and stands in the margin opposite the word grave in I cor. 15:55.

The bishop says, it signifies simply the region of departed spirits in twelve places. Now, even taking in the marginal instance, I can find but eleven places where it has this signification; and in proof of my assertion, I refer, very humbly, to the above recital of particular passages. His lordship has not specified the texts where it has this latter meaning.

I subjoin a table of all the places in the New Testament wherein the word HELL is found; distinguishing those expressed in the original by the word Gehenna, from those where the word in the Greek is Hades.

<b>Gehenna</b>	<b>Hades</b>
1. Matt. 5:22	1. Matt. 11:23
2. Matt. 5:29	2. Luke 10:15
3. Matt. 5:30	3. Matt. 16:18
4. Matt.10:28	4. Luke 16:23
5. Luke 12:5	5. Acts 2:27
6. Matt. 18: 9	6. Acts 2:31
7. Mark 9:43	7. I Cor. 15:55
8. Mark 9:45	margin
9. Mark 9:47	8. Rev. 1:13
10. Matt. 23:15	9. Rev. 6:8
11. Matt. 23:33	10. Rev. 20:13
12. James 3:6	11. Rev. 20:14
13. I Pet. 2:24	

# Cursory Remarks on the Word Hades

Adapted from Vol. IV, Orthodox Church Magazine (Anglican), April 1803

The communication of your very respectable correspondent, the *London Curate*, in your Number for February last, “on the common receptacle of departed spirits,” has excited my attention to the meaning of the word *Hades*, as it occurs in scripture. I send you the result of my investigation, not so much with the idea of throwing any new light on the subject, as with the view of giving a specimen of the use, which, as I conceive, ought to be made of such ingenious invitations to theological discussion:

The opinion entertained by Bishop Horsley, that the word *hades* signified the “place appointed for the habitation of departed souls, in the interval between death and the general resurrection,” is that which was held by Lord Chancellor King, in his “History of the Apostles’ Creed,” in which is contained a long and learned dissertation on the subject. Dr. Hey, however, who will seldom be found to advance an opinion unsupported by good reasons, says, “a word answering exactly and properly to the word *hades* would express the habitation of *man* after death, and so include the receptacle of *bodies* as well as of *souls*.” Norris’s *Lectures*, vol. 2. p. 377. Dr. Hey refers to Lord King’s opinion, which he thinks to be scarcely correct. This is said in a note. In the text of which the note may be considered as a correction, Dr. Hey had said, that “ἡ ψυχή εἰς ἅδᾳ may either mean the body in the grave, or the soul in the place of departed souls, nor both; that is, the man in the state of men after death.” As the doctrines, which have any dependence on the sense of this word, will remain much the same whichever of the sense now mentioned be admitted, it may seem of no great consequence to determine which of them is the true one. I am of opinion, however, that it is always worth a student’s while to obtain as accurate a knowledge of the sense of scriptural words, as he possibly can. The way then, seems to be, to examine the context of the several passages of the Old and New Testament, in which the word *sheol* in Hebrew and *hades* in Greek occurs; for, in the Septuagint, the latter is generally, if not always, the translation of the former.

The result of that examination, so far as I have proceeded in it, is, that it sometimes signifies the *place or state of departed souls*, and sometimes the *place or state of the dead*, without meaning to distinguish between the *soul* and the *body*; but that it never clearly signifies the grave, or the place of the *dead body only*, tho’ often rendered in that sense by our translators.

The common Lexicons, indeed, interpret the Hebrew word *sheol* by *sepulchrum*, and it is generally, if not always, so interpreted in the Latin translation of the Old Testament by *Tremellius* and *Junius*. This interpretation, however, is not, in any of the places which I have examined, supported by the context. The Latin Vulgate generally, if not always, translates *sheol* and *hades* by *in infernum* or *ad inferos*, which seems accurate, whether we consider it as the place of the departed soul only, or of the man, as compounded of soul and body. Indeed, we ought to consider, that, when this word was first made use of, the distinction between soul and body was not understood exactly in the same sense in which it is understood at present. The ancients seem to have had no notion of a soul, which had not at least the *form* of a body. In their infernal regions, the shades, however purified and refined, retained the appearance of the living man on earth. Even in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, as delivered in the Scriptures, they are both represented in *hades* as possessed of their bodily limbs and organs. The truth is, we do not know how to speak intelligibly of the human soul, any more than of the Deity, or other spiritual beings, without attributing to it the *form*, tho’ not the *grossness*, of the body.

Mr. Green, in his translation of the Psalms, generally renders *sheol* and *hades* by *grave*. He does this even in Psalm 16:10, where, if any where, as it should seem the rendering of it by a word, which denotes the receptacle of departed souls, is peculiarly proper. Near the beginning of the 88<sup>th</sup> Psalm, as it stands in the translation adopted into the Liturgy, occur the words *hell*, *pit*, and *grave*, answering to ἀδης, λαχχος, and ταφος in the Greek. This distinction is preserved in the Latin Vulgate by the words *infernum*, *lacus*, and *sepulchrum*; but in the translation by Tremellius and Junius, they are all rendered by the word *sepulchrum*. In our Bible translation, as also in that by Mr. Green, the rendering is made by the words *grave*, *pit*, and *grave*.

