

323–340: Juno Summons Allecto

Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petivit;
luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum
325 infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella
iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi.
odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
Tartareae monstrum: tot sese vertit in ora,
tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.
330 quam Iuno his acuit verbis ac talia fatur:
‘hunc mihi da proprium, virgo sata Nocte, laborem,
hanc operam, ne noster honos infractave cedat
fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum
Aeneadae possint Italosve obsidere finis.
335 tu potes unanimes armare in proelia fratres
atque odiis versare domos, tu verbera tectis
funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille,
mille nocendi artes. fecundum concute pectus,
dissice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli;
340 arma velit poscatque simul rapiatque iuventus.’

When she had spoken these words, the dreadful one sought the earth; she summoned grief bringing Allecto from the seat of the fearful Furies in the infernal darkness, dear to her heart are gloomy wars, anger, trickery, and injurious crimes. And her own father Pluto himself hates her, her sisters of Tartarus hate the monster: she changes herself into so many appearances, such savage forms, she sprouts so many black snakes. Juno stirred her up with these words and said spoke things:

‘Do me this service, virgin daughter of the Night, this task, so that our honour and reputation are not weakened and give way, and see to it that people of Aeneas are unable to win over Latinus with marriage and besiege the Italian lands. You can take brothers who love each other and take up arms against each other in battle, and you can upturn homes with hatred and fill them with whips and funeral torches, you have a thousand names, a thousand ways of causing hurt. Shake your teeming chest, shatter the peace they have put together, sow the accusations of war; let the youth long for weapons, demand them, seize them, now!’

341–358: Allecto Attacks Amata

Exim Gorgoneis Allecto infecta venenis
principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni
celsa petit, tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae,
quam super adventu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis
345 femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant.
huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem
conicit, inque sinum praecordia ad intima subdit,
quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem.
ille inter vestis et levia pectora lapsus
350 volvitur attactu nullo, fallitque furem
vipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo
aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia vittae
innectitque comas et membris lubricus errat.
ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa veneno
355 pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem
necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,
mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est,
multa super natae lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis:

So Allecto, steeped in the Gorgon's poison, first searches out Latium and the high halls of the Laurentine king, and sits at the silent threshold of Queen Amata, whom concerns and angers have troubled, with a woman's passion, concerning the Trojan's arrival, and Turnus's marriage. The goddess flings a snake at her from her dark locks, and plunges it into the breast, to her innermost heart, so that maddened by the creature, she might trouble the whole palace. Sliding between her clothing, and her polished breast, it winds itself unfelt and unknown to the frenzied woman, breathing its viperous breath: the powerful snake becomes her twisted necklace of gold, becomes the loop of her long ribbon, knots itself in her hair, and roves slithering down her limbs. And while at first the sickness, sinking within as liquid venom, pervades her senses, and clasps her bones with fire, and before her mind has felt the flame through all its thoughts, she speaks, softly, and in a mother's usual manner, weeping greatly over the marriage of her daughter to the Trojan: