

# THE FIRST

# Queen Camilla

*With the coronation, alongside King Charles III, of this country's first Queen Camilla, the Highgate Literary & Scientific Institution, a long-established cultural centre in north London, presents the story of the first-ever queen known to have borne that name. The ruler of a tribe who headed an army of women modelled on the mythical Amazons, she was an important figure in the great epic poem by the Latin poet Virgil, "The Aeneid". Her story is re-told here through a new translation of the relevant passages of the epic by Towyn Mason, a member of the HLSI for many years and currently one of its trustees.*

*This initiative arose out of a Latin reading group (called "Latin for Pleasure") started at the HLSI more than 20 years ago as part of the wide programme of educational and artistic activities run by the Institution, which was founded early in the reign of Queen Victoria. Besides classes in subjects ranging from languages to art history, painting, music appreciation and even tree identification, it hosts weekly lectures on literary, artistic and other topics, a film society, an opera circle and regular art exhibitions. It also has a large library for members and its Victoria Hall, which holds periodic recitals, debates and other events, is available for hire.*

*It is hoped that, following publication of this story on the Institution's website, printed souvenir copies will be made available at a modest price. Anyone who would be interested in obtaining one may please contact the HLSI office.*

*Born and brought up in Pembrokeshire, Towyn Mason went to Greenhill Grammar School, Tenby, before taking a degree in Modern Languages (French and Italian) at Jesus College, Oxford. After a career in journalism and broadcasting, he lives in retirement in Highgate.*

*In 2013, also in association with the HLSI, he produced "The urbane fox and other fab creatures", an illustrated collection of translations of poems derived from Aesop fables by the Latin poet Phaedrus.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## ***THE NAME'S CAMILLA. QUEEN CAMILLA***

**Fearless. Unyielding. Not to be messed with.**

This is how the first known bearer of the title Queen Camilla was portrayed, 2,000 years ago, by the Latin poet Virgil. She figures heroically and tragically in his epic, "Aeneid", the fictional and mythical story of how ancient Rome was created and itself one of the foundational works of Western literature.

It all starts with the fall of the great city of Troy to an army of Greeks, who win victory after a long siege thanks to a low trick – the famous "gift" to the Trojans of a huge wooden horse filled with Greek warriors. The city is sacked, but Aeneas, a leading figure, escapes with a band of followers and sails into exile. He is also entrusted by the king of the gods, Jupiter, with an important mission – to build a new Troy in Italy, a city meant to become the greatest in the world, Rome.

The Trojans take their time, wandering widely around the Mediterranean and facing many adventures, but eventually they reach their destination in the region of the river Tiber. At first they are given a cautious welcome as refugee settlers, and in the interest of peaceful relations Aeneas is invited to marry Lavinia, the daughter of the local king, Latinus. She, however, is already in the sights of the powerful warlord, Turnus, and, helped by meddling on the part of the goddess Juno, an alliance of local forces is formed under him to repulse the visitors. Though Juno is Jupiter's consort and queen of the gods, for reasons going back to the Trojan war she is dead-set against his plans for Aeneas and does all she can to undermine them. Happy Families this is not.

The poem, which runs for 10,000 hexameter lines divided into 12 books, culminates in the war that arises from the Trojan intrusion. Aeneas has formed his own local alliance, with King Evander of Arcadia and an Etruscan contingent referred to as Tyrrhenians. Among those supporting Turnus, known collectively as the Latins, are various tribal leaders, including Queen Camilla of the Volsci. Her contribution, however, is unique. Her force is made up of female warriors, modelled on the mythical Amazons, and since her early childhood she has been devoted to the cult of Diana, the chaste goddess of the hunt.

Below, Camilla's story is told through newly-translated excerpts from the poem. Notoriously, the basic problem facing translators, particularly when translating into verse, is to convey the meaning of the original text faithfully while making the result read smoothly and naturally in the new version. When the versions are separated by 2,000-years'- worth of history and culture this often means adjustments to make clear, for instance, points that would be understood by the original reader but unfamiliar to the reader of a modern translation in a different language. More prosaically (so to speak), it may also mean some verbal acrobatics in order to fit the meaning into the rhythm of the verse.

The aim in the present translation is to keep as close to the text as feasible, while rendering it in easily readable modern English. To help Latinists judge how far this aim has been achieved, the original text is printed at the end and the excerpts are identified alphabetically.

## THE WARRIOR QUEEN

Camilla makes her first appearance in a passage describing the gathering of the Latins at Laurentum, Turnus's base, to prepare for war with the Trojans and their allies. As if the starring act in a showbiz extravaganza, her force ends a parade of Turnus's allies.

*And lastly, from the Volsci tribe, Camilla,  
a warrior queen, followed by a troop  
of cavalry arrayed in shining bronze.  
No student of Minerva's homely arts,  
unskilled in handling loom or spinning wheel,  
this girl was trained for battle; fast and agile  
she would win a race against the wind.  
Were she to cross at speed a field of corn  
her course would leave unbruised the tender grain,  
and were the undulating sea her track  
its surface would not dampen her swift feet.  
When she rode by, from every field and house  
would rush a crowd of housewives and young folk  
drawn to marvel at the royal purple  
draping her smooth shoulders and the golden  
clasp that bound her hair, together with  
a Lycian quiver stocked with arrows, plus  
a myrtle staff such as shepherds carry  
tipped with a lethal spearhead made for war.*

A (Book VII, lines 803-817)

## FLIGHT

On the eve of the decisive battle, with the Trojans and their allies threatening Laurentum, Camilla proposes to Turnus that she and her cavalry go out into the field to face them while he and his army defend the city. Turnus gratefully accepts this brave offer and appoints her a commander. Meanwhile, observing all this from an exalted place is Camilla's numinous mistress, Diana, who, as a goddess, knows how it is going to end for her faithful and beloved devotee. With sadness at this foreknowledge, Diana gives her attendant, Opis, an account of Camilla's militaristic upbringing, beginning with her flight from the Volscian capital, Privernum, as an infant along with her father, King Metabus, during an uprising.

*Forced by jealous hatred and intrigue  
to flee Privernum and the Volscian throne  
in quest of safety, Metabus picked his way  
through battles raging all around the city,  
taking with him one companion,  
his baby girl, Camilla (whose fair name,  
albeit slightly altered, was owed to  
her mother, Queen Casmilla). Holding her*

closely to his person he set off  
towards a distant mountain range, in hope  
its quiet woods would give them sanctuary.  
The air was thick with deadly missiles as  
the Volscian forces pressed them on all sides,  
when suddenly they came upon the river  
Amasenus, raging with the swell  
of water from torrential rain upstream.  
If not for his beloved burden he  
would without hesitation have plunged in  
to swim across. Care, though, for the child  
held him back. At last, having deeply  
pondered what to do, he hit upon  
a desperate plan. A hardened warrior,  
he owned a massive spear of solid oak,  
seasoned well, with ingrained knots, which he  
could hurl with force. To this he tied his daughter,  
wrapped in bark and cork plucked from trees,  
then raised it in his mighty fist and called  
"Chaste daughter of Latona, bountiful  
Diana, mistress of the hallowed groves,  
to you a father makes this solemn promise:  
this suppliant now taking to the air,  
borne on your own weapon, seeks a haven  
from an enemy. Pray give her refuge  
and she henceforth will be your acolyte.  
Look kindly on your dedicated handmaid  
as she is to the treacherous winds entrusted".  
Whereupon he flexed his powerful arm  
and launched the spear, which whistled as it sped  
above the roaring flood, together with  
the helpless infant refugee, Camilla.  
Metabus, a hostile rabble now  
in hot pursuit, surrendered to the mercy  
of the waters, but emerged unbeaten,  
found his spear and wrenched it from the turf  
where it stood firm, his votive gift unharmed.  
Nevermore would shelter be for him  
within a city's battlemented walls,  
nor would he wield a sword again in anger.  
Henceforth in rural solitude among  
the tranquil hills would he live out his days.  
And here amid rough briars and thorny wastes  
he reared his girl, whose tender lips sucked milk  
straight from a freely roaming mare's teats.  
No sooner had the infant become able  
to put one foot before the other than  
he taught her how to carry in her hand  
a clutch of sharp-tipped spears, while from her tiny  
shoulder she was made to hang a bow.  
No courtly gown for her, no diadem;  
a simple tiger skin, the spoils of hunting,  
draped her frame. Around her neck she bore

*a smooth-strapped sling, and with her childish weapons  
she could fell a Strymon crane or swan.  
Many a Tyrrhenian matron yearned  
to win her as a daughter-in-law. But she,  
loyal to Diana, solely served  
her cult of maidenhood and martial prowess.*

*B (Book XI, lines 539-584)*

## A LITTLE HUNTING TRIP

Virgil does not explain how Camilla returned to her native territory and succeeded her father as ruler, though plainly she is firmly in control there, and a figure of awe for her courage and determination. She next figures in the narrative toting a double-bladed axe and surrounded by her Amazonian warriors. In the thick of the battle outside Laurentum she causes mayhem among her enemies and personally despatches several notable fighters, whose deaths are described in grisly detail. One of these, plainly no shrinking violet, was a giant of a man wearing a bullock's hide and a wolf's head.