Mr. Green says, “I have not adhered so strictly to the original, as always to translate the same Hebrew by the same English word”; and it appears by this, that neither does our Bible translation aim at this exactness. It seems to me, however, that, in a translation of the Holy Scriptures, scriptures “given by inspiration of God,” this exactness, supposing the sense of the original word to be the same, well

deserves to be attended to; for, in many cases, we have no means of knowing what may be the consequence of departing from it. In the following passage, and its parallels, the word grave is a translation of *sheol* and *hades*. "If mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave" (Gen. 42:38). Here, it must be acknowledged, the word grave sufficiently expresses the meaning, and the English reader, perhaps, would be unwilling to have it changed; yet here, as in other places, it would be more exact to say, "with sorrow to the dead," or "with sorrow to the mansions of the dead."

Some mischief has actually ensued from confounding the words *hades* and *gehenna*, and translating both by the word *hell*; for hence has arisen the opinion, that our Saviour, after his decease, went into the place of torment; an opinion, for which there is not any just ground, and which is likely to lead into other errors. We may, I think, venture to affirm, that the word *hades* is never used to signify the *place of torment*. In the Old Testament, in which the knowledge of future rewards and punishments was not clearly revealed, we are not likely to find it in that sense, (nor is there, that I know of, any word in the Old Testament, which has that sense,) though it seems sometimes to have been so understood by our translators; nor is it by any means clear, that it ever has that sense even in the New Testament. The only passage in the New Testament, in which with any appearance of reason it has been thought to have that sense, is in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; and even there, it is evidently comprehends the state of both the *happy* and the *miserable*; for Lazarus, as well as the rich man, was in *hades*, though there was a great gulf between them. The words *heaven* and *hell*, however, are so frequently used in contrast, that it seems scarcely possible so to change the common use of the word *hell*, as that it may not signify the place of torment; otherwise, I should prefer to have the word *hades* in both the Old and the New Testament always translated *hell*, according to the original meaning of that word, and to express the place of torment by the Scriptural word *gehenna*. I propose, therefore, that only the latter word be translated *hell*, and that, wherever the word *hades* occurs, it be either left untranslated, (which, as in the case of *Logos*, and a few other words, might be best of all,) or translated by a term or terms which denote the state of the dead; *without noticing the distinction, it may not always appear whether the state of departed souls, or the state of the dead, is spoken of, yet no erroneous notion will be thus conveyed.*

This might be the case, if we proceeded further; for, at present, it does not seem to be clearly ascertained

in what places the word *hades* signifies the state of departed souls, and in what it signifies merely the state of the dead. In the Creed for instance, where the state of departed souls is evidently set meant, instead of saying, "he descended into hell," an expression, I fear, which generally excites a wrong idea, I would say, "he descended into *hades*," or "he descended to the mansion of the dead." In all the passages of the New Testament, in which, according to the table given by the London Curate, the word *hades* occurs, the translation of it by these latter terms may, I think, be admitted with propriety; and with respect to the passages of the Old Testament, in which it occurs, the propriety will probably be still more evident.

I am not aware that so much inconvenience can arise from translating *hades* by the grave, as from translating it by the word *hell*, though, as we have seen it be not the right sense of it. We ought, however, as I have said, always to aim at exactness in our translation of Scripture, even in cases where we see no reason to apprehend inconvenience from the want of it; and, when the proper time for a new translation of the Scriptures shall arrive, these particulars, in common with others of the like kind, will probably not be unattended to.

April 9, 1803. I am, Gentlemen, your, &c. E. Pearson.

P.S. If there be any word or expression of the O.T. which signifies the place of torment, or what we vulgarly call *hell*, it seems to be the "house or assembly of the giants," so called in reference to the supposed situation of the disobedient race of men before the flood; see Gen. 6:4. It must be acknowledged, that Mr. Mede (B. 1. Dis. 7) has given plausible reasons for such an acceptation of this expression, as it occurs in Prov. 16:16, which, however, our translators render "the congregation of the dead." Both the Septuagint and the Latin Vulgate render it "the congregation of the giants." In Prov. 2:18, where the Heb word is also giants, and which our translators also render "the dead," the Septuagint uses the word *hades* with a periphrasis, *παρα τω αδω μετα των γηγενων*, "in *hades* with the giants." In the parallel passages, Prov. 7:27, and Prov 9:18, where *sheol* is in the original, the Septuagint, as usual, has *hades*, and our translation has *hell*. In both these passages, Tremellius and Junius have *sepulchrum*, which, as before, I take to be wrong. In all the three passages, the Lat. Vulgate has "*ad inferas*," which, on the whole, as being an indeterminate expression, I still think to be right. In the last, the Septuagint render it by *γηγενεις* giants, while, as before, our translators render it "the dead."

## Josephus's Discourse to the Greeks concerning Hades

1. NOW as to Hades, wherein the souls of the of the good things they see, and rejoice in the righteous and unrighteous are detained, it is necessary to speak of it. Hades is a place in the world not regularly finished; a subterraneous region, wherein the light of this world does not shine; from which circumstance, that in this region the light does not shine, it cannot be but there must be in it perpetual darkness. This region is allotted as a place of custody for souls, ill which angels are appointed as guardians to them, who distribute to them temporary punishments, agreeable to every one's behavior and manners.

