"I am defeated
and by Aeneas. Well, if my powers fall short,
I need not falter over asking help
wherever it may lie. If I can sway
no heavenly hearts I'll rouse the world below.
It will not be permitted me—so be it—
to keep the man from rule in Italy;
by changeless fate Lavinia waits, his bride.
And yet to drag it out, to pile delay
upon delay in these great matters—that
I can do: to destroy both countries' people.
that I can do. Let father and son-in-law
unite at that cost to their own!"

When she had said all this, she dropped to earth
in a shuddering wind. From the dark underworld
home of the Furies, she aroused Allecto,
grief's drear mistress, with her lust for war,
for angers, ambuses, and crippling crimes.
Even her father Pluto hates this figure,
even her hellish sisters, for her myriad
fates, her savage looks, her head
alive and black with snakes.

Now the goddess
plucked one of the snakes, her gloomy tresses,
and tossed it at the woman, sent it down
her bosom to her midriff and her heart,
so that by this black reptile driven wild
she might disrupt her whole house. And the serpent
slipping between her gown and her smooth breasts
went writhing on, though imperceptible
to the fevered woman's touch or sight, and breathed
viper's breath into her. The sinuous mass
became her collar of twisted gold, became
the riband of her head-dress. In her hair
it twined itself, and slid around her body.
While the infection first, like dew of poison
fallen on her, pervaded all her senses,
netting her bones in fire—though still her soul
had not responded fully to the flame—
she spoke out softly, quite like any mother,
shedding hot tears at the marriage of her child
to a Phrygian...
Aeneid 7.629-41

With this she hurled a torch and planted it below the man’s chest, smoking with hellish light. Enormous terror woke him, a cold sweat broke out all over him and soaked his body. Then driven wild, shouting for arms, for arms he ransacked house and chamber. Lust of steel raged in him, brute insanity of war, and wrath above all, as when fiery sticks are piled with a loud crackling by the side of a cauldron boiling, and the water heaves and seethes inside the vessel, steaming up with foam, and bubbling higher, till the surface holds no more, and vapor mounts to heaven.

Aeneid 7.816-26

"I am breached by fate, wrecked, swept away by storm. You’ll pay the price, poor people, with your sacrilegious blood. This wickedness will haunt you, and the grim punishment, Turnus, will come home to you, but it will be too late to pray the gods. For me, I’ve earned my rest, though entering haven I am deprived of happiness in death." He said no more, but shut himself away and dropped the reins of rule over the state.

Aeneid 8.516-27; 542-45

The goddess spoke and wrapped her snowy arms this way and that about him as he lingered, cherishing him in her swansdown embrace. And instantly he felt the flame of love invading him as ever; into his marrow ran the fire he knew, and through his bones, as when sometimes, ripped by a thunder peal, a fiery flash goes jagged through the clouds. His wife, contented with her blandishment, sure of her loveliness, perceived it all. Lord Vulcan, captive to immortal passion, answered her...

... He said no more, but took her in his arms as she desires and gave himself, infused in her embrace, to peace and slumber.
Aeneid 8.779-92

"If by thy will my son survives, and fate
spares him, and if I live to see him still,
to meet him yet again, and pray for life;
there is no trouble I cannot endure.
But, Fortune, if you threaten some black day,
now, now let me break off my bitter life
while all’s in doubt, while hope of what’s to come
remains uncertain, while I hold you here,
dear boy, my late delight, my only one—
and may no greater message ever come
to wound my ears." These were the father's words,
poured out in final parting. He collapsed
completely, and the servants helped him in.
Vivid in the center were the bronze-beaked ships and the fight at sea off Actium. Here you could see Leucata all alive with ships maneuvering, sea glowing gold, Augustus Caesar leading into battle Italians, with both senators and people, household gods and great gods: there he stood high on the stern, and from his blessed brow twin flames gushed upward, while his crest revealed his father's star.

Then came Antonius with barbaric wealth and a diversity of arms, victorious from races of the Dawnlands and Red Sea, leading the power of the East, of Egypt, even of distant Bactra of the steppes. And in his wake the Egyptian consort came so shamefully...

The queen amidst the battle called her flotilla on with a sistrum's beat, a frenzy out of Egypt, never turning her head as yet to see twin snakes of death behind, while monster forms of gods of every race, and the dog-god Anubis barking, held their weapons up against our Neptune, Venus, and Minerva.

But Caesar then in triple triumph rode within the walls of Rome, making immortal offerings to the gods of Italy — three hundred princely shrines throughout the city. There were the streets, humming with festal joy and games and cheers, an altar to every shrine, to every one a mother's choir, and bullocks knifed before the altars strewed the ground. The man himself, enthroned before the snow-white threshold of sunny Phoebus, viewed the gifts the nations of the earth made, and he fitted them to the tall portals. Conquered races passed in long procession...

All these images on Vulcan's shield, his mother's gift, were wonders to Aeneas. Knowing nothing of the events themselves, he felt joy in their pictures, taking up upon his shoulder all the destined acts and fame of his descendants.