*With everyone now out to save their skins  
she came upon Ornytus, famously  
addicted to the chase, whom she pursued  
with ease amid the rout and swiftly speared  
right through the heart. "Take that, Tyrrhenian scum!  
A little hunting trip, perhaps," she mocked,  
"is what you thought awaited you today?  
Well, now you see that we're not just fair game  
for your amusement. Sisters-in-arms are we!  
So don't be shy to tell the spirit world:  
"a woman called Camilla brought me down."  
And then without a pause she moved to deal  
with two of Troy's top bruisers, Butes and  
Orsilochus. Riding up behind  
the first she lanced him in the neck just where  
his pale skin gleamed between his body armour  
and his helm, and whence his shield hung down  
on his left side. At which Orsilochus,  
this time the one pursuing, not pursued,  
drove her in an arc to pen her in.  
But dodging him she found a vantage point  
from which she had the scope to swing her axe.  
The Trojan begged for mercy, but in vain;  
the blade cut through his helmet and his skull,  
and down his face his steaming brains poured out.  
Stumbling unawares upon this scene  
the son of crafty mountain-dweller Aunus,  
not least among Ligurians while the fates  
indulged him, stood stock still, immobilised  
by fear. Then seeing there was no escaping*

*a bellicose encounter with the queen  
 he came up with what seemed a cunning ruse.  
 "Get down from your high horse," he said. "A woman  
 shouldn't boast of being a warrior when  
 she's free to gallop off at any time  
 to safety. So dismount, and let us fight  
 fairly on the same ground, man to man,  
 and let us see whose pride will take a fall."  
 Incensed by these insulting words, Camilla  
 passed her horse's reins to an aide  
 and bravely took her stand like a soldier,  
 armed with but a shield and naked sword.  
 "My plan has worked!" the young man thought and promptly  
 grabbed the charger's reins, leapt on and spurred  
 it furiously to flee the battleground.  
 "Ligurian fool!" the fiery maiden called.  
 "What arrogance to think you'd get away  
 with such a trick. That's just the kind of stunt  
 your father's so well known for. But no scheme  
 which Aunus might devise will save your bacon!"  
 Admired for her speed on foot, Camilla  
 then gave chase and overtook the horse,  
 seized its reins to halt it, and exacted  
 from her foe a bloody penalty.  
 With just such ease that awesome bird, the hawk,  
 perched on a lofty, clouded rock swoops down  
 to claim a dove, and as its talons rip  
 the prey apart, blood and scattered feathers  
 rain from the sky upon the ground below.*

C (Book XI, lines 677-724)

## A CRUEL WOUND

The swathe of slaughter wreaked by Camilla dismays the Trojans. But finally her luck runs out.

*In thrall to fate, a Trojan warrior, Arruns,  
 spear in hand, starts cunningly to stalk  
 Camilla as she battles through the fray,  
 waiting for his chance to strike. When she  
 charges wildly at the enemy's ranks  
 he keeps her surreptitiously in sight,  
 and when she veers aside, her goal achieved,  
 he slyly gives his horse more rein. Patrolling  
 widely back and fore, he brazenly  
 brandishes his deadly javelin.  
 Meanwhile, far off, resplendent in his armour,  
 one Chloreus appears, an acolyte  
 and erstwhile priest of Trojan Cybele,  
 mounted on a foaming steed bedecked*

with scales of bronze, like feathers, sewn with golden thread upon a coat of pelts. Clad in alien garb of dusky red and purple, Chloreus is equipped with Cretan arrows and a Lycian horn, while from his shoulder hangs a golden bow to match his helmet. His yellow cloak of finest crisp linen is held secure by a golden brooch; his tunic is embroidered and the covering of his legs betrays a foreign fashion. Standing out amid the battle's turmoil, this man the maiden marks out for her quarry, eager for the walls of her home temple to be adorned with Trojan arms, or else that she herself in golden booty might luxuriate. And so she sets her course, oblivious to the fiercely warring hosts, fired by a woman's single-minded will to win and flaunt a precious trophy. Judging that at last his opportunity has come, the waiting Arruns throws his spear, praying heavenwards: "Most exalted god, Apollo, guardian of Soracte shrine, (in whose assembly we stand at the fore) nourished by our burning votive piles of pinewood, on whose embers we tread barefoot, grant, we pray, all-powerful great father, that this grave insult to our martial pride be finally expunged by my endeavour. I seek no battle spoils from this girl's downfall, I covet not her armour as a token of my triumph (future deeds may rather bring renown). If by my hand this foul affliction may be quashed I shall return contented and unsung to my home town". Phoebus hears in part this earnest plea, but part is squandered in the blustery air. He grants Camilla may be struck down, but Arruns will not ever see again his native soil, for this wish goes unheeded, thwarted by the south wind's squally gusts. And so without delay he hurls his missile and as it whistles through the air, as one the Volsci turn their apprehensive eyes towards their queen. But neither sight nor sound receives she of the flying spear until it strikes her side below her exposed breast and drains her virgin blood in copious draughts. Appalled, her faithful followers rush in to raise their fallen leader. At which Arruns, seized by dread, his mood of exultation now infused with panic, flees the scene, not daring to despatch further missiles