2. In this region there is a certain place set apart, as a lake of unquenchable fire, whereinto we suppose no one hath hitherto been cast; but it is prepared for a day afore-determined by God, in which one righteous sentence shall deservedly be passed upon all men; when the unjust, and those that have been disobedient to God, and have given honor to such idols as have been the vain operations of the hands of men as to God himself, shall be adjudged to this everlasting punishment, as having been the causes of defilement; while the just shall obtain an incorruptible and never-fading kingdom. These are now indeed confined in Hades, but not in the same place wherein the unjust are confined.

3. For there is one descent into this region, at whose gate we believe there stands an archangel with an host; which gate when those pass through that are conducted down by the angels appointed over souls, they do not go the same way; but the just are guided to the right hand, and are led with hymns, sung by the angels appointed over that place, unto a region of light, in which the just have dwelt from the beginning of the world; not constrained by necessity, but ever enjoying the prospect of the good things they see, and rejoice in the expectation of those new enjoyments which will be peculiar to every one of them, and esteeming those things beyond what we have here; with whom there is no place of toil, no burning heat, no piercing cold, nor are any briars there; but the countenance of the and of the just, which they see, always smiles them, while they wait for that rest and eternal new life in heaven, which is to succeed this region. This place we call The Bosom of Abraham.

4. But as to the unjust, they are dragged by force to the left hand by the angels allotted for punishment, no longer going with a good-will, but as prisoners driven by violence; to whom are sent the angels appointed

over them to reproach them and threaten them with their terrible looks, and to thrust them still downwards. Now those angels that are set over these souls drag them into the neighborhood of hell itself; who, when they are hard by it, continually hear the noise of it, and do not stand clear of the hot vapor itself; but when they have a near view of this spectacle, as of a terrible and exceeding great prospect of fire, they are struck with a fearful expectation of a future judgment, and in effect punished thereby: and not only so, but where they see the place [or choir] of the fathers and of the just, even hereby are they punished; for a chaos deep and large is fixed between them; insomuch that a just man that hath compassion upon them cannot be admitted, nor can one that is unjust, if he were bold enough to attempt it, pass over it.

5. This is the discourse concerning Hades, wherein the souls of all men are confined until a proper season, which God hath determined, when he will make a resurrection of all men from the dead, not procuring a transmigration of souls from one body to another, but raising again those very bodies, which you Greeks, seeing to be dissolved, do not believe [their resurrection]. But learn not to disbelieve it; for while you believe that the soul is created, and yet is made immortal by God, according to the doctrine of Plato, and this in time, be not incredulous; but believe that God is able, when he hath raised to life that body which was made as a compound of the same elements, to make it immortal; for it must never be said of God, that he is able to do some things, and unable to do others. We have therefore believed that the body will be raised again; for although it be dissolved, it is not perished; for the earth receives its remains, and preserves them; and while they are like seed, and are mixed among the more fruitful soil, they flourish, and what is sown is indeed sown bare grain, but at the mighty sound of God the Creator, it will sprout up, and be raised in a clothed and glorious condition, though not before it has been dissolved, and mixed [with the earth]. So that we have not rashly believed the resurrection of the body; for although it be dissolved for a time on account of the original transgression, it exists still, and is cast into the earth as into a potter's furnace, in order to be formed again, not in order to rise again such as it was before, but in a state of purity, and so as never to be destroyed any more. And to every body shall its own soul be restored. And when it hath clothed itself with that body, it will not be subject to misery, but, being itself pure, it will continue with its pure body, and rejoice with it, with which it having

walked righteously now in this world, and never having had it as a snare, it will receive it again with great gladness. But as for the unjust, they will receive their bodies not changed, not freed from diseases or distempers, nor made glorious, but with the same diseases wherein they died; and such as they were in their unbelief, the same shall they be when they shall be faithfully judged.

6. For all men, the just as well as the unjust, shall be brought before God the word: for to him hath the Father committed all judgment: and he, in order to fulfill the will of his Father, shall come as Judge, whom we call Christ. For Minos and Rhadamanthus are not the judges, as you Greeks do suppose, but he whom God and the Father hath glorified: CONCERNING WHOM WE HAVE ELSEWHERE GIVEN A MORE PARTICULAR ACCOUNT, FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE WHO SEEK AFTER TRUTH. This person, exercising the righteous judgment of the Father towards all men, hath prepared a just sentence for every one, according to his works; at whose judgment-seat when all men, and angels, and demons shall stand, they will send forth one voice, and say, JUST IS THY JUDGMENT; the rejoinder to which will bring a just sentence upon both parties, by giving justly to those that have done well an everlasting fruition; but allotting to the lovers of wicked works eternal punishment. To these belong the unquenchable fire, and that without end, and a certain fiery worm, never dying, and not destroying the body, but continuing its eruption out of the body with never-ceasing grief: neither will sleep give ease to these men, nor will the night afford them comfort; death will not free them from their punishment, nor will the interceding prayers of their kindred profit them; for the just are no longer seen by them, nor are they thought worthy of remembrance. But the just shall remember only their righteous actions, whereby they have attained the heavenly kingdom, in which there is no sleep, no sorrow, no corruption, no care, no night, no day measured by time, no sun driven in his course along the circle of heaven by necessity, and measuring out the bounds and conversions of the seasons, for the better illumination of the life of men; no moon decreasing and increasing, or introducing a variety of seasons, nor will she then moisten the earth; no burning sun, no Bear turning round [the pole], no Orion to rise, no wandering of innumerable stars. The earth will not then be difficult to be passed over, nor will it be hard to find out the court of paradise, nor will there be any fearful roaring of the sea, forbidding the passengers to walk on it; even that will be made easily passable to the just, though it will not be void of moisture. Heaven will not then be uninhabitable by men, and it will not be impossible to discover the way of ascending thither. The earth will not be uncultivated, nor require too

much labor of men, but will bring forth its fruits of its own accord, and will be well adorned with them. There will be no more generations of wild beasts, nor will the substance of the rest of the animals shoot out any more; for it will not produce men, but the number of the righteous will continue, and never fail, together with righteous angels, and spirits [of God], and with his word, as a choir of righteous men and women that never grow old, and continue in an incorruptible state, singing hymns to God, who hath advanced them to that happiness, by the means of a regular institution of life; with whom the whole creation also will lift up a perpetual hymn from corruption, to incorruption, as glorified by a splendid and pure spirit. It will not then be restrained by a bond of necessity, but with a lively freedom shall offer up a voluntary hymn, and shall praise him that made them, together with the angels, and spirits, and men now freed from all bondage.

7. And now, if you Gentiles will be persuaded by these motives, and leave your vain imaginations about your pedigrees, and gaining of riches, and philosophy, and will not spend your time about subtleties of words, and thereby lead your minds into error, and if you will apply your ears to the hearing of the inspired prophets, the interpreters both of God and of his word, and will believe in God, you shall both be partakers of these things, and obtain the good things that are to come; you shall see the ascent unto the immense heaven plainly, and that kingdom which is there. For what God hath now concealed in silence [will be then made manifest,] what neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.

8. In whatsoever ways I shall find you, in them shall I judge you entirely: so cries the END of all things. And he who hath at first lived a virtuous life, but towards the latter end falls into vice, these labors by him before endured shall be altogether vain and unprofitable, even as in a play, brought to an ill catastrophe. Whosoever shall have lived wickedly and luxuriously may repent; however, there will be need of much time to conquer an evil habit, and even after repentance his whole life must be guarded with great care and diligence, after the manner of a body, which, after it hath been a long time afflicted with a distemper, requires a stricter diet and method of living; for though it may be possible, perhaps, to break off the chain of our irregular affections at once, yet our amendment cannot be secured without the grace of God, the prayers of good men, the help of the brethren, and our own sincere repentance and constant care. It is a good thing not to sin at all; it is also good, having sinned, to repent; as it is best to have health always, but it is a good thing to recover from a distemper. To God be glory and dominion for ever and ever Amen.



Book VI  
The Aeneid  
by Virgil

*Virgil lived in the time of Augustus Caesar. His Aeneid is the epic poem about the legendary founding of Rome by Aeneas, a survivor of the Trojan war. In Aeneas' descent to Hades, we get a view of Greco-Roman notions of Hades. The imagery's similarity to **Revelation 9** is worth noting, but especially the **thousand-year** sojourn of the deceased in the Hadean realm which bears obvious import in our understanding of Rev. 20:1-7.*

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before  
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaean shore:  
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.  
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,  
And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.  
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;  
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,  
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,  
Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.  
Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,  
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill  
Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade  
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.  
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;  
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.  
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,  
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.  
When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,  
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,  
(The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by Fame,  
To the Cumaean coast at length he came,  
And here alighting, built this costly frame.  
Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high  
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:  
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd  
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;  
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet  
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.  
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,  
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:  
The mournful parents stand around in tears,  
And rising Crete against their shore appears.  
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen  
The mad affection of the Cretan queen;  
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;  
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,  
The lower part a beast, a man above,  
The monument of their polluted love.  
Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,  
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:  
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,  
Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;  
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,

Lent to the loving maid this last relief,  
And all those erring paths describ'd so well  
That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.  
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,  
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.  
He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;  
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mold.

All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;  
Each varying object his delight renew'd:  
Eager to read the rest- Achates came,  
And by his side the mad divining dame,  
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.  
"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes  
With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.  
Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,  
And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."  
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,  
While to the temple she the prince invites.  
A spacious cave, within its farthest part,  
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art  
Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,  
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;  
As many voices issue, and the sound  
Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.  
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:  
"This is the time; enquire your destinies.  
He comes; behold the god!" Thus while she said,  
(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,)  
Her color chang'd; her face was not the same,  
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.  
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd  
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.  
Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,  
And with an accent more than mortal spoke.  
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;  
When all the god came rushing on her soul.  
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:  
"Why this delay?" she cried- "the pow'rs invoke!  
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;  
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."

She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,

O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.  
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,  
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:  
 "Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,  
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,  
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart  
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:  
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,  
 Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,  
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;  
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found.  
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,  
 With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.  
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:  
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.  
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see  
 Th' event of things in dark futurity;  
 Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,  
 To conquer and command the Latian state;  
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place  
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.  
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear  
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;  
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,  
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.  
 Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my land;  
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,  
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,  
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:  
 All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train  
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.  
 But O! commit not thy prophetic mind  
 To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,  
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;  
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,  
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,  
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,  
 With more and far superior force he press'd;  
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,  
 Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.  
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors  
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars  
 Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:  
 "Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,  
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain.  
 The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),  
 Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.  
 Wars, horrid wars, I view- a field of blood,  
 And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.  
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:  
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear,  
 And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,  
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.  
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,  
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!

The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;  
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.  
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,  
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.  
 The dawns of thy safety shall be shown  
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,  
 And the resisting air the thunder broke;  
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.  
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,  
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd;  
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.  
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,  
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.  
 Then thus the chief: "No terror to my view,  
 No frightful face of danger can be new.  
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,  
 The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.  
 This let me crave, since near your grove the road  
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode  
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood;  
 Conduct me thro' the regions void of light,  
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.  
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,  
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,  
 Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.  
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,  
 And wrath of Heav'n, my still auspicious guide,  
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supplied.  
 Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night  
 His reverend image stood before my sight;  
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade;  
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.  
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,  
 Oblige the father, and protect the son.  
 Yours is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain  
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.  
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,  
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,  
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;  
 If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,  
 Could free his brother, and can daily go  
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below-  
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,  
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could  
 ascend?  
 Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came;  
 My mother greater, my descent the same."  
 So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,  
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus replied the prophetess divine:  
 "O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,  
 The gates of hell are open night and day;  
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:  
 But to return, and view the cheerful skies,

In this the task and mighty labor lies.  
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,  
 And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.  
 Betwixt those regions and our upper light,  
 Deep forests and impenetrable night  
 Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds  
 Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.  
 But if so dire a love your soul invades,  
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;  
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,  
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;  
 Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove  
 There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove  
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night  
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.  
 One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold!)  
 The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:  
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,  
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,  
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.  
 The first thus rent a second will arise,  
 And the same metal the same room supplies.  
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see  
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:  
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;  
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,  
 Following with ease, if favor'd by thy fate,  
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:  
 If not, no labor can the tree constrain;  
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.  
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,  
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:  
 Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,  
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.  
 Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,  
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;  
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay:  
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,  
 To find the regions destitute of day."

She said, and held her peace. Aeneas went  
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,  
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.  
 Achates, the companion of his breast,  
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.  
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd  
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.  
 But soon they found an object to deplore:  
 Misenus lay extended the shore;  
 Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd  
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;  
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,  
 And rouse to dare their fate in honorable arms.  
 He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,  
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.  
 But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,  
 He chose Aeneas; and he chose as well.

Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,  
 He now provokes the sea gods from the shore;  
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,  
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;  
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:  
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.  
 All weep; but most Aeneas mourns his fate,  
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.  
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;  
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.  
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,  
 (The shady covert of the salvage kind,)  
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is plied;  
 Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring pride  
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,  
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.  
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown  
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.  
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,  
 And by his pious labor urges theirs.

Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind  
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,  
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,  
 And then with vows implor'd the Queen of Love:  
 "O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,  
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,  
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath  
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."  
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,  
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,  
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.  
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:  
 "Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,  
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,  
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.  
 And thou, great parent, with celestial care,  
 In this distress be present to my pray'r!"  
 Thus having said, he stopp'd with watchful sight,  
 Observing still the motions of their flight,  
 What course they took, what happy signs they shew.  
 They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew  
 Still farther from the place, but still in view:  
 Hopping and flying, thus they led him on  
 To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun  
 They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,  
 Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.  
 Thro' the green leafs the glitt'ring shadows glow;  
 As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,  
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood,  
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd.  
 Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,  
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.  
 He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,  
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold;  
 Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.  
 Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,

To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.  
First, from the ground a lofty pile they rear,  
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:  
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,  
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.  
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;  
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,  
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,  
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.  
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:  
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,  
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,  
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away-  
Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay.  
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,  
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.  
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;  
Then on the living coals red wine they pour;  
And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,  
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.  
Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the crew,  
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;  
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud  
Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.  
But good Aeneas order'd on the shore  
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,  
A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar.  
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame  
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.  
These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,  
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.  
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went  
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;  
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,  
And there th' unnavigable lake extends,  
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;  
Such deadly stench from the depths arise,  
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.  
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,  
And give the name Avernus to the lake.  
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,  
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.  
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;  
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,  
Invoking Hecate hither to repair:  
A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.  
The sacred priests with ready knives bereave  
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive  
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night  
(The sable wool without a streak of white)  
Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,  
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,  
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;  
Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;  
Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;  
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.

Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,  
Nor ended till the next returning sun.  
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,  
And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,  
Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls profane!"  
The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove abstain!  
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford;  
Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy sword."  
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;  
The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,  
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,  
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state!

Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led  
Along the waste dominions of the dead.  
Thus wander travelers in woods by night,  
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,  
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,  
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,  
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,  
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,  
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;  
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,  
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;  
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,  
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;  
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes  
Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.  
Full in the midst of this infernal road,  
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:  
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,  
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.  
Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,  
Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door.  
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,  
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;  
And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.  
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,  
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,  
Offring his brandish'd weapon at their face;  
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,  
And told him what those empty phantoms were:  
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.  
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,  
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,  
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.  
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast-  
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin  
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;  
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;  
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.

He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;  
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.  
He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen  
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.  
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,  
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:  
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,  
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,  
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,  
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.  
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,  
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,  
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;  
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,  
And press for passage with extended hands.  
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:  
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.  
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes  
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,  
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;  
Why to the shore the thronging people bent;  
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd;  
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.

"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"  
The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,  
The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state  
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.  
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew  
Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:  
The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,  
He ferries over to the farther coast;  
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves  
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.  
A hundred years they wander on the shore;  
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."  
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,  
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast,  
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,  
Their fun'ral honors claim'd, and ask'd their quiet  
graves.  
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,  
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,  
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;  
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'er-set.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,  
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,  
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore  
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,  
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,  
And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.  
Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend,  
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?  
For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,  
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.  
The god foretold you should not die, before

You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.  
Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied;  
"Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;  
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:  
But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,  
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.  
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd  
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.  
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,  
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;  
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,  
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.  
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,  
I floated, and discover'd land at last:  
High on a mounting wave my head I bore,  
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.  
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd  
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.  
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,  
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,  
Stain'd with my blood th' inhospitable coast;  
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are  
toss'd:

Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,  
Which I have lost for this eternal night!  
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,  
By your dead sire, and by your living son,  
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;  
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,  
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;  
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,  
Without whose aid you durst not undertake  
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,  
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er  
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."  
Scarce had he said, the prophetess began:  
"What hopes delude thee, miserable man?  
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,  
To view the Furies and infernal gods,  
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?  
Attend the term of long revolving years;  
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.  
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:  
The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,  
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,  
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,  
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;  
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."  
This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,  
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:  
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;  
Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,  
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.  
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:  
"Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path

In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,  
And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.  
Know this, the realm of night- the Stygian shore:  
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er;  
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,  
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,  
Nor strong Alcides- men of mighty fame,  
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.  
In fetters one the barking porter tied,  
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:  
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."  
To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;  
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.  
Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain  
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,  
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.  
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,  
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,  
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.  
If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,  
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,  
This fatal present shall prevail at least."  
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god  
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;  
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen-  
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.  
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;  
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:  
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;  
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.  
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;  
The pressing water pours within her sides.  
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,  
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found  
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,  
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear  
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.  
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd  
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;  
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before  
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.  
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,  
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.  
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;  
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.  
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay  
Pass'd on, and took th' irremovable way.  
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,  
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,  
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws  
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.  
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review  
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;  
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.  
Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.  
The next, in place and punishment, are they  
Who prodigally throw their souls away;  
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,  
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.  
With late repentance now they would retrieve  
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;  
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,  
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:  
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,  
And with circling streams the captive souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear  
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude and myrtle shades  
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,  
With Phaedra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.  
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves,  
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:  
Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man,  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood,  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;  
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,  
(Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,)  
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;  
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:  
"Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
Of rumor true, in your reported death,  
And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I vow,  
And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,  
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,  
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate-  
Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might  
Have sent me to these regions void of light,  
Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.  
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,  
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:  
'T is the last interview that fate allows!"  
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move  
With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.  
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,  
And what he says and swears, regards no more  
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,

Hid in the forest and the shades of night;  
Then sought Sichaeus thro' the shady grove,  
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,  
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,  
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,  
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,  
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.

Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,  
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;  
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.  
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,  
All much lamented, all in battle slain;  
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,  
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.  
And proud Idaeus, Priam's charioteer,  
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.  
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend  
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend;  
Delight to hover near, and long to know  
What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.  
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,  
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,  
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,  
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear  
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.  
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;  
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,  
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:  
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.  
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown  
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;  
And therefore first began: "O Tsucher's race,  
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?  
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?  
'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night  
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,  
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,  
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.  
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,  
A tomb and fun'ral honors I decreed;  
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:  
The place your armor and your name retains.  
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,  
Design'd for burial in your native ground."

The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid  
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade;  
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,  
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.

These are the monuments of Helen's love:  
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd  
The night that was by Heav'n decreed our last:  
For, when the fatal horse, descending down,  
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town  
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,  
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led  
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,  
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.  
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,  
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,  
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.  
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,  
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;  
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,  
Invites her former lord within my walls.  
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,  
And with new treasons would redeem the past.  
What need I more? Into the room they ran,  
And meanly murder'd a defenseless man.  
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.  
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,  
That fortune be their own another day!  
But answer you; and in your turn relate,  
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state:  
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,  
Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?  
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,  
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,  
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."

