

Di quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui ; sit, numine vestro
Pandere res alta terrâ et caligine mersas.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* vi. 264.

Ye Mighty Ones, who sway the Souls that go
Amid the marvels of the world below !
Ye, silent Shades, who sit and hear around !
Chaos ! and Streams that burn beneath the ground !
All, all forgive, if by your converse stirred,
My lips shall utter what my ears have heard ;
If I shall speak of things of doubtful birth,
Deep sunk in darkness, as deep sunk in earth.