*nor face the risk the maiden might yet send  
 a violent response in kind. Meanwhile,  
 the dying queen tries to pull the weapon  
 free from her body, but the iron head  
 has penetrated deep between her ribs.  
 Her life-blood spent, she slumps back helplessly;  
 death's icy slumber overcomes her eyes,  
 her face gives up its once ruddy hue.  
 Then with what strength remains she calls for Acca,  
 most trusted of her company, with whom  
 alone she shares authority, and says:  
 "Never yet, dear sister, have I flagged,  
 but now this cruel wound has laid me low;  
 deep gloom envelops everything around me.  
 Go urgently to Turnus with this message:  
 'You must replace me and protect the city  
 from the onslaught mounted by the Trojans.  
 Now farewell.'" At which her hands let fall  
 her horse's reins and feebly she slips down  
 to earth. With her body growing cold,  
 her head, gripped by death, begins to droop;  
 no longer can she hold on to her weapons,  
 and with a sigh, grudgingly her life  
 surrenders to the subterranean shades.  
 Thereupon a monstrous roar arises  
 shaking the firmament, for with Camilla  
 finally destroyed the battle grows  
 more savage yet, as Trojans in their hordes  
 surge forward, joined by forces of Tyrrhenians  
 and those sent by Evander of Arcadia.*

*D (Book XI , lines 759-835)*

The Latins are left dismayed and demoralised by Camilla's death. But Diana's attendant, Opis, whom she had sent to observe the battle, reveals that the goddess had promised to avenge such an event. She then proceeds towards Arruns and fells him with an arrow, leaving his body to lie unmourned on the dusty plain.

## LAST WORDS

Camilla's death comes at the end of Book 11, the penultimate one, and marks her last appearance in the *Aeneid* narrative. But a subtle, indirect tribute to her valiant part in the story is contained in the very last line of the epic. The poem culminates in the death of Turnus in a Hollywood-style duel with Aeneas, and the line reads "*vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras*", rendered in this translation as "*and with a sigh, grudgingly his life/surrenders to the subterranean shades*". Though heedless of death in battle he was not ready for his life to be cut short at this crucial moment in the struggle. Exactly the same line ("his and "her" are not specified in the Latin) occurs in the description of Camilla's death.



## LATIN TEXT OF TRANSLATED PASSAGES

Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla  
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas,  
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisque Minervae  
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia virgo  
dura pati cursuque pedum praevertere ventos.  
Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret  
gramina nec teneras cursu laessisset aristas,  
vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis  
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.  
Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuventus  
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,  
attonitis inhians animis, ut regius ostro  
velet honos levis umeros, ut fibula crinem  
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram  
et pastorem praefixa cuspide myrtum.

*A (Book VII lines 803-817)*

pulsus ob invidiam regno virisque superbas  
Priverno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe,  
infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli  
sustulit exsilio comitem, matrisque vocavit  
nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.  
ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat  
solorum nemorum: tela undique saeva premebant  
et circumfuso volitabant milite Volsci.  
ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans  
spumabat ripis, tantus se nubibus imber  
ruperat. ille innare parans infantis amore  
tardatur caroque oneri timet. omnia  
secum  
versanti subito vix haec sententia sedit:  
telum immane manu valida quod forte gerebat  
bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto,  
huic natam libro et silvestri subere clausam  
implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae;  
quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:  
"alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia virgo,  
ipse pater famulam voveo; tua prima per auras  
tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,  
diva tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris."  
dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto  
immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem  
infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla.  
at Metabus magna propius iam urgente caterva  
dat sese fluvio, atque hastam cum virgine victor  
gramineo, donum Triviae, de caespite vellit.

non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes  
accepere (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset),  
pastorum et solis exegit montibus aevum.  
hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra  
armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino  
nutribat teneris immulgens ubera labris.  
utque pedum primis infans vestigia plantis  
institerat, iaculo palmas armavit acuto  
spiculaque ex umero parvae suspendit et arcum.  
pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae  
tigridis exuviae per dorsum a vertice pendent.  
tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit  
et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena  
Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem.  
multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres  
optavere nurum; sola contenta Diana  
aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem  
intemerata colit.