While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,  
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:  
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent  
The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;  
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:  
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:  
'T is here, in different paths, the way divides;  
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;  
The left to that unhappy region tends,  
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;  
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."  
Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid,  
Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd!  
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,  
To pay my penance till my years expire.  
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,  
And born to better fates than I have found."  
He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd  
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The hero, looking on the left, espied  
A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side  
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,  
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;  
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise

resounds

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high  
With adamantine columns, threats the sky.  
Vain is the force of man, and Heav'n's as vain,  
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.  
Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;  
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,  
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,  
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.  
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains  
Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.  
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,  
And ask'd his guide from whence those yells arise;  
And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,  
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race  
Are all forbidden this polluted place.  
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,  
Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,  
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.  
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;  
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.  
He hears and judges each committed crime;  
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.  
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,  
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),  
From the first moment of his vital breath,  
To his last hour of unrepenting death.  
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes  
The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,  
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.  
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;  
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.  
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost  
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.  
More formidable Hydra stands within,  
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.  
The gaping gulf low to the center lies,  
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.  
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,  
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd  
space.  
Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them both,)  
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,  
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,  
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.  
Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,  
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound  
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze  
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.  
Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;  
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:  
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,  
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.  
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass  
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,

To rival thunder in its rapid course,  
And imitate inimitable force!  
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,  
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky  
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,  
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.  
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth  
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.  
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,  
Infold nine acres of infernal space.  
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,  
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;  
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;  
The growing liver still supplied the feast;  
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:  
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.  
Ixion and Perithous I could name,  
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.  
High o'er their heads a mold'ring rock is plac'd,  
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.  
They lie below, on golden beds display'd;  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.  
The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,  
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,  
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,  
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.  
Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,  
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;  
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,  
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;  
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend  
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.  
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train  
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:  
Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,  
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.  
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,  
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.  
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know  
Their process, or the forms of law below.  
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,  
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels  
are hung  
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,  
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;  
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries  
(Could warning make the world more just or wise):  
'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'  
To tyrants others have their country sold,  
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;  
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,  
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;  
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:  
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.  
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,  
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,



Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.  
But let us haste our voyage to pursue:  
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;  
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands  
On anvils labor'd by the Cyclops' hands.  
Before our farther way the Fates allow,  
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."

She said: and thro' the gloomy shades they pass'd,  
And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,  
The prince with living water sprinkled o'er  
His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,  
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above  
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.  
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way  
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:  
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,  
With ether vested, and a purple sky;  
The blissful seats of happy souls below.  
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;  
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,  
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.  
Some in heroic verse divinely sing;  
Others in artful measures led the ring.  
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,  
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;  
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,  
Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.

Here found they Tsucer's old heroic race,  
Born better times and happier years to grace.  
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.  
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,  
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:  
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,  
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.  
The love of horses which they had, alive,  
And care of chariots, after death survive.  
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;  
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,  
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po  
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.  
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,  
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:  
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,  
And poets worthy their inspiring god;  
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:  
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,  
And those who knew that bounty to commend.  
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,  
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,  
And first to him surrounded by the rest  
(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast):

"Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus, say,  
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way  
To find the hero, for whose only sake  
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter  
lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus replied:  
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.  
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,  
By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:  
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;  
The path conducts you to your journey's end."  
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,  
And shews them all the shining fields below.  
They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,  
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:  
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,  
For future beings and new bodies wait-  
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,  
In nature's order as they pass'd along:  
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,  
In peaceful senates and successful war.  
He, when Aeneas on the plain appears,  
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.  
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!  
O long expected to my dear embrace!  
Once more 't is giv'n me to behold your face!  
The love and pious duty which you pay  
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.  
'T is true, computing times, I now believ'd  
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.  
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;  
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?  
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,  
When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."  
To this, the filial duty thus replies:  
"Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes  
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.  
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,  
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.  
But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun  
The dear embraces of your longing son!"  
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:  
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;  
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,  
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees  
A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze  
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the  
trees;  
And, just before the confines of the wood,  
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.  
About the boughs an airy nation flew,  
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;  
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,

And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:  
 The winged army roams the fields around;  
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.  
 Aeneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause  
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.  
 Then thus the sire: "The souls that thron'g the flood  
 Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:  
 In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,  
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.  
 Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,  
 To set before your sight your glorious race,  
 That this presaging joy may fire your mind  
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd."-  
 "O father, can it be, that souls sublime  
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime,  
 And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,  
 Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus begun  
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son:  
 "Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,  
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame,  
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul  
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.  
 This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,  
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.  
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.  
 Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same,  
 And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;  
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy  
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,  
 Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.  
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,  
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,  
 And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling mind,  
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,  
 Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:  
 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;  
 But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.  
 The relics of inveterate vice they wear,  
 And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.  
 For this are various penances enjoin'd;  
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,  
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,  
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.  
 All have their manes, and those manes bear:  
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,  
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.  
 Then are they happy, when by length of time  
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,  
 But the pure ether of the soul remains.  
 But, when a thousand rolling years are past,  
 (So long their punishments and penance last,)  
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,  
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeon flood,

In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares  
 Of their past labors, and their irksome years,  
 That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,  
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."

