Among them, with her fatal wound still fresh, Phoenician Dido wandered the deep wood. The Trojan captain paused nearby and knew her dim form in the dark, as one who sees, early in the month, or thinks to have seen, the moon rising through cloud, all dim. He wept and spoke tenderly to her...

... Aeneas with such pleas tried to placate the burning soul, savagely glaring back, and tears came to his eyes. Be she had turned with gaze fixed on the ground as he spoke on, her face no more affected that if she were immobile granite or Marpesian stone. At length she flung away from him and fled, his enemy still, into the shadowy grove where he whose bride she once had been, Sychaeus, joined in her sorrows and returned her love. Aeneas still gazed after her in tears, shaken by her ill fate and pitying her.
"Must we imagine, father, there are souls that go from here aloft to upper heaven, and once more return to bodies' dead weight? The poor souls, how can they crave our daylight so?" "My son, I'll tell you, not to leave you mystified," Anchises said, and took each point in order: "Fist, then, the sky and lands and sheets of water, the bright moon's globe, the Titan sun and stars, are fed within by Spirit, and a Mind infused through all the members of the world makes one great living body of the mass. From Spirit come the races of man and beast, the life of birds, odd creatures the deep sea contains beneath her sparkling surfaces, and fiery energy from a heavenly source belongs to the generative seeds of these, so far as they are not poisoned or clogged by mortal bodies, their free essence dimmed by earthiness and deathliness of flesh. This makes them fear and crave, rejoice and grieve. Imprisoned in the darkness of the body they cannot clearly see heaven's air; in fact even when life departs on the last day not all the scourges of the body pass from the poor souls, not all distress in life. Inevitably, many malformations, growing together in mysterious ways, become inveterate. Therefore they undergo the discipline of punishments and pay in penance for old sins: some hang full length to the empty winds, for some the stain of wrong is washed by floods or burned away by fire. We suffer each his own shade. We are sent through wide Elysium, where a few abide in happy lands, till the long day, the round of time fulfilled, has worn our stains away, leaving the soul's heaven-sent perception clear, the fire from heaven pure. These other souls, when they have turned time's wheel a thousand years, the god calls in a crowd to Lethe stream, that there unmemoried they may see again the heaves and wish re-entry into bodies."
Aeneid 6.1060-70

"Here is Caesar, and all the line of Iulus, all who shall one day pass under the dome of the great sky: this is the man, this one, of whom so often you have heard the promise, Caesar Augustus, son of the deified, who shall bring once again an Age of Gold to Latium, to the land where Saturn reigned in early times. He will extend his power beyond the Garamants and the Indians, over far territories north and south of the zodiacal stars, the solar way..."

Aeneid 6.1145-54

"Others will cast more tenderly in bronze their breathing figures, I can well believe, and bring more lifelike portraits out of marble; argue more eloquently, use the pointer to trace the paths of heaven accurately and accurately foretell the rising stars. Roman, remember by your strength to rule earth's peoples—for your arts are to be these: to pacify, to impose the rule of law, to spare the conquered, battle down the proud."

Aeneid 6.1211-18

There are to gates of Sleep, one said to be of horn, whereby the true shades ass with ease, the other all white ivory agleam without a flaw, and yet false dreams are sent through this one by the ghosts to the upper world. Anchises now, his last instructions given, took son and Sibyl there and let them go by the Ivory Gate.