*B (Book XI lines 539-584)*

Procul Ornytus armis  
ignotis et equo venator lapyge fertur.....

hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine verso)  
traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur:  
'silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?  
advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis  
verba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leve patrum  
manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.'  
Protinus Orsilocho et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum  
corpora, sed Buten aversum cuspide fixit  
loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis  
lucent et laevo dependet parma lacerto;  
Orsilocho fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem  
eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem;  
tum validam perque arma viro perque ossa securim  
altior exurgens oranti et multa precanti  
congeminat; vulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.  
incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit  
Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni,  
haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.  
isque ubi se nullo iam cursu evadere pugnae  
posse neque instantem reginam avertere cernit,  
consilio versare dolos ingressus et astu  
incipit haec: 'quid tam egregium, si femina forti  
fidis equo? dimitte fugam et te cominus aequo  
mecum crede solo pugnaeque adcinge pedestri:  
iam nosces, ventosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.'  
dixit, at illa furens acrique accensa dolore  
tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis  
ense pedes nudo puraque interrta parma.

at iuuenis vicisse dolo ratus avolat ipse  
(haud mora), conversisque fugax aufertur habenis  
quadripedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.  
'vane Ligus frustra que animis elate superbis,  
nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis,  
nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.'  
haec fatur virgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis  
transit equum cursu frenisque adversa prehensis  
congregitur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit:  
quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto  
consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam  
comprehensamque tenet pedibusque eviscerat uncis;  
tum cruor et vulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae.

*C (Book XI lines 677-724)*

Tum fatis debitus Arruns  
velocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam  
circuit et quae sit fortuna facillima, temptat.  
Qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine virgo,  
hac Arruns subit et tacitus vestigia lustrat;  
qua victrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat,  
hac iuuenis furtim detorquet habenas.  
Hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat  
undique circuitum it certam quatit improbus hastam.  
Forte sacer Cybelo Chloreus olimque sacerdos  
insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis  
spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aënis  
in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat.  
Ipse, peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro,  
spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu;  
aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea vati  
cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis  
carbaceos fulvo in nodum collegerat auro  
pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.  
Hunc virgo, sive ut templis praefigeret arma  
Troïa, captivo sive ut se ferret in auro  
venatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae  
caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen  
femineo praedae et spoliolum ardebat amore,  
telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto  
concitatur et superos Arruns sic voce precatur:  
"Summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,  
quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo  
pascitur et medium freti pietate per ignem  
cultores multa premimus vestigia pruna,  
da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,  
omnipotens. Non exuvias pulsaeve tropaeum  
virginis aut spolia ulla peto (mihi cetera laudem  
facta ferent): haec dira meo vulnere pestis  
pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes."  
Audiit et voti Phoebus succedere partem  
mente dedit, partem volucris dispersit in auras;

sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam,  
adnuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret  
non dedit, inque Notos vocem vertere procellae.  
Ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,  
convertere animos acris oculosque tulere  
cuncti ad reginam Volsci. Nihil ipsa nec aurae  
nec sonitus memor aut venientis ab aethere teli,  
hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam  
haesit virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.  
Concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem  
suscipiunt. Fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns,  
laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae  
credere nec telis occurrere virginis audet.....

Illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter  
ferreus ad costas alto stat vulnere mucro:  
labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto  
lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.  
Tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam  
adloquitur fidam ante alias, quae sola Camillae,  
quicum partiri curas; atque haec ita fatur:  
“Hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum  
conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.  
Effuge et haec Turno mandata novissima perfer:  
succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.  
Iamque vale.” Simul his dictis linquebat habenas,  
ad terram non sponte fluens. Tum frigida toto  
paulatim exsolvit se corpore lentaque colla  
et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquunt,  
vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.  
Tum vero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor  
sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla,  
incurrent densi simul omnis copia Teucrum  
Tyrrhenique deces Evandrique Arcades alae.

*D (Book XI , lines 759-835)*

\*\*\*\*\*