Thus having said, the father spirit leads  
 The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,  
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see  
 The long procession of his progeny.  
 "Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,  
 As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.  
 These are th' Italian names, which fate will join  
 With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.  
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,  
 And holds the nearest station to the light,  
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,  
 And leans just forward, on a shining spear:  
 Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,  
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place;  
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood,  
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:  
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,  
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.  
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,  
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget.  
 Then Procas, honor of the Trojan name,  
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.  
 A second Silvius after these appears;  
 Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears;  
 For arms and justice equally renown'd,  
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.  
 How great they look! how vig'rously they wield  
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!  
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,  
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear;  
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;  
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.  
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,  
 Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.  
 See Romulus the great, born to restore  
 The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.  
 This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,  
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.  
 Two rising crests, his royal head adorn;  
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born:  
 His sire already signs him for the skies,  
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.  
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,  
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome-  
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,  
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade;  
 High as the Mother of the Gods in place,  
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.  
 Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,  
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd;  
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;  
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.

"Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see  
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.  
 The mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,  
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.  
 But next behold the youth of form divine,  
 Ceasar himself, exalted in his line;  
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,  
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;  
 Born to restore a better age of gold.  
 Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;  
 He shall extend his propagated sway  
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,  
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,  
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.  
 At his foreseen approach, already quake  
 The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian lake:  
 Their seers behold the tempest from afar,  
 And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.  
 Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,  
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's  
 fates.  
 Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,  
 Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew,  
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,  
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;  
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,  
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,  
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains,  
 With curling vines around his purple reins.  
 And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue  
 The paths of honor, and a crown in view?  
 But what's the man, who from afar appears?  
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censor bears,  
 His hoary beard and holy vestments bring  
 His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.  
 He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,  
 Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.  
 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,  
 An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.  
 He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,  
 Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.  
 By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,  
 And scour his armor from the rust of peace.  
 Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,  
 But vain within, and proudly popular.  
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword  
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.  
 He first renews the rods and ax severe,  
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.  
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,  
 And long for arbitrary lords again,  
 With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,  
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.  
 Unhappy man, to break the pious laws  
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!  
 Howeer the doubtful fact is understood,

'T is love of honor, and his country's good:  
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.  
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;  
 And, next, the two devoted Decii view:  
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home  
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes  
 o'ercome  
 The pair you see in equal armor shine,  
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join;  
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,  
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,  
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:  
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!  
 From Alpine heights the father first descends;  
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:  
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.  
 Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;  
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!  
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,  
 Thou, of my blood, who bearist the Julian name!  
 Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,  
 And to the Capitol his chariot guide,  
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.  
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,  
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,  
 And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;  
 Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;  
 Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,  
 And Pallas, for her violated place.  
 Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,  
 And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.  
 Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare  
 The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,  
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see  
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,  
 Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire  
 The plowman consul in his coarse attire?  
 Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;  
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,  
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,  
 And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!  
 Let others better mold the running mass  
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
 And soften into flesh a marble face;  
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,  
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.  
 But, Rome, 't is thine alone, with awful sway,  
 To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
 Disposing peace and war by thy own majestic way;  
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:  
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd  
 The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:  
 "See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,  
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal  
 spoils!

He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,  
 Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,  
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;  
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;  
 Then to the Capitol in triumph move,  
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."  
 Aeneas here beheld, of form divine,  
 A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,  
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;  
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.  
 He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,  
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's  
 side:

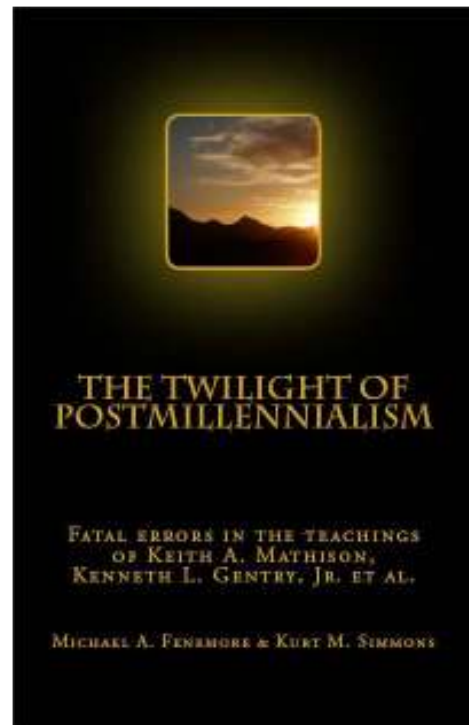
"His son, or one of his illustrious name?  
 How like the former, and almost the same!  
 Observe the crowds that compass him around;  
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:  
 But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,  
 And night, with sable shades, involves his head."  
 "Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,  
 "The sorrows of thy sons in future years.  
 This youth (the blissful vision of a day)  
 Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.  
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,  
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.  
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!  
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!  
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,  
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!  
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,  
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;  
 The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,  
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!  
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!  
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!  
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field  
 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;  
 Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,  
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.  
 Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,  
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!  
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,  
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;  
 Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;  
 This gift which parents to their children owe,  
 This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"  
 Thus having said, he led the hero round  
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;  
 Which when Anchises to his son had shown,  
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,  
 He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;  
 The strength and customs of the Latian state;  
 The prince, and people; and forearms his care  
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;  
 Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:

True visions thro' transparent horn arise;  
 Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.  
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,  
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last.  
 Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd  
 His valiant offspring and divining guest.  
 Straight to the ships Aeneas his way,  
 Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,  
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.  
 At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;  
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

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## The Reason Why Ken Gentry and Keith Mathison have not Sleeping Nights....



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