This one (Iarbas) a descendent of Hammon with a Garamantian nymph having been seized had placed a hundred huge temples to Jupiter in his wide kingdom, he placed a hundred alters and he consecrated watchful fire, eternal sentinel of the gods, and with the rich blood of the sheep he sewed the earth with various wreaths of flowers. And this one crazy in reference to his mind and enflamed by the bitter rumor is said to have praised Jove as a suppliant with hands upturned. “All powerful Jupiter, to whom now the Moorish tribe having feasted on painted couches poured the Libean honor, do you see these things? Or, father do we quake at you in vain when you hurl lightning or do blind fires alarm the minds and stir up empty rumblings! A woman, who wandering in our territory placed a small town for a price, to whom we gave a shore for plowing and to whom we gave the laws of the place, rejected our marriage proposals and received Aeneas into her kingdom as master. And now that Paris with his effeminate company, having tied a massidonian cap under his chin and his perfumed hair, the plunder is gained: We surely bring the gifts to your temples and we favor the empty story.” The all-powerful heard him pleading with such words and holding onto the alters, he twisted his eyes to the kingdom walls and to the lovers forgetful of a better reputation. Then thus he spoke to Mercury and ordered him thus: “Proceed, lead on, son, call the west wind and speak to the Dardanian leader, who now awaits in Tyrian Carthage and does not look back on the cities given by fates and carry down my words through the swift air. His most beautiful mother did not promise us that he was such a man and therefore she freed him twice from the arms of the Greeks; But she promised that he would rule Italy heavy with power and roaring with war, a tribe transmitted from the old blood of the Teucrians and send the laws under the whole land. If no glory of such great things kindles him or moreover if he himself would accomplish this work for the purpose of his own glory, does father begrudge roman citadels? What would he build? Or by what hope does he delay in the enemy tribe nor regard Italian offspring and Lavinian fields! Let him sail! This is the highest matter, let this be our message.” He had spoken. He was preparing to obey the orders of his great father. He fastened the golden winged sandals to his feet, which they carry him aloft with wings either above the seas or land with a swift blast equally. Then, he took up a staff: He summons pale spirits from Orcus. He sends others under sad Tartarus, he gives sleep and takes it away, and seals the eyes with death. Relying on that he drives the winds and floats across the troubled clouds, and now flying he discerns the head and lofty sides of Atlas who supports the sky with a harsh peak, Atlas, whose pine bearing head bound continuously with black clouds is stuck by the winds and by rains, snow having been poured covers his shoulders, then rivers rush headlong from the chin of the old man. And his rough beard is rigid with ice. Here first the Cyllenian resting on equal winds stood firm; whence he sent himself down headlong with his whole body to the waves like a bird, which flies low around the shores around fish haunted rocks close to the sea. Hardly otherwise he was flying between the earth and the sky to the sandy shore of Libya, and coming from his maternal grandfather, the offspring of Cyllenius he was cutting through the winds. As soon as (ut primum) he touched the huts with winged heels, he catches sight of Aeneas building the citadels and building homes. And to that one there was a sword spangled with yellow jasper and the cloak sent down from his shoulders was burning with Tyrian crimson, a gift which wealthy Dido had made. And she had separated the textiles with gold thread. He addressed immediately: “Are you now placing the foundations of high Carthage and are you controlled by your wife building a beautiful city? Alas, have you forgotten your kingdom and your affairs! The ruler of the gods himself sent me down to you from bright Olympus, who hurls the sky and lands with lightning, he himself ordered me to carry these orders speedily through the air : What are you building? Or by what hope are you wasting leisure on Libyan ground? If no glory of greater things moves you (nor above this you yourself do not pursue effort on behalf of your own renown) Regard rising Ascanius and hopes of Julian successors to whom the kingdom of Italy and Roman land will be given.” Cyllenius having spoken such from his mouth (I wonder where else he would speak from…) left mortal sight in the middle of speech and vanished from his eyes into far away thin air.